



Glickman's, Philmont

When we first arrived in Philmont, I remember the hills mostly. There were so many hills. Hills and mills! Years ago, the village had about four or five big mills. They made fabrics, stockings for women, and underwear. During the war, the mills made uniforms for the soldiers, but after the war, things weren't as busy. I remember that one day a week, the factories would blow out their smokestacks and the women knew not to hang laundry on that day. If you did, it would come out dirty! Despite the smokestacks, it was a clean village back then. People were so proud of their homes. Everything was painted. Lawns were always mowed. Most everyone worked in the mills, so everyone was getting paid.

It was a friendly village back then, too. Everybody knew everybody! If I went to the post office, I'd run into a neighbor and I'd be good for an hour. We'd talk about all the things that were going on in the Village, all the activities we were involved with.

At one point, there were three hat stores in the village. In the past, everyone wore hats! There was also the Philmont Department store, also called Glickman's. When Christmas came and I wanted to buy something for my children, they had a big selection of clothing and toys, and just about everything. If I wanted to buy a skirt and my size wasn't on the rack, Martha would say, "don't worry. I'm going to the city next week," and she'd bring back a skirt for me--and not just me. She knew everyone's size!

Al and Martha were the department store owners. I remember Al would stand outside the store and jiggle the change in his pocket. I would hook up my dog and have to go right past him to get into the store. At first, he wasn't that friendly, but I'd go right up to him and look him in the eye and say, "Good morning, Al!" and he'd have to say good morning! Martha's mother, Mrs. Glickman, lived upstairs from the store, and she would come downstairs and ask people if they needed anything. She just wanted to be involved. Once, when the men were fixing the roof of the building across the

street, Mrs. Glickman grabbed her lawn chair and she sat out there and told them what to do! There were a lot of characters in this village. The organist, Olga Schemmerhorn's husband had retired from the mill, and he had a habit of walking up the street, stopping at a lamppost, and talking to that lamppost! Everyone saw him do it and no one said anything abnormal about it. Heaven's no! "There he goes," they'd say, "talking to the lamppost!"

Another eccentric was a man named Frickie, who built his own little shack at the village dump up on Carpenter Road, and he lived there! He had no family, but people would bring him food. Finally, he ended up at Pinehaven with us. But before that, he lived at the dump, and he was taken care of by the village. We always took care of our own.

I remember Sam Ferris was the village attorney and the church attorney, and the attorney for a lot of people in Philmont. People would ring his bell at any hour and say I need a will, or I need some advice. And Sam would say, "Come on in, have a cup of coffee." That's the way it was.

By Catherine Moore, as told on 9/2019