

Haworth's Memory Lane Mary Lou Boyd, Town Historian

Frank Weiss

You will not find Haworth on any borough map. It exists only in the recollections of the community's oldest residents. Let's take a trip back in time.

Older than the borough, the Fredericks Hotel (later known as the Antlers and Pero's but more presently popular as Andiamo's) was built in 1885 and was owned by the grandfather of Mrs. Mildred Taufer of Harrison Street. She remembers riding horse drawn sleights through snow-covered roads.

She proudly recalls that it was horses owned by her father, Frederick Bender, which drove the borough's first fire engine in 1908. For its first four years, Haworth had to depend on Demarest for fire protection. The fire gong shared by Haworth and Demarest was located in the parking lot of Antler's.

Lucie C. Martenot

Lucie came here from Hoboken in 1905, when she was 5 years old, to live with her grandfather in a house on Schraalenburgh Road that had been built in 1896. Her most vivid memory of childhood days in Haworth was her first dish of maple ice cream in a store at the corner of Hardenburgh Avenue and Pleasant Street.

Years ago, she recollected, there were hayrides. The horses and wagon were hired from a farmer. The roads were lined with fruit trees and the hayriders would snap off branches to get sweet black cherries. In the winter, sleigh riding was wonderful.

Helen Reynolds

Helen lived at 28 East View Terrace. These are some of the things she remembered: less people, dirt roads, fewer houses, open fields and more woods. We had one teacher for two grades and our studies included reading, writing, math, spelling and grammar. There were no snow days in school. We ice skated on the White Beeches Pond. Winters were very cold. We had one grocery store, one candy store, and the post office on Terrace Street. There was no mail delivery, everyone had to come to the post office to get their mail. We all had septic tanks in our yards until sewers were installed. The town people plowed the roads. When a train came by, I'd put pennies on the rails and gather the flat remains. I was afraid I'd cause a wreck.

Robert Murray

Robert lived at 531 Ivy Avenue and remembers:

Walter Gregory, who operated a taxicab service and met all the homecoming commuting trains at the end of the day to take weary commuters to their homes.

Toby Robinson, blind African-American, delivered telegrams that came into the railroad station. He really knew his way around.

MacManus, the Haworth station agent, was an expert at the telegraph key. All commuters knew Mac and how he fired up the pot belly stove on cold days. This stove is now on display at the Municipal Building.

Mrs. Cowan was the post mistress. In those days, you either had a letter box (my number was 239) or you picked up your mail at the General Delivery window. There was no home delivery except for a "Special Delivery" letter. A young fellow on a bicycle, or perhaps Toby Robinson, would deliver the letter.

Clarence Widen did odd jobs around the town. Clarence was quite a billiard player.

Charlie Olson owned a general candy store, etc., and had a billiard table at the railroad station where he placed a supply of newspapers for the commuters. He trusted them to leave the proper change.

Mr. and Mrs. Pesko had a candy store on Terrace Street at one time.

Sam Kaufman operated a tailor shop on Terrace Street. He pressed and repaired all types of clothing for the Haworthites.

Louis Federico had a shoe repair shop on Terrace Street.

Alan Strand

Alan had a hand in establishing Memorial Field. He recalls the field at that time was just a rise above the land; a swamp surrounded the rest. The recreation committee members bought a train full of ashes, and using the borough trucks, the ashes were carted and spread all over the swamp "so that people could walk onto the island." Finally it was decided to build a field and with the aid of engineering friends, the land was drained. In order to do that, it was necessary to put Whitman Street through it. Lines were then set up to make the field. Since then, it has been changed a great deal to make the Memorial Field, as we know it today.

Ruth Cundall

Haworth was 20 years old when the Cundalls moved here. Her house had been built in 1907. For only \$1,000, she was able to add the adjoining lot to their property. All her children attended the local school.

This is her recollection of how Tank Hill obtained its name: "That was the first time we had water. The water was pumped up to a tank there and distributed to the houses. There weren't too many houses in those days." The windmill, which did the pumping, was located on Owatonna Street. When the Hackensack Water company took over supplying the community with water in 1925, both the tank and the windmill were removed. The Spring which supplied the water is still flowing today.

Harriet LoPiccolo Waters

"I moved here when I was 3 years old and lived in a big building on Haworth Avenue next to the service station. We sold candy and ice cream. Haworth offered the perfect childhood. I remember farms, open field, and the railroad station. When it was cold, I went sleigh riding on Tank Hill and skating on the pond at White Beeches. We warmed ourselves with a big bonfire. We played all kinds of games and the boys and girls all played together. My father ran a taxi service from the railroad station to White Beeches. I am a natural born runner and I ran everywhere. We walked all over town because no one had cars. Haworth changed after the mail was delivered to houses. When we used to pick up our mail at the post office, we'd meet all our friends and share the latest news. Now we are all strangers and we walk by people without saying hello. Haworth is a special place and I am grateful for all the years I have lived here.

Mrs. Eleanor Norton

Eleanor lived here almost 50 years. When she moved to Haworth Avenue in 1930, the hill was not paved. Most of the traffic went up on the left-hand side and also came down that side. The right-hand side was for horses...a bridal path.

When asked about her earliest memory of Haworth, Eleanor replied: "I remember when we got our first automotive fire engine. All the men went to New York to business during the day. Some of the women had to take over the fire engine. Mrs. Helen M. Phyfe (daughter of the first mayor) lived on the top of the hill and drove the fire engine. Two or three of us would get on the machine and help. It was usually grass fires or something like that in the dry weather, but we were pretty good firemen."

There were very few houses, even on Schraalenburgh Road. The Haworth Manor, at that time, was given over to the stables for horses...where they kept the polo horses. In order to play polo, the horses had to come over to the center of town and go down the hill in their bridal path and over beyond the White Beeches to the polo field in Oradell."

Why did she move to Haworth? She and her husband Horace were impressed with the little church at the foot of the hill and also with the beautiful trees. At that time there were huge Chestnut trees in the center of the avenue and also on the other side of the tracks. All of them were gone by the year 1940.

Mrs. Lillian R. Carey

Lillian lived in the house on Grant Street in which she was born. Her family, the Gerstenbergers, spent their first night in Haworth at the Fredericks Hotel (later Antlers, Pero's, then Andiamo's) after coming from Brooklyn. Their streets were not paved at that time and their horse drawn wagon got stuck in the mud on Hardenbrugh Avenue and could not be moved.

Lillian has fond memories of the Bender family; their pony and the Hudson car in which they made a trip to Dumont to see a Rudolph Valentino movie. She also recalled the gifts of apples from the Siscos. On Franklin Street years ago the Morrow sisters of Englewood kept their ponies. Charles Thomas was their groom and the girls used to ride by her house.

When asked about the Haworth police force she said: "I remember Chief Ed Menze (successor to Constable Weiss) who used to ride around on his motorcycle. Chestnut Bend wasn't graded as level as it is now. He would lie in wait on the offside and people from New York would come speeding around and he'd stop them with his motorcycle."

My memories of Haworth are still fresh in my mind. I love Haworth and am thankful I have spent my life here.

Mary Lou Boyd

