BREEZY HILL,
THE BAKER FARM
GREAT NECK, NEW YORK
AND
OTHER MEMOIRS

By
Mills P. Baker
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PROLOGUE

In 1986, it occurred to me that there had been no power equipment on the Baker farm until 1939 and I decided to write up about the farm so that our daughter, Bee, and my nieces and nephews would know about the farm in my youth. The first so-called edition of "Breezy Hill," The Baker Farm, Great Neck, N.Y. consisted of 6 or 8 pages with pictures. It finally ended up with 14 pages and pictures, plus two addenda of 5 pages each.

Previously, I had written about Mother, Dad and Solomon and about the Baker family, only back as far as my grandfather, Mills P. Baker.

This booklet is a compilation of twenty or thirty articles that I had written over the past 10 or more years, and the reader will come across some redundancies. Some of the material in this booklet has appeared previously in the Summer 1992 edition of the Long Island Forum.

This booklet is dedicated to the memory of Solomon M. Harris, who came north from Powhatan Courthouse, Virginia, in 1898, to work on the Baker farm, and that was the only job he ever had. He died in 1962.

Mills P. Baker

April, 1993
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In 1855, my grandfather, Mills P. Baker, moved from Williamsburg, Brooklyn to Great Neck, where he had bought this farm consisting of about 95 acres and extending from Middle Neck Road east to what is now Station Road. It was more or less rectangular shape. The lane from Middle Neck Road was about a half a mile long. My father, John C. Baker, inherited the farm in 1894.

The southern border was about three-quarters of a mile or 3,960 feet. At 43,560 square feet to an acre, the 95 acres would have included 4,138,200 square feet and it would have meant that the frontage on Middle Neck Road and Station Road would each have been about 1,045 feet. On the north half of the property about 200 feet from Station Road, there was a wooded area of about 5 or 6 acres, usually referred to as the woods.

The farm was enclosed by a post and three rail fence, except along the property line on the north of the woods. The fence at the west end of the property was about 100 feet back from Middle Neck Road and extended in the back of the Crowley’s and Alert Fire Company’s properties. I figured that the perimeter fence was about 9,400 feet. In addition, there were fences of about 500 feet along the west side of the woods, 400 feet along the south edge of the woods, and 500 feet running north and south at the east edge of the swamp. Furthermore, there were post and rail fences to enclose the field north of the farm road and
between the garden and the woods and another field south of the farm road in back of the workshop. I figure that these additional fences would add up to about 2,500 feet, bringing the total to 11,900 feet.

I have no idea when the post and rail fences were erected. However, I think it is safe to assume that they were in place when my grandfather bought the farm in 1855 or were erected shortly thereafter. The perimeter fences were to prevent horses and cows from wandering off the place when they were turned loose to graze in the swamp or in the open fields. I have a picture of the 1861 House, taken about 1900, showing a mare and her colt grazing on the bank in front of the house.

From this picture and from the height of the trees in the 1909 picture of the lane to the 1861 House, it would seem the lane and the lawns came into existence about 1900. Prior to that time, access to the 1861 House was by the original lane which passed to the west of the Old House, continued through the barnyard, north past the garden and ended at the circle in front of the 1861 House.

The six fields at the west end of the farm and the fields to the east of the upper part of the lane were not separated by fences.

According to Eric Sloane in his book, "Diary of an Early American Boy," fence rails were cut (by law in some places) at a length of 11 feet. This was exactly one-sixth of the old measuring device, the "Chain," which was the linear measure of 66 feet long used by
surveyors.

Using 11 foot rails, the distance between posts would be about 10 feet. Therefore, if there were 11,900 feet of fence, it would have meant that:

1. Almost 1,200 posts were made on the farm or bought.
2. 1,200 post holes were dug.
3. 1,200 posts were set in the holes.
4. 3,600 rails were either split on the farm or bought.

I am inclined to think that the posts and rails were bought. I can remember the stacks of spare posts and rails on the south side of the farm road running east toward Station Road and another pile of spare rails just east of the farm wagon shed in the barnyard.

Dad used to say that three good men were needed to set a fence post properly. One man would shovel the dirt into the hole and the other two would tamp the earth down firmly.

We were taught at an early age not to climb over a post and rail fence anywhere except at a post.

Each post had three holes for the rails. These holes were made by boring 3 or 4 holes in a line with an auger bit and then cleaning out the remaining wood with a mortising or post axe. In the earlier days, wooden bar handle augers were used and it makes my back ache just to think of spending the days turning a 1-3/4 or 2 inch bar handled auger,
boring holes in oak or locust. The mortizing or post axe was used like a chisel—*the* handle being used to steady it while *the* blade was being driven into the wood with a maul or a beetle. In later days, a boring machine could be used. This was operated with both hands, the operator being able to sit while he cranked it.

In about the middle of the fence along Station Road, there was a span of about 15 or 16 feet between posts. The rails could be removed so that a loaded hay wagon could go through. There was a similar opening in the north perimeter fence where Bromley Lane is today. At one time, Dad owned several pieces of property extending north to Hicks Lane. Even in the 1950's, one could see where the farm road to the west of the garden had been extended so that farm equipment could be brought through this opening to and from the additional property.

The buildings on the farm were:

(1) **Original Farm House**

In the late 1930's my father said that this house was over 200 years old. On the back of a picture of the house taken in 1909 by a commercial photographer, my mother, Elizabeth Mellick Baker, had traced back the ownership of the farm to 1680 and stated that the house was about 250 years old.
Breezy Hill
The Baker Farm
Great Neck, N.Y.

Station Island Road
540
Swamp

Woods

Farm

Ditch

1860 House

Middle Neck Road

3.960
61 Baker Hill Road

1861 House
Barnyard: Cow Barn and Pig Pen

Sheds, Cow Barn, and Carriage House
(Barn in Background)
North Path and Flowerbeds

Vegetable Garden

(Barn in Background)
Carriage House
1905: John, Mellick, Mills, Alan Wilcox (cousin)
In 1926, my father sold all but about 13 acres of the farm but before conveying the property he had the house moved about 500 feet to the northwest to where it now stands on the north side of Baker Hill Road which had been cut through the property from Middle Neck Road to Station Road. He had the house remodelled and several years later had the two story addition built on the west end of the house. The house at 61 Baker Hill Road is now the Village Hall of the Village of Great Neck.

My father was born in this house in 1861 and died in it at the age of 92 in 1953. He, of course, lived in the 1861 House on the top of the hill from late 1861 to 1926 when the family moved into the remodeled Original Farm House.

I do not know who lived in the house from 1861 to the time Solomon moved in after he was married at about the turn of the century.

(2) 1861 House

This house was built by my grandfather in 1861 and he and his family moved into it late in 1861. His son, James, and his two youngest daughters by his second marriage were born there as were my sisters, brothers and I.

This house was located on the top of the hill where the Elizabeth Mellick Baker School now stands. It had been Dad’s idea in 1926 to
Breezy Hill, The Baker Farm, and Other Memoirs

renovate it and then to move back into it from 61 Baker Hill Road. The renovation did not prove feasible, one reason being that the exterior walls were brick filled for insulation and it would have been very difficult to run electric wires and plumbing and heating pipes through the walls.

As a crow flies, Breezy Hill was a distance of between 15 and 20 miles from Manhattan Island, New York City. On a clear day, from the lawn to the west of the 1861 House, one could see the tower on the top of the Woolworth Building, which is located on lower Broadway across from City Hall Park.

In the 1861 House, there was a pool or billiard room. I think that this was added after the house was built because it was only one story and had only a crawl space under it. It was large enough not only for a full size pool table but also a safe which was 3 or 4 feet square, a Dutch kas (a large cabinet) and a drop leaf desk.

I learned to play pool as soon as I was able to see over the top of the table and, for some reason, I played left handed. If Mother and Dad were out for the evening Solomon would often come up to play pool with us.

When the house was torn down in the late 1920's, Dad gave the pool table to the Community Church in Great Neck and I can remember it in the area of the basement adjoining the two bowling alleys.
Whoever tore the house down used the bricks to build a house which is located on the south side of Red Brook Road, Great Neck. The cellar foundation remained there for some years.

The house had outside stairways leading to the cellar and a stairway from the kitchen to the cellar. The treads of these stairs were flagstone 12 inches wide and 4 to 5 inches thick. Before Dad sold the land to the School District, Sol and I pried out the treads and brought them to our house in Plandome where they now form the walk from the driveway to the front walk. There are 13 pieces ranging in length from 72 inches to 28 inches. The 48 inch and 72 inch pieces were really heavy.

(3) The Barn

The Barn was built for my grandfather and was 101 feet long because there was another barn in Great Neck 100 feet long. This barn had 12 x 16 hand hewn oak timbers and 3 foot hand rived cedar shingles. The barn burned down in March, 1912. Six farm horses and one riding/carriage horse were lost in the flames. None of the other farm buildings was touched.

The new barn which was built in 1912, was 32 feet 3 inches wide and 93 feet long with a 21 foot by 24 foot wing at the northeast corner. This wing contained part of the open shed with a granary above and
storage space above that. The main part of the new barn was generally the same as in the old one.

(4) Carriage House

This was a two story and a cellar frame building. When it was built in 1903, in the center of the ground floor there was a door wide enough to drive in with a carriage. To the right was an area for parking carriages. To the left through a sliding door, was the stable area with two box stalls and two single stalls. There was a single entrance door from out front and a rear door through which manure was shoved into the manure pit. On the second floor there was a bedroom and bathroom for a hired man and a hay loft. In the cellar there was a furnace and two storage areas for root vegetables.

In 1910, a one story extension, 14 feet by 29 1/2 feet was added to the south side of the building, another large door-way was cut through the front of the building, doors on rollers were hung in both large doorways and the floors in those areas were concreted.

Prior to moving the old house to Baker Hill Road, the second floor of the Carriage House was converted into a four room and bath apartment for Solomon and Martha.
In the carriage area, there was a harness closet. The brackets for holding the harness were used in my workshop in Plandome to hold my bar or pipe clamps.

(5) **Well House**

This was a small one story wooden building in front of the 1861 House. In it was a wood burning steam engine which operated a pump in the 120 foot well. Water was pumped to a large copper tank in the attic of the house and provided running water in the house. This was discontinued after water was piped in from the Citizen's Water Supply Company's main on Middle Neck Road. Before the steam engine pump provided running water in the house, rain water from roofs of the house was collected in a cistern. Hand operated pumps brought the water to the sinks in the pantry and kitchen. These pumps were still there in 1926 but disconnected.

The well house was later moved to between the garden and the tennis court and was used as a tool house. Rain water from the farm buildings was collected in a cistern in the barnyard and was pumped out by hand pumps to troughs to water the livestock.

There was a well about 100 feet from the Old House that Solomon and Martha used for many years. They also used a two hoier.
(6) **Ice House**

This was near the 1861 House on the hill. Ice to fill the ice house was cut on the pond on the farm, which pond had been created by damming up the brook.

(7) **Cow Barn**

This was a two story structure with milking stalls for 4 cows and a hay loft above. Attached to the west end of the cow barn was a one story shed-like building with 3 stalls. Before the Carriage House was built, three carriage horses were kept there. It had a small yard, with a gate leading to the barnyard and a fence between it and the cow yard.

(8) **Shed**

This was an open dirt floor shed with space enough for 4 farm wagons and a disk harrow. At each end was a small enclosed shed for hand tools or small equipment.

(9) **Pig Pen**

This abutted the west end of the above shed. It had a concrete floor. Every spring, Dad would buy 3 or 4 piglets from Harry Treadwell in East Williston. In the fall, the pigs would be slaughtered by Tim Reed from Faigles butcher shop and Mother would make sausage, head
cheese and lard. One year, John, Mellick, Walter Clark and I were sent to pick up the piglets. We went in the "Business Wagon." Some years before, Dad had a special box made for transporting the piglets, which box would fit in the back of the wagon.

Before we left, we collected all the sparrow eggs we could find in the nests in the rafters in the chicken house. On the way we threw them at various things and, needless to say, we came home a different way.

(10) Corn Crib

The main part of this building was a two story affair, the lower level being the original chicken house and the upper story being used for storage. A manually operated corn sheller was also there.

The other section was in two parts, the larger with open work slat sides with small mesh wire on the inside, where the feed corn on the cob was stored. A similar smaller section at right angles was where the seed corn was stored.

This building had mortise and tenon joints and I have in my shop 3 tree-nails used to hold its joints together.
(11) **Chicken House**

This was built after the turn of the century. It is now the upper story of the three car garage at 61 Baker Hill Road. Ruddy and Elliott, as newlywed lived there in the two bedrooms and bath from 1934 to 1936 and then John and I took over.

Someone, I think it was John, said that this should be known as "Chalet de Chicken" and it was thereafter referred to as the "Chalet."

