

The GREEN



LIGHT

BULLETIN OF THE POINT ASSOCIATION OF NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND

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THE ANNUAL PICNIC

The annual Picnic of the Point Association will be held on Thursday, July 27th, at 6:00 P.M. in Mrs. Benson's garden at 62 Washington Street. Be sure to bring your lunch, chair, blanket, and whatever else is necessary for your enjoyment. Coffee will be served. Here is something we look forward to all year.

APRIL QUARTERLY MEETING

The April Quarterly Meeting of the Point Association of Newport was held on April 27th in St. John's Guild Hall.

The Ecology Fair was described.

The Plant Sale on May 20th was arranged to be held at 101 Washington Street in the Eccles' driveway.

The Point Association has charge of the lighting of the lanterns in the Liberty Tree for the Rhode Island Bicentennial celebration, under the most capable direction of Mrs. Bertha Mathinos.

There was then a long discussion of Storer Park, but though much is getting settled, it is still too uncertain for many decisions. Don't be upset; there will be a fund drive.

Mr. Fullerton announced that two classes at Callender had live Christmas trees last Christmas, which they gave to the Point Association to help beautify the Point. They are now planted in Arnold Park, thanks to Bill Fullerton and Bob Elster.

Mrs. Mary Wharton then showed Oldport's collection of slides of Newport's old houses, both before and after restoration, followed by a "Talk Show," when everyone could ask questions.

The meeting adjourned, and Mrs. James and her committee served refreshments.

R.I. BICENTENNIAL INDEPENDENCE COMMEMORATION

Newport's share in this celebration was the lighting of lanterns on the Liberty Tree at the corner of Thames and Farewell Streets on May 6th. The Newport Artillery Company paraded down from Mumford School, followed by thirteen children chosen to represent the thirteen states, each carrying a lantern, and dressed in costume. The band played; then the Artillery Company fired a salute which startled everyone. A short history of the Liberty Tree was read (the present fern leaved beech is the fourth tree in its troubled history). The children, in the order of the states joining the union (R.I. was the last) came to hang the lanterns on the tree, with help from a tall man. Another salvo from the Artillery Company ended the ceremony. This used to be a yearly occasion, and we hope that custom may be restored.

Mrs. Bertha Mathinos managed all this most skillfully.

STORER PARK

Many time consuming administrative details having to do with the final plans for Storer Park have delayed the start of the campaign to raise money for the acquisition and development of the property. It is, however, particularly gratifying to report that members of the Storer family (nephews

and nieces of Miss Agnes Storer) have contributed one thousand dollars to the Park. In the meanwhile detailed plans are being prepared, and estimates obtained for the necessary basic work.

THE PLANT SALE

The annual plant sale was held on May 20th in the Eccles' driveway, and you could hardly believe how it rained. But all our old friends and many more came, and picked out their plants in the garage. They all made a brave turnout, enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and bought everything in sight. Mrs. Eccles served coffee and doughnuts in the house - much appreciated. The grandmothers had a collection of small things they have been making, mostly pot holders and pin cushions, most of which were sold. Altogether, we cleared \$241.20 from plants, grandmothers, and donations, all added to the Storer Park Fund. The plants alone raised \$147, the best ever.

THE STREET FAIR

Thirty-eight spaces have already been engaged for the Street Fair on August 26th, reflecting the success of the previous ones. A splendid variety of craftsmen and artists will be selling their own works, while specialty shops will have treasures such as antiques, scrimshaw, pewter, books on Newport, country store items, needlepoint materials, nautical accessories, jewelry, dried flower arrangements and fresh flowers, fine toys, and many kinds of souvenirs and gifts. Mrs. Pat Hegnauer will have the white elephant table, and would appreciate it if you could pick out your own personal white elephants right away. Call 846-1308 and if possible, please bring your contributions to 51 Farewell Street.

