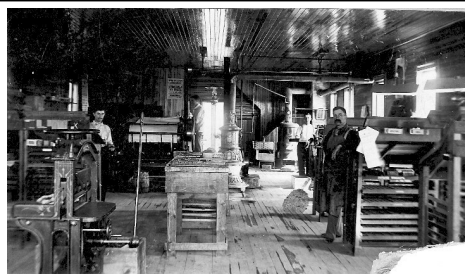


Between the Lakes

A Newsletter of the
Interlaken Historical Society
Volume 31, No. 3 January 2006

The Review
printing office
Railroad Ave.



Winter Meeting January 23, 2006

Printing in Interlaken: A Look Back

Duane and Wanda Waid operated the printing business on Railroad Avenue from 1955 until 1993. As Duane notes, "we feel that the highlight of our career was from 1955 until 1976 when we published the *Interlaken Review*, the *Trumansburg Free Press* and the *Ovid Gazette*...an experience that we still miss even after nearly 30 years." On Monday, January 23rd, 2006 they will share memories of this period and of the people they were fortunate enough to have dealings with during this time.

The *Review* building was originally home to T.P. Hause and other printers before Duane and Wanda moved here. During the evening they will also provide a brief history of earlier publishers and those who followed the Waids.

Please join the Interlaken Historical Society on Monday, January 23rd at 7:30 p.m. at Blanche's Scratch Bakery on Main Street for this enjoyable program. The meeting is open to the public and refreshments will be served.

Follow the Drinking Gourd: A Ticket on the Underground Railroad

7:30 PM March 27, 2006
Lodi Historical Society Building
Main Street, Lodi, New York

The Ovid, Lodi and Interlaken Historical Societies are combining their talents and efforts to once again provide an outstanding program on an important period in our history. A grant from the Preservation League of New York has allowed Seneca County Historian Walter Gable to uncover facts about Seneca County's ties to the Underground Railroad, an organized secret system to help fugitive slaves escape to freedom in the 19th Century. Many believe that because of the secret nature of the Underground Railroad, there is little documentation. Preferring to take the positive approach Mr. Gable has used traditional basic methods, researching deeds, wills, newspaper articles, ledgers, and census data to document previously unreported facts relating to the Underground Railroad in Seneca County.

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Follow the Drinking Gourd

continued from page 1

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President's Message

By Allan Buddle

Who says history isn't exciting and fun? When the Historical Society's 2006 Calendar was being put together by Diane Bassette Nelson, Kitty Ritter, Bill Gates and Ann Buddle, there was this buzz of excitement as they sorted through the many photographs looking for the best collection for each month. It is amazing how fast the calendars were dispersed throughout the community. There are just a few left. If you didn't get one, return the insert in this newsletter or call Ann Buddle at 607-532-4213. They are only \$5 each and make great gifts.

One of the objectives of the calendar project is to generate interest in making other photos available for scanning and possible inclusion in a future calendar with appropriate credits. It is also our hope that the photos will encourage someone to come forward with a story related to a photo that they saw on the calendar. Would you believe it? That has already happened.

While sitting at the Shur-Save in Trumansburg selling raffle tickets for the Ulysses Historical Society, Margaret Huckle was looking through one of the calendars. She discovered a picture of her grandfather Clifton Delong and his brother Richmond standing next to a peddler's wagon (shown at right). Their father Orsemus had started the business, peddling mostly groceries around the Covert area. When the citizens of the Covert area became more mobile, Clifton and Richmond opened a store in Trumans-

burg.

In discussing this find with Margaret and her cousin David Smith, we also learned that Jacob Delong, Clifton and Richmond's grandfather, was employed by Gregg and Company of Trumansburg as a sales representative in Cleveland, Ohio and had received a patent for a spike tooth harrow in 1862. Only a month ago, that original patent was discovered by Jean Powell while indexing the Society's paper files. That find created another stir of excitement, generating a "Hey, look what I found". A cross-section view of the spike tooth harrow from the patent is shown on page three.

The more I am involved with our history the more I see how everything appears to be interrelated. Our members have a connection to the history of the Interlaken/Covert/South Seneca area whether it goes back to the 18th, 19th, or 20th Century. We are a community of families with that in common. It is important to those following us to be able to read stories or look at photos reflecting their/our heritage. Please join others in sharing whatever you have. We will all have richer lives for it.

