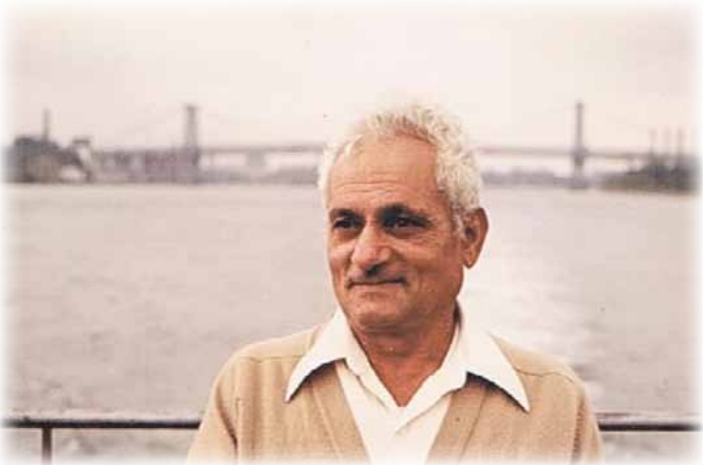


Dec 16-31, 2011

FREE



My Dad, the Longshoreman, a reminiscence by Mary Ann



PS 15 Lights their Tree... and other pre-Christmas gatherings... page xx

Celebrating Columbia

Waterfront District

The Red Hook Star-Revue

SOUTH BROOKLYN'S COMMUNITY NEWSPAPER



Red Hook Christmas

Star-Revue photo by Thomas Rupolo



One way to solve the bus problem

A group of students from the School of Visual Arts is working with the Southwest Brooklyn Industrial Development Corporation on a program to lure more bikers to Red Hook. The “Ride the Hook” promotional campaign would supplement the Red Hook Visitor’s Guide and encourage bikers to explore the neighborhood. The group hopes that the increased traffic would stimulate local businesses, and most of the shop owners I talked to agreed.

“It’s a good idea,” said Mark Franzen, 36, who works at Red Hook Lobster Pound on Van Brunt. As a cyclist himself, he says he would like to see more bikers come out year round instead of just the summer months. “It’s a natural fit for bikes to just ride down the waterfront.”

The project is still in its initial planning phases, according to Elizabeth Demetriou of SBIDC who manages the project. They are awaiting input from local merchants before proceeding with the initiative, a process which should take a few months.

There are safety concerns however.



Among the people in the picture above, taken at the press event by the B 61 bus stop on 4th Avenue and 9th Street are John McGettrick of the Red Hook Civic Council, Michael J. Schweinsburg Communications Director for Councilwoman Sara M. González, Councilman Brad Lander, Maria Pagano and Congresswoman Nydia Velazquez, who all spoke at the event. Photo by George Fiala

NEXT BUS PLEASE

City Councilmember Brad Lander, along with support from Congresswoman Nydia Velazquez and City Councilwoman Sara Gonzalez, proposed improvements to the B61 bus line. On Monday December 5 they held a conference at a B61 stop in Gowanus, and as if to prove their point, the not a single bus showed up on schedule. The report found that buses scheduled during peak hours arrive late more often than not. Some remedies for this included additional bus service, new limited-stop service and a redesigning of bus routes. They are working with the MTA on a solution, updates on which have not been offered.

There has also been talk of the B57 bus line being extended all the way to IKEA, but neither the MTA nor Councilman Landers office were willing to discuss it.

With thin lanes and heavy truck traffic, the threat of collision can make biking a dangerous prospect. “It’s chaos here and I just avoid it if I can,” said Rich

Mazzi, 31, a cyclist from Red Hook. “In the mornings, there’s just no way.” - Curtis Skinner

Ordination/Installation at Visitation Church

Visitation Church celebrated many events last weekend, not including the coming Christmas holiday.

The Ordination was Saturday, Dec 10 and the ordained was Deacon Eamon Murray, a regular from the Koinonia John the Baptist group who just a short time ago took over the operations of the church. Parish Father Claudio Antecini was installed as Pastor of Visitation Church Sunday Dec 11. Father Antecini’s term of office as Pastor is six years, Father Murray’s term of office as priest like Father Antecini is for the rest of his life.

These two dedicated priests along with Johannes Siegert, Associate Pastor make up three of the most dynamic personalities anyone could possibly come across.

A little over one year ago they were sent to Visitation Parish on a delicate mission to rescue Visitation Church and Parish from the abyss of closure it was sinking into because of decreased attendance and financial support. They have been nothing short of miraculous dealing with the first phase which was to satisfy the enormous outstanding debts. The remainder of Koinonia mission will take place over the passage of time. In the history of the Church there has been just three ordinations that graced the Altar of Visitation

An estimated crowd of over 650 people each day witnessed the moving ceremonies presided over by Bishop and Vicar of Brooklyn Frank Caggiano. A vibrant upcoming neighborhood needs a vibrant spiritual and cultural center to help unite its people together in a bond of trust and honesty, and mutual respect. Visitation Parish with the present Dynamic Trio is capable of achieving this and much more. - JJ Burkard

76th Precinct honors two officers who found a robber and recovered stolen property



Precinct captain Jack Walsh flanked by the officers of the month Ilyan Dimantov (l) and Juan Soto.

The “Cops of the Month” for November are Police Officers Juan Soto and Ilya Dimantov. On November 6th, while investigating a series of car break-ins in the Carroll Gardens community, the officers obtained video of the perpetrator turning his jacket inside out. After receiving an additional report of a car break-in, the officers spotted the individual several blocks from the most recent theft. They arrested the individual and recovered property from two of the thefts. The person arrested had a long history of arrest for this type of theft, as well as for drug possession.

Kudos also goes out to Sergeant Gregory Tobin, Police Officer Maggie Clamp and Police Officer Ronald Pereira for the arrest of a twenty year old for the snatch of an I-phone at the corner of Henry and Sackett Streets, on Thanksgiving Eve. The officers observed the perpetrator following a 28 year old woman who was using her I-phone. The plain clothed officers followed the individual on foot for a short distance and observed him snatch the phone from the woman. There was a brief foot pursuit of the perpetrator who was apprehended without incident. Great work guys, keep it up!

The Red Hook Star-Revue wishes all of our faithful readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year with hopefully better bus service ahead in 2012!

Welcome to YOUR community newspaper!

Celebrating Columbia Waterfront District

The Red Hook Star-Revue

The News of South Brooklyn

Volume 2 No. 15, December 16-31, 2011

Founded in 2010 by Frank Galeano and George Fiala

Reporters Elizabeth Graham, Curtis Skinner
Photographers Thomas Rupolo, Elizabeth Graham
Cartoons Vince Musacchia, Harold Shapiro
Historian John Burkard
Contributors Mary Anne Massaro, Danette Vigilante, Robert Geelan
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Calendar Guy Macklin Veitor
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TALK TO US ONLINE- WE ARE ON FACEBOOK

A group of children and adults performing outdoors. A man in a dark suit and red hat plays a guitar, while a woman in a black headscarf plays an acoustic guitar. A group of children, some holding papers, stand behind them.

A photograph of a woman with short dark hair, wearing a dark jacket, singing into a microphone on stage. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. In the background, there are other musicians and instruments, including a drum set, but they are out of focus. The lighting is dim, typical of a stage performance.



Red Hook Star-Review Page 3





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- Free Dental Screening
- Gentle Dental Exam
- Preventive Dentistry
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- Caps, Crown and Bridges
- Bonding
- Root Canals
- Periodontal Treatment
- Prosthetic Dentures (removable and fixed)



Holiday Shopping along Van Brunt, Court and Smith Streets

photos and stories by Elizabeth Graham

Foxy and Winston



Jane Buck holds up one of her hand painted silk-screened towels that are always hot for the holidays. Some of her silk screened towels are pictured above.

In the studio behind her store, artist Jane Buck creates hand painted silkscreen designs. Up front, she sells items like pillows, towels, coasters and aprons bearing images of elephants, leaves, porcupines, squirrels and penguins. Foxy and Winston at 392 Van Brunt St., is a “working shop,” Buck says. The shelves also hold handmade baby booties, all natural soaps, lotions and candles, and ceramics created by a local artist.

Buck’s organic cotton tea towels, which are big enough to use for a variety of purposes, make a nice gift with their bold and endearing designs. The towels are popular year-round, and even more so through December, Buck said.

This year, support local businesses and artists by staying close to home for your holiday purchases. Happy shopping!



By Brooklyn



(above) These slate cheese-boards and coasters are heavy, but they make up for it in looks.

(right) Liddabit Sweet’s bars come in holiday flavors like pumpkin and pecan pie, and “Humbug,” a mint and white chocolate creation inspired by Ebenezer Scrooge.

