

The ^{contains} article by King also Fairman F
GREEN LIGHT



BULLETIN OF THE POINT ASSOCIATION
OF NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND

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No. 4

OUR PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

The efforts of the Committees for the Point Fair and especially of the Chairman, Mrs. Dorothy Waterbury, deserve our applause and grateful appreciation. The Fair was a huge success, and plans will begin immediately for 1978's Fair, where quality and cratmanship will be stressed.

How bulging we were this America's Cup summer! We were so much so that many of our residents felt as though they were being passed over for the tourist cash and the "here today gone tomorrow" visitor. I'm sure we all realize that tourism is more valuable, more to be desired, than factories on Narragansett Bay. More direction should be given our efforts to attract people. What about the "day" or "short term" visitor from Newport's viewpoint? The longer term visitor and the resident deserve more consideration and the comfortable use of Newport's public facilities.

Continuing correspondence, conversations and complaining finally got the track pass-overs tarred and more properly graded. Efforts are still being made to have removed those Goat Island direction signs still sending all cars into the Point area - rather than off the reaches of Farewell Street to the Connector Road, as all had hoped would happen. Correspondence, conversations and complaining goes on, working to help make our residential area less congested, quieter, and safe for playing children.

The ANNUAL MEETING is upon us, on October 27th, at 7:30 P M. Our special program will be of interest to all of us. "How To Prepare Your Garden Now for a Spectacular Spring." Our ~~guest~~ speakers will be a panel of knowledgeable members of the various fields. We may all ask questions concerning pruning trees and shrubs, planting bulbs for particular locations and how to treat your house plants that have been summering out of doors. We may learn something about an herb garden, about drying flowers and grasses. We hope you will bring a friend and join us for an informative evening, with questions and answers after our Annual Business Meeting. As usual refreshments will follow. Perhaps with all our knowledge and work we can promote a "Spring on the Point" garden tour! It's worth thinking about! See you then, - October 27th, at 7:30 P M, St John's Guild Hall, on Poplar Street.

JOSEPH P.T. VARS

Our invaluable FANNIE CUSHMAN sent us the following,-

From George Richardson Scrap book

WOMEN AT THE POLLS FOR THE FIRST TIME, April 7, 1886

1st Ward, Mrs. John Carr, policeman's wife, lived at 16 Elm Street

1st Ward, Mrs. Charles Dyer, carpenter's wife, lived at 398 Thames Street

2nd Ward, Mrs. Chappel, carpenter's wife, , lived at 180 Thames

2nd Ward, Mrs. John Carr, policeman's wife,- (she is working at two polling places, not voting)

3rd Ward, Mrs. Havers, mother-in-law of Rev. Mr. Ryder of First Baptist Church, 26 Spring Street

3rd Ward, Mrs. Eugene Baker, cabinet maker's wife, lived at 41 Division Street

4th Ward, Mrs. Thomas Martland, and she was in the 5th Ward again

4th Ward, Mrs. Thomas, Clerk of Court's wife, lived at 12 Marlboro

GLADYS BACHELLER BOOTH tells on about schools,-

Once at Potter School, we planted a tree, for Flag Day

There were four rooms at Potter, the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh. Miss Margaret Wilcox, sister of Jumbo Wilcox the cop, was teacher of the Fourth Grade. She was strict but she gave us a party for both Hallowe"en and Christmas. We first began to study geography in her room, and also learned to sew by making the different stitches on a small piece of white cloth with red thread. Here Miss Manuel was our teacher. Miss Friend was the teacher in the Fifth Grade. She was about eighty and inclined to be crabby. Arithmetic began to be hard in this room. We made a pair of white sleeves to cover our dress sleeves, ready for when we entered cooking school in the Sixth Grade. Miss Tilly, a lovely white-haired lady, was the teacher in the Sixth, and school began to be easier in that grade. We did a lot of reading, especially the Little Cousin series. We had the last year of geography in Harry Alger's room. He was the principal and very strict. If he caught a pupil chewing gum, he called them to his desk, forced a piece of paper in their mouth, and made them sit beside him for the rest of the morning or afternoon. Some of the boys were very unruly, and many's the time he scuffled with them right in the aisles. His glasses would fly off and one of us girls would pick them up. He was a Quaker, and when I stayed out once in awhile he would say, "was thy mother sick?" We went to cooking school in both the Sixth and Seventh grades. It was held at Townsend Memorial, right next to the old Rogers High School. Becky Bosworth was our teacher and if there was ever a tyrant it was she. One day a girl had her cooking apron tied in a bow in the back and Becky cut off the bow. She taught us how to make a fire in a coal stove, to wash dishes, to do a little cooking and how to make soap. We wrote the recipes in a notebook. Our chairs had side arms. Once a year we cooked some

