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Dear Point Lookout Community,

We hope that this edition of the Outlook finds you and your loved ones well. The 2021 summer season brought a welcome change from the chill of winter. With the warmer weather came smiling faces, bustling businesses, blooming gardens, and the opportunity to recharge.

As we mark the 90th anniversary of Children's Day, we reflect upon how our unique community has flourished since 1931, and how it may look in the next 90 years. In the spirit of revisiting the past, we offer this quote: "Tomorrow the birds will sing."— City Lights, 1931. I think we can all agree that the statement still holds true!

See you on the beach!

The Editorial Team
An Open Thank You

to all who are helping us get through the Covid Crisis

It has been a very difficult 16 months. More to the point, it has been a miserably horrible 16 months. But we are all starting to see light at the end of the tunnel. The fruit of everyone’s good intentions and hard work can be seen and felt. There is still a real threat from the variant strains, but we are feeling better about our community and nation. As we progressed through the stages of the pandemic, our fears of what to expect and then how to manage the lock-down were made easier by all of the good people around the world and right here at home.

I would like to thank those here in Point Lookout who made our lives more bearable. It was tough on everyone, but those of you in town who continued to do your jobs, to provide services, food, and help to everyone else, are to be thanked. As a community, we will be hard-pressed to express how much your efforts are and were appreciated.

We are so very grateful to the Post Office staff, the utility crews, John MacDonald’s Plumbing, Bob & Chris Lechler Electric, and our intrepid contractors and all of their crews at John McIntyre, Jerry Loweree, Joe Brennan, and Peter Collins of Kiwi. A big “thank you” to the staff at Gelo’s (good luck Monsour). You were essential to so many of us. If not for the food and groceries at Salt Air (we are sorry to see you go), Jane and I would not have eaten as well as we did last spring and summer. Thank you to the Food Mill, the Gulf station, and the Deli for all that you did and continue to do. Thank you Mo and Elisa, the Heneghan families, the Doheny families, and Ali and Mike at the Clam Bar. Without all of you and your loyal staffs, we would not have had the access to such rewarding meals, as we did.

We should not only be thankful but proud that our community was here for us. Thank you all.

We are not out of the woods quite yet. Hopefully the medical and scientific communities, together with continued public support, will enable us to get a handle on Delta too. Keep your masks on and be safe.

John & Jane Nickelsberg
Learn, Go and Grow: Persevere

Once upon a time, there was a 13-year-old, long-haired skater kid who came to me with his guitar and asked if I could teach him how to play it. Being an avid guitarist and a teacher by nature, I obliged. The first time we got together, I taught him proper positioning and hand placement. I then showed him how to play a chord, which he was quickly able to do. But there were at least two problems this skater boy had: his hair and his pants.

You see, his hair was long and his pants were large. So every time he would strum the guitar, his hair would fall down in his face, and he would have to swipe it away before he could strum the next chord. But by that time his baggy pants had fallen down to his knees, and he had to pull them back up before he could strum the next chord. So that first lesson went something like this: strum — swipe the hair/strum — pull the pants...strum — swipe the hair/strum — pull the pants (you get the picture). I could tell this wasn’t going to be easy.

But I persisted, as did the skater boy, and in spite of his large pants and long hair, he learned to play the guitar quite well. In fact, he learned to do a great many things quite well in the years that followed. Skater boy eventually went on to travel around the world, attend college, marry the woman of his dreams, succeed in multiple business endeavors, and lead an interesting and beautiful life on his journey.

And when I was called upon today to share a few words at the birthday of his own 13-year-old son, I was reminded of this story and some of the lessons we might be able to take from it: Don’t let the frustrations or inconveniences of life (even the ones of your own making) ever prevent you from learning, growing, and GOING BEYOND the place of your current limitations and life experience. Every problem in front of you is an opportunity in disguise if only you are willing to persevere...just like the skater boy.

I reminded him that every accomplished adult first begins as the 13-year-old who is willing to persevere in meaningful and worthwhile pursuits. I reminded him, as I remind myself and all of us, to choose our pursuits well, and be sure to persevere in them — even when things like long hair or baggy jeans can seem to cloud your vision or tend to drag you down. A better and a richer future awaits whomever will. And I also advised him that if he ever wanted to play guitar, it might help to skip the long hair and baggy pants.
I n 2021, we are celebrating a milestone. It was 90 years ago in August 1931 that the Point Lookout Volunteer Fire Company was formed. It has grown over the decades into the modern Point Lookout-Lido Fire Department. In ten years time we will celebrate our centennial, and plans are already starting.

Although dealing with Covid 19 has changed over the past year, we still have to be mindful. You will see our crews continue to wear masks on some calls, which is a proactive step to limit exposure. The pandemic has been dynamic, and we have adjusted our approach as needed.

Lido Engine Company 1 is proud to announce that they have taken delivery of a brand new 2021 Pierce engine. Their committee spent countless hours putting the specs together for this vehicle. The current spare engine, which is now more than 32 years old, will be retired. The former Lido Engine will be redesignated as the new spare engine. Good luck to Lido Company, and may she bring you home safe every time.

We often encounter situations where an automatic fire or carbon-monoxide alarm has activated, and the occupants are unaware of how they work. In many cases the residents may be renters or new homeowners. Please take the time to review your home and know what alarms you have, if they are maintained, and how to address them if they activate. These are great systems to have if they are used properly.

The department is active on social media platforms. We currently maintain a Facebook page (@pllfd) and Instagram (@point.lookout.lido_fd) and Twitter accounts. In addition, our website (www.pllfd.org) is in the process of being overhauled. The goal is to keep people informed and share information. You can use these to contact us as well.

Over the past 18 months we have been fortunate to take in 12 new members. This is great, but it does take time and training to become a firefighter or an E.M.T. Our recruitment is always in operation, and we encourage everyone to observe what we do and see if you’re up to the challenge.

