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CENTERFOLD MAP



ROSALIND CASE NEWELL

A Rose Remembers – CONTINUED



Peconic Bay SHOPPER

...preserving North Fork History

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Reader Feedback..

...from Carlos X DeJesus, Stirling Historical Society of Greenport:

"The Reeve's Building is not in this photo. The first building left to right is no longer there. The next two are still standing but have changed, building number three no longer has the ornate trim at the roof line. The next two twin buildings are also gone, destroyed in a fire. Building six later became Washington White's Hardware Store. Building number seven is still standing But the Front has been changed. Samuel P. Hedges Building should be behind the D. C. Petty Wagon. The Ship Chandlery Building is still standing.



D. C. Petty bought Lellman Bottle Works in May 1897 and named it Sterling Bottle Works. Bottler and Distributor of Mineral Water. Greenport Bottling Works distributed beer, not sure who the owner was. Somewhere in this mix was Frank Barth who was also connected with the bottling and distribution. William Ulmer Owner of the Ulmer Brewery in Brooklyn, built the First and only artificial Ice company in Greenport, called The Hygia Ice Co. in 1899. How he distributed his beer here is not clear. I only found that it was served as draft beer."

We thank Carlos for sharing his knowledge! He can be reached at stirlinghistoricalsocietygpt@gmail.com.

On Our Cover..

This photo, courtesy of the late Southold Town Historian Antonia Booth, appears in "Images of America: Greenport", a book co-written with Tom Monsell. The caption reads:

A SUMMER HOLIDAY. L. Haywood Cook Jr. is shown as a youth near his father's fish factory, on Shelter Island, with Peconic Bay in the background. He proudly displays a model of a Grand Banks schooner, which was purchased man years later from his estate by Mayor David E. Kapell.



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ROSALIND CASE NEWELL ...continued

When she passed several decades ago, we stated in the *Peconic Bay Shopper* in her tribute, "Someone like Rosalind Case Newell comes around about as often as Haley's Comet!" Her two published books, "Rose Remembers" and "A Rose of the Nineties" were both an amazing peek into Southold and Peconic life during the late 19th Century. We are continuing our tribute to Rose, sharing a glimpse into her life and the lives of the many characters of over 130 years ago. If you missed our introduction to Rosalind in the April issue, you can download the pdf on the Peconic Bay Shopper page at www.academyprintingservices.com.

MY FAVORITE STORIES

It is said that Eastern Long Island is a healthful place to live, and it is true that many people enjoy long lives. Most of my family reached their late eighties or their nineties. Perhaps the water and the minerals in the soil are exceptionally good. Certainly we raise fine potatoes.

This is a story my mother liked to tell about herself, and I like to tell it, too. When she was in her eighties she had occasion to go to the hospital temporarily. When the nurse got her ready for the night she brought a glass of water, and standing close by the bed asked, "Mrs. Case, may I take out your teeth?" Mom, with her quiet sense of humor replied, "Why yes, if you CAN." She had thirty-one of her own teeth! Most of us never even grow the 32 we're supposed to.

* * * * *

On the subject of teeth a funny thing happened to me not long ago. My cousin Gertude had come from Brightwaters to Southold to see her sister Gladys, and I joined them for a pleasant time of reminiscing. As I was leaving, we saw Gladys' neighbor, Frank, coming over to call. We three old ladies (in our eighties) stood there smiling as he came up the steps. I, at least, expected him to say, "So nice to see you." Instead, he looked at each of us intently and exclaimed, "You've all got your own teeth!"

* * * * *

I was present on this occasion. Mamma's Sunday dinners were famous, she was such a good cook. A Mr. Moore who was a bachelor came to Southold and set up housekeeping in the old shingled house, once Sam Bennett's home which still stands next to the Catholic church. He and Papa got acquainted and he was invited to Sunday dinner. Not only was the roast beef a crispy brown outside and juicy rare inside, -the mashed potatoes were fluffy with heavy cream from our Jersey cow; the green vegetables were fresh from the garden; the home-made Parker House rolls right out of the oven. What's more, the dessert was cottage pudding, a specialty of Mamma's and her mother before her. (May I say her daughter after her). Everyone got two slices, and the sauce! Sometimes it was a cooked lemon sauce with whipped cream on top, and sometimes hard sauce with fresh strawberries, raspberries or blueberries beaten into it.