thing that was put on exhibition for our parents to see.

From Potter we should have gone to Mumford but it hadn't been built, so we went to Townsend Memorial to the Eighth Grade, where Miss Eleanor Mackie was the teacher. In 1910, we entered the Ninth Grade, one of the first classes to attend the new Mumford School. The Ninth Grade had three rooms, Miss Bosworth taught history in one. Tip toe Sal Simmons assisted her. Miss Caswell (my cousin) taught English, and the principal was Miss Hammet, who taught algebra and those problems were hard. History was a cinch.

We graduated into Rogers High in 1911, wearing pretty white dresses. Some of us carried bouquets of roses. We had four years of high school, which means we had thirteen years of school. That one more year probably meant we had the first year of college. I won't go into saying anything about Rogers because that wasn't on the Point, but a Point Hummer went to the five schools. If Ethel Cronin McLeich, or Frances Edgar (I don't know her married name) sees this they will remember. They were Point Hummers too.

A good letter from Art Speener. I meant to use it long since; put it in a special place - and there it was, Sorry to have delayed! He says, God gave us memory because we can never go back, not ever.

Long Remember - -

1900 A D Morning in the Third Grade of the "Willow Street School," Miss Henrietta M. De Bleise, Teacher, Black children mixed with white children, the best of friends and no thought of busing. "Good morning, children." "Gee-mornin,' Miss De Bleise." The Lord's Prayer, the 23rd Psalm, Salute to the Flag. This was before our courts and politicians told God he could no longer be in our schools with our children, and we didn't have the guts to say they were wrong.

Ladyman's store, at 3rd and Elm, where we used to spend our seldom pennies for marbles and candy. Never learned why Mr. Ladyman always called me "Sunshine."

"Bob" Hamilton's market about there. Meat lying around with flies all over it. Pickles in the big barrel. "Two for a cent and don't fall in." A plug of B L tobacco for Dad, with a round, blue, tin tag on it. Mr. Hamilton would enter the purchases with pencil and give the book to the customer, who would come in on payday and settle up. Folks were honest away back there.

Installation of "granolithic" sidewalks on Third Street. The young ladies of the Callender School get a break. The new sidewalks were wonderful for jacks and jump rope, but the gentlemen found them not so good for marbles. They were excellent for top spinning.

The man who rode a bicycle around to light the street lamps. He first had matches, but the Welsbach mantle was invented so he got a torch of some kind.

The young ladies' and gentlemen's' rooms at the Potter School, out of doors and unheated in winter. Cold and windy. Kept the people indoors.

The early Spring mornings when Captain Saul Jacobs brought his beautiful schooner Helen Miller Gould in to Long Wharf with a cargo of mackerel. The wharf would be alive with the blue and silver of the fish, and the fishermen leading them into barrels for shipment.

High, solid board fences, cobbled, weddy gutters. "Tom Tew's Fire Station" Horse drawn water carts.

I'm now 86. Recently I rode through the Point and saw the old Point revitalized, clean, well kept, but still the old Point and not a shew place. Where are the old faces? Tripp, Knight, Minkler, Wallace Brown, Ramlose, Crowell, West, Atwater, Gladding, Westall, Barker, Langley. I went to school with Mrs. Philippine Arnold and think I used to know her husband.

Somebody! Help me remember.

