

BARBARA E. MULDOON

Hi Tom,

I made 5 sets of what Norma drew up and wrote for me. As you can see she did this in 1986!!

At one point in time all old documents, etc. were held by the historian. Nigel was one of them and did a good job, however the person before him, lost or misplaced much of what we had kept. I was really upset about that because there were old letters from members and articles about tea parties, etc. that were priceless. Life was very genteel and different then.

Among them was an aerial view of Philipse Manor during its development stage. It did not have a picture of the beach club. I had planned to check with the aerial photography companies and the Historical Society (of which I am a member) to see if they had anything with a picture.

I know someone; somewhere must have a picture of the club house. I have seen pictures of the beach as the road was being developed and the old Harwood Avenue bridge was still standing (they demolished that in the 50's).

If anyone is interested in having a history night let me know, we can provide some interesting stories.

I will also try to dig up copies of whatever pictures may still be around, maybe we can rebuild our history files.

I do have one favor to ask of you. I have seen the pictures of the new Skip's Place. What I did not see was a place where the plaque would be installed. Perhaps it is there and I just did not see it. Can you please let me know where that will be?

Thank you,



PS. I am not sure if you knew that I did quite a bit of research for Burns on organic toilets. One of the companies actually has models that look like little cottages and I believe 2 of them came to about 50K. Just thought I would mention this in event that your goal becomes a problem, there are alternatives and they fit into the space where the port a jons are now..

MEMORIES OF THE PHILIPSE MANOR CLUB  
in the mid 20's and early '30's.

Summer of 1986

from: Norma Neubrand Herguth

I became a resident of Philipse Manor at the age of three, along with my parents - Harold & Lucy Neubrand - and my older brother. We lived at 490 Bellwood Ave. on the corner of Highland Ave. At that time, Bellwood Ave. was a gravel road, as were all the roads throughout the manor. Since I was so young, I am sure there are events which I do not remember, but some things are etched in my mind very well to this day. I recall the Philipse Manor Club as a spacious structure which stood on the end of the point surrounded by wide porches on three sides. On the South side the porch was on piles out over the water; on the West there were steps from the porch down onto the grass and on the North there was only a partial porch as far as the chimney which was made of cut stone.

The driveway came into the club from the north and the south and circled out around a cluster of shrubs to the entrance of the clubhouse. There was a door to the kitchen and then French doors leading into the ballroom. It was indeed a ballroom - with a magnificent polished floor, high beamed ceiling, huge fireplace and an upright player piano in one corner. It ran from east to west along the north side of the building. To the left of the dining room on the river side was the dining room. All the doors leading onto the porch were French doors.

As one entered the main entrance into the ballroom, to the left were stairs leading up to the dressing rooms, showers and bathrooms. In the hall outside the dressing rooms there was an opening in the wall where one could look down onto the dancefloor below. (My biggest problem in those days when I visited the dressing rooms was trying to struggle out of a wet, wooly bathing suit and then struggling harder to get it back on - and it was so-o-o itchy'!.)

On the south side of the club, near the steps leading to the kitchen entrance, there was a wooden ramp leading down to a floating dock where several row boats were tied up. The men used to use these to go crabbing in the water near the south side, but there were no large boats moored there.

As children, it was a great treat to be taken to the Club for dinner - usually on Sunday.

The meals were cooked by a black steward and his wife. He always wore a white starched jacket and did the serving while his wife did the cooking and kitchen work. He always used to put Milky Way candy bars in the chest with dry ice and freeze them for the kids. They were 5¢ way back then.

The south beach had a long narrow boat shed for a few years until it collapsed from old age. People used to keep their canoes and Kayaks in it, along with the oars for the row boats.

The beach had one lifeguard and one float, but it was anchored much further out than it is now - almost even with the tip of the point. It had a diving board and one year I remember having a diving tower. My father used to take me out to the "float" on his back and boost me up onto the float then tell me to jump off and he would catch me. He kept moving further and further away so when I jumped in I had to start dog paddling to reach him - and that's how I learned to swim!

After the club burned in the early thirties, there was talk of rebuilding it - there was still part of the building standing. Then one wintry night, some vagrants were evidently sleeping in the burned out remains and lit a fire to keep warm, and the second fire totally destroyed the structure. All that remained standing was the huge stone chimney and the stone foundation.

In the late 30's some of the Manor residents decided to join forces and start another beach club, but with no clubhouse facilities - not even a port-o-john!! But we had some of the best looking lifeguards and some of the best swimmers you ever saw. We would have weekly races and diving competitions and for practice we would have to swim up to "the rocks" and back at least once a day.

