The Green Light
LII No. 4
WINTER 2007-2008

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Meetings are generally scheduled for the first Monday of the month and are open to Association members.
Please call Isabel for time, date, and location.

Copies of The Green Light may be purchased for $1.00 at Bucci’s Convenience Store, Poplar at Thames.

The Point Association
The Point Association is a group of neighbors working together to improve the quality of life in our neighborhood by getting to know each other; preserving our historic heritage; maintaining the Point’s residential character; beautifying our parks, streets, and piers; and promoting public policies that strengthen all of Newport’s neighborhoods.

COVER: “Surreality” by Jane Hence.

In this first Green Light issue since the Point Association’s annual meeting, we want to welcome two new members to the Board. Second Vice President Tom Kennedy is a newly retired member of the Portsmouth Abbey faculty. Recording Secretary Matthew Tupper is a Set and Light Designer for the theater; he recently returned to the Point from a teaching stint in Rome and also finished his M.Ed. Both of them are also contributors to this issue.

We also want to thank our retired membership chairs, Rich and Pat Carrubba, for a job well done and our former president, Jack Maytum, for his willingness to take on a new responsibility as their replacement.

Finally, we want to congratulate Point stonemason and calligrapher Nicholas Benson on receiving the National Endowment for the Arts National Heritage Fellowship. Nicholas Benson is the most recent member of his distinguished family to operate the 300 year old John Stevens Shop and to have his work represented in Washington, most notably in the World War II Memorial. He is the first Rhode Islander ever to receive that award.

Happy holidays.
PRESIDENT’S LETTER

As a member of the Editing Committee for the book being written to commemorate 50 years of *The Green Light*, I am privileged to have a look at articles about each decade of its publication. What a wonderful perspective these articles provide — the storms weathered, the challenges met, the problems solved, and the devotion of Point residents to our community — all this is truly inspiring.

Having moved here in 1997, I am also learning about many traditions that were part of the Point and that now exist only as memories and pictures or print in old *Green Light* issues: the Day on the Point Fair with its quilt raffle; the Holly Tea; Halloween Parade; Children's Adventure Club; the Christmas Pageant; all now gone.

Unfortunately, another long time Point tradition is fading into the past. I have been involved with the Point Plant Sale for several years, first responding to Herb Rommel's pleas to rescue the event shortly after his wife's death. We had lots of volunteers that year and held the sale in Anita McAndrew's lovely garden at the corner of Pine and Washington. But for the past two or three years the sale has become a struggle that depends on long hours contributed by just three or four of us. Now various physical problems make it impossible for the faithful to continue. The 2008 Plant Sale, currently the Point's only fundraiser, may be the last one.

The big problem is simply lack of volunteers willing to give days of their time. Coordinating the sale begins in March with most of the hard work stretching from April into May when the sale takes place. I have also noted a decline in the numbers of Point gardeners who make donations from their own gardens. Of course, all this is understandable as a function of our changing demographics. A good half of Point residents live here only during the summer months. Perhaps it is time for us to move on to an event more in tune with the way we are now on the Point. But if you are reading this and want to be part of a rescue effort, please get in touch with Marcia Mallory or me.

If you have not visited landmarks on the waterfront lately, take a look at the Van Zandt Pier at low tide. The restoration of the concrete foundation is complete — a great job at reasonable cost. The kickoff of the next grant application to finish the project took place in October. It was well attended, emphasizing the importance of the pier to our neighborhood. During the ceremony a fisherman at the end of the pier hauled in a sizable Bluefish, right on schedule!

2007-2008 WINTER

*The Green Light*
WATERFRONT NEWS
by Liz Mathinos

DRIFTWAYS
Over the years, parking cars and storing canoes, kayaks, and boats on the driftways has been an ongoing public access concern. This past year, Point residents have reported six cars parked on the Walnut Street driftway and 20 or more boats blocking access at Blue Rocks. Reports that out-of-towners leave boats on the shore for use when they visit is an additional issue.

In early summer, Joan Simmons, Beautification Committee, walked the waterfront with Scott Wheeler, Parks and Recreation Department, to assess the problem. Access to the shore to launch a dinghy to a mooring was limited in some areas. Construction debris was piled up at Willow and Chestnut Streets. Boats were haphazardly piled on the way at Pine Street/Battery Park.

Ordinances are on the books, and enforcement is the issue.

A proactive campaign to notify residents of the ordinances and to remove boats to comply with the regulations could be a first step. With parking spaces at a premium during the summer season, a ban on parking cars on the driftways is controversial, but a reasonable solution needs to be found. Large boats on trailers that block access need to be banned and removed to the owner’s property. A small license fee during the boating season is one possible solution to the dinghy/kayak/canoe storage; storage racks for locking boats, another.

A formal request from the Point Association Board to the Waterfront Commission to come up with a solution to this problem is in the works.

VAN ZANDT PIER
Friends of Van Zandt Pier gathered on the pier to observe completion of the first phase of restoration work on the pier. Ms. Susan Cooper, Parks and Recreation Department Head, introduced Department of Environmental Management (DEM) Director, Michael Sullivan, who reminded all of the popularity of the historic pier for fishing and swimming and reported that another application for additional funds for Phase 2 was in the works to replace the deck and add the handicapped-access ramp.

Senator Paiva-Weed praised Rep. Paul Crowley’s part in acquiring the funding, and City Councilor Charles Duncan thanked everyone for the cooperative effort by citizens, City and State officials to have the pier rebuilt. Enthusiasm for work well done was capped when a fisherman caught a large bluefish from the western end of the newly-restored pier!

HARBOR WALK SIGNS
On the fence at the head of Van Zandt Pier, Parks and Recreation has posted the new Harbor Walk sign, designed by Johanna Vietry, of Friends of the Waterfront, the public access group that has worked for 25 years to extend a Harbor Walk all along the waterfront.
Gatherings are informal, and all interested Point readers are welcome.

