Peconic Bay SHOPPER

preserving your North Fork history

SINCE 1978 TOURIST CENTERFOLD IN

TOURIST CENTERFOLD MAP



Hallockville

Riverhead Fair Grounds



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1962 · The Lions

Front row, left to right: Wayne Mazzaferro, Tom "Tucker" Wells, Russ "Peanut" Gagen, Bob "Cookie" Gordon, Gary Herzog, Jerry Foster, Bill Price

Second row: Coach Jarvis Verity, Rick Smith, Willie Shedrick, Rick Pemberton, John Hanff, Mike Heaney, Doug Webb, Joe Verity, Colin Van Tuyl.

Photo and names courtesy of Colin Van Tuyl who also shared the following:

"In those days, the two Little League teams in Greenport were the Lions and the Vets. Curt Breese coached the Vets.

My hope is that one of the Vets will see this and bring you a photo of their team!"

Any Vets with a photo? Please share it with us!



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Halsey W. Hallock with a team of one horse and one mule in the driveway going toward Sound Avenue. On the cart is the last load of corn, still on the cob and bagged. April 25, 1925.

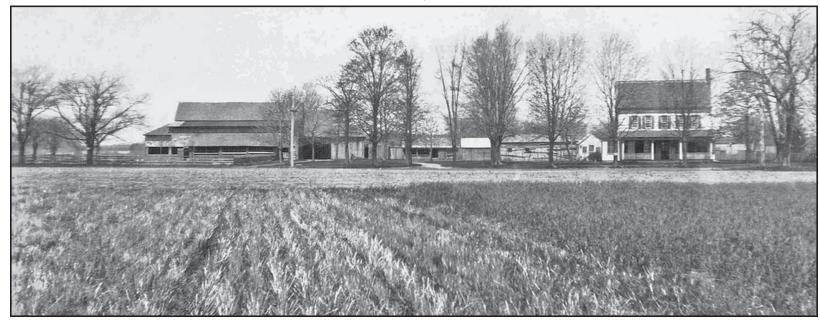
Bessie Leona Hallock (1880-1966) and her Brownie camera...

The fourth child of David Halsey and Emilie Jane Wells Hallock, Bessie was a talented and trained musician. For many years she was the organist and choir director of the Sound Avenue Congregational Church and gave private piano lessons to all the young girls from the neighborhood. She never married and lived most of her life with her brother, Halsey Winfield Hallock and sister Ella Arminda Hallock in the Homestead.

The Brownie camera, basically a cardboard box with a simple lens, was

introduced by Kodak in 1900 with the goal of making photography easy and affordable for everyone. Bessie Hallock acquired her Brownie around 1918 and used it to document life on their farm — a way of life she knew was fast disappearing at the time. Some photos depict her family members in poses or activities that she arranged, while others are more candid. Often, friends and relatives from neighboring farms on Sound Avenue would be included.





Taken around 1930, this photo shows the Homestead Barn at left, various outbuildings, and the Homestead at far right. Bessie took this photo while standing in the field across Sound Avenue, where Martha Clara Vineyards is today.



Hallockville

Halsey W. Hallock, July 1937, demonstrating how a flail was used for threshing to separate grains from their husks.

Halsey Winfield Hallock (1869-1957)

Firstborn child of David Halsey and Emilie. Followed in his father's footsteps as a farmer. Halsey never married and lived in the Homestead with his two unmarried sisters until his death at age 88.



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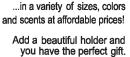
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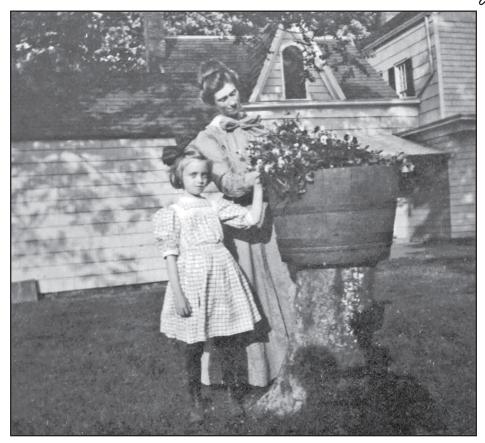
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Irene Leona Wells (left) and Ella Arminda Hallock standing in the yard west of the Homestead, about 1923. Ella was the last and fifth child of David Halsey and Emilie Jane Wells Hallock. Born in 1885, Ella lived to be 100. She was talented, vivacious and beautiful. She never married. She lived out most of her years in the Homestead, first taking care of her elderly parents and then of her siblings Halsey and Bessie. She was the last of her family to occupy the Homestead, where she lived alone from about 1960 until she moved out in 1979. Shortly thereafter family relatives, community members and neighbors formed a not-for-profit organization to preserve the Homestead and farm, as development interests encroached and threatened to alter the historic farm forever.