Sleepy Hollow Manor was being developed and, along with the many magnificent residences being built there, a Sleepy Hollow Manor Club with swimming pool and tennis courts came into being. Immediately, we at the PMBC became aware of the fact that we were swimming in the "dirty Hudson" while our neighbors to the north were swimming in a luxurious pool with a high and low diving board. Within a short time, we were competing with SHMC, holding swimming and diving meets. I remember being in many diving events and coming home with a blue ribbon once or twice.

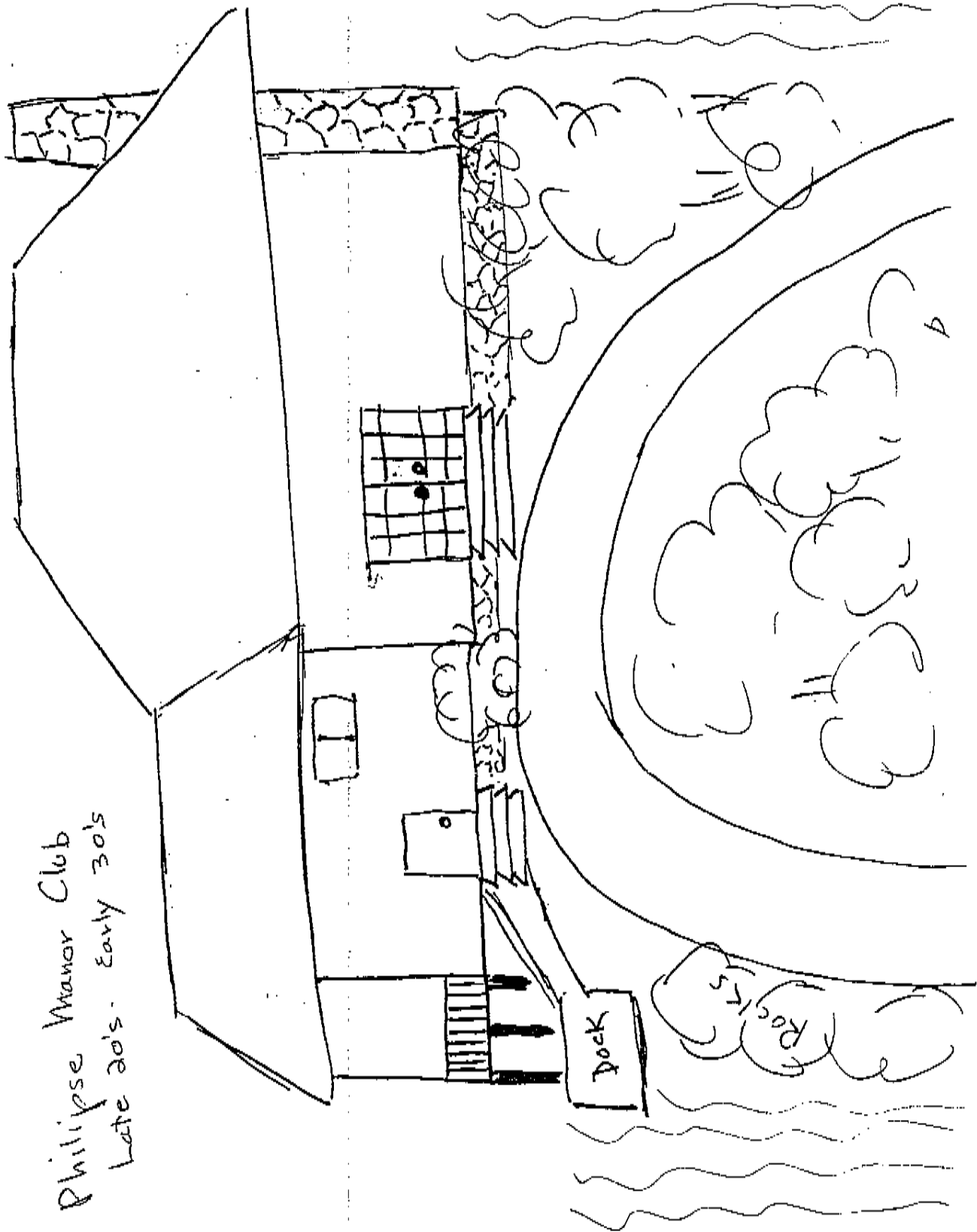
At the end of the season there would be a picnic (beer party) for all the families. We would borrow the big pots for corn and hot dogs from the Rescue Hose fire company. The kegs of beer from Luburger's would last until the wee hours of the morning.

In later years, there was the Whelan family which seemed to increase by leaps and bounds. Each little Whelan, boy or girl, wore dark trunks with their number on the back. I wonder if Mike Whelan remembers that?