We raised Barred Plymouth Rock chickens on the farm. Each spring we would get baby chicks by mail. We had an electric brooder for them. Some eggs were sold to Le Cluse’s grocery store and some to neighbors. The Plymouth Rocks laid brown eggs and that is probably why I still prefer brown eggs and we’d go as far as Huntington to get them.

(12) **Shop**

The center section of this building was my grandfather’s woodworking shop on the ground floor and storage space above. The north end of the building was an open shed with a dirt floor where plows and harrows were stored. The south end was a closed shed where the reaper/binder was kept.

As I recall the shop was about 16 or 18 feet wide and about 20 feet long with a work bench all along the north side. Access to the second
floor which was used for storage, could be gained by stairs from the south side of the shop or by a full size door above the double doors. I am sure that my grandfather had his shop well equipped with hand tools and knew how to use them. There were of course no power tools. The picture of the building shows no chimney, so there was probably no provision for heating. Lighting must have been very poor unless the double doors were open.

My grandfather died in 1894 but was unable to do any active work for several years before that, so by 1910 most of his tools had disappeared. I did tinker about in his shop and did manage to save a few small tools which I still have in my shop. I am surprised that none of us inherited anything that my grandfather made. The tools I saved included several bar handle auger bits, a mortizing axe and a race knife. In those days frame buildings were framed on the ground in the woods and each mortise and tenon joint was numbered, a race knife or timber scribe being used for that purpose. The framed sides of the building were then taken apart and transported to the building site where they were put together firmly with wooden pegs (treenails) and then raised on the foundation. It may have been that he used his shop and tools to build some of the smaller farm buildings.
(13) **Wood Shed**

This was a shed about 30 feet long in which fire wood and coal for the kitchen stove were stored. My first job that I can remember was filling the wood box in the kitchen.

(14) **Solomon's Temple**

There were no toilet facilities for the two servant's rooms over the kitchen in the 1861 House, so the occupants, even as late as 1926, had to use a "one holer" out back of the wood shed. When the house was torn down after the family had moved to the Baker Hill Road house, the "one holer" was moved to the cow yard in back of the open shed (13 above) and was referred to as "Solomon's Temple."

(15) **Tenant Cottages**

There were three tenant cottages along Middle Neck Road. One was a two story, two family frame building at the entrance to the lane and the other two, one of which was for two families, were one story frame. I was never aware of the rent being collected. Believe it or not one of the tenant's name was "Tennis."

Aside from the steam engine operating the well pump, there was no power driven equipment on the place until the 1930's when Dad got a Locke lawn mower and a gasoline engine snow plow.
Before the barn burned down in 1912, there were the following horses:

1. **In the barn:**
   - Six farm horses (3 Teams)
   - Peter, a riding/carriage horse
   - Three boarding horses

2. **In the carriage house:**
   - Two carriage horses. In the haying season they were also used on the hay rakes.

In the fire, all the horses in the barn were lost except the three boarding horses that were in stalls at the south end of the barn and were let out by Dad before the fire spread that far. After a while someone came up to Dad and said, "Mr. Baker, I don't think you are dressed for company." He was in his night shirt and was barefoot. The fire occurred in the very early morning and, despite the fact that the Fire Company could do nothing to fight the fires since the nearest water hydrant was almost a 1/2 mile away on Middle Neck Road, none of the other farm buildings was damaged.

In the new barn, we had six farm horses (3 teams) and from time to time John and Anne's riding horses.
The carriages on the farm consisted of the following, all of which were drawn by one horse:

1. Buggy
2. Cart, two wheel, natural wood
3. "Rockaway," a light four wheel carriage having two seats. The back seat was enclosed and had doors with glass windows on each side and a window in back of the front seat. The front seat was open but had a top over it.
4. "Business Wagon" - A four wheel light wagon with a box body, the sides of which were about 15 inches high. There were two wooden seats secured to the tops of the side boards. The rear seat could be removed. There was a small open space between the rear seat and the tail gate.

There were also two one-horse sleighs.

1. A cutter which was a small, light, single seated sleigh
2. A two seated sleigh which could be driven from the rear seat if there were no more than two people on board.

The "Rockaway" carriage and the two wheel cart were eventually given by Dad to someone in Bermuda. I can't recall what happened to the sleighs and the farm vehicles and implements.
For the farm work there were the following vehicles and equipment, all horse drawn:

**One Horse**

(1) Tedder
(2) Two hay rakes
(3) Two lawn mowers

In my days, there were about 6 acres of lawn and it took about 10 hours to mow it with the horse drawn mowers. The shafts on the mowers were offset and were changed from left to right or vice versa depending on whether you mowed clockwise or counter-clockwise. The horse walked on the swath that had been mowed. The trimming up was done with reel type hand mowers and clipped with sheep shears. At the one time the lawn area to the south of the 1861 House was an orchard. I can remember a few remaining apple trees and 5 to 10 cherry trees.

**Two Horse**

(1) Two sickle bar field mowers
(2) Corn/potato planter

Each Spring, seed potatoes were bought from Leon Rushmore, a farmer in Roslyn. The seed potatoes called "Green Mountain" came from Aroostock County, the most northern county in Maine. Most Eastern seed potatoes came from there.
The seed potatoes were cut up so that there was one eye in each piece, which eye sprouted when planted.

(3) Potato digger - this machine merely unearthed the potatoes which then were picked up by hand, placed in bushel baskets which, when full, were emptied into burlap bags. The burlap bags were those in which fertilizer came and which had been hung over a fence so that the wind and rain would eliminate any residue and smell of fertilizer. We used to get 2 cents a bushel for picking up potatoes.

The potatoes were stored in the cellar of the old house where Solomon lived and in later years in one of the storage areas in the cellar of the carriage house.

(4) Manure spreader

My father and his brother, Jim, inherited from their father "a piece or parcel of ground in the town aforesaid (Great Neck) on the road (Beech Road) leading from Hayden's Store to Little Neck Bay containing one half to three quarters of an acre of ground the said ground being used for Dumping purposes, for them." This plot would have been located on the shore front north of the Mill Pond.

As I recall, in the days when there were still livery stables and horse drawn street cars in New York City, my father, and one
or more other Great Neck farmers would contract each spring to have barges of horse manure brought to the above plot. The manure would then be offloaded into farm wagons or dump carts and spread upon the fields to be cultivated that year. This was before we had the manure spreader.

(5) Two moldboard plows
(6) A disk harrow
(7) Two four wheel wagons which could be used with box like bodies or hay rack bodies.
(8) Two four wheel dump carts
(9) A four wheel market wagon. This had a special body and was used to take potatoes and other root vegetables into New York City to a produce market once or twice a winter.

I think it was to the Washington Market in New York City while Elliott thinks it was the Wallabout Market in Brooklyn.

(10) A two wheel tow cart. This tow cart accompanied the market wagon to the hill leading from the Douglaston Meadows to Bayside. There it was hooked to the pole of the wagon and helped pull the wagon up the hill. The market wagon proceeded alone and the tow cart came on home.

(11) A pung which was a sleigh with a box like body, which body was also used on one of the wagons in (7) above.
(12) A scoop. This was used to scoop out the silt and weeds from the ice pond.

(13) A reaper and binder which was drawn by two horses and was used to cut the wheat and bind it into sheaves. The wheat was then stacked on the barn floor and, in due course, was threshed by an itinerant threshing machine powered by a steam engine.

There were the following manually operated machines.

(1) Hay Baler - The bailer was stationary and it was in the shed at the north end of the barn when the barn was destroyed by fire. I never did see it in use.

(2) Slicing Machine - this was used to cut up pumpkins and mangles for feed for the cows.

(3) Whet (Wet) Stone Grinder - this was operated by pedals like a bicycle and was used to sharpen scythes, sickles, axes, etc. A small tin can filled with water suspended over the soapstone grinding wheel from which water dripped from a small hole in the bottom of the can.

At the end of each day, before any earth moving equipment was put away, it was a hard and fast rule that all dirt be removed from such equipment. This of course included shovels, spades, hoes, etc. When plows and the disk harrow were put away for the season, their blades were coated with wagon axle grease.
We usually walked across lots to and from school in the morning, at noon and in the afternoon. If it was raining, Mother or Solomon would take us or bring us home using the "Rockaway." When it was snowing Mother would use the two seated sleigh or Solomon drove us in the farm sleigh (Pung) with slat seats along the sides and straw on the bottom. By the time we reached school, the sleigh would be filled with other school children who had climbed aboard.

Before Dad had his first car, a 1910 barrel hooded air cooled Franklin, if he and Mother were going to New York City they would drive to the station in the buggy. Dad would leave Mother off at the station and then drive to Peter Kane’s hotel which was on the south side of the railroad track. There was a long shed there where Dad would remove the bridle, put on a halter and tie the horse which would still be hitched to the buggy. When they came back, they would get the horse and buggy and drive home. If it was at night, a lighted lantern would be hung underneath the buggy. (I have one of those lanterns in the cellar.) When they got home, Dad had to unharness the horse, rub the horse down, feed and water the horse and put the wagon away.

When I was seven or eight years old, Solomon’s father came up from Virginia to visit him and it was decided that I should show him Great Neck. We set out in the "Business Wagon" with me driving Bob, who was one of the slowest farm horses. At that time, even Middle
Neck Road was not paved. It took us hours to make the circuit of Great Neck.

The corn we grew in the fields was for feed for the horses and chickens. The horses were fed the corn on the cob but that for the chickens had to be "shelled" removed from the cob and then taken to the mill to be cracked. As noted previously, in the part of the corn crib over the old chicken house, there was a hand operated shelling machine which removed the kernels from the cobs. The corn was then bagged and taken to the Saddle Rock Grist Mill and, after the Grist Mill closed down, to Mollineau Bros. mill in Hempstead.

One winter, I was given the job of taking the corn to Hempstead, driving a team of horses on the box sleigh. It took almost two hours each way and it was bitterly cold in the wind that swept across Marcus Avenue since at that time there were only a few farm buildings and trees to give protection from the wind.

In my last two years in High School, we had sleigh rides. These were usually on Friday nights and Solomon was the driver of the Baker’s box sleigh, the bottom of which was covered with straw. There were usually five or six couples and a teacher, as chaperon, who sat up front with Solomon. The roads in those days were not cleared of snow. The ride lasted a couple of hours.

In the early 1900’s, the Vanderbilt Cup Races were held annually,
first on the country roads in Nassau and Suffolk Counties and then for the last year or so partly on the Motor Parkway. The Motor Parkway was a paved toll road with no grade crossings. It was 48 miles long. The western terminus was just north of where the Lakeville Road now crosses over the Northern State Parkway and the eastern terminus was at Lake Ronkonkoma. It was a private toll road financed by William K. Vanderbilt and Associates. At that time Vanderbilt lived on the south short of Lake Success.

In 1911, the last year that the race was held, Mother, Dad, John, Mellick and I got up long before dawn and drove to Hicksville. By sunrise we were parked on some farmer’s property along Old Country Road. Most people tried to park near right angle corners where most of the accidents occurred.

Each car that roared by had a driver who sat on the right hand side and a mechanician whose job it was to pump oil.

After the race was over, a great many of the people would drive over parts of the course to see the results of accidents.

In 1906, Barbara’s father, Robert C. Kirkwood, came East from California to see the race.

The only playmates that I can remember that John, Mellick and I had, were Walter Clark who was John’s age and the three Mann boys (Vernon, Colgate and Lloyd) who were our respective ages. Lloyd was
in my indoctrination class at the Quonset Point Naval Air Station in the Spring of 1942.

Anne and Elliott had Molly and Buster Harris as playmates.

The Manns lived on the shore in what is now the Harbor Drive section of Kings Point. When we went there to play, we would go by horse and buggy and Walter Clark would go by bicycle.

The Manns who were quite wealthy, and who later became the Vernon-Manns, had a tutor for their sons. The boys had to have naps after lunch. I can't remember how we amused ourselves while they were napping.

I can vaguely remember that one Fall, Mr. and Mrs. Mann with their three boys and Mother, Dad and we three boys, went together to the Mineola Fair. We went in the Baker's market wagon drawn by a team of farm horses. This, of course, was 1911 or earlier because the market wagon was destroyed when the barn burned down in 1912. I don't recall whether Solomon went along to drive and tend to the horses at the fair or whether Dad did the driving, etc. The Mineola Fair was a real country fair in those days.

The market wagon had an 18 to 24 inch shelf along each side and that is where we passengers sat. We took along picnic lunches.

The garden which was just north of the carriage house was about 143 feet by 185 feet (6/10th of an acre). It was enclosed by an open-
work wire fence and had irrigation pipes on top of the fence and north and south overhead about 30 feet apart.

Inside the fence was a 4 foot flower bed all around the garden, then a 4 foot sod path and a 4 foot flower bed. The interior contained the vegetable garden and also some currant and gooseberry bushes.

Mother took care of the flower beds as well as the flower beds in the front of the shrubbery in the back of the house. Dad took care of the vegetable garden, except for the plowing and the digging the trenches for the celery, which Solomon did.

