

HOUSES THAT MOVED

An informal essay written for The Monday Class, March, 1972

Someone suggested that I write about "old Glendale houses" - but this was too big an assignment. So I decided to start with Glendale houses that have moved about. It sounds more lively. Some of the attractive homes in the village were once barns - but today I'll write only about barns that moved from their original sites to become "old Glendale houses". If it hasn't moved, it doesn't get in this paper.

The oldest moving I know about has to do with my own family - the Roland Richardson house on Ivy Avenue. My mother was born in that house in 1866, when it stood up nearer Fountain Avenue, about where the Woodward garage now stands. Even then, the house had its front walk down to Ivy Avenue, and a back gate up on Fountain. Like most of the village homes at that time, and even the parks, the property was enclosed with a fence. Aunt Angie used to talk about climbing over the "stile" when she crossed the big park.

Teetor in his "Past and Present of Valley", written in 1882, describes the place:

"Adjoining Miss Kinmont's on the north is the residence of James C. Richardson, facing Ivy Avenue instead of Fountain. This is one of the earliest cottages erected in Glendale. The location is not inferior to that of Miss Kinmont's. It is elevated, commanding, and beautiful. The green lawn slopes gracefully to the east, and the cottage looks out through a profusion of shrubbery and flowers upon the quiet landscape beyond."

Here is part of a reminiscent essay Mother wrote, probably in the 1930's, recalling bits of her childhood there:

MEMORIES AND TRADITIONS OF THE FAMILY

(Essay by Blance^h Richardson Loveland, 1866 - 1952)

"The first memories of childhood are of the house in Glendale about where Mrs. Mary Moores' house now stands. The frame house faced east and there was a terrace with flower beds and shrubs with steps up to the house and down to the driveway - a huge silver poplar on the south side with a rope swing on it - and on the west side the woodshed covered with grapevines. Part of this was made into the bedroom for the man who worked on the place - old Henry. It was heated by a wood stove and there was a beautiful, but battered old desk in it. I do not know what became of that desk. There was a little gate at the back entrance where Mrs. Moores' driveway enters.

In the barn, nearer Mrs. Danson's house than the Kinmonts, were kept horses and carriages and a sleigh, and behind them a cow and the chickens. A very large and fine vegetable and fruit garden extended nearly down to Ivy Avenue. There were all sorts of berries - currants, gooseberries, raspberries, and many apple, pear, and cherry trees - a paradise for children. A long, gravel path curved from the front door to the little brown gate at the corner of Ivy and Gunnison Hill where there was a "thicket" - a real little woodland with trees and wildflowers and flowering shrubs. The vivid memories are of the swing - a bad fall there - the delightful rides on the pony led by my father (James C. Richardson), the tempting green

grapes, and a dreadful sickness from eating them. My next youngest brother died of that dysentery, and I barely pulled through. I remember that a distant cousin, Harriet Walker, took care of me while they buried Willie. Then, soon after, my brother Jamie was born."

Mother's grandfather, Captain Thomas J. Haldeman, moved to Glendale soon after the J. C. Richardson family, and he bought the big house at the corner of Willow and Sharon which was torn down when Mrs. Galt (Uncle Charley Richardson's mother-in-law) erected the big house where the Don Davies now live. At that time there were almost no other buildings on the block as I understand it. The Haldeman farm was bounded by Laurel, Sharon, Willow and Fountain Avenues. After my great-grandfather Haldeman died, the big Richardson family moved from their "cottage" on Ivy and Fountain down into the Haldeman house. Teeter describes this house (now moved into oblivion) thus: "On Sharon Avenue extending quite from Laurel to Willow Avenue but fronting on Laurel, is the residence of Capt. T. J. Haldeman, one of the best in Glendale. The house was originally erected by Wm. B. Moores, but has been greatly improved by the Captain since he came here in 1867. The building is a large, two-story well-finished brick edifice, with verandas embracing both the east and west fronts. The Captain has spacious grounds, a fine view, beautiful lawn, and fine gravelled drives."

Meantime what happened to the Richardson cottage on Ivy for the next twenty years, after the Richardson family moved out, I have not discovered. There are stories of tramps living there

of fires, and general deterioration. But at some point during that time, the house was moved down the hill and southward to its present location, nearer to Ivy Avenue. No doubt this created vacant lots, including the one Mr. Lawson Moores bought in order to build a home for his wife. (The Morton Woodward house). Of course, the Humphrey house, the Sam Allens', and the Woodward house have all been erected on what was once that old Richardson property.

When my Uncle James Richardson (Jamey) married Annis Withenbury (Grammie) in 1896, they moved into the old house, now in its present location. The Galts may have rented it at one time, and there were other tenants for short periods. But in 1905 Althea's father, Mr. Ford, bought it for "back taxes" - a great bargain!

