

The GREEN LIGHT

BULLETIN OF THE POINT ASSOCIATION OF NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND

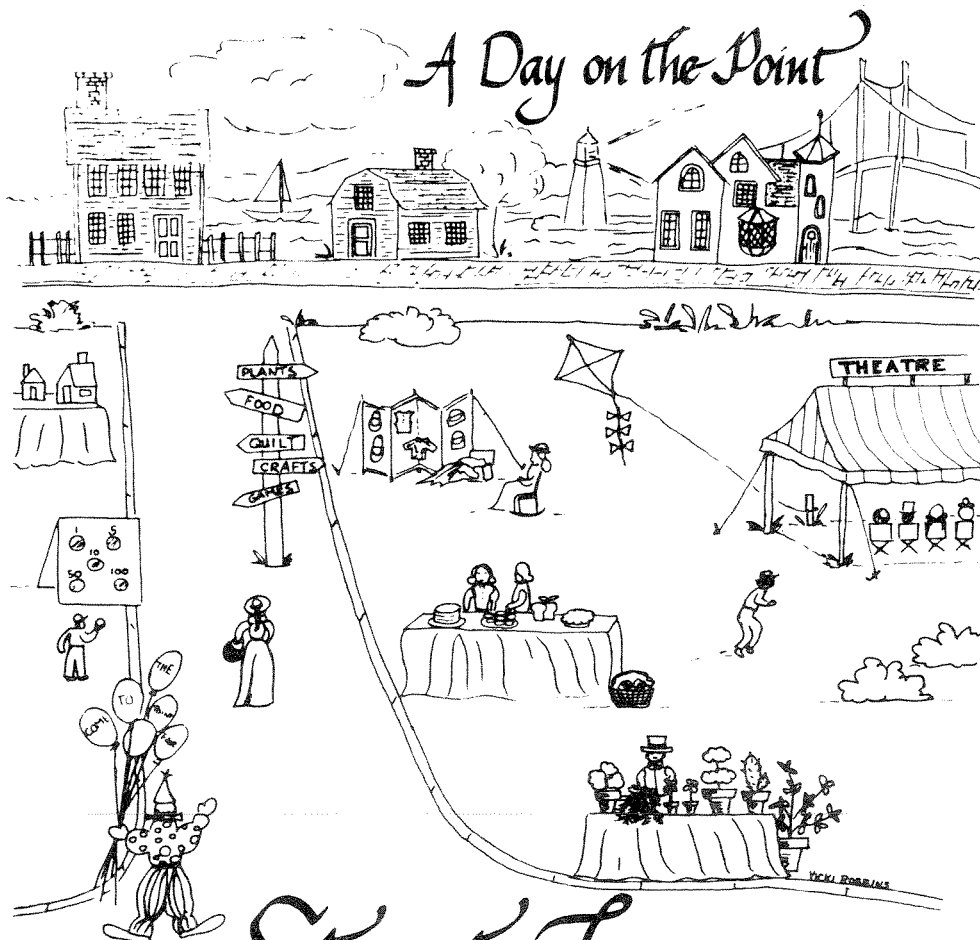
FOR YOUR DUES AND DONATIONS
ARTICLES AND QUOTATIONS

ANYTHING UNDER THE SUN
THE POINT ASSOCIATION, P. O. BOX 491

vol. XXVI

August, 1981

no. 4



Street Fair

Saturday, August 15th 10am to 5pm
Entrance Donation 50¢

Willow Street, between Washington & Second

Newport

The 1981 Street Fair

As you have already seen on the front page, Vicki Robbins is the winner of the Street Fair Poster Contest which was conducted by Charles Duncan. Posters bearing her invitation to the Fair are now being distributed about town by Diane McNamara.

The Quilt, of course, is always a good reason to come to the Fair. Angela Vars and her ladies have done it again with "French Ribbons & Flowers". Sally MacKay has the Quilt Tickets; so buy early and buy often. This year, YOU may be the winner!

There are, as well, many other inducements on the sidewalks of Willow Street. Katherine Sayre's "This & That" table will be in operation selling sewn goods and white elephants (Maybe this year there actually will be one of those odd pachyderms for sale!). Bring a friend to the Fair and stop at the Membership Booth. Applications and a free copy of this issue of The Green Light will be available. EVERYONE IS ALWAYS WELCOME IN THE POINT ASSOCIATION!

Perhaps my favorite area is Betty Stephenson's Food Hall. The Point Association will again be present with baked wonders from many kitchens. In addition, other organizations will sell their Ethnic Foods.

Outside in the church yard, you will find plenty of entertainment at the Children's Games - and at the Puppet Shows of Ilse, Sandy, and Rupert Nesbitt. After the show, step to the window at the rear of the Guild Hall for one of Virginia Covell's tasty sandwiches and a soda from Martins.

What would the Street Fair be without the booths that line Willow Street? A variety of handmade wares will beckon you; wooden toys, house portraits, silhouettes cut out of black paper (remember those!), and hand printed items will be among the 50 booths.

All of this wonderment is being brought to us by Herb Rommel, Art Newell, and Charles Duncan - tri-chairmen of the 1981 "Day on the Point" Street Fair.

DR

!! FLASH ANNOUNCEMENT !!