Then there was a woman who knit herself a bathing suit, but when it got wet, it stretched all out of shape and she couldn't come out of the water until someone took pity and loaned her a huge towel to wrap herself in.

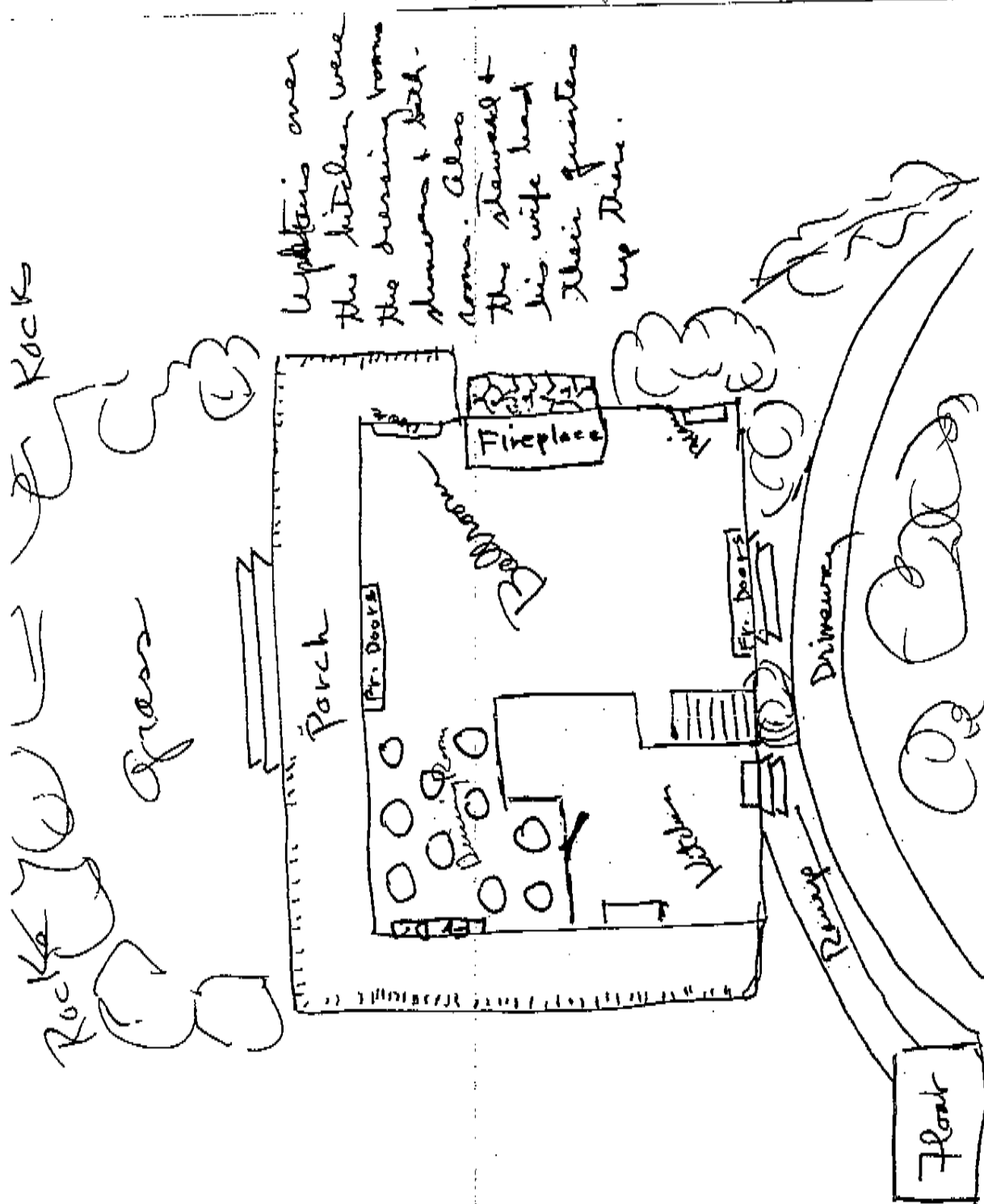
And I had a rubber bathing suit when they were all the "rage". One jump off the high tower, and I couldn't get out of the water - the suit split right down the middle!

So, as you see, I have been swimming at PMBC for many years up until the time I married and moved away from the area for a short time. Now, we are members here again and really enjoy being back "home".



Philipse Manor Club  
 Late 20's - Early 30's

Rocks



Upstairs over  
 the kitchen were  
 the dressing room  
 the dressing room  
 the bedroom & bath-  
 room. Also  
 the steward &  
 his wife had  
 their quarters  
 up there.