Emilie Jane and David Halsey Hallock reading in the northwest corner of the sitting room in the Homestead. The desk in the foreground was made by David in his "younger days." Here, Bessie has posed her parents by the sitting room window in their favorite rocking chairs. The Hallocks prided themselves in their interest in literary and current affairs. Bessie's mother, Emilie, is reading the Farm Journal, a favorite magazine for rural America, and David Halsey is reading The Outlook, a leading weekly of news and opinion from 1870 to 1935. David Halsey made the desk on left by hand. It still sits in the same spot between the two windows. This photo was taken in 1923; David Halsey lived to 101 years old and died in 1939. He often spoke of being proud of having cast a vote for Abraham Lincoln in the presidential election.

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David Halsey Hallock feeding the chickens in the yard with the Homestead is in the rear. This photo was taken about 1925 when he was 87 years old.

Sheep grazing in the yard just west of the Homestead Barn, 1924. This view is largely the same today, and you can often see Hallockville Museum Farm's resident sheep grazing in the same spot.

Happy Anniversary Hallockville!

This year Hallockville is celebrating its 250th Anniversary.

We thank Beth Motschenbacher, Assistant Director of Hallockville Museum Farm for providing the photos and information and helping the *Peconic Bay Shopper* preserve North Fork history. The Hallockville Museum Farm is listed on the National Register of Historic Places and is a Riverhead Town Landmark. For more information visit www.hallockville.com.





Sailing On Peconic Bay

Remember that first date..., how everything was supposed to be perfect to impress that person..., Well we all have bad moments at the wrong time. I should have read the weather more carefully that day. There was no one else on the Bay, but it was Spring, and the sun was out and the wind was just about perfect for sailing. I had met Tory not long before that special moment was to happen. We were neighbors on the same creek. She often tootled by in her small aluminum boat powered by a small outboard. We waved and she was gone quickly out of sight. But it kept happening during the days that followed, so I got my courage up and waved her ashore on one of her trips past my place.

We chatted about how lucky we were to live in such a pretty place surrounded by blue waters and sandy beaches. She loved being out on the water, and so did I. She admitted she had never been sailing before so when I invited her on her maiden voyage in my old wooden Lightning sailboat (I forgot to mention "leaky"). She willingly accepted. We managed to tack gingerly out of the narrow channel into open water. Once clear of the shallows, the sail downwind was a "breeze" – if you'll excuse the pun.

We headed toward Paradise Point and Founders Landing expecting to sail into Town Creek to get coffee in the village. But it didn't take long to discover that bright and sunny as it was, the Spring air was still chilly out on the water.

About the time we rounded the long sandbar at the end of Paradise Point, we both decided this wasn't such a good idea after all. We came about for the trip back to the creek, and if you want to be embarrassed try sailing against the wind - against a rip tide - and an even chillier breeze, a long way from home. Tory wasn't shy about the moment. If I couldn't get her home in the boat, she'd walk!. So with great disappointment I tacked into shore and let her off on the

sandbar. She was home and warm an hour before I shivered my way back into the creek vowing not to be anywhere in sight the next time Tory put-putted past my place in her "reliable" outboard. We called them stinkpots back then.

Paradise Point was still on my mind when a few days later I saw a classified in the local paper for an attendant to staff the new yacht club on Paradise Point. So in my usual short sighted enthusiasm, I took the job. It was easy enoughbe custodian of keys to member's liquor lockers, be a short order cook for visitors, referee the young folks if they got rowdy (that part wasn't in the job description), and generally be available to tend the place.