On a sad note, on August 10 we lost Dennis Crimmins. Dennis was a 29-year member and had been awarded life membership and honorary captain status of Renegade Hook and Ladder Company #2. He was a genuinely nice guy, and always jovial. He served for many years, but some may remember him more recently smiling and enjoying a cigar in front of the firehouse. Dennis had many jobs, but his time as a bartender gave him a unique perspective on people. His presence will be sorely missed at the firehouse, around town, and to all who knew him. Rest easy brother!
It is somewhat fitting that as I pen this article on an early August Sunday, I am looking outside at a pouring rain. The weather has definitely had a dampening impact on many of our events this season, but like the postal service, through rain, snow, and wind, the Fishing Club carries on...hardy bunch that we are. Actually, perhaps that wasn’t the best analogy to use, since the Point doesn’t have door-to-door postal delivery, and it may be thirst and not hardiness driving our attendance. Either way, we’re happy to be back!

At our last check in, we were happily kicking 2020 out the door and welcoming in the new year. As the pandemic shelved our year-end Christmas party and the Fisherman’s Ball planned for early February, the club did not fully reassemble until the final Thursday of April this past spring. Both the April and May club meetings were held at the Fisherman’s Catch with solid attendance. The May meeting featured guest speaker Bob Doxsee, who regaled us with tales of the history of Point Lookout and the commercial fishing and clamming operations that he ran for so many years from the docks along Bayside Drive. As a bonus, he brought in a number of enlarged historical photographs with amazing shots from both the Bright Eye Fish Company and Sea Clam businesses. For those who remember the self-service freezer at Doxsee’s, these were many of the same photos that had been on display along the walls in that room (next to the perp shots of those who had conveniently forgotten how the financial end of self-serve works). Bob is a local legend, and it was an honor to have him back.

Our June meeting was held at Mo’Nelisa’s, fortunately in the dining room as I believe it rained that night too. Mo outdid himself by serving up a multi-course Italian-style feast that had us all going back for seconds and thirds. After the meal, we attended to club business, and I believe we even had a few of the other diners join in for the opening pledge. The construction on Mo’s other local business, the Point Bar & Grill, looks to be coming along nicely, and we can’t wait for the grand opening. Ideally, we’ll be able to work the restaurant into the rotation for a few of our meetings once they are open.

Our bi-weekly Tuesday fluke fish-offs resumed May 11 on the docks behind Scotty’s, which despite a couple of rainouts, have been very successful to date, with a number of different winners taking down the pool as the season progressed. Frank Brown likely had the winner at an early August fish-off, but he went for a photo op before the measuring tape, and that fluke had other ideas, frenetically flipping its way to freedom. We all know how stories about the one-that-got-away gravitate toward hyperbole, and last I heard that fish may have been a world record that he dropped. Oh well, at least he was smiling in the photo. Thanks as always to the Doheny family for their hospitality. The fish-offs are part of the fabric that makes our club so great, and it would be tough to accommodate them without the access. We truly appreciate Tom’s efforts on our behalf.

It was great to see the Fourth of July parade back, and as always, the town represented in good numbers, lining the route with patriotic colors and providing lots of cheers and the occasional water-gun six-shooter. Fishing Club president Kevin Halpin again graciously trailered the Giggly Lady, his center console, and decked it out in streamers and the club banner so it could act as our representative float for the event. Thanks also to members Andrew Doheny for handling the towing duties and Neil Grogan for traffic coordination.

The signature event for the Point Lookout Fishing Club is always our annual BBQ in July, and we were all looking forward to returning to Ted’s for this summer’s event after the pandemic forced us to hold it on Civic Beach in 2020. It may have been a foreshadowing of what was to come when a few drops started falling at the planning meeting that our officers held onsite a couple of weeks prior. Despite an ominous forecast for the day of the BBQ, only a couple of light afternoon showers had gone through by the time we lit the grills, and we hoped, in the words of greenskeeper Carl Spackler, that...
“the heavy stuff wouldn’t come down for quite a while.” Well, “quite a while” turned out to be only about 75 minutes before the skies opened up. Fortunately, we were able to get most of the steaks, hot dogs, and sausages grilled up and served before the downpour began. Jim O’Brien’s homemade clam chowder was a big hit as always, and a perfect offset for the conditions that were very reminiscent of recent tropical storms (or the occasional British Open round). I was clearly mistaken in thinking that the large tarp I had brought down for the event could be rigged up to give us some shelter. Instead, we all wisely kept a safe distance from my flailing MacGyver’d shelter and wagered from afar on whether it would make it across the bay — when it ultimately blew away. It turns out the best thing I did bring along was an extra recycling liner, which I donned for the night. It wasn’t pretty but I stayed fairly dry, and it had me reminiscing of rainy Jet games at Shea Stadium back in the day.

Well, as I mentioned in my opener, we are a hardy, thirsty bunch, and 43 brave souls made the best of the conditions, sharing whale’s tales and camaraderie and toasting our return to Ted’s while huddled under umbrellas and the Shell Shack awning. Normally, the highlight of the BBQ is our Lithuanian Horseshoes Tournament, and Rob Deverna and Ed Brown were looking forward to defending their 2020 title. Unfortunately, amid the epic deluge, a large wooden ship full of paired exotic animals washed up right where we had set up the baskets, so sadly, we decided to scrap the event. It wasn’t all bad though, as we picked up a new member named Noah and quickly decided to reschedule the competition for our late August meeting on the beach. That will be after press time, so you’ll have to wait for our next update to hear about the results. On a congratulatory note for the evening, hats off to Owen Duffy, who was thrilled to take home this year’s big 50/50 prize, despite the payout being a bit soggy. And finally, a big shout out to Ted for providing our BBQ home base. We were all glad to be back!

On the fishing front, the fluke season got off to a solid start this year and remained strong through most of July, with a number of keepers being picked up right behind town in Reynolds Channel. As we got into late July and early August, acres of cow-nosed rays arrived like clockwork, with several shark species following them north and sticking around for all of the bunker just offshore. My daughter Katie and I managed to hook three of these rays on fluke bucktails inside of Jones Inlet, and had to put the boat in gear to chase them down. The biggest went about 50 lbs. The tuna bite has been very strong as well, and they too have come into more shallow waters than usual due to the sheer amounts of bait. Club member Matt Hannon landed a 70 lb. yellowfin back in mid-July, and had some fine grilling in the weeks to follow. Given the amount of bait around, the fall run should be fantastic for a number of species, so get out there if you can.

