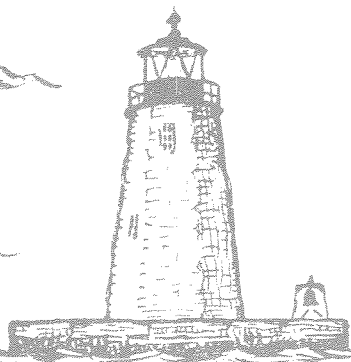


The GREEN LIGHT



BULLETIN OF THE POINT ASSOCIATION OF NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND

Vol. XX

October 1975

No. 4

ANNUAL MEETING OCTOBER 23RD

AT 7:30

Russell Brown of Urban Design Group, will
speak on the Tall Ships.

Enthusiastic Greetings from your P.A.N. President!

We all spent a busy summer encouraging memberships, signing new members. discussing the Watch Program and helping to present our Birthday picnic-concert. All of your Board members and committee members were very active with the extremely successful Point Fair, and the Beautification Committee's Garden Tour and Tree Plantings. We hailed the arrival of the Gas Lights, watched with pride all of the restoration and sprucing up of our neighborhood homes. We greeted new residents that we were aware of, and even greeted the President of the United States as he whizzed through our area. The Fall-Winter season should not dull or enthusiasm -- don't forget decorating for Christmas House Tours, Christmas in Newport, and for our Twilight at the Point Program.

OUR FIRST TWENTY YEARS

The Point Association of Newport launched out bravely in 1955, with a few dollars in the cashbox and sixty-two members. Among them was a ninety-year old man and a two-day-old infant, so there was a diversified membership from the start!

In 1957, The Green Light came into being. The resourceful editor enlisted the services of a sea gull to help deliver it. He wore a crash helmet on his rounds. If you think I imagine it, there's a drawing of him in a Green Light of 1959. I don't know his name -- perhaps it was Jonathon -- but I'm sure I have seen him around. We're going to need his help again come the 1976 postal rates for we now have close to five hundred members. Will the sea gull please come forward and re-enlist?

Christmas 1956 brought the first celebration of an Afternoon on the Point. We sang carols around our lighted Christmas tree in Battery Park -- just as we still do only our tree is in the shadow of St. John's and we celebrate in the parish hall. Our Point picnic, first held in Benson's harbor-bordered lawn and now in Storer Park, is another of our annual neighborly get-togethers.

We were enormously proud of the fifteen hundred dollar profit realized from our first fund raising event, "Oldport Day," held in 1957. We went on from there -- a Craft Exhibit, Garden Tours, the sale of a charming little publication, Here and There on the Point, Christmas on the Point, and then the Fair with of late its outstanding Point-made quilt.

Other steady sources of revenue are the May Plant Sale and our cookbook, Favorite Recipes from Here and There on the Point. We've sold almost all of the three thousand copies. Must get busy on Volume II!

From the first we've put all-out effort into overcoming the problems of the Point. The effects of long neglect of our area have been pretty well wiped out but there is still much work to do. We wage a continuous war against theft and vandalism -- our successful Watch Program has been taken up in other parts of Newport and in other communities. We've worked with the young people, and hope to send children to Day Camp next summer. We are planting trees and they are prospering. We've financed ten of the new gas lights on Point streets. Our crowning achievement is the purchasing, reclaiming and landscaping of the overgrown field that is now Storer Park.

Our success has not come easily. It has been brought about by able leaders backed by the whole-hearted support of the membership. Today we are a strong, united group, recognized by the governing and civic groups of our city. Let's keep The Green Light glowing and our membership growing!

Why was I asked to summarize P.A.N.'s first twenty years! I wasn't even here for the first seventeen of them. I'm only a "Point Setter." However, when an editor makes up his mind there's no choice but to dig into the archives, "and be brief" she says. So ---

Eileen Peterson

Keep watch and keep the Watch Program in mind! It is when we grow careless trouble starts up again. Anyone still wishing to join the Watch Program, and receive booklet, decal, etc., just call the Police Community Relations office, 849-2753.