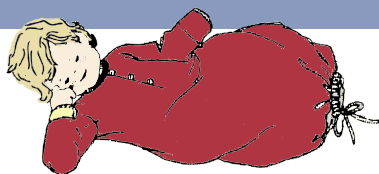
I don't know how good a cook this bachelor was, but when he finished Mamma's repast he wiped his moustache carefully with the embroidered linen napkin, sat back, and pronounced reverently, "Madam, that was a MASTERPIECE."

* * * * *

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This reminds me of a true incident that Grandma told, – it’s so different. The trades-people from Southold and Cutchogue came in their wagons to Peconic back doors-the baker, the grocer, the fishman and the butcher. There were no supermarkets in those days. One family on the butcher’s route had the reputation of being MORE than thrifty, “parsimonious” and “penurious” are better words for them. One day the butcher told Grandma that Mrs. C. had bought a fine roast of beef because they expected company. On his next stop she tried to get him to take it back because the company didn’t arrive. BUT SHE HAD COOKED IT!!

I learned a lot from my quiet grandmother. Not that she was preaching, far from it; but from her ever-present patience, kindness, neighborly helpfulness and also discipline. She didn’t have to raise her voice; her few words were enough and the hired help, the neighbors and this small girl heeded them. She didn’t like profanity and although I was told that my father was quite an artist in that field he respected her feelings, and never a swear word did we hear at home.

When my vocabulary was enlarged by the graffiti to be observed on the walls of the school privy I knew that I shouldn’t use those words. Grandma said, ‘I know there’s a manure pile out behind the barn; but I don’t have to go wallow in it.’

* * * * *

We were very fond of a neighborhood woman who came to help with extra housework and especially house-cleaning. She was jolly and quick-witted and I like to recall from seventy-five years ago a couple of her pithy sayings. She was a devout Catholic and I learned about self-denial and faithfulness to rules from her. Of course she wouldn’t eat meat on Friday, but I was surprised when she wouldn’t take Grandma’s good vegetable soup. I asked why, and she said, “You might as well eat of the Divil himself as to drink of his broth.” The soup was made with beef stock.

One day the folks were talking at the table about a woman who had done a disagreeable and unkind thing, and Aunty C. exclaimed, “She ain’t got no NATURE!”

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ONE OF AUNT IDA'S TRUE STORIES

There was an elderly widower in Peconic who liked to walk down the road and call on a pleasant neighboring widow. This was a natural and innocent thing to do, but folks do love to gossip, some tongues wagged over it, and this amusing story evolved. When the old man died, his daughter-in-law, in disposing of his personal effects, asked the hired man if he'd like to have the clothes. He thought for a minute and then with a touch of humor, said, "Well, I need 'em all right and I'd like to have 'em-all except the shoes. You know I'm a married man, and I'm afraid they'd carry me right down to the widder's!"

* * * * *

A LESSON IN PSYCHOLOGY

Seventy years ago we didn't know much about psychology. I was quite progressive when I majored in it at college (Barnard-1912), but to me as I look back, this is a real example.

Mr. X. was a pleasant kind man, without much skill but a cheerful worker at anything he could get to do. He had the most wonderful speaking voice-"mellifluous", that lovely word, seems to me best to describe it. Too bad he was before the days of Radio announcers, he would have been perfect. His musical tones and clear enunciation could be heard at great distances.

One time his wife seemed to be feeling poorly and the neighbors knew that he earned just about enough to feed them, with no extra money for medicines. This, of course, was long before Welfare, and people were too proud to ask for help. So a few kind folks made up a purse to give him for Doctor and medicine, which he accepted gratefully. These neighbors were pleased to see that Mrs. X. was soon up and around again; but they were not so happy when they found out that instead of medicines her husband had bought her a bouquet of beautiful hothouse flowers and a big box of candy. BUT IT WORKED!