With Thanksgiving now past, Point Readers have polished off the leftovers and finished packing up our cornucopias, pilgrims, and pumpkins. While charging our batteries in preparation for the holiday season that is fast approaching, we are already looking forward to a mid-winter respite of reading books and gathering to talk about them.

With that in mind, here goes. Our winter titles are an interesting matched set—both available in paperback.

For fiction, we revisit a modern classic, Harper Lee’s *To Kill a Mockingbird*, an unforgettable tale narrated by six-year-old Scout about her father, attorney Atticus Finch, his courageous defense of an African-American man accused of rape, and the unsettling effect of the trial on their small southern town in the 1930s.

When it first appeared in 1960, the *Chicago Tribune* described this Pulitzer Prize winner as “a first novel of such rare excellence that it will no doubt make a great many readers slow down to relish more fully its simple distinction.” *Time Magazine*’s reviewer wrote, “Lee’s prose has an edge that cuts through cant, and she teaches the reader an astonishing number of useful truths about little girls and about Southern life.” It is available in several paperback editions.


Please join us on the dates listed above to share your thoughts about these winter reading experiences. Gatherings are informal, and all interested Point readers are welcome. In the meantime, for further information please contact me at 841-5220 or srvarisco@aol.com.

**BOOKMOBILE TO STOP AT HARBOR HOUSE**

Starting November 14th, every Wednesday afternoon from 3:35 to 3:55 p.m., Library-On-Wheels will stop in the parking lot near the main entrance on the north side of the Harbor House building.

Librarian Mary O’Neil-Barrett can issue library cards, check out books, and fill requests for books to be delivered the following Wednesday. Mrs. O’Neill-Barrett can be called at 847-8720 ext. 115, Monday to Friday, 9-5 p.m., to order books, audio tapes, and DVDs/videos, which can be kept for a week. Kelly McKenna is the driver of the bookmobile.

Thanks to Shirley Orr for her request to Mrs. O’Neill-Barrett to add Harbor House as a stop.
THE HOUSE AT
6 CROSS STREET
by Lisa Dady, Newport Restoration Foundation

As the Director of Education and Public Programs for the Newport Restoration Foundation (NRF), one of my delights is using the NRF architectural collection to teach history. We do this in part through an active walking tour program with routes throughout the city, in partnership with the Newport Historical Society. A significant concentration of NRF's seventy-plus buildings can be found on the Point, but this article will focus on the house at 6 Cross Street. By asking two common questions posed by tour goers - who lived here and how has it changed over time — we'll see how this building embodies some interesting aspects of Newport history.

The Thomas Walker House/King's Arms Tavern has been traced to 1721 through deed records, but structural evidence offers a more complicated picture. The configuration and style of its chimney and two fireplaces indicate the possibility of an earlier construction date or the persistence of late 17th-century building practices into the 1720s. Based on certain structural clues, including the way the back flue was grafted onto the existing chimney, we know that the house started life as a smaller building. A full two-story addition was built between 1740 and 1760, and it is likely that the roof gained its present, odd shape at that time. The reason for the unusual combination of a gable on one end and hipped slope on the other remains a mystery.

Thomas Walker had a “dwelling house, tan falls, and other buildings” at this location in 1721, according to deed records, and he was the first of three men who used the site for a tannery. The process of turning hides into leather is intensely odiferous, so neighbors may have welcomed the change when the building became a coffee house and tavern. In April 1773, a Newport Mercury advertisement announced: “Abigail Stoneman Informs the gentlemen of Newport, and the public in general That she has opened a coffee house in town, at
the sign of the King's Arms, a little northward of the turning to
go over the Point bridge, ...where she will undertake to prepare
entertainment for ladies and gentlemen, ...at reasonable rates
and he greatly obliged to those who will favour her with their
Company to whom she hopes to give entire satisfaction, as she is
determined to spare no pains to accommodate her customers in the
best manner. ... As she has a very good dancing room, any civil,
polite company may have it furnished with music and lights, at
quarter of a dollar for each gentleman....” It was not un-
usual for women to operate or own taverns in the 18th
century, especially in a seaport, but Abigail Stoneman
seemed to be a particularly successful entrepreneur. She
advertised at least two different public houses in Newport
that served coffee, alcoholic drinks and desserts
and sold imported merchandise such as “West India Goods
cheap for cash.” Mr. Bull wrote about her establishment in
Middletown where “...there was a large hall for dancing,
and there the sailors, with their girls resorted much, especially in
the summer. ... At this place all kinds of dissipation, licentious-
ness and obscenity were practiced. One piece of amusement in-
vented by the sailors was to make up a purse for the winner of a
foot race, between two girls, who were to run under cover of their
undergarments only.”

The house at 6 Cross Street was used as a single-family
dwelling in the 19th century. In the 1900s it, like so many
other old buildings on the Point, was divided into small,
low-rent apartments. In the early 1960s it was declared
unfit for habitation and remained empty until the New-
port Restoration Foundation restored it in 1973. Today,
6 Cross is part of an impressive historic landscape in the
upper Thames area. It, like its neighbors, embodies the
history of thriving 18th-century businesses as well as the
rise, fall and rise again of Newport’s domestic real es-
tate. We can thank individual preservationists, grassroots
and professional organizations, and the wisdom of the
City to have a strong historic district ordinance for the
protection of this special area.

As we turn back the clocks, we are reminded that
colder, darker days are upon us. What better way
to welcome autumn than with a warm drink by
the hearth? In a 1769 advertisement, Abigail
Stoneman listed syllabub among her offerings.
Syllabub was a popular drink in households, tav-
erns and coffee houses in the 18th century. Below
are two period recipes.

SYLLABUB
“Sweeten a quart of cider with double refined sugar,
grate nutmeg into it, then milk your cow into your li-
quor, when you have thus added what quantity of milk
you think proper, pour half a pint or more, in propor-
tion to the quantity of syllabub you make, of the sweet-
est cream you can get all over it.”

“Take two porringers of cream and one of white wine,
grate in the skin of a lemon, take the whites of three
eggs, sweeten it to your taste, then whip it with a whisk,
take off the froth as it rises and put it into your syllabub
glasses or pots, and they are fit for use.”

