

CLUB TATTLER

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Success?

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction.

unknown

COVER STORY

YANKEE-DOODLING

BOB COLE

The showdown marked by "the shot heard 'round the world," led to open revolution in Britain's American colonies. On the evening of April 18, 1775, British authorities in Boston launched a plan to grab the patriots John Hancock and Samuel Adams, and secure militia supplies in nearby communities. Troops from the garrison moved out of the peninsula on which Boston sat in the pre-Back Bay days, and began marching westward! Meanwhile, the Sons of Liberty didn't sit idle. It would be trouble again. This time, however, the ongoing debate between colonist and colonizer would

take on a new form entirely, and good men on both sides would die. Before the bloodshed, however, Paul Revere and William Dawes spurred their horses along two separate routes to spread the alarm in the countryside.

When the Regulars finally reached Lexington, they were met by 70 militiamen drawn up on the village green. The Royal Marine officer commanding, Major John Pitcairn, shouted out: "Disperse, you damned rebels!" and presently a firearm barked. To this day no one can identify the shooter. Could it have been a British soldier, or a colonial sniper with the blood up? In any case, volley fire came next. The Redcoat line exploded in musket smoke and eight Americans fell dead. The British marched on to Concord to



impose the King's will, but, then came the hard part. They began a day-long withdrawal to their base in the provincial capital. By the time they reached Boston, some 250 of them had been killed or wounded in ambushes set by Minutemen they had earlier scorned as hayseeds, a "rabble in arms." As for Major Pitcairn, he later died a hero's death on the slopes of Bunker Hill, facing angry Americans driven to revolt by the dreary coarseness of London's policy-makers. All of it was avoidable. Britain imposed a hated Stamp Act on her American colonies in 1765 and,

over the next decade, proved her capacity for both misgovernment and insensitivity to local conditions. As strife intensified between George III and His Americans, few things galled the colonists more than the disdain of the English ruling classes. In the eyes of the rebels, their contempt for their "uncultured" cousins was a prominent feature in the Revolutionary War that followed. Even British soldiers joined in the ridicule, and sang out their

disdain in many a tavern from New York to the Carolinas. To the tough British campaigner, whose ultimate weapon was a 17" bayonet, "Brother Jonathan" could never be a real fighting man. He was nothing more than a poor, old Yankee Doodle, perched upon a thoroughly ridiculous pony, no less. The silly fool actually

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Church services were abandoned that Sunday, and along

Dates For the Club Calendar

<u>Day</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Function</u>	<u>Menu</u>	<u>Time</u>
Fri.	Oct 31	Social Evening	Pot Roast	5:30 PM
Mon.	Nov 3	E/Com Meeting	—	7:00 PM
Fri.	Nov 7	Business Meeting	Beef	5:30 PM
Fri.	Nov 14	Social Evening	Corned Beef	5:30 PM
Fri.	Nov 21	Social Meeting	Finn & Haddie	5:30 PM
Thur.	Nov 27	Thanksgiving	—	—
Fri.	Nov 28	No Meeting	—	—

On red meat nights there will be chicken or fish alternatives and sugar free desserts are generally available. The kitchen will be happy to honor these or any special requests with proper notice.

House Committee

John Sgammato

**Twelfthnight
Approaching!**

It is just a little over two months until the next annual Old Colony Club Twelfthnight Party.

On the night of Wednesday, November 5th, at 7:00 pm, Bill Sykes will reconvene the Party Committee. If you have served on the committee in the past and wish to continue your (much appreciated) service, please plan to attend. If you have not assisted us in the past but are interested in learning how you can be a part, do please feel free to join us. Members and their wives/significant others are welcome.

If you have no idea what I am talking about, it is this: Every year the club hosts a lavish Victorian Twelfthnight Party. It is a fabulous event enjoyed by all. The house is decorated in Victorian style, and the food is delicious, decadent, and memorable. Guests dress in formal or period-formal attire. Last year, 85 attendees welcomed in the new president while enjoying oysters with caviar, lobster and black truffle, foie gras, champagne, turkey galantine, pork roulade, stilton cheese with walnuts and port, over a dozen types of sweets and petit-fours, cakes and fancy pastries, and Jim Baker's legendary flaming Christmas Pudding!

It takes a lot of planning to make an event of this size and complexity come together as flawlessly as we do. If you can help us with planning, invitations, decorating, food, setup and cleanup, or in any other capacity, do please join us at the Club on Wednesday the 5th at 7 pm.

It's not too early to mark your calendar. The twelfthnight party will be Jan 10, 2004.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGETONY LONARDO

I couldn't attend the October Business Meeting as my daughter and Grandson were visiting from Ohio for the weekend. I figured that after they spent over \$500 to get here the least I could do is be home for the two nights they were here. We had a great time together even though the Whale-Watch boat turned back Saturday due to rough water. Hence I do not have any report to make on the Oct. 3 meeting other than that 1st V.P. Don Brown WAS there and did his usual good job in filling in whenever the need occurs. Thanks, Don; from all of us.



