



Newsletter of the Old Village Association of Chatham, Massachusetts

Volume II

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Around the Old Village

Main Street – Beware: Construction Ahead

Five Old Village Association directors joined an overflow crowd at the Annex on November 11 to discuss the Main Street Reconstruction Project. The meeting was strictly informal, in that the 25% design plan, which includes such items as curbs, road widths, and intersections but not “enhancements,” had already been submitted to the State without public input. However, the meeting did provide important information for Old Village residents.

First for the good news

- The planned sidewalk for the north side of Main Street stops at 400 Main, thus delineating the end of the business district.
- There will be a crosswalk at Andrew Hardings Lane.
- All Old Village sidewalk materials basically will be unchanged.

Now for the rest

- ALL sidewalks on Main Street will be 5 feet wide, as per Mass. Highway Department standards. The present walks range from 3-1/2 feet to 5 feet, so there will be some sidewalk encroachment on some properties. If your property is on Main Street, you should definitely call Margaret Swanson (945-5168) and/or view the plans at the Planning Department or at the Eldredge Library.
- The intersection at Shore Road and Main Street will have an island to control traffic patterns.
- The plans show radical changes for the Bridge Street intersection, including sidewalks and retaining walls which will encroach on private property. The Old Village Association hopes to work with neighbors and the Town to find some solution which will make the intersection safer while respecting individual property rights and the historic character of the area.

As of now, Margaret Swanson of the Planning Department assures us, “nothing is written in stone.” We’ll try to help you find answers before the “stone” arrives.

There will be a formal hearing on the project in January.

Overlook

Dan Tobin, Director of the Parks Department, reports that the removal of the fence at the Overlook has caused fewer difficulties than he had anticipated. There is minor land erosion where people have walked on the dirt behind the barrier, but that can be stopped by the planting of additional *rosa rugosa*. He will probably be doing some planting in the spring.

And for Andrew Hardings Lane: Sand!

Thanks to Chatham’s harbormaster, Ted Keon, sand dredged from Aunt Lydia’s cove was dumped via a (very) long pipe onto Andrew Hardings Lane this fall. The project, which lasted about two weeks, added about 800 to 1000 yards of sand a day. The high mounds of sand presently at the western edge of the beach are the “old” surface sand, which the Highway Department pushed aside to provide a harder, more stable surface for the new sand. Ted Keon warned that this effort cannot be viewed as a “solution” to the continuing erosion problem – nor are there any guarantees that the sand, new or old, will survive the winter. However, the many seagulls, who grabbed disoriented crabs as they were disgorged from the pipe along with sand and water, seemed totally satisfied with the whole project. Meanwhile, we’ll keep our fingers crossed.



Main Street Chatham, Looking East

Preservation at the Turn of the Century:

Partnerships and Alliances

We can't do it alone! In 1998 – and beyond – the survival of the preservation effort is going to be largely dependent on the success of preservationists in forming broad-based alliances and coalitions. This message was the theme of each and every speaker and panel member at the Statewide Preservation Conference, held at Bunker Hill Community College on September 25th.

Professor Robin Winks, from Yale University, opened the session with a rousing cry for making preservation relevant for all. What we talk about, he asserted, must pass the “So what?” test – people must believe that the “history” we consider worth saving is interesting, significant (in present day terms), and accurate. History has to be embedded in the pride of the community and tell us about ourselves. The structures we want to save must be perceived as reference points to the community's story and therefore important to us all. Only then will the preservation message have enough weight to lead to community action.

The leaders of an afternoon panel discussion on community consensus outlined the kinds of actions preservationists must consider if they wish to be effective now and in the future. Specific suggestions included:

- Support the consensus that is already in the community and work from that perspective.
- Involve others in the search for solutions. Listen to and respect alternate ideas. Be inclusive.
- Look for concurrence, not victory – and make sure everyone wins something. (This may involve making compromises with people opposed to your point of view.)
- Keep in mind possible future volatility (economic and natural disasters) and be open to revisiting and modifying plans as future needs apply.

Consensus and Alliances: How does the Old Village Association stack up?

In several aspects, the conference was a reaffirmation of some of the activities that the Board of Directors of the Association has emphasized over the past year. (Perhaps we are lucky in this regard – small organizations realize right away the impossibility of going it alone.) The Association's active role in forming the Chatham Alliance for Preservation and Conservation, which has just had its first Steering Committee meeting, is one effort of which we can be proud. Our emphasis on education and information through the guidebook and newsletters continues to be another consensus building effort.