Speaking of sharing, on behalf of the



Trustees I want to thank Alta E. Boyer for donating twenty copies of her publication *Silas Halsey, Pioneer Settler of Lodi, N.Y., A Chronology of His Life and Times 1743 – 1832*. This fascinating chronology is just one family's story, although a very important family in our area. I hope you find it as interesting and educational as I did.

As we begin 2006, already the 6th year in the new century, the Trustees wish everyone a safe and happy new year.

Additional Gifts in Memory of Pat and Ferne Patterson:

Kerry Beck
Jane Herrick

New Members

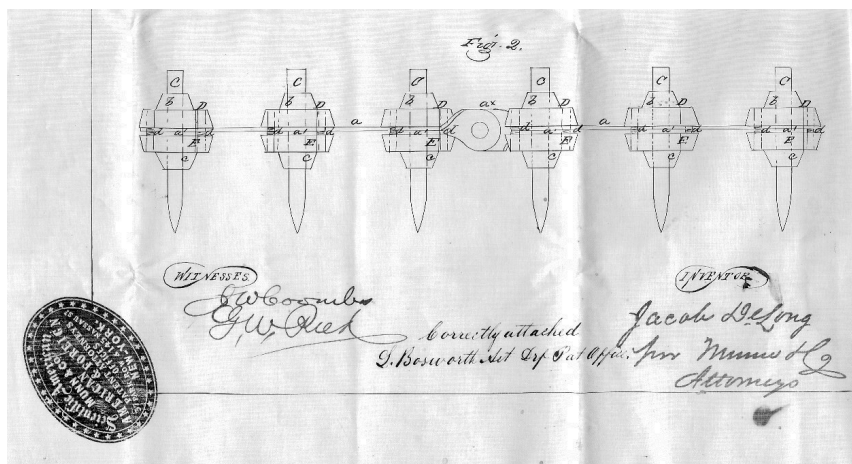
Mike and Tammy Reynolds, Interlaken,
Chuck Bassett, Mission, Kansas
Mr. & Mrs. Chuck Calhoun, Valois, NY
Barbara Beardslee, Rochester, NY
Mary Pell, Interlaken
Peggy Kopsa, Interlaken
Martha Mooney, Kinderhook, NY
John Wertis, Trumansburg, NY

The program will feature Walter Gable as he discusses the exciting discoveries continuing to be made. The presentation will be preceded by and incorporate music from the period provided by several groups. Exhibits depicting routes, stations, symbolism and myths will be on display for viewing before and after the program. Refreshments will be served. The program is free and open to everyone. The building is handicapped accessible and parking is available. For further information call 607 532-4213.

New Life Members

Kelly & Eric Aman, Interlaken
Janet & John Vavasour, Scotia, NY

Cross-section view of Jacob Delong's spike tooth harrow, including the original seal and signatures..



Library News

By Pat Moore

Our year has really gone fast. Many new things are happening, plans for our expansion are now on paper. Some of our dreams for more space and the children getting a room are in the works. We will put the children in the genealogy room as it has an outside door and the bathroom is handy. The new area will be for genealogy research and a meeting room. This will give us more space for the patrons to read or do computer work. Our Pre-K story times are going well. We have about 50 kids in the three sessions. We have a new computer in the office and the other one will be for public use when you are reading this. There will be four public computers then. The new Polaris program is going well now that most of the bugs are out. It is much easier for the volunteers and librarian.

Some of the new Books On Tape are as follows: *Retribution* by Hoffman; *True Believer* by Sparks; *Life Guard* by Patterson; *Hard Truth* by Barr; *Sea Swept* by Roberts; *Led Astray* by Brown; *At First Light* by Sparks; and *Looking for Peyton Place* by Delinsky, to name a few. We have a book called *Perhaps to Dream* by George Pentz. He used to live in Lodi, N.Y.

Some of our new fiction titles include: *Point Blank* by Coulter; *Mary, Mary* by Patterson; *Nobody Knows* by Clark; *Seasons of Shadows* by McCusker; *Sense of Evil* by Hooper, to name a few. Do check out a non-fiction book on Ben Franklin. It is a great book.

Gary Hunt gave us a tree and it was decorated with hand made items from children over the years. Always a nice conversation piece. Our library dinner for volunteers and board members was in December. A way to thank all of them for their many hours of time for our library. Without volunteers we would be lost. We want to say Happy 95th Birthday to our book on tape lady, Grace Saxton. Her BOT's are enjoyed by our patrons and even through inter-library loans. Her birthday was January 1st. From the Library staff, we hope you had a Merry Christmas and wish you a Very Happy Healthy New Year.

