

FREE

# Peconic Bay SHOPPER

*preserving North Fork history.*

October 2022



TOURIST CENTERFOLD MAP 

*more hurricane photos....*

ROSALIND CASE NEWELL

*A Rose Remembers* PART 4



# Peconic Bay SHOPPER

...preserving North Fork History



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## September's Cover....



## On Our Cover...

Hurricane Belle was a Category 3 Atlantic tropical cyclone that caused damage across the East Coast of the United States in 1976. On the morning of August 10, Belle came ashore as a minimal hurricane near Jones Beach. Damage was \$100 million and 12 lives were lost. The cover photo shows damage on Route 25 in Jamesport. Photo courtesy of Steve Kaelin.


The photo on last month's cover was captioned "Mr. Easten's Class, Southold High School, c. 1914 of the Class of 1916" and the names provided by the late Doris Moeller Foster were *Top row, left to right:* Doris Valentine, Mrs. Sophie Hansen, Josephine Diaz, Blanch Howard *Front row, left to right:* Arthur Hunton, Chubby Hester, Teddy Kider, Eddie (?), Donald (?)

We were contacted by Joy Strasser who wrote: You have me terribly confused about the photo and details for Southold School on your cover. Class of 1916? Their clothes are not of that time. The two children that I can follow are Arthur C. Hunton born in 1924 and Blanch Howard born in 1921 and they both lived in Greenport.

Doris Price Moeller Foster was of the same age as these children, born in 1921. According to her obit she attended East Cutchogue school and then Southold High School.

I look forward to the next issue when you might have the answers to this puzzle. ;-)

CAN ANY READERS PROVIDE ANY CORRECT INFO?? Thanks!



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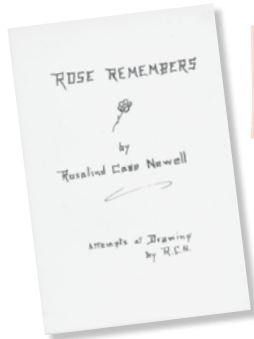


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# ROSALIND CASE NEWELL ... PART 4

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 continue our tribute to Rose, sharing a glimpse into her life and the lives of the many characters of over 130 years ago. You can view previous parts on the Peconic Bay Shopper page at [www.academyprintingservices.com](http://www.academyprintingservices.com). Part 1-April 2022, part 2-May 2022, part 3-August 2022.

"Rose Remembers" was first printed by Academy Printing Services in 1976. How much had changed since then! This reprinting is in the first person, as written by Rosalind Case Newell, with her original drawings.

## Readin' - Ritin' - Rithmetic

Back east we go and keep to the Main Road pretty well. I hope you're not confused!

Near the site of the East Cutchogue Elementary School was probably the first institution of Learning in the area - St. Peters Hall. Succeeding St. Peters was Miss Mapes' school which I heard about from my father. Public schools were few and far between and the only educational facilities were DAME schools, conducted by women in their homes. Miss Rhoda Hallock taught in her house in this vicinity. Mabel Richmond told me that she and Flora Leslie, Frank Fleet, May Webb, Minnie Grathwohl, John Wolf, Ralph Case and others went to Miss Hallock in the 1880's. Tuition was \$3.50 per quarter.

Mabel said there were two long tables in the kitchen at which the pupils sat to study. She remembered that one day a kettle of prunes was swelling on the back of the coal range and a daring, naughty boy, when Miss Hallock left the room, speared one with his slate pencil. I wonder if he destroyed the evidence by swallowing the pit or put it in his pocket. I asked what they studied and Mabel didn't remember that they learned much more than the Three R's: Readin', Ritin', and Rithmetic. However, at age 93 in the little store on the corner of Skunk Lane, Mabel adds up your purchases with speed and accuracy; and if her neat accounts of sales and taxes are any indication I should say that Mabel must have been good at her Numberwork.

However, another pupil, George W. Case, remembered that Miss Hallock pounded Grammar into them, and he recalls her with affection in a poem he wrote. By courtesy of Mrs. Norman Case, his daughter-in-law, I quote from his Scrapbook this poem about the school, and also a few of his amusing and informative articles written when he retired from business and came back to the old house on the corner of Bridge Lane. They were published in the L.I. Traveler in 1958 and 1959 and I consider them Local History.

