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AmeriCorps Cape Cod
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WAYPOINT

AmeriCorps Cape Cod

Year 12

Spring Issue

Surviving Winter:
A Photo Essay

Claming Land
for Conservation

The Importance
of Layering

Simple lessons for dressing
appropriately for any kind of
weather coming your way

If You Need To
Get Something Done...



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Sanity in a 6x6 Square

By Becky Gillis

Peace Art

The art of origami is an ancient form of paper folding that originated from China during the first century. It was then developed further in Japan during the sixth century. Very little paper was available during that time period and so origami was practiced only by wealthy families. Over time, the process of paper making became easier and therefore paper became a cheaper commodity. Instructions on how to fold origami had never been written down in those days; it was taught to each generation and then passed down to the next. It wasn't until 1797, when the first set of origami instructions were written down and published in a book called How to Fold 1,000 Cranes. In Japan, the crane was considered a sacred bird and it was believed that if a person folded 1,000 paper cranes they would be granted one wish. The crane is also known as the global symbol for peace.

Between the 8th and 11th centuries, origami made its way into Spain and the rest of Western Europe. Then, eventually it spread to England and the United States during the 1900s. It is the simple form of paper folding, a hobby open to anyone with a bit of patience, a lot of paper, and some free time.

I remember growing up and seeing people making the crane and various frogs. But it wasn't until this past October when I really saw the beauty in folding paper. My older brother actually first got into paper folding and for my 23rd birthday he sent me a spectacular piece of art. It is called the Kusudama or Ornate Ball and is made out of multiple separately folded flowers. Each flower is a different color, some are on shiny metallic paper and others are multicolored. Although I haven't been practicing origami for very long, I feel like I have made some pretty wonderful works of art. I've made a curtain of cherry blossoms which I hung from a clothes hanger and put on the wall in our Bourne bedroom. I've also made many roses, lilies, cherry blossoms, hearts, animals, and much more! For this year's Valentine's Day I made a bunch of hearts and mailed them to family and friends. Origami also makes for a great birthday present. For Laura Notarangelo's birthday I made her a beautiful lotus flower. Some of the animals that I have made include a dog, owl, an elephant, a panda bear, as well as the Japanese crane. There is something calming and relaxing about sitting in my bunk bed at the house and folding paper into different shapes. I love how the housemates respond saying "You made that?" or "That's amazing!" It really brings me joy. Hopefully I will continue the tradition of folding paper and maybe be able to teach others.

WAYPOINT

Tranquility
Paper Crane

AmeriDoku

By Keith Hopkins

		M		I	E			O
	A			M		R		
		I	R				A	
M							R	K
		A		D	O			I
O		E				A		
		R			U	I		
K	M					E	O	
			K	A			U	

Instructions: It's like Sudoku, but with letters.
The word is AMERIDOKU.



What's
on our
Bulletin
Board?



Power Bread

Forgetting one cup of flour when making this recipe is Caroline's biggest baking failure to date. Simply dubbed "Banana Bread" in the Moosewood Cookbook, we renamed the loaf due to its inclusion of bananas soaked in strong, black coffee. What could be better for with your breakfast, afternoon, or evening cup-a-joe?

Combine the following ingredients in a small bowl and set aside:

- 2 cups well-mashed, overripe bananas
- 1 cup strong, black coffee

Next, beat the following ingredients in a large bowl, beginning with sugar or honey and butter, and adding the eggs one at a time; add the remaining ingredients, and beat until light in color:

- 1 ½ cups melted butter
- 1 ¾ cup brown sugar (or 1 1/2 cups honey)
- 4 eggs, room temperature
- 2 ½ tsp vanilla extract
- ½ tsp almond extract
- Grated rind of 1 orange

Then, combine the following ingredients in a medium bowl:

- 2 cups whole wheat flour
- 2 cups white flour
- 1 tsp salt
- 1/2 tsp baking soda
- 3 tsp baking powder
- 1 tsp nutmeg
- 2 tsp cinnamon

Add flour mixture and banana stuff alternately to the butter mixture, beginning and ending with flour (flour-to-banana-flour-banana-flour). After each addition mix gently to combine, but do not beat or otherwise overmix—this toughens and dries a cake. Generously butter and flour 2 loaf pans. Divide batter and bake at 350 F. for 40-50 minutes or until done. Cool 10 minutes in the pan then remove to wire rack to finish cooling.