Art Spooner

Judy Hilliard, our member from the Redwood Library, writes us of a surprise visit Janet and Ned Brownell paid to Newport. As Judy remarks, they are thought of rather as founding fathers of the Point Association. "They were truly amazed, as are we all, at the tumultuous progress all over the city. They visited their old Bridge Street neighborhood and missed it more deeply for having seen it again." Judy reports the Brownells were looking very well. We hope, since they are now as close by as Connecticut they will take in some Point activities. The Green Light would be delighted to hear from them.

THE PLANT SALE!

Your editor begs your forgiveness for leaving her note out of the July issue. The Eccles garden, which they share so generously that day, is lovely. The Plant Sale with Bill to run things, with all your donations, is a vision. This year we must express our gratitude for unusual gifts. There was Dorothy Manuel's painting of a rose to benefit us and furnish beauty. Mr. Spooner, year after year, you have given us plants for our sale. This time we'd like to say a special thank you. We are always grateful. The Horticultural Society comes forward nobly to our aid. How quickly the plant flats, the little pots of geraniums they sent were gone! ^{Another}

artist besides Dorothy Manuel was helpful to us - Peter Dutra sent flowering flats. Bruce Howe, for the second year, shared plants that were perfectly delightful, everything from rare house plants to wild columbines for our rockeries. Our president Joe Vars' azaleas spread cheer --Oh, we had a grand time, as usual, Rose Favier a gracious hostess at the coffee table and Odell everywhere to help. A thank you to you all.

MARSH STREET AND ENVIRONS by Carrie Ericson

I wonder how many have seen what has taken place on the south side of Marsh Street? All the old houses are gone and where they stood is now the connecting road to Goat Island and the new highway. There are so many changes on the south end of the Point, the old neighborhood is gone and all has taken on a new look. Just to mention a few changes,- On the west side of Washington Street, south of the Hunter House, once stood the Wilbur house. Next came a row of old houses (probably the homes of sea captains) with their lovely back yard gardens extending to the shore where children played, swam and rowed. These are gone and the area is now Storer Park. Brigg's Wharf with its row of quaint, privately owned fishhouses is gone, the space where the New York boats were tied up for paint jobs and repairs vanished, and this is the causeway, the connecting link to Marsh Street. The old Torpedo Station, where thousands were employed, with its shops, buildings, destroyers and ferries, is gone, and this is a new Goat Island, with the huge Sheraton Islander for the tourist trade. South of the causeway stood the New England Steamship repair shops and buildings. This is now the Pearson ship building plant. Off here, nightly, the New York boat stopped to take on passengers and freight; here the Jamestown ferry and the Boston train connected to unload their passengers. Oh, do you remember the New York boat when it turned around the lighthouse, with its thousands of lights! Here, later, was the Fleet Landing, also gone. On the opposite side of Washington Street, from Marsh Street down, there was this row of old houses, including Keeley's big boarding house. Gone. Do you remember the circus trains arriving and unloading? What a thrill! All gone and with so many, many changes.

As to Marsh Street today, the houses on the north side are about the same. It was a nice street, where hard-working people lived with their large families. Many of the men were employed in the fishing industry or at their trades at the Old Colony Steamboat Company. Here are a few of my memories and recollections of fact. Marsh on the corner of Washington - this house has historic value as one of the early school houses of Newport, under the Trustees of Long Wharf. Many an old Pointer was born in this house and many lived here over the years. A Greek man we called "John the Candy Man" was one I remember. He carried a wooden tray suspended around his neck, and this held a big chunk of creamy white candy, which he chopped off, put in white bags, and sold around town and at the beach. In the evening when he returned, he was greeted by the neighborhood kids who were rewarded with the candy chips. Pennies were scarce and candy a treat. With him lived Nick Spirates, a young boy newly arrived from Greece, who in later years became one of Newport's businessmen. In the attic lived a hardy soul named Will Allen, nicknamed Cad, said to come of a well-to-do family, who preferred doing odd jobs, chopping wood and being a handyman. His long hair and beard made him an outstanding figure in those days. Mr. Frank James, father of Mrs. Charles Dennis, also lived here. Next to the school house (according to Peg Sullivan now deceased) the house was built for her grandmother's sister "old Hannah Nash" who then lived downstairs in the rear of her front room store. She sold snuff, kindling wood, candy