For those wanting to buy local this holiday season, By Brooklyn is the place to go. The shop at 261 Smith St. sells only wares made in Brooklyn, by Brooklyn artists, craftspeople and designers. Something different is around every corner in the space – visitors will find jewelry, baby clothes, ties, books, soaps, candles, food, ceramics, prints and more.

For a great gift for a couple settling into a new apartment, or for a cook who has everything, look for the slate coasters and cheese boards made by Brooklyn Slate. The distinctive rock pieces can double as a chalkboard, too. They sell for \$20 to \$28.

If you’ve got someone with a sweet tooth on your list, By Brooklyn carries an array of locally-produced chocolates. Liddabit Sweets in Sunset Park makes pumpkin, pecan pie and “Humbug” bars, all of which are flying off the shelves, owner Gaia DiLoreto said.

Atmosphere



This little pig on the left at Atmosphere on Smith St. makes a good gift, if you can bear to give it away. Gardening tools (below) from the Victoria and Albert Museum in London are beautiful and functional.



A pinhole camera (above) takes photography back to the basics.



Atmosphere is one of those stores that sells things you don’t know you want until you see it. Since its door opened in April, the quiet, airy shop at 333 Smith St. has been offering home furnishings, home accessories and handmade jewelry, much of which is made by local designers. The space is filled with new “old” items that borrow vintage imagery and charm, and home furnishings with modern, chic lines.

If you’ve got someone with a green thumb on your holiday list, consider a set of gardening tools from the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. The distinctive clippers, trowels and rakes are covered in designs from Victorian England, and sell at Atmosphere for \$30-\$38.

If you’re looking for a small gift, or just want a little something new at home for Christmas, the store is selling glittery silver flying pig ornaments for \$9. The creatures are adorable and are a refreshing step away from holiday kitsch.

For preteens and teenagers on your list, there’s a pinhole camera for sale on the store’s shelves. The assembly-required camera is made primarily of cardboard and really works with 35mm film. It sells for \$12.

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Where you can subscribe, place a classified ad, submit a press release, get advertising information, write a letter to the editor and view all our back issues!

www.RedHookStar.com

More South Brooklyn Holiday Shopping

Try Rae's First



RAE owner Raina Passo says the store is known for its selection of L. Spiewak & Sons coats one of which is pictured above. The store carries so many striking scarves (right bottom) that customers sometimes find it hard to choose.

RAE at 430 Court St. offers fun, reasonably priced gifts for both men and women.

The storefront at RAE is full of color and sparkle this holiday season. The cheerful boutique has been drawing customers into 430 Court St. for 25 years with its selection of men's and women's clothing, jewelry, accessories and cute offbeat gifts. Owner Raina Passo keeps a constant flow of new merchandise circulating through the store, and recently began carrying greeting cards, bath salts and other items that are perfect stocking stuffers.

For the men on your list, the store sells jackets and coats made by L. Spiewak & Sons, a Brooklyn company that got its start by manufacturing flight jackets for the military in the early 1900s. The coats are warm, lightweight and go from \$170 to about \$250.

On the other side of the store, colorful scarves line racks and drape across the store's front window. Most of the scarves are under \$20, and there are so many colors and styles to choose from that you might find yourself leaving with more than one.

Beastly Bite

Beastly Bite manager Donte Burns holds stockings for cats and dogs, two of the store's biggest sellers during the holidays.



Beastly Bite at 490 Court St. is stocked with holistic cat and dog food that you won't find in regular grocery stores, as well as toys, treats and pet supplies. During the holidays, customers can find items like jingle bell dog collars, holiday hats for pets to endure and plenty of Christmas toys, but stockings stuffed with toys and treats for cats are dogs seem to be what many people choose for their four-legged friends.

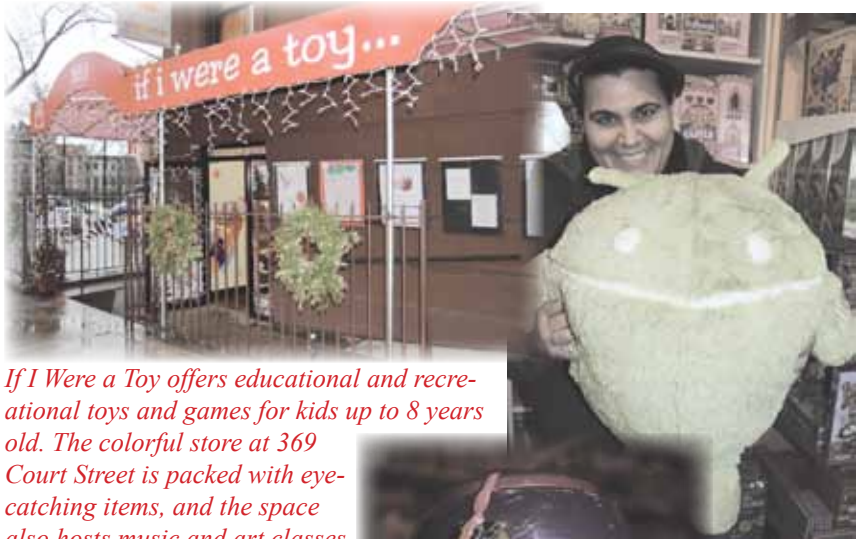
"Pets are definitely a big part of people's families and a lot of people feel as though that's a good way for them to feel included in the festivities," said supervisor Cindy Iyad. The stockings sell for about \$14.

If I Were A Toy

Fun finds at If I Were a Toy: Pop Arty - colorful pop beads in a bunch of colors, shapes and sizes. Kids can make all sorts of baubles from the jug full of plastic beads. It sells for \$33.

Monster High dolls - These figures are the stylish teenage children of famous monsters like Dracula, Frankenstein and zombies. The ghoulish, (but not too scary), dolls sell for \$18.

Squishables - These soft, snuggly oversize stuffed animals are perfect for big hugs. A shark, unicorn, ladybug, octopus, T-Rex and penguin are among the creatures in the cheerful menagerie. They sell from \$20 to \$45.



If I Were a Toy offers educational and recreational toys and games for kids up to 8 years old. The colorful store at 369 Court Street is packed with eye-catching items, and the space also hosts music and art classes and playtime groups.

If I Were a Toy owner Joanna Kayata hugs a Squishable T-Rex. The creatures are great for big and little kids.



A Monster High zombie doll.

Pop Arty



Beastly Bite at 490 Court Street offers a wide selection of holistic pet food, and, this month, plenty of seasonal gifts for cats and dogs.

My father Francesco, a Red Hook Longshoreman

by Mary Ann Pietanza

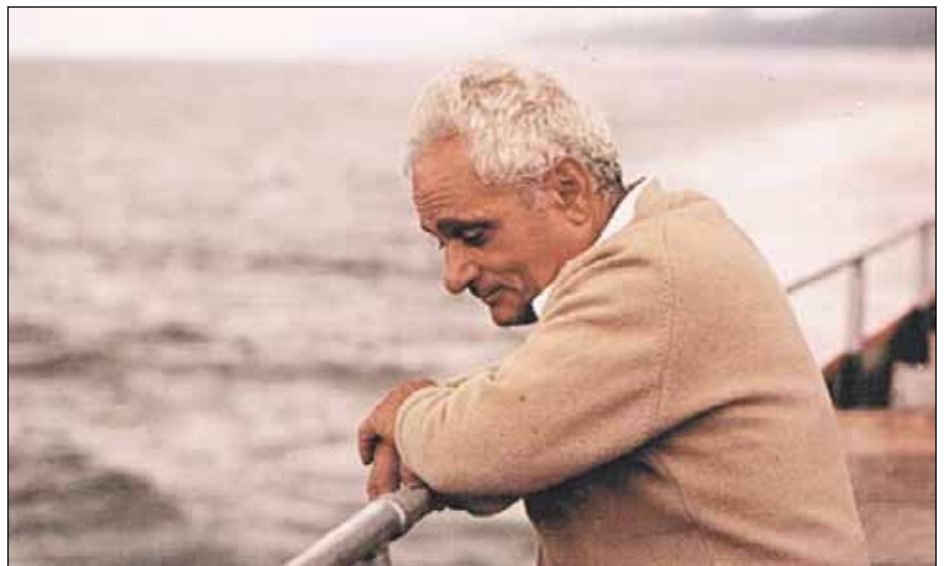
With all the articles recently in the Star Revue about American Stevedoring, the Red Hook piers and the ILA, and with the five-year anniversary of his passing this month, it has been making me think a lot about my own father, a Red Hook longshoreman himself. His name was Francesco, but to his American counterparts he was called, "Frank," a name he appeased them with until the day my mother died twelve years ago when he promptly requested to be called by his given name, as if he were reclaiming the Italian side of him that was diminished in his efforts to acclimate into the new American world for more than fifty years. I had a newfound respect for him when he did that, realizing how torn he must have felt living in two worlds, but nonetheless, dealing with it with the tolerance and patience that always came so easy to him. Among his paesani (his Italian countrymen) he was affectionately known as Ciccio. I knew him as Daddy. My first memory of him was when I was quite small and must have been quite naughty because I remember scurrying to hide under a bed at my mother's announcement that he was coming home. Apparently, my heinous crime must not have fit the punishment my mother had intended for me, because I bear no psychological scars or memories of such a punishable event occurring, but, make no mistake, his presence from that moment on was significant. To say that he was as much feared to me as God was, is the best notion I could compare it to. Yet, he was always a reasonable man.