On October 5 and 6, a representative of the Association participated in a community workshop, which set long-range goals for the Chatham Public Schools. The education of Chatham's children continues to be of interest to the Association's Board in the belief that an educated society is the most important insurance for Chatham's future.

Celebrating the Coast Guard Station: Annual Meeting

Even the Annual Meeting, which was held at the Coast Guard Station on August 23, forged a new relationship with one of our most important neighbors. Not only is the Station on the National Register of Historic Places, but the men and women who work there are the stewards of a part of our history. Starting in 1808, when the first set of lights was constructed on the bluff called James Head, through countless storms at sea, and the two breaks in the barrier beach (1870 and 1987), up to 1994 when new searchlights (“aero-beacons”) were installed, the Coast Guard has been an integral part of Old Village life. Since 1994, when Flotilla 1101 of the U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary “adopted” Chatham Light, residents have been able to go up to the top of the

Lighthouse and see for themselves the expanse of ocean which surrounds us.

Future Efforts to reach consensus and community preservation

While the above efforts to forge partnerships and alliances have met with modest success, the Association still has a great deal of work to reach a goal of group solidarity and an eventual partnership with the wider Chatham community. The agenda for the 1998-99 year includes two important educational and consensus-building activities:

Poll on Preservation Choices to be mailed in January

A questionnaire will be sent out in January that will ask each homeowner in the core of the Old Village for his or her thoughts about the ways to preserve the area's historic assets and quality of life. The poll, which has been made possible through a generous foundation grant, will be accompanied by an extensive review of the choices available. Board members hope that everyone will respond promptly in order for the Association's activities to reflect the goals of a wide majority of homeowners.

Work on the Historic Survey continues

Another generous donation has enabled the Association to continue to help the Chatham Historical Commission with their survey of all Old Village homes, which we hope will be an important research document for the whole community. This is another area in which the Board needs the support of the members. If anyone out there is interested in history and has a few hours of a week to spend, please contact Nancy Yeaw (945-9407).

Andrew Hardings Lane Today: *The Little Beach That Refused to Die*

Back in 1989, right after "the cut," I wrote an article for *The Cape Cod Chronicle* on the importance of Andrew Hardings Lane beach to so many of us in the Old Village. In it, I chronicled my own feelings of desolation as I watched, day after day, the relentless ocean ripping away at houses, beach, and parking lot, and in its wake leaving us all with few physical markers to our past. The title was, "Requiem for a Town Landing."

Now I wonder if this report on the death of a beach was premature. Although maimed and a mere shadow of its former self, Andrew Hardings Lane beach has simply refused to die. For the past ten years a small, loyal constituency has continued to go down to the beach in spite of the broken branches, pieces of tar, and strips of pipe which are scattered about on the sand and in the water.

This summer I introduced my grandson, Theo, to what he called "the lane." Unlike his father at the same age, he did not have the luxury of pristine sand to lie on or warm puddles to splash in. No boats bobbed on anchors, ready for their voyage to North Beach and beyond. The livery service – with its ever-fascinating groups of people climbing in and out of Art Gould's black boat – was no more. Sunbathers had dwindled to a small but steady few. Mothers, who once read and dozed, knowing their children would be safe in the quiet harbor, now sat alert as toddlers challenged the waves and foraged along the moonscape of peat at the shore.

Theo, however, was blissfully free of nostalgia. He moved his cars and trucks through mounds of sand and rocks. He watched wide-eyed as fishermen tried their luck in the waves that slapped on the revetments. Along with several predatory seagulls, he wandered happily among the rocks and the mounds of peat, where hundreds of crabs lurked in crevices.

I assumed that all the adults on the beach had links to the past, and like me,

were too stubborn to walk only a few more yards south, to what has become Cape Cod's most beautiful beach. However, one afternoon at Andrew Hardings, I gradually became aware of a family of four who were gingerly negotiating the mounds of peat, leaning down and putting something in plastic bags. I could not imagine what the something might be. Collectors had long ago stripped the beach of the old bottles and crockery which had washed up on the sand. No one has seen a Spanish coin for quite a while. What could this group possibly find to collect in that



Art Gould and the "Alma II."

muck? Finally, I could stand it no longer. Strolling casually nearby, I asked what they were gathering up with such care.

