

The GREEN LIGHT



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FEBRUARY 1990

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CALENDAR

Sunday, Feb. 4th : 6 p.m. St. Paul's Church. POT LUCK SUPPER and short business meeting. For details see Page 4.

Copies of the **Green Light** may be purchased for \$1.00 at Bucci's Convenience Store, Poplar and Thames Streets and Aidinoff's Liquor and Gourmet Shop on Warner Street.

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Cover: Sketch by Annette Chramiec Battery Park - 1976

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AN EDITORIAL STATEMENT

We take this opportunity to restate the purposes of the GREEN LIGHT, which are in accord with those of the Point Association and written in its charter: "To improve the Point Association, maintain the historical and colonial treasure of the area, and promote community spirit." It is in promoting community spirit that we try to expend our greatest efforts.

We regret that something we wrote in our December issue -- intending to be facetious -- was interpreted by one of our readers as serious, and therefore a disparagement.

Please believe that we never intended to stray from our original purpose of spreading good community spirit, nor shall we in the future.

The Editorial Staff

Our Point Association experienced a great loss with the resignation of Jeanne Desrosiers. Jeanne was a comparative newcomer to this area when she became our corresponding secretary, but she handled the job like a long-time "pro." We regret her leaving the Board and will have a hard time replacing her.

Pete Peters



UPDATE FROM THE NEWPORT TREE COMMITTEE

The mission of the Newport Tree Committee is "to foster a healthy, urban forest in the City of Newport through a Systematic Tree Management and Planting Program."

After extensive research and out of a desire to work with the City, on June 14, 1989 the Newport Tree Committee presented to the City Council the <u>Newport Tree</u> <u>Report</u>. The report gives a thorough evaluation of present city tree care and planting efforts and presents recommended short and long term goals establishing a public/private partnership to work to improve and expand our urban forest and its management.

With the approval of the City Council, the City Administration and the Newport Tree Committee have worked together and established as their first priority the need for a 100% survey and inventory of the city's street and park trees.

Such an inventory will allow the City to determine the condition, value, liability and priorities for Newport's existing trees and to obtain the necessary data foundation upon which to build a systematized tree management and planting program.

How will such a survey affect the Point? There will be several benefits, such as a professional assessment and priorization of any city trees that need to be pruned or removed. Many Point residents will recall how shocked and saddened they were to see street trees on Washington and Poplar Streets removed by the City this fall. There was no warning nor explanation given for these removals. Eventually residents were told that the trees were badly diseased. A 100% survey will provide residents with the necessary facts regarding tree removals and prunings as well as help the City establish tree planting priorities. An officially sanctioned Tree Commission will improve communication between City tree activities and neighborhoods.



In addition, the Newport Tree Committee is working with the City to draft a Tree Ordinance which will provide specific legal protections for our trees, regulation of work done on public trees by utility companies, and the establishment of an officially sanctioned Tree Commission to inprove communication with the public and encourage, assist and monitor the effectiveness of a Systematized Tree Management and Planting Program.

The Newport Tree Committee is anxious to compile a comprehensive history of Newport's trees and welcomes any contributions, factual or anecdotal, regarding any of our trees! We also always welcome new members and constructive suggestions!

Copies of the <u>Newport Tree</u> <u>Report</u> are available upon request. For a copy or for other information please call Toni Peters (849-2362), Ruth Kiker (847-0642), or Lillian Dick (847-3466).

The Point Association's long tradition of caring for its trees is an example for all of us and greatly appreciated!

Lillian Dick

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POT LUCK SUPPER

DATE: SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 4TIME: 6:00 p.m.PLACE: St. Paul's Church, Marlboro St.

This Year's Pot Luck Supper will be A TRADITIONAL POT LUCK SUPPER There will be no admission charge at the door. MAIN COURSES will be POT LUCK CASSEROLES.

Beverages (Coffee, Tea and Milk) will be provided. You may bring wine, beer, cider etc.

EVERYTHING SHOULD ARRIVE PIPING HOT WRAPPED IN NEWSPAPER AND PAPERBAGS Every Container and Server should be labeled

If you have NOT received a phor	ne call, please bring:
GREEN SALAD	which serves 12
VEGETABLES	which serve 12
MAIN CASSEROLE	which serves 10
DESSERT	which serves 12

BEAUTIFICATION

Thank you to the Pointers who put candles in their windows and used clear white lights on their outside decorations.