URGENT NEED FOR WHITE ELEPHANTS STOP SCOUR ALL BASEMENTS, ATTICS, GARAGES, CHILDREN'S ROOMS STOP BRING TO GUILD HALL STOP BUT NOT UNTIL 4 PM FRIDAY, AUGUST 14 STOP

SEWN GOODS WANTED FOR SALE AT PRESTIGIOUS STREET FAIR STOP TO BENEFIT WORTHY NEIGHBORHOOD ORGANIZATION STOP BRING SAME TIME SAME PLACE STOP

Welcome New Members

Mrs. Wallace Sayre

Deborah Dunning

Mrs. Edward Walsh

President's Message

The "Meet the Candidates Night" was a great success. It was well attended and I want to thank you for responding; and thanks to Rowan Howard and her committee for doing a wonderful job. Our Moderator was Jack Maytum who kept everything under control. The Heat was unbearable, but Sally MacKay's refreshments cooled us off.

The picnic was wonderful and to those who were not able to attend, you missed a very pleasant evening. We are indeed fortunate to be able to call on the Arco Strings; the music was enjoyed by everyone.

As you know, the Zoning Ordinance was passed to prevent buildings over 45 feet*. This is a step in the right direction, but let us not rest there; still more work is to be done. I think Dave Roderick and all the members of the City Council are to be thanked for this ordinance.

The orders for bulbs from the Dutch Gardens totaled \$408, giving the Point Association a bonus of \$40 in bulbs for planting in the parks.

William H. Fullerton
President

* except in those areas of the General Business zone that are not within the Historic District, as well as the Holiday Inn. Thus, Thames Street from Washington Square to Memorial Boulevard Extension, Broadway from Stone Street to Equality Park, and the Bellevue Avenue area are not affected by this new ordinance. DR

Welcome Aboard

One Point Association post that has been too long vacant is the City Council Liason. We now have a volunteer who seems very right for the job; Bob Ogurek, of 93 Third Street, is confident and capable. I am sure that in the future, whenever the Point Association wishes to voice its opinions to the City, the weight of our words will be increased by this articulate, intelligent, and affable spokesman.

During an evening sail on the Bay, I asked Bob why he had decided to accept this important post (which he will begin in late September). His answers were direct and encouraging.

"I would like to inform a citizens' group about the City's plans (in order) to help . . . influence decisions. We need to make the conscious decisions now that will determine what Newport will be like five to ten years from now."

Furthermore, Bob's educational pursuits, he said, have given

him a good background for the Liason job. In 1971 Bob received a Bachelor's degree in political science from the University of Illinois. Recently at URI, he has completed work on a Master's degree in marine affairs - which emphasizes the effects of governmental actions. While there, Bob was part of a group that studied the development options for Newport's waterfront and presented its findings and recommendations to the City Council and other City boards in May of 1980.

Presently a Navy LCDR, Bob is the plant manager of the propulsion plant trainer at the NETC where he teaches naval officers about naval engineering. He and Mary Jo have been Point Association members for about a year, and are active with Citizens Concerned About Casino Gambling.

Though Bob, now 31, might be transferred from Newport as early as September of 1982, he will return, he says. In fact, this is Bob's second tour in Newport. Moreover, as a career officer, he can normally expect to be stationed in Newport perhaps twice more. So eventhough our new City Council Liason might be on the job for only a year this time, I am sure that we will see much more of him in the future.

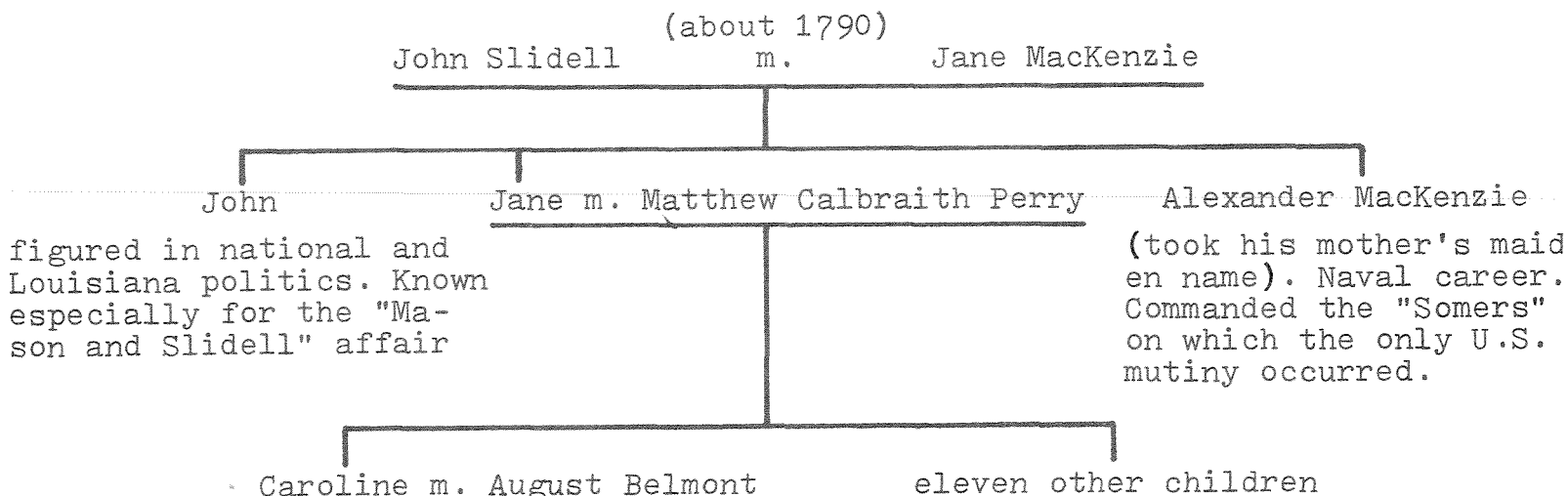
David Robbins

Books of Interest to Newporters

The Big Family, by Viña Delmar, Harcourt Brace & Co., New York, 1961.

