

Peter Ellsworth Van Sise

Peter Van Sise is/was (kind of a fuzzy point in grammar) my connection to the Van Sise family. I really don't remember my grandfather-I definitely don't remember his face. My father and his sister carry the last name Van Sise, but they are Frasers. They never knew any of the Van Sises, really, except for Peter and my grandfather's uncle Raymond..all the other relatives they ever really knew were Frasers...it is the same with me...I have never met a Van Sise in my life...there aren't too many of us around anymore...Maybe only one or two left on Long Island. Many years ago it used to be that everyone on Long Island knew the Van Sise name; most mistrusted it but all knew it.

Well anyway back to Peter Van Sise. As I said I never really knew my grandfather and no one could ever really talk about him with me, which is understandable. How do you actually describe someone you know and love to another who has no recollection of them? So the only stories I ever heard about the Van Sises were about Peter VS..

Peter Ellsworth Van Sise was born April 18, 1870 in the house where he spent most of his life in...to my knowledge this house has no address...it stands on Woodbury Road in Huntington, on the right side if you're heading north. It still stands there, but from what a friend in Huntington has told me a young couple moved in and butchered that beautiful old house...they painted it yellow! (If you've never seen this house you'll never understand what an unbelievable atrocity it is to see that house in yellow.

He married Charlotte Palmer ("Lottie") on August 31, 1892. Their first child, Charles (My great-grandfather), was born August 16, 1893, and a second son, Raymond, was born two years later. The couple had a stillborn son ("George") in 1900. In 1901 Peter's father, Charles, died and left his farm on Woodbury Road to Peter. Peter would spend the rest of his life in that house. Peter was a woodsman, so he would go out at night with his pistol and shoot a rabbit to have with the vegetables at dinner.

In the 1920's, on Christmas Eve, Peter Van Sise came out of a local Huntington Bar drunk as a skunk. He went down to a local shop and bought an 8 foot long strip of jingle bells and proceeded to wander around town for the rest of the night with them hanging down from behind his neck. After many hours of wandering around Huntington jingle-jangling, he had managed to annoy everyone in the town, waking them up in the middle of the night. It is undoubtedly true that at least some of the older residents of Huntington remember this incident.

On June 03, 1961, Peter Van Sise passed away, and today he and his wife lie behind the same gravestone that Peter's father lies at, on a small hill at Huntington Rural Cemetery.