### Chores and Chaws

The daily chores that farmer boys had to do when I was in my 'heyday' are mentioned here, merely as past performances. I remember my 'heyday' so well, not only because of the hay I pitched, but because of such frequent calls as, "Hey George. Will you do this?" or "Hey George, For Gosh sake, Will you stop doing that?" For the most part, the chores we did were necessary because of the various farm animals we had, and which have since disappeared from Long Island farms, as completely as "The Lost Chord".

I mention the "Chord" only because I've long believed 'twas I who lost it. It happened long, long ago, when at rehearsal for a Children's Day program of song, I was "put out" for being off bass, on the soprano side. To do the chores we got up early in the morning, milked, fed, and watered the cows. Fed, groomed, and watered the horses. Fed and swilled the pigs. Cleaned the horse and cow stables, and renewed bedding therefor. Supplied fresh drinking water for forty-five hens, and two roosters, and picked up the eggs (if any). After attending to those duties, (We called it "Doing the Things") we might sit down to our own 'riz' pancakes and pork gravy. That was when we went from Chore to Chaw.

Have you noticed, -I have -how few boys or men chew, or chaw tobacco these days? This foible or habit, or whatever it is, was practised more generally years ago, and with practise, some performers attained great artistry in it's use, and juice disposal. In my time of service, -as errand boy -I have bought many pounds of Lorillard's Loose Chewing for Uncle Josh Billard, and Grandpa Selden. It came in big wooden pails, and was a best seller at E. Davis Tuthill's and most Country stores. One quarter of a pound was the usual amount purchased, and the ultimate consumer would transfer the choice, aromatic contents from the

store wrapping paper to a smooth, round metal container, much like a large hunting case watch with fringed cover, that closed with a snap, the sound of which, -for some reason -I loved to hear.

I speak with authority, when mentioning the artistry of some users, and the appalling ineptitude of others. For several years, when I was a lad, a coterie of old settlers would gather, of a Winter afternoon, or evening, -or both -in the room where I'm sitting now, to play dominoes.

The old "Block" game. At all those sessions I was elected, -with no more opposition than Price has, for that road job -as Keeper of the Cuspidors. Thus, I had ample opportunity to observe, and judge between the neat, and the nasty. There were some who seldom missed at six feet, and there were those who wouldn't make a hit if an empty coal scuttle were placed beside his chair. Of those old time block players, I recall, -Selden B. Case, Constant B. Terry, John Smith Howell, Eugene Goldsmith, Dr. Henry P. Terry, Capt. Daniel H. Case, of Greenport, and a couple of smart young players, -who often say in -Wickham Case, of Cutchogue, and G. Bryden Tuthill of Mattituck.

Dr. Terry was particularly fond of the game, but more often than otherwise, he would be called away, before the end of a session. He was a busy man. I distinctly remember one evening. An urgent message came for him, and when he 'storked' unwillingly away from the table, I was chosen to substitute for him, only because none other was available. I couldn't play block for sour apples, -not even for the semi solid semi wild ones, that used to grow, back of the barn -but we would have won that rubber if I had stayed awake just a few minutes longer. 'Twas a good thing for me, that my partner was kindly old Con. Terry instead of Gramper.

George W. Case

"One misty, moisty morning, when cloudy was the weather..."

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### Miss Hallock's School

'Twas a cottage, with lilacs about it,  
A kitchen, roofed over, with tin.  
'Twas such a location where our edu-  
cation  
Was attained,—or perhaps, driven in—  
At the Easterly end of the Village,  
Between Goldens, and Terry's abode,  
On a bit of a hill,—the house is there  
still—  
Then, the Ackerlys lived 'cross the  
road.  
Our teacher, Miss Hallock, was charm-  
ing.  
Had no chick, or child, to her name.  
But I'm telling you, she knew what to  
do  
With other folks' kids, just the same.  
Pupils flocked to her classes, from  
Hither,  
And more than a few, came from Yon.  
There were Charlie, and Billy, and  
Ada, and Lillie,  
And Manie, and Josie, and John.  
There were Clara, and Flora, and Cad-  
die,  
There were Fred, Ed and Jesse and  
Stu.  
There was Ralph too, and Mabel,—  
holding hands, 'neath the table—  
(That was something, 'most all of us  
knew).  
There were Grathwohls, and Gold-  
smiths, and Glovers,  
Seeking eagerly, knowledge to gain.  
There were Tutthills, and Cases, with  
scrubbed shining faces,  
And Hortons came up, from Skunk  
Lane.  
There were Billards, and Sterlings, and  
Davids.  
And when the day's work would begin,  
There was studious Curt and mis-  
chievous Burt.  
Making 'faces 'at Rose, and Corinne.