The man stood up and opened his bag for me to see. "Bits of iron, nails – that sort of thing," he said. I must have looked stunned, for he quickly continued. "We discovered this beach a couple of days ago and really like it. My son noticed this rubbish and we thought it was dangerous for the little kids who play around, so we decided to clean up a bit."

I had not expected this. Tourists. Visitors – cleaning up our beach! My words of gratitude were mixed with a heavy dose of shame. I'd written off this beach as nothing more than a rusty relic of the past – I'd said my requiem – and here was someone from somewhere else telling me it was still important, even in its present condition.

It didn't take long to revert to type. I mean, strangers come along who clearly love Andrew Hardings regardless. Well, if they simply love it, they need to know everything – Good Walter, Art Gould, the Half-Way House, erosion.... It's traditional to fill them in, right? After all, when you find someone like this, you want them back. Often. When they finally started up the Lane, my final admonitions to buy the *Guidebook* and Tim Wood's *Breakthrough* were ringing in their ears. A job well done. I felt wonderful.

I'm pretty sure they will be back. But what they left behind was a gift I wasn't expecting to receive: hope. From that point on, when I went down to the beach, I took time to throw pieces of tar, bricks, and sticks off the sand. I recovered from the "dead file" my unanswered letter to the Town asking about public access and complaining that Claflin got all the dredged sand this spring. I made a few calls. Then, miraculously, things began to happen. The Chairman of the Board of Selectmen called, the Town Manager expressed new interest in public access, and, best of all, the Harbormaster sent a pipe in our direction to deliver sand dredged out of Aunt Lydia's Cove.

I should not have been surprised by these events. Andrew Hardings Lane beach is, and always has been, a magical place. But magical places are not necessarily clearly designated on town maps or protected from erosion. The magic comes from within, from the vision we create for ourselves, a vision built out of memories of the past and hopes for the future. In the coming years, I do believe it is possible for us all to find the courage, the creativity, and the will to keep alive the magic that is still around us.

C.P.



Andrew
Hardings
Lane

Old Village Architectural Advisory Committee

The Board of Directors of the Association has been working for several months to create an Architectural Advisory Committee. The original idea came from a *Tea and Topics* discussion group held in August of 1997 and, in the interim, the Board has been establishing the structure and makeup of such a committee. The final guidelines were approved in June of this year.

The purpose of the Committee is to provide, voluntarily and free of charge, information to homeowners on Old Village architectural issues (such as scale, design, lot coverage), in reference to any exterior construction plans they might have for their own property. The Committee can also clarify the regulations and by-laws affecting these issues and, at the homeowner's request, review plans and make, on a voluntary basis, non-binding recommendations about specific building techniques, such as the use of materials and design, which would satisfy the needs of the homeowner and enhance the present streetscape of the Old Village. The Committee will also help the Board of Directors respond to these issues if the Board is asked by a homeowner about a building project that is being planned for the neighborhood. This will permit the Old Village Association to make certain that all public

statements about changes in the Old Village will be appropriate and, if the case should ever arrive, will give weight to Old Village responses in front of regulatory boards.

The Association is proud of the expertise this Committee represents. Sam Streibert, an architect with wide experience in Cape Cod architecture, is the Chairman. Old Village property owners Clarissa Rowe, a landscape architect; David Veach, businessman and former builder; Norm Pacun, former Chairman of the Chatham Historical Commission; and long-time resident (and math professor) David MacAdam round out the Committee. They are all committed to a prompt, helpful response to property owners' needs.

Since the concept of voluntary review has had little success elsewhere, the Old Village Association is embarking on yet another "first." Time will tell if Old Village homeowners will be willing to share the responsibility of preserving the Old Village without mandatory restraints. The Committee will review its activities next summer and reassess the program.

If any Old Village homeowners wish to contact the Architectural Advisory Committee, they, or their authorized representative, can call 945-1627 or 945-3313.

The Old Village continues to be home for an assortment of raccoons, deer, fox, and, now, coyotes. The presence of these beautiful animals is a mixed blessing as well as the source of some anxiety. With this in mind, we called Rob Deblinger, the Assistant Director for Wildlife at the Division of Fisheries and Wildlife, for some expert information and common sense advice about coyotes.

The population of coyotes in Massachusetts is indeed on the rise, partly because there has been no real population control since the Statewide referendum banning padded foothold traps was passed two years ago. With no control laws in place, we are going to have to learn to live with a high density population of animals and become educated about their habits and traits.