Both recipes from:
American Cookery,
by Amelia Simmons, 1796.
8 & 10 WILLOW STREET
by Isabel Griffith

In December of 2004 when Jane Timken looked at the two old houses side by side on Willow Street her first response to the idea of their restoration was, “I can’t do this.” Her daughter Susie had lived in Newport on the Point for three years and Jane’s visits to the area encouraged her to look at some possibilities in the neighborhood. She was used to older houses and had just done a restoration in Vermont. Was she ready to do it again?

The houses, one dated 1840 and the other 1740, were being used as a B & B and featured a unique five-car garage facing north. As an artist, Jane visualized an ideal studio setting for herself in that building. She was encouraged by an architect friend and so began the long, complicated process of design and reconstruction. Of course, it began with a plan submitted to the Historic District Commission. “I thought they were going to love it,” she recalls. Eight trips to the City Hall and eight months later, they finally agreed. The first stumbling block was getting permission to pull down non-historic additions at the back of both houses. She moved into the property in the spring of 2007.

Jane has unanswered questions about the history of 8&10 Willow Street. Why was the 1840 house built right up against the older building? The roofs don’t match — one is gable and one is gambrel; the two front doors are entirely different, and the ceilings upstairs are different heights. There was no apparent attempt to link the houses. Why not? But whatever their history, the merging of the two houses resulted in a comfortable, livable, single dwelling with a style that might be described as “understated whimsy.” And the artist’s studio really is fantastic.

Jane has lived in New York City since the 1980s and splits her time between her house there and the Point. But she has grown to really love the Point and this past August decided to make it her more permanent residence. “I love the water, the houses close together, and the wonderful variety of people I have met,” she says. We are delighted to welcome her to the neighborhood.
THE OLD COLONY & NEWPORT RAILWAY

In a Green Light issue devoted largely to neighbors and "neighborliness", the Point's railway could easily be overlooked. That is in itself an amazing assertion since, on Sundays at least, the train is such a noticeable presence in the Point neighborhood. That the OCNRR is a responsible neighbor was brought home to the editor of this journal last spring when Point resident and OCNRR engineer Peter Martin submitted the following—just as other Pointers were preparing for the semi-annual cleanup of the Point's parks:

"On March 13, a group of Old Colony & Newport Railway volunteers spent the day cleaning the tracks from the Walnut Street bridge abutment to Hunter's Park. By the end of the day, they had gathered 22 bags of trash, four couch pillows, 2 broken bicycles, and one tire. When they saw the amount of trash, a call was put in to the City of Newport for help. Scott Wheeler, the City of Newport tree warden, responded the next morning and hauled the 'collection' to the city yard for disposal."

Peter Martin, a native Newporter who spent the better part of his adult life elsewhere, returned to Newport in 2000 and immediately became active in city affairs; he is among other things the secretary of the Planning Board, past chair of the Aquidneck Island Planning Commission, and a volunteer of the OCNRR. The only native Newporter involved with the latter, he qualified only last year to become an engineer on the railroad, at the age of 65. It was he who provided the following information and answered some of the questions raised on a recent trip aboard his train, e.g., how do you get the train back to the depot when there's no switching mechanism? (The answer: you back it up with the brakeman, on this occasion with Patrick Macomber at the rear of the train guiding and signaling the engineer via radio).

Peter explained that the OCNRR and the equally familiar Newport Dinner Train are in fact two separate entities that share the use of the tracks, both of them having formal contracts with DOT for the use of this state-owned facility. The Dinner Train is a commercial enterprise that organizes numerous events during the high tourist seasons of summer and the holidays. It has responsibility for maintaining the tracks. The OCNRR is a 501(c)3 non-profit corporation made up of 18 or so individuals who volunteer to clear the tracks, maintain the vegetated area alongside the railway and operate the railway itself. The OCNRR operates year round and is reportedly the only non-profit railway to take on the at times daunting challenge of winter in the north. It is thus a valuable adjunct to the tourist economy during its off season.

The OCNRR was founded in 1978 by Don Elbert with strong support from a number of city leaders, including two mayors and Senator Claiborne Pell. He has been at the forefront of operations since it began operating in 1979, with a core group of volunteers from all over New England. Since 2004, it has operated under its agreement with RIDOT. The OCNRR has acquired 3 locomotives, 2 antique passenger cars (dating from 1884 and 1904), 2 cabooses and 1 flat car. It runs over a 4 ½ mile stretch of track along Narragansett Bay's rocky shoreline, past the Naval Base, the decommissioned aircraft carriers USS Forrestal and USS Saratoga, and the aquaculture farm out in the Bay where oysters filter unwanted nitrogen from the water—all of this on a track bordered on both sides on an autumn day by the colors of familiar vegetation: knot-Continued on Page 20

Photo by Peter Martin, Stacy House
COULD YOU BE MY.......NEIGHBOR?
by Loretta F. Goldrick

Neigh-bor / naber/ (Brit. Neigh — bour) n. a person living near or next door to the speaker or person referral to. Any person in need of one's help or kindness (after biblical use) The New Oxford American Dictionary 2nd edition.

So, tell me, how did all the neighbors greet you after the empty moving van rolled away?

Were you warmly welcomed with a home made pie, casserole or soup? Or with indifference? If you talk to a lot of people in our neighborhood, you'll likely get a lot of different answers.

Curious to learn how Point residents reach out to new arrivals, we spoke recently to Mary Jane Rodman, our volunteer Point Association greeter.

Membership chairs Donna and Jack Maytum first provide her with the names of newcomers. Before paying a visit, she phones them to set up a time to meet; not always an easy task. Then, she calls on them with a copy of the Green Light, a letter of welcome from the Point Association and Vol. 2 of Favorite Recipes From Here and There on the Point.

The letter, which spells out the aims of the Point Association ends: “our hope is that membership in our neighborhood association will enable you to meet your neighbors as well as keep you informed about civic events.”