From the Collections:

Lodi to Florida Via Automobile 1920's Style

As Bill Gates was reading the older copies of the *Interlaken Review* he found the following items that tell a very different story about traveling to Florida from the one we all know today. We get in our cars and head south along a very similar route to the one described below. The difference being we can leave Seneca County at 7:00 a.m. one morning, and with relative ease be in any part of Florida sometime the following day or days as our plans allow. What follows are the reports from the *Interlaken Review* concerning a group from Lodi who left that area on November 3, 1920 and arrived in Florida on December 1st.

(Editor's note: spellings, grammar and punctuation are from the originals.)

Lodi to Florida Via Automobile 1920s Style

October 29, 1920 *Interlaken Review*

On Wednesday morning next at 7 o'clock there are seven cars that will leave Lodi bound for Florida. The party will include Herman Smith and family, Halsey Covert and family, Alonzo Egan, wife and daughter, Charles A. Farr, Geo. Rose, Fred Spear, John Rollins, Charles Harris and wife, Geo. Burr and family. Perhaps others may join. Geneva, Florida, is the destination. The Review will report the trip.

November 5, 1920 *Interlaken Review*

George Crisfield and family left Thursday morning for Florida, by auto with the others, making 6 cars in the party. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Raymond were among those leaving by car Thursday morning for Florida, list of whom was given last week.

November 19, 1920 *Interlaken Review*

The party that left Lodi, Thursday morning, November 3, by automobiles bound for Florida report their trip as follows:

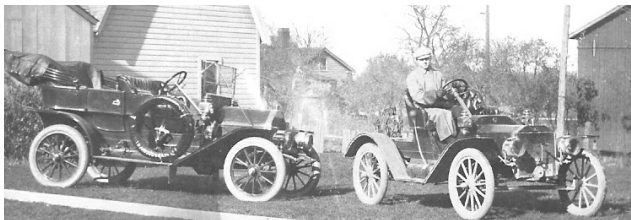
Lawrence Corners, Pa., Nov. 4, Tenting tonight at the above place. Made only 81 miles today, account of several city stops. Roads good. We have with us Doctor and Mrs. Lang of Cato, who joined us at Ithaca, making 29 in party.

Milton, PA., Nov. 5 Camped here tonight. Made 85 Miles over rough mountain roads, 20 miles of detour. All well and enjoying ourselves. We find we have home talent enough in party to give a fair show each evening.

Gettysburg, PA., Nov 7 Camping today on Battle ground occupied by the Confederate Army in the first day's battle. Owned by Mr. Plank, father of base ball pitcher Plank. Made 115 miles Saturday. Roads mostly very hard surface. Dr. Lang is writing an account of the trip to his home paper in Cato and requesting a copy be sent to you which you can copy as you desire. Expects to remain here Monday at least. No car troubles so far.

Winchester, VA Nov 9 Held camp at Gettysburg until 9:30 a.m. Made about 90 miles. Roads all fine. State roads except detour Gettysburg to Emmettsburg 17 miles dirt (hard gravel) and Halls to Charlestown, W.VA., 10 miles gravel. We were delayed this a.m. account of making shipment of part of our loads by express. We found we were all overloaded for the mountainous roads. Rained today, around in shirt sleeves tonight.

Stanton, VA., Nov. 10 Made about 90 miles today. All State road and fine. We camp about 15 miles north of Stanton tonight, 2 cars has some tire trouble today. Have passed 4 Toll gates up to date. Raining tonight. We find the people very hospitable all along the line. The scenery today has been grand. All well.



Adial, VA Nov 11 camped here tonight. Made only 58 miles today. Had about 20 miles of wet red clay mountain road, some road I'll say. About all we could do to handle our lads. Quite cool here tonight. All well.

Ten miles north of **Lynchburg, Va.**, Nov 12 camped here tonight. Made only 38 miles today over the roughest rocky road ever seen. Would advise any one going to Florida to avoid this route. All cars came through which seems impossible after what they had to travel over. Forded 10 streams. Quite cold here tonight.

Oak Grove, VA Nov 13 camped here tonight. Made 59 miles today. Delayed in morning doing some work on cars. Road some better but could be a great deal better. Froze ice last night.

Denim, N.C., Nov. 14 camping at above town. Made 70 miles today on very fine Sand Clay roads. Were obliged to travel today account of cold in mountains where we camped last night, froze about inch of ice last night.