Sips of Salvation

By Laura Notarangelo

Everyone has their own morning habit to help them get up and get going. For some, it might involve hitting snooze multiple times on their alarm. For others, it's semiconsciously inhaling the scent of bacon being fried up downstairs in the Bourne house. If you're like me, the prospect of a steaming cup of java may be just the much-needed motivation to crawl out of bed. One place all members can agree on for a tasty drink served with a smile year round is Nirvana Coffee Company, conveniently located on Main Street in Barnstable Village, just a mere crosswalk away from the County complex.

Nirvana ranks high on my list of coffee shops for many reasons. Along with its cozy atmosphere (fireplace! sofa! little mosaic circular tables!), there is a perk for those who bring in their own reusable mug. It only costs \$1 to fill it up! Benefiting the environment while saving money? I'm sold. If you like your coffee with a flavor shot, fear not. Besides offering a mind-numbingly long list of choices, this order at Nirvana will only set you back one dollar too.

I would like to remark on the power of Nirvana to entice AmeriCorps members to think creatively. When challenged by our own Emma Snellings at a recent Wet Fest to develop a new water-related lesson plan in five minutes with an assortment of random craft supplies, we quickly put our brainpower to work. Entitled "Mammal 911", I am proud to say my group devised a lesson on marine mammal strandings and how to respond. After each group did a quick presentation, all twenty-six members voted on whose was the best. As one of two winning teams, my group is the recipient of a lovely prize dubbed "the Gab Tab", after Gab Belfit of the Cape Cod Commission, originator of all things Wet Fest. This tab gives us the hookup at Nirvana, where each member on the winning teams gets \$2 worth of coffee. Thanks Gab!

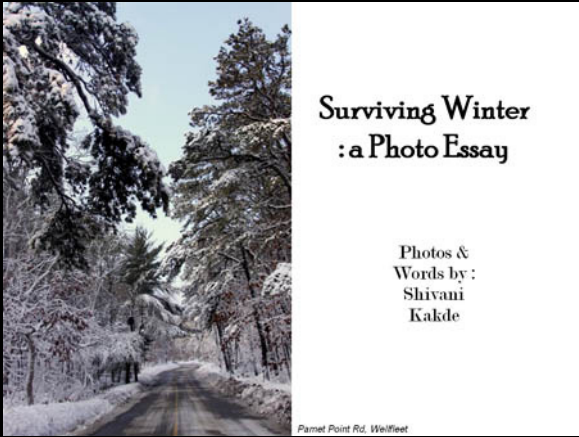
Two simple words best describe the final reason why I daydream in beans: butterscotch latte. What could be better on a clear, brisk Cape Cod morning than a creamy, dreamy concoction of espresso, steamed milk, and butterscotch? Besides the comfort of one's electric blanket coated bed, not much. Go. I insist. The perfectly sweet butterscotch that lines the bottom of your cup will have you humming a tune of caffeine-induced delight all day.



Hot Coffee



1



3



5



7



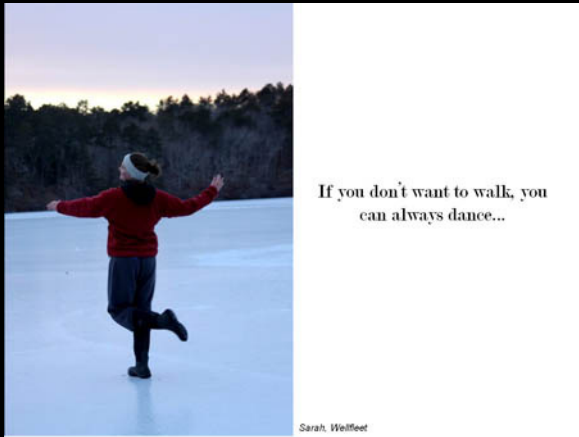
2



4



6



8



Goodreads: Facebook for Books
by Eva Ward

I know what you did after you received and promptly read your last Waypoint. Inspired by the greatness of the Wellfleet library, you decided to check out your local branch. You hopped into your car (or jumped on your bike, or maybe even donned your roller blades) and you were off, head filled with visions of the classic literature and inspiring non-fiction, waiting for you at your destination. You parked (or locked up your bike or threw your blades into your backpack) and marched through the front doors.