Each spring Dad would plant some celery seeds in flats in the cold frames. In due course he would transplant the seedlings to other flats in the cold frame. In the meantime, Sol would dig two trenches north and south across the garden and spread manure in the trenches. The seedlings would then be transplanted to the trenches where they would have to be watered and cultivated until early fall. In the fall, soil would be banked up around the rows of celery. Then the rows were covered with salt hay over which boards about 8 feet long and nailed together to form a peak "roof," were placed. The celery became bleached but did not freeze and was dug up and used most of the winter.

The salt hay came from the Dickerson’s salt marshes on the west shore of Manhasset Bay. It was cut by Solomon with a scythe.
The ice pond on the farm was made by damming the brook which originated at Pogue's Pond north of the woods. The outlet brook continued through the Wooley and Allen properties, under Middle Neck Road just south of Old Mill Road and emptied in the Mill Pond.

In my early youth, I decided to fish a pool in the brook at the point where it left our property. I had a bamboo pole, a string line, a bent pin and a worm as bait. I hooked a small trout, flicked it up onto the bank, fell on it to be sure that it did not get back in the water and then ran with it back to the house to show off my trophy.

In later years, I not only fished this brook all the way to the Mill Pond but also fished the brook south of the railroad track from Cutter Mill Road to Little Neck Bay.

East of the pond was a 4 to 5 acre swamp area which of course had to be mowed each year to prevent the saplings from taking over the area. The mowing was done with a field mower and the slowest and most docile team of horses was used not only because the hummocks made for rough riding but also because you were likely to cut through yellow jacket's nests. It was quite a feat to drive the horses, stay on the mower seat and swat the wasps or yellow jackets. I did the job one year.

This area and several acres west of the pond, were used as pasture for the cows and horses.
From my early childhood, I can remember that between the farm road heading east from the barnyard and the woods to the north and just before coming to the bars in the fence leading to the "upper lot" along Station Road, there was a stone with a number chiseled on the upper surface.

When Dad sold that area in 1926, he had the stone moved to 61 Baker Hill Road where it was placed on top of the stone wall garden in back of the house. A bird bath was placed on the upper end of it. The stone was about 14 inches by 14 inches and 25 to 30 inches long. Lengthwise, a hole 5 inches in diameter had been drilled or chiseled. At one end was a male joint and at the other a female joint. The number 23 had been cut into one side. Obviously, this was the 23rd unit in some water pipe or drain. No other pieces like it were ever found on the farm and I have no idea how it got there, especially being so far from and building on the farm.

When 61 Baker Hill Road was sold to the Village, I brought the stone pipe to Plandome where it was placed near the property line at the back of the house. In 1981 I realized that the stone might be overlooked when we sold the place, so I gave it to the Nassau County Department of Parks, Sands Point, for its museum.

Dad had a clay tennis court built in 1912. He was 51 years old, John was 13, Mellick was 12 and I was 9. We all started to play tennis
at the same time and none of us ever took any lessons. We learned by trial and error and by observation. Dad played doubles well into this 70's. Mellick was the best of us children. I never won a set from him except one time he let me win the first five games so that he could see whether he could still win the set.

For a number of years, no tennis was permitted on Sundays. Saturday afternoons was the time most tennis was played. Uncle Harry Mellick, who was a member of the Westside Tennis Club even before it moved out to Forest Hill, would quite often be there. Also Mr. Harold O'Connor and Mr. Morgan Grace, and later Frank Tweddel and Cy Clark. Aunt Anne Mellick played in long skirt and served underhand. It always looked as though Uncle Harry's trousers were about to fall off. In those days, men wore white flannel or white duck trousers.

As soon as we finished using the court, we had to put it in shape for the next time by dragging a wide stable broom over it and rolling it. The court was marked out with cloth tapes held down by wire staples.

When we moved to Plandome, I brought the roller with us to use on the lawn in the spring. Fifteen or twenty years ago I gave it to the Plandome Field & Marine Club to use on its two courts by the Village Hall.
At "Breezy Hill," just outside the kitchen door of the 1861 House, there was a white frame rack where the milk pails and pans were put to dry after they had been washed in the kitchen.

Along side this drying rack was a wood post about 6 feet high. On top of the post was mounted a bell 15 inches in diameter and 20 inches high. It was mounted so that it could be rung by pulling a chain.

I do not know whether the bell was installed by my grandfather Baker or by my father. It was to be used to summon someone from the barnyard or from the fields. I do not recall that it was ever used.

It would be interesting to speculate what Dad would have done if the bell had been rung while he was plowing with a team of horses in one of the fields down near the Middle Neck Road. Would he had tied the horses to a near-by fence post and walk across the lot back to the house or would he have unhitched the team from the plow and then hitched them to the wagon in which he had brought the plow to the field?

In the 1920's, when the Old House was moved to 61 Baker Hill Road and renovated, Dad had the bell moved to just outside the kitchen door. He also had a farm wagon wheel mounted on top of a wooden post about 3-1/2 feet high. Milk pails and pans were put on this wheel to dry.
When we sold 61 Baker Hill Road the Village of Great Neck for the Village Hall, I took the bell to Plandome where it stayed in the cellar. After Bee and Chuck were married, we sent the bell to California with a shipment of furniture. Nothing was done about mounting it at 320 Southwood Drive, Scotts Valley or at 14200 Lutheria Way. When we moved to 14607 Aloha Avenue, Bee and I had it mounted on the deck in the rear of the house.

Barbara, Bee and I lived with my mother and father at Baker Hill Road from October 1945 to April 1951 and Bee says that she remembers the bell having been rung to summon "Baker" to dinner when he was working in his vegetable garden quite a distance away.

At "Breezy Hill," we usually had four cows. Milking was always done by hand into large metal milk pails. After both the morning and evening milking, the full pails were immediately taken to the house. Enough milk for drinking, cooking and other family consumption was poured into the milk pans which were put into the ice box which was in the larder that had been added to the north of the kitchen. Some of our friends and neighbors, such as the Groses and Brodies bought the raw milk which was put into half-gallon metal pails and kept in the ice box until they called for them. The remainder of the milk was poured into milk pans on the shelves in the milk room in the cellar. These shelves were suspended from the ceiling so that mice could not get to them.
The next morning, the cream, which had risen to the top of the pans and almost had to be cut with a knife, was skimmed off and used on our cereal at breakfast.

The milk pans were tin or enamelled metal and were about 15 inches in diameter and 4 inches deep, as I mentioned above. Just outside the kitchen door, there was a frame rack where the milk pails and pans were put to dry after they had been scalded in the kitchen.

In the room in the cellar under the pantry in the 1861 House, mother had a wooden churn which stood on four legs. The paddles which agitated the cream were turned by a handle. If the cream was not at the right temperature, it would not turn into butter. I also remember that a thunder storm would prevent the cream from turning into butter. Churning was a time and energy consuming job.

The freshly made butter was put in a large wooden bowl where it was worked over with a broad wooden paddle to press out as much moisture as possible. Salt was then worked into the butter. The buttermilk and any left-over milk was fed to the pigs, as was also any sour milk or cream.

Sometimes in the spring when the cows were turned out to pasture, they would find some nice green grass which also contained wild onions. Needless to say, this added seasoning was not appreciated.
Each spring, dad would buy two or three piglets from Harry Treadwell in East Williston. In the fall, Tim Reid from Faigles butcher shop would slaughter the pigs. Mother would try the fat to make lard and also make sausage. The lard was poured into earthen jars while the sausage was put in milk pans with a coating of lard on top. The pans of sausage were stored on the suspended shelves in the room above the granary in the barn. Apparently there was never a smoke house on the farm for curing hams and bacon.

We had Barred Plymouth Rock chickens. They were raised from chicks which dad got through the mail. In the stable end of the carriage house, there was an electrically-heated brooder to keep the chicks warm. It was the job of one of us boys to clean out the chicken house and, in return, we could keep the money when we sold eggs to Lecluse's grocery store and to the neighbors.

Each spring when the hens laid more eggs than at any other time of the year, we would put dozens of eggs "down" in Water Glass (Liquid Glass) in earthenware crocks in the cellar. Water Glass is a sodium silicate solution which was also known as Egg Preserver. The eggs which were preserved in this solution were used for cooking the following winter. The solution in the crocks was cold and slimy when you retrieved the eggs the following winter.
It is interesting to note the eggs were "put down" because the crooks were kept on the cellar floor, while fruit and vegetables were "put up" because they were in "Mason" glass jars stored on shelves in the cellar.

I have here, in Saratoga, CA, on the shelf in front of our dinette window, a 3-gallon crock in which the eggs were "put down." The various levels of the Water Glass solution are quite evident.

It is my understanding that the lawn to the south of the house was at one time an apple orchard. By my time there were no apple trees in that area, but there were two apple trees in the field to the east of the barn yard, and three russet apple trees north of the tennis court. The russet apples were not very good for eating, but Dad said they made good cider. We used to take them by horse and wagon to the cider mill on Marcus Avenue in Lakeville about where the Sperry plant is located today. Some of the cider was converted into vinegar and was kept in one or two gallon earthen jugs.

There was a row of cherry trees running along the western edge of the former apple orchard and extending to the southern border of the farm. In the pictures of the upper half of the lane taken in 1909, some of the remaining trees can be seen. Two of them, which were located about where the Village Hall is today, were sour cherries and were supposed to make the best cherry pies. Dad used to let friends come
and pick the cherries which were mostly red and white or heart. He used to jokingly tell the people that while they were picking, they had to whistle. There was also a large cherry tree in the chicken yard to the north of the chicken house and to the west of the corn cribs.

To the south of the chicken house was also a fenced-in chicken yard with a gate leading to the peach orchard which was enclosed by a high wire fence. There must have been 15 to 20 peach trees. Mother canned or preserved a great many of the peaches, most of which were freestone. One year, Walter Clark (who was five years older than I to the day) and I had a contest to see who could eat the greatest number of peaches. As I recall, I ate 24 and won. I don't recall whether either of us had any ill effects afterwards.

Dad always had three or four rows of strawberries in the vegetable garden. Mother would take some of the berries and put them in a couple of milk pans and add an appropriate amount of sugar. Two saw horses were placed on the south lawn with planks on top of them. The pans were placed on top of the planks and were covered by a storm window. In a few days, the sun would have brewed up some wonderful strawberry jam which was put in glass jars and was sealed with a topping of wax.

As I have mentioned previously, before the carriage house was built, the cellar under the Old House was used as a root cellar where
potatoes, turnips, parsnips, and mangles were stored. A root storage room was provided in the cellar of the carriage house.

Cheese pumpkins were planted between some of the rows in the corn fields. To my knowledge, leather-back pumpkins were never raised on the farm, even for jack-o-lanterns.

As you can see from the foregoing, milk pans were very important to the farmer's wife. Mother also baked custards and bread puddings in them for our family of seven plus the kitchen help.

The brook that flowed from Pogue's Pond south through the westerly part of the wooded area on the farm had been dammed to form an ice pond just south of the farm road. Before my time, ice was cut from the pond and stored in the ice house in the shade of the trees across the road from the kitchen door. It was covered with saw dust or salt hay. The ice was taken from the ice house, washed off in the laundry tubs in the kitchen and put in the top of the ice box in the larder.

Within my memory, we had to buy ice from the horse-drawn ice wagon which delivered from the ice plant on East Shore Road, just south of Ravine Road. The ice man would cut the big cakes of ice to fit in the refrigerator.
In the foregoing, I mentioned that salt hay was used as insulation to cover the ice in the ice house and the banked-up rows of celery in the vegetable garden.

Salt hay was used between the strawberry plants in the three or four rows of strawberries in the vegetable garden. The hay kept the berries from getting splattered with dirt when it rained or when the overhead sprinkler was used.

If the timothy hay from the fields was used for the above purposes, it would have become matted and would have rotted in a relatively short time. Another use for salt hay was to line the nests in the chicken house.

At low tide in Manhasset Bay, Solomon and any other farm hands we might have had at the time, would cut with scythes the salt hay in the Dickerson salt marshes. The cut hay would be left to dry above the high water line. After several days, it was carted in a hay wagon to the farm using the farm road from Station Road. The hay was stored in the mow in the cow barn.

I never did learn why the western shores of inlets from Long Island Sound, such as Little Neck Bay, Manhasset Bay and Hempstead Harbor, were covered by salt marshes while the eastern shores were sandy.
After the field corn was husked, the ears were stored in the corn cribs and the stalks were tied in bundles with twine (reaper and binder twine such as we use to tie up newspapers for recycling). The bundles of sheaves of stalks were carted to the barnyard and some were stacked to the east of the cow yard and the remainder stacked on the barn floor. They were fed to the cows and farm horses during the winter.

The wheat was harvested using the horse-drawn reaper and binder. It was stacked on the floor of the barn. In the early Fall, the itinerant thrasher would come and thrash the wheat leaving the straw in bundles tied with twine. The straw was used for bedding in the horse stalls.