November 26, 1920 *Interlaken Review*

Ether, N.C., Nov. 15 Made only 45 miles today account crank burned out of one car. Raining tonight. Roads here all clay gravel and sand, a very good hard road. All well.

Pine Bluff, N.C. Nov. 17 Camping here tonight. Stayed in camp yesterday account of rain. Made only 45 miles today account late start and one car breaking drive pinion. Roads mostly sand and good after the rain. Still cool. Found quite a number of N.Y. people here.

McBee, S.C., Nov. 18 Made about 60 miles today over mostly sand and some if it pretty deep. Delayed until 10:30 a.m., finishing repairs on car. Drove bare handed today for first. Traveled with Cotton Fields on both sides of road most of the day. Natives were very busy picking it now. The road is full of Tourists for Florida.

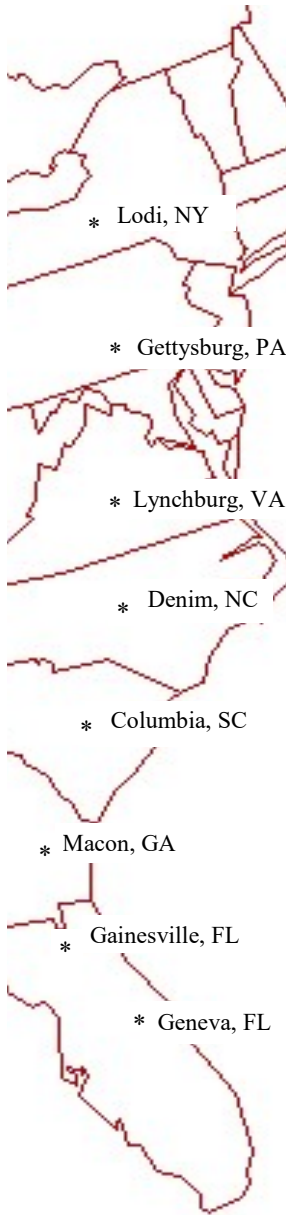
Columbia, S.C., Nov. 19 Camping 3 miles south of Columbia. Made 80 miles through deep sand roads Cotton selling here for 25 and 30 cents per pound. Sweet Potatoes \$1.50 per bushel, New York State apples selling for 5 cents each. We are not eating apples now.

Aiken, S.C., Nov. 20 Camping 7 miles south of above place. Made 80 miles today over sand and clay. Quite rough and deep sand. Spend some time going through a Cotton Ginney and oil and meal mill at Leesville. Very Interesting. Very warm driving today. Our tents are pitched in a Cotton field tonight.

Sparta, Georgia, Nov 22 Camping three miles southeast of above town. Made 84 miles today. Roads in Georgia very good, sand-clay, good width and well cared for. Weather fine; very hot in sun.

December 10, 1920 *Interlaken Review*

Macon, Ga., Nov 23 Camping 3 miles south of Macon tonight. Made 64 miles over very good clay roads. Delayed by two cars having to replace front springs. We have on our camp ground tonight 7 cars beside our own, 14 in all from New York State. Looks like quite a town. Fine sunny days, cool northwest wind.



Vienna, GA., Nov 24 Camping 2 miles south of this town. Layed over in camp the a.m. and cleaned engines. Made 50 miles over very nice roads. Two cars from Geneva, N.Y., stopped and visited a while today. One party was Mr. Stokie and wife, who I met at Hamilton, Canada, on my way from Flint, Mich., 2 years ago, and haven't seen since. Have had a fine warm day.

Tifton, Ga., Nov 25 Camped 1 mile south of Tifton. Stayed in camp at Vienna until 1:30 p.m. for Thanksgiving dinner. Made 56 miles over good hard clay and sand roads. Weather fine.

Live Oak, Fla., Nov 26 Camped tonight on bank of Swanee river near Ellaville. Roads through Georgia are the best of any State we have passed through. They do a lot of work on them. Roads

in Florida are Sand and Clay as far as we have gone and some rough, but fine as compared with roads of the Carolinas. Weather fine. Made 86 miles today.

Bradford, Fla., Nov 27 Camping here for over Sunday. Made only 36 miles today account of heavy rain welling some coil boxes in cars. Roads sand-clay and torn mostly to pieces for 40 or more miles through here. Weath-er clear tonight.

Gainesville, Fla., Nov 29 Camping 1½ miles south of Gainesville tonight. Made 56 miles over a very bad sand road. Had about 5 miles of State road, first we have seen for some time. One man here said he counted license tags on cars in City Park one night this week and they were from 22 different Sates. Said he asked one man from Michigan if there were any left in that State and he said just one man and he was cranking his car.