Coyotes are essentially solitary animals in the winter months. They mate sometime in the winter, and the young are born between April and May. For the next few months, the mother and babies stay in their den while the male goes out to hunt for food. Sometime during the summer,

On the Wild Side

the parents begin to train their pups to hunt. Since the average litter is 5-7 pups, the "pack" of coyotes that people report seeing is really a family of animals. (Coyotes are clearly opposed to non-family members hunting in their territory.) In the fall, the young are forced out of the den to find a territory of their own – an increasingly difficult task in populated areas. Creatures of habit, they mark their boundaries with urine every day – like clockwork – and return again and again to predictable sources of food. Needless to say, if a coyote family's territorial stroll is through your backyard, it might be prudent to consider fencing it off or, at least, give the animals plenty of uninterrupted time and space.

All wildlife experts seem to agree that is unwise to feed wild animals. Dr. Deblinger takes this advice a bit further. Not only does he discourage anyone feeding coyotes, he also suggests that all edibles be tightly secured or removed from the yard – leftover dog food, garbage, compost, and, yes, cats. Anything of



this nature that the homeowner leaves out automatically becomes a source of predictable food and therefore an open invitation to the coyotes to visit every day. Moreover, if we feed the animals, they begin to associate human beings with food – all human beings. It's not fair to ask coyotes to distinguish between someone feeding them and someone who leaves groceries on the porch.

An even more important reason not to become the source of food for coyotes is that their population is controlled by density. In times of ample food, the litters are larger; when the food supply is limited, fewer young are born. This is nature's way of birth control. We humans shouldn't fool with Mother Nature – especially if we wish to keep the coyote population down in the Old Village.

Finally, it would also be wise to remember that wild animals are not normally friendly. Therefore, any animal hanging around without any apparent concern about a human presence may well be ill, and should be reported to the animal control officer.

Architect's Corner

Theodore P. (Sam) Streibert

Old Chatham Village Architecture

It has been said that the eye is the opening into the soul. The front entrance of a house is the aesthetic eye of the house. The front door with decorative trim unifies the general impressions of the whole facade, and, by extension, of the nature of the whole house.

In the Old Village, where small Capes abound, entrances tend to be understated. In the equally prevalent Greek Revivals, the entry grew in size and elaboration to become an expressive and ever assertive component of the design. On your walks, direct your eyes to the examples of both. See how the character of the entries inform the nature of the house.

Details of the simple entry include wider trim with a simple pediment over the top of the door. The pediment is usually triangular in shape and was derived from the gable end view of a classic Greek temple with its carved figure sculptures set high on heavy stone columns. On entrances, the pediment is a similar triangular shape whose lines are softened by a series of cornice moldings and a series of expertly proportioned decorative bands. Functionally, this form would serve to divert rainwater as it runs down the surface of the upper floor. Visually, this entrance trim is carefully designed to lead the eye from the doorway to take in the entire facade.

As the architectural styles changed so did the strictures which kept the entry simple. From two bullseye glass lights in the upper panels of the six panel front door, the designer might try a simple strip of lights above the door. Later, side lights and perhaps a curved transom window were added where inside ceiling height permitted. In this way, the entry can unify a larger house facade. Further enlargement

provides shelter at the doorway. The pediment moves out over the door at the end of a short roof which is supported at first on brackets and later on to beams and columns. In these instances, an entrance becomes a porch or portico and the result provides a one-story element so that the house can make a scale transition to the street. Again the entrance breaks up the expanse of the front facade and provides a focal point to unify the look of the house.

The Old Village entrances are more modest due to the small houses and small lots.

The designs we see follow the classical lines and are always skillfully proportioned. They are decorative, but they serve a two-fold purpose: a bit of shelter and a lot of design detail to bring all the elements of the house together and hold our interest as we enter or pass by.



*Late Colonial Christian door.
Drawing by Howard L. Rich,
from A Book of Cape Cod Houses.*

Softball and Charades

by Elizabeth L. Watkins

Softball and charades were major entertainment of summer residents on Water and Silverleaf streets in the 1930's. That was the era when families came for the entire summer and, pre-television, relied on their own resources for amusement. The Seymour, Watkins, Lohman, and Louis Hemmingway families, as well as their friends and relations, had a daily pick-up game of softball at 4:00 pm in a field accessed from Mill Hill Lane. There was a glorious Fourth of July game where players divided in teams, the Harpies and the Vultures. There were 18 players on each side with ages ranging from Sally Lohman, outfielder, 7 years, to Thomas Watkins, Sr., pitcher, 75 years. Players 10 years of age and younger were allowed four strikes. The game began with a parade around the diamond behind an American flag and the singing of the national anthem. It was a very aggressive game – Law Watkins, batter, running to first base, collided with Charles Seymour, Sr. (President of Yale), first base. Seymour suffered a broken thumb and Watkins incurred three broken ribs. It was a batter's game – scores were always in the double digits.