I was at my usual place(s) the following week and enjoyed what I felt was an almost perfect Club evening. We had a moderate crowd, ready for a good time; a fine Italian Night meal provided by Cynthia and Terri; great wines to go with the Lasagna, meatballs, sausage, et al, all of

which were preceded by a grand antipasti and followed by a desert of Italian spumoni and cookies.

It felt like Sunday dinner at Mom's house ... well, almost.

The bonus kicker for the night was that we FINALLY got a "Beastia" card game going after talking about one forever. Bud Minear, Alan Zanotti, Rip Bloodgood, Tom Finn, Brian Alosi and I enjoyed about an hour and a half enjoying a crazy game which, in the past, had become a Club "tradition". The only downside of the game, if there was one, was that I was included among the losers! Wait 'til next time !!!

So long for now. Looking forward to seeing more of you in the future.

Tony

30 BEACH HOMES SWEEP AWAY BY STORM OF '98

BY JAMES BAKER, CLUB HISTORIAN

REPRINTED FROM "OLD COLONY CLUB QUARTERLY", SEPTEMBER, 1995, SER 1, NO. 16

The Northeaster of '98 did great damage to New England, but probably no single act of destruction was more complete than the wiping out of the summer resort on Plymouth Beach.

By the summer of 1898, a thriving little beach resort had grown up near the head of Plymouth Beach. There were over 30 cottages, and the Columbus Pavilion was a favorite eating place for those who liked

the salt water on both sides of them as they ate their chowder and lobster.

Hourly, from July 1 to Labor Day, the little "Mary Clinton" chuffed her way from Town Wharf across the bay loaded with excursionists. Compared to the roller-coasters and hoopla of our modern beach resorts, the Beach doesn't seem like much but pleasures were simpler 40 years ago. The

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Club Connection

The following 2003 Executive Board Members are listed for your convenience. If you need information about the Club, one of the upcoming events, Club Membership List or if you've lost your Key, call or E-Mail us.

President	Tony Lonardo	508-224-5856	alonardo@capecod.net
1st VP	Don Brown	508-830-9420	debrown@adelphia.net
2nd VP	Bill Rudolph	508-747-4271	wrudolph41@aol.com
Secretary	James Kiefer	508-747-8883	james.kiefer@verizon.net
Treasurer	Dennis Stinnett	508-746-4297	gstinnett@msn.com

Hats, Tall Hats

About three weeks ago, I noticed there seemed to be fewer Top Hats in the coatroom. With more members and fewer hats, I decided it was time to buy my own.

In search of an antique hat, I went to EBay and lost both a 100 year old silk hat and a 120 year old beaver hat by \$1.00 each to a last minute bidder from the west coast.

I then decided to order a new hat from Miller Hats on October 11. It arrived via UPS October 21.

I ordered a Fur Felt Top Hat, Item: 088, Black, Price: \$90.00, plus shipping and handling: \$7.00. Total delivered cost \$97.00!!!

Credit cards are accepted and other styles are available, including a collapsible model.

I like the hat and am pleased with both the quality and the price.

Your Treasurer in search of a bargain,
C. Dennis Stinnett

To Order:

www.millerhats.com or 1-800-789-0839

Sizing: See Chart

Note: If in doubt on size, move up one size

Membership Committee

Neal Merry

Since January we have added 10 new members. The Club currently stands at 129 members and counting. Our newest members include:

**Dr. Edgar Belle-
nas; Jim Bennette;
Jeffrey Chute; Mi-
chael Curtis; Dr. Robert Nahill;
Babak Namvar; Ed Perry; Lans
Reed; Jaan Roht and Timmi Ru-
dolph.** Congratulations!



As of October there were 6 Associate, 5 Honorary and 10 Lifetime members. Our Full/Active membership is now at 108 with one new applicant to be voted on in November and 2 more in December. This has been a great year for our membership. Keep up the good work.

STORM OF '98... CONTINUED

swimming was excellent, there was sailing and the strip of sand gave a pleasant sense of isolation from the world.

One of the prime organizers of the Beach was Charles L. Willoughby of Chicago, a summer resident in Plymouth, who made a considerable fortune with tours of panoramic views. "*The Battle of Gettysburg*" and such, which [sic] were the forerunners of the movies and were very popular at the time.

Willoughby owned a large part of the property, enlarged the Columbus Pavilion and helped popularize the resort.

According to M.D. Welsh of Alden Street, who now owns the beach property on which the remains of the old wharf stand, the Columbus Pavilion was almost straight across the bay from Town Wharf, and about a mile below the point.

"When I got here in 1896", said Mr. Welsh, "the cottages and the Pavilion had been up for some years. There was running water there then, the Town having put down the pipe. The pipe was laid above the ground, though, and the storm wrecked it completely. Most of it was salvaged, but it wasn't laid down again".

"It was the popular place to go during the summer", he went on. "There was the old 'Mary Clinton' under the command of Cap-

tain Ed Morton. If you didn't get the steamer, almost everybody owned a sailboat in those days and there was always some way of getting there. Some used to like to walk up the shore".