and other small articles. She was a big woman with horrid false teeth, enough to scare any child. The Sullivan family lived upstairs. Peg and her brother Jack worked many years for the Newport Daily News. Peg was about the last of the old Pointers to live on Marsh Street. In the next two-family house lived Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bachellor with their large family of blond children. They were the parents of Mrs. Gladys Bachellor Booth, who writes many interesting articles for The Green Light. Over the years many families lived here, including the Oakleys, Mitchells, Milhams, James and Linns. In the rear cottage lived Mr. and Mrs. Collins. Mr. George Eddy owned the next two houses and his daughter Julia Radford lived in the rear cottage. Other families who lived in the next few houses were the Millers, Olsons, Fitzpatrick, Lewis and Fords. In the big house on the corner of Second Street lived Mr. and Mrs. Callahan, grandparents of the late Dr. Callahan. Later Mrs. Minnie Dennis Skapinitis lived here. In the cottage on the opposite corner lived Mr. and Mrs. Hall, grandparents of Mrs. Dorothy Lewis West. Later on it was occupied by the Havican family. Next stood an old barn, with a strip of land used as an alleyway and short cut to Bridge Street, where Mrs. William Lawton who owned this property lived. She was the grandmother of Mrs. Gladys Lawton Hicks and James I. Lawton. Next to the alley lived Mr. and Mrs. Gerrie and family, and being Scotch they were very active in the Robert Burns' celebrations. For years, Mr. Gerrie was a night watchman at the old Boston Store. Margaret, their daughter, married Thomas Eadie, who was a Naval Officer, holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor, and a famed Navy diver. The cottage on the corner of Third Street was occupied by Mart Gladding, owner of one of the fishhouses on Briggs Wharf. Opposite this was land called Peckham's Lot, where big drays were left, as today's parking lots are used. A road extended through to Bridge Street, where an iron drinking fountain stood for the horses. East of this was Friend's Lumber Company, then came the car tracks, where the trains switched back and forth, unloading ice, grain, coal and lumber.

Now, back to the south side of Marsh Street, where all the houses are now gone - The corner house on Washington Street, when I first remember it, stood vacant. The door was cater-corner, and in here, by the dim light of the gas lamp on the corner, the neighborhood kids were taught to dance by Dave Fitzpatrick. As a result, some nice dancers hailed from the Point. Later on, King's Wt Wash Laundry stood here. Mr. Robert Curry owned the next big house and some who lived here were Bill Sullivan, Frank Kelly and a Souza family. In the rear was a cottage, called the Round House, occupied by a Dwyer family. The next three cottages were owned by Mr. Thomas James. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dennis, with their fun-loving family, lived in one, and many a neighborhood dancy was held in their back yard. Next door lived Mrs. Weaver, with her daughters and one son, George, father of the present George Weaver. In the rear cottage, Mr. Goode, a fisherman, and his family lived. His son John, a retired Merchant Marine officer, recently died. The next small cottage has been moved to the north end of the city. At one time Julia Scanlon and her aged mother lived there, later, Mr. and Mrs. Emmet Cleary. On the corner facing the big house of the Callahans, downstairs were housed the Snyder family, and up the Harveys, parents of "Flo Harvey of basketball fame!" The other corner was the cottage of Mrs. Easton, mother of Mrs. Olive Goulart. Many parties were held in this home, and in later years Bingo. All the prizes were home-baked food and goodies. In the rear stood a big barn, since this was

the day of horses. Beyond this, over on the tracks, was a roundhouse where the steam engine was turned. Next to the Eastons, lived a Dunbar family, also Mrs. Annie Manning Greenwell and her sister Gladys, and, I believe, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Russell. The last house down, the Case house, later raised up due to the flood waters, was owned and lived in by Fletcher Lawton, an alderman, who also owned one of the fishhouses on Brigg's Wharf. He later lived on Elm Street and lastly on Walnut. The Case house was moved to Bridge Street, restored and connected to the William Lawton house. I must not forget to mention the MacKenzie- Winslow hay and grain shed, near the tracks.