Entire families also gathered in the evening for playing of charades and songfests. These were held at the Watkins' house, 57 Water Street, because the house had two living rooms and a piano. The charades were really improved plays – syllables were acted out with spontaneous dialogues and costumes designed from whatever was hanging in household closets. For example, the word "suicide" became "sewer-aside." The first syllable was enacted as a scene from "Les Miserables" with Jean Valjean fleeing through the sewers of Paris. Sometimes, a whole word was acted out. For example, "Presbyterian" was transformed into "Press-by-teary-Ann" (the team circled around a weeping Ann Watkins). Charles Seymour, Jr. became entranced with the character of Ma Pettingill in the then current movie, "Ruggles of Red Gap," and managed to work the character into every skit his team devised. The younger children were always active participants and were equally creative in immediate portrayal of a character. It may have been less sophisticated entertainment than families seek now, but we certainly had a lot of fun!

Cocktails at the Hawes House

by Bob Aikman

Cocktails, you say? There was never a cocktail lounge at the Hawes House! But it was the era of already mixed martini's in silver shakers on the sideboards in every living room scene out of Hollywood, and Myrna Loy was in some of those living rooms serving her guests as they arrived. At the Hawes House, the guests had just arrived from an afternoon on the beach. They were lining up at the outdoor showers before getting ready for dinner. Myrna wasn't there to serve, and there wasn't time to go to the Christopher Ryder House, Pate's, or the New Yorker Restaurant for a cocktail before dinner. So, the open porch on the "Cottage," facing the "far bar," as Nauset Beach was called, gradually became the gathering place for guests wanting to have their martini, gin and tonic, or J&B on the rocks before the dinner bell rang.



Every year, the "July" crowd would become a little more imaginative in their snack preparations for the cocktail hour, with the help of the Epicure and the other food shops down on Main Street. The porch became the traditional gathering place every afternoon to discuss the day's activities. My folks always reserved the corner room facing the porch because of its view of the water and the beach. It became the "wet bar" during Happy Hour because the sink was at the window and could be used to hold the block of ice for the drinks. The ice pick was set out, and the tonic and mixes were stored under the sink, within easy reach from outside the window. The door to the room was kept open so that it was always possible to get to a cutting board, or a dresser top to prepare a tray of gourmet hors d'oeuvres. Bags of potato chips and pretzels gradually gave way to Camembert cheese, smoked oysters, cherry tomatoes, carrot sticks, and stone ground wheat crackers. The topics of conversation at these get-togethers each afternoon usually centered around fish stories, boat and motor problems, the movie showing at the Chatham Theater or the play at the Monomoy, the latest sales at the Sail Loft, or who missed breakfast and ended up at the Port Fortune.



Each winter, the "regulars" would think up new recipes and ideas, and then pack their cars each summer in anticipation of the new needs. Cutting boards, slicing knives, spreaders, serving dishes, and matched sets of glassware became part of the vacation luggage along with beach chairs, bathing suits, fishing rods, and shower clogs.

The local catbirds were invited to join in with metal pie pans of Sunsweet raisins set out on the railing to supplement their wild food diets. The "one more for the road" wasn't even a problem because it was just a short walk up Water Street from the Cottage to the main house and the dining room.

Myrna isn't making movies these days, the Hawes House, including the Cottage, has been sold, renovated, and the old porch is gone, as is the beach and far bar in front, but I can still hear that bell outside the dining room telling everyone that it's time to eat.



Recollections from the Hawes House "Gang"

A Special Place for Guests

We had many guests who came back every year at the same time. They would reserve their room a year ahead. One particular family would bring their friends and relatives each year and take the same table for 12. They were great cut-ups and had a very good time. After supper one of the gentlemen would go into the adjacent living room and start playing the piano. After supper, guests would wander in, gathering to sing the old and familiar songs. *Lucille Howes who, with her husband Freeman, operated the Hawes House*

We remember how pleased we were at the end of our vacation to discover that we could stow some possessions under the cottage building. Knowing that our beach chairs, toys, floats, etc. would be waiting for us next year imparted a feeling that Hawes House was our own "summer place."

