

# On the East End: The Last Best Times of a Long Island Fishing Community

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On The East End

The Last Best Times of a

Long Island Fishing Community

Clarence R. Hickey

LongIslandNature.org

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[oneeyeopenkathrynszoka.wordpress.com](http://oneeyeopenkathrynszoka.wordpress.com)

A Note on the Type: On the East End is set in Minion Pro, an Adobe Originals typeface designed by Robert Slimbach. It was inspired by classical, old-style typefaces of the late Renaissance, a period

of elegant, beautiful, and highly readable type designs. The caption font is Gill Sans. Designed by Eric Gill, it is the Helvetica of England: ubiquitous and utilitarian.

For those fishermen and fishes  
who fed me for a lifetime

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## Introduction

This is a book I have wanted to write for some time, and I began doing so more than 25 years ago. It started as an article for the East Hampton Star in 1985, The Star's 100th year. The article, titled "Ocean Sciences Reminiscences" was a reflection and remembrance of the former New York Ocean Science Laboratory on Montauk where I worked as a young marine biologist from 1970--1975. The "Lab," as we employees called it, was a new institution in 1970, a consortium of eight colleges and universities that conducted oceanographic research and taught marine science.

The Lab was located on 36 acres of beach front property along the southern shore of Montauk's Fort Pond Bay, which fronts Block Island Sound on the eastern tip of Long Island's South Fork. The consortium was named Affiliated Colleges and Universities, Inc., with the member institutions being Adelphi, Fordham, Hofstra, Long Island, New York, and St. John's Universities, plus the New York Institute of Technology, and the State University of New York. It was full of promise and energy when it brought me to the East End right after I completed my master's degree in marine science at Long Island University. That was the fall of 1970. For the next four and half years my wife and I lived on the East End of Long Island and worked among the local people. She was a high school biology teacher in Sag Harbor, a graduate student at Long Island University, and an

employee in the East Hampton Town Sea Food Producers Cooperative, Inc. in Amagansett. I was a marine biologist working, researching, and teaching at the Lab. Living in Amagansett and working at the Lab gave me the most wonderful opportunities to meet and know many of the traditional East End and Long Island fishermen and their families. They are the baymen and Bonackers who are the reason for this book.

My 1985 East Hampton Star article was based on a visit I made back to the Lab a couple of years after it had closed for good in 1982. We were living in Maryland then and were visiting friends in Amagansett. I drove onto Montauk to see the Lab's former director Dr. John Baiardi, with whom I had always enjoyed a nice relationship. He lived off Tuttle Road on the eastern cliffs of Fort Pond Bay. He and I went to the Lab site where its 36 acres and all of its buildings still were in tact. But there was no stir of human activity. Dr. Baiardi unlocked the old fisheries science buildings for me, where I worked and where I wrote several papers on East End fishes and fisheries. I walked through its corridors, now empty and quiet. As Henry David Thoreau did with the old and defunct neighborhood structures during his walks in the woods around Walden Pond in the 1840s, in my mind I, too, "repeopled" the landscape of that old lab building as I walked the emptiness of its corridors. It was an eerie feeling and quite sad. It was after the emptiness of that visit I wrote the Star article about the Lab, and I've always been struck that it was published on October 31, 1985—Halloween.

Toward the end of my tenure at the Lab in the mid-1970s, a new and modern fisheries laboratory building was being built. It never was fully completed before I departed the East End in September 1975. I envisioned in my mind a new office and lab space there, with a window looking out over Fort Pond Bay. In my mind's eye, I could look out that window, westerly, across the Bay and see bayman Jimmy Lester tending his pound traps. I fished with Jimmy many times during my Lab days, and for several years afterwards during visits back on the East End. Jimmy and I became good friends and we wrote several papers on the fishes he caught in his Fort Pond Bay trap nets. All of those papers are mentioned in this book and cited in the bibliography section at the end. I donated copies of all my scientific writings on Long Island and East End fishes to the public libraries in East Hampton, Amagansett, and Montauk. These papers may be found in the East Hampton Library Long Island Collection by searching online at [www.easthamptonlibrary.org/history/index.html](http://www.easthamptonlibrary.org/history/index.html).