Leesburg, Fla., Nov 30 Camping on City Camp grounds tonight. Made 77 miles over mostly improved roads. Rained some in forenoon but warm air. We went through ice plant just across street from us last evening. It sells for 60 cents per 100 lbs here.

Geneva, Fla., Dec. 1 Arrived here at 1:30 p.m. Spend some little time at Sanford. Also 1 car with tire trouble. Made about 70 miles over fine roads, brick and tar. Several our party got jobs in packing house in less than one hour after arrival. A good sized crop of oranges and grape fruit. Received all of our Reviews, and glad to them you can bet.

The Pratt-Salm Home

By Sally Hubbard

In 1810 Col. Chauncey Pratt moved from Berkshire Co., Mass. to Trumansburg and began to establish several businesses. In 1815 he purchased land in the wilderness which is now Covert. He was instrumental in the development of the 'Geneva and Ithaca' turnpike and in 1824 the first post office in what was then known as Pratt's Corners, Town of Covert.

After becoming a very successful businessman, Mr. Pratt built a large brick home for his intended wife, Naomi. After construction was completed by the Vanderbilt Bros. of Lyons in 1835, Naomi traveled from Massachusetts to view her new home for the first time. Originally feeling the home would be too ostentatious, she immediately requested the building of a large wooden addition on the rear of the home which was used for extra kitchens.

The dwelling has a central hall, (shown at left) two large parlors with connecting double doors and a hidden wine closet, a music



room, dining room, keeping room, four bedrooms, and quarters for hired help with a separate rear stairway. The fluted woodwork in the formal portion of the home has carved oak leaf designs in the corners, and

ornate molding sets off the ten-foot high ceilings. The floors are primarily pine in the main house, with oak floors in the dining-kitchen area.

The residence was occupied by heirs of Col. Chauncey and Naomi Pratt until 1983 at



which time it was purchased by its current owners Tom and Betsy Salm from Mrs. Chauncey (Julia) Gregg. Chauncey and Julia's grandchildren were the seventh generation of the family to reside in the home.

The Salms have done a great deal of historical restoration, while bringing the house structurally and mechanically up to today's standards. Betsy's artistic abilities may be viewed throughout the home which is beautifully decorated with antiques, colorful décor, and her nationally known artwork.

The home will be included in the Covert Historical Building Tour scheduled by the Ulysses and Interlaken Historical Societies for the summer of 2006.



Music Room

Thank you Volunteers!

The holiday season of sociability and good cheer is reflected in these photographs, taken at the Interlaken Historical Society's Annual Volunteer Party on December 8th. The Americana Vineyards in Covert was festive and welcoming. The scrumptious food was even more



inviting! You will note the several wine glasses in evidence. One could choose from excellent wines with interesting names like Barn Raising Red and Crystal Lake!

But even a charming, warm ambience would be incomplete without wonderful people. Conversation is always lively and spirited – friends and neighbors simply enjoying being together. This year there was an added treat, a showing of the video taken at the spring plowing days at the Hunt/Usher barn and Persoon fields. Although not completely edited, it brought back good times. Rainy, muddy ones to be sure!



Thanks to our volunteers who are willing and bring great energy and cheerfulness to every task. Even in the rain and the searing heat of Old Home Day, 2005!



Covert Historical Building Pictures Needed

Do you have pictures of Covert buildings? Is so, could the Historical Society borrow them to make copies for use in Covert Historical Building Tour materials. Please call Sally Hubbard at 532-3423 for more information.

Visiting May Wixom, and my early recollections of Interlaken

By Bruce Clark

Reading Bob Dickerson's story of "Grandma's House" in the historical society newsletter brought back many fond memories of his grandmother, May Wixom, and my early years in Interlaken. In my estimation May Wixom was one of Interlaken's finest citizens. I remember her exactly as pictured in the photo: volume 31, No. 1.

For a bit of history: In 1900 my grandparents lived in Rochester. Their next-door neighbors were Anna Dickerson, her husband, and family. Anna was mother of Joe, Floyd, Adrian, Carleton, and Charles Dickerson. After Anna's husband died, Anna moved to Interlaken and my grandmother Rae Metcalf visited Anna often, usually boarding the Lehigh Valley train from downtown Rochester and arriving at the Interlaken train station.