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George Leslie's Cow

My father was a Veterinary Surgeon-Josiah C. Case, D.V.S. and called "Dear Doctor Joe", a tribute that I cherish. This story about one of his cases is strange, but true. In those long-ago days around 1900 he had the first automobile in Peconic, and that was about the time of the first telephones in the area, too.

One day Mamma answered a frantic phone call from George Leslie who lived on Indian Neck Lane. "Mis' Joe, m'cow's awful sick. Tell Doc to come quick!" Well, Papa had gone to Southold and she didn't know how to get hold of him, so she told George he might be at Williams' store or maybe Mr. Hubell's, the barber. George harnessed up his horse to the buggy and drove to Southold – a matter of about three miles, and there was Papa's little red Ford sitting outside the barber shop. George pulled up the lathered, heaving horse and rushed in. "Doctor Joe, come quick! M'cow's dyin'!" So Papa dashed off, probably at the speed of eight miles an hour which was the legal limit, while George followed slowly with the winded horse.

The cow was standing in the field by the barn, lashing her tail and stamping her hooves, her sides swollen out as big as a hogshead, with saliva dripping from her mouth and bawling piteously. Papa knew that she was not about to have a calf and he also knew just what to do. A cow, you know, has four stomachs for her various stages of digestion and production of milk. How he could pick the right spot among her ribs and stomachs I don't see, but he sterilized the area with carbolic acid solution (a popular antiseptic of the time); took from his medical kit an iron tube with a sharp nose which he held against her side, and with a mallet, Bang!, drove it right into her. Immediately the gas started out with a great whoosh and an awful smell. The cylinder wiggled with the force of it. Papa stepped back to get to windward and watched her sides go down, collapsing like a pricked balloon. By the time George got back home with the tired horse the cow was peacefully eating grass again.

In addition to his Veterinary practice Papa concocted and manufactured a soothing ointment. He first intended it for his patients, the horses, but on trying it out on the family found that its healing properties were so good that he advertised and built up an



DR. JOSIAH C. CASE

extensive trade. He advertised by offering a free collection of his recipes (from soups to desserts!) to anyone requesting a sample of his Zincuta ointment (2oz. box post paid 25¢).

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Editor's note —

The Zincuta ointment was brought back to life by Herbalist Donna Penney circa 2009. To the right is one of her advertisements that appeared in the *Peconic Bay Shopper* at that time. The production rights were sold and Zincuta is still being produced today. It can be purchased at www.zincucta.com.

ROSALIND CASE NEWELL ...continued

My father loved to collect “Malapropisms” – those amusing instances of a word used in ignorance that just misses being correct. They’re generally perpetrated by someone who likes to pick up big words by ear and doesn’t consult the dictionary. A favorite of his was the reply of a neighbor who was asked to join a group which was raising funds to buy coal for a poor woman with five children whose husband had been sent to Brentwood Asylum. He said he didn’t care to PRECIPITATE.

Then there was the girl who, when asked about her ill mother said, “Oh, she’s awful sick. She has INFORMATION of the bladder.”

Another told about their cellar being so damp in rainy weather that it had CONDEMNATION on the walls.

Lawyer George Terry was a humorous man and he, too, liked to collect these stories. The last time I went to see him when he was very ill, not long before his death, he still had the spirit to tell me a funny story. A local man had been in to call on him; shook his head dolefully and said, “Gosh! George, I do hate to see you INCAPITULATED.”

This is one of my collection: Mr. H. coming out of the Hospital was greeted by an incoming friend who asked in surprise, “Why, what are YOU doing here?” He replied, “Oh, my wife had one of those woman operations-you know-a HISTORICAL.”