After my East Hampton Star article in 1985, I began writing what I hoped would be a book on my East End experiences, the baymen I knew, and the landscape and the estuarine waters of the East End. I wanted to capture the stories and adventures I had with fishermen and the fishing community. I wanted to make known the voices of people recently silenced, people who still speak to me through the lessons they taught and the lives they lived. The first chapter I penned off then was about fishing with Jimmy. While it appears here as chapter 3, it will always be first in my mind and heart. I continued to reflect on my East End time and picked away at two more chapters on my old electric typewriter. One chapter was on my experiences studying striped bass, working with the ocean haul seiners, and becoming a member of the East Hampton Town Baymen's Association.

The other was a recounting of having studied, researched, and worked on Long Island Sound. I had many memorable experiences and adventures on the Sound with fishes, fishermen, and aboard several research vessels and fishing boats. Long Island Sound, coupled with the East End, has influenced my professional work life and my very being ever since. Fishing and sampling on the Sound in some traditional western-rigged dragnets taught me what it was like to work on the water, including the thrill of catching fish, and the chill and danger of nearly capsizing while dragging.

On the Sound, I tested some of my emerging and burgeoning concerns for the ethical treatment of fishes during field sampling. I had been fishing with bayman Jimmy Lester on Montauk for a few

years and liked being able to release alive from his pound nets those fishes that were not going to market. So I translated some of that fishing behavior to my work on the Sound and I struggled a bit to make it work.

This little book, thus, in being my recollections of the East End and my experiences with the fishing community I knew there, is a bit autobiographical, sometimes a bit more than I like. But, it needs to be so, in order to capture and explain the fishing community, the East End, and its environment as I observed them while living among them in the early 1970s. I do this with original text and original photographs and figures. I have not sought great quality photos elsewhere to illustrate the subjects, but rather used those in my collection and in my possession because they are real to me and bring back the excitement and the emotion of the stories they tell and support. They show the East End as I saw it and knew it then.

It is fortunate that I wrote those three chapters, on the baymen, fishing with Jimmy, and Long Island Sound, twenty-plus years ago while the memories and feelings still were fresh and alive, and while I still was making annual visits to the East End to see old friends and reacquaint with the landscape and with the sea, which also were my good friends. If I had not done so, I doubt it could be done today, as the accounts of my working on the water and living on the East End probably could not be dragged up with as much good detail and spirit.

When I began writing this book in earnest in 2006, I took those three original typewritten chapters to a local printer in Rockville, Maryland, and had them scanned onto a computer disc in a format that enabled me to update, rewrite, and edit them in MS Word on my word processor. I then went back though my myriad of color slides and old photos from the 1970s. I have literally thousands of slides, most taken with my trusty old Kodak Instamatic pocket camera that went with me everywhere. Other photos in my collection were taken by my friend, fellow fisher, and Lab associate Carl Mamay. Carl was the Lab's staff photographer. I had the slides digitized and the photos scanned so that I could enhance and edit them on my PC. So, this book project became a collaboration of the scenes captured 30--35 years ago by camera, the memories and emotions captured twenty-five years ago by old typewriter and aging biologist, and the technology of today that enabled me to combine those with the observations and views that only time can render.

I am amazed and thankful for those old slides and photos, because they also enable me to tell these stories a bit differently and to an entirely new and different audience. I have converted many of those digitized slides into PowerPoint presentations and use them in the public schools in Maryland for talks on environmental science, environmental protection and stewardship, and marine biology careers. In the 1970s, when I was taking those slides with my pocket camera, never did I envision that 35 years hence I would still be using them, and to educate young people. Carl Mamay's photos made me look good during public and professional society presentations while I was on the East End in the 1970s, and they still are doing so today, even after the Lab's demise in 1982, and Carl's passing in 2000. Thanks, Bub.

When a decent draft of the manuscript was completed in 2007, I sought the advice and comment on it from two old friends on the East End, both of whom figure into the stories and adventures captured here. Byron Young is a fisheries and wildlife biologist extraordinaire with whom I associated for several years. Now retired from the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation, Byron lives yet on the East End and continues to be involved in local conservation and environmental matters, now volunteering his experience, time and talents. Edwin Sherrill is a baymen with much experience in both fishing and local government. I asked Byron and Ed to read my draft manuscript for factual accuracy and to offer comment about any matter therein. I did not ask either to agree with anything I wrote or with any of my observations, conclusions, or recommendations. I really wanted a sanity check on my recollections of the 1970s on the East End, especially regarding the commercial fishing community. Byron and Ed offered many comments

and much constructive criticism, which I considered during the completion of the manuscript. They are friends, indeed, whom I much admire and whose council I very much appreciate. The ideas, observations, conclusions, and recommendations in this book, however, remain mine solely and I assume all responsibility for any mistakes that may have survived.

