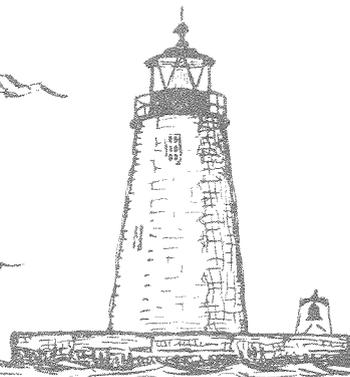


The GREEN

LIGHT



BULLETIN OF THE POINT ASSOCIATION OF NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND

VOL. VI

JANUARY 1962

No. 1

QUARTERLY MEETING

JANUARY 25th

St. John's Guild Hall, Thursday, January 25th, at 8:00 P.M.

SPEAKERS

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Benson, who will tell about their winter in Rome.

REFRESHMENTS.

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL from the new Green Light Staff.

Your new editor-in-chief, Esther Bates, is assisted by Esther Benson, Alice Fitzpatrick, Gladys MacLeod, and Louise Sherman; it takes five of us to fill the place of the former editor, Edith Ballinger Price and the Seagull. During the years of her editorship, the Green Light never failed to interest, amuse, and edify us all. This little monthly went far and wide, and was eagerly awaited by its readers.

The Green Light will now become a quarterly, and we hope to continue the same high standard. We welcome reminiscences of former Point days and people. Mrs. Clifford Sherman, who has written many of the historical sketches in former Green Lights, has suggested a new column - "Pointed Questions", in which she will answer questions about the historical aspects of the Point. See the next page.

The December meeting of the Executive Board of the Point Association was held on December 14th, at 101 Washington Street. The secretary's report was read, and the treasurer's report showed a balance on hand of \$3,014. The Green Light, the last issue under Edith Ballinger Price's editorship, had a circulation of 354. With the new editors and quarterly publication, there will be changes, and we shall report on these more fully in the April issue.

Various members were suggested as chairmen for the committees on publicity, membership, and protection; so far no one has been willing to head the protection

committee after Dr. David Nemptow, and there is great need for some dedicated person in this field. Harold Arnold and George Weaver were appointed to the nominating committee.

For the Summer Event of the Point Association, which will be the opening of Point houses, Mrs. Henry Eccles volunteered to be chairman. You will all remember the most successful and distinctive Arts and Crafts Exhibition which Mrs. Eccles arranged, and we can be sure of an interesting group of old houses to be shown, among them some never before opened. Watch for further news of this event.

Christmas on the Point was celebrated with our usual gusto, in spite of rain, snow, and sleet on Christmas Eve. In the late afternoon Christmas carols were sung around the lighted tree in Battery Park, and over thirty braved the pouring rain to sing. Robert Covell, who started the Washington Street Carollers twenty years ago, was the leader, and all agreed he and the singers were good. The carollers then sang in front of Edith Price's house, where the rain turned to sleet, freezing the vocal chords, and curtailing the singing. By invitation of John and Nancy Bickford, everyone went to the White Horse Tavern for refreshments, greatly enjoyed. It's been a long time since the Tavern rafters rang with carols and good cheer.

The Christmas decorations all over the Point were beautiful, and the judges of the contest had a hard time choosing the winners. The judges were: Miss Marian Carry of the Art Association, Mrs. Ralph Emerson of the Newport Daily News, Mr. Francis Holbrook of the Chamber of Commerce, and Mr. Luther Mott, interior decorator.

The winners were:

Most in the Spirit of Christmas

1. St. John's Rectory - Father Turnbull
2. Judge and Mrs. Walter Curry

Honorable Mention

Mr. and Mrs. James Kennedy
The Hunter House

Most Original

1. Edith Ballinger Price
2. Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Bryer

Most effect with least expense

1. Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carr, Jr.
2. Ade de Bethune

Children under sixteen

1. Lewis Kitts
2. Kenneth Zammer

Honorable Mention - Paul Holbrook

Many thanks to the city for installing the powerful street lights along Corridon Highway and at Bridge near the railroad tracks, and also at Willow and Washington Streets. The new tree, given by Mrs. Deussenberre to a city park, and planted in Battery Park, is greatly appreciated and we shall try to get our tree experts to advise how to protect it from salt spray and prevailing gales.

Pointed Questions.

Mrs. Sherman welcomes questions from our readers, and answers one to spur you on.

Question: What was the extent of Fourth Street in Colonial times?

Answer: Blaskowitz's map of 1777 shows Fourth Street extending along the present railroad tracks from Elm to Walnut Street. Walnut Street was the only landlocked entrance to the Point at that time.

Mrs. Sherman's address is: 68 Third Street; her telephone number is: VI 6-1357.