That’s all for now, folks. I want to ensure that we are staying in touch with all of our members and prospects. If your email has changed, if you haven’t been getting club emails, or if you are interested in joining, please drop me a line at PLFTreasurer@gmail.com.

The Community Outlook - Summer 2021 | Volume 74 Issue 2 - www.communityoutlook.org | 9
Tidal Pool Brooklyn, Created by Pamela Pollis

Following a vivid dream about a necklace, Point Lookout resident Pam Pollis was inspired to start her handmade jewelry business, Tidal Pool Brooklyn. A self-taught jeweler, Pam stresses the importance of trial and error in learning her craft. On curating her pieces, she notes, “There was a bead store in my old neighborhood in Williamsburg that was invaluable. If I had a quandary — if I had something I was trying to do and couldn’t quite figure out — the girls there would help me.” Pam enjoys being a collector of vintage treasures, noting that she creates her pieces from “whatever washes up in [her] tidal pool” — inspiring the name Tidal Pool Brooklyn! Some of her favorite materials have been found in shops in Brooklyn, and even Floridian flea markets.

Tidal Pool Brooklyn’s style is handmade, minimalist jewelry with a vintage aesthetic. Recently, Pam took up silversmithing and casting to include in her Tidal Pool Brooklyn creations. She learned these crafts during an Intro to Silversmithing and Wax Carving class about two years ago. Tidal Pool Brooklyn’s most popular silversmithing works are her serpent, coffee bean, and orecchiette pasta earrings. Similarly, many of her silver and gold pieces are created by casting a mold of a piece that is carved in wax, which become Tidal Pool Brooklyn rings and pendants. The vintage quality of her pieces reflects Pam’s hope that her customers feel special and unique while wearing her work. As she states, “I make what I like, and I hope other people like it too!”

While Pam has her Tidal Pool Brooklyn pieces available in stores, she was most excited to exhibit her work during New York Jewelry Week: A Handcrafted Women’s Collective in Brooklyn, which featured major established jewelry designers. She was honored to be included in that event considering she had only been silversmithing for about six months at the time.

Tidal Pool Brooklyn has been present in our community for the past six years, and while the weather cooperates, you can find Pam setting up on Lido Boulevard. Her jewelry can also be found at the Codfish Cowboy in Long Beach. Go to tidalpoolbrooklyn.com or Instagram @tidalpoolbrooklyn.
Frank Ryan has walked Point Lookout through many phases of his life.

As a child playing Little League baseball under a hot, baking sun he barely felt because his coaches, Frank Comerford and Marty Sheehan, made the games feel important, like the little ballfield by the bay could have been Yankee Stadium;

As a teen spending days delivering lobsters at Brown Brothers and evenings waiting tables at the Point View Inn with John Crowe and John McCloskey, just to bundle up their tip money to spend it at the bars that same night;

As a father helping his kids, Shayne and Taylor, dress for the Halloween parade and march to the Ye Olde Firehouse with the entirety of the town amongst them;

And now as a 70-year-old retiree enjoying quiet Sunday mornings on his porch with his wife, Susie.

I grew up with Frank’s kids, and we used to refer to him as the Mayor. And if Point Lookout were to ever have one, he would certainly get my vote. He has lived elsewhere, spending the majority of his childhood in the Bronx and beginning his family in Muttontown, but Point Lookout was where he was always meant to be.

The house he lives in now at 100 Inwood Avenue is one his father built in 1954 — back when the town had half the number of houses but twice the amount of bars. Frank knows his neighbors. All of them. He knows the years they came and the boroughs and towns they came from. He knows the jobs their parents, long gone, had. Virginia Randolph has been his neighbor since forever, and Frank speaks of her as though she is one of the most important pieces of his Point Lookout — it would not be the same without her.

Frank’s brother Gerry and sister Alanna live in Point Lookout too. The three of them have watched their children grow here, and are now watching Alanna’s grandchildren spend time here. They are struck by the sameness of it all — how despite the years passing and the world changing, and technology creating gaps between generations, a childhood in Point Lookout remains a constant. The same lazy bike rides they took with friends, the same summer jobs working in restaurants belonging to local families, the same late-night hangouts at the beach, the same goodbye to summer every Children’s Day. There’s something about Point Lookout that will always allow them to see who they were.

Frank has favorite memories and favorite places. When working at the Brown Brothers in the late ’60s, they celebrated the end of the season with a jump off the dock — the entire staff cannonballing in work clothes. He remembers the giants of his childhood — Charles Atlas, the bodybuilder, and Jimmy Nelson, the Nestlé chocolate commercial star/ventriloquist — making Children’s Day seem big and magical. Now that Frank is older and the rowdiness of his younger days are behind him, he likes the Grotto. He finds serenity there right next to Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal, a pillar of the community for him, but for Frank the Grotto is more than that. It is a place for everyone no matter their faith or their background, and that’s exactly the way Frank sees Point Lookout.

Frank claims that despite being here since the 1950s, some still consider him a newcomer. And he’s okay with that because Frank knows all the names of the families who have preceded him: the Mannings, Crowes, McTiernans, Gomezs, McDonalds, Guerians. (I know I am missing some and I
know Frank will let me know). He speaks of them as we speak of the Founding Fathers, because to Frank they did find something new and they did make it unique and good.

Frank may not have been in Point Lookout since the beginning, but he certainly has left his mark on it. He was the president of the Civic in the ’90s, elected, he says, less by a vote and more by being the last man in the room. During his time in the Civic, they focused on zoning and street parking and making 15 MPH something all Point Lookout residents know by the time they can walk. He wanted to keep Point Lookout safe — a town with more pedestrians and bikers than drivers, and as I walk around today I can fully enjoy his effort.

It’s hard for Frank to describe exactly what he loves most about Point Lookout. He loves how most of the houses were built by local hands, how the fire department has given back and given back, how even when his kids were in their rebellious teenage years he knew he could always hop on his bike and go find them at the beach or the park or the Schmidt’s.

He claims there was no better place to be post Superstorm Sandy or during the pandemic. But most of all, Point Lookout is about the people and the way they thread together.