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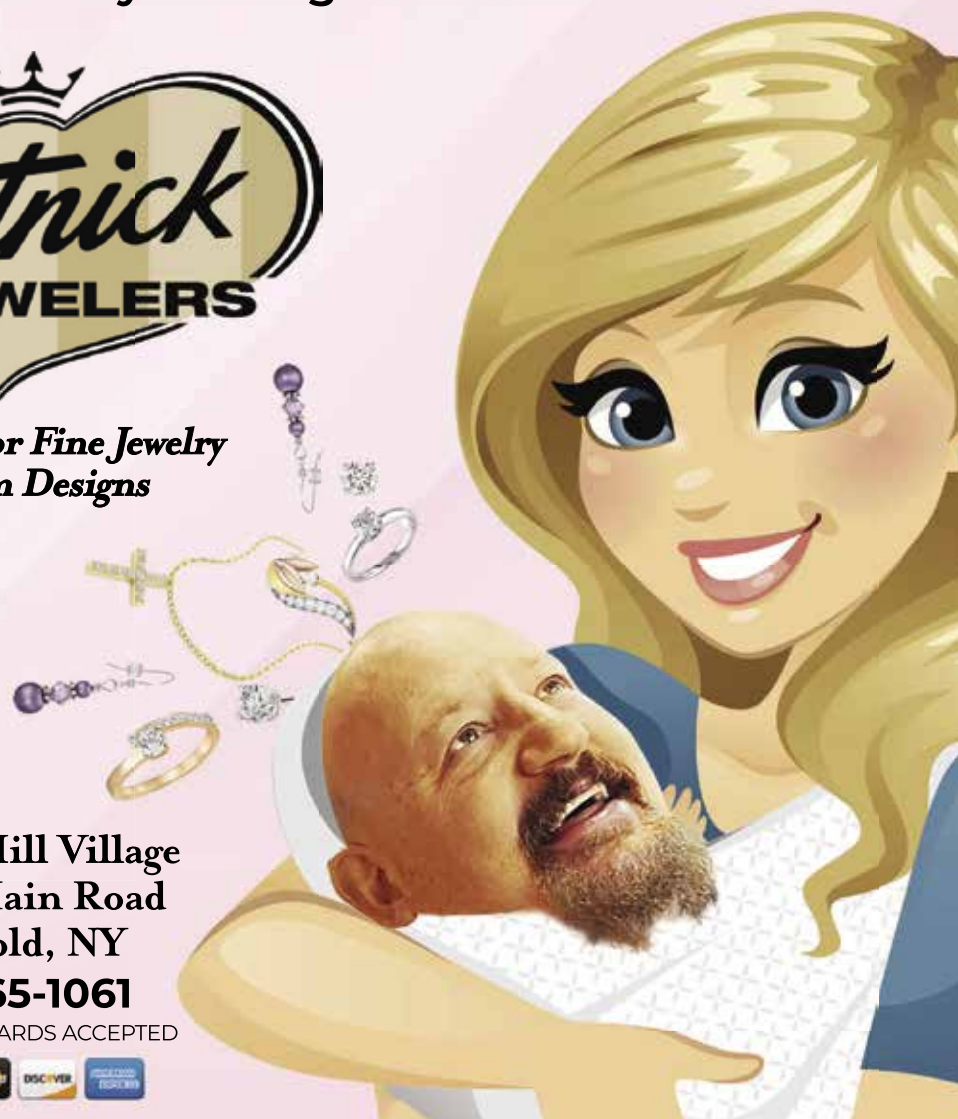
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on cold winter days a driver might not hear it through tightly closed windows. One day Mamma heard an awful crash and ran out to see what had happened. The west-bound train had hit an open touring car. The car was collapsed on the cowcatcher of the engine. Fortunately, the driver had jumped just before the impact and was sitting at the side of the road rubbing his head when the train came to a screeching halt by the station. My Mother asked him breathlessly, "Why Joe! Didn't you hear the bell and the engine whistle?" "Oh yeah, Mis' Case," said Joe, "But I t'ink mebbe I git acrost."

All who thought they'd "make it" were not so fortunate. Five out of six of the Volinski family were killed there when the unheeded train hit their car, and Dr. George Fitz met his end there, too.

All the accidents were not tragic, however. When my daughter was a little girl visiting her grandmother they heard a terrific bang and ran out to see a regular shower of hot dogs, cold cuts and other meat products pouring out of a big white truck that the noon train had hit. The driver escaped unhurt but dazed, and by the time he came to his senses the fast gathering neighborhood was well supplied with meat — FOR FREE!