Congratulations to the winners of the Doorways competition sponsored by Christmas in Newport. The Point had more lovely doorways than any other section of the city.

Doug and Mary Riggs at Farewell and Thames won the grand prize for the city. Awards were also won by Bob Massey, 82 Bridge Street, Maurice Lavalette, 18 Second Street, and Paul Boghossian, 73 Washington Street.

Doorways at 6 Bridge Street, 52 and 59 Second Street, and 44 Thames Street also won awards.

The Rhumbline won first prize for all restaurants in the city. A special award was made to Jim Michael and Richard Nelson for the neighborhood decorations at Cross. Thames, and Bridge Streets. What a lovely entrance to the city!

Next year let's have more.

Mary Rommel Beautification Committee

OUR ROCK AND ROLLERS

With all the dramatic changes around the world, we have a traveling Pointer just home for Christmas - Peter Chramiec of Washington Street. He and his three friends, members of the rock group "Verbal Assault", have just returned from a three month tour of Europe where they performed in nearly 50 shows.

Peter, guitarist, Chris Jones, vocalist, Darren Mock, bass, and Doug Ernst, drummer have been together six or seven years. They have toured the United States three times and this was their second European swing.

They rented a vintage Mercedes van and packed their equipment in the back. Bookings were set up by several agents in Europe where audiences tend to be more mixed in age than here in the states. They were in and out of most countries, including Poland and Yugoslavia, but were not allowed visas for Russia -- probably due more to bureaucratic red tape than political restraint.

After several local concerts in January, they will split to return to college. We'd like to share in their experiences before they settle down, but their heads are still spinning. It's been an exciting journey being exposed to differrent languages and cultures constantly, sometimes crossing three borders in one day. If we want to catch up with them currently, they say their records are for sale -- the latest is "On".

OUR GIFT - THE HOLLY TEA

Each year the Point Association hosts the Holly Tea as its gift to those enjoying Christmas in Newport. On Sunday, December 17th, a large turnout braved the cold to spend a quiet and tasty candlelit hour in the lovely surroundings of the redecorated hall of St. Paul's Methodist Church. It's interesting to hear the comments of guests who come from near and far and who are often "repeaters" who watch for this December event.

Dede Elster is the organizer and number-one hostess, but thanks go to all those who joined her in Colonial costume. Also thanks to those who baked goodies at home, helped behind the scenes in the kitchen, and helped with set-up and clean-up. It's a team effort and a great way to enjoy a neighborly afternoon filled with Christmas spirit. Watch for 1990 plans and enjoy giving YOUR time and talents.



FIVE DAYS IN SEPTEMBER

For the past few years, my father, 84, has traveled from upstate New York to New Bedford every September, to visit family and return to his New England roots. He always warned me months in advance, usually in March or April, that he and my brother would be coming, and he'd tell me the exact date.

"I'll clear the calendar," I'd promise him, and I'd mark five days as "taken."

As time went on, I began to realize how very important this small vacation was for my father. For him, coming back to New Bedford was coming home. Though he had lived in New York for over 60 years, he had grown up with the sea air and the sea food, the narrow streets and old shingled houses, the powerful boyhood memories that the native son carries inside him forever.

I loved to hear him talk about helping his father in the barrel business where every nail had to be hammered straight, then used again; or riding his bicycle from New Bedford to Newport and back; or receiving the gift of a college education from a friend of the family. That gift led to a degree in civil engineering and a job in New York, but it was also his passport out of a place he loved more than anywhere in the world.

My father and brother arrived on a Friday this past September. There was an eerie stillness in the air, for Hurricane Hugo was about to hit South Carolina and we were not sure whether it planned to visit us, too.

My father seemed small, more fragile than when I'd seen him last, but he was eager to do the things we usually do. Before we began galavanting, he asked if he could unpack his things, for he is blind and needs some help getting organized. I took his arm and we walked upstairs to my son's room, where he would be staying.



Before going downstairs to join the others, he handed me an envelope and said it was "play money." I knew it was for the restaurant tab; eating out is what he liked to do best when he came to New Bedford. We told him he could set the agenda. Whatever he wanted to do, we would do, for this was his vacation.

On Saturday my father chose Newport as our destination and, even in his blindness, told us which roads to take -- country roads where he used to bike along the water, past the Old Stone Bridge Inn. There was no sign of Hugo, but that eerie stillness hung in the air.