In an effort to restore our former circulation, the editors plan to contact by telephone those whose subscriptions have lapsed in the last year or two.

Here are two poems by

George Franklin Merritt:

A SUGGESTION

If you're feeling sort of blue
And things seem sadly out of joint,
Here's the thing for you to do:
Make a visit to the Point.

In summer, winter, spring or fall
Beauty will not disappoint
You with its presence over all,
Pay a visit to the Point.

* * * * *

ON A MOONLIT NIGHT

Pick out a cloudless, moonlit night
And stand down here beside the bay
And watch the widening waters stretch
In majesty away.

Note how the sifting moonbeams glide
Upon the current's ceaseless flow,
And I'll venture this: you will rejoice
At nature's silent show.

A Trip on the Fall River Boat

At the end of August every summer the five little Smiths left the hospitality of one grandmother on the hot sandy New Jersey shore, to spend two weeks with the other grandmother in the old Robinson house on Washington Street. This was a real journey, with two long train rides and a ferry trip across the Hudson River to New York City. Mrs. Smith never knew quite how she managed the whole thing, although Mr. Smith, a calm collected man, joined them in Philadelphia. Each child had a particular bag to look out for, and the older girls held onto a younger child. By the time they walked along Fulton Street toward the wharf, they were tired from six hours of travel.

What a street this was, full of wagons, horses, carts, and vans going in every direction. The children were herded into a vast barn-like warehouse, through heaps of freight until suddenly an opening showed them the BOAT. It was the Sound Steamer, perhaps the Commonwealth or the Priscilla. They walked up a short gangplank into the lobby where Mr. Smith got the handsome brass stateroom keys from the purser. Next they followed a cheerful porter up the wide stairway, where white and gold paint, and rich carving told them it was the Priscilla. Up another red-carpeted stair they went and down a short passage, to a narrow dark many-doored alley. The porter unlocked three doors, and the little Smiths rushed into their cabins. Each girl tried to snatch the tiny cake of soap, or the little box of powder, while the only Smith boy climbed into an upper berth with gusto. After a certain amount of squabbling, everyone was assigned his or her stateroom, with the right luggage and the most suitable roommate. Upper berths were preferred, although the view was better out the window in the lower.

Finally the whole family trooped out on the fore-deck to see the casting off. The girls covered, covering their ears as the Priscilla's stupendous whistle sounded the call of departure. Then a sheltered spot was chosen, with much fussing over chairs. The seats of these chairs were made of various bright pieces of carpeting, and each child seemed to want what another one had. From somewhere a basket of sandwiches appeared, with hard-boiled eggs and milk. Mr. Smith always managed to find delicious fruits on the wharf, red bananas, large plums, and juicy pears. The long hot hours in the trains were forgotten, as the cool breeze blew away soot and weariness.

When Hell Gate approached, they went forward to watch the sailors prepare for any possible emergency as the ship went through this treacherous water. The children gazed with unbelieving stare as the Priscilla's mast actually did pass under Hell Gate bridge. It seemed as if it must hit the girders. By the time smoky Riker's Island was passed, the little ones were tucked away in their berths. Mr. Smith now took the privileged older girls down into the engine room. Quivering with the effort of self control, and holding tightly to their father's hands, they watched a huge scarlet crank swing toward them, and away. So very fast, and yet so immensely slow. It seemed like a great heart beating within the ship. But they knew it turned the paddle wheels which splashed so securely and steadily through the waters of the Sound.

The dreamless slumber into which the children fell, was rudely interrupted next morning at three A.M. when the porter's knock awoke them; "Newport, Newport." Hurrying into clothes, pushing everything hastily into suitcases, they sped out to the cold deck where starry sky and gray moving water surrounded them. Their father showed them Point Judith, already well behind, and Beaver Tail and the Lightship on either side. But time was short, and for the last time they lined themselves up, each with bag for the procession down the magnificent stairway into the lobby. This part of the trip was like a dream between two deep sleeps. The ship docked, the Smith family walked up the gangway to find a large carriage waiting. The carriage drove them from the wharf up to 64 Washington Street. It seemed like a long, long drive. The Smith grandmother stood in the doorway with a lighted candlestick in her hand, greeting them warmly. Milk and gingerbread were on the dining room table. But the children were too sleepy. They rolled upstairs, and fell unconscious into their beds.

Next morning they awoke fresh as if no such journey had taken place. They stole to the window, looked out on the Bay. There it was, so blue, so familiar, the clouds so white and billowy, the catboats dancing at their moorings, Grandmother's lawn green-running to the sea wall, and the lighthouse gleaming brightly from the breakwater.



THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE

Take another look at the little house at 71 Third Street now owned by Alfred Feiner. It was once a schoolhouse with belfry and neat blinds at the windows as this sketch, copied from a 1912 photograph, shows. Note the car tracks along which the trolley cars used to clatter to the end of Third Street. From early colonial days, the Quakers owned all the land from Walnut Street north to Hunter Property and from Third Street east to Long Lane. It was entirely barren of houses. In 1852 the Quakers began to sell parcels of this land for house lots. On January 2, 1852, Clarke Weaver purchased the east side of Third Street from Cherry Street to what is now LaSalle Place extending east to land of John C. Braman, now the Braman Cemetery. The railroad had not yet come to Newport. Two acres "more or less" for the sum of \$1,000.00. By July 12, 1853, the property passed to his son, Thomas. The schoolhouse was moved to its present location between 1853 and 1863 to become the home of Thomas G. Weaver and family as listed in the Newport Directory of 1863. It remained in the Weaver family until October 19, 1912, when it was sold at auction to Mary P. Nelson. Mrs. Gladys Bolhouse of the Newport Historical Society believes it could be the Barney Street schoolhouse of Eleazer Trevett, which property he sold in 1828 and later in the same year purchased lot #39 on the Cherry Street side of the present Stella Maris grounds. An 1850 map shows the Shiver's Pine Street house together with another building of the same shape and dimension as the schoolhouse sharing this lot. In any case the schoolhouse would date back to 1796 or earlier. Any information is welcomed and will be given in future issue of Green Light.

<p>INTERIOR DECORATOR VI 7-5163 William H. Fullerton 41 Washington Street</p> <p>*****</p> <p>FIFTY-STAR AMERICAN FLAGS All Types and Sizes Steven Weaver VI 6-2894 9 Chestnut Street</p> <p>*****</p> <p>HELEN'S BEAUTY SALON All Branches of Beauty Service 3 Stone Street VI 6-1165 Helen Preece Willis, Proprietor Residence, 16 Second Street</p> <p>*****</p> <p>THE JOHN STEVENS SHOP. VI 6-0566 29 Thames Street Founded in 1705 Letter Carving on Wood and Stone</p> <p>*****</p> <p>BOOK BINDING AND REPAIRING Initialling on Leather Glenn A. Bissell 16 Walnut Street VI 7-4340</p> <p>*****</p> <p>THE POINT MARKET VI 6-1088 Groceries - Frozen Foods Second and Walnut Streets</p> <p>*****</p> <p>WHITE HORSE TAVERN Oldest American Tavern Marlborough & Farewell Streets VI 7-7767</p> <p>*****</p> <p>GAMAGE'S VARIETY STORE 9 Thames Street VI 7-9626 Candy, Cigars, Cold Cuts Ice Cream, Magazines, Newspapers</p> <p>*****</p>	<p>THE ST. LEO SHOP VI 7-5428 118 Washington Street Religious Cards, Books, Mantillas</p> <p>*****</p> <p>BRIGET'S BEAUTY BAR VI 7-0236 Two Mile Corner By Appointment Only Mrs. Joseph Waluk, Res. 34 Third Street</p> <p>*****</p> <p>CORPUS CHRISTI CARMEL RETREAT HOUSE 21 Battery Street VI 7-6165 Religious Articles and Cards for All Occasions</p> <p>*****</p> <p>PETE'S CANTEEN, 74½ Third Street Bakery, Canned and Dairy Goods Daily Newspapers, Magazines</p> <p>*****</p> <p>LEARY'S OIL COMPANY Range & Fuel Oil Metered Service George Leary, Proprietor 47 Washington Street VI 7-5591</p> <p>*****</p> <p>SPIERS CLOVER FARM GROCERY 103 Second Street VI 7-1668 Open at Your Convenience</p> <p>*****</p> <p>RESTORATIONS, INC. 5 Charles Street VI 7-5727 Fabrics and Wallpapers All prices Slipcovers, Drapery, Upholstery</p> <p>*****</p> <p>NEWPORT COUNTY SECRETARIAL SERVICES Shorthand Typing Mimeographing Photo-copy Accounting 63 Touro Street VI 7-6577</p> <p>*****</p> <p>Raymond & Whitcomb Co. First in Travel Since 1879 42 Spring Street VI 6-8000</p>
--	---

The Point is a beautiful place - let's make it more so. Don't throw papers DOWN - pick 'em up ! Teach the little ones to treat the trees with respect. Clean-up, tidy-up should be a year-round project.

Faint, illegible text at the top of the page, possibly a header or address line.



THE GREEN LIGHT
THE POINT ASSOCIATION
Editor: 22 Bridge Street
NEWPORT R. I.



RADM. Mrs. Henry E. Eccles
101 Washington Street
Newport
R. I.