Our teacher was ever impartial.  
No favors were hers, and none his.  
The girls, I recall, were no trouble, at  
all,  
The boys? Well—you know how it is.  
From Monday, through Thursday, we  
studied.  
—At least, were supposed to do that—  
What I studied, you bet, was how I  
could get  
Three strikes on that Guy, at the bat.  
Each Friday, we had 'declamation',  
With gestures,—quite hard to endure—  
Had Demosthenes seen our contortions,  
I ween,  
He'd have turned, in his grave. I am  
sure.  
The big boys wore 'galluses', many  
wore callouses.  
None so smart, as to know calculus.  
She made us like grammar, and Boy!  
did she hammer  
Congugations, and things into us.  
We walked to that temple of learning,  
Didn't think it a hardship at all.  
No autos, or bus ever stopped to take  
us,  
And we'd seldom be late, for roll-call.  
Even those living far from the school-  
room,  
'Whether weather was foulest, or fair,  
Wouldn't ask for a horse, but—as mat-  
ter of course—,  
Jogged away, off to school, on Shank's  
mare.  
The girls too, had legs, and were able  
to walk.  
There never was reason to doubt it,  
But those dresses they wore, I was age  
24,  
Before I was certain about it.  
Enough of this rhyme, of that olden  
time.  
I am glad, and I'm quite unafraid  
To ever applaud, and thank the good  
Lord,  
I met up with that splendid old maid.  
GEORGE W. CASE

### "Jingle Shells and Quarter-Decks"

In the Eighteen Eighties, "Shelling" was an important industry, engaged in by the men and boys who drugged, and dredged their living from the creeks and bays of our Town. Those hardy baymen were expert handlers of the craft on which a large part of their lives was spent, scalloping, shelling, clamming, etcetera, and so forth. I admired, and envied those men, for the skill with which they worked their boats in weather fair, or foul.  
And so, when offered a berth as first mate and cabin boy, on the good Sloop "Horace Greeley", Captain Isaac Penny, out of New Suffolk, I hopped aboard, although all the knowledge I had of sailing, or boat handling, was gained at Henry O. Horton's pond. There, I sailed a fourteen inch two master, that I built myself at Case's Wood-pile Yard, and carried to the pond in my pocket. Early, one morning in July, before the Sun had climbed over the hills of Nassau Point, Captain Ike sculled the little dory,—and me—out from the mouth of School-house Creek to the "Greeley" which was anchored a few rods off shore, at New Suffolk. On board, of course, I made a few 'faux pas', (Maybe five) but soon, we had old "Horace" 'boiling' 'round the Point, shell bent for Jessups, and the shell grounds. The "Horace Greeley" like most of the work boats, was sloop rigged, sturdy, with good lines, ample deck space, and fair speed. You'd never think how important the matter of speed was regarded by baymen of those days. Wholly dependent on the wind, for power, most boats carried a fourteen foot oar, as a last chance auxiliary. It was seldom used. The shells we gathered,—mostly jingle, and quarter-decks—seemed then, in almost inexhaustible supply. Lying in great masses, over large areas of both Great, and