In Newport, we walked on the wharves and up the slippery dock into a wholesale lobster company where we saw great slabs of tuna and pools of live lobsters. My father wanted to hurry over to The Casino for lunch, for that was why he really wanted to go to Newport.

In the restaurant, from which diners once watched world-class tennis matches, we had strawberry daiquiris, scallops and sole, and we talked about the difficulty women had playing tennis, in the old days, in stockings and long skirts. We also talked politics and agreed that hostile takeovers and leveraged buyouts were not good for America.

My father plunged into the discussion, and I wondered how an 84-year-old blind man could know so much and be so involved in the world. I remember how alive the conversation was, and how often we laughed, and how special the day was.

After lunch, we took the Ten Mile Drive; Hurricane Hugo was stirring up the waves. We stopped at Hammersmith Farm, where Jackie Kennedy spent her childhood summers. We walked through the rooms and around the grounds, and I noticed how intently my father listened to the family history.

On Monday, my father seemed to have caught a chill. He was losing his voice, but he felt well enough to buy a winter's supply of linguica and fish chowder to take back. That night, he wanted to go to Davy's Locker and try their fried clams. His voice was getting weaker. On Tuesday morning at breakfast, before saying goodbye, he asked me to read him my last column. It was about the plight of the elderly in the face of the state budget cuts, and he listened intently. He had voice enough, I noticed, to blame the governor.

Later, I gave him a big goodbye hug and told him to "take care." That would be the last time I would see him.

On Friday morning, my brother called from New York to tell me our father had died the night before of a heart attack. I felt unbearably sad but also blessed that we had had five special days in September, days that will live in our minds forever.

I feel sure that my father knew his time was near. Maybe he knew last April when he told me the exact day he was coming to visit. I believe he had to wait until September, had to wait until he came home again, before he could say goodbye.

Marsha McCabe

(Adapted from a column in the New Bedford Standard Times and used with the author's permission.)





100 YEARS AGO

After our bitter cold of Thanksgiving and Christmas time, early January felt like a spring thaw. Len Panaggio reminded us in his January 3rd Grist Mill column in the **Newport Daily News** that "100 years ago this week dandelion blossoms continue to be a drug on the Point." Here is a picture of a snowstorm about 60 years ago.



PATRICK HAGERTY

Ever since my family came to Newport in the summers, I have been aware of a certain magic in the Poplar Street shore, an all enveloping cameraderie which existed there, and which has lasted to the present day. It consisted of men who liked boats, were involved with them, fitting them out in the spring, then later in the fall hauling them up on the driftway for the winter. What held them together was mutual interest, love of the water, and the satisfaction of much masculine talk.

In the early years before World War II, they came after supper to sit on crude benches, watching the sunset, and waiting to hear the rhythmic beat of the paddle wheels of the **Priscilla** or the **Commonwealth**. These great ships docked for an hour or so, to load pasengers and fish for New York City. Their imposing departure brought the evening to a close.

All the streets coming into Washington from the east turned into these driftways, providing a rare and valued access to the water. On the Poplar Street shore it was rather like a club. Some of these men had worked for the Steamship Company, some were fishermen. J.H. Benson was part of it, as was for three years, Barnaby Keeney, later president of Brown University.

An outstanding figure was Patrick Hagerty, who became the commanding presence, to whom all questions were addressed and. in return, terse answers given. Patrick was a tall man, still possessed of his Irish brogue and handsome with beetling brows and gray hair. He was not much of a talker, and his words were always listened to. His working life was at the Steamship Company where he had been an expert carpeter.

When the Company closed in 1938 he retired, being of suitable age. After that he found comparable work to keep him busy on the Point; mowing lawns, clipping bushes, gathering wood on the shore, cleaning yards, mending fences. It seemed as if he could do anything. During the childhood years of my three boys, Patrick was an enormous influence. Almost every day he'd come in the back gate to enjoy their company. His only son had died quite young, so he had a special feeling for boys. I never had to worry that they would fall overboard when he was nearby. He had only to speak sternly when necessary and they minded him.

When he finally reached 90 years of age Henry and Dagmar Wood gave him a great party on the porch of 64 Washington Street. All the Point was there celebrating, and the cake had 90 candles.

Esther Fisher Benson



A BOOK ABOUT NEWPORT

If you think you've read everything concerning the Vanderbilts and Newport's Gilded Age, you mustn't miss **The Vander**bilt **Era** by Louis Auchincloss. The author ties in the family -- as well as others with tremendous fortunes -- with the artistic productions of "The American Renaissance."