Marion and Brydon Merrihew, Guests

When a Nor'easter would blow in and it would be cold, foggy, and rainy, Freeman would get a roaring fire going in the Annex and the guests would arrive to play cards, do jigsaw puzzles, read, or just smoke or talk. In the back of the cottage was a shuffleboard court. Bill and I would get the guests together and organize a tournament. The sport often became very competitive and we saw personality traits that hadn't been apparent before. [Then, again, we could always] sit on the "Poop-Deck" and watch the big ships go by.

Harriet (Caldwell) Mandeville, Guest

The Care and Feeding of the Guests

My memories are of ringing the bell in each building at 7:30 am to wake up the guests for 8:00 am breakfast. Homemade oatmeal, Cream of Wheat, Corn Flakes, and Wheatena were the cereal options. Besides eggs and bacon there was Lucille's delicious homemade bread. The left-overs . . . made the most wonderful French toast. *Joan (Aikman) Eustis, Waitress*

During World War II there were difficulties in getting food supplies to feed the guests. On one occasion I recall that mayonnaise was not available but somehow after many attempts Freeman made a palatable substitute.

David Oakley, Kitchen Boy and Guest

The kitchen was run by Freeman with no fooling around. Making clam chowder was a directed process. Each step was as Freeman timed it. As meal hour approached, all food prepared in the lower kitchen was placed on the dumbwaiter to go up to the first floor kitchen. One day when serving started I was cleaning up downstairs and came upon a bowl of fresh clams – the final ingredient in the chowder which was now being served. I sent the bowl up in the dumbwaiter and heard only two words, "Oh s--t." The incident was never mentioned again. *Tom Merrihew, Kitchen Boy and Guest*

Working for the Howes

Working for Freeman was a good experience in growing up. If he was upstairs and I was in the lower kitchen, he'd tell me to whistle. He said that way he knew I was not eating the prepared food! Every few days he would send me downtown on errands. At the end of the list of food and assignments was his final instruction, "Come back to work." He was very explicit in his demands.

David Stevenson, Kitchen Boy

I started first washing dishes and later graduated to being a waitress. My dishwashing duties included hanging out the wash, later folding it and bringing it in. Waitresses cleaned rooms. Each room had a chamber pot as there was only one bathroom on each floor of nine rooms. When the waitresses were drying dishes, we sometimes got a little carried away with laughing and joking. Mrs. Howes would be napping after lunch, so upon hearing the commotion in the kitchen, she would storm into the room and quiet us down. We certainly learned good work ethics at the Hawes House.

Maryann (Masaschi) Quinn, Waitress

[As a kitchen boy] I swept all the porches each morning, mowed the lawn, and washed dishes. For this, I received a princely sum of \$15 or \$20 a week with room and board.

David Oakley

Working as a kitchen boy for Freeman is truly the reason I have chosen to make my living with food for 33 years.

David Stevenson

And Finally . . .

Three things stand out in my memory – the wholesomeness of our summers there, though we did work hard; the friendliness of the guests; and the wonderful smell of homemade bread daily wafting up to our garret bedroom.

Ginny Reynolds Rowe, Waitress



Bill Koerner has gathered these remembrances from the Hawes House guests and staff who are still living on the Cape. With his wife, Nancy, he is planning to publish a booklet about their experiences. More later . . .

Old Village Association, Inc.

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A Special Thank You

to the men and women of the U.S. Coast Guard and the Coast Guard Auxiliary for their hospitality (and hard lifting!) during the Old Village Association Annual Meeting, August 23.

Special thanks to Coastguardsmen Roger Epperson, our speaker and host, and Jim Birch, for helping us plan the

meeting. We are also grateful to Peggy Fisher and Bill Russell of the Auxiliary, who gave tours of the Lighthouse.

Also, THANK YOU to the more than 70 Old Village Association members who attended this very special meeting. Your enthusiasm, suggestions, and support are much appreciated.

When we try to pick out anything by itself, we find it hitched to everything else in the universe.

John Muir



Our "thank you" cake - before it got to the Station kitchen.

Dues Notice

Dues notices were mailed in October for 1999. If you renewed after June 1st of this year, you (hopefully) were not sent another notice. From now on, the membership year will run from Jan. 1 - Dec. 31. Thank you for joining!