In the 1861 House, during the years that I lived there, the fireplaces in the living room and dining room were used often during the winter months.

The kitchen stove was a wood or a coal-burning range with ovens on both sides of the fire box. Alongside the stove was a metal hot water storage tank, the water having been heated by the stove. Kindling wood was used to start the coal fires in the stove during the fall and winter months. Wood was burned exclusively in the warm seasons.

In the winter months, the coal in the kitchen stove would be banked at night so that the embers would still be alive in the morning. To bank a fire, one spread a layer of ashes over the coals.
The fire wood and coal for the kitchen stove were stored in the woodshed which was a one-story frame building about 10 x 30 feet, about 10 feet to the east of the kitchen end of the house. Fire wood for the kitchen stove was stored in the north end of the shed, fireplace wood in the smaller center section, and coal in the south end. I can remember being given the job of daily filling the wood box which was located just inside the kitchen door. This was my first job around the place and, at that age, it took many armsful to fill the box.

The wood shed and the one holer area in back of it were shielded from view from the driveway by a 6 or 7 foot lattice fence. A section of this fence could be removed so that a horsedrawn wagon could bring loads of wood or coal to replenish the supply in the wood shed.

Every winter, Solomon and any hired man we might have at the time would go to the woods to cut down trees to replenish the stock of firewood. At one time, there were a great many chestnut trees on Long Island. A blight killed off most of the trees, and the only one that I can remember seeing was at The Creek golf club in Locust Valley, just north of the 7th tee, on the left.

For years, the chestnut trees were cut down for firewood. After the trees were felled, the branches were lopped off and the trunks were cut into 8 or 10 foot lengths, using a one-man or a two-man cross cut saw. The larger sections of the trunks would be split up using steel wedges.
and a homemade maul or beetle. The wood would split easier in the cold weather.

The split lengths of wood were then loaded on a box sleigh, or on a stoneboat and hauled to the wood pile in the southeast area of the barnyard. There the logs were cut into the proper lengths for fireplace and kitchen stove. A saw buck (saw horse) and a buck saw were used for this purpose.

At the wood pile, there was a chopping block (a 2 or 3 foot section of a very large tree trunk at the rooted end). Using the chopping block and an axe, the sawed off pieces of the logs were then split into the proper sizes for the fireplaces or the kitchen stove. Sometimes it would be necessary to use a steel wedge and maul. As I have previously stated, the 1861 House had one of the earliest types of insulation—the exterior walls were brick-filled.

During the years that I lived in the house, it was heated by a hot water circulating system. The coal burning furnace was located under the living room. The question is: Was the central heating system installed when the house was built?

There were four fireplaces in the house which were located in the parlor, living room, dining room, and master bedroom. The furnace and the fireplace in the living room used the same chimney but separate flues as did the parlor and master bedroom fireplaces.
Coal for the furnaces was bought from Gregory Coal and Lumber Company on Cutter Mill Road. Solomon would get the coal from there in one of the farm's box wagons drawn by a team of horses. He would drive the wagon to the north side of the house, close to the cellar window to the west of the chimney. The coal bin was located just inside this window. He would put a coal chute through the window and with a coal shovel or scoop, shovel the coal from the wagon onto the chute into the coal bin. In the winter, Solomon would tend the furnace.

Coal for the kitchen coal and wood-burning range was stored in the south end of the woodshed which was a one-story frame building about 10 feet wide and 30 feet long. The space between the kitchen and the woodshed was wide enough so that a box wagon could be driven in there in order to replenish the coal bin and the wood pile. Wood in the proper lengths was split as the wood pile to the southeast of the barnyard.

I cannot recall where or how the coal and wood ashes were disposed of. Also I cannot recall where and how the garbage and trash was gotten rid of. During the time of year when we had pigs, some of the garbage would be fed to them.

Down near the workshop building was a junk pike. The junk consisted mostly of old metal. Once or twice a year, an itinerant junk man would come in his one-horse wagon with bells ringing. The bells
were hung from a wire stretched across between two uprights. This was one of the earliest forms of recycling.

At "Breezy Hill," and on other Long Island farms, there were the following sources of water:

1. Spring fed brooks or creeks;
2. Cisterns into which rain water from the gutters on the roof of houses, barns, etc., accumulated; and
3. Wells.

At "Breezy Hill," there was a spring-fed brook that came from the property to the north, passed through the western end of the woods and under the farm road from the barnyard to Station Road. About 100 feet south of the farm road, the brook had been dammed to form the ice pond from which ice was harvested to fill the Baker ice house. The brook continued south to the border of the property, then west for several hundred feet where it turned south into the Wooley property and eventually emptied into the Mill Pond.

There was a cistern near the 1861 House from which water was piped to manually operated pumps in the pantry and kitchen sinks. This water was used for bathing, washing and washing clothes. It, of course, had to be heated in a large copper vessel on top of the wood/coal stove. These pumps were still in place long after "town" water was installed.
The cistern in the barnyard, which was fed by rain water from the barn, was between the barn and the cow yard. There were hand operated pumps whereby water was obtained to water the livestock and to wash the carriages.

At the Old House, the cistern water was brought to the kitchen sink by a hand operated pump until running water was piped in between 1915 and 1920.

There were two wells on "Breezy Hill." The oldest was about 100 feet north of the Old House and was just on the southeastern edge of the barnyard. Over this well was a conventional well structure with a hand operated windless for lowering and raising the water buckets. How deep the well was, I have no idea. It was used by the occupants at the Old House until between 1913 and 1920.

The other well was about 25 feet to the south of the 1861 House and was about opposite the middle of the house. I presume it was dug when the house was built in 1861. It was 120 feet deep, 5 or 6 feet in diameter and was brick lined. Over the top of the well was a one-story frame well house, about 12 feet by 12 feet with a tin roof. At the well top was a hand operated windless for raising and lowering water buckets. Alongside the well hole was a wood fired steam engine for pumping water to a copper tank on the third floor of the 1861 House.
from which cold running water was furnished to the bathrooms, pantry and kitchen.

I can remember a three prong hook hanging from a hook on the well house wall. If a water bucket came off the rope at the bottom of the well, the three prong hook would be tied to the end of the rope and lowered into the well to retrieve the bucket.

It is hard to imagine how by manual labor alone a hole could be dug down 120 feet and then lined with brick.

When I came along, this well was no longer in use because a 2 inch galvanized water pipe had been laid from the Citizens Water Supply Company water main on Middle Neck Road. This pipe was laid about where Baker Hill Road is today. It came through the barnyard and then up to the 1861 House. Over the years, the pipe became so corroded that it was not possible to get water on the second floor of the 1861 House if they were drawing water in the barnyard. When a water main was laid in Bromley Lane to the north, Dad had water piped in from there.

The well house was moved to a spot between the garden and the tennis court and was used to store garden tools and supplies. The well hole was filled.

Potatoes and hay were the main products of the Baker farm. The hay was, of course, stored in the barn and was mostly sold locally. The hay wagon would be loaded manually in the barn and then driven to be
weighed on the scales at Gregory Coal and Lumber Company on Cutter Mill Road. Gregory had a record of the tare weight of the hay wagon, which tare weight was of course subtracted from the overall weight. At the place where the hay was to be delivered, it was unloaded manually. I can remember helping Solomon make up a load of hay in the barn and pitching it off the wagon into the barn in back of Faigles butcher shop.

My father told us that he was once delivering a load of hay to Long Island City and, on Northern Boulevard just before he got to Long Island City, the wagon broke down. He sold the wagon and load of hay on the spot and rode one of the horses home.

The potatoes were stored in the cellar of the old house (before the house was moved and remodelled). At least once every winter, a wagon load of potatoes and other root vegetables was taken to the Washington Market in New York City. We had a special market wagon which was pulled by a team of horses. Solomon would leave at about 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning in order to get there when the market opened. He would sell the produce and come on home. John and Mellick each went with him on one of his trips.

When loads of hay or produce were to go to places beyond Bayside, a second team of horses harnessed to a two wheel tow cart would go as far as the hill from the Douglaston Meadow to Bayside.
There the tow cart would be hitched to the pole of the market wagon to help pull it up the hill. The tow cart and team would return home.

Haying was a major annual event on the farm as can be seen from the following.

Usually about the last week in June, the timothy grass in the hay fields would be ready for cutting and it was hoped that all the hay would be in the barn by the 4th of July.

Haying as described here was before the advent of tractors and balers.

There were nine fields on the farm, from 6 to 10 acres each. Seven of these fields were usually in hay and the other two in field corn and potatoes. The crops were of course rotated.

On the first day of haying, Solomon and another person (later John, Mellick, or Mills) would hitch teams of horses to the two field mowers and shortly after daybreak start mowing the hay in one of the fields. In those days there was no Daylight Saving, so dawn came about 4:00 a.m. The mowing was usually finished by breakfast time.

After breakfast, a horse would be hitched to the tedder which kicked up the mown hay so that the hay would dry more rapidly. Usually the youngest boy engaged in haying would be given this monotonous job. The tedder was wide enough to span two mower swaths. You would start on the outside of the field and go round and
round in one direction and then in the opposite direction. This usually took all morning.

While the teddering was going on, one or two men with scythes would cut the grass along the fences and around any trees in the fields.

After lunch, the hay would be raked into windrows by one of the boys. This was done by a horse drawn rake. A carriage horse was usually used on the rake.

The hay from the windrows was then piled in cocks where it would cure further overnight. Also, in the cocks it would be more resistant to damage from rain. The spaces between the cocks would be raked over again and this hay piled on the cocks.

The second morning, the hay in the cocks would be spread out to dry further. After lunch it would again be raked into windrows.

Before the start of haying, the box bodies had been removed from the two farm wagons and the hay racks, which were stored suspended from the ceiling of the shed at the north end of the barn, were lowered onto the running gear of the wagons. Each hay rack had a "ladder" in front which lay flat in the body when the rack was not in use but was pivoted upright and secured by a hook and eye when the rack was to be loaded.

A team of horses was hitched to one of the wagons and Sol and two men proceeded to the hay field. Sol usually stayed on the wagon
and did the loading, distributing evenly the hay which a man on each side of the wagon would pitch up to him.

They would pile up the hay in the windrows on each side of the wagon until they had a forkful. The trick was to get as large a forkful as possible, put the end of the fork's handle against the ground and, in one motion, heave up on the handle and pitch the hay onto the wagon. The men pitching up the hay could help the loader a great deal by putting the forkfuls where he indicated he wanted them.

Sol was a past master at loading both in the field and in the barn when the hay was sold later in the year.

When the wagon was loaded, a boom (a tree trunk about 4 or 5 inches in diameter and a little longer than the hay rack) was inserted under the top rung of the ladder. The other end was lashed down at the rear end of the body frame. The boom was to keep the load from slipping on the way to the barn. When hay was loaded in the barn for sale, the loads were larger and the wagons had to travel over some rough roads. Such loads had ropes parallel to the boom and secured to the body of the rack both fore and aft. They were of course pulled as tight as possible.

Access to the barn floor was through double doors about 20' x 20'. When these doors were opened, a ramp the width of the doorway and about 6' wide, which lay flat on the barn floor, would be swung up and
out, the lower end resting on a concrete base. The loaded wagon from the field was driven up the ramp onto the barn floor. The team of horses was unhitched and led away through the double doors in the rear of the barn.

The barn was equipped with a fork for lifting the hay off the wagon and carrying it to the three hay mows at the north end of the barn. There was a metal track attached to the underside of the ridge pole, extending from over the center of the barn floor area to the north end of the barn. Usually, Sol would be on the load of hay and would imbed the two jaws of the fork in the hay. A rope led from the trolley on the track directly above the load, down through a pulley on the top of the fork, back up through a pulley on the trolley, back over the hay mows through a pulley at the far end of the hay mow, then to a pulley at the upper right hand side of the entrance double doors, down through a pulley at the floor level to a single whiffletree (singletree) to which a horse was harnessed.

Also attached to the fork was a trip rope which the man on the wagon pulled to dump the hay when the trolley got to the proper place.

When the fork was ready to be lifted, the boy who was driving the horse harnessed to the whiffletree, would drive the horse down through the barnyard. This would of course lift the loaded fork up to the trolley and then haul it to the hay mows. When the man on the wagon tripped
the fork, the rope would go slack and the driver would pick up the whiffletree, turn the horse around and come back to the starting point just outside the barn doors. This return trip was known as "carrying the suitcase." The man on the load would use the trip rope to pull the trolley and fork back to the point over the wagon. In order to prevent the fork from plunging down, it was the duty of the "suitcase carrier" to keep the rope that taut. He usually wore gloves so that the rope would not burn his hands.

There were usually two men in the mow who spread the hay around after it had been dumped from the fork. They had to make sure that no hay was piled on the cross girders. I can still remember how hot and dusty it was in the mow when the hay got up near the ridge pole.

If some of the hay had not been thoroughly dry when put in the barn, it would get hot and could cause spontaneous combustion. When this heating up occurred, rock salt was scattered over it.

