
The Barn Museum News

The Newsletter of the Bellport-Brookhaven Historical Society

Bellport, New York 11713

Volume 10 Number 3

September 2008

Dennis Puleston: A Life Worth Celebrating

Labor Day marked the end of the very successful exhibit Celebrating Dennis Puleston: A Life Exploring Nature. The Exhibit, which ran from August 9 through Labor Day, 2008, succeeded on all counts; it was a testament to Dennis' many accomplishments.

“Over his 95 years, Dennis wore many hats: sailor, explorer, ornithologist, Director of Technical Information at Brookhaven National Laboratory, cruise-ship naturalist, husband, father, author of several books, first chairman of the Environmental Defense Fund, painter, botanist, to name a few.”
(Invitation foreword)

The Exhibit

As you entered 12 Bell Street, you were immediately aware of a replica of an osprey's nest, which is now the symbol of the environmental health of Long Island. To your right was Dennis' work table (see photo pg. 3), with his flannel shirt draped on the back of his chair. You had the feeling that Dennis had just left, and would be back momentarily to continue his sketches for his next painting. The walls were covered with various examples of his work. Most touching were two paintings by his mother (ca 1900) who introduced Dennis to art at an early age. There were various sketches of bird heads and feet in complete detail that were used for reference.

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Mr. Jim Tripp of Bellport, NY, General Counsel of the Environmental Defense Fund, spoke to the audience about the history and effectiveness of the EDF, especially their influential work in banning DDT in the mid '60's. Jim Tripp is one of the individuals who knew Dennis well and worked with him over many years, quietly and effectively, to make a difference in the natural world we all share. As a token of appreciation, Mr. Tripp was presented with a signed and numbered Puleston print in recognition of his work with the EDF for the past 35 years. The Society also gifted Jim with a share in the local Hamlet Organic Garden. This token of appreciation was a gesture of coming full circle; the land of the Hamlet Organic Garden (HOG) farms was given to the community by Dennis Puleston. “We felt Dennis would enjoy the irony in the gift,” stated BBHS President, Dr. Jan Harting-McChesney.

THANK YOU

Our thanks to everyone who made this year's celebration so successful. The Society was able to raise over \$25,000 from ticket sales, the auction, and contributions. This money will enable the Society to continue its restoration and maintenance work on the many buildings and structures of the complex.

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The Puleston Family

SAVE THE DATE

**BBHS Holiday Party
Saturday, December 6, 2008**

Invitation to follow

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On the south wall was a description of his work as a naval architect with the Office of Scientific Research and Development. Also on display was Dennis' Medal of Freedom, awarded in 1948, for his work designing the D.U.K.W. amphibious landing craft.

The south cabinet contained several of his handwritten journals and logs that chronicled his many travels. The north cabinet displayed ceramic tiles and dinnerware, all bearing different bird species painted by Dennis Puleston, which illustrated how easily Dennis' work translated to items in use everyday.

The most personal part of the exhibit was the short DVD Painting from Nature by George C. Stony. Here was Dennis taking the viewer through the process of finding a specimen to completing the painting. It was so good to hear and see Dennis as he worked at what he loved best, though he considered "this work," a hobby and a form of relaxation.

Dennis always considered himself a scientist rather than a bird artist. He also referred to himself as an amateur. "I don't normally sell my paintings, but prefer to give them to people who would like them."

Dennis preferred to paint birds in their natural surroundings, be it a flower in bloom, or a decaying tree trunk. He felt there was beauty and design in all nature.

Water color was his medium of choice. He preferred to use, as he put it, paints in pans. He found scraps of paper were most satisfactory for mixing colors, used a Bainbridge board surface because it took the color better than fine paper or canvas and was less costly, and used a sable hair brush



Bellport-Brookhaven Historical Society
General Membership Meeting

Sunday, November 16, 2008

3:00 p.m.