Shortly after my grandparents started to visit Anna in Interlaken, they became friends with May Wixom and her daughters Carrie, Alice (Dickerson) and Marjorie (Carver). Carrie never married and lived with her mother May.

Carrie was a jolly, small lady and quite uninhibited about personal matters. Given the opportunity, she would take delight in explaining them in great detail. Floyd Dickerson nicknamed her "Lucy Bowels" which never failed to send Carrie into uncontrollable laughter. Carrie was a very good person and a hard worker. Carrie worked at the canning factory and also worked as a cleaning lady to help support her mother. May's daughter, Alice Wixom, married Joe Dick-

erson. (My mother's sister, Ruth Metcalf, was an attendant at their wedding).

My mother's other sister, Muriel, married John Bullock, who was a brother to Floyd Dickerson's wife Ruth (Bullock) Dickerson. May Wixom and Anna Dickerson were my grandmother Metcalf's best friends and probably influenced my family to visit Interlaken.

As early as 1910, my grandparents and their three daughters socialized and vacationed at the Wixom cottage on Interlaken Beach. The cottage was named "Ken-Wic" (Kennedy-Wixom). The cottage was destroyed by fire long before I was born. I am not certain of its exact location. My grandparents spent every summer at Interlaken Beach, often renting various cottages, including the Bassett cottage next to my present home.

My home was the former summer cottage of Reverend Frederick Palmer, his wife Mae Bristol Palmer and their two boys. Reverend Palmer was minister of the Dutch Reformed church in Interlaken. He built the cottage for his family in 1892. The cottage was a happy place for the Palmer's until one of the boys, who was attending medical school, died suddenly from selling too much of his blood. People were paid for blood back in those days. After their son died, it no longer was enjoyable for the family to be at their cottage without their son, and it remained vacant or rented until my grandparents purchased it in 1938 for the sum of twelve hundred dollars. That was a lot of money in 1938. Since that date, I have lived here every summer. In the early

70s when faced with a choice of city living or cottage living, (I could not afford both) I chose to leave the city and make the cottage my year round home. It has not been easy. The house was never designed for year round living and there are still many inconveniences in winter that must be endured, including no central heat and a limited supply of drinking water and indoor plumbing during the winter due to exposed pipes. The house is suspended off the ground by six inches allowing much space for drafts and very cold floors. It is 2005, and I am still living here, and have no desire to live elsewhere.

In the 1940s, my grandparents and I often visited May Wixom's home on Leroy Street in Interlaken. Mrs. Wixom did not have a telephone. She could not afford one and barely had enough funds to live on. Still she was a very happy person and was always delighted to have visitors. May was able to work wonders in the kitchen and could stretch a meal for two into five on very short notice. Her cellar had neat rows of her home canned food and May would simply add one more can and could prepare a delightful meal for unexpected guests in an instant.

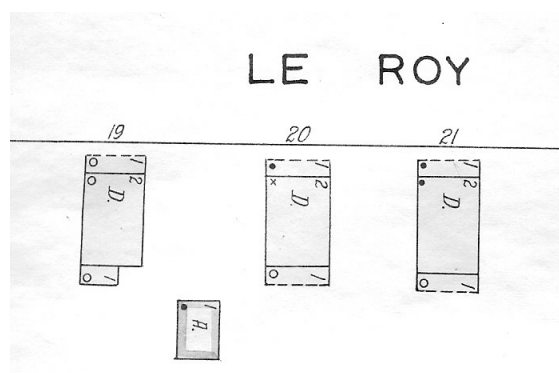
I remember May Wixom, her home, her kindness and unconditional love for everyone.

As a six year old, I was known as a "live wire". This is a euphemism for a precocious brat, always wiggling and asking countless questions. On a few occasions May offered to look after me while my grandparents went shopping or had appointments. I am sure it was a challenge for her.

May had the patience of a saint, and always had a good word for everyone. I will always remember what she told me: "If you cannot say anything nice about a person don't say anything at all." To this day, I try to live by those words.

May's house still remains. Somewhere in the back of my mind I was told the three similar houses in a row on Leroy Street were built by a man for each of his three daughters. Facing the three homes, May's was on the left, Ernie Quick's was the center, and I do not know who lived or owned the third house.