Mary Jane has found most people are quite receptive to her visit and are pleased that someone has taken the time to formally welcome them to the Point, and often she is given a thorough tour of the house. She said, “I do feel that our neighborhood is exceptional in extending hospitality,” and added, “It goes beyond the simplest amenities.”

She has fond and funny memories of her own move some years ago from western Mass. to Walnut Street. Among the first to greet her was letter carrier Tommy Lally, who, along with other mail, delivered her new RI license plates. Admittedly challenged mechanically, she wondered aloud how she would ever get them onto her car. “I'll do it,” Tommy volunteered, and after finishing his route, stopped by to put them on.

A sharp rap on the front door one day brought the late Fisher Benson, extending a dignified and somewhat formal welcome to Mary Jane. There was also an invitation to join them for a Point Association cocktail party from Brenda and George Gordon, and a day or two later a visit from the late Rowan Howard. While backing out of her driveway, Dorothy Madden accidentally hit Mary Jane's car, knocking out the tail light. As a gesture of neighborly good will, Dorothy gave her tickets to the Secret Garden tour, then in progress, an event that Mary Jane knew nothing about.

Joan and Mike Simmons who moved from Connecticut to Second Street over six years ago recall a neighbor rushing across the street to ask two questions:
1. Did they plan to live in the house year round?
2. Did they plan to fix it up?

Soon, another neighbor stopped by inviting them to go to a Point Association meeting with him. Now a close, cohesive group, the Simmons and their neighbors closed off the end of Second Street this past summer to have a block party.

Isabel Griffith, President of the Point Association, has only high praise for her end of Walnut Street and the kindnesses her neighbors extend to one another. “Why,” she said, “we even go to funerals.”

Writing this piece rekindled a long forgotten memory of a damp March day years ago. I had baked a loaf of John O'Toole's Irish bread for a “new” couple who had just moved into a house around the corner on Elm St. Bringing over the warm bread and a warm welcome, I was greeted at the door by the husband. As I stepped inside to place the round loaf in his hands, I saw him slowly shake his head and give the bread a cold, wintry stare. “Oh,” he said, “I never eat Irish bread.” The nerve.

When we moved here over 20 years ago, the late Anna Dunfey was the first to stop and say hello as we worked on our house on Second Street.

Continued on page 15
PROFILE OF A MOST DISTINGUISHED POINTER
by Mary Jane Rodman

Among the more delightful gifts, unexpectedly bestowed upon me in recent months, was the request that I interview James Gleason. The only information I had, prior to our visit, was that his godson, Peter Martin, would arrange the time and escort me to meet his life-long family friend and mentor: a man who was born on the Point exactly one hundred years ago.

Little did I know the treat that, for nearly two hours, was in store! This is a man whose mind, heart and spirit belie his years. In his own words, Mr. Gleason “Gets on in years, but doesn’t get old.” And his memory is phenomenal. He showed me a photograph of a baseball team (Pointers, all) that he organized when they were freshmen in high school – recalling not only the name of each member, but the position each one played. He said that they wanted to play baseball in what is now Hunter’s Field, by the Van Zandt bridge; however, at that time (early 1920s), the property was owned by Mr. Hayes who preferred to use it to pasture his cows. The competition (Bovine vs. Baseball) accelerated to major proportions until Mr. Hayes – desperate to deter the players – ploughed up the whole field…! Grateful we are today to those who ultimately won the battle for future generations of Point sports enthusiasts.

Fishing, boating, swimming, football, tennis and basketball are high on Mr. Gleason’s list of other favorite sports. He has vivid memories of Jerry Sullivan building the Van Zandt Pier (whence his fishing days began); and he later went on to organize neighborhood-trained basketball teams throughout the Northeast, culminating in a popular enterprise known as the Eastern States’ Catholic Invitational Basketball League.

Born on 26 September 1907, Mr. Gleason shared his childhood home with his parents and two sisters at 12 Maitland Court, together with a whole panoply of close neighbors. Harveys, Smiths, Dwyers, Burnhams, Eastons, Tastons, Lawtons are among the good friends he remembers.

Stores on every corner of the Point back in the first half of the 20th century provided all that was necessary to Good Living – everything from Tripp’s Meat and Grocery Market at the corner of 3rd Street and LaSalle (boasting 5 employees) to the requisite “treat” store like Langley’s on Chase Street which specialized in ice cream and penny candy. School – for Mr. Gleason: St. Joseph’s at the junction of Touro Street and Long Wharf – was reached by walking along the railroad tracks; and if “distant” parts of the city needed accessing, the trolley was readily available.

Favorite gathering places for young and old alike in those days included the Cenacle, where Fr. McCarthy led retreats; the Listerine Gum Factory (later acquired by Wrigley’s) that provided sheets of Chicklet coated gum; and Battery Park, where the grandstand featured a fine Municipal Band on Sunday afternoons. Point Hummers were less known for their musical talent than for their ability to attract attention as a “Great Guy” – or not, as the case may be – tho Bill Sullivan’s additional reputation as a great banjo player made him a “Double Hummer”.

Reflecting now upon our October conversation, I wonder whether it was his childhood experience of watching the building of the Torpedo Station on Goat Island that inspired James Gleason to become a mechanical engineer. His training in that capacity by naval officers at the Prentis School in 1925 led to an amazing career. Positions with the General Services Organization, American Can, the War Assets Association and the Defense Supply Agency ranged from such diverse responsibilities as: participation in the appropriate disposal/distribution of war surplus materials to inspecting Nike sites throughout the U.S.

Married in 1940 at St. Augustin’s church to the late

Continued on page 23  Photo by Patrick F. Murphy

The Green Light

2007-2008 WINTER
MAYOR WALUK ADDRESSES OUR ANNUAL MEETING
by Matthew Tupper

The annual meeting of the Point Association on October 18 was presided over by first vice president Andy Lavarre who introduced the other Board members and then moved into an overview of the Point Association's mission. A specific breakdown of the committees was given, along with a description of the responsibilities held by each.

Before introducing the guest of honor, Mayor Waluk, Andy summed up the Association beautifully when he stated that "making life better for people that live on the Point is what the Point Association is all about."