One day, a mother and father with their teenage daughter asked if they could borrow the club "launch" — an old rowboat that was always tied up at the dock. I watched as they got farther and farther out toward the fast water and realized I forgot to warn them not to go that way. Pretty soon they were waving for help being unable to row against the fast water. Fortunately, one of the older members who lived on the point came along and with his runabout we reached the family. We pulled alongside to tie a tow rope on their bow..., but our motor wouldn't start. So all of us began waving to a passing cabin cruiser which read our distress as we were swept along toward Greenport. So what started out to be a rewarding moment became rather another embarrassing one. Thankfully, once back ashore, we all shook hands and went about our day once more.

For sailors, even the bad times have their silver linings. Tory didn't "harbor" bad feelings over our misadventure, and the gentleman who had to be rescued with his family gave us a nice reward which we tried to refuse since we were rescued, too. Sailing can be a wonderful source of memories...and learning experiences.







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Reader Feedback...

Excerpt from a letter from Clay McQueen

I am writing in reference to the piece by Paul Hunter in the February 2015 issue of the Peconic Bay Shopper. I was very pleased to see Frank Robinson's name featured in the article.

"Uncle" Frank was my great uncle (brother to my mother's mother), and although I never knew him, my older siblings did, and his name is still spoken with reverence. My parents are both gone, but I can remember my father relating stories of Frank teaching him to sail, in the early days of his relationship with my mother. Sailing remained a large part of their lives, on Long Island, elsewhere on the East Coast, and in the Caribbean.

We are fortunate to still possess some of the family property on Robinson Lane in Peconic, and I am there now at this writing, enjoying a beautiful view that I have loved all my life.

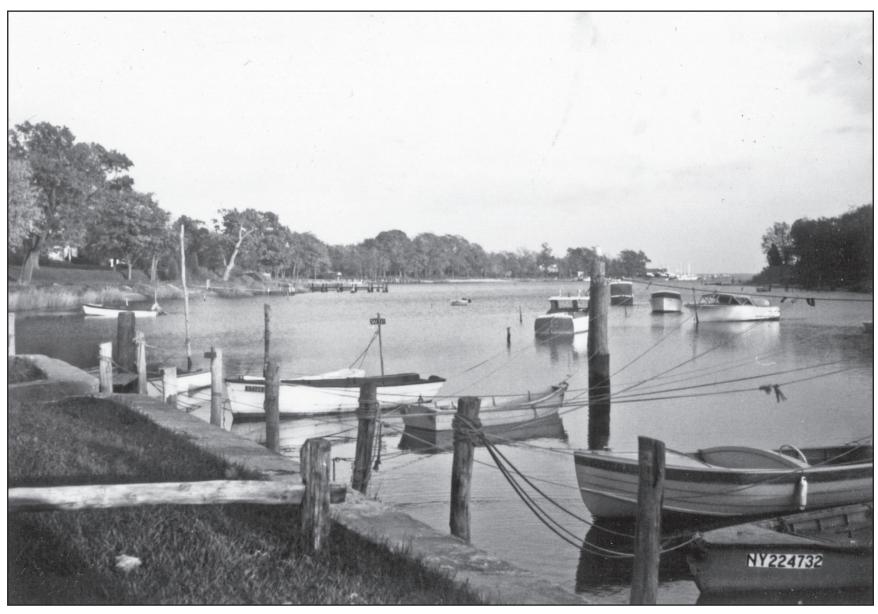
For many years I have played the role of family historian. This has only been as time allows, and my efforts are not always consistent, but I have managed to assemble a large genealogy and a somewhat haphazard collection of photos and documents. I would love to get in touch with Mr. Hunter, as he apparently has memories of my great uncle.

I am also reminded of my mother's urgings to visit the Southold Historical Society, and I believe it is time to make that a reality. Frank's father (Francis Hussey Robinson - 1867-1951) built the original Robinson buildings on Indian Neck Lane, and I am sitting in one of the two that still remain. Including him and his wife (Alettha Stiles - 1870-1949), as of now there have been six generations of Robinsons and descendants who have come to enjoy the beaches of Peconic Bay.

Editor's note: Mr. McQueen and Mr. Hunter did connect.







A serene Southold Town Creek, 1962. Photo courtesy of the Lekich family.

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