12 Bell Street, Bellport, NY

- Election of new Trustees
- Guest Speaker: Nancy Solomon, Founder & President of Long Island Traditions, centered in Port Washington, which documents and preserves the culture of Long Islands ethnic, occupational and architectural heritage.
- Refreshments

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because of its extremely fine-textured bristles. Dennis noted that he could get the minutest detail because the brush came to such a fine point.

His paintings could take a day or two to complete, or take weeks or months if they were sandwiched in between other activities. For specimens, Dennis relied on “skins” (dead birds found on the side of the road or bodies brought to him by various people), information collected over half a lifetime (the artist’s brain becomes a natural computer), photographs, and his field notes.

Dennis was particularly drawn to the birds of Long Island; his goal was to paint each and every one of the 240-250 species found here.

He was truly a remarkable man.

BELLPORT DAY FESTIVAL

Saturday, July 26, 2008

The Bellport-Brookhaven Historical Society was well represented at the Bellport Day Festival. Three shifts, from noon until 3:00 p.m., were manned by Ginny Waterman and Judy Hope, Fran and Lory Fosmire, and Phil and Margaret Munson who sold posters, books, maps, T-shirts, and sweatshirts. The table was located in front of the Village parking lot which saw a lot of foot traffic. We were able to tell those who were not familiar with the Society about our goals and encourage those who did know about us, to become more active. All in all, it was a very profitable afternoon.

It is the greatest of all mistakes to do nothing because you can only do a little. Sydney Smith, writer and clergyman (1771-1845)

The Opening Night Party

August 9, 2008

Dr. Jan Harting-McChesney, President, Bellport-Brookhaven Historical Society, remarked: “The Society was overwhelmed with the response to the Exhibit and the Opening Night Celebration. It was certainly a tribute to Dennis and his work. We are grateful to the Puleston family for their full cooperation, for, without that, this Exhibit would not have been possible. We thank Mr. Steve Czarniecki and his staff who curated the Exhibit; it was truly a celebration of Dennis Puleston’s life and spirit.”

For Sale at the
THE EXCHANGE SHOP
12 Bell Street, Bellport, NY 11713
631 286 0888

We are fortunate that The Exchange Shop will continue the sale of Dennis’ three books and four of his signed and numbered prints.

Signed and Numbered Prints by

Dennis Puleston

Grasshopper Sparrow

Atlantic Puffins

Gentoo Penguins

Yellow-billed Cuckoo

Books by Dennis Puleston

Blue Water Vagabond (1939)

A Nature Journal (1992)

The Gull’s Way (1995)

The 1938 Hurricane

Today we name our hurricanes, but 70 years ago, the hurricane was simply known as “The Great Hurricane of 1938.” So much has been written about the storm and the extensive damage and loss of life it caused, especially in the Westhampton area. The storm was so powerful that it created the Shinnecock Inlet in Hampton Bays and widened the Moriches Inlet in Suffolk County.

Back then, there was no “weather channel” to warn people days ahead of time to evacuate and/or prepare for the storm; the great storm caught everyone by surprise. And even in our little piece of heaven of East Patchogue, Bellport, and Brookhaven Hamlet, the 1938 hurricane left its mark.

Our Stories

Everyone who experienced the 1938 hurricane had a story to tell. Here are a few of the many stories, told in their own words, by those who experienced the storm first hand.

John Tuthill, Bellport, NY

I was living in Patchogue on September 21, 1938 attending first grade at the Maple Avenue school annex. In the mid-afternoon, my father picked me up while school was still in session. He informed me that we were in the middle of a big storm called a hurricane. While walking outside to the car, I couldn't help but notice the screaming wind and the direction of the rain seemed to be parallel to the ground. After the car started, I noticed that practically every tree on Maple Avenue had been blown down and the street was a sea of branches. By driving slowly, he was able to maneuver the car through the streets. We drove down Bay

Avenue to the bay. There was no water in the bay, and I could see the bottom all the way to Fire Island. I found out later the high pitched screaming wind had blown all the water westward. After our inspecting the bay, we drove home. We got out of the car and proceeded to climb the steps of the back porch when we heard a loud crack. We stopped and observed that one of the large oak trees in our yard crashed down onto the car we had just been in a moment ago. It was taken to the junk yard the next day.