Each successive day, the grass in another field was mowed and the above routine was repeated.

Every afternoon we kept a weather eye out for a possible thunderstorm. If a storm threatened, it was usually better to put the hay up in cocks again rather than try to get the hay loaded and into the barn before the storm broke.
On the unusually hot days, Mother would send to the hay field or the barn, a milk pail of iced tea and I still say iced tea never tasted so good.

The following games were played in the barnyard.

1. Cat - In the "American Folk Toys," this was known as Caddy, Peewee or Tippy. - 331
2. Duck On the Rock - 440
3. Mumblety Peg - 941
4. Hide and Seek - 669 - No hiding in the hay mows
5. One Old Cat (One O Cat) - 1006
6. Prisoners Base - 1145
7. Red Rover - 1204
8. Roly Poly
9. Still Pond No More Moving (This game would be played in the hay fields after the hay had been put up in cocks for the night.)
10. Tag - 1447
11. Marbles - 875

The numbers following the names of nine of the above games, are the pages in the Random House Dictionary 1966 Unabridged Edition in which the respective games are explained. At the Manhasset Library,
the Children's Librarian found for me descriptions of Still Pond No More Moving and of Roly Poly.

In the game of Cat, a carriage wheel spoke from Schenck's wheelwright shop was considered the ultimate in bats.

In "sand lot" baseball in those days, the owner of the ball was usually the pitcher. Also, over the fence was out, not a home run, if the ball was lost, the game was over. The balls had a long and rough life. When the cover or stitches wore out, they were patched with tire (electric) tape, again and again, and became hard as rocks.

On the lawn, Mr. Harold O'Connor would occasionally come and hit out fly balls for us to shag.

We would go across lots on some summer weekends to Grace's polo field and watch the games from the bushes at the west end of the field. We would of course take home some of the balls that were hit into the bushes. We made our own polo mallets and had our own polo games on foot on the lawn.

While Bee was here in Plandome, in May 1989, we went through the Stony Brook Carriage Museum and, as we went along, I explained to her the following things about carriages and wagons.

(1) **DISH** - Wheels on carriages and wagons are constructed so that the spokes are not quite perpendicular to the hub. In other words, there is a concavity to the wheel. This concavity or degree
of concavity is known as dish. This is done to prevent the wheels from collapsing when the horse drawn vehicle is in motion. When the horse or horses walk or trot their rumps sway from side to side and such side to side motion is transmitted through the vehicles to the wheels. The wheels are concave on the outside.

(2) AXLES - In order that the spoke of the wheel extending downward toward the ground, is always perpendicular to the ground, each axle must be slanted slightly downward at the end. Wheels were held on the axles of carriages by nuts and on the axles of wagons by nuts or linch pins. If nuts were used on a carriage or a wagon, the axles and the nuts on the lefthand side were threaded in reverse of those on the righthand side. There were usually special wrenches to fit the nuts on each vehicle. Linch pins were inserted through holes at the end of the axle.

(3) FIFTH WHEEL - On four wheel carriages and wagons there is a fifth wheel which is a horizontal ring or a segment of a ring consisting of two bands which slide on each other, placed above the front axle and designed to support the fore part of the body while allowing it to turn freely in a horizontal plane.

(4) WHIFFLETREES - Crossbars pivoted in the middle, to which the traces of the harness are attached for pulling a cart, wagon, plow, etc.
(5) **SKID** - A metal shoe or some other choke or drag put under each rear wheel of a vehicle to prevent the wheels from rotating when going down a hill. Such a device would be used on heavy wagons which did not have brakes.

(6) **RIGHT HAND DRIVER** - Drivers of horse drawn vehicles always sat on the right side. The same was true of early automobiles.

(7) **BREECHING** - This was the part of the harness that went around the rump of a horse and was attached to the shafts of a one horse vehicle and to the pole (tongue) of a two horse vehicle and gave the vehicle its backward motion when the horse or horses backed up.

On the way back to the parking area, we stopped in at the Administration Office because I wanted to see whether they had any pictures of four wheel farm box wagons or dump carts.

Ms. Lili Bergs, Public Affairs Officer and the receptionist were interested in my reason for wanting to get such pictures. Unfortunately they had no such pictures. They said that they would like to have a copy of "Breezy Hill," the Baker Farm.

Bee mentioned that as we went through the museum, I had explained to her the foregoing things about carriages and wagons. Ms.
Bergs said that it was too bad that I had not had a tape recorder and, if she had known I was going to explain things to Bee, she would have been only too glad to lend us hers.

I told them that I had a wooden rein stop and a carriage wrench that I would like to give to the museum. They gave me the name and telephone number of Merri Ferrell, Carriage Curator, and suggested that I make an appointment and come see her.

On May 25th, I went back to Stony Brook to see Ms. Ferrell and to take to her "Breezy Hill," the Baker Farm and also the rein stop and wrench, both of which she identified immediately.
John Conger Baker

Born: Great Neck, NY
Born: May 18, 1861

Died: Great Neck, NY
Died: November 25, 1953

Married: Montclair, NJ
Married: October 21, 1897

Education: Flushing Institute, Flushing, NY
Education: Columbia University, 1884, Phi Beta Kappa

Farmer: 1884-1910

Board of Education - Great Neck School District
Chairman 1895-1906

As of January 1, 1895, Great Neck Common School District No. 7 became Union Free School District No. 7, and the "Trustees" of the Common School District transformed themselves into the "Board of Education". Since John Conger Baker was on the first Board, it is assumed that he had been one of the previous Trustees.

Planning Board of Appeals - Town of North Hempstead
1927 - 1931

Roslyn Savings Bank, Roslyn, NY

Trustee 1899 to 1949

Finance Committee 1902 to 1949

Vice President 1907 to 1927

President 1927 to 1939

Nassau-Suffolk Bond & Mortgage Guarantee Co., Mineola, NY

President 1910 - 1935

Nassau County Trust Company, Mineola, NY

Director

Nassau Hospital, Mineola, NY

Trustee, Vice President

North Hempstead Country Club, Port Washington, NY

1916 - One of the founders and the first secretary

Hempstead Harbour Club, Glen Cove, NY

1891 - Charter Member

Dutch Reformed Church

Treasurer

School Commissioner - Town of North Hempstead

An elective office. Appointed a superintendent (Dr. Cooley) who oversaw the schools in those Districts which did not have their own superintendents.
Elizabeth Mellick Baker

Born Roselle, NJ  January 5, 1870
Died Great Neck, NY  June 26, 1948
Married Montclair, NJ  October 21, 1897
Education High School
Taught drawing in the Montclair Public Schools

Board of Education - Great Neck School District
1918 to 1936  President 1924 - 1927

Great Neck Library
1924 to 1945

Women's Club of Great Neck
  Founding Member
  President 1921 to 1923

Wild Flower Garden, Polo Road, next to High School
  Started and developed

Canning Kitchen - World War I

Taught embroidery to 4 or 5 young girls who lived nearby on Baker Hill Road
In the 1930's, my mother finished a sampler which she had designed. Someone persuaded her to enter it at the Mineola Fair, which was still a major annual event at that time. The sampler was awarded first prize. Nancy Roesler now has the sampler.

In the following year, mother was working on a set of doilies, napkins, and a runner, embroidering intricate patterns which she had designed.

She decided to enter a doily, a napkin, and the runner at the Fair, and made up an explanation of her design and method of embroidery by counting threads in the linen, etc. When she delivered the pieces at the Fair, the entry clerk told her that there was no need to leave the explanatory note because the judges would know what she had done.

On Saturday, the final day of the Fair, I went to pick up her needlework. I found that they were still on display and that below them was a sign, "BOUGHT". The judges had decided that the needlework was so fine that mother had bought them and entered them.
When I got home and told what had happened, I never saw Dad as irritated. (To think that his wife had been publicly accused of being dishonest.)

He immediately went to the chairman of the Fair Committee, whom he knew, and, in due course, the judges wrote mother a letter of apology. The following year the same pieces of embroidery were displayed with an explanation of the mistake that had been made the year before.
I can remember my kindergarten days in the frame school building at the corner of Middle Neck Road and Arrandale Avenue, Great Neck.

Kindergarten had no room of its own. It was merely a circular group of chairs along one side of the piano in the southwest corner of the auditorium. Once I had to recite:

"Hats off, along the street there comes
A blare of bugles and a ruffle of drums.
Loyal hearts are beating high
As our flag goes marching by."

I have a picture of my 4th grade class at the above school. In the picture, there are 23 girls and 10 boys. Of these 33, Wilbur Hung and I were the only ones to graduate from High School. There were actually three in the graduating class, the third being Clare Sweetland whose parents ran the Sweetland School near the Station. She joined our class after the above picture was taken. On graduation night there were only
two of us there because Wilbur Hung chose to go to the boat races at Poughkeepsie, someone had given him a ticket. Wilbur graduated from the Wharton School of Finance. In 1986, I saw Wilbur in East Hampton for the first time in 65 years.

The boys who dropped out of our class became carpenters, painters, mechanics, etc. I don't know what the girls did but I imagine some of them "went into service" at some of the big shorefront estates.

For some reason I attended the Kensington School for a year or two. That school had small attendance and only went through the 8th grade. It was a long walk home from there.

The only teachers that I can remember were Mrs. Crosby who taught the 8th grade, Miss Hays (Grandma Hays) who was the High School math teacher, and Bert O'Connell who taught shop (then called Manual Training).
In Plandome, we had in our attic a quartered oak bureau made by my brother Mellick under the supervision of Bert O'Connell in the Manual Training shop circa 1917-1918. There were few, if any, power tools in the shop at that time. My great nephew John Baker Corcoran now has this bureau.

My first exposure to woodworking was in a private class which met at a workshop over the garage on the Vicario place on the shore of Little Neck Bay just north of the Mill Pond. The class was conducted by Mr. Covey who later became head of the Boy Scouts in Nassau County. As I recall there were only three of us in the class, the other two being Carlo Vicario and Gilbert Tarleton. Gilbert's grandparents, the Gilberths, owned the big estate on the waterfront just north of the Cord Meyer's. This property was later owned by Sloane, the head of General Motors. I can remember going to a birthday party given by the Gilberths for their grandson. It was quite a plush affair.
One of the first things that Mr. Covey taught us to do, was to take a piece of wood, and using a bench plane, make it square on all four sides. I hate to think of how long it took me to get all four sides even!

As I have mentioned previously, the roofs of the 1861 House were tin. These roofs, as well as the roof on the shed at the west end of the cow barn, were painted red, and, of course, had to be repainted.

One summer, I volunteered to paint the roof on the shed. I used a 5 or 6 inch brush, and it took me the good part of the day.

The next morning I could hardly raise my right arm. It was so stiff. I had not realized how much of a drag there was from the old paint. Needless to say, I did not offer to paint the roofs of the 1861 House.

Another summer when we were making hay in the upper field, along Station Road, Frances Gasser, whom Mellick was dating at the time and Peg Neelands who also lived in Plandome, rowed across
Manhasset Bay from the Plandome dock, walked about a half a mile up the hill to where we were haying and gave us some fudge they had made. They of course had to go home the same way. The Gassers lived close to the Plandome Dock. Quite often on Saturday nights a great many of us young people would get together at the Gasser’s. There was no drinking. Music was provided by a pedal operated player piano.

In my sophomore year at Williams College, Lol Bacon, Tod Wing, and I roomed on the top floor of one of the side entries in Morgan Hall. We had a study area and separate bedrooms, the latter having no heat.

In March, I woke up in the middle of the night and found that our rooms were filled with smoke. I woke my roommates and then went down the four flights of stairs waking all the others on the way out. No one was injured but we lost all our belongings. It was reported that one of the men on a lower floor tossed out the window a suit he had
received that day from a New Haven tailor and that he never saw the suit again.

Afterward I was always kidded that when I discovered the fire, my first words were "Save the horses!"

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In 1911 or 1912, Mother, Dad, John, Mellick, and I made a trip around the eastern end of Long Island in Dad's barrel hooded air cooled Franklin. It was of course a "touring" car.

The first day, we went to Greenport by way of the North Shore. Few, if any of the roads were paved in those days. We spent the night at the Greenport Inn.

The second day, we went back to Riverhead. From there we went south to the Hamptons and then east to Montauk where the present hotel is. The area just beyond the Inn was fenced off and was used as a common grazing area for cattle. There was a road or lane leading to the lighthouse, by which Mother and John walked to the Lighthouse. On
the way back the fog rolled in and, according, to Mother, she became disoriented and, if it had not been for John's sense of direction, they would have been lost in the fog. As I recall, a great many swallows had made their nests in the clay bank through which the road to the inn had been cut.

The third day we came home by the South Shore, most of the way by the Merrick Road. I don't recall whether or not we had any tire trouble.

In those days, when the Bakers went on a trip by automobile, our travel guide was the "Blue Book".