Mayor Waluk at thirty years old is the youngest Mayor ever elected in Newport; however, his list of accomplishments and memberships would be impressive for someone twice his age.

Mayor Waluk honored the Point Association by addressing the membership, giving a detailed explanation of his ambitions and plans for Newport. He kept the mood light and airy while discussing issues sensitive to many. These ranged from allocation of tax money, to government structure, and the environment.

The Mayor sees streamlining the government and effectively using tax money as a basis for making Newport successful. He has created a city economic development department headed by Jonathan Stevens, whose primary function is to look at the Harbor fund, the parking fund, and revenue taken in by Easton's Beach, analyzing how more money can be made from these city assets. Environmentally, the mayor is taking a strong step toward cleaning up the Harbor as well as the beach. Noting that Newport is a tourist destination, he stated how important the waterfront is to the overall well being of the city. Ground has been broken near Long Wharf to re-route the flow of storm water away from the city sanitary system. This will help reduce the overflow that occurs when too much storm water overburdens the city's system. The mayor has also overseen the installation of a 1/20th scale ultraviolet treatment system near Easton's Beach. In the trial stage now; it is hoped that this system will effectively kill the bacteria found in the moat area surrounding the first beach reservoir. If successful, a full size installation will be in place this coming year. The mayor's dedication to our waterfront will help insure that tourists continue to see Newport as a beach and a yachting destination.

Toward the end of the meeting, Mayor Waluk addressed questions presented to him by the audience. He deftly answered concerns covering a wide variety of subjects from what will happen to the Navy property on the Point's northern edge, to gaining more money from nonprofit interests in Newport, and the state of the schools in our city.

Photos by Peter Tea
SUMNER CLARKE (1897-1992) – JOURNEYMAN CARPENTER
by Tom Kennedy

(Quotations in this article are taken from two accounts of his life by Sumner Clarke, which appeared in the July and October issues of The Green Light of 1975.)

There is a hint of Huckleberry Finn in Sumner Clarke’s account of his youth in the Point section of Newport. His school days, spent in part at the Potter School, were, by present standards, long and arduous. They began at 4:30 a.m. with a milk delivery route and ended at 9:30 p.m., after Sumner had illuminated Newport’s waterfront for the local gas company. The time between these obligations was taken up with a full school day, which sometimes included a trip to the principal’s office for dipping a girl’s braids into an ink well, and delivering the Daily News on an extensive route, which took Sumner into most corners of the Point and beyond.

Sumner’s father, Charles, was a master carpenter with a successful business. His daily life, however, was marked by frugality and a demanding work ethic, which he was quick to impose upon his employees and his sons. Sumner was not pampered or indulged. He wrote: “I come from a long line of carpenters. They made out all right, but they had it tough to start and saw no reason why it should be different for the young coming along.” Grownups, in general, “figured they’d earned the right to make it just as hard for you.”

For three summers during his school days Sumner and his brother worked on Harry Sherman’s farm. Work began in June and continued until Labor Day. For his efforts Sumner received board, but no pay. He milked cows, pitched hay, hoed onions, hilled up corn, and performed any other chores he was asked to do. He recalled that the meals at the farm were plentiful and delicious, and that his weekend visits at home were pleasant and restful.

Just before turning fifteen Sumner left school and took up carpentry. For six years he worked as an unpaid apprentice. “The boss carpenter had six years for kicking you, abusing you if they liked.” But Sumner persevered, fulfilled the rigorous demands of a two day examination by the board of carpenters, and became a journeyman carpenter just in time to be among the first from Newport to be drafted for service in the First World War. He served in France with the 301st Engineers. “If it wasn’t for the French we would have starved. We had hard tack and corn willy (corned beef in cans) and we scraped the snails off the trenches and roasted them on our bayonets. We were issued rum and coffee before going into action. Of course, we drank cognac when we could buy or steal it, which wasn’t often: the French are smart there.”

Upon his return to Newport, Sumner displayed some of the attitudes and moods that afflicted the now celebrated “Lost Generation.” He was restless and disillusioned. “No, I don’t belong to the veteran organizations. Parades led by men who never got off their backsides to leave Newport, speeches, humph!” Sumner traveled to Boston, got a job with a large construction firm, and spent the next twenty years or so as an itinerant craftsman, mostly in large cities throughout the United States, including Philadelphia, Washington, D.C. and Atlanta. His work took him as far afield as California. “After the war, I couldn’t stay still. My brother was the same way, plenty of fellows were, just couldn’t remain long in the same place. All that fighting and moving on, always moving on.”

Eventually, Sumner settled in Newport again. He worked on many of Newport’s signature buildings, doing restoration and repair work. He was especially active in Newport’s churches, including St. George’s.

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Photo by Tom Kennedy
THE WAY WE WERE:
THE POINT IN THE 50s and 60s
by Herb Armstrong

The Point in the 50s and 60s was very different from today. The most obvious difference is that there were three elementary schools — Potter, Callendar, and Mumford. The neighborhood was full of kids. We swam from Elm Street and Van Zandt piers, played ball at Cardines Field, rummaged through the scrap piles in JT’s rail yards, hunted frogs along the railroad tracks, played hide-and-seek until dinner time, fished from just about every inch of waterfront, and sledded on North Baptist Street.

We were sometimes foolishly adventurous — feeling the invincibility of youth. We would take boats from one of the ramps (everyone knew who owned which boats and which owners didn’t mind you borrowing them for an hour or so) and row out to Goat Island to dodge the watchman as we explored the old torpedo factory. Once or twice we camped illegally on Rose Island (telling our parents we were sleeping over at someone’s house) and kept a low profile to avoid getting caught by the Coast Guardsmen in the lighthouse. We’d swim from Van Zandt pier to the channel buoy and back (despite one swimmer being nicked on the heel by a brown shark one summer). While sledding, we would grab the rear bumper of a car passing on Thames Street and sled behind for blocks. One day Jimmy Chase ended up all the way down on Harrison Avenue on the bumper of a ’56 Pontiac.