This book proved to be a pleasant surprise. The author somehow became known for her light novels of the magazine-serial variety; to find a significant work by her was unexpected.

The Big Family is significant because, for several generations, its members were in the forefront of American history. The brief diagram illustrates the three generations dealt with in this narrative.



Although written as fiction, the book contains a foreward in which the author explains the few minor characters that she invented, as well as the incidents that are not strictly historical. The result is an absorbing story that has the unmistakable ring of truth. It is also a most enjoyable way to learn the different members of the Slidell and MacKenzie families as well as the Perry brothers, with whom they were intimately connected - and who were Rhode Islanders, Newporters, and even Pointers at one time.

Virginia Covell

The Dennis House



This Point corner has not been altered as drastically as the one featured in the last issue. Here at Poplar and Washington Streets, the Dennis house, now St. John's Rectory, has remained substantially unchanged. A few items, though, are noticeable.

The porch, the fence, and the first and second floor window

sashes have been removed; or should I say "dis-added". The sashes have been restored to twelve-over-twelves. Notice, too, that the horizontal feature on the Washington Street side and the spikes on the steeply pitched addition in the back (which is still with us) have also been removed. In addition, the very Victorian, black-clad lady no longer strolls in the front yard.

What has been added, however, is St. John's Church. When this photo was made, the church was being constructed; thus the year was probably 1894. The rear portion and the scaffold-clad chimney can be seen at the right of the house, but the church's front facade is not visible at the left as is the case today. Nor does the tower loom high over the left end of the house.

Another very obvious addition is the trees that have been planted in the sidewalks. They very nearly obliterate this view completely.

I thank Virginia and Robert Covell for the use of this photo.

DR

The Guest Gardener

This month I am very pleased to present a contribution from former Green Light editor Rosalys Haskell Hall. She has given us a unique perspective on her flowering friends.

DR

The Garden at 6 Coddington

by

Rosalys Haskell Hall

Around the year 1721, the Reverend Daniel Wightman, a mason turned cleric, built the house for his daughter upon her marriage. After, following a lifetime of endeavor for his Lord, he was laid to rest with the governors up the hill (in the little cemetery on Farewell at No. Baptist Street - ed). The spirit engendered here, kept flourishing by all the good people since, is the spirit of the house now, and breathes in the gardens.

I found first of all the roses. One was going through the roof. It formed a fancy parasol of crimson ribs, a show-stopper silhouetted against the blue sky above and below. Neighbor Smitty took pictures, as did many another. Oh, very colorful - but it represented woe. An enormous rose of palest pink poured out bountiful blossoms to its furthest reach. Seen through a window, an endless succession of cherubs appeared winging in. Gladys MacLeod gave me the name - Dr. Van Fleet - and in its honor I named the place Rosegate. This is a wonderful old rose. I am happy to say there are many in Newport, and Bill Fullerton has told you how to take slips. Thanks to him I have a yellow rose.

These roses are in the garden the house holds in its arm. When I came this was the flourishing garden, having achieved that self-sufficiency Dorothy Canfield Fisher recommended. It still brooks little interference from me. What makes itself so happy here? Soloman Seal. Remember what Bill told about the mystic seal on the tuber below the ground? Below these chimes of bells are others: the lily of the valley, and, of course, the violet. A gift of liverwort seems as if it had always been there, as is the way with this garden when anything is accepted. There is a peach tree and a lilac, peonies, pachyssandra - some things brought by "those whose business is midnight mushrooms."

The back garden, says Lilian Chase, thanks to whom with her brothers and sisters I have the house, is just the way her mother had it. This is mysterious and wonderful. The towering maple that grew from a slender whip has become a singing tree just as I hoped. I have columbines - pink, deeper pink, blue. Bees in other gardens have worked on seeds from mine to create gorgeous mixtures. My columbine, however, had the honor of being painted by Dorothy Manuel. I have herbs from Ilse Nesbitt and from the Koulouvardises. From Alice Fitzpatrick I have St. John's Wort, and feverfew, and a hundred things beside. It is so lovely to have your friends mixed into your garden!

Every year I have something from the Boston Flower Show. Once it was the Rosebud Geranium. This year I am to have pink dahlias. Chrysanthemums have come from many people. They came in varying shades, yellow, white, pink; they return as bronze (Does anyone have pull with the bees?). If you know Herb Rommel you have iris. Weren't his iris spectacular this year!

Some of the flowers are going to pull at my skirts to say, "You never mentioned me." Well, I may have forgotten their names or they always surprise me. Some flowers are still on the way, as is the tall, strong clump of what I can only call the turtleheads. They are pink; they are spires, and in no way resemble, so people say, the bee balm I planted there.