For Frank, Point Lookout is the town that love built, so how fitting that his son Shayne is now engaged to Eilis McMahon, and how Frank’s family is now threaded to another Point Lookout family. How beautiful is it that Shayne and Eilis will marry on June 25th, Frank and Susie’s anniversary, and how 39 years prior Eilis’s mom Liz sang an Irish ballad at their wedding. Anyone else may say that it’s just a crazy coincidence, but Frank would say that’s how Point Lookout works.

He hopes that Point Lookout holds on to all the things that make it unique and good. He hopes that those joining and expanding our community learn about it and appreciate it fully.

And I hope that there are more Frank Ryans to be found here, because Point Lookout will always remind me of him.

Photo by Adriana Volpe

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Photo by Adriana Volpe
I have written many times on these pages of the happy summers I spent swimming off Sam Bowers’ dock on Reynolds Channel. Before coming to Point Lookout my family spent summers on Meadow Island in our cottage near Pop’s fishing business, Bright Eye Fish Company. In 1933, Pop put up the fish house on Bayside Drive, and in 1935 he sailed our cottage over to Point Lookout on our deck scow, Bright Eye One.

The first boys I became friends with were the Merola boys, Mike and Vinny, and the MacDonald boys, John (Red), Frank (Blackie), and Wesley (Duke), who became my best friend. I was very envious of Duke because he could put two fingers in his mouth and let out the loudest of whistles. Other boys were Vic Fucignas, Jimmy Mazzi, Lefty Lorenz, George Hackett, and Howie Mennie. Duke and I were the little kids, but it was a very democratic crowd and we all swam together from Sam’s dock.

I have many fond memories of Sam. No matter how much we rough-housed, he never once said a harsh word about anything. He fed Pop’s crew two meals a day from his bar and grill, and I would often join them. As a kid, I loved being around the fishermen. Sam would give me slugs to play the pinball machine, and I loved the old player piano with the perforated rolls of music. The entrance to the bar was on Freeport Avenue in the mid-section of the building, the bar running lengthwise, complete with rail, spittoons, and a large bronze-colored cash register.

He also had a bayside outdoor beer garden right next to where we unloaded the boat and packed fish for shipment to Fulton Market. I remember two private boats that tied up there: Happy Days and Tomahawk. In those days if you wanted a mooring in the channel you just planted a mooring buoy and that was it. One of the boats was the Sleepy, and there was an old Dutchman who had a boat called the Black and White. He moored at the eastern end of the channel off Jimmy Jemail’s, who was the inquiring photographer for the New York Daily News. Dutch kept a cooler on deck stocked with beer on ice. We would swim out to the boat, climb over the rail, sit in the deck chairs, and drink his beer. Sometimes Jimmy would chase us.

Pop told me that Sam had a fleet of trucks with which he ran booze that found its way inside Jones Inlet during prohibition days; a respectable trade before the gangster element got involved. Sam was determined to get out once he reached a monetary goal, but unfortunately one load after another was hijacked until he was almost broke. Another old-time Point Lookout man in the game was Stanly Whyte, who had all his money tied up in cash.

The most memorable thing we did on Sam’s dock was explore the bay bottom of Reynolds’s Channel. Vinny and Blackie got hold of a hot-water tank from MacDonald’s plumbing shop and fashioned it into a diving helmet, complete with a glass porthole. A bicycle pump was the air supply, and the post of honor was manning the pump. The word spread, and The Nassau Review Star did a story about it complete with pictures. Even this crazy stunt did not faze Sam in the least. Let boys be boys. Sam’s wife’s name was Elsie, and they had two sons, George and Bob. George worked for Pop for a while before enlisting in the U. S. Navy quite some time before Pearl Harbor.

In 1944, Pop and his brother Spence quit fishing and went into the sea-clam business. We incorporated Sam’s building and dock into our operation, which was called Long Island Sea Clam Co. We built a shed roof between the buildings, and 50 old-time baymen and former oyster shuckers from the Bluepoint Oyster Company of West Sayville shucked clams by hand during our heyday in World War II. The gang from out east would come to work in an oversize Pierce Arrow touring car, the kind that had louvers on the radiator to adjust the airflow. There was a chart affixed to the inside of the car denoting how many men were aboard and the cost per size of a bottle, be it pint, fifth, or quart. One elderly man was named Dickey Jackson but was universally known as “Hard Likker.” The story was that if you went to Patchogue and asked for Dickey Jackson, nobody would know him. When you inquired about “Hard Likker,” the response would be immediate. Whisky killed him at age 83. His legs gave out and he could no longer make it to the liquor store.

While shucking, the men would rock back and forth and sing old ballads in unison, such as “You Made Me What I Am Today” and of course “Sweet Adeline.” We had 20 boats landing sea clams at our dock; between the boat crews, other workers, and clam shuckers, over 100 people worked there. I lost track of Sam after that, but as I said, I have many fond memories of Sam and Elsie.

Enter Gary Bowers

Gary is Sam and Elsie’s grandson, George’s son. He lives out west. Recently he got in touch with the Point Lookout Historical Society by way of Don Kelly, and donated pictures of the old place, along with shots of his grandparents and his father and uncle. We made contact and had several discussions about the old days. As I said, Sam was a very kind man, at least
as far as kids were concerned. Gary filled me in on some of his grandfather's more adventurous days.

Prohibition was during the Depression. Almost no one had money, and there was no safety net then. People took advantage of the opportunities offered to them. Sam took his and did well until the really bad boys entered the picture. He was in the way, and had his loads hijacked. When that didn't deter him they burned out his headquarters. Sam swore revenge, but fortunately a friend prevented that and bloodshed was averted. As a kid you tend to accept things, but even then I wondered why Sam and Elsie lived so modestly over the store. Now I know.

In addition to Gary, I have also gotten to know his brother Bob. Interestingly, Bob Bowers spent his adult life operating large dredges and was involved in a few projects dredging Jones Inlet and pumping sand on Point Lookout's beach. Small world.

Bob Bergman

In the early 1940s I became aware of a gentleman in town by the name of Bob Bergman. He was an accomplished artist, and I have (or have had) several of his pictures. One of my favorites is of the fishing vessel Howard E. Harris tied up at our dock. He did land- and seascapes, but my real favorite is of our fish house after we went into the sea-clam business. Bags of clams are stacked outside the building, and several of the old boats are tied to the dock. One looks like the Niram and another the Bright Eye Two. Looking at them now they appear like such tubs, but at the time they were state-of-the-art. The birth of a new fishery, one that spanned my entire working life from 1944 to 2012. A long run.