Ellie and his wife who lived on Peconic Lane had a good time with their old Ford touring car. It was the early Model T with the planetary drive and side curtains that could be buttoned on when it rained, keeping out SOME of the wet. Ellie could handle it masterfully, was quite a speedster

and claimed he could get to Huntington in less than two hours. In the early 1900's the roads were unpaved and in some stretches through the woods it was pretty rough going, so we suspected Ellie of a bit of braggadocio.

Mabel was always ready for a ride, flinging on her hat and coat whenever Ellie gave the word, and off they'd go. She was never a back seat driver, having perfect faith in his control; but one day he dashed over the railroad crossing right under the nose of the locomotive drawing the noon train. Several neighbors were hanging around the station waiting for the mail to come in, and they gasped in horror for it looked like certain disaster. Mabel took one look at the huge iron monster looming over her and waved a quick goodbye, with a tossed kiss to the gaping onlookers. But Ellie made it! The engineer must have had a strong heart.

Guh-HOO-Guh!!!



This Charles Meredith shot, probably taken in the late 1940s, records such an incident. Photo from our archives, donated by Lester Albertson.



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A FAMOUS PECONICKER

Alvah Glover Salmon, born in Peconic in 1867, became a famous man-a composer and pianist of note. After his student days at the New England Conservatory of Music he travelled widely, giving concerts and specializing in performances of Chopin's music. He was very popular in Russia and played before other European Royalty.

In 1905, he returned to Peconic to visit his father, and came to our house to reminisce with my father as they had been boys together. At that time I was practicing his difficult and brilliant VALSE CAPRICE, a composition in the Chopin style. My teacher, Miss Lucy V. Wheeler, was preparing her pupils for her annual concert in the Greenport Baptist Church. Because of family pride I had to play for the great pianist. I was scared to death and didn't do very well, but he was patient and kind. He calmed me down, made a few suggestions and had me play it again-this time with confidence and dash. There were a couple of tricks he showed me that have been useful throughout my musical career, and I think they're worth recording here. When you pass one hand over the other to bang out one note in the other clef with a showy gesture, don't use ONE finger. To give you a broader base put your first and second fingers together and you're much more apt to be accurate. There were several of these on the final page of his Valse Caprice, and thanks to his coaching, I never banged a wrong note in the overpass and could dash off the exciting finale with a great flourish.

Another suggestion of his: If you do not have great strength, cultivate great delicacy in your light work so that the strength that you CAN muster makes your heavy notes seem more thunderous in contrast.

He was always working at his fingers to keep them supple, exercising them when otherwise relaxed, and a stunt to widen his span was to manipulate sewing-thread spools between his fingers.

I had an interesting experience remembering this seventy years later. I met a friend of my daughter's who had been thrown by her horse and the fall shattered her arm. It was in a cast so long that her fingers became very stiff and practically immobilized. She tried to massage and manipulate them but was making slow headway, so I told her about Alvah Salmon's trick. She started with small spools that she could force between her fingers, then larger ones, and gratefully told me that she got her fingers going again.

When Alvah made these occasional visits home he liked to relax, wear old clothes and retreat into obscurity. On this visit, one day he and Codie Case, another boyhood friend, decided to take an outing and drove to Greenport with his father's horse and trap. (Mrs. Courtland Case told me this story that she had from her husband later.) They put their rig in the Livery Stable, probably Ansel V. Young's, and took a walk around town. They stopped for a few drinks, it must have been at Claudio's. This waterfront Bar and Restaurant has been famous for a hundred years. My Grandfather, when he went to inspect the property he owned in Greenport, liked to stop there at the long bar for a whiskey. My father, the Veterinary Surgeon, would go in gratefully after an arduous job in some cold barn in Orient, perhaps, for a hot, buttery and creamy oyster stew to revive himself. My generation have been enthusiastic patrons, and nowadays not only locals but the multitude of summer patrons and tourists frequent it. And it's still run by a Claudio!

Well, Alvah and Codie now felt pretty good so they decided to take the nearby ferryboat to Shelter Island for a look around. There were two summer hotels on the Island, the Shelter Island Heights House, which catered largely to two-week vacationists and theatrical people from New York, and the Manhasset House, much larger and more elegant. Their clientele was



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