

Reminiscences of My Boyhood in

Kilpatrick's store Roslyn

ROY W. MOGER
Copyright 1980

I first went to school in September, 1913. It was there that I made a number of new friends, one of whom was Blair White. This friendship brought me in contact with a new, and to me, an exciting part of the village.

Until then, I was only familiar with School St. and the Mill Dam. School St. was that part of Old Northern Blvd. between East Broadway and Bryant Ave. with Pickard's Drug Store and the Post Office, Witte's General Store, Hewlett and Remsen's Garage and, what was most interesting to a small boy, Mrs. Horton's Candy Store.

The Mill Dam was that part of Old Northern Blvd. between East Broadway and Lumber Rd., Hicks' Store and Conklin, Tubby and Conklin's Hardware Store, and Petersen's Bicycle Store were on the north side and the Roslyn Savings Bank, Charlie Nichols' Fish Market and Charlie Massini's Fruit and Vegetable Store were on the south side.

Now that I knew Blair White, I would venture as far from home as the northern end of Main St., for Blair lived on Main St. Blair's father was one of two local barbers in Roslyn. His barber shop was on the street level and the family lived in the back of the shop and below it.

When I went to visit Blair I went through an alley to the east of Pearsall's Store and arrived at the lower level of his house. We usually played in his back yard which sloped down to the Mill Pond, now known as Silver Lake. For a boy who had spent all his life living high on a hill surrounded by woods, it was a great thrill to play by the side of a pond, where there were other houses and people and stores and store keepers right next door. There was Pearsall's Store on the corner and, what was even more exciting, Kilpatrick's Store just south of Mr. White's barber shop.

I've been told that Mr. Kilpatrick had had a bakery shop at this location in an earlier time, but as I remember the store, it was a combination tobacco and candy shop, with some cookies and pastries included with the candy which had undoubtedly been made by Mrs. Kilpatrick.

The store's windows were made up of a number of small panes of glass and contained several advertisements for cigars and tobacco. The door also had small panes of glass. To enter the store one had to push open the door and go down one step. Fastened on the door overhead was a small bell mounted in the center of a coil of metal and as the door opened, it shook the coil of metal which made the bell jingle. It was a very friendly sound, not jarring or clanging, but a tinkle which made one think of candy, cookies and pastries.

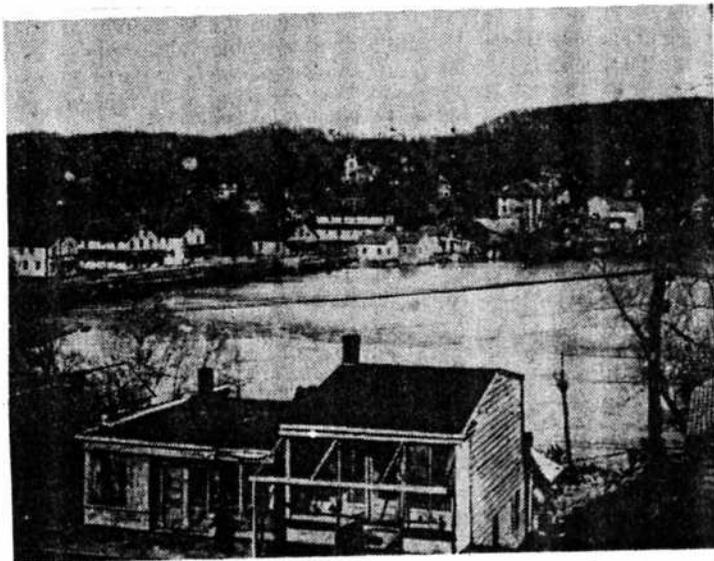
As one entered the store the candy and cookie counter was directly opposite the door. Behind the counter was a door to the apartment in the back of the building. The door was screened by a curtain of glass beads through which the light from the window in the apartment could be seen. The

ceiling was low. This gave the room a cozy feeling and the glow of the kerosene lamps which lighted the room added to the good feeling of the place.

At this late date, I am not quite sure what was most appealing, the physical characteristics of the store, the delectable and enticing merchandise, or the charm, cheerfulness and infinite patience of Mr. and Mrs. Kilpatrick.

There was an awesome interval between the tinkle of the bell and the parting of the beaded curtain as Mrs. Kilpatrick stepped through the doorway and smilingly asked what she could do for you. I never remember going into the store alone, but even with Blair, the wait in the dimly lit room between the tinkle of the bell and the parting of the curtain was a hushed time of anticipation.

There in front of Blair and me was the candy counter with its showcase with the curved glass front. It must have been low, for the candies in their glass dishes were right before our eyes. Oh, so many different kinds to choose from. There were jujubes of assorted colors, twelve for a penny; licorice strings and licorice drops, two and four for a penny; sour



KILPATRICK'S STORE (lower left) was on Main St., backing the Mill Pond now called Silver Lake. The Mill Dam (Old Northern Blvd. today) is to the left. This photograph was taken circa 1910.

balls of different flavors, orange, lemon, lime, cherry; small chocolate wafers covered with small white sugar dots; gum drops of assorted sizes and flavors, the large ones two for one cent, the small ones eight for the same price. There were red hots and

change two of the licorice drops and would ask her if I could have three jujubes for two of the licorice drops. "One yellow and two green ones, please," "Yes, that will be two licorice drops, two gum drops, one lemon and one orange, and three chocolate wafers," Mrs. Kilpatrick would sum up. I would ponder the situation and decide that I would rather have five red hots instead of the three chocolate wafers. That exchange being made I would be satisfied and give up my place at the counter to Blair.

Having put my candies in the bag and given it to me, Mrs. Kilpatrick would turn to Blair and the entire process would be repeated with the addition of Blair asking from time to time what I had, so that he could evaluate whether he

wanted that or something different so we could trade later on. Eventually, he, too, would succeed in completing his purchase. Mrs. Kilpatrick would, with her infinite patience, smile sweetly and give Blair his bag of candy.

We would wave good-bye, as we opened the door, making the bell tinkle again, bound up the step to the sidewalk and race for Blair's house. Out in his back yard we would run, down the slope to the edge of the Mill Pond, and there we would sit in the grass and swap and eat our candies until they were all gone.

We may not have done very well in arithmetic in school, but we never had trouble with fractions in Mrs. Kilpatrick's candy store or trading with each other by the side of the Mill Pond.

FOR SHEET PROTECTOR MYS-211