It is interesting family history that Uncle Jamey, Roland's father, was born in the old house when it stood up on the hill. Roland was born there in the new location, and when his son Ted was born in the same room in the same house, it made three generations of Richardsons who could call that their birthplace. Another house where Grammie and her children lived, I think, after the tragic death of her young husband, was the Withenbury house on Oak Street. Since this house, too, has been moved, though not so far, it should be included in this discussion. The first Russell Withenbury had the house moved south and east, to its present position. Russ says the driveway to Oak Street was put in at this time. The drive by the Garvin house - "Ivy Cottage" which was built by Grammie - used to be the entry to

the Withenbury house. I remember as a little girl coming out to visit the family all the way from Walnut Hills by street car (!) that I was fascinated by a large statue of Mercury which stood in the circle west of the house. Poor Mercury was kidnapped every Halloween and placed in strange places. I always thought it was Mercury, dressed up in woman's attire, who was placed at a Congress Avenue street corner to stop the street car. Evidently there was another white statue, female, who served this purpose. The motorman would always stop to take on this mysterious passenger, and find that she was not a potential rider. This caused much merriment among the pranksters.

What many of us remember as Miss Katie Iglar's home on Congress Avenue at Fountain (across from the Pillars) should be mentioned. It was moved when Mr. Alfred Allen built his home at 30 West Fountain. (The Joseph Reddy family now live there) The smaller house had belonged to Mr. John H. Porter. After it was moved, it was bought by Henry Iglar, and while he owned it there was a bad fire. The second story was destroyed. While Miss Katie Iglar lived there, it was a charming one-floor cottage. Now, it has been modernized and enlarged, and it has changed occupants twice in recent years, I think.

Did you know that the Episcopal rectory crossed Forest Avenue about 1902? Sam Benedict, whose father was rector of the church at that time, was born when the frame rectory was in its original location. When the vestry decided to build the present large stone residence, plans were made to move the old one across the street.

It now stands across from the Jim Carruthers'. For years the Tom Richardson family lived there, later the John Egberts, and now the C. A. Barnetts. Sam says the house was moved in 1902 and the Benedict family moved back into the massive "new" stone rectory in 1903.....This sounds like rapid construction work, doesn't it?

By far, the most dramatic and memorable house-moving, however, was in 1926-27. Look at the home of the Joseph Greens on Woodbine Avenue. It stood for years on Ivy Avenue where Mrs. Nelson Caldwell's house now stands. It had belonged to the Ward Buchanans and later to the Herman Lackmans. When Charlotte Smith bought the property, which stretched from Ivy to Woodbine, she wanted to build a new house for herself. So she sold the old house to Ike and Dilly Stewart. Ike wasn't to pay for it (I understand) until it was safely on the foundation that had been built on the lot they had bought on Woodbine. I've heard several versions of the story. That is a big house and the task of moving it must have been tremendous. Stanley Matthews of Glendale was the contractor for the job. He little knew what he was getting into! Everyone agrees there were labor troubles - though not strikes, as we think of labor troubles today. There must have been some problems with overhead wires, but the chief problem was caused by TREES. In fact, I understand there was a large village outcry when the movers announced they had to cut down a tree. They did, indeed, cut down one (and, maybe, two) trees. However, the obstacle that was the greatest cause of delay and of Glendale opposition, was

the great old elm tree in front of 775 Woodbine. Not only Garden Club members cried out in wrath. That tree was the talk of the town. Meantime, the great old white house stood, on its supports, at the junction of Gunny Hill and Woodbine, blocking traffic. Isabel Knowlton^{was} then living where the Davies are today, and it was her sister, Dilly, whose potential home was in transit. She remembers that one evening Ellen Green and Bob were having a big party - they lived in the house where Jo Ames is living now, and their guests had difficulty first in reaching the Greens, and then in parking. There developed some hard feelings (I've been told) between those backing the Allen family, who were selling the lot to Ike and rooting for the Stewarts, and the Matthews family who were, naturally, backing Stanley. Irritated villagers were mad at all of them. Rumor has it that someone threatened to blow the house up, and Isabel remembers that the Glendale Marshall, Ed Meagher, stayed inside the house at night to protect it from vandals. She remembers seeing the light from his cigar (or was it a cigarette? I don't know what Ed Meagher smoked!) through the windows as he moved from room to room at night. Children were reported to have played in and around the house in the daytime and were accused of doing great damage, breaking windows, stealing plumbing fixtures, and such. Isabel discounts this.