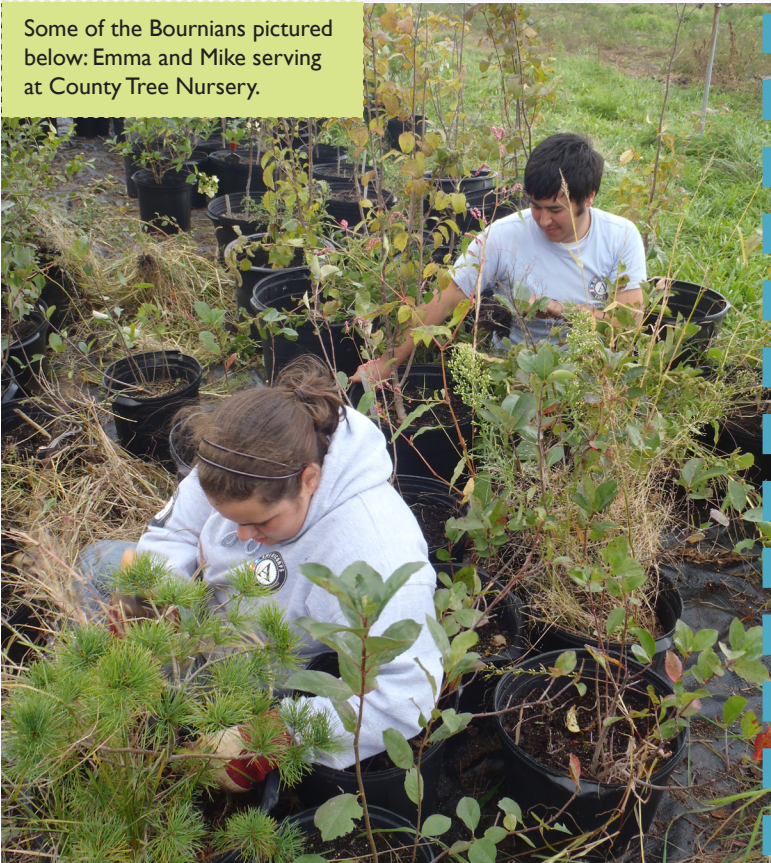
And immediately, you were overwhelmed. Shelf upon shelf, row upon row, thousands of books, spines labeled with a cryptic letter and number combination. You quickly realized that fiction is organized by author (what's the name of that guy whose book has that picture on its cover?), and non-fiction by subject (which book on roller blade repair and maintenance is the best?). Beyond that, you were lost. What's a reader to do?

Well, first, if you are actually standing in the library, go ask the librarian for help. If, however, you haven't made it there yet, log onto www.goodreads.com. This site allows you to make an account to keep track of (and review) which books you have read, are currently reading, and plan to read. The site also allows you to see which books are on the shelves of your friends (think Facebook, but for books). Finally, for those times when you are stuck in a reading rut, there's a feature called listopia, which allows members to vote for their favorite books; with categories such as "Best Vampire Books," however, these lists may not be the most reliable recommendations for literary inspiration.

What are AmeriCorps Cape Cod members reading?

Lisa Buchs: Alone in the Kitchen with an Eggplant by Jenni Ferrari-Adler; On the Road by Jack Kerouac; Bringing It to the Table by Wendell Berry; An American Childhood by Annie Dillard
Alisha Caron: Silent Spring by Rachel Carson
Yashika Dewani: The Tipping Point by Malcolm Gladwell
Monica Lambert: Ahab's Wife; Or, The Star-gazer by Sena Jeter Naslund; Garbage Land: On the Secret Trail of Trash by Elizabeth Royte; The Omnivore's Dilemma by Michael Pollan; Cradle to Cradle: Remaking the Way We Make Things by William McDonough
Caroline Walden: Moby Dick by Herman Melville; A Confederacy of Dunces by John Kennedy Toole
Eva Ward: The Friday Night Knitting Club by Kate Jacobs, The Kitchen Garden by Alan Buckingham, Little Women by Louisa May Alcott

Some of the Bournians pictured below: Emma and Mike serving at County Tree Nursery.



The Great Migration
By Matt LePere

How do you get from Central Florida to Cape Cod in a day and a half, by only putting 500 miles on your car? Easy.

Auto-train.

Auto-what? That was my reaction too when my dad proposed the idea in lieu of driving my newly, mile restricted leased Hyundai. I had never heard of such a contraption before. A train for your car, or was it a car for your train? I had no idea, so the only logically avenue of exploration was Wikipedia. Naturally, all of my questions were quickly and efficiently answered. I was down to Auto-train.

After weeks of anticipation and hours of packing, the day was upon us. My dad and I set out after lunch to catch our 3 o'clock train, about an hour or so away. Amtrak took my shiny new tin box away from me as I boarded the train. Soon enough the train was rolling and we were on our way to the Cape.