Annette Chramiec

NEW MEMBERS

Thanks to our most cordial president Joseph Vars and membership chairman Ann Huot, as well as Gladys MacLeod and Eileen Peterson who paid many calls, we have a goodly number. Greetings! We are happy to see you.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Adams, Jr.	Mrs. Thomas Clark Howard
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Alvanos	Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hughes
Mrs. Doris A. Bogirski	Mr. Michael James, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Campbell	Dr. and Mrs. S. V. Just
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Carter	Mr. Peter S. Kent
Capt. Dorothy Council, USN (Ret.)	Mr. and Mrs. Curtis W. Magee
Mr. Andre d'Andrea	Mrs. Rose McGann
Mr. Humphrey J. Donnelly, III	Mr. Richard Nelson
Mr. and Mrs. Amram DuCouvry	Mrs. Alice Peabody
Mrs. John Duenzl	Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Plumb
Miss Laune Folk	Mrs. Mary Sebring
Mr. Anthony E. Furtado	Mr. Peter Skinner
Mrs. Josephine Goldin	Mr. Jeffrey Taber
Mrs. James N. Hidler	Mr. George P. Van Duinwyk
Mr. Paul Holbrook	Mr. and Mrs. Michael Waite

Some may be old members -- who have returned. Don't be surprised to find yourself here, again, we are so pleased.

Gladys MacLeod would be glad of a call advising of any new people moving to the Point so she can see if they care to join the Association.

TREES FOR THE POINT

The Point Association members, one and all, wish to here express their deep and enduring gratitude to the following people for the gifts that made possible the purchasing and planting of more TREES. Everyone in the Point area benefits from their generosity and the whole of Newport is thereby enriched.

Mr. John Nicholas Brown	Mrs. Leroy Martin
Mrs. W. G. Dyer	The Newport National Bank
Mrs. Harvey S. Firestone, Jr.	Mr. Prentiss
Mrs. William Langley	Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt
Mr. John Lingley	Mrs. George Henry Warren
Mrs. Joseph McEnness	

TAKE TIME TO RECALL

Do you recall Miss Margie Stevens' store, which stood where Arnold Park is now, the thrill of selecting penny candy -- fried eggs in little tin pans, pink and white marshmallow Foxy Grandpas, licorice whips and Tootsie Rolls, or of buying coloring books, toys, paper dolls

and the sheets of their furniture? That furniture! Shakily, it would stand up; the only thing we made that was three dimensional. In the grimness of February, did you take shiny paper, along with the sheets of flowers and fruits to detach and paste on, such as is still sold in Europe, to make your very own Valentines?

Can you take time to recall the Fall River Line boats? They stopped here at nine o'clock in the evening, to take on freight and passengers. Since many of the exciting summer people travelled this way and were known by sight to the townsfolk, the scenes resembled the Hollywood premiers of later days. Did anything ever again seem quite so grand as the steamer on which you took your first trip as a child? Remember the wide carpeted stairs leading to the saloon with its red velvet covered chairs -- and the orchestra that would play even your requests? The dining room had shaded lights shining down on so many, many silver tea pots. What about the wonder of falling asleep in an upper berth, lulled by the creaking of the ship, and waking up in NEW YORK?

Can you remember the Sewing School kept by the Misses Wilbur, in St. John's parish house? Each Saturday afternoon they taught hemming, outlining, weaving and embroidery, and you brought a penny. Some spent a long time "graduating" from one project to another! Did you go to the entertainments put on in the Spring, complete with costumes and scenery? These were musicals, mostly fairy tales. Something called Cinderella in Flowerland was staged in St. John's parish hall, as it was in parishes throughout the land. I was a bee that by my buzzing was supposed to tell Cinderella the hour grew late. Midnight was coming!

What about Langley's Candy Store, where you found the big sticks of homemade clove, cinnamon, vanilla, spearmint and wintergreen candy -- or the famous "chocolate molasses?"

Did you play at Bettery Park, then referred to as the Blue Rocks, chasing your friends around the bandstand, finding shells in the pools on the rocks, and the kind of seaweed you could pop with your fingers, while the older people enjoyed looking at the sparkling harbor, where the then white Navy ships lay at anchor, decorated on holidays with pennants and flags? And, maybe, before you left, did you get a treat at Childs' stand, which sold candy, ice cream and soda? Were you taken to the Band Concerts on summer evenings, those well attended events so greatly appreciated in pre-radio days?