I remember clearly the interior of May's house beginning with the front door. For a curious six year old, the door had an interesting doorbell. It had a button on the outside of the door that rang a bell on the inside. The bell itself was rotated to wind a spring, so that when the button was pressed, the bell would ring loudly using a mechanical action. I was fascinated by that bell and I am sure that I rang it far too often, but May was very patient and did not seem to mind, or at least never let on that it both-



Detail showing the three houses on LeRoy Street, Sanborn Insurance Maps, October 1930.

ered her. Ahead of the front door was a stairway to the upstairs. There were four rooms. One had been converted to a bathroom and the others were bedrooms. Each had a washbowl and pitcher on a small dresser, probably left over from the early years, and kept for sentimental or ornamental purposes. There was a door and stairway leading to the attic where May kept a small trunk of toys for children to entertain themselves when visiting. Often I would go to the attic and play with these toys. Lead soldiers, child's dishes, large-scale puzzles, coloring books, and numerous things that would interest children could be found in this trunk. One item in that trunk was a stereopticon which is a hand-held device for viewing photos in third dimension. There were many cards to view and I would sit by the hour looking at the various scenic views and comic photos.

May's kitchen did not have an electric refrigerator or even an old-fashioned ice-box. Again I think she could not afford one. Food that needed to remain cool was stored in the basement in a screened cabinet to keep it safe from mice or insects from contacting it. In one corner of the kitchen was a mint green and cream color Ivanhoe four-burner kerosene stove for cooking. I was learning to spell and would read the letters on the stove: I V A N H O E. There was a Hoosier-type cabinet with a flour bin and sifter, a sugar container, spice racks, and baking utensils. May baked pies in white porcelain pie plates that were placed in a portable tin oven that sat on top of the kerosene stove. She knew exactly how to set the

flame for the correct temperature. In addition to the kitchen furnishings, there was a washing machine (May took in laundry to help with expenses). Over the kitchen table was a Rexall calendar from Wickes pharmacy that had weather predictions for each day printed on it. I often wondered how they could predict weather a year in advance and did not realize it was for entertainment purposes. May kept her dishes in a large built in white-painted cupboard near the back door. May's best dishes were very old English made and decorated with brown transfers, probably a wedding gift. They were her pride and joy and only used on special occasions.

There was no sink in May's kitchen, but there was a small room off of the kitchen that contained a sink and a hand pump that pumped rainwater from a cistern in the basement. I was fascinated with the pump and May allowed me to pump water into a large kettle to heat water for washing dishes or laundry. May taught me how to light her kerosene stove, too. I thought that I was very privileged. Drinking water came from a single faucet suspended from the wall over the sink.

On the back porch was a 55 gallon barrel that held kerosene for the stove and auxiliary portable Perfection kerosene heater that was used when the weather was mild and the coal furnace was not in use. I thought it was great fun to be allowed to fill the glass reservoir for May (anything to keep me busy!).

The dining room was May's sewing room. There, her sewing machine was in

one corner of the room along with an oak buffet with leaded glass doors on one wall and a library table with a lamp and two rocking chairs at each side of it. The floor was covered with linoleum. May taught me to make potholders using her treadle sewing machine using scraps of left over materials. Anna Dickerson often came to visit and would sit and rock while May was busy sewing alterations, or making dresses for her customers.

Between the living room and dining room was a large floor register that was square, with a round center. The heat came up from the center and the cold air return was around the square edge. The furnace smoke pipe came up from the basement and through the center room ceiling passing through a bedroom and to a chimney in the attic. Heat from the stovepipe was supposed to add more heat to the rooms above. This would not be allowed or up to code these days, but it worked and took the chill off the upstairs rooms in very cold weather.

The living room was sparsely furnished. It had a 1920's style sofa and matching chair, one floor lamp, a radio console that sat between the two front windows, and a 1920's style rug.

Sometimes when I became uneasy, May and I would walk over to Irene (Kennedy?) Wheaton's place. Irene lived in a big Victorian home that still stands on the corner of Leroy and Railroad Street behind May's house. Irene's house was filled with all kinds of interesting things that kept me busy asking her thousands of questions. One in particular was a large aquarium contain-

ing gold fish and interesting ornaments, including a mermaid and a miniature deep-sea diver in the bottom of the tank. I would sit on a chair and watch the fish for hours.

Next door to May's house, Ernie Quick and his wife resided. The house was nearly identical to May's. In this house, instead of the sewing room, Ernie's dining room was his barbershop. Outside by the front steps was a small, thin, red and white barber pole! Ernie cut my hair for 50 cents! He did not have electric clippers. He used hand clippers that had to be repeatedly squeezed. They often snagged my hair and hurt. When he finished cutting my hair, he gave me a choice of after-shave fragrances such as Lilac Vegetal, or Bay Rum. I liked the Bay Rum.