But back to the elm tree: I'm told the movers begged only to cut off the one limb that hung out over the street. The village

outcry became over-whelming. Talk about "Woodman, spare that tree!" Nancy Denison remembers one anecdote of those weeks. Franklin Leach's mother was living at 775 Woodbine and the whole Leach family and their innumerable prominent friends were up in arms. The women were all members of village garden clubs. They tried to pressure everyone in authority to save that elm tree. Stanley Matthews was stern and hard to sway. Arch Denison, his partner, was more understanding. Nancy remembers Franklin Leach coming up to call on Arch, and Franklin sat there and wept at the thought of cutting at that magnificent tree in front of his dear mother's house. Finally, someone got a tree expert to come and tie up the big branch, the Stewart house was turned laboriously side-ways, and again began to travel to its destination. I think the Keith house had not been built at that time, so there was added room across Woodbine in which to maneuver.)

When I started asking people where they took the house - down Gunny Hill or down the back lot, Roland and Althea said they could remember vividly the house stuck on Gunny, - presumably to discuss the first tree cutting. One or two others thought it moved by road. But the general consensus is that the house came slowly down the Lackman lot (the terraces were not there at that time). It may have swung slightly north toward the back of the Ed Anderson place, and over to the little park where it had its longest stay. You can imagine the indignation of the neighbors! The Moesers lived where the Cockerills do today. One day, according to Barbara (Mrs. John Weld Peck); she and her sister were home from school eating luncheon in the kitchen. Suddenly, a workman burst through the kitchen door, seeking

sanctuary. He was being pursued by another workman, waving a butcher's knife. Labor trouble?

Anyone who was living in the village at that time remembers something of this Glendale drama. The project started in the summer of 1926 (so the Stewart boys could enter the Glendale Public School that fall.) Finally, the house was put on its high foundation February 2, 1927. There were no front steps. They used a sloping board with cross pieces on it to walk in the front door. It must have been a mess inside. But the boys entered the Glendale School and carried on to graduate, and the Stewart family had a good home on Woodbine. I'm told that the excitement over this caused violent discussions in the Village Council; however, and there was serious talk of forbidding any more house-moving. But there was more.

The Lackman carriage house, at the back of the Lackman property, was later moved from the Ivy Avenue lot to become the Edgar Moesers' home at 810 Woodbine. It's now occupied by the Navaros. This moving was evidently less of a problem than the Stewart move. The building came down the lot, across the street, through the open lot where the Dick Keys' house now stands, back of the little cottage, to its present position. After the Edgar Moesers, Dr. and Mrs. Hugo Smith and their young people lived there. Barbara Moeser Peck evidently liked the neighborhood, as she still lives just across the street where she can keep an eye on her former home.

This is not the only barn that traveled around before turning into a handsome Glendale home. Like the Moesers', it is also

on Woodbine Avenue. It belonged to the Robert Lovett, Senior; and later to the Don Davies.

The Lovett-Davies house was made from Dr. Alfred Shepherd's barn. The Shepherds lived in the house on Fountain Avenue now occupied by the Limbockers. The story I've been told is that after World War I, during the depression of 1923 or thereabouts, Mrs. Mortimer Matthews and Mrs. Alfred M. Allen (with the support of their garden club) undertook to provide work for Stanley Matthews and Arch Denison. Architects, like many others, had fallen on lean times. The ladies supervised the building of the house and the landscaping. Both were great gardeners. In fact, Mrs. Allen was one of the greatest amateur gardeners I've ever know personally. (I put in the word amateur because in the early days, most of the big Glendale estates had gardeners, aristocrats of the profession, who vied with each other to produce the first asparagus, the first peas, the best tomatoes and the biggest flowers). Mrs. Allen grew wildflowers, and exotic house plants, and only incidentally peas, cabbages, and tomatoes.

To go back to the Shepherd barn. Mrs. Shepherd was, I believe, quite hard up after Dr. Shepherd died. No doubt (though I'm only guessing this) the sale of her barn, which presumably she wasn't using, was a help to her, too.

In that generation of Glendale women, as perhaps in each generation, there were a few like Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Matthews who knew of the anxieties of other villagers and who quietly

did something to help. Among many were Grammie, Mrs. Galt, my mother, and others who often were able to do something that would lend help and encouragement to a family in need, and they did it in such a way as this, so the rest of the community were unaware often both of the need and of the help. I really don't know this, but I wonder if Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Matthews deliberately let it be known that the work was for the young architects, and Mrs. Shepherd was kind enough to sell them her barn.

Back to the Lovett-Davies house. When it was first remodelled, it was charming, but small. The Charles Knowltons bought the house, which had four small rooms on the first floor, and a small detached garage at the back. After purchasing it from the Allens, Charles decided to have the lot surveyed, and the survey showed that the kitchen was not on the property purchased. There has been, in the past, a certain casualness about property lines in the village, as many of us know. But after all, we are all friends as well as neighbors, so it's no matter. However, Charles Knowlton went to clear up the problem with Marston Allen, a distinguished lawyer, and son of the family that had sold the land. I think the kitchen is well inside the Lovetts' line today. Bob and Coombs later added the big living room wing, the attached garage and made other changes. They have, of course, added to and improved the original landscaping. (It was done 40 years ago!) Any mention of the 750 Woodbine house would be incomplete without a record of the dreadful Lovett fire of 1957. Janie and I remember that. We hurried out and saw flames shoot-

ing up from the roof. Neighbors were rushing in and out, carrying out household goods and putting it anywhere, higgledy-piggledy, in nearby yards and houses. Dilly Stewart, I know, had room for a great deal, and since her house was moved after the Lovetts, but before the fire, it seems right to include her once more.