Remember the trains coming in -- the distant whistle growing louder, the crossing gates being closed, the clanging of the bell and the hissing of the steam as the wheels ground slowly to a stop, the little steps being brought for passengers to alight --?

How about Westall's Ice Cream Parlor, with its marble top tables, special chairs and glass dishes. I know we all remember that. Can you forget bringing home ice cream cones for the family on warm summer evenings, carrying several in each hand? You might be fairly successful, unless you had to wait at the crossing for a long freight train to go by, when the ice cream melted and ran down to your elbows. Oh, chocolate!

Do you remember walking along the shore, on Wednesday afternoons, to the Naval Training Station to see the weekly drills? To the music of the Navy band, the apprentice seamen did calisthenics, rifle drills, and signalled the alphabet with little flags they kept in their boots. Were you ever lucky enough to be given a boat ride back to the Government Landing? If you take time to recall then, when you do, like Wordsworth, your heart may "with pleasure fill."

Dorothy (Lyons) Reilly

THROUGH THE GARDEN GATES OF THE POINT

This very successful tour made two hundred and thirty dollars on a mid-September afternoon, while everyone concerned enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Through some gates, visitors were treated to the visions of long-time-loved gardens. Some like a great party where all the flowers are talking to one another. Such was Carrie Erikson's. Other gardens where some lovely thing has nestled into every available space of small but exquisitely arranged areas. Gates opened revealing surprising amounts of peace-filled green or of flourishing beds. Where the people had not been there long they are to be especially congratulated. There were green gardens, herb gardens, vegetable gardens, an Oriental garden as individual as its proprietor, oldfashioned gardens, and apples enough to make presents. Good, let's do it again!

S O S POTTER LEAGUE

All who love animals on the Point, let's do what we can NOW for the Potter League. One of the joys of Aquidneck Island is this merciful shelter. It will make a difference for years to come if we do everything and anything at the present to make their continuance possible. Give money if you can. THE POTTER LEAGUE MUST HAVE A NEW FACILITY TO BE GRANTED A LICENSE. The editor 846-7566 will be happy to pick up any dog or cat food, etc., if you are closing house, etc.

ST. JOHN'S

In honor of its hundredth year, the Church of St. John the Evangelist will make its annual Feast of the Dedication especially meaningful. The Rt. Rev. Frederick H. Belden, as well as the Rev. Charles Minifie, rector of Trinity, will be there. A special mass with music appropriate to this historic occasion will be celebrated. The centennial booklet One Hundred Years on the Point, a History of the Zabriskie Memorial Church of St. John the Evangelist will be ready at that time.

SUMNER CLARKE -JOURNEYMAN CARPENTER

I came from a long line of carpenters. They made out all right, but they had it tough to start and saw no reason why it should be different for the young coming along. Mother'd make a generous-sized cake, and my brother Charles might let on, "That's a big one. Surely there'll be some left for us." Mostly we had never a lick. Thanksgiving, Christmas, Church dinners, minister's visits -- the grownups sat down and ate, and afterwards the children could have what was left -- if anything. When father fell ill, mother had no time for the younger children and we were packed off to grandfather's. We had fish stew many a night and I hated it, though I never dared say anything. Grandfather glared at me, seeing I hadn't finished. "Young man, do you know I never had a Christmas present when I was your age?" Mother'd have the crocks full of cookies. You asked her if you might have one, and if she said yes you took it, otherwise you never touched them, you wouldn't dare. Grownups figured they'd earned the right to make it just as hard for you. Three summers -- the first summer my brother Charles who had been there before took me by the hand -- we walked out to Harry Sherman's farm. From the 23rd of June until the Labor Day weekend we worked there. No pay. Board only. The food was very good and plenty of it. We did whatever was asked: milking, pitching hay, hilling up corn, hoeing onions -- Saturday evening we could go home, as long as we were there for the Sunday evening chores. The farmer'd allow us some provender to take.