The Point was a solid working-class neighborhood in those days. Some parts of the neighborhood were considered “tough”. The lower end of Bridge Street and Marsh Street, in particular, was where the tough kids lived. They protected their turf, and when they were at Elm Street pier, the other kids went to Van Zandt.

We usually played baseball on a small diamond in the left field corner of Cardines near the playground. Sometimes we’d use the big diamond, but the distance from the pitcher’s mound to home plate was a bit long for us. There was a third, rough diamond out in the right field corner which had a shorter distance to the fence, so we could hit more home runs. There was a healthy rivalry between the Cardines Field and the Van Zandt field kids. We sometimes visited the other field for intensely played sand lot baseball games.

In the fall, we would switch from baseball to pick-up football games. When you didn’t have enough guys (and occasionally girls played, too) for a full football game (four to a side was considered minimal), we would resort to “rough and tumble.” Someone would throw the football up into the air and one player would catch it and start to run. All the others would give chase and try to tackle him. When he was finally brought down, he would throw the ball up and the next catcher took off. Since this was all-out tackle football, and we did not have the benefit of pads and helmets, the game sometimes ended up at Newport Hospital for stitches and casts.

Thames Street from Farewell to Marlborough was a mix of residential and commercial buildings. The current Bucci’s was a gas station, with a work pit on the south side of the building. The mechanic would park the car over the pit, then climb down into the pit to work on the car. When the station was closed, the pit was covered with a wooden hatch that we would dare kids to walk across. Next door was Jo & Vi’s Market, where we bought nickel Cokes, bubble gum cards, and (later) cigarettes. We’d take our drinks and candy on hot summer days and climb up into the Liberty Tree across the street. It was always cool and quiet up there.

Down Thames, at the confluence of Bridge and Cross Streets, were four commercial buildings. One, on the triangular plot next to Goddard’s shop, housed a pet store and a TV and radio repair shop (originally owned and operated by my uncle, Frank Gillis, and his brother). By the way, the name of the business was the “Radio Shack”. Too bad they didn’t register the name. On the west side of Thames, across Bridge Street, were two buildings. One housed a furniture store and an insurance company, with apartments above. Next door to the south, was Cappy’s (later Flynn’s) Market. We lived for several years in an apartment on the second floor. Across the street, on the north corner of S. Baptist, was another furniture store. A barber shop also operated in the house just north of the furniture store (the house that’s still there). These Continued on Page 18
Later, one evening, a neighbor tapped on our kitchen door with the news that he had just placed a skunk trap in the driveway that runs between our houses. Mmmmmm... My husband and I looked at him, then at each other, eyebrows raised.

It brought to mind a trip we made to Ireland one summer in the 70s with our three youngest children. We had just moved into a rented house in the countryside; the Irish would call it “the back of the beyond.” Soon, there was a knock at the door and a little girl about the age of our children stood there. Her Granny, she said, had sent her over to tell us that the bull was in a field nearby and our children were not to play there.

We love our house, and our neighbors, and we don’t plan to move away soon. If we must, however, I do wonder what member of the animal kingdom will be there, awaiting our arrival.
NOPO BLOCK PARTY
by Joan Simmons

For the last few years, a group of Second Street neighbors has been discussing the idea of blocking off Second Street between Sycamore and Van Zandt to have a neighborhood party to meet neighbors that live on the streets between Van Zandt and Sycamore, Washington and Third, approximately 40 buildings including condos and individual homes. We never thought it would be possible, as our house is on a bus route which is also a cut through to Van Zandt and Broadway. We finally decided that nothing would happen if we didn’t try. We went to the City Council to request permission to close Second Street from Sycamore to Van Zandt from 4:00 to 8:00 p.m. on Saturday, July 28. The Council said yes and the party planning began. Thank you, City Council. An informal committee picked a new name for our area. NOPO, which stands for North Point, was the hands down winner. This area is not in the historic district which is on the other side of Van Zandt.

Photo by Joan Simmons

We decided to make it totally informal: bring your own main course and beverage, along with a dish to share. Paper goods were leftovers from all the other holidays. Neighbors living on the street provided grills, coolers, ice, tables and chairs. One of the neighbors made a huge NOPO banner that was strung across the street. Decorations on shrubs were also leftovers from other holidays.

There was a sign-in table with name tags and a neighborhood map. There was chalk, soap bubbles, and toys for kids, and several games were planned for the adults. Everyone had such a wonderful time talking and getting acquainted that the games were saved for next year.

We had 55 people attend! There was lots of wonderful food. One neighbor is collecting recipes for a cookbook. Free passes were given for a play at Firehouse Theater. Best of all, we got to meet our neighbors. We hope to make this an annual event and recommend having a block party on the street where you live. It is a great way to meet new friends.
THE CIRCLE OF SCHOLARS
by Ed Madden

The Circle of Scholars — sounds pretty intimidating, doesn’t it? Like you probably need to be a retired professor to join the club. Actually you only need a healthy intellectual curiosity, a desire to learn and a motivation to be a member of the herd anxious to seek some other outlet than the boob tube to pass the time.

Remember all those books your teachers told you about but you never got around to reading? Or those art and/or history courses that seemed too esoteric? Newport’s own Salve Regina University has come up with a solution to your dilemma.

I think we are extremely fortunate here on Aquidneck Island to have such an educational jewel in our midst. Two outstanding cerebral opportunities are presented to the natives by this institution. The first is the lecture series sponsored by the Pell Center for International Relations and Public Policy (more on this in a subsequent issue of The Green Light). The second is the Circle of Scholars which was founded some 15 years ago — a collaboration between Sister Esther Whalen of Salve Regina University and local lovers of learning.