I love each and every flower in my garden, and they know it.

Volume II

The Point Association has again entered the publishing business; this time with volume 2 of Favorite Recipes from Here and There on the Point. This all-new book of recipes by everyone's neighbors was guided from infancy to retail shelves by Eileen Peterson. Gastronomic delights range from appetizers to desserts: Cheese Dollars, Pitts Head Tavern Oyster Stew, Elm Street Muffins, Mussles Mariniere, Chinese Spare Ribs, and Josie's Mile-High Strawberry Pie. Of course this is only a selection of the 51 intriguing recipes.

The price is \$3.50, or only 7¢ per recipe, and copies may be

obtained at the Street Fair and from Point Association members. Naturally, merchants throughout the city will also eagerly sell you a copy for yourself and plenty more for friends. After all, who could bear not knowing how to make Mystery Salad or Blushing Bunny?



1 1/2 lbs veal stew meat
3 Tbls flour mixed with salt + pepper
1 1/2 tsp mustard
3 Tbls vegetable oil
1/2 C jelly (currant is best)
1 Tbls Worcestershire sauce
4 Tbls lemon juice

Cube veal, dredge with seasoned flour. Sauté in oil to brown and cook slowly 20 minutes. Add mustard, Worcestershire sauce, jelly and lemon juice. Continue cooking until veal is glazed.

Leah Eeles

The Side Show

As you know, this series will highlight (or in some cases, bring to light) interesting features, occupations, and experiences of fellow Pointers. This month is rather unusual because the spotlighted experience occurred so recently. Shortly before press time, Phil and Esther Burnett of Poplar Street returned from an 80-day, around-the-world trip. On short notice, Esther very graciously produced this two-part account of their travels.

DR

Waterscapes Around the World

Part I

by

Esther Burnett

On a recent evening Phil and I took a late afternoon walk from our house on Poplar Street to Goat Island. Beyond the arched tracery of the Newport Bridge, the sun was setting into a silver sea. From the black outline of Elm Street Pier teenagers, their silhouettes like awkward insects, flashed through the air as they

dove into the harbor. We looked with the fresh eyes of newly returned travellers and agreed that few seascapes in the world equalled ours.

Japan - Our study of waterscapes began the day we left Los Angeles for Tokyo, the first stop of our eighty days around the world. Though we saw only inland Japan, we viewed there exquisite waterscapes miniaturized in Japanese gardens. In Kyoto, the 15th century dry Zen garden, Ryoan-ji, with raked gravel "sea" and stone "islands" has a serene, symbolic beauty that becomes a spiritual experience. Outside of the city we visited the 17th century stroll garden of the Katsura Imperial Villa. At a turn in the path we came upon a pond with a peninsula of weathered, oval, blue-gray stones and a stone lantern for a lighthouse. A bridge made of a single arching piece of granite stretched across an isthmus to a further rocky shore where a crook-trunked pine tree spread an umbrella of foliage over a small meadow. This, we learned, was a miniature of one of the three most famous seashore landscapes in Japan.

China - In Beijing (Peking) we stayed at Angler's Rest, one of the State Guest Houses in the exclusive VIP compound recently opened for tourists. From our window we could see beyond a high wall with a sentry box to a large reservoir surrounded by a clay bank, a well-worn path, and an occasional willow tree just beginning to turn green. Bicyclists rode by; some stopped to fish or swim. Beginning at dawn men and women in their dark blue jackets and trousers gathered on the bank in twos and threes and, against the blue background of the lake, performed the graceful, slow, rhythmic movements of tai-chi . . . an early morning sight we became familiar with in every city in China. A few of the more expert engaged in dramatic ritual sword play, lunging and dodging with long, curved wooden swords. Sometimes a man sauntered by, swinging a black box in each hand as if for some type of curious weight-training. This puzzle we solved on a 6 AM jaunt around the lake. As we passed a small woods we suddenly became conscious of a profusion of bird songs. Hanging there on the trees, their black covers rolled up, were cages with singing birds. Below their owners squatted, talking companionably. Later we learned that the old Chinese custom, "the walking of birds", had been banned during the Cultural Revolution and only recently resumed.

In Shanghai we took a day's cruise on the Huang Pu River, the great, polluted, commercial artery of the city. From the windy, cold, and sometimes rainy deck, we tried to figure out the origins of the huge rusty freighters docked in the river or chugging beside us and wondered what life was like for the men and women who lived on the occasional high-pooped, limping, patched-sail junks. On the back deck cooks stirred great pots set on open wood-burning braziers - the soup and rice, vegetables and fish that became a delicious lunch served in a warm cabin. Our trip's target was the confluence of the Huang Pu with its murky but clear water, and the Yangtze River, yellow with silt. Where they joined the current flowed with two distinct ribbons of color. In late afternoon we returned to the Shanghai dock. As we left the boat we saw sailors squatting on the edge of the deck washing our lunch dishes in basins of dirty river water floating with garbage.

We had selected our particular China tour because it included

both the excavations of the buried clay army at Xian in the north, and the scenic southern river city Guilin. Until this visit we had believed that the curious pinnacles that form the background in most Chinese paintings were figments of some national imagination. But on our trip down the Guilin River we saw them - miles of perpendicular, craggy, limestone peaks, sometimes with waterfalls, thrusting straight up along the river where standing boatmen poled their rafts along the shore; rising abruptly out of the plains where farmers with water-buffalo tilled rice paddies; and disappearing, great jags on the horizon, into the blue far-off mists.

