"I think that I shall never see"

(a line from Joyce Kilmer's Trees)

By the time this issue reaches you I'm sure you, too, will have enjoyed seeing the first snowdrops, the first pussywillows and the first crocuses. I did! I couldn't wait. Each morning as winter drew its final breaths I searched all the familiar places, and, through thawing earth, snow cover and street dust, I found them at last. Bobbing heads greeted anyone who passed -- tiny white snowdrops whose appearance is always so welcomed.

It was a very long hard, cold winter. Many of our senior members likened this season to those "old-fashioned winters we used to have." My wife Angela has believed that from every discomforting experience some good is bound to come. We did endure; with heavier sweaters perhaps, definitely with more uses of our axes and fireplaces, the lower turned thermostats - so maybe it was an old-fashioned winter - and what's wrong with that? We even stayed home more! We might have done the things we had put off for so long. We might have talked and communicated more. We might have even found new interests. What's wrong with that?

Now that spring is here - and there's nothing wrong with that!! - look for these up coming events:

the April Spring General Meeting - April 21st at 7:30
the May Plant Sale and Coffee - May 21st from 10-12
Activities stepping up for the Point Fair
Spring Clean-Up Week in Newport

Join us at the April 21st meeting of the Point Association. It is a Thursday evening. Again call us if you need a ride - another way to save energy.

See you then

Joseph P.T. Vars
PRESIDENT
June, says William of Malmesbury, is the month when kings are wont to go to war.

April contains the Holy Week, and it is the Holy Month. And in April Shakespeare was born and in April he died.

(Your editor has certainly strayed beyond the point, but cannot all this belong to us, as does the wood violet?)

A Point Loss

On March 7th, many Pointers gathered at St. John's Church to bid farewell to a beloved neighbor, Harold Arnold. The beautiful celebration of the Mass was an expressive tribute, combining the solemnity of death with the joy of knowing one who had lived a long and exemplary Christian life.

Harold's was a familiar Point figure. Helping with a boat launching, walking to the post office, setting off on a quahogging expedition, superintending the Point Fair arrangements, helping with the Hunter House auctions... every corner of this area is alive with memories of him.

If you knew Harold when he was on the Board of Canvassers, you knew a conscientious public servant; if you shared membership with him at St. John's, you knew a tireless church worker; if you worked with him on a Point project, you saw one who put his love of community into action.

We all knew him as a devoted husband, father, and grandfather, neighbor, and friend. We reiterate the Church's prayer:

"May the Angels lead thee into Paradise"

REMEMBER WAY BACK WHEN

Remember way back when--
- women wore long black silk gloves with no fingers?
Remember way back when --
- a wash basin hung on the kitchen sink?
Remember way back when--
- Mother saved the grocery wrappings for arithmetic practice?
- we had torch-light political parades?
- you could buy a 100 lbs. of sugar for $4.50?
- you had to crank the car and be very careful the "kick" didn't break your wrist?
- we had fun tossing the bean bag Mother made for us?
- there were folding seats for children on some of the surreys?
- nearly every child had a napkin ring with his initials engraved on it?
- our new shoes squeaked?
- we received souvenir spoons as graduation gifts?

Fannie Cushman
I came to the Point in the early thirties, as a young teacher appointed to Callender School first grade, and stayed there for thirty more years. The children of the Point became so familiar to me that it seemed that I lived there, although coming daily from another part of Newport. One member after another of the families in the district arrived in the first grade, and after a while, one felt able to recognize family likenesses with each new arrival. Names like Behan, Brown, Benson, Covell, DelNero, Fortado, Honeycomb, Libby, MacLeod, Marx, Papadoulis, Slom, Stein, Steinhouse, Virgadamo, Young -- bring happy memories of the children and their parents.

During those years the teaching of reading was the chief task in the first grade, along with writing. Later, many other subjects were added, based on the idea of beginning early with each new field. In the early thirties, the teacher chose the basic readers for her class. Stories in the books were interesting to children, with little examples of humor that appealed to them. One was the story of the wolf that wanted to get into the house of the three pigs. He pretended to be their mother by eating sugar to make his voice sweet.

The children were full of enthusiasm and loved to be called on to read aloud. There were techniques the teacher used, such as expecting them to read silently first, sounding out unfamiliar words, and then read aloud. The little ones took pride in this and would often make side remarks of self-congratulations, like "Boy, that was good reading."

When I first began to teach, Mr. Carr was the Principal of both Callender and Potter Schools. He was followed by Mr. Kerr, Mr. Leonard, and Mr. John Earle, who also shared the administration of the two schools. Later, each school had its own principal, but the position was shared with teaching duties. Miss Mary Shea, for instance, taught the fifth grade at the same time as she fulfilled her principal's duties at Callender; she was followed by Miss Mary Ryan, Miss Marion Sullivan, and Mr. John Hogan.

In my early years at Callender, there were no men teachers in the primary grades. I taught with Theresa Donohue, Mrs. Marion McLeish, and in later years, Laura Bye Canole, Nabel Donovan, Margaret Burns, Winifred Honen, Catherine Quinn; when men teachers came into the primary schools, Frank MacKinnon was one of the first.