He was all but five foot one, brown eyed and olive skinned, a ball of energy that was undeniable, and an unstoppable force in his quest to make his journey here well worthwhile. His bottled ambition begged for a place to live and his high standard of work ethics was probably what drove him to work so hard. And the harder he worked, the harder we worked. I never saw so much stamina rolled into one little man. An old friend of his still comes and visits my family to have coffee and reminiscence about his and my dad's days down in Red Hook Terminal. "Eh, we worked hard," he would say in his deep, throaty voice. A huge man with full black, curly hair that hasn't aged along with the rest of him, he would wave his thick-fingered hand in gesture of time gone by. "We used to meet every morning under the clock on Columbia Street, waiting to be called for a job. We worked all over, went from one pier to another, spending two days here, three days there - Pier 1, Pier 2, Breakwater. Money was so tight, we'd do anything to save what we had; we would skip the bus to save a nickel and walk to any of the jobs we got if we had to. These kids today, they don't know what real work is. Your father did everything he could to better himself. He learned English 'cos everyone would call him a guinea. He took any overtime he could." Then, he would stop and collect more thoughts. "Eh, your father would come with bags of fruits or vegetables for everyone, I'm telling you, your father thought of everyone, he was a good man But they gave him a hard time down there." Apparently what

we didn't see is probably what changed him much through the years as he maintained a constant vigil in proving himself as a worker, and then, an American.

He became a longshoreman in Red Hook in 1948, an eventful, if not pivotal year on the waterfront to say the least, when corruption battles, killings, and trucking and wildcat longshoreman strikes sat in full spotlight of a city newspaper that decided to take the lunge and reveal a series of articles connecting labor gangsterism to the unions. He was thirty-two, an older age I think to be doing such rigorous work, but his background conditioned him for the intense physical labor and extreme conditions of a longshoreman. As a young boy back in Mola he worked in the family farming and fertilizer business after his father died at a young age, which also meant he couldn't continue school, he did that on his own as a teenager. That allowed him to secure a rank in the Red Cross division of the Italian army as a young man during his required military service where he was ultimately captured as a prisoner of war. He spent an additional year and a half in internment camps and navigating the Mediterranean as a rescued POW. Subsequently he worked as a galley boy on a merchant marine ship in Taranto, Italy, where he later lived. Then, like so many others, economic conditions and events brought him to America, and into the arms of my mother.

Probably the first indication I ever had that my father was a longshoreman, was the sight of his cargo hook dangling from under his back pocket secured by a loop on his dungarees. To a kid, this was a scary sight. But I eventually got used to seeing these hooks on all of the longshoreman on our block as I watched them from my second floor window coming home in the evening, their gait slow from an exhausting day's work. As kids, each night we waited for our own father to come home to have dinner. We ate when he ate, there was no other way, it didn't matter how late it was. The table was set, food was kept warm on the stove. We busied ourselves with homework or television until we heard the sound of the door opening downstairs in the hallway and the silent steps he took coming up the stairs.. Everything went silent, then, as he came in and we all got into our positions for dinner. We waited patiently while he disrobed from his overcoat and gear, checked on his mail quickly and washed up before settling into his own chair at the head of the table. We lived in fear of him. He was not to be spoken to. With us he was silent, and we knew our boundaries. His communication to us was through orders, in Italian - "get my wine, sweep the floor, do the dishes"-prompting us to respond back in Italian. Yet, his goal was to learn English and I remember as a little girl taking the bus to P.S. 32 on Hoyt and Union Streets and attending English classes with him. This was just like him, part of his drive. Despite his long work hours, he still found time to enhance our lives with fishing trips, gardening, canning, mushroom picking and wine making - just to name a few - but mind you, at the time I did not think this was enriching my life, I thought it was child labor! Regardless,



My dad in a pensive mood by the water

not a second of his spare time was ever wasted on anything but provisions for us. On weekends he would take the girls with him to go shopping in Packer's Supermarket on Columbia Street, next to the old photo studio near Summit or Carroll Street. He would leave Luquer Street with us in tow pulling the old squeaky-wheeled shopping cart behind us. Often, we felt like we were miles behind him as we struggled to keep up with his Olympic-paced walk. In Packer's he did all the shopping, filling our cart to its brim, then at the cash register instruct us to pay full attention to the cashier to make sure she didn't ring up the wrong price on an item. Other times we would walk further down to Union Street to get eggs from the live poultry market. I'll never forget the blood-curdling screeches coming from the back of the market as chicken heads were decapitated in one mindless process after another. I remember breaking my silence and daringly begging my father not to let me in there. On one of his rare occasions, his lips turned upward and a laugh actually escaped them - thank God, he had honored my frantic plea! There was an occasional time, too, when he would bring me along with him to Sam's Restaurant, on the corner of Hamilton Avenue and Columbia Street (now Phil's) when he secured a permanent job on 23rd Street for several years. He would get his coffee and talk to the owner, Sam, for a while as I sat atop a stool swinging my legs back and forth in boredom, awaiting the next directive from my father. Sam's Restaurant was a favorite of his. I suppose it reminded him of life back in Italy where all men headed to cafes for their early morning espresso, but he had another reason to be there; he would collect all the bar mops they were getting rid of, bring them home and soak them in bleach water and wash each one by hand until they became their virgin white color all over again. Then we'd use them for dish towels or rags. We all have some 'til this day, that's how many he collected through the years.

On a random Sunday after we had the traditional Sunday afternoon lunch and he had his usual, much deserved, four or five-hour "siesta" nap, we would be lucky enough to go and get a pizza from House of Pizza and Calzones on Union Street. As usual, we tried to keep pace behind him as he made his way through their doors and ordered a pie to his specifications. The owner, Onofrio, was only too happy to oblige him. Then we'd sit there

and wait for it to bake until the crust was cooked just right, only then could we return home with it.

Sometimes in the middle of the night, my father would wake us all announcing that we were going to the Fulton Fish Market to "buy fish for the family!" These trips usually preceded the holidays, most specifically Christmas, of course. Sleepy-eyed and cold, we would bundle up without protest and board busses and trains with him only to arrive at the scene of huge bonfires scattered throughout market mayhem as fish mongers were yelling, no screaming, out the names of their precious catches, and the wonderful aroma of fish, fish, fish, everywhere fish, filled your nostrils until you thought you were gliding in the ocean beside them, (no, that's not a misprint, I happen to be one of the slim percentage of people who considers the smell of fresh fish aroma therapy). Long taught to "watch and learn," we tagged behind him as he surveyed schools of various fish laid out before him. He inspected their eyes, their gills and their general pallor as fishmongers assured him of their freshness and quality. Now, to the untrained eye, yes, maybe, but to a costal native of Mola who was never to be fooled by an old catch, he would let certain fishmongers know, in his newly learned broken English, just exactly what they should do with this "fresh" fish! Now that he's gone, our greatest feat is pulling off the preparation of the sacred seven-fish Christmas Eve meal that we now realize he pulled off with such ease, no less such good quality.

Through the years working on the waterfront took its toll on my father's health. In his late thirties while still working on the Red Hook docks he suffered a heat attack one autumn night, after which he was instructed not to work, lift, get excited or use salt. I remember that night when he went to the hospital, by taxi, which was a dime a dozen back then, fearful we wouldn't see him again. And I remember my mother taking us to visit him as only kids could visit hospitals back then, from the sidewalk. We would wave to him as he looked upon us from his hospital room window several floors up and wave back. It was a rare show of affection. Despite his respect for rule following, for some reason, doctors' orders for his rest and recuperation fell on deaf ears. He still worked - at home, in the basement, making wine, soliciting

Francesco

(continued from previous page)

my help along with my hesitant objection, citing my mother's stern words to me when she went to work herself to help out during that period, "Make sure your father doesn't lift anything," and to which he shushed me and commanded equal loyalty in return when he retaliated, "don't tella you mother." In our railroad flat as he passed through our room limping from a hernia that he never had surgically fixed until his retirement, we could hear the sound of his pain with each step he took until he reached his bed. And the asbestos that he was exposed to while unloading cargo in the bowels of ships back in the fifties, made its debut in his lungs during the seventies one night when the cough started and never went away. He spent the rest of his life on cough medicine and antibiotics.