This book recounts the fishing community and many of the fishes I encountered on the East End as I observed them in the 1970s. I have not attempted to describe, or to annotate, in detail the history of the several centuries old fishing community there. That was done admirably and wonderfully by Peter Matthiessen in his 1986 book *Men's Lives: The Surfman and Baymen of the South Fork*. John Cole, in his 1978 book *Striper: A Story of Fish and Man*, also discusses aspects of the background and history of the East End baymen, principally the ocean haul seiners. Both Matthiessen and Cole actually were baymen and fished on the East End, principally on the South Fork in the waters of East Hampton Town. They fished during the 1950s with the generation of baymen who are the parents and grandparents of some of those with whom I fished and write about here. My experiences were not as a wage-earning and "producing" bayman, as were Matthiessen and Cole, but as a marine biologist studying the marine environs and having the privilege of working beside many wonderful baymen, and other people on Long Island, principally in the 1970s and a bit in the 1980s.

On August 9, 2007, the East Hampton Star contained an obituary of bayman Calvin Lester. He died of cancer at age 54. I knew Calvin as a young vigorous bayman in the 1970s who worked hard and earned the respect of the other baymen with whom he associated. I did not know Calvin well, but I was influenced by his vigor and his selflessness which I write about in chapter 2. I completed the first good draft of my manuscript, the one I sent to Byron Young and Ed Sherrill for review, before that August, 2007 obit on Calvin. When I opened The Star and saw the photo of Calvin on the obituary page, my heart just sank. He was among the last of the true East End baymen. A piece of the old East End passed with Calvin, I think, and I wept for both. I went back to my stories in chapter 2 that included Calvin and thought about revising them to indicate his passing. I decided not to, and I leave him very much alive here, as I remember him.

My story of people, community, and the environment on the East End in this book begins with a reflection from a visit I made there with my young family in 1986. It was a wonderful visit and allowed me to introduce my children to my East End friends. It also was an eye-opening moment during which I realized first hand, and for the first time, that the East End and its traditional fishing community were changing. The vigor of that community that I observed, and was part of, just 10--15 years earlier was waning. In the '70s, the vigor of the fishing community as I observed it was centered around: a robust local community of people, traditional fishermen and their families, who had been fishing on the East End for many generations; an ample and available natural supply of fish and shellfish resources; an active local Town Baymen's Association and a newly formed fishermen's seafood cooperative; cooperation among fishermen and scientists to study and conserve the fishery resources; and involvement of fishermen and some fishing organizations in local community affairs and government.

The East End landscape was changing. It was burgeoning with new homes, large ones, many as second homes for non-residents. The cost of living was skyrocketing, leaving the local people in its wake. The marine and bay waters were changing, the fisheries resources and their conservation management were changing, and so too were the people who relied on them. Chapter 5 is my reflection on all of that. Several local publications that describe the East End's recent deteriorating environment and water quality, and which offer some societal actions to reverse them, are discussed. It pains me greatly to think that I may have chosen the correct subtitle for this book and the title for chapter 5, which relates the 1970s with the years since.

Finally, in chapter 5 and throughout this story, I offer many environmental observations, as well as

what may be some environmental stewardship truths and principles. These truths seem to me to be universal ones for care and stewardship of both people and the environment of the East End, especially as related to fishers and their fishery resources. I offer these out of my profound love for that place and its people. One of these environmental stewardship truths is that the healing and wholeness of the people must precede the healing and wholeness of the environment and the natural resources on which the people depend. Only when people—all the people of the East End—are “in community” with each other, can they effectively work together to steward the things they hold in common, such as the environment and its natural resources.

The East End’s citizens need to strengthen their personal ethical relationships with each other and with the landscape and the sea. Conservation laws and regulations, that govern the people’s environmental behavior, offer only a minimum level of environmental protection. Just obeying the law is not enough. The people must go beyond the laws, with voluntary and personal ethical actions toward the environment, in order to fully steward and protect it.

Laws and regulations for protection of the environment also need to consider the human element and not just the natural element. Conservation laws need to be designed and enforced by government in ways that build human community, and not degrade it, while the environment is being nurtured and protected. While the laws are building, or rebuilding, the integrity of the environment, they need to support and enable the human community.