Through Marsh and over the car tracks we would run, as a short cut to Thams Street. All along lived friendly families of different faiths and nationalities. I attended school with Bill and Maggie Gerrie, Ollie and George Easton, Mae Snyder, Mabel Francis, Gladys Bachelor, Bill Sullivan and George Weaver. All this is gone and Marsh Street is the connecting link to the new highway and the bridge to Goat Island. I hope these few lines bring back familiar names and families. Time passes on. Changes take place. The south side of Marsh Street and another part of the Point is gone.

THE POINT FAIR

A most successful "Day on the Point Fair" was held on August 20th. The weather was perfect, and an estimated 2,000 people attended to give us a net profit of over \$4,000.

This couldn't have been accomplished without my wonderful Committee Chairmen. They all worked hard and well and I want to extend to them my heartfelt thanks

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|-----------------------|--|-----------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Ass't Chairman | Walter Everett | Children's Table | Rosalys |
| Publicity | Margo Waite | | Hall |
| Treasurer | Peter Misiaszek | Refreshment Table | Beth |
| Gate Hostesses | Eleanor Henry | | Everett |
| Ethnic Foods | Alberta Kazanjian | Beautification | Mary Rommel |
| White Elephant | Kathy Adler and Lois Kessler | | and James Douglas |
| Raffles | Mary Rommel and Monica Harrington | Quilt Raffle | Isabel Eccles and Sally McMay |
| Children's Activities | Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cooper and Annette Chramiac | Auction | William Fullerton |
| | | Baked Goods and Other Foods | Heidi Bach |
| | | Cold Drinks | Mr. and Mrs. Martin |
| | | Ice Cream Stand | David Ray |

Sincerely
DOROTHY WATERBURY

The Green Light publishes with especial pride an article by William King Covell. Taking a subject he loved, he has written something worthy to stand with the best American authors' work.

FOGGY NIGHT, JUNE

It is 8:30 in the evening. A dense fog shut in shortly before sunset. Now the bells and horns of the lighthouses and the whistles of the Jamestown ferry and other local craft make a curiously varied yet pleasantly mixed chorus (This is before the diesel age, with the dismal blasting electric horn that displaced, along with the diesel engine, the milder sound signal of the steam whistle). No wind: the damp south-west breeze of the afternoon has gone down as the fog banks rolled in from the sea.

Now we just hear the whistle of the boat, some miles up the bay. A long, low, full-toned, deep-pitched chord of notes. It is soft and distant, as the boat is still quite a way off: perhaps just passing Prudence, maybe part way between Prudence and Gould Island. A full five-second signal it is, followed by a fifty-five second interval of silence, and then again the low but full tone of the whistle speaks out. Gradually it comes closer, and its power becomes greater. It is a note of warning to other craft and yet is a call for assistance

for the vessel which is speaking, for the echoes from the shores indicate to the anxious pilot his approximate position - less precisely, perhaps, than modern radar and similar gadgets, yet, to the experienced steersman, quite definitely and adequately. As Gould Island light is passed and the course is changed more to the southwest, we hear the voice of the approaching steamer suddenly take on power and immediacy as the whistle sound comes from behind the War College buildings and is heard ashore more directly and clearly. Rose Island is passed to port, and the course is changed again to southeast. The steamer passes across the outer harbor and approaches the Fort Adams dock, which, unless the fog be unusually thick, can be seen from the steamer through the clouds of mist. All this time, those ashore can