St. John's Guild Hall will shelter the International Food Fair where specialties of Greece, Italy, Portugal, the Philippines, and New England will be for sale. The Potter League will bring its Zoo, and there will be puppet shows and balloons for the children. At some time during the day, the Newport Artillery Company will arrive in its colorful uniforms.

Four prizes have been donated, and tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Edwin Henrie - home number 847-8374, or at "The Hook and I," 847-5333. The prizes are: an exquisitely made decoupage lamp, a custom made slip cover for a chair, a crocheted afghan, and a set of towels. The drawing for these prizes will take place at four o'clock. The La Forge Casino Restaurant will again serve sandwiches, tea, coffee, and soft drinks. A group of women will have slices of cake for dessert.

So come one and all, and enjoy the Festivities.

NEWPORT MAPS OF 1776 AND 1777

It is interesting to examine early maps of Newport. Until Redevelopment gutted the center of Newport, there had not been many changes. Maps published in 1776 and 1777 are rare; one is hanging in the Colony House, but there are reproductions. One was originally published by "Willm Faden, Charing Cross, Sept. 1, 1777" and the other "Published according to act April 24, 1776 by J.F.W. DesBarres, Esq." Both of these maps have a scale of 500' to the inch and it is obvious that one was copied from the other. Both have letters indicating important buildings - mostly churches - and the references are usually identical from A - Trinity Church almost to the end of the alphabet. Bridge Street is known as Shipwright Street and there is a bridge shown just west of Essie Bates' house; in fact, the water is shown right up to her back door. What we know today as Long Wharf is called Queen Hithe and there is a drawbridge about where Corcoran, Peckham and Hayes have their office. On the maps, Long Wharf is the wharf extending to the west of the street we now call Long Wharf. Other wharfs on the Point are Rome's Wharf at the end of Poplar Street, Wanton's Wharf at the end of Elm Street, and Ellery's Ferry Wharf at the end of Bridge St. There is a market house at the foot of Washington Street and, of course, the Brick Market is labeled "Market House." The Faden map shows "A Battery Raised by the Americans" at Battery Park, but the DesBarres map does not show or refer to it. Both maps show the fort on Goat Island, and on the Faden map it is labeled Fort George.

Herb Rommel

LOG OF THE CATBOAT FALCON (Continued)

July 16 - The crew only slept until 8:20 A.M. Fine day: clear, strong breeze WSW. Breakfast and then underway at 11:30. Off West Chop Light at 1 P.M. Wind hauled to W and moderate so set the jib. Stood out on long reach toward Nobska Light on the port tack and then back again. The tide was running strong to the Eastward so that we fetched back only about 250 yards to the Westward off the can buoy off West Chop. We then stood in between the Middle Ground Shoal and the Vineyard Shore, it being 2 P.M. In there we got out of the tide and came along at a good rate of speed. The breeze freshened and we stowed the jib again. Until nearly past the shoal it looked as though we could get no lee at Menemsha Light but then the wind backed to the SW and we decided to try it. The tide was by this time setting strong to the Westward, but by remaining inside the shoal we had gained a good deal on the fleet of schooners, mostly three masters, which had put out of Vineyard Haven at the time we passed there. We reached Menemsha Light about 5 P.M. and anchored close to the beach, off the mouth of the creek. W.S. and C.G.LaF. went ashore in the skiff and explored. There are two creeks but we found there was no possibility of getting in either of them with the "Falcon" unless at a very high tide. The beach was alive with Least Terns and we found two or three eggs and two young birds, but it was probably too late to find many eggs. There was quite a rolling swell off the beach and poor holding ground, so we concluded to go further to the Westward along the shore where we saw some boats moored. When we got down there we found a collection of fisherman's huts, rejoicing in the romantic name of Lobsterville. There was the same swell here, and all sand bottom, and we thought it would be best to give it up and run across the Sound to Cuttyhunk or Tarpaulin Cove, but there seemed to be a heavy fog making in and it was getting late, nearly sundown, so we decided to chance it where we were. Two schooners, one a fisherman the other a lumberman, came up and anchored where we were and we thought it would be best to run nearer shore where we saw a sloop anchored, so we hauled up in the wind and stood toward her. We were going pretty fast when we heard a bump, followed by two or three more in rapid succession, then a grating noise, and there we were, aground in a little short of four feet of water. We lay with the wind over the quarter and could do nothing with the sail so we let it down. Then C.G.LaF. took the anchor in the skiff and cruised off to look for deeper water. It seemed to be shoaler further from shore, so he sculled back over the course we had just come and after running out to the end of the cable dropped the anchor overboard. Then W.S.S. and J.B.LaF. hauled away on the cable and when the swells rolled under the boat they would lift her enough to let her come ahead a little. After this operation had been gone through with three times, she floated and we ran her down with the sweeps between the two schooners and anchored. We had seen two men on the beach shouting at us, but could not make out what they said. As we were furling the sail they came out to us in a rowboat and we found that one of them was the Captain of the sloop which lay near shore. He explained to us how the shoal lay on which we had grounded and said there was plenty of water near the beach, and that we had better run in there as, when the tide turned, it would be pretty rough where we were whereas inside the bar it was smoother. He then offered to sail the boat in, which we were glad to let him do. Having finally come to an anchor near his sloop, the "Caroline," we went ahead with dinner as fast as possible and then turned in.