The teacher who is probably most vivid in everyone's memory is Nellie Gleason, as she was there the longest. Many Pointers had their introduction to school in her Kindergarten.

The snow and ice of the past few months reminded of the many snowy winters in past years, with the profusion of overshoes, coats, hats, scarves, and mittens. The children and I shared the struggle of getting the right ones on and off the right pupil.

The school day differed from that of today in that the lunch hour was long enough for all to go home, have a meal, rest, and return. The afternoon session seemed like a new day. During World War II, many of the mothers took jobs, and
some of the children were entrusted with the home noon-hour meal, -- quite a responsibility for a six or seven-year-old. They wore their latch keys on a neck chain as a badge of that responsibility, and they took much pride in them.

In my memory, that young teacher and the first graders are still in the Callender School, happily reading and laughing at the stories. I can still hear one child calling me "Mama" -- and then correcting herself, saying "At home I call my mother 'Miss Egan.'"

THE CALLENDER SCHOOL

The Callender School, at the corner of Third and Willow, was once a vital and integral part of the Point and its rich history. It was dedicated in 1863 by Governor Cozzens himself, which serves to indicate the importance of the building to the community. It was the first Public School on the Point, and in dedicating it the purpose was said to be to educate the "poor" children in the area. The two-storied building had originally just two large rooms on each floor. Circa 1907, it was enlarged to accommodate the youngsters of the growing population on the Point. It functioned as a school, until recently the School Department decided to use it as a storage place.

There are many residents on the Point who would like to see this fine building put to better use. One idea is that it might be rented out to a responsible group and used by artists, craftsmen, those who engage in the lively arts, etc. The large rooms in Callender School would provide ideal studio space for teaching and for creative work.

At the April meeting we hope this may be discussed briefly.

CRYSTALLIZED VIOLETS

What gastronomic elegance, what luxury to use crystallized violets for the crowning touch to the dish, or to offer as candy! Did you know it is easy? All you need is egg white beaten until it is frothy and finely powdered sugar. You may dip the blossoms in egg white and then in the sugar. You may dip the blossoms in egg white and then sprinkle them with sugar. The best way is to use a small paintbrush to coat the petal surfaces then cover with sugar. Spread out on waxed paper to dry.

They will keep in a covered container. After a week or two, however, they lose some color.

Later in the season, rose petals or mint leaves can be crystallized the same way.

What flavor the violet has! What a charming way to preserve the poetry of the lovely flower!
The sweet, lovely things come when it is sweet to be out.

Even grade school children can recognize violets, violet leaves. They are centuries old favorites in Europe for the best of reasons. They add a delicate flowery taste to jams, jellies, salads and drinks. The blossoms are three times as rich in vitamin C, weight for weight, as oranges. A small half cup serving of violet leaf greens gives as much vitamin C as you have from four oranges, gives more than the recommended daily requirement of vitamin A.

Euell Gibbons, in Stalking the Healthful Herbs, says, "Fill any size of glass jar with violet blossoms, cover with boiling water, put a lid on the jar, and let the blossoms infuse for 24 hours. Next day open the jar and strain the blue infusion, discarding the spent violets. To each cup of the extract add the juice of one-half lemon and two cups of sugar. Bring to a boil, pour into sterilized jars or bottles, and seal or cap. This makes a violet jam.

To prepare violet jelly, add the juice of one lemon and one package of commercial powdered pectin to two cups of the above infusion. This mixture is then brought to a boil and four cups of sugar are added. Bring the resulting solution back to a hard boil for one minute, pour into glasses and seal.

James Churchill, a natural foods enthusiast, has a recipe for Violet Fudgling.

Place a cup of tightly packed violet blossoms in a teapot or can that can be covered. Add one and a half cups of boiling water. Let the mixture steep until cool. Mix together four teaspoons of gelatin and a quarter cup of cold water. Add three-quarters cup of honey, one quarter teaspoon of sea salt and one half cup of lemon juice. Pour the violet tea in. Bring all to a boil while stirring constantly. Remove from the fire, pour into a mold and chill until firm.

Violet leaves may be added to a salad of mixed greens.

I love violets. I am notorious for not wishing to pick flowers at all. Unhappy at my pruning, friends will say, "What do you think, the roses will cry?" But the violets were invading the lily of the valley territory. I took the masses of leaves I had pulled up and of course they were clean but I washed them, placed them in the top of my steamer. After ten minutes of steaming I chopped fine. In a pan (which might have been rubbed with a clove of garlic) I melted 3 T of butter, added 1 T of braised onion and 2 1/2 T of flour. Slowly I stirred in one C of hot cream (I could have used, subsequently have used, stock of evaporated milk). To the boiling mixture the greens were added and cooked for just long enough for them to blend — maybe three minutes. I never tasted such delicate, flavorful "spinach" in all my born days, felt as if I had drunk from the Fountain of Youth. Oh yes, you may add salt and pepper to taste; I am not lavish with these, often feel there is enough salt in the butter.
DAVID'S ROCK, a Rock opera, written, directed and choreographed by CLAUDE A. BOYD.