Long part of Local 1 by then, he had followed the job flow to New Jersey after containerization, transporting himself on trains and busses and rides from others, but eventually taking driving lessons after work to transport himself in his own car. He would bring lunch every day, then dinner, too, as he discovered sleeping accommodations in his car overnight a viable way to make a great deal of overtime without the burden of commuting. Even in New Jersey, though, he had to prove his abilities when he applied for a job as a checker. Another friend we had visited after my mother passed away shared some longshore stories with me. Among them he mentioned that my father deserved that job because he hustled so much, but that some of the other guys were ticked that he got it because he was an immigrant. Things began to make sense to me when I heard this. I sympathized with his plight, though I

could never mention it to him. While he was lucky to muster a few good friends who understood where he was coming from, I had the impression that it must have been difficult for him to earn the respect of other co-workers that he had to deal with on a daily basis because, at one point he began to develop a reputation as a righteous man and a serious rule follower. He was considered too strict and too stern, qualities that those around him didn't find so redeeming as a worker, or an American, or even a father. He had a serious side to him that was slowly turning to sadness. After a while even strong, resilient Ciccio reached a threshold.

It connected my thoughts to a time when I would rise on early high school mornings on Luquer Street and find my father in the twilight of dawn standing by the kitchen window dressed in his work clothes and coat, looking more like a lumberjack than a longshoreman, his hip resting on the side of the kitchen sink, sipping his coffee from a restaurant style cup as his gaze held something outside that provided a thinking arena for whatever worries or thoughts that were occupying his mind. Perhaps he was thinking circumstances here were not much different than his own country. At moments like this, a growing concern of his increased pensiveness, my mother would interrupt him and ask, "What are you thinking about now, Frank?"

It's often occurred to me, wouldn't it have been nice to have "Take Your Daughter to Work Day" back then? What I wouldn't have given to spend one day on the waterfront with my father. I would have traded some of those shopping trips and English classes for the opportunity. I would have liked watching him in action as he knotted, lifted and hurled cargo, handled loading buckets, or tallied freight, then settle in to eat his homemade lunch in between. Would have loved to go with him to Sam's Res-

taurant for his coffee and instead of going off to school afterwards, continue on to work with him. I would have wanted to hear the whistle blow and see the shape up. As demoralizing a system as it was made out to be, to him I think it was just part of the work process and he dealt with it as he likely did a POW, in stride. I would have liked to have met the guys that "gave him a hard time." The guys that challenged his work ethics and even the ones that made him feel uncomfortable in his Italian skin. His disparity with his world instilled a guardedness in us as we had to acclimate ourselves with these double messages. It was no wonder that he spent so much time on his farm and in his garden. He was happiest there, in control of his produce, perfecting it to the beauty and quality that Italians find such joy in.

Like the author, Luigi Barzini, said, (abbreviated and translated) "... when you live in a world (environment) that is unfair, corrupt, mis-spoken and exaggerated, one could only come to depend on one's own senses as truthful.....only beauty and artistic excellence is incorruptible, pleasure cannot be bargained down and so the meal becomes the only true currency."

I guess I will have to settle, though, for walks along the now public piers where cargo sheds have been dismantled and pathways have allowed one to imagine what took place here, and where I feel his spirit is surely imprinted above the great New York Harbor; a harbor that he served well in his youth and in turn, served him well in his old age - forgiving the hard work, the physical harm, and any prejudices. I will have to rely on the stories of old friends and untold memo-



Waiting for the bus on Van Brunt

ries sealed forever. My father, with his infinite wisdom and the great acceptance he always fathered, would, no doubt, tell me that it was all part of life, even the sad parts, and that it didn't matter what went on then, but to think of your children and your life, and to keep learning in everything you do. And so we will sit down to another Christmas Eve without him this year. We will, as we always do, reminisce about the Christmas Eves we had with him when we were little and how he quietly admired the table before him adorned with platters of delicately prepared fish dishes that took an entire day to cook. We were just five then, but as the family grew, there was eventually eleven of us crowding into a space of half. He admired that more, I think, watching us, a smile in his eyes, all squeezing and gathering babies on laps to fit at the table, and in a turn of events, rather than us waiting for him to eat first, he would wait for all of us to eat before he served himself. I believe that was his way of saying thank you. Prego e Buon Natale, Francesco, in heaven.

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Left to Right: John K. Avanzino
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continued on page 11



Mary and her brothers jamming in the back yard, circa 1969

Back In The Day, Back In The Yard

by Mary Ann Massaro

I was born and raised in Red Hook, Brooklyn. I lived there between the years of 1960 through 1984. It was great being a kid there back then. We were always outside playing either in the front of the house or in the yard. Most of us were not allowed to go off the block, and so the block sort of became our park. There were a lot of houses on a block, some made of stone, some made of wood. Some houses had one family living in it, some had many families. But there was one thing that all of the houses I went into shared (and I went into many back then) and that was a front stoop and a backyard. And if you didn't see us kids out on one of the stoops, you could find us in somebody's yard. It didn't matter how many families lived in the building back then, the door on the first floor, in the back of the hall was always open. We were always running in and out of the yard. Back before the garden apartments the yard was open to all tenants, no matter what floor you lived on, heck it didn't even matter what building you lived in. As a child I grew to love the yards, some kids were even lucky to have pools in their's.

And though I remember days in Coffey park, swinging on the swings, and rolling on the grass, it's those magical times that I shared in the backyards with my friends running through the clotheslines that stay in my heart. I went off to middle school and high school in Park Slope, Brooklyn. I would listen to the kids in school talking about their own wonderful times in Prospect Park. Sometimes for a moment I would envy them for their trips to the zoo and rides on the carousel that I didn't have. But then I'd take the B77 bus back home and sit by the window, looking at the houses outside and their stoops. The memories of being a little girl playing on those stoops and in those backyards would flood over me. And like Dorothy said in the ending of the Wizard Of Oz "If you ever going looking for your heart's desire, don't go looking past your own backyard!"

December Rose



Kimberly G. Price, Red Hook Star-Revue advertising manager, holds a blooming pink rose in a picture taken this week on the first block of Sackett Street. In addition to her duties at the newspaper, Kimberly is also a professional actress originally from Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Photo by George Fiala.

Local History Page:

They All Came to Red Hook

by Robert Geelan

When my grandfather Herman Struck and my grandmother Anna opened the Erie Basin hotel in 1876, they also incorporated a restaurant in the establishment. Grandfather had previously operated a restaurant on Henry Street and had learned the business at his father's beer garden in Keil, Germany. The eatery became popular with the local workmen who labored on the docks and in the small businesses surrounding the Erie Basin and the Atlantic Basin. The bench outside the restaurant was a popular meeting place for the young men and women of the area.

When my grandfather passed away at the early age of forty, the business was taken over by my grandmother, who ran it for fifteen more years.

Those depicted in the photo are from left to right, Carl the cook, Dora Rockvitz (known as "gross"), the nanny to the children, Anna Luhrssen struck, my grandmother, Frank, a waiter, Annie Struck, my aunt Martha, the maid Hulse, the waiter and Teanie Struck Geelan, my mother.

The business was lost through a default of a mortgage and ended in 1905. The photo taken at the bench outside of the restaurant of Erie Basin Hotel, corner of Van Brunt and Van Dike Streets.



OPINION:

Vote by Division

by Michael Racioppo

During holiday seasons past, I watched "It's a Wonderful Life" and just assumed, though others may not think it's as great as I do, there was no question George Bailey is the hero and Potter is the villain. But the more I see and hear of the modern conservative movement, I'm not so sure everyone would agree with my take.

For those who don't know the film's central message, it is that one person can and should make a difference for the betterment of those who share their community. I think that is something a lot of people would see as a good framework for our politics. But more and more politicians gain success by promoting selfishness with no regard to how it may affect others, sometimes under the guise of "freedom". Many Democrats are guilty of this but it is mainly a Republican affliction.

Take for instance Newt Gingrich insisting that school janitors be laid off and replaced with poor children who, according to Gingrich, have no sense of work unless it's illegal. Or our very own mayor suggesting that if he could have "his way" he would fire half the city's teachers. Keep in mind that Mayor Mike's daughters went to the Spence School which costs 37,000 a year and has classes about half the size of New York City's public schools- that's before implementation of "his way", Beliefs like this should eliminate you from consideration for holding office in times of economic depression. Thankfully Bloomberg 2012 chatter has been silenced but Newt Gingrich has an increasingly good chance of becoming the Republican nominee for President. Though he is not confined to a wheelchair or bald, Newt Gingrich and the conservative movement are two peas from the same pod with Potter.