There were few, if any, route numbers or highway signs. Also, there were no parkways or expressways. The Blue Book told you where you should turn left on Broad Hollow Road. Go about 10 miles on Broad Hollow Road and turn right at the little red school house.

The driver sat on the right hand side. This was a carryover from the horse and buggy days.
Mother was the navigator with the Blue Book on her lap. Occasionally she would be so interested in the wild flowers, etc., that she would miss seeing the little red school house and after a while we would have to retrace our steps.

We children would play Roadside Whist, there being plenty of animals to count in those days.

I can remember one summer that we all went to a scrub oak area south of Huntington which had burned over several years before and where blueberries were in perfusion. This must have been on a Saturday afternoon because Dad, like most other men, went to the office 5 1/2 days at that time. On Sunday morning there was church and/or Sunday School and in the afternoon, tennis.

Coming home from Huntington, it was always a challenge to see whether the car could get up the Cold Spring Harbor hill without shifting out of high gear.
The only time I can remember Mother and Dad going swimming or bathing was when we had a picnic on the shores of Lake Ronkonkoma. They of course wore the typical bathing costumes of the day. Where they changed I don’t recall. We had been told that the Lake was bottomless out in the center and that in the bygone days an Indian’s canoe had capsized and that the Indian’s body was later found out in Long Island Sound.

In my early youth, we went to my mother’s sister’s in Upper Montclair, New Jersey, for Thanksgiving dinner and to my maternal grandmother’s on West 84th Street, New York City, for Christmas dinner.

In order to get to Upper Montclair by automobile, we went by Northern Boulevard to Long Island City, over the Queensborough Bridge to 59th Street, across Manhattan, by ferry across the Hudson River to Weehawken, NJ, across the Secaucus Meadows and then by various road to Upper Montclair. The only thing to be seen on the
Secaucus Meadows in those days were dilapidated looking places where pigs were raised for slaughter.

At that time, the roads were far from being well paved and tire trouble was not unusual. It took three to four hours each way.

During my early Public School days, on the Mondays before Thanksgiving, the pupils would bring food for the needy.

We Baker children did not individually donate any such food because Mother and Dad had Solomon deliver three bushels of potatoes. I have no idea who or what organization distributed the food collected.

*******

When we went to Grandmother Mellick’s for Christmas, we went by train to Long Island City, by ferry across the East River to 23rd Street and uptown by trolley.

There would be a Christmas tree in the small room off the living room. It would be fully decorated, including wax candles. The candles
would not be lighted until just before it became time to distribute the presents after a hearty midday dinner.

There were always several pails of water handy. Fortunately, there was never any fire.

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Fort Shuyler on Throgs Neck in the Bronx and Fort Totten on Willets Point in Queens County on Long Island were so placed to guard against any enemy ships attacking New York City by entering the East River from Long Island Sound.

Fort Shuyler, which consisted of about 50 acres, was built in stages between 1833 and 1836. It was first abandoned in the 1870’s. It was restored in 1934 and converted into the New York Maritime College as part of the State University system.

Fort Totten was built in 1862 as a military post known as Willets Point. In 1901 it was converted into a coast artillery fort and given the
name Fort Totten. As a coast artillery fort it had huge retractable guns located in sunken emplacements. Every summer these guns would fire a blank test round which could be heard, and the vibration felt in Great Neck.

The coast defense guns were removed some years ago and Fort Totten is now a New York State National Guard facility

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For a number of years, there was a trolley that ran from Long Island City out Northern Boulevard to Roslyn. At Roslyn there was a branch to Port Washington on Middle Neck Road. The car barn where the trolley cars were stored and/or services is now "The Antique Barn".

The main line of the trolley continued down the hill into Roslyn and then south on Roslyn Road to Mineola and from there to Westbury.

When I was quite young, my father had an appendectomy at the Nassau Hospital in Mineola. Mother visited him in the hospital every day and since neither she or Solomon drove a car, she went to and from
Mineola by trolley. Solomon would take her by horse and carriage to "Roe's Corner," the corner of Middle Neck Road, Great Neck Road, and Northern Boulevard (North Hempstead Turnpike) where she would board the trolley. Solomon would pick her up there on the return trip.

One day Mother went to New York by train and she either lost her purse or had it stolen. She did not have enough money in her pocket to buy a railroad ticket but she did have enough change for the 23rd Street ferry fare across the East River and trolley fare. When she did not come on the expected train and it got later and later, Dad got so worried that he was about to call the Missing Persons Bureau. At that point she telephoned from the Roe's saying that she had come home by trolley.

The trolley from Roslyn to Port Washington was the inspiration for the "Toonerville Trolley" in Fontaine Fox's cartoons.

In my early youth, the Great Neck Post Office was located in a frame building on the east side of Middle Neck Road just north of Hick's drugstore and grocery store which was on the northeast corner
of Middle Neck Road and Hicks' Lane. There was a driveway around back of the drug and grocery stores, and between them and the Post Office. People going for their mail by horse and carriage or by automobiles, which in those days were also driven on the right hand side, would drive in from Hicks' Lane and their mail would be handed out to them by Post Master Spalding through a window in the south side of the Post Office. This way of getting your mail was long before "drive-in" banking was thought of.
During the winters, my father would hire out a team of horses and a box sleigh with Solomon as driver, to cart ice from Lake Success to the ice houses of people living in Kings Point. The ice was 8 to 10 inches thick.

My father told of some winters being so cold that he was able to walk out to Stepping Stone light house on the ice and that horse and sleigh (cutters) races were held on the East River.

He also told of walking downtown from Columbia University, which was then on 13th Street, and across Brooklyn Bridge the day it was opened in 1883.

In Dad's senior year at Flushing Institute, one of his classmates, Spencer Wood, applied for admission to Annapolis and had to take examinations which were held at Jamaica. My father and another classmate, Harry Cobb, who became the minister in one of New York City's leading churches, walked with Wood from Flushing to Jamaica (about 10 miles), waited around while he took the examination and then
walked back to Flushing. Wood was admitted to Annapolis and ended up as a rear admiral. I recall that one time father and mother had dinner with Admiral Wood on his flagship in the Hudson River.

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At one time, there were two polo fields in Great Neck. The W. R. Grace's field was in the area west of East Shore Road between the present streets Hen Hawk Road and Rogers Road. The other polo field as on the Brokaw property about where the Great Neck High School is located. The Brokaws also had a Steeple Chase course.

During World War I, a benefit performance for the Red Cross was given in a tent on the Brokaw property to the West of what is now Polo Road and north of Old Mill Road. I can remember that George M. Cohan sang "Over There" for the first time.

I can remember once going fishing for flounders at the dock at the end of Steamboat Road (now the dock at the Merchant Marine
Academy). I do not remember catching anything. We went by horse and carriage.

********

John, Mellick, and I attended Sunday School at the Dutch Reformed Church in Manhasset. We got there by horse and carriage. We tied the horse in the church's shed west of Plandome Road.

In later years, we went to church with Mother and Dad and had to sit through 30 and 45 minute "Hellfire and Damnation" sermons by Mr. Maddaus.

When Station Road was put through, my Father planted maple trees on the road's west side along the Baker farm.

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I can remember the first time I went alone to a basketball game in the High School on Arrandale Avenue. I can't recall how I got there but I walked home by Middle Neck Road and up our lane. It was in the Fall and the corn in the field at the turn in the lane had been cut and
was in shucks. I was sure there was someone hiding behind each shuck.
I had a small stone in my hand for protection and did not loiter along the half mile length of the lane.

My brother Mellick was very well coordinated. As I have mentioned before, he was a good basketball player and he played on the great Neck High School basketball team.

My Father used to go to the basketball games at home and away. I can remember going along to a game against the Mineola High School which was a brick building on Willis Avenue between Jackson and Lincoln Streets. The basketball court was below ground level and the only way to get on or off the court was by a ladder put in place temporarily for that purpose.

On June 16, 1987, I found that the building is still there but is occupied by several Departments of the Nassau County government. No one there knew anything about the basketball court. They referred me to the office of the Superintendent of the Mineola Schools. The
secretary to the superintendent was interested and in due course introduced me to a middle aged man who is in charge of the schools' facilities. He confirmed my recollection of the gym and said that it is still in the building but not used for that purpose.

When it was Mellick's job to mow the lawn with one of the horse drawn mowers and it became time for lunch, he would unhitch the horse on the lawn, get on the horse's broad rump, and ride the horse back to the stable, standing on the horse's back, only holding onto the reins.

I can remember Mellick climbing up the west side of the 1861 House, going over the roof which was a tin roof, down the east side to the roof over the pool room and jumping across to the roof of the larder attached to the north end of the kitchen and then back to the ground.

Mellick died of pneumonia at home during his third year at Williams College. At that time there were no antibiotics. As I recall, he did not finish his freshman or sophomore academic years but was admitted back the following Falls. Each year he was elected a class
After his death, his class installed a plaque in his honor in the rear of the College Chapel. There are only six such plaques there. The plaque reads as follows:

"In memory of
James Mellick Baker
of the Class of 1922
April 16, 1900 - February 27, 1921
Loyal and Beloved
This Tablet is Placed here
by the members of his class"

At the turn of the century, my Grandmother Mellick and my Aunt Anne Mellick would spend the summers in Dorset, Vermont. Aunt Anne Mellick had graduated from Barnard College with a Phi Beta Kappa and taught Latin at the Ethical Culture School and then at the Brearly School in New York City. She was acting head of the latter school for a short while.

In Dorset, they rented the two story south wing of the Charles
Williams home on the west side of what is now Route 30 on the south edge of the town. Across the road from the house was the Williams General Store and the feed and grain store. There was a platform out front of the grain storage area from which feed and grain were loaded into wagons.

Uncle Harry Mellick would come up to Dorset for his vacations. He and Aunt Anne played tennis at the Dorset Field Club.

Grandmother Mellick would have the three older Baker boys and the two youngest Wilcox boys up to Dorset for week or two in the summers.
Below is the text of a letter my Father wrote in 1906 to John and Mellick in Dorset. John was 7 and Mellick 6. I think it is a wonderful letter. Stevie Overstreet has the original which must have been saved by Aunt Anne.

My dear Boys:

Grandma's letter to mother came yesterday and we were glad you had such a fine trip on the boat, and that you reached Dorset safely. I enjoyed the short ride I had with you on the boat, and only wished mother and Mills could have been along, so we could have gone all the way with you, and had one of the good meals on the boat which we all enjoy.

After leaving the boat that night, I found Grandma Baker and Aunt Dordie at home, and I had supper there. Aunt Jennie had gone to Great Neck that day to spend two days with Carrie Woolley who lives up near the Lake. She came here Fri. and spent the night and yesterday, and said it seemed so quiet. I wonder why.

At last we have been able to get that hay in that the men were cocking up the afternoon you left but it was hard work getting it dry as we had so many showers.
Solomon mowed down another piece in the upper field, and as we were cocking it up yesterday, the rain poured down and stopped us before we finished. So it got pretty wet again. We have used the roan ice horse for carting in hay, while Black Beauty had been sick. She seems about well now, and we shall begin working her tomorrow.

Mills and Abbie gather the eggs every afternoon, and he feeds the little chickens. Do you find any such work to do on the Mr. Williams farm. I hope you will both watch out, and get all the points you can on farming, and give them to me on your return.

Mills and I went to the church this morning. He was very good and quiet but toward the last fell asleep. This afternoon we left him with Abbie and Mother and I took a short drive. Mother and I shall be glad to get letters from you both and know what you are doing. Don’t let Aunt Anne get in any mischief and see that she does not bother Mr. Williams. You know she had not lived on a farm, and you will have to look out for her. Love to Grandma and Aunt Anne and much to you both.

Father

In order for John and Mellick to get to Dorset in 1906, they were taken by Father by horse and carriage to the Great Neck railroad station;
by train to Hunters Point, Long Island City; by ferry to 23rd Street, New York; by horse drawn trolley across Manhattan Island to the Hudson River; by the Hudson River night boat to Troy; the following morning by train to Manchester Depot, Vermont; by horse drawn buckboard to Dorset by Mr. Williams who had driven the six miles from Dorset to Manchester to meet them.

I do not remember anything about my trips to and from Dorset, except that there was a spring fed marble watering trough on the west side of the road about halfway between Dorset and Manchester.

Mr. Williams was a Civil War veteran with a wooden leg. We would go with Mr. Williams in his wagon drawn by a team of horses to deliver feed and grain to farmers or to take milk to the cheese factory in Dorset.

In June of 1986, I stopped in at the Williams General Store which is run by a distant relation and is as cluttered as it was 75 years ago. I am sure the storekeeper could still find what one wanted in the mess.
The front entrance door to the feed and grain area has been closed and the loading is done in the rear. The Williams house had recently been renovated and a two story addition put on the south end.

It used to seem like miles from the Williams house to the Field Club. Now in a car it is "just around the corner."

As I have mentioned elsewhere, hay was sold mostly to places in Great Neck and Manhasset.