He deals with the family by presenting a series of portraits, then goes on to depict other personalities who "entertained it, decorated, built and sculpted for it, painted it, wrote about it, and even, like the Adams brothers, viewed it from the inside with a passionate scorn, which became itself a sort of art."

There are brief sketches of Richard Morris Hunt, Henry White, Chancey Depew, John Singer Sargent, Jay Gould, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Louis Tiffany, and others.

The book throws a new light on an old subject, one that holds the reader's interest to the end.



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Virginia Covell

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Storer Park with cranes in the background

HEAVENS TO BETSY!

There appears to be a renewed interest in curious expressions such as "Heavens to Betsy", "Independent as a hog on ice", "Snug as a bug in a rug", and "To keep one's fingers crossed".

A recent Ann Landers column asked for help in finding the origins or explanations of such expressions. Readers responded with some answers, and referred to a book **Hog on Ice** by Charles Earl Funk of dictionary fame. This book, published in 1948, is full of fascinating accounts of derivations from ages past, and from many countries.

A reviewer states: "Dr. Funk has made a new kind of dictionary - of old sayings that warm the heart and throw out the chuckles." Incidentally, Dr. Funk was never able to find the derivation of "Heavens to Betsy".

Most of us remember expressions our mothers and grandmothers used. Do you? Have you wondered about such expressions? Share them, or ask about them. We can't promise answers, but we'll try.

Good for adult gatherings some cold winter night! Let's hear from trivia enthusiasts. Send a card to The Editor, Green Light, Box 491, Newport, R.I. 02840.

Kit Hammett

"Your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine." (Hamlet - 1600)

What did we do without our galoshes? Well, we may have stood "nearer to heaven", to quote the poet; certainly our feet were cold!

It was not until the 15th century, when clogs and pattens became the fashion, that women could venture safely into winter weather. Before the invention of the wooden French **chopine**, flat or highheeled slippers were worn indoors and out. Boots and leg jackets were strictly for sporting gentlemen and beaux.

European women and those in the Colonies quickly adopted the wooden **chopine** or patten. The patten, soled vertically with an iron ring or layers of wood, was six inches or more in height; it could be slipped on over a slipper or tied to a stockinged foot. Italian women wore pattens so high that they had need of a handmaiden for balance on each side. It was said of women that they were composed of three things; one part clothes, one part wood, one part woman.

Wooden clogs, slip-on pantofles, and cork-soled over-shoes soon replaced the noisy and unwieldly patten. In 1665, the first woman's 'oxford' was made; this was of heavy black leather with a stiff wooden sole. That same year the masculine English Jack boot was copied for women.

Cowhide and buckskin shoes with large buckles were the masculine footwear in the American colonies. It was said of the Minute Men that "not a pair of boots graced the company." American women were noted for their high heels and ribboned



slippers, and their "extremely pretty feet." The wooden soles of over-shoes were improved by hinges; the wood painted to match the fabric of the slipper beneath.

By the early 18th century, walking was a fashionable recreation, and heels were lower. For outdoor use, women adopted the Chinese sabot. This shoe had a thin wooden sole with an upturned toe; it was decorated with a buckle or ribbons. Despite

the **sabot**, women preferred fabric slippers, once multicolored, now grey or drab in color. Fashion decreed that stockings, silk or cotton, be white. Less fortunate women wore homemade untanned leather shoes.

Families in the American colonies made their shoes at home. The men shaped the cowhide and attached the soles, using wooden (maple) pegs. The women bound the edges. These shoes, made on a cobblers' bench, were interchangeable, not shaped for right or left. Ready-made shoes were not available until 1793, when they were first introduced in Boston. Very few shoes endured a month; many had attached labels: **Rips mended free**.

It was an American, Seth Boyden of Newark, New Jersey, who, in 1822, first experimented with japanning or lacquering leather - the result was patent leather. Men paraded in patent leather boots; women and children wore still another style of slipper.

Fashion insisted on dainty shoes. Or perhaps the Colonial woman insisted on looking every inch the lady? Because English visitors to America commented on the American woman's apparent disdain of woolen hose and sturdy shoes, our slippers

were made of silk, moroccan leather, or jean. For cold weather there were furlined boots made of brocade, satin, or nankeen.

Buckles and bows; jeweled sandals and gaitered lambskin boots; gored patent leather slippers and buttoned leather bottines - these were high fashion well into the 19th century. Victorian feet were concealed under full skirts. Ankles, feet, and legs were never mentioned limbs was the correct word.