Hong Kong - We emerged from our China tour in Hong Kong, suddenly back to the 20th century of skyscrapers on the harbor, streets clogged with cars and buses instead of bicycles and ox-carts, and stores filled with an unbelievable variety of goods. The cheapest bargain in water travel can be found right here, the ferry trip between Hong Kong and Kowloon. We took it after having cocktails on the terrace of a friend's hillside apartment that overlooked the twinkling lights of ships reflected in the shiny black harbor, and after dinner at a Cantonese restaurant where we could point out the fish swimming in a tank that we wished prepared for our meal. For ten cents we had the magic of a night trip on the water. The next day for a higher fee we took the harbor cruise. Luxurious high-rise apartments were almost side by side with the boat villages where people live on the water massed in poverty. Their boats, which tend the freighters moored in the harbor are both their homes and their means of scanty livelihood.

Thailand - During most of our trip we stayed at inexpensive local hotels, the best way, we found, to make friends and to get the feel of a country. But in Bangkok we splurged. The world's most beautiful hotel must be the five-star Oriental. Located on the Chao Phraya River, the main "street" of the city, almost all of its rooms have a splendid view of the river flowing through the low buildings of a city accented with the odd, conical spires of temples. We could stand at our eleventh floor picture window and look down on the long, slender, pointed, brightly striped local canoes moving gracefully up the river, or, when fitted out with motors by an affluent owner, streaking like speed boats, and we could watch the launches and rafts and occasional destroyer of the Royal Thai Navy. At sunset, this Venice of the East even rivals Newport.

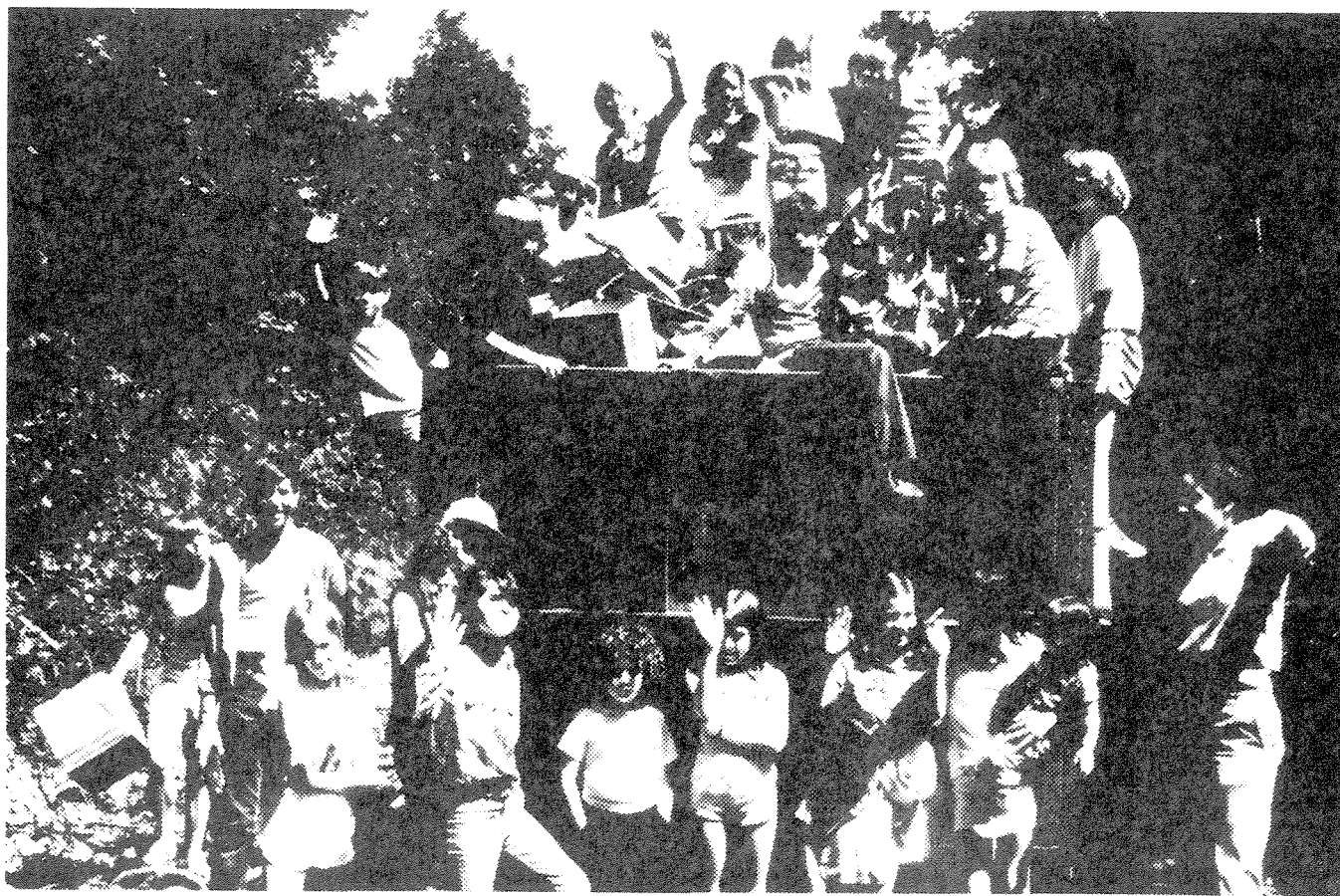
One night in Bangkok we had a spicy Thai dinner at the home of Commander Pallop Sundarabhaya, who, with his wife and two little girls, had lived in our house at 52 Farewell Street during his time at the War College. Morning and evening he takes the Navy launch from his house in the suburbs to his job at the Navy Department located up the river from our hotel. Once when we were having cocktails on the terrace, we waved at the launch, thinking we recognized him.