Take Potter's reasoning for berating the tall and lanky Bailey's willingness to give mortgages to working class people like Mr. Martini- "what does that get us? A discontented, lazy rabble instead of a thrifty working class." Can there be any doubt a man who can see people, of any class, as rabble would support a man like Gingrich? Gingrich, by the way, is wrong when you consider three out of four poor adults — ages 18 to 64 — work.

But maybe I'm wrong about the makeup of our city and country and Mr. Potter, and his spirit, is the true hero of this film, the Christmas and our politics. But before conceding that, I'd ask you to think about Bailey's response to Potter.

"Doesn't it make them better citizens? Doesn't it make them better customers? . . . Just remember this, Mr. Potter, that this rabble you're talking about . . . they do most of the working and paying and living and dying in this community. Well, is it too much to have them work and pay and live and die in a couple of decent rooms and a bath?" George Bailey didn't think so and I hope the tall and lanky fellow in the White House doesn't think so either.

You can decorate my tree with cobblestones

by JJ Burkard

That's what I said, cobblestones. I love cobblestones. They were made for our Village of Red Hook. They are dignified. Beautiful. Enhance our streets. Make our homes more valuable. Best of all, they do not talk back no matter how bad you treat them

But... First, I need to speak to some residents of our Red Hook Village. Specifically those living along Van Brunt Street. The reason for this is my mention of the word cobblestone. If any word in the English language has the ability to bring about a change in personality say from serene, and complacent to violent, monstrous, and possessed with a killer instinct, as far as Van Brunt Street residents are concerned, it has to be the word cobblestone. That's because for more than forty years, every truck, bus, taxi, maybe even a bicycle, that has plied its way along Van Brunt Street had the ability to shake the occupants of Van Brunt street out of their beds. At least three homes, possibly more have been shaken so hard as to cause complete collapse of the structure to the point of dilapidation at the expense of the property owner.

I need to emphasize however, that cobblestone streets when installed properly as they did many years ago have nothing to do with the chronic traffic shaking dilemma that the residents of Van Brunt Street had to suffer through. The real culprit was a major contractor armed with a lucrative city contract with a mission to replace the storm and waste sewer infrastructure throughout Red Hook and the Columbia Waterfront District. This contractor failed to supervise his work crews. Instead of returning every single cobblestone back to its original position he employed cheap unskilled labor. This job was performed so poorly, and the results have been catastrophic. New York City bears the responsibility equally.

The shoddy work was allowed to continue unchecked until most of our Streets were transformed to an experience akin to driving over the Burma Road, a condition to which they remain in to this very day. This negligence occurred in the early 1970's when complaints from residents began to flood into the city agencies. Those responsible gave the excuse, "We don't have cobblestone maintenance". This excuse may have been a logical one except that the people were not looking for cobblestone maintenance. They merely wanted the city to properly oversee the project and make the roads in Red Hook smooth for traveling like they were before work commenced on the sewer project.

This was not to be. The contractor was held to task, and eventually sent to jail for an offense that had nothing to do with poor job performance. He became a scapegoat to satisfy authorities who nabbed him in a contract swindling escapade. There was some talk of his alleged girlfriend being involved. She held a high-ranking position in Ed Koch's administration. But these unfounded

accusations quickly went away while the contractor went quietly to jail.

Recently I was informed by a prominent Red Hook resident and contributor to our neighborhood's culture in many ways, David Sharps, of Waterfront Museum. He informed of a whopping big contract awarded to the Dumbo area for the refurbishing and replacing of all their cobblestone streets. The amount was staggering but not unusual for that scale of work, around 20 million dollars. Mr. Sharps was upset about this, given the condition of the street3Ls in our village, and rightly so. I myself have heard money is available to correct this error in Red Hook, but getting it is another matter. It seems they only expend this money to historic neighborhoods. We have enough problems getting NYC officials to recognize Red Hook as a neighborhood, never mind an historic one.

But in fact, Red Hook fits neatly into both categories, thanks in part to the

For example, our legally established Heritage Trail, our recognition of Fort Defiance and also bringing Red Hook into prominence with the installation of the long lost sign in Valentino Park are historic events in the neighborhood.

many revolutionary war happenings brought to light over the past decade. For example, our legally established Heritage Trail, our recognition of Fort Defiance and also bringing Red Hook into prominence with the installation of the long lost sign in Valentino Park are historic events in the neighborhood. All these happenings, with the work of some very dedicated people, have served to make our Village of Red Hook both historic and certainly a coveted neighborhood that grows by leaps and bounds with each passing day. Last Friday afternoon I surveyed the potential new cobblestone installation. Neither Van Brunt Street nor Richards Street will be part of the cobblestone restoration. The reason is obvious. Van Brunt and Richards Streets have already received a solid black top surface that seems to work marvelously at preventing excess noise. Therefore, it would be foolish to add to our difficulties of convincing the City Fathers that we need cobblestone streets in those locations. Actually, I will do another survey to discover how many of Red Hook's remaining streets still have the stone paving. They will be earmarked for restoration. Perhaps if some of our readers want to assist; they can survey their own block and contact the Star Revue with the relevant information. The location, how long the



DOT workmen in Tribeca area of Manhattan.

street is and the Star Revue will forward the results to me. This will save me a lot of legwork. Not that I am complaining, but at 82, it does take a little more effort to get around...

After discussing the possibilities, Mr. Sharps suggests some active and well-connected residents to begin investigating how to form a committee to go about such an undertaking. We both agree it will be a difficult task to get underway, but we have to begin somewhere. Mr. Sharps has already contacted some individuals who are interested in this project. Their vantage points can be a real asset to this endeavor. So Residents of Van Brunt Street, have no fear, the streets will remain blacktopped as long as the noise and vibration is a thing of the past.

Meanwhile, we can promote a positive atmosphere in Red Hook among our residents and begin orienting people in the beautifying of our exclusive Village. Here are my suggestions:

- 1) Property owners, be certain if you have a contractor opening the street in front of your property, that the contractor replaces any cobblestones he removes as required by law....
- 2) If you witness a contractor avoiding the legal requirements, Notify the police, as well as dialing 311 and they will respond accordingly.
- 3) Commercial property owners, if you have paved over these cobblestones in the past, to facilitate your hi-lo and truck movement between your buildings, then what you have already done must be restored to the original condition. Be a good neighbor; it is everyone's job to keep Red Hook beautiful and historic. Join with others to accomplish this. We all will benefit in the long run.

Pictured above is a photo of DOT workmen in Tribeca area of Manhattan. This cobblestone work goes on all over NYC on a daily basis. I was unable to come up with one of a location at Conover and Van Dyke Street in Red Hook depicting how an unthinking and uncaring firm decided to blacktop over this beautiful pattern to facilitate illegally their truck or hi-lo between buildings. My message to this commercial plant: perhaps one would begin attempts at restoring this street to the original beauty it was

meant to be. After all, tarring over the stone is illegal, and driving your hi-los on sidewalks and in the street is also restricted. Here is someone's chance to get in good with the area residents. Give it a try!

We, the residents of Red Hook, need to establish another mindset. We need to seriously consider the fact that our government whether federal, state or local, is not dispersing gifts when processing neighborhood improvements. We are hard working taxpayers. We are not seeking hand-outs. It is an established fact that every neighborhood in this great city is entitled to these services without regard for who happens to occupy that neighborhood.

The case of the cobblestone street is the result of carelessness on the part of the city. It is therefore the responsibility of New York City to correct the ongoing problem of safer smoother streets with equal transportation facilities. This should be taken care of before anyone else is privileged to enjoy improvements of the same nature.

We should keep this in mind when we approach those officials responsible not only for making sure the job is done, but also for making sure the job is done correctly.

Okay now, getting back to decorating my tree with cobblestones. Actually for the past three or four years I have not put up a tree but settled for just red bows, a manger and a few colored lamps in my windows. Besides, I think the cobblestones may be just a little bit heavy for my 125 year old house. So just pretend you didn't see my invitation at the beginning of this article.

This is not an impossible dream. We can accomplish it by working together with local businesses and residents while clearly facing the reality that only by working together can we make our Village of Red Hook the best community in New York City. Red Hook is on a roll! Let's not drop the ball now. Merry Christmas. Happy Holidays and a Happy New Year to all!



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Dining:

Gowanus' Littleneck clam shack does a decent lobster roll and of course more by Erik Penney

It was during my final visit to Littleneck that one of the owners, Aaron Lefkove, explained to me that it was his love of oysters that prompted him and his partners to open this restaurant in the first place. We looked at each other and found ourselves simultaneously quoting from the movie *Scarface* and agreed that the drug dealers' mantra that one should "never get high off your own supply" would also apply here, as I imagined Aaron locking himself inside the restaurant and going on a 4-day oyster binge before trashing his hotel room. So there's clearly passion here. Or addiction. But either way, when you walk into Littleneck the loving energy that owners Lefkove and Andy Curtin have for this idea of theirs comes through in the space they've built and the food they serve, and knowing this you can't help but feel good about your whole experience while you're there. They're involved, they tend bar and wait tables, and they check up on you and want to know what you think of their food and their place, which is clearly their baby.