The following day was beautiful, sunny, no humidity, and a gentle breeze. Our family got into my mother's car and we drove down to the bay. The water had returned and as far as we could see were hundreds of cottages floating in the bay, some with people and pets sitting on the peak of the roofs waiting to be rescued. The bay water was littered with smashed boards. We then drove east on Montauk Highway through Moriches where we saw large boats cradled up in the branches of the trees. We continued on to Westhampton Beach and saw that the western most bridge was up and we were informed that it was permanently stuck due to the wind and couldn't move (it took over two years for a new bridge to be built). The business district was a shambles as approximately 12 feet of ocean water had inundated the buildings.

At the age of six, this event was traumatic and as a consequence, never to be forgotten!

Robert Duckworth, East Patchogue, NY

My mother's cottage on the bay at Mastic Beach was picked up gently and deposited on the meadows of Floyd's Neck. The windows had been smashed by debris and there was a mud line two feet above the floor. Nothing was disturbed; china and lamps were all in place. The contractors wanted a large sum to move the house back to its foundation, but after waiting patiently, they made a deal with us and another neighbor and we were

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returned to our proper location. We then installed steel cables in the foundation connected through the floor beams. This lovely little cottage is still there.

I also remember there were boats strewn all over the Montauk Highway! Aunt Winifred who owned the family cottage in Mattapoisett, Cape Cod was not as fortunate. The houses in front of hers were washed back and smashed hers and others to smithereens.

Nancy W. Lee, Bellport, NY

Here are a few memories of the 1938 Hurricane as seen through the eyes of a seven-year old child.

We were at this time living in Brookhaven Hamlet. School hadn't started as yet so we (my twin and I) were still enjoying summer vacation. My father was, as usual, working in New York and coming to Long Island on weekends. My mother was off visiting her parents in Boston. Our English Nanny was in charge of the house which also included our much older half sister and her fiancé, Dennis Puleston.

On a very bright September day there was a little wind, nothing to upset anyone, but Dennis sensed that something was happening. He issued orders of what to do which we thought was great fun. We had to tie shut the bank of windows at one end of our house, using our skipping ropes. Then we had to go around and fill all the bathtubs with water. I thought this most peculiar. What was that for? Meanwhile, the adults went around checking that all was closed up tight.

The sky gradually became darker and the wind picked up. Everything became gloomier and gloomier. I suppose at some point we ate dinner – don't remember this at all or really what time the hurricane actually arrived. I do know it was still daylight when all of a sudden the wind subsided and the sun came out. Dennis decided we should go out and check the garage doors, etc. He knew

that there was more to come. And come it did!! The whole house shook from the wind and the rain poured down. It took a long while and we finally went to bed, there being no electricity or water by this time.

We woke up in the morning to brilliant sunshine but looking out the dining room windows we could see some of the destruction. It was obvious that the Bay had almost come up to the house (we lived at least a quarter of a mile of marsh and lawn from the Bay). The ground was littered with leaves, seaweed, fish, crabs, and whatever floated in on the tidal wave. It was slimy and icky to walk on. Eventually, it was decided to go down to Carmens River on foot to see what had happened around us. We had to take a zigzag route around downed trees to finally reach the small inlet where the family speedboat was tied up. And there it was! Still tied to the dock, but neatly deposited on the dock without a scratch on it. What a miracle! The sandspit known as Long Point at the mouth of Carmens River was covered with debris of all types including bathtubs, small boats, etc. There was also a whole house floating in the Bay.

Being only a child at the time, I had no concept of all the drama connected with this event. What did we eat? How long were we without electricity? How much damage was there?

Our mother was finally allowed to leave Boston, the third car out of that city and drive home. Providence, she said, had large boats, two and three miles up the road from the water. She must have been frantic about all of us as there was, of course, no telephone.

