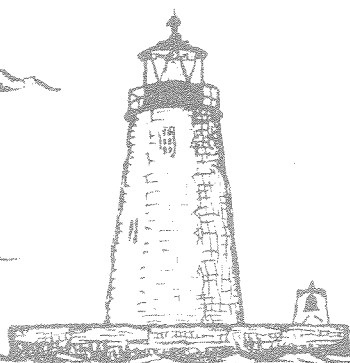


The GREEN

LIGHT



BULLETIN OF THE POINT ASSOCIATION OF NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND

VOL. XVI

JULY 1971

No. 3

"ARNOLD PARK"

In recognition of the long and unusual contributions Mr. and Mrs. Harold P. Arnold have made to the City of Newport and especially to "The Point," the new park at Cross and Thames Street will be named "Arnold Park." Dedication will be on Thursday, July 22nd, at 5:30 P.M. at the Park. Plan to attend and extend your congratulations to Harold and Phillipine.

At the same time a plaque designating the Historic District of Newport as a National Historic Landmark will be placed on the stone at the corner of "Arnold Park."

The addition of another park in The Point makes our neighborhood a better and more pleasant place in which to live and work. Mrs. George Henry Warren and The Preservation Society of Newport County, Operation Clapboard, Oldport Association, and the various other individuals who contributed financially and with hard work, are to be thanked for making our park possible.

We also wish to thank Mr. William Fullerton for accomplishing the landscaping.

THE JULY PICNIC

The annual picnic will be held on July 22nd at 6:30 o'clock on Mrs. Benson's lawn, 62 Washington Street. Bring your own chairs or blankets, and don't forget your food. Our refreshment chairman will furnish coffee. Remember to go to the park dedication at 5:30 first. We shall have some entertainment; it will be a big surprise to all of us. In case of rain, the picnic will be held the next day - same time, same place.

THE PLANT SALE

The Plant Sale was held on May 22nd in the Eccles' driveway, and for once the sun shone. We had plants and plants of all kinds, tho the annuals were very few, due to the late frost, and little sun; there were few tomatoes and almost no impatiences. Everyone came with baskets full, and left with equally full baskets, as well as overflowing boxes, and happy after talking to many old friends. We raised about \$96 for the geraniums in Battery Park.

THE POT LUCK SUPPER

The Pot Luck Supper was the largest turnout we have ever had and tremendously successful. By now we know what good cooks we have, and everyone ate and ate, which proved we all agree. The tables looked most elegant, decorated with flowers, and the food was lined up on the stage for each to help himself. All ages came, even a baby in a back pack, and everyone talked steadily while eating the vast and tempting variety. Dede Elster was the Chairman, and we certainly believe her when she says she has served pot luck suppers all over the world. Many thanks to the telephone committee, and Kay James and her family and young assistants who, as usual, did an immense amount of leg work. One oval glass casserole dish was not claimed; if the owner will call Mrs. Elster, 847-0563, it is waiting for her.

We'll let Mrs. Elster recover from this triumph; we are all ready for another one.

THE BEAUTIFICATION COMMITTEE

The work at Cross Street and Thames Street Park is nearly done. The posts will be painted the same color as the Hunter House, with the chains black. The hole where a house was torn down, was filled in by the city, rolled and seeded with grass. The city mows all the grass in the park, though the drought has not helped it to grow. The city has also donated three loads of bark to help protect all the new planting, and is putting gravel on the path. Several friends have given donations to help with the planting, including one good sized dogwood tree. In time we hope to have a big tree for more shade for the stone bench that will be placed on the walk. Bill Fullerton has done all the planning and planting too, with the help of Brian Arnold.

The copper beech in Battery Park is growing, tho the leaves look small as yet.

Only three of the wooden boxes were planted with geraniums this year, because all the rest were smashed or stolen between last summer and this. Few of us saw the beautiful scarlet plants that were put in this year, as two days after being planted, they were stolen. Someone had a very selfish Memorial Day. A second planting of the boxes has been destroyed. Shall we plant poison ivy next?

THE STREET FAIR

For the street fair on Saturday, August 14th, see the enclosed flyer. Three friends have given prizes to be drawn at a time announced later.

1st Prize: A wag-on-the-wall clock, with face decorated by Mable Watson, which may be seen at Rough's.

2nd Prize: A decoupage box by Dede Elster.

3rd Prize: A crewel pillow by Carrie Ericson.

The donations will be: 50¢ for one, \$2.00 for five, and \$5.00 for 12.