Littleneck is a small, ramshackle storefront on 3rd Avenue in the Gowanus neighborhood in between Carroll Gardens and Park Slope that's done up to vaguely resemble a New England-style clam shack, but with elements of standard-issue old-timey Brooklyn assemblage. There are Edison light bulbs and a tin ceiling, and chalkboards and antiqued mirrors share the walls with ships' pulleys, knotted ropes and lobster buoys. All of this, my research informed me, came together with the help of a Kickstarter campaign, which is the online microfinance fundraising strategy that has helped many thousands of burgeoning restaurants, films, new technology, theater and other projects find the funding they need to get off the ground by raising money from small seed contributors, and Littleneck closed a funding gap by raising \$13,000 this way.

Littleneck, though only open for a few months, has already generated a certain amount of buzz around a sandwich they serve that's stuffed with fried clams, called a fried Ipswich belly clam roll. I grew up loving fried clams, but what I grew up eating came from a frozen yellow box with a picture of a guy in a raincoat on the outside, and those are technically "fried clam strips" anyway, which are clams that have been sliced into ribbons before breading, likely by a horrifying machine of whirring blades and conveyors. A proper fried clam, my friends from New England tell me, is breaded and fried whole and thus maintains a deeper flavor and a better ratio of clam-to-crust than strips do. Littleneck's are fat whole belly clams, fried to a perfectly light golden brown and piled into an airy, buttered, center-split hot dog roll, as is the custom. Drizzled with a deliciously

tangy tartar sauce, this is a very tasty sandwich indeed. Admittedly, the fry-crust-plus-hot-dog-roll can create a bit of a double starch situation, and there are bites where the clams get lost amongst too much bread, but overall this is a fun one to eat, and the tartar sauce is wonderful, and I see where the buzz comes from.

They also serve an exceptionally good lobster roll. I reviewed the Red Hook Lobster Pound a few months back and while I still consider them the gold standard against which all other lobster rolls in the City must be judged, Littleneck's version comes very, very close, and that is high praise. Here is a generous heap of chunky, chilled lobster salad, piled into that same buttered, center-sliced hot dog bun, the salad lightly dressed in mayo with a fine celery dice mixed in. Alongside a pile of sour pickles, a plate of hot, salty fries and a cold beer, you begin to fully understand why the lobster roll has become so trendy, or wonder why it hasn't been trendy all-along.

I needed to try owner Aaron Lefkove's personal crack, and you can pick among a rotating list of a half-dozen or so oysters, sourced from either the East or West coasts. You can fashion a

Littleneck, though only open for a few months, has already generated a certain amount of buzz around a sandwich they serve that's stuffed with fried clams, called a fried Ipswich belly clam roll.

mix of as many as you like, and they'll come on ice with a firmly horseradish cocktail sauce (which was good but which I do not use because I find it creates too large a flavor footprint over the delicate oyster) and a shallot and vinegar mignonette (which I do use... sweet acid - perfect), and all the ones I tried in my visits to Littleneck were consistently clean, fresh, tasted of brine, the sea and the salt sea air. I made a mental note to have Aaron introduce me to his dealer.

Some of the more ambitious food appears not on the regular menu but as nightly specials. We had Chatham Cod, lightly braised with cockles, chorizo and kale, the braising liquid and the fishy liquor from the cockles offered themselves as a perfect backdrop for the spicy fattiness of the chorizo. They had roasted marrow bones another night, and although I almost never pass up a chance to slather this fatty, meaty jelly all over some toasty bread, it was on this night that my dining companion chose to reveal her quasi-vegetar-



Gowanus' Littleneck vaguely resembles a New England style clam shack, but with Brooklyn overtones.

ian leanings and found the whole idea of eating bone marrow rather objectionable. As of that moment I realized that I found her rather objectionable and hope on a future visit to find these on the menu again.

They also have a great burger. Simple, beefy and juicy, this is not one of those ridiculous one-pound monstrosities that tries to distinguish itself on size and bluster rather than flavor. Rightly proportioned and served with melted cheddar on a sturdy, rustic bun that holds up in both flavor and structure while you eat, this was a welcome surprise in a place where I wouldn't assume I'd find a great burger. But I did. Again, with pickles and a mound of fries, for \$12 this is a great value.

Good beer selection

Littleneck does not have a full liquor bar, though they have a decent selection of interesting beers, and a short list of wines that includes a red and a white on tap for \$6 a glass. Beers on tap seem to rotate somewhat, and some recent examples were Pretty Things Jack D'or, which is a lighter-bodied farmhouse style Saison and which paired exceptionally well with the lobster roll, and an Ithaca Flower Power IPA, which is a great choice if you decide to get the burger. Since we're in Brooklyn, a requirement for holding a liquor license seems to be that you carry Dale's Pale Ale in cans, which

Littleneck does. They also have Narragansett and Miller High Life on the American swill end of the beer spectrum, which is the end of the spectrum where I normally find myself. Tall cans of Narragansett are very generously priced at \$3, by the way.

Littleneck has only been open for a few months, and it remains to be seen whether they'll succeed through the winter despite the summery leanings of the menu or in the context of the relative desolation of that part of 3rd Avenue. I don't have an answer to that, but I do think people will respond to their very solid menu and, perhaps more importantly, to the endearing sincerity with which they have approached this restaurant. Nothing seems contrived or dishonest; there is no artifice or cunning either in the room or in their food, and if the full dining rooms on each night I was there suggest anything, it's that I'm not the only one who feels that way.

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BAKED 359 Van Brunt St., (718) 222-0345. Bakery serving cupcakes, cakes, coffee, pastries, lunch items. Free wi-fi. Open for breakfast, lunch and dinner daily.

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BOTANICA 220 Conover St (at Coffey St), (347) 225-0147. Fine Cocktails, Specialty Liquors & Cacao Prieto Chocolate. Open Tue-Sun 5pm-12am, Fri 5 pm-3am, Sat 2pm-3am, Sun 2pm -12am. In-house Distilled Cacao Rum Tastings. Tue: Poker night, Wed-Fri: Board game nights. Sat-Sun: Afternoon cocktails. Cash only. Free Wi-Fi. Available for private events.

DEFONTE'S SANDWICH SHOP 379 Columbia St., (718) 855-6982. Variety of large sandwiches, including roast beef and potato and egg. Open for breakfast and lunch Mon-Sat. Cash only.

DIEGO'S RESTAURANT 116 Sullivan St., (718) 625-1616. Mexican and Latin American cuisine. Open for lunch and dinner Mon-Sat. AE, DS, MC, V.

F&M BAGELS 383 Van Brunt St., (718) 855-2623. Bagels, sandwiches, wraps, chicken salad, breakfast plates, burgers, hot entrees and more. Open for breakfast and lunch daily 5 am-5 pm. AE, DS, MC, V. Delivery available.

FORT DEFIANCE 365 Van Brunt St., (347) 453-6672. Brunch, sandwiches and small plates. Open for breakfast Tue; breakfast, lunch and dinner Mon, Wed-Sun.

THE GOOD FORK 391 Van Brunt St., (718) 643-6636. Fare from Chef Sohui Kim in an unpretentious atmosphere; menu varies seasonally and can include pork dumplings, roast chicken, homemade gnocchi and steak and eggs Korean style. Open for dinner Tue-Sun. AE, MC, V.

HOME/MADE 293 Van Brunt St., (347) 223-4135. Seasonal, local and rustic/elegant cuisine, with an extensive wine list of 40 selections by the glass, and local brew and Kombucha on tap. Coffee and pastry Mon-Fri 7 am-2 pm, dinner Wed-Fri 5 pm to 11 pm, brunch Sat & Sun 10 am-4pm, dinner 4-11 pm.

HOPE & ANCHOR 347 Van Brunt St., (718) 237-0276. Large menu that includes burgers, entrees and all-day breakfast. Open for lunch and dinner Mon-Fri; breakfast, lunch and dinner Sat-Sun. AE, DS, MC,

IKEA One Beard St., (718) 246-4532. Swedish meatballs, pasta, wraps and sandwiches; breakfast items include eggs and cinnamon buns. Open for breakfast, lunch and dinner daily. AE, DS, MV, V.

KEVIN'S 277 Van Brunt St., (718) 596-8335. Seafood, seasonal and local fare. Open for dinner Thu-Sat, brunch Sat-Sun. AE, MC, V.

MARK'S PIZZA 326 Van Brunt St., (718) 624-0690. Open for lunch and dinner daily. AE, MC, V. Delivery available.

RED HOOK LOBSTER POUND 284 Van Brunt St., (646) 326-7650. Maine lobster rolls, Connecticut rolls and whoopie pies. Open for lunch and dinner Tue-Sun.