Little Peconic Bays. They were taken in big dredges,—usually three on either side of the boat. With a fair wind blowing, those dredges, filled to the brim, with shell, and stuff, were frequently pulled up, and emptied on deck.  
That was work calculated to build strong bodies, healthy appetites, and cause some heavy thinking, about other ways to earn a living. When the "Greeley's" decks were loaded with shell to the satisfaction of Captain Ike, we would set sail for Cedar Beach, to unload. From that Point they were eventually taken across the Sound, there to become bed-spreads for Connecticut oyster growers. Jingle-shells were particularly well adapted to that purpose, being flat, and so thin, the youngest baby oysters could manage to climb aboard, and hold on. The quarter-decks were shaped like little boats,—with a seat in the stern—and lucky was the spat, which grabbed a seat, on one of those. Captain Ike was smart,—bright as a Penny—my enlistment as deck-hand and wheel-barrow steersman, was for one week only, but that was enough. Enough for me, and enough for Cousin Ike to decide that parting would hold practically no sorrow at all for him.  
The only part of the boat that I liked was the cabin. It contained a tiny cook stove and two bunks, which, if placed end to end, would have been almost long enough for one to stretch out in. But I can tell you, that one who has never set in a cabin like that,—after wheeling shell four or five hours and feasted on hot boiled Burbank potatoes with salt pork, fried to a luscious brown, has never really lived.  
GEORGE W. CASE



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Rosalind Case Newel's book continues with her touring places near her home on Peconic Lane...

# RICHMOND'S STORE



Soft drinks, cigars and cigarettes were available, too, as well as the daily newspapers and local weeklies. Another great convenience was the mail. Before R.F.D., the regular patrons made up a list and each served a week in turn going daily to the Peconic Post Office for the mail which Mabel and those before her sorted, gratis, putting it in the cubbyholes of a small homemade rack. The proprietor included in her free services the interchange of messages and packages.

Everyone called her "Mabel", from friends who were nonagenarians to the children who can still, with drooling mouth, point out the desired penny candies in the old-fashioned round-front glass case.

Also true to tradition is a coal-burning stove, a big round-bellied one, although Mabel's home connected to the back of the store is heated by gas, very up-to-date. Near the stove are a few chairs and a long church bench. Here sit the "Regulars," – farmers who come in about noontime for their mail and papers before going home for dinner. The picture shows those of the 1890's standing outside. Now you see the auto trucks lined up on the Lane and Adam Zaveski, Otis Davids, Chet Orlovski,

Going on east and over the hill we come to Skunk Lane, and on the southeast corner stands this little grocery store which served the neighborhood for many years and has been run by several generations of the same family. In Grandpa's time Davis Tuthill kept store. His step-grandson, Fred Richmond, inherited it in 1906, and Fred's widow, Mabel, has been the proprietress since his death in 1934.

The stock was not extensive, but South Road and Skunk Lane neighbors as well as Nassau Point people have found it almost indispensable – so handy to run in for bread, butter, milk, staple canned goods, fruit and ice cream.

Wilson Tuthill, Peter Kujawski and perhaps others I don't know, occupy the seats. They sit a while and discuss politics, and especially the weather; only nowadays instead of their own prognostications it's "Did you get C.B.S. this morning?" or "Did you hear we're in for a spell of weather?" Government controls annoy them. The quality and kinds of fertilizer are important – no more do they use horse or cow manure. And to my regret, no longer can we get the delicious heavy yellow cream from Adam's Jersey cow to put on his enormous Jersey Belle strawberries-too much trouble to keep one.

We do eat well on Eastern Long Island. The Bays yield us oysters, clams,



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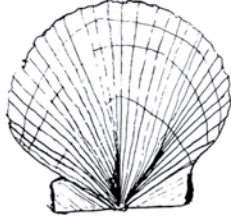
The farm stands provide a great variety of fresh fruits, vegetables and salads. There are wild blueberries and beach plums (getting scarce).

Perhaps all these good things account for the prevailing longevity. Mabel is now 97, but the store is closed. Another of her generation is Bertha Hallock, who will be 99 on February 25th, 1976. She is a very bright talker, remembers everything and when I go to see her how she can reminisce! She saw Southold grow through the past century. Her father was the builder, J.B. Corey, who built many of the sturdy and handsome old houses which are still in use in Southold and Peconic.

On the subject of eating well, I know that all cooks have their favorite recipes; but my visitors think that Grandma's way of cooking scallops is superior, so I'll tell you about it.

Dry the scallops well in a cloth (you'll have to change it once or twice). A piece of old cotton sheet or whatever is much better than paper towels.

Crush 12 or more saltines to a coarse powder with a rolling pin – they are tastier than prepared crumbs. Beat 1 egg in a soup dish with a fork, NOT a beater.