To me all this was a great adventure, unlike anything happening before. We were all so lucky to escape damage and did, obviously, survive. When the 1944 hurricane happened it did not seem half as bad or indeed all the ones since.

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Alonzo C. Rand, East Patchogue, NY

I was living at home in Ipswich, MA in 1938 when the hurricane swept in with torrential rain and very high winds. When the storm calmed down enough for people to go out and survey the damage, it immediately became obvious that a huge work force would be required to clean up the mess and it needed to get started right away. Males from groups of all kinds were called into action, provided with saws, axes, and cutters and assigned specific areas to clear a way for traffic (foot and car) to get through. Being 16 and still active with the Boy Scouts, I responded to the call with my troop. We spent a long afternoon and evening clearing the numerous large trees downed on the southern side of town along the main street. Everyone was pleased to provide whatever help they could. The town got back into operation in just a few days – as I recall, there were very few injuries. In a way, it was a great big party!

Richard Baldwin, Patchogue, NY

During the hurricane of Wednesday, September 21, 1938, I was age 15 and living in the Village of Islip. My twin brother and I walked to school that morning in light rain. We walked home for lunch and returned to school when classes resumed again at 1:00 p.m.

Being enclosed in a large brick building, the gathering storm was not obvious. However, while sitting in an English class about 2:30, looking out of the window I saw the trees swaying and small branches breaking off.

There was no announcement of any unusual weather conditions over the school loudspeaker (no early dismissal then) and school ended, as usual, at 3:00 p.m. We walked home in heavy rain and high winds. Unlike other areas, there was only moderate wind and water damage in my immediate home area.

After school I went to a friend's house and watched the storm from the porch. About 3:45 p.m. the storm diminished in intensity and, much to our amazement, the sun came out and the air was still. After about 20 minutes, the fury of the storm returned with the wind from a different direction. We had experienced the "eye" of the hurricane!

A walk later in the evening showed moderate damage to trees and electric lines in our area – a large wild cherry tree was blown down in our back yard and was dismantled during the next several days the old-fashioned way – by axe.

John H. (Jack) Lancaster, Port Jefferson, NY

I was a Junior at Worcester Polytechnic, Massachusetts attending a summer Civil Engineering camp.

I was out on a precise survey practice session at Worcester Tech with all the special equipment including two large umbrellas, one to shield the instrument from the sun and the other to shield it from the wind. After fighting the wind for 20 minutes or so, we went back to the campus and then parked my car "Gussie," a 1928 Hudson, on the lawn tight to the fraternity house so that falling trees couldn't hit it. The trees came down, but "Gussie" was safe.

Barbara (Babs) Kouts, Brookhaven, NY

My family was renting a house for the summer in 1938 in Westhampton on Dune Road. It was a big house right near the ocean. I was little and young then but we have photos taken on the beach in front of the house. The hurricane came and we had to leave, of course. And it turns out our house was one of the few remaining standing, since it had a basement. And it is still there today. I have gone by and looked at it. That is my small memory of the hurricane of 1938. My 2 sisters and my brother (all older than I) remembered it all more than I did.

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Dorothy Maggio, Bellport, NY

I was 14 years old and in my freshman year, living on North Howells Point Road. I remember being scared walking home from school (which was then on Station Road) in a bad storm. My father, Aage (Augie) Hermansen said it was a hurricane, and he was right. The barometer was very low, hurricane readings. Not many people believed him. But he was a sailor in the Norwegian Navy, and he was the 1st mate and engineer on Major Langley's yacht, so he would know the signs. The next day we walked to the dock and were amazed to see the large, beautiful trees laying down in a criss-cross position. By the way, I still have that barometer that forecasted the hurricane.

I also remember seeing Mrs. Edey standing on her lawn crying because she lost so many trees.

Wendy Flynn, Granddaughter of Clara M. King

My grandfather was the editor/owner of the Hampton Cronicle in Westhampton. They rented a house in town during the winter, but in the summer had a beach house on the bay side of Westhampton Beach—not too far from the Surf Club (not sure if that's the name), but it's the old beach resort that's right over the bridge to Dune Road.