ROCKY SULLIVAN'S 34 Van Dyke St., (718) 246-8050. Irish pub with brick-oven pizza, sandwiches; lobster feasts Fri 6-9 pm, Sat 5-8 pm. Open for lunch and dinner daily. AE, DS, MC, V.

COLUMBIA WATERFRONT DISTRICT

ALMA 187 Columbia St., (718) 643-5400. Modern Mexican fare. Open for dinner Mon-Fri, brunch and dinner Sat-Sun. AE, DS, MC, V.

BAGEL BOY CAFE 75 Hamilton Ave - next to Chase, (718) 855-0500. Breakfast lunch and dinner w/hot buffet food. Open 4 am - 9 pm Mon - Friday, closing at 6 on the weekend.

CALEXICO CARNE ASADA 122 Union St., (718) 488-8226. Tex-Mex burritos, tacos, quesadillas and more. Open for lunch and dinner daily. Cash only. Delivery available.

CASA DI CAMPAGNA 117 Columbia Street (718) 237-4300. If you think that you've enjoyed all the best pizza in the world, try this new restaurant on the corner of Kane Street. Reasonably priced

CASELNOVA 214 Columbia St., (718) 522-7500. Traditional Northern and Southern Italian dishes, brick-oven pizza, pasta, lunch panini. Open 7 days a week for dinner at 5, Friday for lunch at noon, Sunday Brunch at 11 am and Dinner at 4. Delivery available. AE, DS, MC, V.

FERNANDO'S FOCACCERIA RESTAURANT 151 Union St., (718) 855-1545. Southern Italian fare, including pasta and panelle. Open for lunch and dinner Mon-Sat. Cash only.

HOUSE OF PIZZA & CALZONES 132 Union St., (718) 624-9107. Pizza, calzones and sandwiches. Open for lunch and dinner daily. Cash only. Delivery available.

JAKE'S BAR-B-QUE RESTAURANT 189 Columbia St., (718) 522-4531. Kansas City-style barbecue.

KOTOBUKI BISTRO 192 Columbia St., (718) 246-7980. Japanese and Thai cuisine, including sushi, teriyaki, pad Thai and spe-



cial maki named after area streets. Open for lunch Mon-Sat, dinner 7 days.

LILLA CAFE 126 Union St., (718) 855-5700. Seasonal fare, hormone and antibiotic-free meats, bread baked on premises and homemade pasta from Chef Erling Berner. BYOB. Open for dinner Tue-Sun, lunch Thu-Fri, brunch Sat-Sun. MC, V.

MAZZAT 208 Columbia St., (718) 852-1652. Mediterranean and Middle Eastern fare, including falafel sandwiches, kibbe, bronzini, lamb shank, baklava and small plates. Open for lunch and dinner daily.

PETITE CREVETTE 144 Union St., (718) 855-2632. Seafood, including corn-and-crab chowder, salmon burgers and cioppino, from Chef Neil Ganic. BYOB. Open for lunch and dinner Tue-Sat. Cash only.

TEEDA THAI CUISINE 218 Columbia St., (718) 643-2737. Thai dishes include papaya salad, dumplings and massaman curry. Open for lunch and dinner Mon-Sat, dinner Sun. MC, V. Delivery available.

Carroll Gardens

MARCO POLO RISTORANTE, 345 Court Street, 718 852-5015, Italian, Sunday 1:00 pm - 10:30 pm, Monday CLOSED, Tues, Wed, Thurs 11:30 am - 11:00 pm, Friday 11:30 am - Midnight, Saturday 1:00pm - Midnight, All Major Cards

BAR BRUNO, 520 Henry St., 347-763-0850, Latin-influenced spot for classic and beer cocktails, burgers and big salads served in bowls.

CASA ROSA, 384 Court Street, 718-797-1907, Italian noon -10:30 p.m daily,

VINZEE'S, 412 Court Street, 718 855 1401, American , All Major Cards.

ABILENE, 442 Court Street, 718-522-6900, American-bar-Mexican, 11 a.m - 4 a.m daily

NINE-D, 462 Court Street, 718-488-8998, Thai, Lunch Tue - Sun: 12 pm - 3pm Dinner Mon-Fri: 5pm - 11pm Sat-Sun: 3pm - 11pm, Visa MC

PRIME MEATS, 465 Court Street, 718-254-0327 or 0345, German, American, Mon-Thurs 10 a.m-12 a.m , Fri 10a.m-1a.m, Sat 8 a.m-1 a.m Sun 8 a.m- 12 a.m , Visa Mastercard, AE

VINO Y TAPAS, 520 Court street, 718-407-0047, Spanish Tapas, 5 p.m-11 p.m daily, AE, palocortadobk.com

MEZCAL'S Restaurant, 522 Court Street, 718-783-3276 Mexican, Tequila Bar, 11a.m-11p.m daily, All Major Cards

FIVE GUYS, 266 Court street, 347-799-2902, American, 11-10 a.m - p.m daily, All cards

BUDDY'S BURRITO & TACO BAR, 260 Court street, 718-488-8695, Mexican, 11:30 a.m- 11 p.m, Visa, Mastercard

GHANG, 229 Court Street, 718-875-1369, Thai, Sun-Thurs 11:30 a.m, 11:30 p.m, Visa Mastercard

DOWNTOWN BAR & GRILL, 160 Court street, 718-625-2835, American, Mon-Sun 12p.m-2 a.m, All Major, Cards, downtownbarandgrill.com

GOWANUS YACHT CLUB, 323 Smith Street, New York - (718) 246-132, Beer, pierogies, hot dogs and more.

CODY'S ALE HOUSE GRILL, 154 Court Street, 718-852,6115, International Cuisine, 8a.m-10p.m daily, All Major Credit Cards



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HELP WANTED

Freelance Writers: The Red Hook Star-Revue is looking for freelance writers for both the arts and news sections. We want to buttress our news as well as local theater and arts coverage. Email George@redhookstar.com

Facility Manager Wanted Boiler, Plumbing, Carpentry, Electric, ceramic, plastering, painting desirable. Must be able to supervise a staff of 5. Fax Resume Attn: Lisa Baptiste to 718-243-2253 or email to lisa.baptiste@shindamgmtcorp.com

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Glass Art of Brooklyn www.ernestporcelli.com 718-

596-4353 Glass Fusing Workshop every Wednesday Evening 7 -9 Beginners to Advanced Students welcome. Maximum 6 students per class. Classes are ongoing. Monthly fee \$175, includes most materials, and firings.

Real Estate Classified ads are \$8 per listing per month. Neighborhood Services are \$10 per month or \$100 the year. Display classifieds are also available. Call Matt for details, 718 624-5568. You may email your ads, or drop them in the mail. Ads@RedHookStar.com; 101 Union Street, Brooklyn, NY 11231 All other line ads are \$5 per listing per month.

Ads for Tag Sales and Babysitters are free!



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THINGS TO DO DEC 16 - 31

If you have an event you would like listed in the Red Hook Star-Revue calendar, please email redhook-starcalendar@gmail.com.

CLASSES/WORKSHOPS

Yoga with Anna Mumford---www.annamumford.com. Saturdays 10-11:15am at the Dance Theater Etc space above Fairway, \$10 suggested donation. Wednesdays 10-11am at the Red Hook Rec Center, free.

ART/EXHIBITIONS

440 Gallery - 440 6th avenue, 440gallery.com 440 Gallery presents the Small Works Show. The Seventh Annual Small Work Show with a selection of work by artists from Brooklyn and all over the country. The art work, all under 12 inches, includes painting, sculpture, printing, drawing and photography. On view until Jan 8th.

490 Atlantic---490 Atlantic Ave. Kevin Sutton, Paintings on paper. 12/3 until 12/22.

Dustin Yellin Studio---133 Imlay street, dustinyellin.com. Solo show by Brian Wondergem. "With the use of elements such as door frames, stairs, studs, and lights, Wondergem questions the modern interior, transforming the familiar into something mysterious. Using mirrors and repetition, one work encompasses the interior gallery space creating a site-specific zone."

Everbrite Mercantile Co.---351 Van Brunt St, ebmerc.com Orgamitron2: The Wrath of Jenna. Mixing Hand-crafted artistry with contemporary minimalist painting, Jenna Weber's work combines unrelated artistic elements, effortlessly and to unique results. On view until 12/31.

Kentler International Drawing Space---353 Van Brunt St. (718) 875-2098, kentlerygallery.org. Twenty-one artists from The Kentler Flatfiles. On view until 12/18.

Look North Inuit Art Gallery---275 Conover Street, Suite 4E, (347) 721-3995, looknorthny.com. Polar Light: Greenland. The Greenland photography of Rena Bass Forman and the Greenland drawings of Zaria Forman. A climate change awareness exhibition held in conjunction with Al Gore's 'The Climate Project'.