From what I was told by John MacDonald, Bob Bergman painted very large background sets for Broadway shows. He was a rather short man who shuffled and always wore a shawl over his shoulders. No hat. He had a Colonel Sander's-style beard and mustache and smoked one of those pipes with a U bend. As kids we would hang around outside the barber shop on the corner of Lido Blvd. and Cedarhurst Avenue. Bob walked with a stoop and would frequently shuffle by. His companion was in stark contrast to him. Bob was short, walked with a stoop, and covered his shoulders with a shawl while puffing on his pipe. She was tall, trim, of Native American descent, and walked erect and proud. As I remember, her black hair was in braids. As kids, we did not mean to be cruel, and we said it with good feeling, but referred to her as "Pocahontas." I can see them now — him short and stooped, she tall, graceful, and proud.

Bob did this beautiful four by two-and-a-half-foot mural-size painting of our place from the 1944 era. It hung in a prominent place in MacDonald's showroom at his place of business on Lido Blvd. for a great many decades. Earlier this year I received a call from young John MacDonald. Said he, "Come on over, I have something for you." I suspected it was a picture, because we collaborate on historic Point pictures. When I arrived he presented me with Bob's beautiful 80-year-old mural. What a treasure. It hangs today in a place of honor in the stairway of our home.

The fish house itself was a three-story building maybe 60 feet in length. In front was a fish market with a cooler behind it, and space for boxing fish behind that. Upstairs was a loft for hanging and repairing nets, bunk rooms for the fishermen, and an attic above that. As I said, I loved being with the men, and on one occasion I was fascinated by sparks flying off a grinding stone. After the gang quit for the day I found an old file and started making sparks. Great!! Unfortunately I ground the teeth off the file and got caught. Big trouble. Another time I got caught cleaning cobwebs. You have to understand that cobwebs are excellent fly traps.

After swiping cups and ice from the fish market, we would set up a stand made from unused fish boxes right by the entrance and sell Kool-Aid. In those days people ate fish every Friday, and for us kids that was payday. Pop bought fish boxes knocked down — top, bottom, and four sides — and assembled them using very fine wire nails. They held 100 pounds of fish plus a large quantity of ice. Some would come back from Fulton Market needing repair, and there were used nails all over the parking lot. My first job in life was to pick up these nails. I got a nickel for a coffee can full and was glad to get it. For the rest of my life I was unable to cross that parking lot without picking up two or three nails. Tradition dies hard.

There would always be a large stack of these boxes in the parking lot. They were of very fine pine and easily breakable. We would build huts in them complete with trapdoors and tunnels. That was the only time in my life that I smoked cigarettes. When smokes were not available, we made do with clothesline. Ten to 11 years of age. Not only would we damage the boxes but could easily set them afire. Somehow Pop always knew when we were in them. He would cup his hands and yell "Get out of those boxes you kids!" We would run and jump off the dock, and he would pretend he didn't know who we were and never say a word later on. Pop's fishermen would leave empty three-ring Ballantine Ale bottles lying around, begging to be returned for refund. I can remember running up the steps of the old post office, which was on the corner of Lido Blvd. and Freeport Avenue. In with the bottles — out with the candy.

There you have it — the tale of two houses. They are often in my dreams.
BOB DOXSEE

Painting by Bob Bergman

Bright Eye Fish CO
Fish House 1942

Bright Eye Fish CO
Fish House 1942
The Olive Branch of Point Lookout sponsored a Cove Clean up on Sunday, August 1, at 9am. Approximately 15 groups showed up with enthusiasm and eagerness to help clean up the cove and park areas. After about an hour, the volunteers had collected 15 bags of trash.

We had a chance to speak with a few of the younger volunteers, including Delfina Alba, 9; Grace Dever, 10; and Rae Haag, 9. Here’s what they had to say about the cleanup:

What was the weirdest thing you found on the beach?
D & R : A baby sand shark
G: A bathing suit with holes in it

What was the most frequently picked up item?
D: Fishing nets stuck in the rocks
G: Tabs from aluminum cans
R: Bottle caps

How often should we have a beach cleanup?
D : Two times a month
G: Once a month
R: Weekly

What are some other ways we could keep Point Lookout clean?
D: Start working together to pick up trash. Every time you take a walk outside, pick up a piece of trash to help our earth.
G: Bring your own bag to the beach to use for your trash.
R: Don’t throw things on the ground. Bring a reusable bag for your trash, and then you can dump it in a garbage can.

By Jillian Haag
By Claire Curtin

DANCE

He takes the music in his arms
And then the woman. They float
Giddy as a clarinet,
She slides to the rim of his hip,
They dip
Twirling above the shallows,
Shadow figures backlit
By time.
AN INTERVIEW WITH MARYBETH
“THE ICE CREAM LADY” OF POINT LOOKOUT

By Leah Enfield

I had the great honor of chatting with the one-of-a-kind, never-forget-your-name “ice cream lady” and Point Lookout superstar, Marybeth. For this farewell interview, I got the “scoop” on the biz, her family, and what floats her banana split boat after 34 years behind the wheel!

Tell me how you got started in the ice cream truck business.

At the time, in 1987, a friend was visiting. People in town were saying the ice cream man at the beach was not so friendly. My friend suggested we buy a truck and get into the business. So, at 22 years old, my husband converted a linen truck. Our first summer was in 1988. It was slow at first, but the business flourished over the years.

What are some of the unexpected things that came out of Marybeth’s Ice Cream Truck?

I never could have imagined the bonds that were created and how widespread they were. People from town, out of state, and out of the country. Thousands of relationships! Some people I only saw in the summer. The winter would pass, and it was as if we hadn’t missed a day when we saw each other again.

I imagine the days on the truck were sweltering at times. How did you keep your momentum going?

First of all, with the hot summer days, I made sure to have AC in my house when I got home! Being at the beach was never an issue. I enjoyed the conversations, the smiles, the kids. It was a labor of love from the moment we got there til the moment we left. What people don’t see are the early mornings getting the truck ready, and the shopping after hours for the products. Shlepping was a huge part…and honestly, I never could’ve done it without my husband, Jesse. He always built me up!