One of the most memorable times visiting May was a time when I wanted to go to the movies. I think Carrie took me and we walked from May's home up Railroad Street to the "Lakes" theater on Main Street. When we arrived, there was a note on the door that the theater was closed due to technical problems. I was very disappointed and got a bit testy. Carrie and I walked back to her mother May's and suddenly a violent thunderstorm came and knocked out the electricity. No radio for me either! Carrie went to the attic and brought down a kerosene lamp and May lighted it with a match, and placed it on the radio in the living room. I was still uneasy and May, in her very quiet way, announced that we would be making popcorn and that I could shake the popper over her kerosene stove. She had a square popcorn popper made of screen

wire with a screen wire top, and a green wooden handle. May placed popcorn kernels in it and I shook the popper until the corn had popped. May, then buttered and



Original telephone office and the "Lakes" theater on Main Street.

salted the popcorn and we sat in the living room and enjoyed eating it by the light from the kerosene lamp. By then I became sleepy but did not want to go to bed. May carried the lamp up the stairway and saw to it that I was in bed. In the bedroom on the dresser was a big Victorian clock that ticked and struck at the hour and half hour. I told May that it might keep me awake, but she said she wanted me to stay awake all night and count how many times the clock struck the hour. I tried to do that, but the next thing I knew it was morning, the birds were singing and sunlight was streaming in the window.

Later when I was teenaged, I still enjoyed going to the Lake's Theater in Interlaken. Admission was 25 cents. There was no air conditioning, and the theater was cooled by two large, electric fans at each side of

the screen, that cast a breeze upon moviegoers. Richard and Eric Storath were my cohorts and often we would walk from the beach to the theater in Interlaken. I recall one humorous incident during a spooky part of a movie. Eric threw a gumdrop into the electric fan. It made a loud bang, and scared many of the girls and made them scream. I thought that was great fun! On the way home we would stop at Cronk's dairy and have ice cream if we had enough money. After that, we walked down Cemetery Road, passing the cemetery and often would dare each other to walk in to it and would briefly try to scare each other, but we did not linger.

Other things I remember about Interlaken was the old post office. Dorothy Wickes worked there with John Kellogg, Joe Dickerson, and others. There were two service windows; one for purchasing stamps and special mailings for letters and a package window, reserved for mailing or delivery of packages. There were the usual combination boxes on the right side of the small office. The regular window was at the side of it. The package window was at the rear of the office. The floor was wooden and squeaked when walked upon.

I recall Peterson's dry goods store, where Hubbard Plumbing is now located. The store always smelled of oil. Perhaps it was the oiled wooden floors, or the kerosene heater in the center of the store leaked? My grandmother liked Mr. Peterson and bought dry goods from him, usually oil cloth for our table, window shades, thread and materials to make curtains etc.

Another interesting place was Wickes

pharmacy. It also was an ice cream parlor. It had four small wooden tables with wire legs and matching chairs. To the left of the front door was a marble top soda fountain counter top. In front of it were several tall, wooden-topped stools with twisted wire legs. For 20 cents I could get a chocolate ice cream soda, or just about any other flavor one might want. It also was the bus station and sold tickets for the Greyhound bus, and a great place to wait for friends arriving by bus. Charlie Wickes' mother, Irma Wickes usually sat in the back of the store keeping a watchful eye on things. There was a big, fat cat that slept in a chair and we were cautioned not to touch the cat, because it might bite or scratch. There were magazines, comics, post cards, and comic post cards with enormous fish advertising Cayuga Lake, and all kinds of interesting things.

In the 1940's we did not have a telephone at our cottage. If we needed to place a call we could go to the telephone office in town to make a call. It was in a small house next to the theater. Two small switchboards were in the living room of a house there. Two elderly ladies managed the switchboard and it was not uncommon to find one napping on a couch in the same room, while the other was at the board. The telephone operators knew everything! I am sure they listened to many of the conversations. As a youngster we set up a trap for one of the operators. We planned a conversation in advance and talked about a (fictitious) dead body that floated up on shore at the lake. Later the telephone operator asked us if there was anything new at the lake. We

knew then that she had listened to us talking. We told her no, nothing new at all.



Review office on Railroad Avenue with its distinctive front façade ca 1893.

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PO Box 270
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April Newsletter Deadline:

March 2, 2006

April Meeting:

April 24, 2006

Follow the Drinking Gourd
March 27, 2006
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