In 1830, an American manufacturer, Charles Goodyear, undertook the commercial production of rubber. In 1844, after years of experimentation, Goodyear secured his first patent. This new American rubber industry included the manufacture of rubber boots, fishing boots, and outer soles.

The rubber-soled shoe was on its way when, in 1832, a New York manufacturer applied for a patent attaching India rubber soles to boots and shoes. By 1842 the English had learned to elasticize leather with rubber. A Boston sea captain, in 1853, is noted as having imported 500 pairs of rubber boots into this country. Boots and shoes with cemented rubber soles were first made in the 1920's.

New England inventions such as the manufacture of shoe nails, a lathe to make wooden lasts, a set of diagram patterns for the cutting of shoes, and a rolling machine to compress leather - these inventions helped bring galoshes to ladies.

Or ladies to galoshes? It is a lost noun - galoshes. We have boots now, in plastic and leathers. We've made walking high fashion. Winter mornings on Washington Street, when the sun is bright on the snow...who can resist when her feet are snug?

What did a lady do without galoshes?

Anita McAndrews

OUR FAME SPREADS

As **Christmas in Newport** heads into this, its 20th year, the Candle-Light House Tour is a main attraction. It's apparent that visitors come from out of town and out of state in large numbers, often staying overnight in bed-andbreakfasts so they can enjoy the several days of the tour.

This year on the 26th on Historic Hill they could tour the Vernon House c. 1708-1758 at 46 Clarke Street, the Underwood House c. 1801 at 66 John Street and the White House c. 1845 at 123 Pelham Street.

On the 27th and 28th, among the homes open on the Point were the Caleb Claggett House c. 1725 at 22 Bridge Street, the Pont-Claggett House c. 1753 at 59 Second Street, and the John and Thomas Goddard House c. 1723 at 81 Second Street. Also the William and Joseph Cozzens House built before 1770 at 57 Farewell Street, the Elliott Boss House built before 1724 at 20 Second Street and the Stephen Albro House c. 1874 at 18 Chestnut Street.

The tour was held between the hours of 3:30 to 6:30 p.m. In addition, the Preservation Society's houses, **Kingscote** on Bellevue Avenue and the **Hunter House** on Washington Street, were open from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m.

These were busy days for many. **Christmas in Newport** sponsors these tours and visitors were guided to the houses by their flags and greeted by Newport Artillerymen in their colorful uniforms. The owners were present to answer questions and serve light refreshments, giving the homes an hospitable air.

If you really want to be more than a casual visitor in these homes, do offer to help serve as hostess this coming season. You'll be in colonial costume (your own or borrowed) and share in the excitement and warmth of bygone days. You will recall the bitter cold of December and those dressed in colonial garb will wonder how the real colonials faced such weather in their homes, in their clothing, and in getting around.

Kay O'Brien







WALKING AND WATCHING

Sometimes we have sidewalks and sometimes they disappear under the ice and snow, but the air is invigorating and the sunsets and afterglow glorious. All we see in the harbor are moorings. The boats are gone except for an occasional hardy lobsterman and the larger ships which pass the far side of Rose Island.

If you're looking for some excitement on a bleak, gray winter day, head for the causeway. There's a lot going on. The huge five-foot diameter concrete pipes to carry the treated outflow from the Combined Sewer Overflow plant under construction have been laid under Washington Street which is again open to traffic. The pipes are laid along the south side of Storer Park and along the granite bulkhead north of the causeway. But now they must go under water and this brings in added dimensions.





CSO Construction from the causeway

Even getting the big cranes into town is a headache. There are three barges, one loaded with gravel and two with cranes. They are maneuvered around by tugs, and each has a long metal leg that is lowered to hold the cranes in place. From one barge the divers descend to direct the underwater operations. The inspector on the causeway knows what's going by, but anyone can watch the bubbles coming up. The bottom of the bay is lowered to the proper depth by big scoops from the cranes and then gravel is dropped in for a bedding for the pipes. Divers also have to seal the joints on the pipes. The pressure of the water will keep them in place. The pipeline will extend over 400 feet into the harbor out near the channel below the causeway. We've been assured that this treated water will be OK, but we hate to see it so close to home.

The huge granite blocks which were removed along the bulkhead have yet to be replaced. That's going to be like a jigsaw puzzle and makes one wonder where they came from in the first place and how they got here. There's still much work to be done, and we'll all want to check that Storer Park is put back in order and plantings replaced, along with the Marsh Street connector which the Point Association planted recently.