My parents (Rowland and Muriel Smith) were renting a house in Bridgehampton. My brother Rowland, Jr. (Tup) was about 1 ½ years old and Geoffrey was an infant. My Dad was working in Riverhead and Mom was home at the time. It was known that Florida had been hit but that the hurricane had gone out to sea so there was no warning before it hit Long Island.

My grandmother, Clara M. King, and a cousin of the family Bob Hampshire (who subsequently married my mother's younger sister Ann and was the priest at Christ Episcopal Church, Bellport, and lived in the rectory for a time) were at the beach house and tried to get back to the mainland. Their rowboat capsized and my grandmother was lost. Bob related how he was able to get back to shore

and felt the tall hedges under his feet while swimming which shows how the storm surge actually wiped out the town. My Mom did say that her mother was an excellent swimmer. My grandmother's body was found on the golf course along with many others, and the family identified the body.

I recall Mom telling me that Dad had tried to get in touch with her and was told, "don't bother—everyone in the Hamptons are dead." He did have a very difficult time getting home as the roads were blocked and/or washed out, but found his family unscathed.

Betty Budny, Bellport, NY

I attended South Haven School with 16 or 17 (less than 20) others; it had one classroom, an auditorium, an office, and two restrooms. It still stands on Old South Country Road in South Haven. There were only three other buildings on that road then, and Miss Carmen's old house (still there) was just west of the school

It was cloudy, dark, and still all day. In the afternoon a little wind started and at one point I looked out of the window and saw a huge limb break off one of Miss Carman's oak trees and sail off to the south. At about that time the phone rang in the office and Miss O'Shea went to answer it. She taught all classes from first through eighth in one room.

She came back and said Mr. Robinson was sending a truck to pick us up to go home for the day. As it was, we were out of school a lot longer than that.

It was like a holiday! With no electricity the local store gave us all the ice cream we wanted. They didn't scoop ice cream then as they sold mello-rolls -- rolls of ice cream that slid down into cones made to fit the mello-rolls.

We heard that Center Moriches was under water and twenty-four trees went down on the road to the school. We were lucky we weren't under any of them. I remember the pungent, pleasant smell of the broken trees.

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My big brothers were asked to join in the general clean-up in some places in Brookhaven town.

Generally, the children enjoyed a very pleasant vacation.

Seth R. Jagger, Jr., Brookhaven, NY

When the Hurricane of September 21, 1938 arrived, my sister and I were in class in the old Westhampton school, now a private house, across Montauk Highway from the Methodist Church.

I can still recall the deep roaring sound of the wind and the sight of the huge oak tree just outside the window being whipped about like a sapling by the hurricane's force.

My next recollection is of being at our home on South Country Road and Jagger Lane with our sitter Mrs. Young, our parents being in New York City for the day. By this time, trees were beginning to blow down out in the yard. Although the visibility was poor, we could see, just south of South Country Road, the unbelievable sight of the bay water edging towards our lawn one half mile from its proper place.

When the water began advancing over the lawn towards the house, Mrs. Young took my sister and me out of the house, up Jagger Lane, and through the fields eastwards to her home on Tanner's Neck Lane, where the ground was both higher and farther from the bay. That is where our parents found us early that evening when they returned from Manhattan, by which time the hurricane had passed.

Pop left Mom with us and proceeded down Montauk Highway towards Westhampton Beach to see if he could help anyone. The first hint he got of the severity of the storm came shortly after passing Basso's Restaurant when he came upon a large cabin cruiser resting at the edge of the Highway, at the head of Beaverdam Creek, approximately 15 feet above the normal highwater mark.

Proceeding down into the village he noticed activity at the Westhampton Country Club, and upon entering he discovered just how devastating the hurricane had been. The Country Club had

been pressed into service as a temporary morgue, and several bodies were laid out on the dance floor covered by sheets.