Oh yes, father was building important houses then. He came home with contracts worth thousands of dollars. I can name you houses in many o street father put up for this rich man or that. Father'd stand up before the City Council -- and they'd listen. Fellow told me just recently, if something kept the preacher away, father used to give the sermon. Fact remains, father wasn't having any shavers underfoot, not he. Summers we were sent out to work for the farmer.

Right after I left school, when I was not quite fifteen, I started carpentering. Your people signed a paper for your six years. You did not get any money for learning the trade. The boss carpenters had six years for kicking you, abusing you if they liked. John Anthony was my first boss. Said he to me, "I'll tell you once." He meant it. John Anthony'd show you and after that you'd better know it.

When I got through my six years learning the carpentering and building trade, I had to go before an examining board, if I wanted to be a journeyman carpenter. Wages for a journeyman carpenter were \$2.75 a day -- if you had passed the exam.

You had to be able to frame a house. You had to be able to do all the inside trim, hang doors, lay floors -- pantry, shelving, cases. A lot came under the heading of finish work. You had to read the steel square, slide rule, and take plans made out to scale and figure them full size -- 1/10 to a foot, 1/4 to a foot. You had to figure what

stock you needed for a job, how long a job would take. Maybe it was an ordinary house, a cottage house, two tenement house, a barn, garages. One of the six men on the examiners board would say to you, "I want a such and such house." and you had to tell them all about it.

You had to go through all the little details of wood and turning of furniture. An examiner'd ask "I want a Windsor chair. Tell me--"

The exam took two afternoons, one and a half or two hours an afternoon. If you passed, you were given a card down at the Union -- and they sent you out. There was me and J. D. Johnson, Bob Carney and a half dozen more. Things got slow around Newport and I went over to the Torpedo Station and worked. I stayed there until the First World War.

I was in the first draft out of here -- twelve of us from Newport. Tony Silvester, the cobbler, and I went up to Camp Devins, slept in a pup tent and built shacks and roads. The men had picks and shovels. There used to be some fights! I was with the 301st Engineers. There were 7,000 on the ship going over. If it wasn't for the French we would have starved. We had hard tack and corn willy (corned beef in cans) and we scraped the snails off the trenches and roasted them on our bayonets. We were issued rum and coffee before going into action -- Of course we drank cognac when we could buy or steal it, which wasn't often; the French are smart there.

No, I don't belong to the veteran organizations. Parades lead by men who never got off their backsides to leave Newport, speeches, humph!

I was official bugler for the Grand Army of the Republic and eighteen years in the brass band here, where I played the trumpet. I received two dollars apiece for the funerals. A funeral started with a parade in the morning; there'd be a memorial speech here and more speeches there; by the time I played Taps at the graveyard, night would be falling.

My brother Charlie was thirty odd years with the Washington Symphony playing the violin. He had an instrument with a lion's head father made for him. Father made the clarinet he himself played, and several other violins.

The Municipal Band played in Touro Park in August and on special occasions. We played in Washington Square, Battery Park, Morton Park, Wellington Avenue and Aquidneck Park. I got thirty-nine dollars for playing all summer long. One July fourth my solo was The Rosary. The crowd spilled over from the park across Bellevue Avenue and traffic stood still.

Well, so -- When the First World War was over we came back. At Hoboken, we got deloused and discharged. There was nothing around there; I went into Boston and found a job with Irving Casson. With Casson, I stayed seventeen years. Went all over the country, clear to California. After the war, I couldn't stay still. My brother was the same way, plenty of the fellows were, just couldn't remain long in the

in the same place. All that fighting and moving on, always moving on. After, you couldn't stay put. With Casson, we built churches and houses. In west Philadelphia, we built hotels; in Westfield auditoriums; in Washington, D.C. on Palmer Street, we put up four buildings; put together a pile of houses down in Atlanta, Georgia. Then, I was with the Wolcott Construction, in New Rochelle, for four or five years. I came back to Newport to work on St. George's chapel. With Irving Casson, I worked there more than a year. Then there was Calvary Chapel, and inside Kay Chapel, repair work at Trinity and Emanuel. At Trinity, we did over the organ front panel and other cabinetwork. The box pews had general repair. We did the communion rail and credence table. Dr. Schaiff was there then. Down at St. John's, we built a study for Father Hamlin. It was in the big, white house -- the rectory. It was we placed that Colonial doorway -- Jim Gibson and me -- the other door was all rotten. The Colonial doorway came from the Hunter House, you know? Afterwards, I went away and worked for a-while. I came back to alter the first floor of the War College over at the Training Station. (Mr. Clarke looks up, looks about him.) I've been here, been around.