Off the main river street, Bangkok is laced with canals called khlongs. One morning at 7 AM we hired a young boatman and his two teenaged friends to paddle us in his canoe through the canals. We passed carved wooden houses jumbled together on pilings, their residents bathing and washing their clothes, even brushing their teeth in river water. We passed the floating markets, boats laden with vegetables or fruits or flowers, or even coffee or ice cream

to sell to the canal dwellers. We passed banana groves, and sometimes a brilliant yellow wat, or temple, set in a white gravel courtyard. On one veranda stood a baby elephant about four feet tall with a young baboon on his back. We docked and for a few cents bought pieces of sugar cane. While we patted and scratched his leathery skin, he daintily took the pieces of cane from our hands with his trunk. Phil wanted to buy him to take back to Newport.

next month, Part II

The Captain and the Kids



.....the morning's bounty.....

Rather infrequently, I think, do one's plans culminate in success as satisfying as that of June's Clean-up/Cook-out. At 9 AM on Saturday, June 27, 76 children and more than 20 adults converged on Martins Liquors where Captain Jack directed the all volunteer force in its effort to remove the litter from our streets.

All over the Point that sunny morning, little - and big - bodies were seen bent at the waist collecting what would become an entire truck load of trash (and not merely a pick-up truck, either). The railroad tracks were policed, as was the shore line

and all streets between. The children whom I saw were willing and enthusiastic.

The weather remained perfect for Sunday afternoon's picnic. Games, candy, hot dogs, the world's coldest soda, and raffle prizes for the Clean-up Children highlighted the day. Saturday's stooping graphically illustrated the results of a bad habit, and Sunday's picnic demonstrated that "good works" can be fun. The enthusiasm of the volunteers and the generosity of the financial patrons have guaranteed a repeat performance next summer. Watch these pages.

DR

To Give Credit Where It Is Due

You may remember the drawing of the turn-of-the-century men parading to the polls; and that I did not know its author. I recently received a wonderful letter from The Green Light's first editor, Edith Ballinger Price, now of Virginia, wherein she told me that the drawing had come from her hand.

Thanks for the letter, Edith, and thanks for the drawing!

DR

The Parks of the Point

Ah, summer; what better way to spend a day than to stroll to the park for a fresh sea breeze, a brisk set of tennis, a ride on the swings, a lazy hour on a bench, a hot game of basketball, or simply for a sunning session on a blanket. All of these activities are possible in the parks of the Point*.

What follows is a general survey of our parks. Time did not allow as thorough a search as I had hoped. Moreover, some of the most interesting information will not be found in the written record. If any of you know more than is presented here, please contact me. I am always interested in any information about the Point.

Of all the parks that now exist on the Point, William Ellery Park at Thames and Farewell Streets, is the oldest. On January 4, 1919, Henrietta Channing Ellery, "Singlewoman", because of "the love and affection I bear for the native City of myself and my ancestors," conveyed land to Newport "to be used and improved as a Public Park, known as the William Ellery Park, and to be kept free, open, and unobstructed at all times by any buildings or structures

* Cardines Field is not included here because it is really a baseball field, and not intended for general park pleasures.

other than those commonly erected on public parks in said City of Newport."

This deed is representative of most of those of the other parks because the land transferred is destined exclusively for park uses. On the other hand, only one other park was given with such a documented declaration of sentiment.

Named for William Ellery, signer of the Declaration of Independence (whose grave is in the Common Burying Ground), the park is the home of the Liberty Tree. The original, of which the present one is at least the 3rd incarnation, was planted in colonial celebration of the repeal of the hated Stamp Act.

A very short distance down Thames Street, at the corner of Cross Street, is Arnold Park, which has the distinction of being the site of the plaque that marks Newport's Historic District as a National Historic Landmark. The park is actually composed of two parcels: a triangle at the south end; and a rectangle which is next to the John Stevens Shop and behind the little house on Cross Street. The lot line is fairly accurately defined by the line of the two rotund trees in the middle of the park. Interestingly, only the triangle actually belongs to the City.

On December 14, 1964, the Preservation Society of Newport County deeded to the City that triangular parcel "to be used exclusively for a site for the creation and maintenance of a public park . . ." Only recently, however, was it realized that the rectangle, also thought to have been conveyed by its owner, was, for some unknown reason, not. It remains privately owned.

Arnold Park as we now know it, however, was not created and dedicated until nearly seven years later. In the July and October, 1971, issues of The Green Light, I found the following accounts.

"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'.

"We can not imagine a more popular and active couple, and it is good to name this park for them.

"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.

"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.

"Mrs. Warren asked everyone to come to the Hunter House after the ceremony and enjoy punch on the lawn. It was a beautiful, clear, warm day."