Meanwhile, late that morning, my Uncles Fred and Henry Jagger had driven the family's truck to Patchogue to pick up a refrigerator for the Cedar Beach house and cottages, located by the bay at the foot of Jagger Lane, which Fred managed with his father, Old Uncle Fred. They arrived back at Jagger Lane and Montauk Highway at the height of the storm, and, finding Jagger Lane blocked by fallen trees, they made their way down the lane on foot.

When they reached my family's house at South Country Road, now surrounded by water, they saw Fred's wife Yrene and Yrene Burr their daughter struggling up the Lane through hip-deep water. Aunt Yrene told them that Old Uncle Fred and Aunt Bertha were still in their house at the foot of Jagger Lane, and Miss Ostrander, one of the resort's guests, was marooned in one of the neighboring houses. Uncle Fred brought his family into our house which, although surrounded by water, was still dry inside. Uncle Henry then took one of my old boats from the back yard and headed down the Lane to help his parents and Miss Ostrander.

He waded through the ever-deepening water towing the boat, buffeted by the 90+ mile-per-hour winds, lashed by the wind-blown water, nearly deafened by the deep-throated roar of the wind which, anyone who has been through a hurricane, will never forget.

Halfway down the Lane, just south of Uncle Fred's house, the water became too deep for walking, so Henry was forced to climb into the boat, and drag himself down the Lane by pulling on the privet hedge which lined the lane.

When he reached his parent's house, he saw them peering through a second story window at him. They told him they were safe for the moment, but that Miss Ostrander's house had floated away a short time ago, still intact, with her inside.

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Uncle Henry cast off from the house, and the wind seized him, propelling him down wind at speeds my old boat had never known before. He soon came upon Miss Ostrander's house bobbing gently up against another privet hedge.

Miss Ostrander was looking out a second story window, which was only a short distance above the water. With marvelous aplomb, her first words were, "Why Henry, how nice to see you."

Uncle Henry helped her out the window into the boat, then steered into the swamp located just east of Cedar Beach, partially sheltered by the trees from the wind. He made his way north thru the swamp to South Country Road and beached the boat on high ground near our back driveway. He then helped Miss Ostrander out of the boat to safety in my family's house.

Cedar Beach was heavily damaged by the hurricane. Several of the cottages were destroyed, but many of the others were lifted off their locust post foundations intact, drifting out into the marsh to the east of Cedar Beach. The lawn and grounds were strewn with debris from the hundred or so ocean front houses which were destroyed by the storm.

Determined to rebuild, Uncle Fred contacted James Brownie, the house mover from Patchogue, and hired him to retrieve the cottages from the marsh. Mr. Brownie was kept busy most of the winter and spring, but he eventually got all the intact cottages back on their foundations.

Most of the other cottages which had been destroyed were rebuilt in a grueling eight months of work. In early June one family who had rented a cottage for the summer, came to look at the house they were to occupy the following week. They could only be shown the locust foundation posts.

In an incredible display of determination and hard work, the family built that house in one week from start to finish. Uncle Henry worked until midnight the last night, putting the final coat of varnish on the floors.

Of all the losses the family sustained, one of the more upsetting was the disappearance of their beloved Gil Smith Cat boat, the Pauline. She had been hauled out on the shore a few days before the storm hit. Her mast had been removed, but they had not had time to put her in the barn.

The family thought she had been broken up in the storm.

Three weeks after the hurricane, an airplane hired by one of the city newspapers was flying along the South Shore photographing hurricane damage, when they spotted a sailboat sitting in a tall patch of reeds to the east of Cedar Beach, invisible from the road.

They notified the local police, who had heard of the Pauline's disappearance, and the police in town notified Uncle Fred.

When they finally made their way through the wreckage from the hurricane into the patch of reeds, they were overjoyed to find that the boat was indeed the Pauline and that she was undamaged.

I think of my family's experiences in the '38 hurricane as a microcosm of what Long Islander's endured. The trauma of the storm itself, the shock of the losses, the assessment of the damage, and finally the decision to go on, to rebuild, and to recreate their lives.