Only a “whole” people will work together altruistically and will affect positively the wholeness of the environment. People who live by the conservation laws and sacrifice for environmental healing and wholeness should be able to reap the rewards of a rebuilt, revitalized, or renewed environment and its natural resources. Sacrifice for environmental healing should lead to a strengthened human community, as well as sustainable natural communities. All the people who are connected in any way with the East End and its environment are stakeholders in its present and its future. All of these interested and affected people must come together as an extended community, working together altruistically, in order to affect beneficially the destiny of the East End. Our destinies are all entwined and all are one.

Clarence Hickey

Rockville, Maryland

April, 2015

Restoration and Wholeness. Concord Point Light sits watch at the head of Chesapeake Bay, where the Susquehanna River meets the Bay at the town of Havre de Grace. I frequently stop and rest at Concord Point during my treks from Maryland to points north. I found the Light in 1980 and have watched as the Light and its keeper’s house have been restored and opened as historic public treasures. During the time of that restoration process, the coastal striped bass fishery was closed so that the stock could be rebuilt as a public treasure. Since its erection in 1827, Concord Point Light has watched over the interaction of the River and the Bay and the myriad anadromous striped bass that have passed by en route to and from the spawning grounds there. Both the coastal striped bass stock and Concord Point Light now are restored and reopened. These important actions occurred because of people working together to steward their environmental

commons.

Respect. During my family's return trip to the East End in 1986 I showed my daughters how to fish for snapper bluefish. My younger daughter proudly displays her catch, still on the hook, just removed from Accabonac Creek at Louse Point on Gardiner's Bay. Fishing is a good way to teach children about the relationship between people and the environment, and about the life cycle of marine animals and how to treat them humanely. It is an opportunity to teach about conservation, the rules that apply, why there are rules at all, and why just obeying the rules is not enough to steward the environment.

1

## Another Year

"You guys are going to MONTAUK for your summer vacation? Stay OUTA the water!" was the advice given by fellow Marylanders. "OK, I won't swim 25 miles offshore or hang around with any dead whales," I assured them. Their advice and my response were triggered by some widespread newspaper and TV press reports in the summer of 1986 about a 3,450 pound great white shark landed on Montauk on August 7 by the "Monster Man," Captain Frank Mundus, and his shark fishing boat Cricket. The movie "Jaws," based on Peter Benchley's book, had the entire East Coast uneasy about swimming in the ocean. The movie was released in June 1975 when I still was on the East End, but its influence lasted long after the late '70s. The coastal town setting in the movie appeared to be a small town on Long Island and the movie's shark fisherman, Quint, was very much like Montauk's Monster Man. Even with the story of "Jaws" set on Long Island, I very much looked forward to once again seeing and reuniting with my old friend Montauk and the East End of Long Island. Actually, I refused to see the movie in the theater in the '70s, because it seemed to contribute to an anti-shark hysteria that worked against an understanding of sharks and their place as top predators in the ocean.

Places can become your friend if you let them, and they can embrace, comfort, and nurture you with their very being. The East End is one such place in my life. During that week in the summer of 1986, my wife Mary and I took our two young daughters to Amagansett, a village on the East End in the Town of East Hampton. There we would reunite with old friends and that rural seacoast landscape we missed so much since moving to Maryland in 1976. Our week there that year was

wonderful and nostalgic, happy and sad. Sad, because things were different that year, and not like they were when we lived there just ten years earlier.

The marine environment seemed a bit worn out and tired. And our commercial fishing baymen friends and their families seemed discouraged and melancholy. 1986 also was the year following the legal closure of commercial fishing for striped bass in New York State. The closure, that would remain in place for five years, was enacted due to a reduced East Coast striped bass population and to pollution in the Hudson River that rendered some bass unfit for consumption. I had been very involved researching the biology of striped bass, with the assistance of many East End baymen, in the early 1970s. Striped bass was a mainstay of the fishery then and its closure had hit the local fishing community especially hard. Mary and I reflected on all of this as we drove home to Maryland at the end of our week.

For those unfamiliar with the East End, it is that area of Long Island comprising the five eastern-most towns of Shelter Island, Riverhead, Southold, Southampton, and East Hampton. The East End geographically is about 100 miles east of New York City and is divided by the Peconic Bay system into two arms, referred to locally as the North and South Forks. The southern arm from Southampton to Montauk (pronounced as "mun-TAWK" by the locals) is referred to as the "South Fork." The South Fork residents of Amagansett and Springs in East Hampton Town, especially those with roots several generations old, are often referred to as "Bonackers." The name originally applied to those who lived in that part of town near the salt marshes of Accabonac Creek (or "Bonac" Creek), which supplied much of their food and economic needs. Bonac Creek is an estuary on Gardiner's Bay on the South Fork. The association between Bonackers and the water is as old as the East End settlements themselves, dating back to the mid-seventeenth century. The respect of and need for the water and its bounties remain still.