The loaded hay wagon would be driven to Gregory Coal and Lumber Co. on Cutter Mill Road where it would be weighed. They had a record of the unloaded weight of the wagon and would give the driver, usually Solomon, a ticket showing the net weight which would usually be between one and two tons.

If, for instance, the hay was to be delivered to Dr. Neisly's on Maple Street in Manhasset Valley, the route would be by Grace Avenue to East Shore Road. The steep hill at the East end of Grace Avenue was paved with cobble stones. The was to give the horses traction so they
could hold back the wagon which had no brakes or skids. The cobble stones also gave horses traction going up the hill. The horse’s shoes had calks which would give them traction. The slopes in Northern Boulevard at the east and west side of Douglaston Meadows were also paved with cobble stones.

**********

In my youth, you went coasting, not sledding.

In the first field beyond the lawn to the west of the 1861 House, there was quite a steep hill and that was where the Baker children and the children from the village did their coasting. About halfway down the hill, about where Hampshire Road is now, there was always quite a bump where the final furrows of the plow had left the ground uneven.

"Flexible Flyer" sleds were fairly new at that time. You usually went "Belly-Whooper" on the sled (flat on your stomach). There was usually competition to see who could go the farthest. If there was a crust on the snow, one could of course go much farther.
We all learned to skate on the ice pond on the farm.

********

In 1928, Cary Bok and I, with two guides, took an 18 day canoe at Grindstone in the East Branch of the Penobscot River. We made 16 camps.

Since I do not enjoy eating trout or landlocked salmon, we took along a crate of eggs. At one carry of about half a mile, I carried the crate of eggs on my shoulders in the rain.

Fishing was good in those days because very few people got to the remote streams on lakes because there were no paved roads, only the Great Northern Paper Company dirt roads for horse drawn vehicles.

Both guides worked for the paper company during the winters, running the logs down the river to the saw mills. One of the guides said that in order to survive when helping to break up a log jam, he had to be all cat and half wild.
The Greenfield Cemetery is located south of the village of Hempstead, at 650 Nassau Road. It is owned by the Town of Hempstead. Until the 1960's it was administered by a board of three trustees and I have always been under the impression that it was privately owned while it was under the administration of the Board of Trustees.

I have copies of the following:

1) Correspondence I had with the Cemetery in 1961 and 1964.

2) "Proprietor's Ticket" issued in the name of Mills P. Baker, covering Lots 7 and 28, Section 10. I have the ticket.

3) Map of the cemetery showing the location of Section 10.

4) RECORD OF PLOTS. This shows that as of February 2, 1875, Mills P. Baker purchased Lots 7 and 28 for $24.00 and as of June 5, 1875 he also purchased the adjoining Lots 8 and 27. In other words, in 1875 he purchased four Lots
containing 24 plots for a total of $48.00. When Bee and I
were at the Cemetery office on May, 1989, these 24 plots
would cost $12,000.00.

The RECORD OF PLOTS also shows that three internments (No.
723, 724, 725) were made on June 3, 1875 of remains transferred from
"Presbyterian Grounds", probably located in Brooklyn.

#723 Charlotte Baker (1/27/1822 - 5/23/1851)
First wife of Mills P. Baker

#724 Maria Louisa Baker (4/23/1851 - 9/11/1885)
Last of four children of Mills P. Baker and
Charlotte Baker

#725 George Washington Baker (12/30/1853 - 11/10/1858)
First child of Mills P. Baker and
Catherine Conger Baker
The RECORD also shows the following burials:

**#1226**  Mills P. Baker, Jr. (3/1/1844 - 6/2/1879)
Son of Mills P. and Charlotte Baker

**#1229**  Eliza M. Baker (11/20/1878 - 7/6/1979)

**#4231**  Mills P. Baker (5/16/1815 - 3/26/1894)

At the juncture of the four lots, there is a granite monument. The inscription on the side facing the entrance road reads "Mills P. Baker May 16, 1815 - March 26, 1894" on the north face, the inscription is "WE LOVE HIM HE FIRST LOVED US". On the back, it reads "I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS", while on the south face it reads "I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE".

There are two tombstones. They are both so weather-beaten that it is almost impossible to read the inscriptions. Jane Corcoran and I
were able to record the following:

In memory of George W., son of Mills P. and Kate P. Baker, who
died November 10, 1858 aged 4 years, 10 months, and 11 days.

One of Jesus little lambs.

Memory of
Charlotte
Wife of Mills
May 23, 1851

In addition to the monument and the above two tombstones, there
are also two gray granite markers, one reading "FATHER" and the
other "MOTHER".

There is no indication that Catherine Conger Baker (11/29/1832 -
2/21/1907) was buried in the Greenfield Cemetery and I can think of no
way at this date of finding out where she is buried.
Increase Carpenter Baker 3/17/1787 - 1/7/1828
Margaret Bedell 5/16/1791 - 7/29/1845

Mills Phillip Baker 5/16/1815 - 3/26/1894
Phebe Catherine Conger 11/29/1832 - 2/21/1907

Elizabeth Ayres Mellick 1/5/1870 - 6/26/1948

Children
John Conger, Jr. 3/6/1899 - 3/4/1952
James Mellick 4/16/1900 - 2/27/1921
Catherine Conger 8/7/1901 - 8/14/1901
Mills Phillips 4/18/1903 -
Anna Smith 8/2/1906 - 7/26/1966

Mills Phillips Baker 4/18/1903 -
Barbara Kirkwood 9/12/1907 - 4/15/1988

Child: Barbara 11/17/1944 -
From the Long Island East District office of the United Methodist Church, I have learned that the Methodist Episcopal Church of Great Neck was founded in 1872 and that my father, John C. Baker, 1861-1953, was admitted to membership in 1877 and was appointed a trustee on March 4, 1885 at the age of 24 and only one year after graduating from Columbia University.

The above church which is now known as the Korean Methodist Church is on the north side of Northern Boulevard (25A) which in the early years was a toll road and was known as North Hempstead Turnpike. The church is about 2 1/4 miles from Breezy Hill, the Baker farm, and was a fairly long drive by horse and carriage.

Some years ago, I found among things I had inherited from my father, a Bible which had been given to him for perfect attendance of Sunday school. I gave it to the Church at the time but unfortunately did not get a receipt for it.
There are three buildings on the church property. The frame building on the east is apparently the original church that was built in 1872 (foundation laid in June 1872 and finished and dedicated in October 1872) at the sole expense of Joseph S. Spinney. My father’s youngest sister, Jenny, was the first child baptized in the Church on November 3, 1872. To the west of the frame building is the brick church and next to that is the frame Parsonage.

My mother and father were married in 1897 and in 1898 became members of the Dutch Reform Church on Plandome Road, Manhasset. All five of us Baker children were christened there. John, Mellick, and I attended Sunday School there and also joined the rest of the family in the church service. Dad was a member of the consistory and, for a time, treasurer.

The records of the Dutch Reformed Church note that Mother and Dad, along with quite a few others, terminated their membership in 1930. I think that Mother and Dad left the Church before 1930 and that
in 1930 the records were brought up-to-date as to the actual membership at the time. As I recall some members left because they felt that the Rev. Maddaus had pro-German leanings.

After leaving the Dutch Reform Church, Mother and Dad attended the Community Church in Great Neck for some years.

At Williams College, I had to go to chapel every day and twice on Sunday. As a result, I became a non-church goer until Barbara and I were married and became members of the Congregational Church of Manhasset.

In the spring of 1990 my niece, Jane Corcoran, asked me to make a jewelry box for her son Andy, I having made one for John, her other son, several years before. I decided to make one like the one I had made for myself years ago.

The mahogany box is 3" x 6" x 3". When I opened it to see how I had done the interior I came across a burgee membership pin of the Hempstead Harbour Club. I had inherited this pin, among other small
things, when my father, John C. Baker died in 1953. Dad’s initials were engraved on the back of the burgee and there was a pearl on the upper end of the flag staff.

The Hempstead Harbour Club is situated on Garvies Point, Glen Cove. I can remember Dad pointing out the Club from Sea Cliff across the inlet and telling me that he had been a member, but I do not recall any of the family going there during my lifetime. In July, 1990, I decided to try to find out when Dad had been a member and on July 12, I went to the Club to see what I could find out.

The superintendent of the Club’s facilities referred me to the Club’s historian, who said he had turned all the data over to the Club’s secretary. When I went to the Club the following day, the superintendent took down my name and telephone number and said he would have someone call me. Incidentally, on that day, I registered the mileage from the Baker Farm in Great Neck to the Club. It was about
13 miles, a long way in the horse and buggy days when the longest way round was usually the shortest way home.

The following day, Ruth Skinner of 15 Canterbury Road, Great Neck, called and made an appointment to come see me that afternoon. She was in the process of gathering material for the celebration of the Club’s centennial in 1991. She brought with her the leather-bound original minutes book of the Club and I was able to make copies of the minutes of the organization meeting on May 9, 1891, of the meeting on May 15, 1891, at which 32 charter members were elected. Dad and his brother James E. Baker were charter members. Mr. Chas. E. Appleby, who apparently donated land for the Club, was elected an honorary member.

The Club was formed for the encouragement of sailing, rowing, and other athletic sports. According to Miss Skinner, the club annually held five or six dances and several billiard tournaments. Mr. Appleby was a amateur billiard champion.
While I was packing tools in my woodworking shop, preparatory to moving to California, I came across a sail rigger’s knife that had probably been my father’s. Before this I had been sure that Dad had never owned a boat, but now I am not sure.

On Labor Day 1990, I went to the Club, planning to give to the Club, for its centennial collection, the burgee membership pin and knife. Landlubber that I am, I asked to see the president and was told that the commodore would be there shortly.

Mr. Willensen, the commodore, was delighted to accept my father’s burgee charter membership pin and the sail rigger’s knife. The commodore said that the pin and knife would be displayed at next year’s centennial.

In “Breezy Hill”, the Baker Farm, I mentioned that in the 1861 House there was a pool or billiard room that had apparently been added after the house was built because it was only one story and had only a crawl space under it. It seems probable that Dad added the billiard
room to the 1861 House when he was a member of Hempstead harbour Club so that he could practice for the billiard tournaments held in the billiard room of the original clubhouse.

My Father met my mother at a dance in the Oyster Bay area while she was visiting the George Horsey's. Mr. Horsey was one of the charter members of the Hempstead Harbour Club. My recollection is that it was at one of the dances sponsored by the Wide Awake Society and was probably at the Club. I have not been able to verify the name, Wide Awake Society.

Miss Skinner advised me that Dad gave up his membership in 1899. He and mother were married in 1897 and they started to raise a family, so obviously they could not use a club 15 miles away. Of the 32 charter members, I would judge that a majority of them were Friends (Quakers). In latter years, I knew George A. Thayer, Stephen R. Hewlett, Samuel L. Hewlett (my father's best man), Valentine Frazier, and Townsend Scudder.
In the early years of their married life, mother and dad had quite a number of Quaker friends.

George and Lizzie Thayer lived on the southern outskirts of Port Washington and in a big frame house on the Manhasset Bay side of Plandome Road about opposite Luquer Road. The house still stands among a group of smaller houses built some years ago. George's brother, Kendall, and his wife also lived in Port Washington.

The Edward Laphams lived on the west side of Port Washington Boulevard (Middle Neck Road) about opposite the northern border of the North Hempstead Country Club. Their house is now owned by the Cow Bay Peninsula Historical Society to which I gave my antique woodworking tools before I moved to California.

The Hewletts, Samuel and Stephen, lived on the east side of Port Washington Boulevard (Middle Neck Road), just south of what is today the Country Club Drive section. Sam Hewlett was my father's best man.
when he and mother were married in 1897. Stephen did not marry. The Sam Hewletts had two children: Lewis and Elizabeth, who became the wife of Dr. Milton Hopkins. For several generations, there was a Samuel Lewis Hewlett and then a Lewis Samuel. Lewis of my generation did not marry, so this custom died out.

The Motts and the Frasers lived in Sands Point; their lanes running from Middle Neck Road to Hempstead Harbor must have been at least half a mile long. Dad said that one evening in his bachelor days, he had spent the evening at the Motts and that when he left, he was caught in a severe thunderstorm in the lane. It was so bad that he tied the horse to a tree, got back in the buggy, and slept until daybreak when he continued on home — a distance of 10 or 12 miles.

In Oyster Bay, there were the Townsend, Scudder, and Horsey families. My mother was visiting the Horseys when she met Dad. Her friend, Kit Horsey (Cousin Kit to us children) used to come visit us and was one of our favorite guests.
In Westbury, near the pond, there were the Harold Hawkhursts and Fred and Carrie Sharpless. William (Will) Cocks and his wife, Jessie, lived on the east side of Westbury Road about halfway between the Jericho Turnpike and what is now Westbury Gardens. When Will and Hessie were married, mother and dad went to the wedding in the Westbury Friends Meeting House. I recall them telling that the spirit did not move anyone, and that they sat there for a long time until Teddy Roosevelt arrived and then the spirit moved.