Hurricane Guide 2008

An important Guide Provided to Ensure the Safety of Every Brookhaven Town Resident During a Hurricane.

This booklet contains valuable hurricane information that will benefit everyone, everywhere.

To download a copy, go to www.brookhaven.org/PublicInformation/HurricaneGuide2008

Be Prepared. One of the greatest hurricane myths is "It will never happen here!"

CREDIT CARDS NOW ACCEPTED!!

Bob Duckworth, Director of the Exchange Shop, has announced that the Shop is now accepting credit cards.

As Bob says, “we are happy to make this service available to our customers.”

Update on Shop

Bob adds, “Since we have moved to Bell Street there has been a remarkable increase in foot traffic and sales. Having the Shop lighted during the evening seems to draw passers-by. Recently we have been opening Sunday afternoons from 1:00 p.m. through 3:00 p.m., when we have someone to cover. We have had a flurry of people during that time period and a few good sales.

“We await the financial report from our bookkeepers at the end of the season and anticipate an improvement in our yearly income and an increase in the Shop’s contribution to the Historical Society.”

More Talk About Incorporation

Again, as we celebrate the 100th Anniversary of the Incorporation of Bellport, we realize that it just didn’t happen overnight. From the November 23, 1894 issue of The Advance, Note: Patchogue was incorporated in 1893.

“Patchogue may be ahead of us on the incorporation question, but when it comes to roads we are several laps in the lead.”

Exchange Shop Inventory Reduction Sale

Maps - \$5.00

1873 Beers Atlas Map (24”x20”). Known as “people location maps,” shows who lived where in Bellport in 1873.

1922 Bellport Bay Navigation Map (28” x 25” overall). Great gift for that nautical person in your life.

1776 New York State Province Map (20”x24”). Interesting bit of history.

T-Shirts and Sweatshirts

Blue “Then and Now” T-Shirts - \$5.00

Blue “Then and Now” Sweatshirts - \$10.00

Black “Then and Now” T-shirts - \$3.00

Posters - at cost

The Gruccis of Bellport, 2003 (27”x19”)

As Time Goes By - Remembering Ingrid Bergman (unsigned), 2004 (12”x18”)

Hidden Treasures of the Bellport-Brookhaven Historical Society, 2005 (11”x17”)

100 Years on the Bay, honoring the Centennial of the Bellport Bay Yacht Club - 2006 (10 3/4”x 15 1/2”)

Then and Now - Bellport-Brookhaven - 2007 (18”x12”)

Corrections to June 2008 Newsletter

Page 1 Puleston (e and l transposed)

Page 4 Ed Knowles’ middle initial is F, not E

Page 12 Delete first “the” in “Can you find...”

Page 12 Puzzle: line 5, 3rd letter in from right should be an “H”, not a “J”

Bellport Kid's Camp and Bellport Seniors Visit Museum Complex

Seniors

Members of the Bellport 2008 Seniors Program, under the direction of Jeanne Hollmann, visited the Museum on July 10. They were given a tour of the entire facility by Ginny Waterman, enjoyed lunch on the premises, and visited the Exchange Shop.

Kids

Over 50 children and counselors from The Bellport Kid's Camp, under the direction of Bob Crowley, visited on two consecutive days: boys on Monday, July 21 and girls on July 22. The groups met in the Pokorny Room of the Brown Building where the paperweight collection and the Pelletreau doll collection are exhibited. To make their visit to the Barn Museum more interesting, the children were given a list of "things to find." The top three favorite exhibits were: (1) the wedding gowns, (2) guns and dollhouse, and (3) Grucci fireworks display. The campers also visited the Blacksmith Shop, Milk House, and Boat House.

Some of their comments were: *"I like everything because I like learning about long ago. Thank you!!!"* and *"What I like most about the museum is that they wore wedding dresses that they made. It's awesome how they still have all of this stuff from long [ago]."*

It was a delightful experience. My thanks to Margaret Munson and Dorry Tooker for helping out with the kids.

– Ginny Waterman

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