This devout and beautiful opera should make history. Newport may one day be known as the place of its first performance, as Handel's Messiah was its Dublin version. Is that too much? More than I should say? Well, just let me congratulate everyone concerned in the performance. DAVID'S ROCK stands on its own, very much of today - and very much of David's day. It is the Bible story, so direct, so immediate in its approach that the wellknown events come as a shock. "I Have Faith" "Something in My Life" "One Life to Live" - the songs flow along with the poetic text, the dancing and the pantomime, so well that it is difficult to separate impressions. That was a rapt hour with DAVID'S ROCK.

To write, direct and choreograph a work is an astonishing feat. One morning Claude A. Boyd's playing was the pulse beat of the whole. Some of the performers - some of the relatives of the performers - live on the Point. We can be very proud. All Newport can be proud.

Three more sayings; the first said in a time of bewilderment and of sorrow -

Jesus wept
And Molly crept
And Peter went a-fishing

Jesus wept is the shortest verse in the Bible - it says enough!
Molly must stand for Mary, who twice prostrated (the crept) herself before Jesus. Once was upon the death of her brother. Peter went a-fishing is in the King James version of St John. It occurs after the Crucifixion.

Ethel Kelley

And for the Resurrection season, we'd like to twice quote Hans Andersen - Every man's life is a fairy tale written by God's fingers - The roses bloom and fade away, but the Christ child cometh again one day.

JIG-SAW PUZZLES, ANYONE?

Many years ago, there were several jig-saw puzzle clubs in Newport; some included people who lived on the Point, but there was no residence requirement. It has been suggested we might revive the idea. It worked quite informally, and I do not believe there were any meetings except, perhaps, one to get the club started.

Each member contributed one jigsaw puzzle and was given a number. The list of members in their numerical order was placed inside the cover of each puzzle with the instructions, "Pass to the next person on the 1st and 15th of each month. You had two weeks to do the jigsaw before it was necessary to pass it along. If you were too busy during that time, you just held the puzzle until the day to pass it along; there was no requirement that you put it together.

Some of the Point residents would like to do this again, and several are the proud possessors of some nice old wooden jigsaw puzzles that they would be willing to have used.
If anyone of our readers would care to join, please call 846-1479 or 847-5438 and leave your name. Do not be deterred from joining if you lack a wooden jigsaw puzzle; we have enough to start the club.

When we have ten or twelve names, we will set a time and a place to meet to start the puzzles on their first round.

From a little book of 1895, by Bailey, AMONG RHODE ISLAND WILD FLOWERS

"The Wild Flowers of Newport." While Newport presents no striking novelty in the way of Wild flowers, its flora is interesting. Queer things may sometimes be picked up along the old wharves. Here, for instance, grows the wart-cress or swine-cress. One would hardly at first sight take it for one of the mustard family. It is nothing that would attract the casual observer.

In various parts of the city, as on the way to the beach, one often finds a quite uncommon introduced weed, the hairy willow-herb, a very pretty species. It is soft-hairy and with rose-purple flowers.

Back of the line of bathing houses on Easter's Beach there is, as everyone knows, a salt marsh fringed with cat-tails. On the sandy drives between this and the sea we find many plants: a pretty vetch, the Venus's looking-glass, superb purple gerardias, the smaller evening primrose, and always the dainty pimpemernel. The latter, too, grows everywhere along the cliffs. In the meadows that slope up from the sea, the daisies and clover run riot in June, and the beb-o-links fill the air with music. Here, just above the tide line in September, are seen great generous tufts of marine goldenrod, one of the very handsomest species. It is everywhere on the ocean drive, accompanied in places by the glorious New England aster, and by other smaller and common species.

From Purgatory, where the wild roses grow halfway down the gorge, and the sea sings lullabies to the fledgling sparrows, the tourist passes along the cliffs to the second beach, and thence to the Berkeley rocks. These ranges, said to have been much loved by the good bishop, are indeed attractive in many ways. The geologist here finds curious revelations, the artist superb outlooks upon the ocean, and the botanist a number of interesting plants. The ranges run in parallel lines, with deep gorges or narrow valleys between. Early in the season, the gray rocks are festooned with columbines. In their crevices, too, grow the pretty herb-rebert. The great cow-parsnip presents its broad umbels of white flowers and immense leaves, and bindweeds and wild roses are everywhere. In a marsh near at hand, one sees at the proper season the lovely pink flowers of the rose hibiscus.

On Bailey's beach the garden "money" is quite established. The European loose-strife also grows along the roadides.

What a delight it is to wander near these shores, soothed always by the monotone of the sea! One experiences something between sadness and exhilaration. It is always so within sound of the ocean.

One is impressed anywhere upon the island of Newport with the infrequency of native trees. It is traditional that there once were many—but there are few places now where there is a grove. Trees, however, when protected in youth from the winds, appear to do well, and there are many fine ones about the houses.

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