One of our parks which was not conveyed specifically for park use is the Cardines Playground - not Field. It is located at the corner of Bridge Street and America's Cup Avenue. In 1944, the Savings Bank of Newport, which had reclaimed the property because



looking south through "Point" Park

of a default on a mortgage, sold it to the City for \$800. At the time, according to Council resolution #37, the lot was intended to become part of Cardines Field. I do not know when it actually became an independent park with swings and jungle gym.

Perhaps our best-known park is Storer Park. Agnes Storer was, in 1939, the guiding force behind the initial, though ultimately unsuccessful, attempt to create a park on that site (see The Green Light, January, 1972), and a pioneer preservationist.

The park is actually composed of three lots, of which two were transferred by deeds dated August 15, 1972. The smaller, the front right corner, if you will, if one were looking at the park from Washington Street, was given by the Preservation Society; and the larger, which makes up more than 80% of the park, was donated by the Point Association. The third parcel was bought by the City in 1969 and is little more than the north face of the wharf on which is the Goat Island Causeway. The deed to that parcel contains no restrictions concerning park use.

The two major lots, however, "shall be used and maintained solely for park and recreational purposes and . . . no buildings shall be erected thereon." This stipulation has generally barred commercial enterprises from the park. Thus, the City has leased dockage space for small cruise ships along the Causeway wharf, but not - usually - along the remaining seawall.

For nearly two years, from January, 1972, to October, 1973, The Green Light printed the news of the Point Association's campaign to raise funds with which to buy the land from the Redevelopment Agency, and then create the park. In September of 1973, the initial phase of the park's development was complete and paid for, and Storer Park was formally donated to the City at the Annual Picnic. Nine months earlier The Green Light reported an accumulation from pledges, donation, and Point Association activities and savings of \$31,000!

"Throughout the negotiations with the City," Henry Eccles wrote in October, 1973, "the Association representatives emphasized that the Association would have a continuing interest in (the development of) Storer Park so that, other than routine maintenance, it would not be a financial burden to the taxpayers."

A year earlier, Henry offered his thoughts on the park.

"Storer Park is both a symbol and a challenge.

"(It) is a symbol of what can be accomplished by constructive neighborhood and community cooperation.

"It is a symbol of people of all sorts who can work with other people, with every person having an opportunity to contribute in accordance with his capacity, in order that all may benefit.

"It is a challenge to the neighborhood and the community to overcome neglect, vandalism and civic indifference.

"Above all, it shows that in a world of conflict and violence, suspicion and hatred, human decency and love for fellow human beings is enduring."

On Van Zandt Avenue, just east of Third Street, is Hunter Playfield, our largest park. It offers two tennis courts, a baseball diamond, a basketball hoop, swings, and plenty of running room.

In May of 1944, the City leased the land from Anna C. R. Dunn and Caroline K. Phelps. Payment was in the amount of the yearly taxes. The City agreed that it would "use and improve the . . . so-called Hunter Playfield . . . in a becoming and proper manner not committing any waste or injury on the same; . . . common and ordinary wear, inevitable injuries, and damages by the elements excepted." The leased land was named for Anna F. Hunter, its former owner and, I believe, ancestor of the lessors.

That arrangement lasted only two years until June, 1946. At that time, the City bought the Playfield - though only about 80% of it, which is what we see today. The original acreage extended north all the way to the southern edge of the Bayside Village apartments; about 80 yards farther than the present limit. No restrictions were included in the deed.

On the Bay between Pine and Battery Streets, one will find Battery Park. It just might be the most pleasant one. With its fine view and ample shade, this park is made for relaxing. It was not always thus, though*.

The site was originally a pasture when, in 1776, a patriot battery of guns was placed there. After we became an independent country, Fort Greene was built, named in honor of Rhode Island Revolutionary War General Nathaniel Greene. At that time, the fort encompassed a corner of what is now Stella Maris property, about half the Pine Street/Battery Street block between Washington and Second Streets, as well as the present Battery Park.

The garrison at the fort was discontinued after the War of 1812, so in the last years of the last century, Newport was licensed by the Federal Government to use that land which would be-

* For much more information on Battery Park, see The Green Light, May and June, 1961, and April and October, 1971.

come Battery Park. Not until 1926, however, did the Government actually sell the land. At auction, the City bought it for \$5,471.41. On September 9, 1926, the land was transferred.