I have to ask about one of your many superpowers: how do you remember everyone’s name?!

I don’t know where that ability comes from; I can’t remember facts! Even if I see someone walking over and can’t think of their name at first, the moment they stand in front of my truck, it comes to me. It’s a great feeling, being welcomed by name.

How many “accounts” did you hold?

Oh, hundreds! I always felt the truck should be a place of happiness. It was a convenience I could give families. No one should worry about whether they had money. “Put it on the tab.” I also knew what kids were allowed to have. Parents trusted me. Kids would try and ask for more, “Can I have another?” But I had to tell them no.

How has Point Lookout changed over the years?

Before Superstorm Sandy, after the day at the beach, I would continue by driving down the streets of Point Lookout. It could take one hour or it could take three hours, depending on me. People treated me like part of the family, asking if I needed anything as I drove along…a cup of coffee, dinner, the bathroom. I no longer drive down the streets, but one thing has never changed over the years — the love!

What effect do you think Marybeth’s had on the Point Lookout community?

I felt the truck had to be a place of joy for families. There is no negativity at the truck! The “web of relationships” we had, some for four generations in families, is amazing. I never expected the bonds that were created. I was always taken aback when people thought about me. They would bring me things that they picked up over the winter. People would show me a painting of Marybeth’s that they bought at the art show and were hanging in their home…really?! I was always surprised!

Tell me about a special Marybeth memory you have.

After Superstorm Sandy, that would have been the end of Marybeth’s. I have to thank Grace Staudt, who organized a fundraiser, and the unbelievable generosity of the community who bought T-shirts. That was how we were able to buy the new truck that we have today.

Also, I could never have expected the outpouring of love on Children’s Day and Labor Day. I have no words to express thanks to each and every one. I never thought so many people would come out…and bagpipes!

How did you decide to retire from the ice cream business?

We’ll take the memories and relationships with us forever; it was sad and hard. Jesse and I are ready for the next chapter in our lives: time with our kids, Jarah and Molly. Last summer was going to be our last, and then Covid hit. We didn’t want to end without a goodbye. I’m grateful we got to talk to people and think about the many memories over this summer. We are so thankful for our “big family” and that we were able to rekindle the fire of friendship this year.

Where should we expect to see you next?

Maybe on the other side — at the beach!

Marybeth, on behalf of the Point Lookout community, I want to thank you for the last 34 years of joy and happiness. Next summer, let me be the first to treat you to an ice cream!

Best wishes!
Sitting in his backyard gazebo on a bright and breezy summer day, surrounded by lush green grass, bountiful flowers, and a kitty named India, I had the distinct honor and pleasure of spending an afternoon with Point Lookout legend, Tom Bauer. Tom, in his genuine humble nature, laughs off the label. However, anyone who knows Tom knows he is a tireless volunteer and dedicated citizen of Point Lookout.

He will celebrate not only his 90th birthday soon, but the 50th anniversary of being an exhibitor in the Point Lookout Historical Society’s Annual Art Show. He has “run the show” for many years, including this year, and has fond memories of nurturing the artist community in Point Lookout.

Jodi: You have been a creative artist in different genres throughout the years. How has your artwork evolved since you first began?

Tom: I began with an interest in drying, pressing, and presenting flowers in framed shadow boxes, and opened a small storefront, which is currently Mônelisa's dining room, called Bauer’s Flowers. I migrated from flowers to photography, to seashells...making wreaths, trinket boxes, and ornaments that were also sold at the annual Christmas sale.

Ultimately, I expanded into a larger storefront on the corner of Parkside and Lido and named it Point Artworks. It was open for 25 years, and we curated all types of gifts, collectibles, and local artist’s works. Some have said that it was the place that launched their art career, and while I can’t take credit for that, I felt it was a special place where artists could exhibit, unique treasures could be found, and community could be shared.

“That store was the most enjoyable time of my adult life.”

Jodi: You have traveled the world extensively both as an Army veteran and with your 30-year career at Delta Airlines. During the height of the pandemic, you whisked us away to exotic places throughout the globe with your “80 Days Around the World” posts. We were captivated by your stories and photographs of rarely seen places while we were in lockdown. Thank you for taking the time to share that. Is there a particular travel memory that stands out the most?

Tom: My most memorable experience was visiting communist Russia. To see Russia in the mid 1960s was far from an enjoyable experience. The only way to get there was to book a Russian government tour. Which we did, with air travel provided by the Belgium airline Sabena. Our flight from Brussels to Moscow was interrupted by bad weather, and we ended up in Prague for an overnight before being able to continue to Moscow. We would have liked to see the city while we were there, but were not allowed to leave the hotel room.

Upon arrival, the Russian customs charged us a fine of $25 for our late arrival!

We were assigned a government-approved tour guide who showed us the highlights of Moscow mixed with a good bit of propaganda thrown in for good measure. We saw impressive churches, the Tchaikovsky Museum, the Moscow Circus and a ballet performance at the Bolshoi Theatre. The use of a camera was mostly not allowed.

The main attraction was Red Square, then the center of life in the city. St. Basil’s Cathedral dominates the square. It was quite drab back then, having never been maintained. The other main feature was the tomb of Lenin, which had long lines every day waiting to get in for a view of his body.

As we were departing, we had to go through Russian customs once more. I saw Lou being escorted out of the room by a customs official. The rest of us were passed through and boarded for take-off. After a delay, Lou appeared and was boarded, nervous time ended, and we were finally up in the air. Seems he had lost an important form required for departure clearance. Everyone in the group was happy to be heading home.

Jodi: That’s fascinating. Moscow happens to be my most memorable travel experience as well, though it was just after the fall of communism in the early 1990s. There was an air of confusion and chaos, with protests by discontented citizens who didn’t know how to live life without being totally controlled and provided for. Black markets were popping up everywhere, and unless someone had a sense of entrepreneurialism or criminality, they were seemingly lost...and angry.

Tom: That’s so different from what I saw there.
There were certainly no protests. It was a very oppressive life. Everyone had their heads down, just going where they were going. No one spoke to or looked at anyone.