The most recent house-moving that I have heard about in Glendale was the house that was moved for Bill Little of the Police Department. Bill could not find a place to live in Glendale, and so Tom Carruth^rs offered to give him the Jackson house, (Mister Jackson was one of the great Glendale gardeners) from the Regan estate which has since been subdivided. Charles Sawyer, Jr. then gave the Littles a lot on Chester Road., just at the sharp turn across from St. Edmund's. Bill Little died from severe burns, and his wife is now Mrs. Robert Meyer at 845 Chester.

The Denison house on Forest Circle qualifies for this paper, though it didn't move far. Nancy's sunken garden, behind the house, was at one time part of the foundation for the old barn which was swung around at right angles and then built into that attractive home on the Circle. That area of the village known as Forest Circle was once the property of a Mr. and Mrs. Charles Davis. Mother remembered it, and so do some of the rest of you, as full of odd little buildings outside the main house. The Edwin Rices now live in the big house, once the home of the Davis family.

Mr. Teeter in 1882 writes of this area: Mr. Charles Davis has

his summer residence here, and a remarkably beautiful one. It stands on a lot containing six acres, on the corner of Erie and Forest Avenues. Choice fruits, flowers, plants and shrubbery are cultivated here, without regard to cost, and as a pleasure resort abounds with the most elevating and refining suggestions and influences."

To make their 6 acre estate, Mr. Davis must have brought from John F. Keys the adjoining property at the corner of Forest and Erie Avenues, approximately where the Jim Carruthers' property is. Here again I quote from Mr. Teeter: "On the corner of Forest and Erie Avenues, which now has a road cut through and a small park at the intersection, stood the home of John F. Keys (Miss Margaret Thompson's grandfather). This house was torn down, brick by brick, and moved to build the Church of the New Jerusalem parsonage (Swedenborgian) on Congress Avenue". This is now Laura Rogers' home. I had no idea it had even been moved.

Now back to the Forest Avenue Circle. Mother remembered Mr. Davis as being eccentric, in that he put up all sorts of Odd buildings on his property. Most of these have now disappeared, but some of you who grew up in Glendale remember them. After the Davis family left, Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel D. C. Hodges bought the property, small buildings and all. The Hodges forbade children to play there, and of course, this was a challenge to the more daring ones. Jim Carruthers remembers crawling under a queer, not too tall, stone tower to throw rocks at some of his playmates who were returning the courtesy. Nancy Denison says the tower was built for pigeons. Brown tiles, the kind that are used for drainage (Nancy calls them sewer pipes) were

inserted to make nesting places for the birds. There was another mysterious building that probably was a greenhouse in Mr. Davis' time, which our young friends also explored. One could crawl under a small opening at the base, I am told, and there are vague reports of running water inside, flowing across an open basin.

Although the Davises had children (Rosebud and her two brothers) who are remembered affectionately, I doubt if even they had a free hand in rock-throwing, and crawling under the greenhouse wall. The Hodges seem to have been even more forbidding.

One small building on this property is now standing at the back of the Bart Hawley yard - a log cabin. This had obviously been erected by Mr. Davis, but it must have been at the time of the Hodges that the log cabin was sold to Helen Clarke who lived where the Hammels live today. She had four daughters, so I suppose it was a playhouse. Jim Carruthers thought of it as a tea room, but I doubt if it ever was a commercial tea room. Maybe he went there and had tea with the Clarke girls! However, I'm told the Clarke girls sold waffles and tea there at one time for some church project. When the Clarkes had outgrown the cabin, Harry Gorden bought it for his daughters, and it was moved across the street and set up in its present location. Most of you know that the original Christ Church, a small frame building, was sold when the present church was built, to St. Gabriel's. For many years it was used as the garage back of the priest's house. As you drive up Congress Avenue to Tri-County, you can see the arched windows on the side wall. But the most travelled building I have come upon so far in

my rather casual research is the Squash Court at the Glendale Lyceum. This was given the Lyceum by Mr. Ed Anderson, who lived at 820 Ivy Avenue (before the Pat Stewarts). However, I find from reliable sources that this building was originally on the Roger Rogan property, and may go back even to the time when the Cleveland family lived in that house. Roger Rogan gave it to Ed Anderson who in turn, gave it to the Lyceum. How is it holding up?

Angelina L. Faran