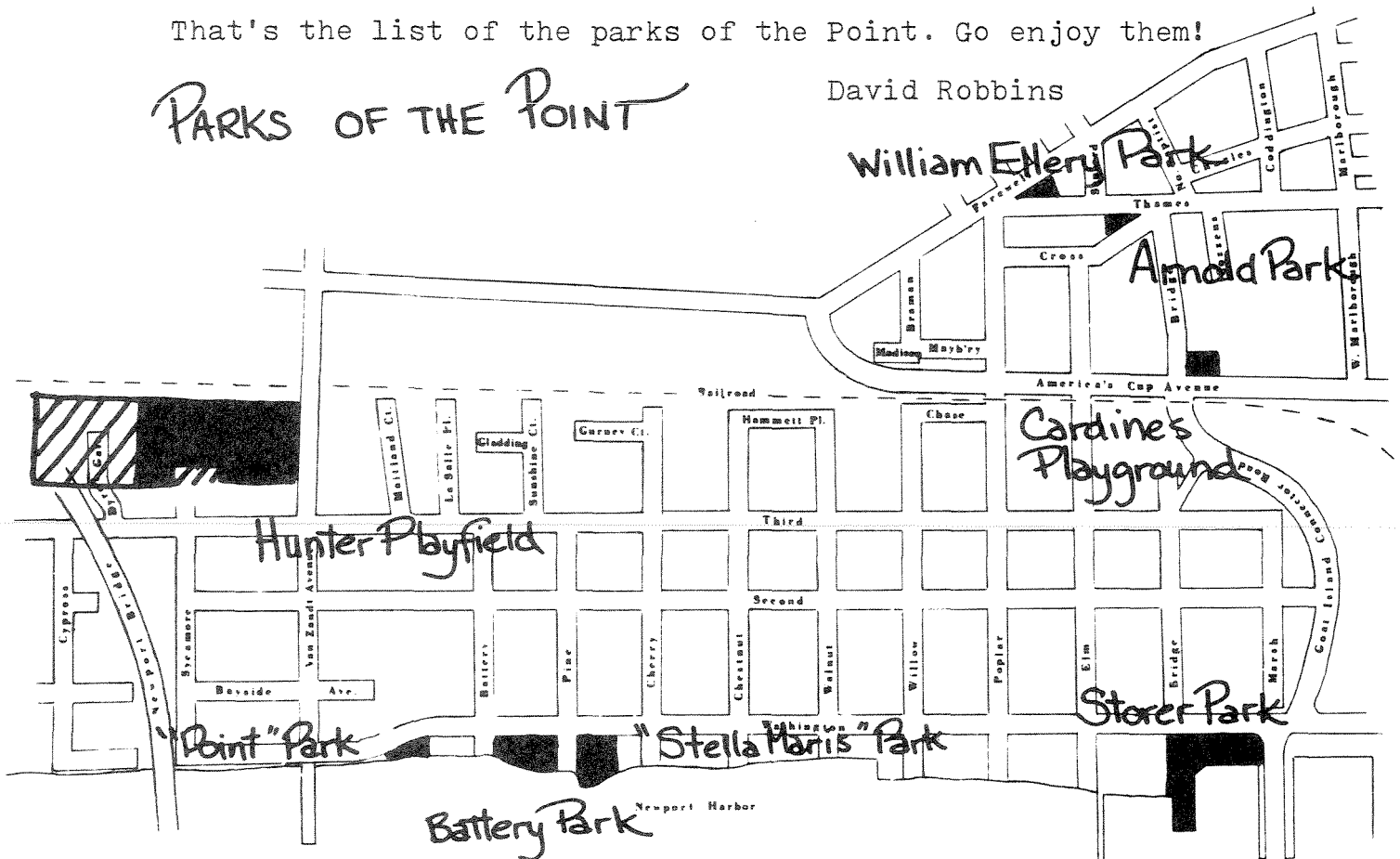
Former Newport Mayor Frederick P. Garretson wanted to make the park a gift to the City. So, on September 30, he bought it from the City, and then on the same day, "in consideration of the LOVE and AFFECTION which I have for the city of Newport . . ." he returned the land "as and for a public park and for no other purpose".

Earlier, I described Battery Park as bounded by Pine and Battery Streets. Some may not realize that the grassy lot immediately south of the park is actually private land. In September, 1943, the will of Agnes Storer (of Storer Park) transferred that land to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Providence "for the use of 'Stella Maris'" which is directly across Washington Street. As far as I know, there the ownership has remained.

Finally, just south of the Van Zandt Pier, one will find what I have informally dubbed "Point" Park. It has no other name that I could find.

In 1921, the plot was conveyed to the city "for parks or road purposes and for no other purposes." I believe that "road purposes" referred to the extension of Washington Street that occurred at about that time. Apparently, it was not needed for the road, so its only other allowable use seems to be as a park. I do not, however, necessarily advocate the park's active use; the unprotected edge could cause a dangerous fall to the rocks below. Looking from the sidewalk out to the boats and the Bay beyond is very pleasant indeed.

That's the list of the parks of the Point. Go enjoy them!



The Guest Artist

Being editor of these pages gives one a certain latitude in requesting and assigning material. This month I have assigned myself the post of monthly pen(and ink)man. It is purely gratuitous.

Instead of advertising an impending event, the Guest Artist notes his whereabouts. As you receive this issue, he will be ending a week at his boyhood vacation spot.



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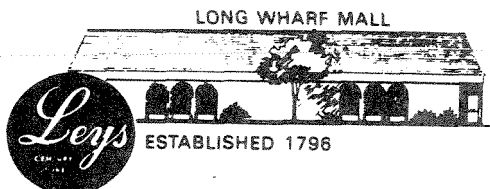
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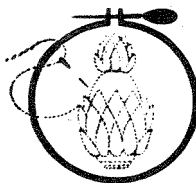
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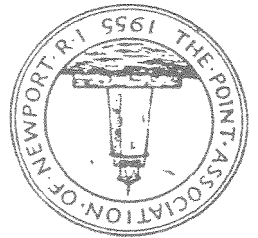
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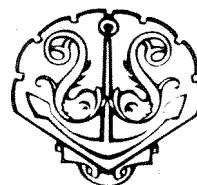
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