July 17 - All hands turned out at 5 A.M. Fine day: clear, light wind to the Southward and a pretty heavy fog outside the Vineyard and off to the Westward. Immediately after breakfast got under way and ran down to the pier at Gay Head, which we reached at 7. All went ashore and walked along the edge of the cliff to the lighthouse where we got some milk and dangerous doughnuts from an Indian woman. The view from the cliff was well worth taking some trouble to see. The formation of the clay cliffs is singularly striking and picturesque and their wonderful coloring adds greatly to the effect. The land above was thick with wild roses and the air was laden with their perfume. We walked a little further back into the country to a house where they sell the Gay Head pottery. We were waited on by an Indian woman and her daughter who sold us a lot of truck including some photographs of Gay Head, and the wrecked steamer "City of Columbus." Then we walked across the fields to the boat and got under way for home. Started at 10:20 with the tide against us and a light Southwestard breeze. Set the jib. Made Vineyard Sound lightship at 12:40. Passed Portuguese Men of War and tried to catch two but failed. Breeze kept

freshening and had to stow the jib. Off Brenton's Reef met the "Ripple." Rounded Brenton's Reef can buoy at 4:35 and Newport Light at 5:20.

Thus ends the log of the "Falcon" on her first cruise to the Eastward for the year 1885. The crew consisted of W. W. Smith - master and owner - J. B. LaFarge - deck hand, scullion, and expert on Navigation, Tides, Weather, and the quality of the steaks - C. G. LaFarge, the unfortunate cook - also guilty of this log.

In the summer of 1893 W. W. Smith, a college friend, and E. W. Smith went in the Falcon on a cruise around Aquidneck Island. There was a heavy SW blow, and they went through the Inner Passage on Brenton's Reef. There a squall hit the boat and she went over. E.W.S. was washed ashore on the removable bowsprit, but the other two were lost.

Falcon, a 23 foot cabin catboat, was built at Newport, Rhode Island, in 1884, probably by Thomas Stoddard, one of the best known of the builders on the "Point." She was a keel cat, and carried a removable racing bowsprit on which a jib could be set to increase speed.

UP THE BAY -- CONANICUT PARK

Sunday was our big day to go up the Bay in Ned Cooper's boat, The Sea Lion, and head for Conanicut Park to spend the day. During the week I would contact the people to get their assurance they would go on Sunday to fill the boat. It was fifty cents for adults, and twenty-five cents for each child and the boat was always loaded when we left Elm Street pier. Besides the people, there were bathing suits, sweaters, lunch baskets, soda, pails, buckets, diggers, etc., - you name it.