Right now, Mr. Clarke's shop on Spring Street is an orderly clutter of people's treasures. It is difficult to catch him there. He answers the demands of carpentering emergencies on the Island, off Island. Sumner Clarke, Journeyman Carpenter, like a craftsman of old can do the finest thing you may ask him in the way of building or furniture work -- if he will. Ah, if he will!

Inside the Newport Historical Society every visitor must gaze in wonder at the perfect craftsmanship of the Sabbatarian Chapel there -- the half wineglass pulpit, the stairs ascending to it. When the chapel was to be placed in the building, Mr. Clarke's part in the restoration included those lovely spindles rising in their different patterns. Think of it! The man who could do that stands before you. Rather say, he has gone off to work any fool carpenter can do because he regards it as more necessary. You have a three hundred year old piece that has really figured in history, and Mr. Clarke cocks a bright, blue eye at you. "You have another chair to sit on, don't you?" And off he flits. Sumner Clarke is a master craftsman. What more to say? The Green Light is proud to write of this born Pointer. Hurrah for Sumner Clarke!

DAY ON THE POINT '75

The Day on the Point was more than a huge success, in spite of a few raindrops. Everyone enjoyed themselves and certainly anticipate coming back next year. I want to take this opportunity to thank you all -- the committee chairmen, the volunteers and everyone who helped towards making this Fair the biggest and most successful yet. It is through the untiring efforts of all our members and friends that such a goal is reached. Every available foot of space on Willow Street was utilized, as was the driveway of St. John's church. Almost everyone taking space has asked to come back again next year, which certainly speaks well for our hospitality on the Point, to say nothing of our

"sharing the wealth." With the Bicentennial coming up for '76, extensive plans should be started early for the Day on the Point, to insure still greater success for our Fair.

I have several suggestions for an even smoother operation, to be presented to the Executive Board and to the Chairman of Fair '76. Again, I must express my gratitude and thanks to all who helped make Day on the Point '75 such a success.

William H. Fullerton
Chairman, Day on the Point '75

MESSAGE FROM OUR MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN

Well, the end of the membership year has rolled around again and it's time for dues. During the past year our numbers have only increased. Our membership became more audible and stronger in civic affairs. To old members -- please come back again, we need you -- to new members -- welcome, we are glad to have you -- to prospective members -- we wish you would join us.

Dues are: Active \$2.00. Sustaining \$10.00 Patron \$25.00
These are individual dues. We are introducing a new family membership of \$5.00. October first is the beginning of the membership year. Please fill out your renewal notices, circling amount paid, and mail to: The Point Association, P.O. Box 491, Newport, R.I. 02840. Dues may also be paid at the October General Meeting. Hope to see you there!

ANNE HUOT

The Nominating Committee will report at the General Meeting.

OFFICERS

President	Joseph P. T. Vars
Vice president	Ron Ackman
Second vice president	Edwin Henrie
Treasurer	Al Henry
Corresponding Secretary	Monica Harrington
Recording secretary	Eileen Peterson
Membership	Ann Huot
Editor: <u>The Green Light</u>	Rosalys Hall assisted by Deborah Lutman and Alice Fitzpatrick

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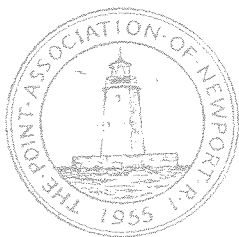
Books on Montessori pre-school education.

LINTON INTERIORS

Mel Linton, A. I. D.

849-3939

Designing, Decorating and Consulting Services



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