There is irony in the fact that Willoughby decided to sell out the summer of 1898. Commenting on the news, the Old Colony Memorial remarks that "*the beach is a fine piece of shore property and not likely to remain long in the market without a buyer*".

It remained too long, however, for Willoughby, who figured his loss at \$10,000 after that disastrous night of November 27.

The Northeaster of '98 started, according to the *Old Colony Memorial* of that week, "*Saturday, with a fine snow driven in from seaward as early as eight in the evening before a moderate breeze.*

The wind kept rising and by midnight was 'piping fiercely' while the damp snow was clogging everything against which it was hurled by heavy blasts. At daylight the gale had attained a force of about 80 miles per hour and the snow was blinding suffocating cloud. Trees were being uprooted, chimneys blown off, electric light and telephone poles going down in all directions, while masses of wires were being tangled in inextricable confusion". Continued page 4

YANKEE- DOODLING

CONTINUED

thought he could become a "macaroni," that is, a dandy, a fashionable cavalier, --simply by putting a feather in his rumpled hat. Actually, the joke was an old one, and the expression long predated Lexington and Concord. It probably came from the Dutch in New York, those sharp-eyed merchants who, in earlier times, also

Looked down their snouts at their plain-spoken Anglo-American neighbors. The Dutch got a kick out of the English colonist's belief that he was as good as any man. It seemed to them that each one had the airs of an old-world Jonker, that is, a "country squire." As a result, the canny Hollanders were pleased to regard each one of them as a mark, a simpleton, a Doedel."

As time went on, the relations between the two people began to harden as the wars of empire took their toll on any residual sense of kindness that might have existed. Some say that after 1688, when the Dutchman William of Orange came to the English throne, the tone of mockery was softened just a bit. The English settler Jonker Doedel now became the somewhat less odious Jan Kass, that is, "John Cheese." Many Dutchmen had trouble pronouncing the name as an English speaker would, given that their "J" is pronounced as "Y;" yet the next generation brought it forth as the half-Dutch and half-English Yahn-keeze. ? There are those, of course, who claim this is all nonsense. It was the Mohawks of New York who came up with the word. Supposedly, they were so dumb that Yankees was the way they heard the word "English." No? Nobody's that stupid. But they, and almost everyone in Dixie, continued using it almost as a swearword.

Come to think of it, with October here?? so don't we.

Bob Cole is a frequent contributor, OCC Member and retired History Professor. He has traveled the world and enjoys adding a bit of humor to history

Old Colony Club

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A Gentleman's Club

*An establishment for social
meetings and other non
profitable purposes*

We're on the WEB
www.oldcolonyclub.org

Some Thoughts from Don Brown, 1st VP

Fellow members of the Old Colony Club. I am sitting here reflecting on the enjoyable time everyone seemed to have at Past President's Night. Soon Tony will be joining the ranks of Past President's and it will be my turn at the plate. I am looking forward to December 22 with a mixture of anticipation and anxiety. I know the nominating committee has been hard at work selecting members to present to the body as nominees to fill the Officers and Executive Committee positions. I know they will make wise decisions with their nominees. I have already been given a few suggestions for next year and I invite all of you to share your thoughts and ideas for the Club with me. The building is still in need of a lot of work and we may want to consider redoing one of the rooms or hallways this coming year. The exterior of the building is also in need of a little attention. I enjoy history and traditions and the Old Colony Club is filled with both. I will do my best to maintain those traditions and will seek your advice and guidance in doing so. Keep up the good work Tony, you are almost there. DB

Mailing Address Line 1
Mailing Address Line 2
Mailing Address Line 3
Mailing Address Line 4
Mailing Address Line 5

STORM OF '98... CONTINUED

Church services were abandoned that Sunday, and along the shore, *"the scene was both fearful and fascinating. Water Street was impassable with a schooner lying across it at one point, and the bridge across Town Brook having galloped upstream until it rested behind J.C. Fuller's drug store (at 46 Market Street, about where the bridge begins today). Beside it lay a portion of the Columbus Pavilion."*

The heavy surf had rolled over the beach for over a mile, undermining the cottages, and the fierce gale rolled them over into the harbor where they went into pieces and drifted across, masses of wreckage.

Besides the Columbus Pavilion, only one summer cottage remained to tell of the summer resort which had formerly stood there. And both these standing structures were almost complete ruins.

For over a mile, what had been a substantial sand ridge was now a low bar. According to some fishermen who had been caught on the beach

(two boys also lost their lives that day) during the storm the waves first excavated the sand under the cottages. Then the wind, getting underneath either blew the buildings bodily into the water, or in some cases, *"sent them up like balloons, high in the air, where they burst, scattering their contents far and wide"*.

Possibly if the Beach itself had not washed so completely away it might have been rebuilt in a short time. But the bar was so low that the government stepped in and in 1899 built a breakwater at an expense of a quarter million dollars to save Plymouth Harbor as there was grave danger of the entire bar going out.

Eventually, with the action of the breakwater, the Beach built itself up to its former level, but it has never since the storm been a resort. Possibly the memory of that complete loss 40 years ago is a deterrent.

Old Colony Memorial 10/11/1941