

History of 1741 Lakewood Lane
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award winning horsewoman, artist and cook

AT 14 years of age I was still living on Dudley Rd. with my family in a lovely Tudor house, but dreamed of having a horse of my own. Dad had promised me after I won my first blue ribbon that we would move to "the country" where my dreams could come true. "The Country" slowly emerged as blueprints of a sprawling ranch type house on almost two acres on Lakewood Drive, not far from our home on Dudley Rd. The punch was that the almost two acres had another eleven acres behind it that dad took an option on from the owner Shug Glen who lived in a house already constructed next door to our intended dream site. I can't tell you how excited we all were to finally see that reality come to fruition.

WE moved into 1741 Lakewood (changed to Lane in the '90s) in the spring of 1954 and after I had pleaded with mom and dad for the back bedroom so I could feed my horse out the window, I was put in the front bedroom which of course gave them the huge back room which could be shut off with the door in the hall giving them their much needed privacy. My brother had the next bedroom on the other side of the lovely two basin bathroom which we shared and by the way, I picked out the lovely blue and white parkay linoleum tiles that are still there due to my mother being so immaculate. The "Jack and Jill" rooms and bath were just perfect for teenagers. My sister Janie was a toddler and had the next to the back bedroom, later made into an office, that could be closed off with Mom and dad's room so my brother and I wouldn't keep her awake early in the evenings. In a few years she shared that bedroom with another baby girl, Becky Jo. When brother Bucky and I moved out as adults, Janie moved into his room and my room was made into a guest room. Dad later took my old room to be closer to the TV in the den in his golden years after mother's death.

THE little den in the front of the house with the paneling was the place we hung out. We originally had day beds along each wall so as teenagers we could flop back and watch Ed Sullivan, Lawrence Welk, Kraft Television Theater or anything Dad wanted to watch. He ruled the TV supreme. We had the TV trays, the chips and dip and when I wanted to stay up late watching with a boyfriend, mom and dad could close their hall door to the back bedrooms to ward off the noise.

THE living room/dining combination was mother's inspiration. There was originally an island planter between the two spaces with a fifties look copper planter fitted in the top all the way down the length of it with beautiful off-set shelving to display what-nots. Dad's offering was the lovely brick fireplace with a copper hood and a lovely stagecoach print in the inset above the mantle. He

had the bookshelves built to house mom's collection of books-what a reader she was-she wanted to write a book so terribly but never had time to finish the one she started. She would be very proud that I am happily now the author of five cookbooks and a new one ready to publish. Off the living and dining area are the doors that go to the beautiful brick screened-in porch with the handsome barbecue. We had many a great burger at the picnic table on that porch, wet from the 10 foot deep swimming pool that dad built for my little sisters soon after my brother and I moved out. But my brother and I brought our children back there and they were raised swimming in that very same pool that stands, in great shape today.

THE kitchen was a hubbub of great food always. Mother wanted it in the front of the house where she could keep an eye on the comings and goings of her "chillen". She was in the kitchen most of the time along with Susie our maid who was also a great cook. The little island between the breakfast room and the kitchen was mom's idea of the best in convenience at the time as she would put finished dishes there and we would reach back from the table and serve each other. The large pantry always had the old aluminum cake plate on the shelf along with the canned goods, and most of the time it was stashed with walnut brownies or a home made cake. Brother Bucky and I spent many nights as teenagers raiding that pantry. Dad hand made the dish shelf on the wall in the breakfast nook.

THE garage going off of the kitchen housed the cars and a little shed where dad and brother Bucky stored their fishing poles. They would go across the back yard and down to the reservoir to fish (the were members of course) or fish in the little pond across the street where we could also ice skate in the dead of winter. Dad built a barn for my first horse and fenced in the eleven acres. I rode all over that field and all over Lakewood. I even rode all over Mt. Tabor and Chinoe Rds. Too. I was the belle of Lakewood Dr. in the fifties and passed that crown on to my sisters in the sixties, I'm sure. The eleven acres were later sold and are now a subdivision.

WE roller skated in the huge basement and that's why dad didn't lay carpet and finish it down there. We had a ping pong table and dad had a workshop in the back part by the furnace where he built amazing antique reproductions. He was such an artist and all of his children ended up being artists. He was very proud of them all. There is a hookup for a nice fire place that had a copper hood over it in the basement still.

I always loved the glass blocks in the foyer at the entrance to the front door where mother displayed antique jam jars, etc. and her beautiful hand hooked rug just inside. The hardwood floors in the house have always been beautiful, and were covered with carpet when my sisters were crawling around and thus so well preserved today. The huge plate glass windows across the dining and living area were a backdrop for my wedding photograph in 1959 with the lovely oriental drapes pulled behind. When open, the windows give a picturesque view of the yard and pool. There is a

dressing room for women and one for men in the rear of the house for the pool, and a functional and large shed for the tractor mower. There was always a huge grape arbor in the back, still bearing Concord grapes to this day that mom always made grape jelly with and my brother and I continued to do so until mom's death for her. A state of the art mower shed still stands behind the swimming pool in great shape. The diving board is stored in it, as were the tables and chairs around the pool at one time. Mom had beautiful perennials planted along all the stockade fences in the back and the split rail fence in the front. She had a huge tomato bed which my brother took care of for years when she could no longer do it. I have moved many of those perennials to my yard but many remain and show their lovely heads each spring and summer. The year of my wedding, mom planted white mums all the way down the long driveway on both sides at Lakewood. That's how I want to remember it. I would love so much to live here again, but alas, don't need anything this big. I hope some lucky family will fall in love with 1741 Lakewood Lane as our family did and can bring it back to life again.

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