Anyway there's much to see on a winter's day; pick a calm one or you'll get blown off the causeway. If you're sitting home poring over your newly arrived garden catalogs, take heart. By the time your next **Green Light** arrives, it will be spring.

Kay O'Brien



A winter when the Bay froze over -- 1933? The building to the right of the Torpedo Station was a dance hall. Do any of our readers know anything about its history?

the Waters Edge Howers.

264 BELLEVUE AVENUE THE BELLEVUE PLAZA NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND 02840

TELEPHONE 847-1111

PRESSURE POINTS

COMBINED SEWAGE OVERFLOW FACILITY

The recent mild weather has been a wonderful time for a brisk winter walk along Washington Street.

Construction sites are always intriquing, and the ongoing digging, draining and dumping at the Causeway and Washington Street is no exception.

It's not a pretty sight/site, and the knowledge that those plastic covered piles of contaminated soil are so costly to dispose of is discouraging. One to two million dollars is an expensive surprise for the City.

According to City Manager Frank Edwards, bid specifications for removal of the contaminated soil are being reviewed by the city officials and the DEM for technical accuracy. After acceptance and review of the bids, the Council will award the bid, and all soil will be removed by May. The DEM is actively involved because of the Federal Grant.

The salt water (groundwater by any other name) infiltration that was contaminated by lead (rumored to be from batteries dumped years ago into an underground storage tank unearthed last Spring) is expected to be contained within a month.

When asked about the possibility of a lawsuit. Mr. Edwards said an informal meeting had been held with the former owners. There is a strong chance that a lawsuit to recoup the costs incurred in the clean-up will be pursued by the City. A lawyer with expertise in environmental law may be hired.

The construction is 45% completed. The contract states that street work cease during the toruist season. By April/May, the major disruption to traffic should be over, and Storer Park will be restored to its original landscaping. On-site construction will continue with an expected date of November for completion of the work.





 $\begin{array}{c} \text{Our } \underline{\text{Green}} \ \underline{\text{Light}} \ \text{as seen through a maze} \\ \hline \text{of construction activity.} \end{array}$

SHIPYARD SITE

Questions need to be answered about this site before the City purchases this property. Because of the costly contamination problems across the street and because it is also filled land, an environmental impact statement is needed <u>before</u> the City makes a decision.*

Liz Bermender

* (Ed.'s note: We have been assured that the original resolution calls for the purchase only after a thorough evaluation of the area and any contamination has to be removed by the seller prior to the sale.)





DAYTRIPPERS

Much has been said (good as well as bad) about Newport's daytrippers...those tourists who come to spend just a day in our City-by-the-Sea. Daytrippers are nothing new in Newport. They have been with us since the city was founded.

The original daytrippers came either on business trips or to visit family or friends. Later, as Newport became an increasingly interesting place to visit, recreational travelers increased in great numbers.

They arrived by various modes of transportation...horseback, carriage, and boat in the early days. In 1861 we find the Steamer **Perry** making two trips daily between Newport and Providence in the summer and one during the winter. There was a steamboat line between New York and Newport. The Stone Bridge and the Bristol Ferry offered other means to get to the island. You could also take a 30-foot sloop with other passengers and numerous livestock from Jamestown.

In 1864 train service between Fall River and Newport was provided by the Old Colony and Fall River Railroad Company and in the late 1890's the Newport and Fall River Street Railway provided trolley service between the two cities.

At that time the steamer Warwick ran between Providence, Newport, and Block Island and delivered many tourists to the trolley barn on Commercial Wharf behind the mausoleum-like Newport Trust Company for a ride to the beach.

What did these tourists do when they arrived? Apparently the same things that tourists do today. In 1863 Edward A. Hassard rented horses and carriages from his livery stable at the corner of Spring and Touro Steet. In 1892 The Adams House located at 104-106 Thames Street, north of Washington Square, offered "Meals at all hours" and Easton's Beach advertised bathing suits to let. A post card picturing the 40 Steps and postmarked August 21, 1905 tells its recipient, "We took a six or seven mile walk along cliff." One postmarked in July of 1912 says, "We took a ride by boat over to Newport and had our lunch at a restaurant and got something at the 10 cent store."

Another, postmarked 1910, says "We're having a fine time and great weather. Have been sailing, and driving and shopping and walking as well as eating."