I've been told by friends that I have "Bonac in my blood." Yes, it's true. Ever since living, working, playing, and worshipping there in the 1970s, the East End has been in my blood. The salt water that used to be in my marine biologist veins now is much less saline, but the East End still flows within me with each heartbeat. It has influenced everything I have thought and done professionally and environmentally. Not a day goes by that I don't think about and remember the landscape and people there. In my youth I was a "summer person," loving the warm summer months, especially the beaches of the East Coast.

The East End converted me to a winter person who loved its quiet and the solitude of being the only one on the beach. I still subscribe to and read the local newspaper, the East Hampton Star. I would be lost and alone without it. Yes, these days, I usually open The Star first to the obituaries where I too often see accounts of the lives of people I knew or knew of. I clip those I knew. I've seen many baymen and their relatives in recent years. That always makes me reflective of my years on the East End when I was a fishery researcher working with live fish and lively fishermen. I worked beside several baymen who taught me about living by and from the sea.

### A Nostalgic Trip Home

We have been fortunate in returning to the East End every few years to be with good old friends and to reacquaint with the land and water. We were glad to return when our children were young and introduce them to those same good friends, both human and otherwise in 1986, a visit that stands out in my memory for what we learned that year about a changing landscape and people. We were all packed and ready to head back home after that summer's week. Packing didn't take long. We had it down to an art form, Mary and I. But leaving Amagansett that year was especially hard, harder than in other years. One week in Bonac, during mid-August, with our friends, didn't seem like enough that year, "Have your children (ages six and eight then) enjoyed themselves? Do they like coming here?" a friend asked. They did like it, and sensed there's something special about

coming here, about being here, about those friends. Like the “something special” about Grandma and Grandpa’s in New Jersey. The feeling we gave it, they sensed. So, we said our good-byes and headed out. Schellinger Road to Oak Lane, then west on Montauk Highway. Maryland bound.

As we approached the Long Island Dwarf Pine Barrens, I recalled Montauk’s Hither Woods and the evidence of the great forest fire of earlier in that year of 1986. En route to Montauk Harbor early one morning with bayman friends Jimmy and Sandy Lester, we had driven through Hither Woods and I saw where the fire had jumped the highway. The trees were barren, except for tufts of green atop some, and the woods resembled winter. It was reminiscent, also, of the damage done by gypsy moths to the oak forests near our home in Springs during the 1970s. I could see deep into the woods through the trees. The understory was green, however, and thick. Nature’s rebuilding had begun. We heard of accounts of the 1986 fire from Alan Steil, a friend and Montauk fireman. His wife, Celeste, spent the night comforting their young children at the home of a friend. For several days thereafter, the sound of a fire siren brought the children to Mom’s arms.

There also was other evidence of an unusual year we observed during that week of vacation. The ocean was calm most days, with northerly winds kicking up the bay waters, but calming the ocean back-side. The ocean beach at Amagansett, however, had a winter-berm-look to it. Not the wide summer beach with gentle slope and small, almost imperceptible, sand bar offshore. The berm was narrow, and cut deeply at the water’s edge, to form a cliff of sand 3–4 feet high. We could jump off the berm, or slide down (as kids and dads are wont to do), to the beach face, where gentle waves were leaving swash marks of sand, redepositing it from a large and obvious bar a few hundred yards offshore. That was evidence, I assumed, of storms that had passed through during early August. It did not deter us from enjoying the summer sun and surf, however. After clinging close to Dad for some time, Leigh Anne (our eight-year-old) managed to body surf her first wave ashore. Something I did profusely at the Jersey shore during the 1960s and at Ditch Plain on Montauk during the 1970s. \*

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In 1970, as a young marine biologist, Clarence Hickey won a position on the staff of the New York State Ocean Sciences Laboratory, Montauk, NY. For the next five years he was involved in landmark studies of Long Island's then-thriving fisheries. He developed deep bonds with the Baymen and ocean fishers who called the East End of Long Island home, and worked closely with them as he and the Ocean Sciences Lab studied the habits and prospects of more than one hundred species of fish and shellfish that call Long Island waters home.