Gallery Small New York---416 Van Brunt, smallnewyork.com. The Flora and Fauna of New York. Berger, Brady, McCann. On view until 12/17.

FOOD/DRINK

Botta di Vino---357 Van Brunt St., (347) 689-3664. Friday night candle light blind tasting. "Discuss what you smell, taste and feel with your own palate. a group forum for wanna be wine geeks" Admission requires one purchase.

Dry Dock Wine + Spirits---424 Van Brunt St., (718) 852-3625, drydockny.com. UPDATE

MikNic Lounge---200 Columbia Street 917-770-1984. Grand Opening on December 1 for "Rebel! Rebel!" (Gay Night) every First & Third Thursday, 9pm -2 am. Cheap beer, \$6 well drinks, friendly crowd.

MISC

Park Slope Flea Market---Between 1st & 2nd street on 7th avenue, Brooklyn. "An urban adventure exploring diverse people's crafts and collectibles, fabrics and fashions, notes and notables, all at bargain prices" Every Saturday and Sunday.

MUSEUM

Micro Museum---123 Smith Street, micromuseum.com. Above and Beyond, a three-year retrospective of the art of William and Kathleen Laziza, every Saturday from 12-7pm, refreshments from 5-7pm, \$2 per person.

The Waterfront Museum---Lehigh Valley Barge No.79, 290 Conover Street. www.waterfrontmuseum.org. Free boat tours & open hours Thursdays 4 - 8 pm and Saturdays 1 - 5 pm in Red Hook. Note: Museum will be closed Dec 23 until the 31st.

MUSIC

Hope & Anchor---347 Van Brunt St., (718) 237-0276. Karaoke, Thursdays through Saturdays from 9 pm-1 am.

Bait & Tackle---320 Van Brunt St., (718) 797-4892, redhookbaitandtackle.com.

The Bell House---149 7th St., (718) 643-6510, thebellhouseny.com.

Jalopy Theatre and School of Music---315 Columbia St., (718) 395-3214, jalopy.biz.

Littlefield---622 Degraw St., littlefieldnyc.com.

Union Hall---702 Union Street, unionhallny.com.

THEATER

Off The Hook: Original Plays by Red Hook kids. "Falconworks Artists Group's Off the Hook™ program brings teens together with theater professionals to produce original plays. Young playwrights, with the support of theater professional, youth advocates and community activist, take center stage in their own plays for an evening of funny, moving, raw, wonderfully original theater." Dec 16th at 7pm, Dec 17th at 3pm, at PS 15- The Patrick Daly School, 71 Sullivan St.

HOLIDAY EVENTS

Where to see Santa in Brooklyn: Kings Plaza Shopping Center: Available for photos through Dec. 24, Monday to Saturday, 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. and Sunday 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. Kings Plaza is at the intersection of Flatbush Avenue and Avenue U. Melt: Located at 440 Bergen Street at Fifth Avenue (Park Slope) on December 18, 2-5pm.

Community Board 6 Holiday Meeting: "Here's a chance to come together as a community, to share some food and frivolity in a casual, social environment. That's right - no minutes to take, Robert's Rules of Order are suspended, and the only thing on the agenda is having fun! This year's event will be held on Monday, December 19th from 6-9pm, at Red Rose Restaurant, 315 Smith Street (between Union/President Streets), in Carroll Gardens. It's only \$30 per person for savory, delicious snacks and soda."

Celebrate the Holidays at The ClockWorks Theater. GOH Productions presents The Czechoslovak-American Marionette Theatre's "A Christmas Carol, Oy Hanukkah, Merry Kwanzaa, Happy Ramadan" "A delightful holiday hodgepodge that still hews closely to Dicken's tale and also has contemporary humor." - New York Times. Dec 15, 16, 17, 18, 22, 23, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30 at 7 pm, Dec 17, 18, 24, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Jan 1 at 4 pm (No Performance on December 25). Tickets: Adults \$20, Kids \$12. Located at 196 Columbia st., (212) 614-0001, cosmicbicycle.com.

Big movies for little kids: A Miracle on 34th St. (1947). "Come and celebrate the holidays with this timeless New York City classic! An old man who calls himself Kris Kringle is hastily recruited to be

the store Santa at Macy's on Herald Square. Young Susan (Natalie Wood) and others begin to notice something special about Kris and his determination to advance the true spirit of Christmas amidst the rampant commercialism around him." At Cobble Hill Cinemas, 265 Court Street. 12/19 at 4pm, \$7.

Dinner with the Red Hook Lions. "Annual Holiday Dinner for the community compliments of the Lions, all homemade food donated by the members & volunteers." Held at the Joseph A. Miccio Community Center on 12/17/11 from 2-5pm. Free.

Proteus Gowanus Holiday Shopping Fair. "We invite you to do your holiday shopping in a certain charming back alley where free beer and music will be served. It's time for the annual Holiday Shopping Fair at Proteus Gowanus, where the gifts for sale are strange, unusual, hand-made or intellectually stimulating. You will find reasonably priced art, artifacts and books, hand-made crafts and baked goods too...Come browse, chat and have a drink with us!" Saturday, December 17 & Sunday, December 18, 12-6pm. Located at Proteus Gowanus, 543 Union St., proteusgowanus.org.

The Muppet Vault: Christmas! The Muppet Vault features classic, rare, and unreleased videos from the works of Jim Henson. This time we've got an afternoon full of more Muppet Christmas fun than you could ever fit under your tree. 12/18 at 2pm, \$8. Union Hall, 702 Union Street, unionhallny.com.



SPECIAL HOLIDAY HOURS

Wed 12/21 open 10am to 10pm
Thur 12/22 open from 8am to 11pm
Fri 12/23 open from 8am to 11pm
Sat 12/24 open 8am to 9pm
Closed Christmas Day
Thur 12/29 open 8am to 11pm
Fri 12/30 open 8am to 11pm
Sat 12/31 open 8am to 9pm
Closed New Year's Day

Shop early and often to keep your holiday spirits bright!

Save 10% dry dock after six special

mon - wed from 6pm to close

Grab a 6-pack and fill it with your favorite wines and save 10% on your purchase. Or save 10% any time you buy a case/12 bottles of wine. (Sorry wine only, not applicable for spirits or sparkling)

Red Hook's neighborhood wine & spirits store. Offering outstanding value and quality from smaller vintners and distillers from around the world, including a vast selection of wines priced under \$12, and a noteworthy selection of hard-to-find craft distilled spirits, including over 100 whisk(e)y choices.

UPCOMING FREE TASTINGS:

thursday, december 15:
whisk(e)y wonderland - knob creek

5:30-8:30, free

Taste Knob Creek's small batch and recently released single barrel bourbons- both treats for the tongue.

friday, december 16: holiday wines & sake round the world

5:30-8:30, free

What else to say? We've got something for everyone!

saturday, december 17: jenny & francois wines

4:00-7:00, free

We love wines from Jenny & Francois, from their tasty 'From the Tank Rouge' box wine to their divine Vou-vray Cuvee T Brut. Come check these out, and others that'll be on the table.

sunday, december 18: stroll gin lane

2:00-5:00, free

You won't need a residence in the Hamptons to enjoy this Gin Lane. We will be pouring Noelat from Holland and the British standard Gordon's gin to taste and compare.

monday, dec. 19: i♥ny - king corn from kings county

6:00-9:00, free

Kings County Distillery is in dah hook tonite!

We're pouring moonshine and bourbon from the oldest continually operating distillery in NYC since prohibition.

tuesday, december 20: i♥ny - anthony nappa wines

6:00-9:00, free

Meet Anthony's partner, Sarah, who will be pouring their amazing white pinot noir and sparkling cider from this Long Island vineyard- really remarkable stuff!

wednesday, dec. 21: i♥ny- new york distilling company

6:00-9:00, free

The newest distillery to call Brooklyn home will be pouring their first releases, Dorothy Parker gin and Perry's Tot Navy Strength Gin. These just launched and we're one of the first to stock it. We love local.

thursday, december 22: i♥ny - breuckelen distilling co:

6:00-9:00, free

We will be pouring from Breuckelen's collection of gins and whiskies tonight. They are really onto something here

and all his products are a big fave of our customers, with good reason.

friday, december 23: i♥ny - liv vodka

5:30-8:30, free

From the north shore of Long Island we will be tasting a premium vodka small batch distilled from 100% potatoes that's also the house vodka at Prime Meats.

thursday, december 29: il faggetto prosecco:

6:00-9:00, free

It's all about the bubbles this time of year, and these bottles pop with perfect fruit and dryness. We love this prosecco all year round, but now it's the perfect take-along for any place you're going, even if that's just home.



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424 van brunt st . brooklyn, ny 11231 718 852-3625. drydockny.com