We enjoyed a nice sail up the Bay and caught the rollers from the Navy liberty boats or the excursion boats from Providence, and there was much arm waving and shouting and laughing as we passed. Landing at the dock at Conanicut Park, everyone grabbed their belongings and headed for the parking grounds. After getting settled the first assignment was "pick blueberries, and get your pail filled" and then you were free to enjoy yourself. This was a hot slow job, getting scratched from the blackberry briars, but everyone seemed to have their own secret spot and before long everyone's pail was filled. Next, you got into your bathing suit, and you changed your clothes in a nearby grove of trees. You headed for the shore for a quick dip in the water, just in case you had run into any poison-ivy. The big event was our lunch, and out came the sandwiches, soda, or jugs of lemonade. Sometimes there was a big chowder, or a clam-boil put on by Mr. Jim Lawton, Sr., or Mr. Ned Cooper. After lunch, the afternoon was yours to do what you liked. Bathing or swimming was enjoyed for awhile to heal those scratches and to be sure you were free of poison-ivy. While in bathing you dredged with your feet until you felt a quahog, and quickly proceeded to get a mess for that chowder during the week. If the tide was low, you would walk the shore, throw a rock to see if water squirted and then start digging for steamer clams and get that bucket filled. Then, back to our parking grounds where you rested, or finished what was left from lunch, and especially a drink, now getting lukewarm. Now, the fun began - there were games, baseball, snapping pictures in foolish poses, picking bay-berries and goldenrod, and a real good time was had by all.

Finally, as the sun was getting into the west, everyone started to gather their belongings and head for the boat loaded with a week's supply of berries and clams. After a nice ride back, there was always a group to greet us at the pier. So many times I have seen one of the old men sitting on that long bench at the pier reach out for a quahog, open his knife and scoop out and swallow that raw quahog. ugh ugh. The following week the blackberries were cleaned, put in jars or jugs, sugar added, and from time to time strained for that blackberry wine for Christmas. There was always that good quahog chowder and the steam clams with melted butter to enjoy and especially that thick juicy blueberry pie to look forward to, or blueberry slump. By Tuesday, in spite of bathing, those little water blisters would appear and I never failed to get poison-ivy. I knew what it looked like, avoided it, yet I got it and scratched until the next Sunday.

These trips were held all summer. Bay and down the rollers from the Navy liberty boats or the excursion boats from Providence, and there was much arm waving and shouting and laughing as we passed. Landing at the dock at Conanicut Park, everyone grabbed their belongings and headed for the parking grounds. After getting settled the first assignment was "pick blueberries, and get your pail filled" and then you were free to enjoy yourself. This was a hot slow job, getting scratched from the blackberry briars, but everyone seemed to have their own secret spot and before long everyone's pail was filled. Next, you got into your bathing suit, and you changed your clothes in a nearby grove of trees. You headed for the shore for a quick dip in the water, just in case you had run into any poison-ivy. The big event was our lunch, and out came the sandwiches, soda, or jugs of lemonade. Sometimes there was a big chowder, or a clam-boil put on by Mr. Jim Lawton, Sr., or Mr. Ned Cooper. After lunch, the afternoon was yours to do what you liked. Bathing or swimming was enjoyed for awhile to heal those scratches and to be sure you were free of poison-ivy. While in bathing you dredged with your feet until you felt a quahog, and quickly proceeded to get a mess for that chowder during the week. If the tide was low, you would walk the shore, throw a rock to see if water squirted and then start digging for steamer clams and get that bucket filled. Then, back to our parking grounds where you rested, or finished what was left from lunch, and especially a drink, now getting lukewarm. Now, the fun began - there were games, baseball, snapping pictures in foolish poses, picking bay-berries and goldenrod, and a real good time was had by all.

Carrie Ericson

STREET FAIR

Auspices of The Point Association of Newport, R.I. Inc.