We went “shopping” at what looked like any major department store — but there was hardly anything for sale. They would make a show for us tourists to bring out a product, like shoes, and a line would instantly form and they would be gone just like that.

Jodi: You are well known, and greatly appreciated, for your tireless volunteer activity in our community. What would you say is the most interesting experience you’ve had?

Tom: The most interesting thing happened in the 1980s. The Town of Hempstead reevaluated the tax situation, and adjustments were made. Up until that point, no one paid much attention to Point Lookout, a sleepy hamlet of bungalows and empty lots. Taxes were under $100 per year for an empty lot. The “adjustment” happened, and I was caught off guard with a sudden tax assessment of over $6,000. I hurriedly got some other outraged residents together and captured the interest of the news and politicians both locally and all the way up to Albany. I knew a law needed to be passed to stop this madness, and I was going to fight to make sure it was.

Ultimately, a major press conference was held in my “empty lot,” which at the time was where I was growing tomatoes. The newspaper headline read “The $6,000 Tomato Patch.” We all got a good laugh out of that, but more importantly, we achieved the fair tax relief we sought.

Jodi: Volunteering is more than a civic duty to you, but also a driving force that inspires others to want to get involved. What do you feel when you help produce something in the community that may not have happened without you?

Tom: I get so much satisfaction from doing these things and seeing the final results, it makes it all worthwhile. In a town this size there are a lot of things that will only get done by volunteers.

I loved the town when I came here 57 years ago, and I still do.
Children’s Day

All Photos by Jessica Brennan
The lives of all of us continue to be seriously impacted by the effects of Covid 19, and so has the activity level of the Historical Society. Meeting has been nearly impossible, and an attempt at online connection failed miserably. Not long ago we saw many changes in the regulations and requirements of federal and local government advisories, and were beginning to feel as if this virus scourge was coming to an end. However, recent news of the entry of the Delta variation and the rapidity of increasing cases and deaths has made many of us begin to question if we can take full advantage of our new-found freedoms. Daily life continues to be uncertain from day to day, but we remain hopeful.

As we go to press, the society is hard at work on this year’s Beach Art Show. After having an online version in 2020, we are hopeful of returning to the beach in person this year. The show is scheduled for August 29 from noon till 4pm. We have a number of new additions to our regular group this year who we hope will enhance your artistic experience. Be sure to visit our booth, which will be located near the main gate to the beach.

Our other main activity has been a move to the new location in the Bishop Malloy Rec Hall, off the east end of the entrance room. The facility is being readied to open to visitors very soon. A new system for locating specific information on many varied subjects has been established to make visitors’ experiences even better. Many thanks to our own Jack McLoone for all his hard work and time, which have resulted in these new features.

Special greetings are in order for our parent organization, the Point Lookout Civic Association, which is celebrating its ninetieth anniversary this year. Just imagine the history of those 90 years, since a very small community newly named Point Lookout began its new life. It organized into an association that would be a mainstay not only in the civic but also the social life of this community as it has evolved over 90 years of existence. Well done and may you continue far into the future!

Let’s all dream for better days. We hope you will come visit us soon.

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Ninety years. It’s been 90 years since a group of concerned residents came together to create the Point Lookout Civic Association. The list of grievances the board works to address has always stayed similar, yet always different through the years. Protection, a sense of community, beautification, and a gateway to information are the cornerstones of today’s Civic, and what our board of volunteers strives to achieve each year.

One of the responsibilities of the Civic leadership is to keep the community informed of the happenings around our hamlet. For nearly a decade, I have written the articles that appear in the Community Outlook as well as the eblasts, in the hope of not only updating but also engaging the community. In addition we have held meetings about sewers and sent eblasts about traffic-related issues. We’ve hosted forums with the Army Corps and sent emails about local charity events. This is all done in an effort to keep everyone informed.

News regarding the recent dredging project seemed to be the topic of most interest given the amount of fan mail the Civic received after the updates were sent out, and for good reason — it impacted and temporarily disrupted all of us. I brought every concern to the Corps during dozens of meetings. After all, it was a protection project for the entire community. Most of our concerns were addressed, but I do apologize to the people who were upset that the beach was too big after the conclusion of the project — the Corps refused to address your concern!

Another major focus during my tenure on the board was the condition of Inwood Avenue as well as Lido Blvd. The Civic advocated for both projects and then worked with residents to keep disruptions to a minimum while ensuring everyone had a voice in the process. We partnered with the 4th Precinct to get additional traffic enforcement resources, and with the Town of Hempstead to secure stop signs and parking regulations. All of this was done in an effort to improve the community’s safety.

The Civic has led some major revitalization efforts over the years. From bocce ball courts to community gardens, from chair shacks to beach-grass planting, our ongoing list of projects never seems to end. These efforts have beautified our park and beach for decades to come while serving a functional purpose. Beach grass holds our dunes together, the bocce courts add drainage so our park floods less, the chair shack now holds more chairs and beach gear, and our community garden turned an overgrown poison-ivy-filled field into a functional, beautiful space.

Over the last decade, one of the most important efforts of the Civic has been building a sense of community. We achieve this through our events. And while Covid has slowed things over the past couple of years, we host a number of events that bring the community together. From movies at the beach to bands at the pavilion, from pumpkin walks to Children’s Day, we have done our best to bring people together to celebrate the community spirit of Point Lookout.

For over a third of the Civic’s existence, Marybeth Magan has been a fixture on Civic Beach during the summer months. She has had a remarkable impact on our community, and we are fortunate to have shared our summers with her. When my family moved back to Point Lookout 13 years ago, one of the first pieces of artwork hung on the wall of my home was a print of Marybeth’s truck. For me, it symbolizes our more carefree summer times, that warm inviting smile, and a remarkable, patient person who knows each of our kid’s names. Thank you, Marybeth, for being a part of what makes Point Lookout so special.

As I mentioned earlier, I have written these updates for the last decade or so, and this will be my last one, at least for a while. It has been a pleasure to collaborate with the Civic board for the last decade. I thank all of the members and volunteers who dedicate their time to improve our community. Without you and your efforts and support, we are just another community — and not the Point Lookout Community.
March 2021
Dory Edwards

On Monday, March 22, 2021, Dory Edwards of Point Lookout passed away unexpectedly. Her passing was a complete shock to her friends, community members, and most of all, her family.
Many of her Point Lookout friends went above and beyond to stop by, offer their condolences, share a fond memory, drop food off, or simply leave a candle on the steps to her house. The family extends their gratitude.
Services were held at the Thomas Glynn Funeral Home in Rockville Centre, and a funeral mass was held at St. Agnes Cathedral.