While yet another tourist in 1915 wrote home saying, "Having a wonderful time here - meeting some of the "400", enjoying the "Cliff Walk". Was in Vanderbilt estate and on the veranda of the Breakers." This was before it was open to the public!

Newport Beach was the place to go in the teens of the 1900's. Thousands came.. most by the trolleys which operated in the city for almost 40 years.

The demise of the trolleys and the closing of the Fall River Line came about at the same time that Americans became attached to their automobiles. The opening of the Mt. Hope Bridge in 1929 made it easier to come down from Providence and vehicular traffic was on the increase.

The completion of the Newport Bridge greatly added to traffic congestion. The narrowness of Newport's streets (never intended to be highways...but rather cowpaths) combined with the car-owner's reluctance to be separated from his automobile contributes greatly to the city's current traffic problem.

Perhaps there is something to be said for satellite parking after all!

Florence Archambault



Early in December, we all followed the news of President Bush and Soviet President Gorbachev as they met in Malta where meetings had been planned to take place on the **USS Belknap**. Weather prevented some of the meetings, but the ship was very much in the news. Mary Rowan (Belknap) Howard followed the news with extraordinary interest, for that naval vessel is named for her father, Rear Admiral Reginald R. Belknap, and her grandfather, Rear Admiral George E. Belknap.

An article in the **Daily News** showed a photo of Rowan in her Second Street home, with pictures of the two admirals.

Rowan reported that she and her husband John were aboard the **Belknap** in Italy in May, 1987 for a Dependents' Day cruise, and that they had attended the christening of the guided missile cruiser in 1963.

Rowan's family is a Navy one! John was in the service, and a grandson, John H. Howard III, is presently a midshipman at the US Naval Academy in Annapolis.

The Belknap family of six daughters lived at "Belnapoli" on Washington Street from 1914 to 1930. Both Rowan and John are very active members of the Point Association. Until recently Rowan served as Membership chairperson and John is currently treasurer.

The Decemebr 7th issue of **Newport This** Week featured Edith Bozyan with a cover photograph and a cover story highlighting her solo exhibition at the Wright Gallery of the Newport Art Museum held in December

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and early January. The article includes a brief account of Miss Bozyan's art education in wellknown art schools with an impressive succession of teachers such as Georgia O'Keefe, Jackson Pollock, and Thomas Hart Benton, in addition to many well-known Newport artists. She has taught art from pre-school to college and in adult workshops.

We are delighted that a former "Pointer" is at last getting recognition for the beautiful work she has done so quietly over the years.

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Anita McAndrews, two years ago a "newcomer" on the Point, has become a very active Pointer. She is on the **Green Light** staff and is a ready helper in Association activities. A native Newporter, she is interested in local history and people, and shares her journalism and research abilities in many ways. But a large part of her warmth and enthusiasm is centered in Panama, where she lived for 36 years with her husband, a Panama Canal pilot, and where her seven children grew up.

An article in **Newport This Week**, just after the invasion by U.S. armed forces, relates Anita's reaction to that invasion, and tells of the reactions of friends who called from Panama during the holidays. She reports that those callers "expressed great relief that Noriega was gone." She also has great confidence in the people in the new government, though she knows that the economic and rehabilitation problems are enormous, and that the government will need much United States support.

Anita has recently returned to Panama to check on her property, and to talk with her American and Panamanian friends in Panama City.

Photos and an article about the Holly Tea were in the **Daily News** and the **Providence Journal** in December. Jean Baker was shown serving tea to visitors, and children munching cookies and "giggling" were pictured.

The **Journal** had an interesting article, stressing the Colonial atmosphere – hosts and hostesses in Colonial garb, silver tea service, and fine china cups and saucers – "18th century ambience while escaping holiday rush." (See page 5.)

The Point made it again in the Doorway decoration contest in late December.! Mary Riggs, whose home on Farewell Street won first prize city-wide, and Mary Rommel were pictured there in both the **Providence** Journal and the Daily News. Articles listed the other winners, several of whom were Point residents. (See page 5.)

Kit Hammett

CHRISTMAS CAROLS ON THE POINT-1989

'Twas on a clear, COLD, night when nine of us gathered for our annual Point carol sing. Our first stop was outside Posey Hall's; the little house looked warm and "Christmasy" as we sang our first carols of the evening.

At the Nina Lynette Home, we received a warm welcome and loud applause from the ladies. At Anne Reynold's door, we sang two carols when Anne turned up with a large platter of excellent cookies.