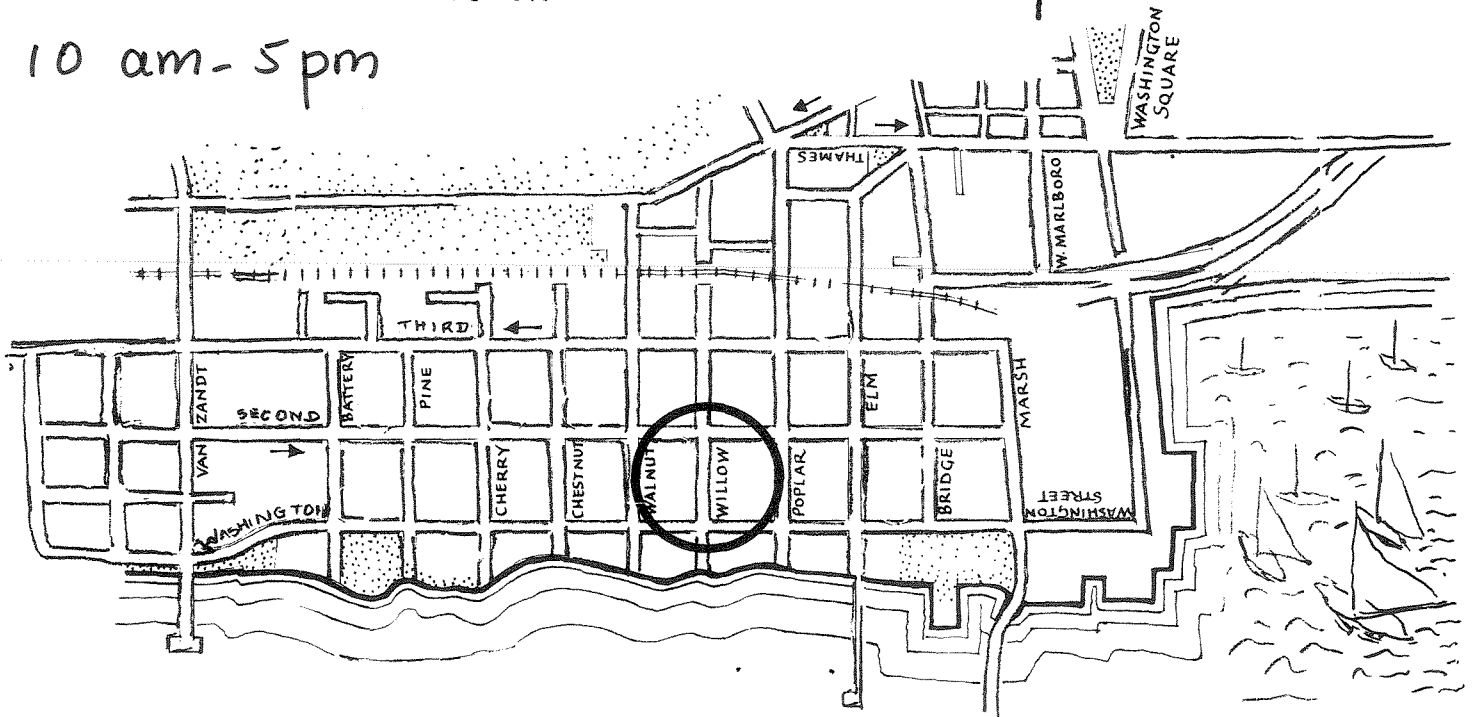
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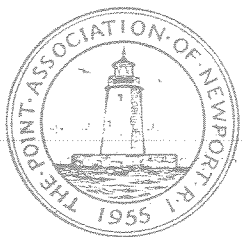
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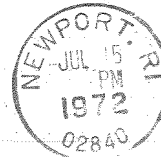
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to teach children to respect the trees, and to pick up paper, not throw it down.



THE GREEN LIGHT
THE POINT ASSOCIATION
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