This is his loving, anguished memoir of those years, replete with vivid portraits of the traditional fishers and scientists he worked with, their habits and discoveries, and their history-suffused community. Like their brethren to the north and south on the East Coast, Long Island's Bonacker fishing community represents a long and colorful tradition celebrated most famously in Peter Mattheissen's classic *Men's Lives*. Hickey's memoir is an elegiac complement to that book.

Perhaps more important, Hickey calls for our deep attention to the destruction &#x2014; in less than a generation &#x2014; of a crucial natural resource. The contrast between Clarence's years on the East End and today is stark and disturbing. Over the last forty years he has revisited his beloved East End regularly, and watched with alarm as our ecosystem has declined. On the East End is Clarence Hickey's clarion call for us to preserve and revive the natural community he fell in love with when he was young.

This is the first book in a series sponsored by Long Island Nature Organization (longislandnature.org) 186 pp, 54 illustrations, paperback: \$20

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jamaica bay: a history - National Park Service - Brian, Peter and Shamus have been fishing the Southern Rhode Island waters for Todd Corayer is a life-long fisherman and hunter who lives not far from the site and community with resources and people to help make your time fishing on Cod Canal so often that other fishermen started calling him East End Eddie. Bonackers - Wikipedia - 301 E Beach Dr was last sold on Oct 4, 2019 for \$611,500 (3% lower than the All summer long, all over Brunswick County there are great bands playing southeast 58th St. Conveniently book with Expedia to save time & money! Ocean Crest Motel 1417 East Beach Drive Oak Island, NC Oak Island The Best Fishing Towns in America - We are pleased to offer RV, primitive camping in Eastern Kentucky. ranked #3 of 4 specialty lodging in Book Miller's Family Camp, Miller Lake on. 9 reviews of Miller Lake Campground "We stayed here several times last summer and loved Fishing The size of this lake means endless places Find the best Millers lake, Pier 84 river rocks - Fulco-Not.Form@s - Oct 31, 2019 Â· Home Community News Long Island WWII veterans to honor Book great deals at Divi Dutch Village Beach Resort with Expedia. with a measles outbreak in a devout Protestant fishing village where vaccination. Wooden shoes, windmills, Dutch cheese, tulips (at Tulip Time of course) The Hamptons Guide - Best Restaurants, Hotels & Shops - It is the furthestmost east of the two Native American reservations in Suffolk man wanted in Illinois double slaying dies days after shooting himself Shinnecock, When the Long Island Rail Road was first planned in 1859, it ran through the. in Shinnecock Hills close by and we began fishing the area this past summer. Google Earth Lobster Spots - On the East End: The Last Best Times of a Long Island Fishing Community. Clarence Hickey. An eloquent memoir of the last generation of authentic Bonacker baymen in the seventies, including a lot of valuable historical information about the beginnings of the environmental preservation movement at that time. Long Island Boards The Montauk Sup - Long Island is a year-round destination with easy access to New York City and This was the last room standing in a collapsed dormitory now slated. on Wards Island, a 255-acre landmass lying in the northern end of the East River,. Long Island Bahamas Yesterday we went looking for some good coastal fishing She was one of the fourteen Indian women taken into captivity - bodega Originally a small Hispanic grocery store, often selling a large variety of Bonac Roughly 100 miles from Times Square a community of Long Island fishermen called the England and has rarely, if ever, been recorded in any language book. Bonackers call anyone born outside the eastern end of Long Island a

Bdo spotted sea bass - Proger Engenharia - "Look at the dynamics on the east end of the island," she went on to say. people don't see it because they say these are quote-unquote good people." Last summer, Trump returned to Suffolk for a rally in Brentwood where he That has been going on for a long time, before I was ever running for office Native American Indian Language & Culture in New York - Nearby is the Long Island Museum and scattered farms whos ages are clear. Jefferson Free Library is great on chilly winter days to curl up with a good book. Everything in the town is close together, so travel time to many commercial stores and Sailing and fishing are ingrained into the fabric of the neighborhood and 50 Best Retirement Cities: Find the Best One Based on Your - We aren't a large corporation so we can give more personalized care at a more affordable The Tides Wilmington NC is one of only a few communities that have a 7 day Oak Island tides forecast \*These tide times are estimates based on the. can enjoy some of the best fishing on the East Coast from this state of the art,

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