Great oaks from little acorns grow! What started out as a small gathering of very past and post graduate (in age) “students” has become a vibrant colony of rejuvenated scholars. There are Spring and Fall Semesters of once-a-week, 2 hour courses over 4 to 8 week sessions. The title of Circle of Scholars was the brainchild of Sister Esther. The topics to be discussed vary from current events to history and philosophy to the great books and authors, including the mighty Dante. This is just a taste of what is available. My wife Dorothy and I are completing Dante’s Divine Comedy triad this semester with Paradiso, taught by Dante expert, Len De Angelis, and exploring the novels of Jane Austen taught by David McCarthy, who put in 31 years as a Portsmouth Abbey educator.

You have to be 50 years or over to join and there is a paltry fee for your courses. You may register for one or more courses at a time. The present Fall Semester has a smorgasbord of 16 courses. There is a class limit for each course. The teachers are for the most part retired educators who have a love and a great knack for teaching.

There is good news and bad for some of the courses. The bad is the assignment of homework (actually challenging and enjoyable) and the good is that there are no exams and nobody flunks!

The Circle of Scholars organization is staffed by a volunteer group of “students” with Sister Esther as coordinator. They select the scope of topics and teachers for each semester, i.e., Fall and Spring. The University supplies the classrooms and moral support. For those interested in further information, call the Circle of Scholars office at Salve Regina University at (401) 341 2120. I should warn you that the program has become so successful of late that not all applicants can be accepted because of limited classroom space.

So TEMPUS FUGIT!
commercial buildings are all long gone, replaced by colonial era structures brought in from other parts of town.

Further down, on the west side of Thames and the south corner of Cozzen's Court, was Mr. Lester's drug store. This was a real old-fashioned drug store (not a "pharmacy") with a soda fountain where you could get sundaes and cherry Cokes, a candy counter, and cigars. If you were sick, but not too sick, you went to see Mr. Lester before you called the doctor. By the way, Dr. Henry Brownell made house calls then.

Down on Bridge Street, next to the playground, was a little grassy area bounded by a triptych of bill boards (the site is now occupied by the house at 24 Bridge Street). The smaller kids would play softball there when the big kids ran them out of the big ball field inside the fences. Cardines was surrounded by billboards rather than the current chain fences, and we would climb to the tops of them to watch the games over the fence. The area behind the billboards was a treasure trove full of home run balls, garter snakes, and scrap wood for building forts. They were also full of broken glass and boards with nails, necessitating occasional trips to the hospital for stitches and tetanus shots. We often took to bouncing baseballs off that big, solid brick wall on the end of the house at 22 Bridge Street (the Caleb Claggett house), often to the great annoyance of the residents.

During the summer, the Sunset League players would let us shag fly balls with them in the outfield during pre-game warm-ups. If you were really lucky, one of the Deslant team players would actually play catch with you in the warm up area. We would also get to be bat boys and keep any cracked bats. We would tape them up with electricians' tape and they were good as new (or close enough for a 12 year old). The older guys (14 and 15 year olds) could actually be paid for changing the numbers in the old manual scoreboard during games.

The year I turned 12, we got to take over the Maxies' clubhouse in the basement of William King Covell's house (now the Villa Marina)...

The changing demographics of the Point, and Newport generally, is reflected in the fact that three of the four schools I attended are now condominiums – Potter, Callendar and De La Salle. In fact, I was there at the beginning of the change. Both Callendar and Potter Schools originally housed 1st through 6th grades, but in 1958, when I was moving up to 5th grade, Potter began to phase out 5th and 6th grades. So my class went back to Callendar (where we had attended kindergarten) for the final year before junior high. Mumford, which had been the junior high school, would close soon, after serving as an elementary school for a few years when the “new” Rogers opened and the old high school became Thompson Junior High. Potter would eventually close next, followed a few years late by Callendar.
SOUTHERN COOKING
by Kit Weiss

The facts. Just the facts. Got married. Got Gifts. Got cookbook. Decided to make onion soup. By the way did any of you make the onion soup from last month? How did it go? Anyway, I turned to page 160 in my trusty cookbook and I am not lying; the recipe said, Onion Soup French Market Style. Now I quote “Heat 1-10 1/2 ounce can condensed onion soup undiluted, with one soup can water.” That was the day I started to scratch out recipes in the book.

Finally the day came to make a very special dinner. I searched the cookbook for a tasty sounding title and finally found one that called for four pork chops. It had a definite sound of the Southern dish and since Ralph was from New Orleans I knew this was just right. It would be perfect. We could each eat two. Back then all recipes were for 4 so we each ate 2 of everything. In any case, I browned the pork chops and put them in a baking dish. On top of each pork chop I put a thick slice of onion; on top of the onion I put a nice slice of tomato. On top of that I put brown sugar, and on top of that I poured tomato sauce. I baked it just right so that it was ready when Ralph arrived home for dinner. I served up our plates. Two beautiful mahogany colored pork chops, vegetables, and mashed potato.

Ralph sat there looking at it. Then very calmly he said, “There is no way you’re going to get me to eat that black meat!” And he got up from the table and went to the living room to read the newspaper. Do you remember what it was like to be married for just one month and have a disaster on your hands? Well, as tears streamed down my face, I ate all four pork chops. What else could I do?

But wait you’re expecting a recipe — no problem — got one right here. This really is a Southern recipe. It’s the original Cajun Seasoning from the Times Picayune newspaper of New Orleans, Louisiana.

1 (26 ounce) box of salt or lite salt
3 tablespoons black pepper
2 tablespoons garlic powder
2 tablespoons onion powder
1 teaspoon nutmeg
2 tablespoons dried parsley flakes
4 tablespoons red pepper (cayenne)
2 tablespoons chili powder

Mix in a large bowl. Fill a shaker for daily use. Store remainder in a tightly covered container. This makes up quite a bit but I fill many shakers and give it as gifts. It’s another one of those gifts that make the friends come back and ask me to refill their bottles. Good luck.
OLD COLONY RAILWAY  Continued from page 9

Weed and pokeweed, Virginia creeper, Japanese bittersweet, goldenrod, and asters.