On we went until we arrived at the Elster home on Second Street where we were invited in to sing. We were served some outstanding Spanish sherry and lots of goodies. Thank you both for your hospitality!

After singing outside the Flynn, the Boghossian, and the Gordon homes we went south on Second Street to sing at Miss Sullivan's house; she came out and joined us on the porch. We sang two carols inside at the Newells; Fisher Benson joined us outside her house; then we sang across the street at the Peters'. At this point we ran down Elm Street to the Third and Elm Press where we were again treated to goodies. Thank you kindly, Alex and Ilsa.

Our last stop for the evening was the Pitts Head Tavern where we were invited in for some cheer and delicious fruit cake; the Rommels had again made their famous rum toddy which seemed to make everyone sing better. They had invited some friends in to join us, and we all sang together around a big fire in their living room. We shall not forget the warmth of that scene on such a frigid night for a long time. Thank you, Herb and Mary.

And thank you, Robert Covell, for generously allowing us to use your carol books! See you all again next year.

Taff Roberts



DON'T MISS IT

There's still time if you didn't get there during the rush of the holidays. "Soviet Views Through the Eyes of Children", which opened in the Cushing Gallery of the Newport Art Museum on December 3rd, will continue through February 25th.

As you know, the June Secret Gardens tour here on the Point is sponsored by the Benefactors of the Arts and their funding has brought this show to Newport. A cultural exchange program between Soviet and American children has been going on since the early 1980's. During this time of such dramatic changes these colorful and vibrant pictures give a new dimension to our thoughts of what the world will be like for our children.



COOK'S CORNER

Nothing rejuvenates more on a cold winter afternoon than a mug of frothy hot cocoa and a sinfully rich batch of something chocolate, warm from the oven.

Whether returning home rosy-cheeked from an outing in the snow or settling down with a great book to idle the afternoon, warming your hands around a cup of sweet cocoa, breathing in its fragrant steaminess with each sip, is a traditional pastime on gray winter days.

Try these twists on some old favorites and see if you're not wishing February would last just a little bit longer!

YOUR OWN COCOA MIX

1 lb. dry nonfat milk 1 cup sugar 3/4 cup cocoa 1/4 tsp. salt

Mix well. Store in an airtight glass container. (Split a vanilla bean with a sharp knife and bury it in the cocoa mixture for a wonderful flavor.)

To use: Add 1/3 cup mix to 1 cup hot water. Top with a handful of mini-marshmallows or a dollop of whipped cream... add a splash of liqueur, a sprinkle of cinnamon...

CHOCOLATE HAZELNUT BROWNIES

8 TBS. butter, cut into pieces 4 oz. semi-sweet chocolate (in small pieces) 4 oz. Nutella (available at specialty grocers or larger supermarkets) OR SUBSTITUTE ANOTHER 4 OZ. SEMI-SWEET CHOCOLATE 2 large eggs at room temperature 3/4 cup sugar 1 tsp. vanilla 1/4 cup all-purpose flour 1 cup coarsely chopped hazelnuts (or walnuts)

Grease 8" sq. baking pan with 1 TBS. of the butter. Preheat oven to 375 degrees.

Melt chocolate, Nutella, and remaining butter together. Reserve.

Meanwhile, beat eggs in medium mixer bowl at high speed 1 min. Gradually add sugar to eggs, beating constantly until mixture is pale yellow and is consistency of soft whipped cream, 4-5 min.

Reduce mixer speed to medium; beat reserved chocolate mixture and vanilla into egg mixture until thoroughly blended. Add flour to egg-chocolate mixture; beat at LOW speed just until flour is absorbed. Stir nuts evenly into batter with wooden spoon. Spoon batter evenly into baking pan.

Bake until cake tester or wooden pick inserted into center comes clean, about 30 min. Place pan on wire rack. Dust with powdered sugar or cocoa powder, if desired.

Marybeth Hunte

(Our thanks to our guest columnist this month!)



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MEMBERSHIP NEWS

New members:

James and Connie Baillargeron Raymond Hilton Susan Holmes Dr. & Mrs. Albert Iandolo Dr. & Mrs. Edwin Madden Catherine Sherman Mrs. P.C. Sherman

If your name on the address label is underlined in red, your renewal is overdue. We're sorry to say that "time is running out" as postage has become very costly!

Roberta Majewski

Membership Chairman





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