*We reprint the following story, written by Becky Terry for the April 1984 Peconic Bay Shopper, for additional insight into this location.*

## • RICHMOND'S STORE •

On the northeast corner of Skunk Lane and Main Road, Cutchogue, stands a building which served as a general store for generations, dating from 1750. Many owners dispensed hardware, overalls, boots, school supplies and notions. The proprietors included Silas O. Tuthill 1857, Barnabas Tuthill 1871, E. Davis Tuthill 1891 and Fred D. Richmond 1906. Perhaps the most endearing storekeeper was Mabel Richmond who took over the store after her husband's death in 1931. She ran the store until 1973, at that time age 94. Mable and Fred were school-mates at Miss Rhoda Hallock's school. Later they married and raised three sons, Albert W., Harold F. and Earl. Fred inherited the store from his step grandfather, E. Davis Tuthill and under Richmond management, the store became a center for sociability as well as for handy shopping and newspaper and mail pick-up.

Mabel's warmth and friendliness and her cheery manner were enjoyed by young and old, local people and visitors of note. She counted among her customers Albert Einstein, Alistair Cooke, John Burroughs, naturalist, Eddie Dowling, Broadway producer and artist Roland Clark, all of Nassau Point.

Winifred Billard recalls as a small child going to the store on the third of each month to pick up her grandmother's Civil War pension check. In a glass display case were mouth-watering penny candies. Mary Janes, mint jelly leaves, candy bananas and licorice whips. The cookie box held Mary Ann's, molasses pantry cookies and spice jumbles (Win called them grumbles). At Christmas she spent 50¢ at the store, buying her father work gloves and her mother oatmeal soap.

One recollection of long-ago summer at the store describes neighbors gathering on the front stoop to exchange stories and sometimes to sing songs, while children played ball in the road with no traffic to worry about. In cold weather, around the pot bellied stove, the men would lean back in chairs and trade the latest news or have a friendly smoke. And on winter evenings, after



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an early supper, those men who lived nearby would congregate at Richmond's store for a spirited session of "Pedy" High Low Jack. Leslie B. Case, who died of flu while in service during World War I, has captured the flavor of those cozy winter nights when card-playing regulars stayed on until midnight. Perhaps some older readers will recognize a few of the players who used to hang out at Richmond's Store years ago, as described by L.B.C. in a poem, a portion of which follows:

*We first will take Joe Krupski who owns a big six car,  
And as he stands before the store, looks like the Russian Czar.  
And there is Powell, poor old Paul, who looks just like a savage.  
And if you chance to get by him you dream of pork and cabbage.  
There's big Ed Goldsmith dealing now; he plays so very cunning,  
But when it comes to getting stuck, he's generally in the running.  
And then to fill the Pedy hand, upon the chair sits Bert,  
And if the bidder isn't stuffed, his feelings they are hurt.  
And round the board there goes such language as a rule,  
That one is not supposed to hear while at a Sunday School.  
It's give me Pete, or give me Jack, a low and likewise game,  
No matter what they give to them, they claim it just the same.  
Oh yes, there's George, I near forgot, he surely is a corker,  
His Bible lays upon the shelf while he reads the R. New Yorker.  
And then again, there's Harold Price, oh yes, he's got a girl.  
You ask me who the fair dame is, well, her dear Pa sells oil.  
Last comes a man whose name is Alf, who comes down to the store.  
Was Pedy like salvation, Free, he'd play a little more!*

The card games around the stove are now just a memory. Today\* the old store is an attractive showcase of Petty's Antiques. At the rear, facing Skunk Lane is William B. Smith, Real Estate. Many thanks to Albert and Doris Richmond for sharing papers and photos.

\* "Today" being 1984. For years it was home to the Down Home Store (est.2002) followed by Phoebe & Belle in 2014. This 1850s building is the new location of North Fork Apothecary.

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In the aftermath of the big blow of 1938, the "Teresa III" sits high and dry at the gate of the Eastern Long Island Hospital in Greenport. As Puerto Rico and Florida dig out of the carnage delivered by Ian, we are reminded of the misery these storms create.

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Hurricane of '38, Greenport Basin and Construction Company, Railways #2 and #3. Photo from the collection of Mike Richter.



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