In Sands Point, there was also Frederick C. Hicks, who was our Congressman for years. He was the brother of Will Cocks of Westbury. Frederick Cocks, at the age of 21, was adopted by Benjamin D. Hicks of Old Westbury and in due course he came into a sizeable inheritance. Benjamin D. Hicks was also a Quaker.

In Great Neck, on the southwest corner of Middle Neck Road and Old Mill Road, the Brodies lived for several years and I met Bruce
Brodie when they came to buy milk and eggs from Breezy Hill, the Baker farm.

Going west on the south side of Old Mill Road were the Motts, Kimballs, Lewis, Walter Clark, and my uncle, James E. Baker's farm. Mrs. De Beaumont Mott was reputed to have been the first circus performer to have hung from a trapeze by her teeth. The Kimball's son, Austin, was a friend of mine for a short while. Mrs. Lewis was one of my mother's oldest friends and after a number of years, they decided to change to a first name basis. It was amusing to hear them say, "Mrs. Baker, oh, I mean Elizabeth", or "Mrs. Lewis, oh, I mean Frances". There were two Lewis children, Ethel and Tracy. Ethel married Waldo Grose and was the mother of Bill, Jack, Joan, "Pancho", and Nat. I have known five generations of that branch of the family. Ethel Grose used to say that we were related because Richard Harris, the brother of our Solomon Harris, had married the Lewis's Susie. After Mr. and
Mrs. Lewis died, the Groses moved into the Lewis place on Old Mill Road.

The brook that started north of the Baker Woods, passed through the ice pond and then ran between the Henry Allen and Will Wooley farms, passed in the back of all the properties on the south side of Old Mill Road. Several hundred feet from West Shore Road, it turned north, passed under Old Mill Road and continued on, emptying into the Mill Pond.

On the north side of the Old Mill Road, extending from Middle Neck Road west, almost to the brook, was the Brokaw property, which included not only a polo field, but also a half-mile race course. During World War I, the Red Cross staged a benefit performance on the Brokaw property and it was there that George M. Cohan sang "Over There" for the first time.

Across West Short Road at the western end of Old Mill Road, was the Roswell Eldridge estate. My father and Mr. Eldridge were at
swords points on some civic questions, but mother and Mrs. Eldridge were on the best of terms. Mrs. Eldridge had mother become a member of the Public Library Board, which Mrs. Eldridge headed for years.

Mr. Eldridge, in an attempt to avoid paying school taxes, incorporated his estate into the Village of Saddle Rock. In order to have enough property owners in the village, he temporarily deeded small parcels of property to some of his workmen. The village was incorporated, but he was unable to avoid paying the school taxes.

North of the Mill Pond and on the Little Neck Bay side of West Shore Road, were big estates: Vicario, Cowl, Cord Meyer, Gilbert (later Alfred P. Sloane) Satterwhite, Sinclair (before the Tea Pot Dome scandal), and Chrysler. I went to a very plush birthday party given by the Gilberts for their grandson, Gilbert Tarlton.

On the east side of West Shore Road, starting a Arrandale Avenue, there were the Whites, the Ed Meyers, the George Meyers, and the Dwights.
To the north of Steamboat Road (at one time known as New Road) and before the Merchant Marine Academy acquired the Chrysler and other properties, the Barstows lived on the waterfront. Mr. Barstow was primarily responsible for having the railroad tracks depressed at Great Neck Station and a street in Great Neck Plaza was named for him.

I can remember going by horse and carriage to the dock at the end of Steamboat Road to fish for flounders, but with very little luck. The steamboat service started at the Battery at the tip of Manhattan, stopping at Flushing, Great Neck, Sands Point, and Glen Cove. Dad used to say that is was quite a sight in the morning and evening to see the owners of the big estates being delivered to or picked up from the docks by the steamboat landing by carriages drawn by teams of horses and manned by both a coachman and a footman.

North of Steamboat Road were the Childs and the Parsons, who were related by marriage. Further on lived the diva, Madame Petrova. Around the corner on Kings Point Road lived Jansen, the owner of the...
Hofbrau House in New York City. He had a daughter and a son, Werner. Werner was quite musical, and when he was at Dartmouth, he got the job of playing the organ in the college chapel. One Sunday, while he was playing before the service, a woman came in wearing a big, highly plumed hat, and Werner immediately switched to "Where Did You Get That Hat", which was a popular tune at the time. Needless to say, he lost his job.

The Jansens had a concrete tennis court and during the World War I, it was rumored that this had been built as a platform for artillery guns to shell New York City if the Germans invaded Long Island.
The next place, about opposite the end of Red Brook Road, was owned by Jesse Livermore, who was a big gun on Wall Street in those days.

"Augustina", the Roesler property, came next. Like all other properties along the west side of Kings Point Road, it extended down to the bay. Ed Roesler lived in the big house up by the road and his half brother, Walter, lived in the cottage at the bottom of the hill. Across the road were several farm buildings. For years, the family had a chauffeur, Charlie Ruff, who lived with his wife in another cottage on the place, and kept the cars in spit and polish condition.

Further on were the McBees and the O'Rourkes. At the north end of Middle Neck Road, there was the big Mitchell estate. Going east from there on the Shore Road were the places of Jimmy Alker and Teddy Alker. In back of the latter was a large fresh water pond which as a favorite place for skating and for cutting ice to fill the local ice houses. Beyond the pond was the Booth estate. Across the road was
the Mann property. Their three boys (Vernon, Colgate, and Lloyd) were about the same ages as John, Mellick, and I. Mrs. Mann became an Anglophile and they became the Vernon-Manns.

About a mile south on East Shore Road was the Gignoux farm, where for years one could buy raw milk. Across the road was Cow Lane. Hoyt Miller's place was on the west side of East Shore Road. He had an indoor tennis court on which I played often in the 1930's.

Proceeding south, we came to the W. R. Grace estate on the Manhasset Bay side and their polo field across the road.

Around the bend in the road and at the end of a private lane, lived the Trevers. Their house overlooked the Grace's polo field. They had three daughters: Augusta, Antoinette (Nettie), and Frances (Frannie). Augusta married Innis O'Rourke in the St. Aloysius Church in Great Neck. The Archbishop of New York conducted the service. It is the only time I have been in that church. Augusta was a good tennis player.
Beyond the private lane, was the Howard Clark place. They had four children: Roslie, Cyrus, Howard, and Muriel. Cyrus (Cy) was a tennis and golf partner of mine, and his wife, Jane, was one of the people with whom Barbara used to tour Long Island in later years.

The Cox family, who had moved from Oyster Bay, lived at the northeast corner of Hicks Lane and East Shore Road. They had two children, Townsend and Elizabeth.

At the foot of the hill in the former Hicks property, the Stewart family lived. There were three children slightly older than my generation: Fred, May, and Flora. I did not know the Stewarts at all well. One of the daughters married a Marine officer and when he retired, they moved to Pebble Beach, California. Barbara got to know the sisters there, and through them, Allegra Maynard, Headmistress of Madera School.

On the west side of East Shore Road, and just south of Ravine Road, there was the ice plant and the shop of H. H. L’Hommedieu,
Carpenter, and Builder. Their advertisement is on the back cover of "Common Sense in the Farm-House", and I feel pretty sure that they not only built the 1861 House, but also the 101 foot barn for my grandfather.

On Arrandale Avenue, almost to West Shore Road, P. G. Wodehouse lived for a time. Muriel Reid (nee Forester), my brother John, and I went to a party there given by his daughter, Nora. There were too few girls, so they had their maid join the party and she was the belle of the ball. I understand that sometime later, Wodehouse adopted her.

On Wooley's Lane, which was originally the farm lane of the Wooley farm south of the brook, the J. Charles Andrew family occupied the original farm house. He was with a contracting firm in New York City. He had the second (or loft) floor of the barn converted into a badminton court and that was where I learned to play badminton with Chick Andrews and Bill and Rody Zinser and Andy Bartlett.
Further up the lane, Oscar and Nell Houston lived with their three children, Barbara, Charles, and Janet. The Houstons later moved to Kings Point.

At the bend in Beech Road, near the Mill Pond, the Tweddles had a house on the top of a small hill. Mrs. Tweddel (Emma Tweddel) and Grace Hoag, the daughter of Dr. Hoag in Manhasset, went to the same school in Newburg, N.Y., that my aunt, Jennie Baker, and Edith Williams (Mrs. Robert Kirkwood) attended in 1890.

The Edens and the Morgan Graces lived on the north side of Steamboat Road, just east of the Buckley Country Day School. Mr. Grace was one of the prime movers in founding Buckley in 1923. The three Grace boys were Morgan, Jr., Oliver, and David.

In Great Neck, in addition to the two polo fields and the Brokaw’s steeplechase course, there was a golf course and a tennis club. The Soundview Golf Club was located in what is now the southwestern part of Great Neck Estates. The tennis club, Great Neck Country Club, was
originally on Susquehanna Avenue, where it had only three courts. In the early 1920's it constructed six clay courts and a frame club house on land it rented from the Grace Estate on the north side of Great Neck Road backing up on the railroad property. In all the years that the club was in existence, it paid only $12.00 a year rent.

Across the street from the Kensington School, was the Community Church, which had started out in the Masonic Temple on Middle Neck Road. Dr. Farnham was the minister for many years and his daughter, Ruth, became a teacher of Latin at the Buckley Country Day School when it opened in 1923.

In the basement of the church there were two bowling alleys and enough space for a pool table. When Dad had the 1861 House torn down in the late 1920's, he gave the pool table to the church.

At about this time, Dad became a member of a group of men who bowled there and he got me to join. He was the oldest and I was the youngest. The others were George Holton, Ned Wharf, George
Whitlock, Fred Holmes, John Atwater, Doug Grose, and Bruce Bielaski.

They were as fine a group of men as I have ever known.

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On the east side of Middle Neck Road, just north of Kensington, was the Ed Allen farm. He and his cousin Emma Wooley, who lived with him, were good friends of my mother and father. Mr. Allen and Dad used to try to be the first person to vote in Great Neck on Election Day.

The Harold O'Connors lived on Grace Avenue. He was a lawyer and practiced in New York City. He was on the Board of Education for a number of years, and during the seven years that mother was also on the Board, he would take her to and from the meetings because mother did not drive a car. Mr. O'Connor was a good athlete, his best sports being tennis and figure skating. He would quite often come to Breezy Hill and bat out flyballs for John, Mell, and me to shag, on the lawn in front of the house.
In the booklet, "This is Great Neck", published by the League of Women Voters, they refer to Main Road. Insofar as I know, the main street in Great Neck has always been Middle Neck Road.

At one time, there was a suggestion that the name Middle Neck Road be changed to Main Street. My mother was all against such a change and found out that the proposal came from Mr. Abe Wolf, who felt that it would be so much easier for people paying the local merchants by check to address the envelopes to "Main Street" instead of "Middle Neck Road". The change did not take place.

My father graduated from Columbia University in the class of 1884. Columbia at that time, was in lower Manhattan, I think around 13th Street on Union Square. While there, he patronized a tailor by the name of Abe Wolf who some years later moved to Great Neck. He lived with his wife and three children on Hicks Lane and had his place of business on the west side of Middle Neck Road, just north of Arrandale Avenue.
Attached hereto is a copy of a sketch I made up showing Middle Neck Road, Great Neck, between the Baker farm and All Saints Church, as I remember it about 1910. There was a harness maker's shop, two blacksmiths, a wagon and wheelwright shop, a livery stable, and two saloons. At the railroad station area, there was Duck's grocery store, Peter Kane's hotel, and Gilliars or Denleys Inn or Tavern. West on Cutter Mill Road was Gregory coal and Limber yard. On their scales, wagon loads of hay, coal, etc., were weighed.
Great Neck, N.Y., Circa 1910
As remembered by
Mills P. Bacon 1986
Road - Speakman Road
Barber Shop
Salem - Garbell
Fe Valent - Wolf
Randolph Ave.
School
Hayden
Meat Market - Thalman
Fountain - Contendarpumps
Beach Road
Sears - Barwax
Uncia Free Chapel
St. Philip's Church
Ford & Sears - Fewke

P. Bacon - Farm
Goethyst - Contendere

Mount - Cobble
Mount - Member

Funfare - Tobacco
Post Office (Booth 72)
Hicks - Hardware
Hicks - Face Shop

Gasoline - Gas Station
Sears - Teller
Sears - Bond Factory

to Apron - Meat Market
Book - Ford & Sears
Loye - Gas Station

Thos. A. Hebert Shop - Bellonini
Schock - Gas Station
Foss Wagon Works
Millinery - Department Store
Gilman

Carson - Rodeo

New Parsonage

Cold - Photographer
O'Connell - Salem
Myers - Electromed
Flanagan - Mason - John Thomas

dale Ford Home
Cemetery - Mason
Barker Farm

Blacksmiths - harness Makers - wagon Wheelwright Shop

1
2
3