follow the vessel's approach by the varying directions from which the whistle signals come. As she enters Newport harbor, and heads north, north east toward Long Wharf, she gets a reassuring answer to her whistles from the dock: one of the shore crew brings out a portable foghorn, activated by a hand pump, the handle of which he works vigorously backward and forward to produce a small yet audible reply to the steamer's signal. The pilot blows his five-second signal; the man on the dock gives a reply immediately afterward of about the same duration; the steamer replies - and so it goes. If the fog is really dense, nothing yet can be seen from the dock of the approaching steamer. Perhaps two or three minutes after this exchange of signals has begun, those watching from ashore (and knowing where to look) begin to see a faint lighter area in the dark cloud of fog everywhere around. It grows stronger minute by minute, and before long it takes shape as the bow light of the boat. Sometimes in fog of extreme density, the pilot extinguishes this light when approaching the dock, since the glow surrounding it makes impossible his seeing anything else. Normally, however, the light remains on, as is required by government regulations, and

it is this which first takes definite shape to those ashore. Behind it, then, may be seen the lesser lights of the steamer's superstructure and perhaps later still the bright green of the starboard running light comes into view. Shortly before this, the pilot of the steamer, having made out the position of the wharf at the same time as those ashore can see his position, blows three short blasts on the whistle. This is immediately answered by the man with the portable foghorn on the dock, who then picks up his foghorn and disappears; his duty for the evening is done. The steamer had been running under half speed from the time the dock had been located. Now one bell is rung again. The engine stops, and the steamer slowly and impressively emerges from the fog and glides smoothly and deliberately alongside. Two bells, with a short interval between, call for backing the engine; and as the paddles of the wheel pound the water into thick masses of pure white, creamy foam, the slow forward movement of the great steamer is gradually reduced until she comes to a standstill, and then begins, very slowly, to move slightly backward. At this moment, or just before, heaving lines are thrown out, forward and aft, and the shore crew haul in the lines, and after them the heavy hawsers, which are dragged across the face of the dock and brought in to and put over the solid wood posts which are anchored firmly in the foundations of the dock, many feet below. A second line is brought aft ashore, but unless the night be stormy (which is rare in times of fog; snow in winter may be quite otherwise) a single line forward is enough. The steam windlasses haul in the slack line and, with perhaps one more short use of the engine, either forward or backward, the steamer is brought into exact position. The captain, who has been directing these operations from a point after of amidships, just over where the passenger gangway will be placed, now rings three bells: the signal to the engineer that the landing has been made and that no further call on the engines will be made until departure. What follows, such as placing and hauling in the passenger gangway, the same for the freight gangway farther forward, is routine, and hence has no particular meaning in relation to our foggy night in June.

Twenty minutes to half an hour later, sometimes later still - depending on the amount of freight to be put aboard - the crew haul ashore the freight gangway, the wharf agent calls in a firm and clear voice, "All Aboard." The steamer's crew members go up the passenger gangway, the latter is untied aboard and hauled ashore, and all is ready for departure. Meanwhile, the pilot has rung the warning bell to the engine room, and the engineer on watch, in turn, has notified the fireroom by another similar gong. The bow capstan releases its hold on the bow line; the line hangs limp. The shore crew lift the big spliced end off the post and drag the hawser over to the edge of the dock, where it is drawn in until the end drops off the dock, sometimes with a splash, into the water. Then the captain, again stationed on his "bridge" rings two slow, solemn strokes on the big gong in the engine room. The engine begins slowly to turn in reverse

and the buckets of the wheel pick up the water in immense handfuls and push it backwards as the steamer moves just a bit astern - not far, for the longer stern line is still in place, holding her to the dock. This slow, backward movement, against the line, results in pushing the boat away from the dock so that her bow is pointing well away from the position in which she just was. When the captain is satisfied, he rings again two slow strokes on the engine room gong: the first means to stop reversing, and the second indicates half-speed ahead. At that moment, since the fog is as thick as ever, the whistle sounds its first long blast. As the boat begins to move forward, slowly and deliberately at first, the stern line falls slack, the shore crew quickly picks up its looped end from the post, carries the line to the edge of the dock, and allows it to be drawn in as the boat moves more and more rapidly away. By this time, the forward part of the boat is again enveloped in mist, and as the vast volume of white water pushed backwards by the paddle wheels splashes and foams against the face of the dock, we begin to lose form and shape of the vessel itself. A mass of mist, mixed with smoke, drawn in by vacuum as the boat moves forward causes shapes and outlines to lose form, and in another moment or two the ship has melted into a whitish blur of fog. The whistle has taken up again its customary speaking interval of once each minute, and by the time the fourth or fifth of the full melodious chords have been sounded, the steamer has dissolved into the shroud of fog from which she emerged half an hour or more earlier. In a few minutes more she has reached and rounded the Breakwater light, as can be told ashore from the change in direction of the whistle sound; and in another minute or two she is headed outward toward the open sea, on an almost due southwest course, which she will follow with few variations until she is off Point Judith, out at sea, half an hour or more later. The whistle signals, meanwhile, gradually become softer and gentler, and those who listen (and not a few used to do so) notice that they die away, each imperceptibly lighter than the one preceding, until finally only the faintest murmur can be heard. She is now well on her way to New York, out at sea, perhaps beyond Judith, settling down to the night's run through the nearby Sound. If all goes well (and that includes no fog detention on arrival) she will be landing her passengers and freight at the New York pier early next morning.