Tickets may be reserved by calling: Mrs. Weaver 846-2894 Mrs. Eccles 847-5863
Rough's Jewelry Store 846-0598 Arnold Art Store 847-2273

JULY FOURTH

In the years of my childhood we lived not far from the eastern shore of Narragansett Bay in a cottage. In addition to the bay, our western view included a sweep of Conanicut's eastern shore.

Holidays were always occasions for celebration in our family, which consisted of our parents, with three children, and among them the Fourth of July was no exception. A few days before the big day came, father would take us to the Landers toy store, where in those pre-inflation days, for the total sum of one dollar, we would choose our annual supply of firecrackers. There were caps for our pistols, torpedoes, lady firecrackers, firecrackers, and salutes, a supply which we would stretch out through the day. Since this was one day in the year when we were allowed to stay up late, we gave especial attention to the after dark items, which included small hand sparklers, a big one to stick in the ground, Roman candles, and finally a pot of red fire to greet the New York boat. I am sure the items varied from year to year according to what was available, and interesting as we grew older. Sometimes it was green fire instead of red.

Finally the great day came. We were usually awake and up early, but the rule was no noise outside before 7 o'clock, when we could start shooting our cap pistols, lest we disturb someone within earshot who might want to sleep a little longer. Outside we could see the big flag at Fort Adams, which added to our holiday feeling, since it was flown only on such special days. Usually each one of us had fired at least one firecracker before we went back into the house for breakfast.

If the day was to include a family picnic, at my uncle's nearby farm, we resumed our celebrating after breakfast, using our supplies freely, as we would not take any with us. There were always enough other attractions at the farm including our first swim of the season.

If we remained at home for the day, we were more careful to conserve our noise makers. In mid morning we would stop to help turn the crank on the ice cream freezer. After many pauses to ask "Isn't it ready yet?" the dasher was removed and ours to lick. Of course Father did most of the cranking because our arms and patience just did not last that long.

By early afternoon there would be a lull in our activities, either from satisfaction with what we had fired off during the morning, or the need to save something for later. After supper our excitement began to grow again because it was the after dark activities that were the highlight of our day. As the sunset and dusk came on, we were all gathered in front of the house. If we had saved any firecrackers, now was the time to shoot them, because they could be seen in a bright flash as they exploded. At this time a string of lady crackers was especially showy, sputtering and showering sparks as they pop-popped. A final salute almost would blind us with its big flash and loud blast.

At last it was dark enough for our night display. There must have been about a dozen sparklers in each of the small boxes. With a lighted one in each hand we would wave them around in circles, loops and figure eights. A row of sparklers stuck in the ground gave enough light for us to see ourselves plainly. The big one which was two or three feet long, looked like a little Christmas tree as the sparks spattered out. When the last ball of varie-colored fire had been shot from the Roman candles, it was time to watch the displays on the opposite shoreline; we never could decide which was the prettiest. Sometimes friends and relatives joined us to share the evening festivities.

Now we began asking father, "Isn't it time yet?" Eventually he would gather up the pail, bits of newspaper, matches, and the red fire. The climax of our day was the hope that the New York Boat would blow its whistle in salute to our burning pot. Year after year we tried. Often there was difficulty in getting the fuel lighted, so the gaily lighted ship was in front of us before the fire pot was blazing, which meant it was past the point where the captain would notice it. Then, too, we were competing with the Jamestown estates, for many of them also lighted their fires in salute to those well-loved steamers. On numerous occasions the several fires along Conanicut each received the three blasts. Once in a while the ship would steam silently out of the bay, ignoring all the fires along the shores. Father would carefully drown the last embers with a pail of sea water. As we walked home, disappointed though we were, we still had time to notice the fireflies adding nature's little lights to the celebration.

The years passed; we made ready for our last Fourth of July at the cottage and once more our father took the fire pot to the shore. Everything was ready. Suddenly out of the darkness, close to our shoreline, there was the Commonwealth, father's favorite. The red fire fuse caught readily, and our firepot blazed up. Then it happened -- one, two, three deep throated blasts from that famous whistle. In answer, father covered the fire three times with the empty pan turned upside down. We waited just long enough for the fire to be drowned, then dashed home to mother -- "Did you hear it? This year the Commonwealth blew for us!"

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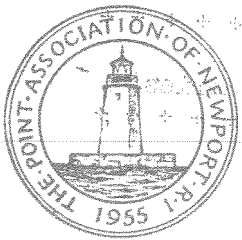
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Let's all work the year around to keep the Point clean and beautiful. Try
to teach children to respect the trees, and to pick up paper, not throw it down.



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THE POINT ASSOCIATION
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