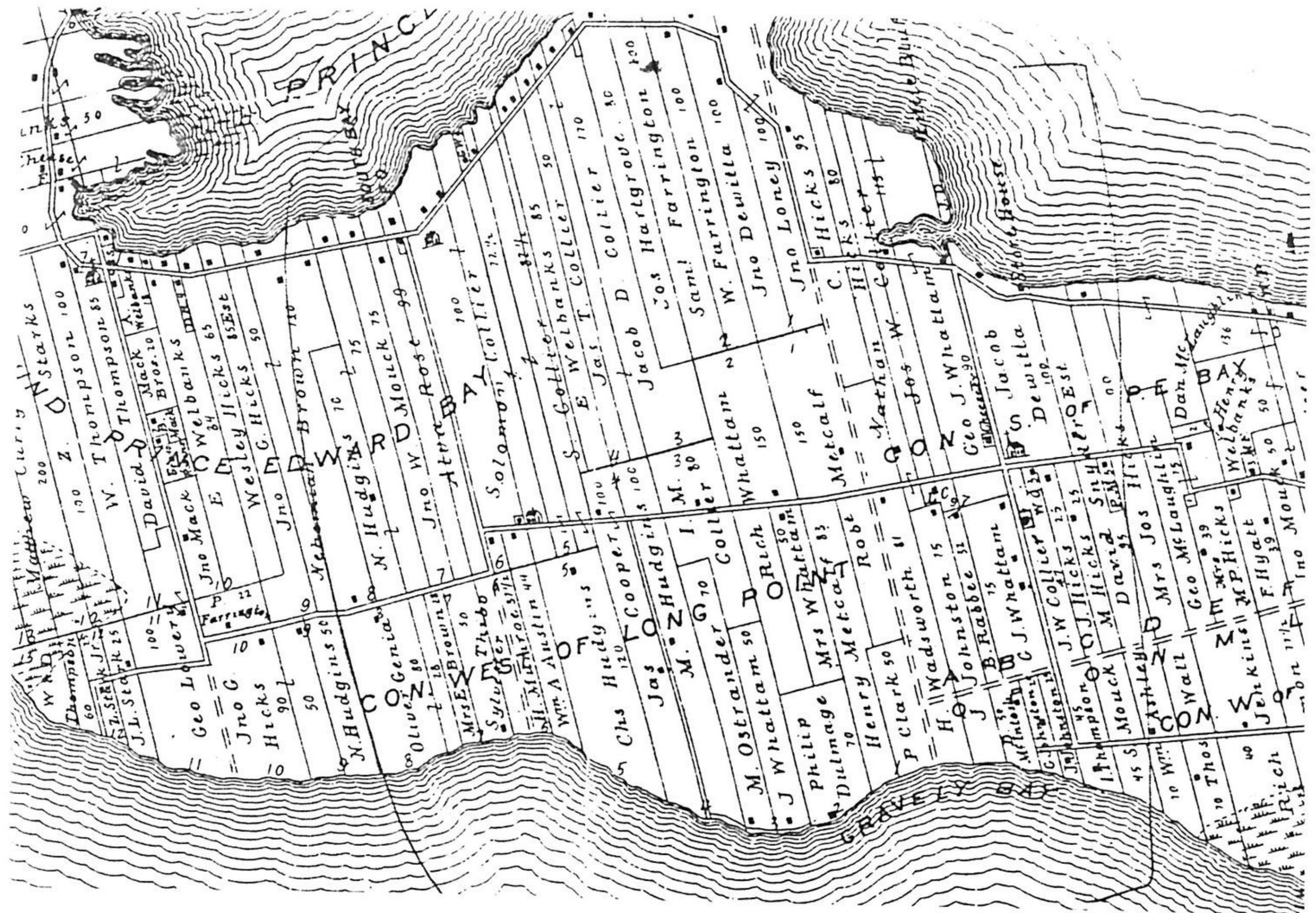


Map of Area



Water was pumped to the factory by a windmill down at the bay, through almost a mile of pipeline, to fill a cistern at the cheese factory. Remnants of the old pipeline can still be found on both sides of the road today. Art Johnson, who is the son of one of the cheese makers, can remember as a boy, playing at the McLaughlin site, where the foundations and an old boiler still lay.

Huge chunks of ice would be taken from the bay in the spring to be stored in the icehouse, the building and between the layers of ice being insulated with hay or sawdust, to keep the ice all summer. Farmers would use it to cool the milk overnight. Many farmers would not send their milk on Sundays for religious reasons. In some cases where there wasn't an icehouse, the milk would be cooled in the well overnight. The milkstand and icehouse are still standing at the side of the road on the old Whattam farm.

The Carmen Church sat idle from the time it closed its doors in 1926, until it was eventually torn down in 1941. The original stone from the church, carved with "Carmen M.E. Church" was salvaged, years later, and at the urging of Wrex Hicks, was restored and incorporated into a cairn and placed at the old site of the church, at the crossroads of Whattams Rd. and Middle Rd. The fate of Babylon School soon fell into its company. In 1938 it was closed and the three remaining students were sent up the road to attend Roses School. The last teacher at Babylon School was Lila Caughey. The schoolhouse remained on site for many years where some can remember going to vote in public elections. But, it was eventually moved to a Cherry Valley farm where it still stands today.

After World War II, about 1950, the Air Force set about clearing a tract of land lakeside in Babylon. Some remember thousands of gallons of oil being poured on

the land as it was set on fire. The land was no longer inhabited, but all of the homes and barns still standing literally went up in smoke. Among them was the old Genier homestead, which is remembered fondly and is felt should have been preserved as a heritage home. It was intended that rockets would be sent up at this site, and it seems that a few were, but the site wasn't used to any great extent before the Air Force pulled out.

One cannot help but get a little wistful while listening to the stories of the few remaining people who are part of the generation who can remember Babylon.

They talk about Sunday School at the Carmen Church, about the three curious old Buttonwood trees (only two are left, and they don't look well) on Roses Lane, about stooking, and hitching a ride on the milk wagon. They remember going to school in the winter on foot. The Hicks family had an unusual dog cart they took turns using, and the dog would wait patiently outside the school until end of day. Some remember the Whattams' had a pony, and someone else even rode a bull! They remember a father would hitch up a sleigh when there was a winter storm and stop along the way to pick everyone up. These sound like days well worth remembering.

A good name for Middle Rd. is Babylon Road. Roses Lane seems to be considered a continuation of the Middle Rd. by some geographic mystery, but if it weren't, could it not be the Road to Babylon. What about Buttonwood Lane, after those poor old trees which will soon be gone and forgotten? Hopefully, with everyone thinking about the past, a name which evokes memories as fond as those recalled by "Roses Lane," will be found. And let us not forget that a "911" access code is a worthy cause for all this fuss.

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