A GREETING TO NEW MEMBERS - IF SOME ARE FRIENDS "RETURNED" GREETINGS

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Bartlett - Mr. and Mrs. Marve Cooper - M.C. Crocker
Miss Viola Dawson - Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Durand - John H. Howard
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Huggins, Sr. - Fed Huggins, Jr. - Mr. and Mrs. John Kessler
Mr. and Mrs. Louis Kremer - Margaret Musnicky - Ronald J. Onorato
Rose Reabody - Irma M. Sherim - Mr. and Mrs. G. Robert Simmons
Mrs. Henry Trojan - E.F. Watkins - Eric A. White

DONNA MAYTUM is MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN

THE FAISNEAU

Many of the Point houses have been written about in this publication, houses that are still standing as well as those which have been torn down. One house while still partly with us, has been moved and changed so drastically that ghosts of former Pointers might not recognize it as an old friend. I refer to the enchanting yellow house on the corner of Washington and Bridge streets. With its springtime spray of wistaria over the doorway, and its procession of summer flowers in its garden, the house seems so at home there that it is hard to imagine it elsewhere.

It was originally a boarding house, known as the Faisneau, and it was situated on Washington Street, between Chestnut and Cherry. It had a larger wing, or companion building, attached to its north side, and it was this wing that contained a large, sheltered piazza. From this vantage point, the residents of the Faisneau had an uninterrupted view of the Bay, and from the word of those who can remember, it was a most popular place for sitting and viewing.

What wonderful water traffic they had to watch! The "Mammoth Palace Steamers" of the Fall River Line, regular ferry runs, Naval flotillas, sailing vessels, and pleasure craft of every size and trim.

Summer visitors patronized the Faisneau year after year, but a substantial body of permanent residents kept the place comfortably filled even in winter. Father Beattie, rector of St John's, resided there, as there was no rectory for the newly founded church.

The boarding house was run by a family named Bachellor, but the house was previously owned by the John Bigelows. Later, it was purchased by Mrs. Guy Norman, who turned it over to the Oldport Association. It was under these auspices that it was moved to its present location.

As we pass by the charming residence, we see a house that is enjoying the rare privilege of a second life in its graceful retirement.

VIRGINIA COVELL

OFFICERS OF THE POINT ASSOCIATION

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| President Joseph P.T. Vars | Recording Secretary Heidi Bach |
| Vice President Douglas Campbell | Corres. Secretary Monica Harrington |
| Treasurer Peter Misiaszek | Membership Cahairman Donna Maytum |
| Editor of <u>The Green Light</u> Rosalys Hall | |

May I at this time give special thanks to officers and members who have given me especial help on The Green Light this year, often "beyond the call of duty" - Joe Vars, Ann Huot, Virginia Covell, Alice Fitzpatrick, Heidi Bach and Eleanor Saunders. Be grateful to them, all, without them you might never have seen The Green Light! And, Oh, Yes, Angels Vars. One morning at The Waters Edge we were all as busy as bees, among the lovely flowers.

WINES - LIQUORS - BEERS - GROCERIES

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cor. Third and Walnut

+++++

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