May 2021
Heidi Hagerstrom

Heidi Hagerstrom of Point Lookout passed away unexpectedly on May 21, 2021. The Hagerstrom family appreciates the love and support they received from the generous people of Point Lookout.

March 2021
Douglas Benz

It is with deep sadness that the sudden passing of Douglas Benz is announced. Douglas lived in Point in Lookout throughout the late ‘70s and ‘80s with his siblings. Renting small bungalows around town, he could be found hanging out at Alice’s with his late sister, Jayne, or at the cove with friends. He is survived by sister Judith, brothers Richard (Susan) and Edward (Nancy), nieces Shayne (Sean) and Courtney, and nephew Anthony. Dougie, as his family lovingly called him, loved this small town, skiing, traveling with his brothers, and collecting records. He always looked forward to visiting Point Lookout for the holidays, driving around looking at Christmas lights, and enjoying the summer fireworks. He will be sorely missed by all those who knew him. A private service was held for the family on March 13 at McLaughlin Heppner Funeral Home in Riverhead. We will fondly remember Dougie’s calm and peaceful demeanor, and his love for his family.

April 2021
Elizabeth Morgan

Elizabeth Morgan of Point Lookout, formerly of Floral Park, passed away on April 7, 2021, at the age of 87. Elizabeth “Betty” was introduced to Point Lookout over 50 years ago by her late husband Jack. She initially spent summers in Point Lookout with Jack and his two brothers, Fr. Raymond Morgan and Msgr. Ken Morgan. Later, Jack and Betty spent summers at Point Lookout with their daughters Meg and Beth before making it their full-time residence. Betty is survived by her daughters, Meg O’Brien (John) and Beth Seibold (David) and her grandchildren Kieran, Seamus, Morgan, Lily, and Connor. Family received friends at the Charles J. O’Shea Funeral Home in Wantagh, and a funeral mass was held at Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal Church in Point Lookout. Interment followed at St. Charles Cemetery.

June 2021
Mary V. Hogan

Mary V. Hogan, 76, of Saratoga Springs, NY, passed away peacefully on Tuesday, June 15, 2021, at home, surrounded by her family. Born in Queens, NY, in 1944, she was the daughter of the late William F. Baker and Helen Baker. Mary is survived by her sister Catherine (Daniel) Hamill and brother Robert (Cynthia) Baker. Mary was a graduate of St. John’s University, NY, where she met her husband William (Bill) Hogan. They resided in Point Lookout and raised their four children there. They later relocated to Saratoga Springs to be close to their children and grandchildren.
She enjoyed an active lifestyle, playing golf and pickleball. She loved playing mahjongg and was an avid reader with a quick wit. Mary took great pleasure in cooking and entertaining for her family and friends.
She is survived by her loving husband of nearly 54 years, William J. Hogan, and her children Laura Hogan Smith of Saratoga Springs, Julie (Bill) Nolan of Middle Grove, William Hogan of Malta, and Elizabeth (David) LaChapelle of Severna Park, MD. She is also survived by eight grandchildren and numerous nieces and nephews.

The family is planning a memorial service in Point Lookout at a location and date to be determined.
September 2021
Robert Tommasi
A longtime resident of the Point, Robert Tommasi passed away on September 1, 2021. A funeral mass was held at Our Lady of Miraculous Medal Church on September 10.

The DeMaggio and Tommasi families would like to thank all their friends and neighbors who helped out in any way and every way they could throughout the years.

October 2021
George Hearn
George H. Hearn, a former member of the New York City Council (1957), former commissioner and vice chairman of the Federal Maritime Commission (1964-1975), and former executive vice president of Waterman Steamship Company passed away in his home of recent years in Framingham, Massachusetts. He was 94 years of age.

Born in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, in 1927, he began his career in admiralty law after serving in the U.S. Navy during WWII aboard the U.S.S. Iowa. He attended St. Francis College and St. John’s University Law School, where he studied maritime law and became a well-known expert on domestic and international admiralty law. From 1952-1961, he was a trial lawyer for the firm of Haight, Gardner, Poor & Havens in New York City. During his term on the New York City Council, George was the vice chairman of the successful Committee to Elect JFK, resulting in a relocation to Washington D.C. in 1961. He served in the Kennedy administration as counsel to the Civil Aeronautics Board.

In 1964, George was appointed commissioner and then vice chairman of the Federal Maritime Commission and reappointed by presidents Johnson, Nixon, and Ford. In 1975, he became the maritime administrator to the government of the Sultanate of Oman. In 1976, George became the senior vice president for Waterman Steamship Company and president of the Port of New York Association.

George was predeceased by his loving wife of 58 years Cecelia Anne (nee Philbin) in 2010 and by his brothers Fr. Robert Hearn (Oblate of St. Francis), John Henry Hearn, and Harry Hearn. He is survived by his three children, Annemarie Cook (Lynndey) of Nesconset, Peggie Fischer (Steve) of Weston, Mass., and George H. Hearn Jr. (Meg) of Savannah, Georgia. Loving grandfather to Allyson (Jenkins Alphonse), Sarahbeth, Christian, and Demianne Cook and Katie and Michael Fischer. Great grandfather to Kayden Javelle and Kaleb Elijah. Loving brother of Molly Kelliher (Michael) of Manchester, NJ, and Midgie Fitzgerald (Tom) of Babylon, NY; brother-in-law of Kathleen Hearn of Staten Island, NY; and loving uncle to many nieces and nephews.

A mass of Christian burial will take place at Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal Church on Saturday, November 13, 2021 at 11:30 am. Donations (or in lieu of flowers) can be made in George’s name to St. Francis College, 180 Remsen Street, Brooklyn, NY, 11201. The family would like to express sincere gratitude to all of the Carmelite sisters, to the staff of MetroWest Hospice and St. Patrick’s Manor, and particularly to all of the residents and staff at Carmel Terrace, where he lived happily in his later years.
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