The OCNRR was the subject of a proclamation from the city on its 25th anniversary in 2004. The text, posted in the Depot, acknowledges the OCNRR's goal of preserving a railroad corridor on Aquidneck Island by operating a scenic train on a railroad that has been in existence since 1863. It also acknowledges the service of the facility and its volunteers to local non-profit organizations for fund-raising activities and to students at Rogers High School who have taken advantage of the opportunity to learn about railroad maintenance and operation and, in the early 80s, to take on depot restoration as a community service project.

Peter Martin, the Point's resident engineer, believes that in addition to fulfilling its declared mission, the OCNRR has served the community by providing a buffer for the Point neighborhood. He supports a proposed bike/walking path along the west side of the tracks and hopes that the community will in turn continue to support the OCNRR.

SOS
by Kay O'Brien

SOS is a plea for help. Here on the Point we have an active group working to Save Our Stuff. We have fifty years of Green Light files, plus photographs, clippings, books, etc. and all kinds of memorabilia, which needs to be put in categories and folders. Part of saving our stuff is making it accessible.

If this sounds intriguing, enlightening and fun, how about joining us. Please call Liz Mathinos (847 3977) or Kay O'Brien (847 7311), and we'll arrange a time and place. It will bring back many memories.

In light of the above appeal, Kay O'Brien, Alice Clemente, and Liz Mathinos attended a very informative Newport Historical Society lecture by Maureen Taylor, author of Picturing Rhode Island: Images of Everyday Life, 1850-2006. As a history detective, Ms. Taylor showed slides to illustrate how she looks for clues to date a picture or find a person. Her helpful reminder to "label those pictures" was a good one for our History and Archives "detectives".
WORK NEVER ENDS
by Kay O'Brien

After a much warmer (but dry) October, we were all startled into activity on hearing that Hurricane Noel was heading north. Heavy rain was what we needed, but along came a day of heavy wind. The water in the Bay was jumping, leaves were flying and limbs and old trees in some areas succumbed to the fierce winds.

Now the word SNOW appears on some weather maps. Last winter was snowless, so we'll probably be in for a shock. It's beautiful after a fresh snowfall, but soon streets have to be opened, cars cleaned off, and sidewalks cleared for walkers who need safe passage on their walks. Everyone can help. Thanks.

CHRISTMAS IN NEWPORT

The 37th Annual Christmas in Newport Celebration begins on December 1st with the tree lighting at Washington Square. The calendar of events of this popular month-long celebration is available at the Gateway Center or online at www.christmasinnewport.org. The three days after Christmas are always saved for the candlelight house tours on the Point.
CLARKE (continued from page 13)

chapel, Calvary Chapel, Kay Chapel, Trinity Church and Emanuel Church. “At Trinity, we did over the organ front panel and other cabinet work. The box pews had general repair. We did the communion rail and credence table.” “Down at St. John’s, we built a study for Father Hamlin. It was in a big white house — the rectory. It was we placed that Colonial doorway — Jim Gibson and me — the other door was all rotten. The Colonial doorway came from the Hunter House, you know.”

Sumner Clarke spent his later years working from a shop on Spring Street midst “an orderly clutter of people’s treasures.” He continued to be engaged in many projects into his old age. “Inside the Newport Historical Society every visitor must gaze in wonder at the perfect craftsmanship of the Sabbatarian Chapel there — the half wineglass pulpit, the stairs ascending to it. When the chapel was to be placed in the building, Mr. Clarke’s part in the restoration included those lovely spindles rising in their different patterns.” The long arc of Sumner Clarke’s life, its variety and richness, its travail and triumph, deserve our recognition and admiration.

OVERHEARD ON THE POINT
by Ed Madden

The holiday decorations in the Newport Marriott lobby — a gingerbread house and accompanying lighthouse — have been a source of wonder and delight for humans of all ages over the past few years. Last year, the following conversation was overheard. A line of toddlers — perhaps 20 — was being prepared to enter the display by their two guardians. All were dressed in winter clothes. The “gunny sergeant” at the head of the line said: “Everybody stay in line and remember ‘look but don’t touch’. OK — here we go. I want everybody to put their hands in their pockets so you don’t touch anything.” As the line started forward, a plaintive voice was heard from the middle of the line. “I don’t have any pockets.” This cracked me up and made my day.
Born on the Point certificates were generated for our October 18th Membership Meeting.

Recipients were newborn Nathaniel Michael Sweeney and young adults Benjamin F. Pedrick and Geoffrey F. Pedrick.

A special centennial certificate was prepared for James M. Gleason who celebrated his 100th birthday in September 2007.

The next availability of certificates will be April 2008. Deadlines will be published in the spring issue of The Green Light.

The Point Association Membership Form

Please make check payable to The Point Association and mail with form to PO Box 491, Newport, RI 02840. A subscription to The Green Light is included with all memberships.

___ Individual $10 ___ Family $15 ___ Subscriber $25 ___ Patron $40

Name: ___________________________________________________________

Phone: __________________________ Email: ___________________________

Mailing Address: _________________________________________________

COMMITTEES AND ACTIVITIES

Your participation is welcome. Please check the categories for volunteering.

☐ Beautification ☐ Waterfront ☐ Green Light ☐ Plant Sale ☐ Membership

☐ Event Planning ☐ History and Archives ☐ Activities for children ☐ Communications

2007-2008 WINTER

The Green Light 23
SAVE THE DATES

December 5, Festival of Advent Lessons and Carols, St. John's Schola Cantorum, St. John's Church, 6:00 p.m.

December 16, Music by the Sea, Swanhurst Chamber Singers, St. John's Church, 4:00 p.m. Admission $10 adults, $5 children 12 and under.

December 26, 27, 28
Christmas in Newport Candlelight Tour of 18th and 19th century Private Homes, 4:00 to 7:00 p.m. Maps available at Newport Visitors Center. Admission $3 per house, payable at the door of each house.

POINT READERS

To Kill a Mockingbird, Wed. January 23, 2:00 p.m., 59 Walnut Street

Mockingbird: A Portrait of Harper Lee, Thurs. February 21, 2:00 p.m., Harbor House

THE GREEN LIGHT
The Point Association
P.O. Box 491
Newport, RI 02840