The trip from Orlando to Lorton, VA took us about 15 hours, arriving first thing Saturday morning. Much to our surprise, it was a rather chilly morning in Virginia, causing me to wish I had packed a jacket, perhaps a sign of things to come. Into the staging area we went, waiting for our ticket number to be called and pick up the car. Over the PA we heard, "74, 74".

"That's us!" I said, and onto the car we went. After a quick scratch check, GPS set-up, and playlist queuing, we were off. Making our way through D.C., I saw flags everywhere at half-mast, only then remembering it was Sept. 11, a sobering experience to say the least. Once we got past the hustle and bustle of the capital, we made quick work of Maryland and Delaware. Next up, Jersey.

We stopped at a Jersey-Pike gas station to fill up. It was the first time I received full service at a gas station in, well, just about ever. I was caught off guard and it was an odd experience all around. Not to mention the 3 dollar cheeseburger from the food court.

Suffering the long drive up the Jersey Pike we made our way into the meadowlands. What a terrible looking place. Industrial complex's backed by grasslands meadows and death. The only thing I couldn't keep my eyes off was the new Jets/Giants stadium. She sure is pretty.

After New Jersey, we made our way into the Big Apple. Not only did we get to drive through D.C. on the 11th, but we were fortunate enough to visit NYC as well. Also, a sobering experience.

Almost habitually, I found The Strokes on my iPod and blasted the home town heroes all the way to Connecticut. With a stop just inside Connecticut, my Dad took the wheel and I took a nap. I woke up to a lovely coastal drive along Long Island Sound. I took the wheel into Hartford, where we set up camp for the night.

The following morning around seven, I dropped the old man off at the airport to head back to the Sunshine State as I returned to the hotel to get ready for the final leg of my journey. Around mid-morning, after some hotel yoga, I was on my way to the Cape.

Up into Central Mass I went, down 495 all the way to the Cape. Immediately upon my arrival I was met with what was the first of many rotaries of the New England experience. No rotaries in Florida, too many old people. Through the Bourne rotary I went, speeding along 28 hoping not to be late.

After some confusion with a parking cone and what appeared to be a driveway, I parked my car right on the front lawn and unloaded my belongings. With a helping hand from Kevin Denney, my car was unloaded and off the grass in no time at all. I got the parking lot thing down and settled into my new home.

The trip was over, but my journey had just begun.

First Snow Storm

By Matt LePere

Twas the week before Christmas and all through the Cape,
Not a Floridian believed what a snow storm could make
The cars were backed in, with the greatest of care
In hopes that the first snowfall, soon would be there

The members were anxious, a fire was roaring
Some went to bed early, kept me up with their snoring
Nestled under the cover of electric heat
The snow storm and I would finally meet

When the members awoke, all eyes on the lawn
Would this be the day, I so desperately longed
The TV was on, airing reports and closures
My first snow day, was drawing ever closer

The clock struck nine, we were handed the news
"The county is closed", now what to do?
Put on some coffee, for even I knew it
In a matter of moments, we'd be shoveling through it

I in my bomber, Kevin his fowlies
Shoveling for our cars, little snow free alleys
How would it handle, I could not know
First time driving, in the fresh white snow

All was ok, the car was alive
There was no denying, a nervous first drive
The work was over, but the day still young
A snowman, some sledding, all sounded like fun

The fire inside, it drew me in close
But first, to take off my cold, wet clothes
A second coffee, Instant Netflix queue
I now knew, what I was to do

The movies were on, blankets which hovered
Cold toes and fingers, warmth to recover
Too wet to go sledding, too cold to have fun
How I longed to be, in the warm Florida sun

And so it did seem, that this the longest time
Until I'd again, bask in the sunshine
But that was then and this is now
I survived the storm, but have no idea how



Going for Gold

By Eva Ward

I think it's safe to say that there has always been a friendly rivalry between the two AmeriCorps houses. This spring, the Year 12 members of the Wellfleet and Bourne houses will be competing in our own Olympic Games to finally settle the score, once and for all (or at least until next year). The Games open after the 100th WetFest on March 25 and will conclude over the end-of-year retreat, held in mid-June; luckily, alumni will have a chance to compete for their former house during the Alumni Reunion! Each house has five events of their choosing and a majority of house members must be present for official Olympic play. Stay tuned for play-by-plays and highlights in the next edition of the Waypoint!

Bourne

Card and Board Games
Bar Games
Video Games
Kickball
To be determined...

Wellfleet

Volleyball
Tug-of-War
Capture the Flag
Dodgeball
Kickball



9

Overall Frozen ponds are fun to walk, dance, and play frisbee on, especially with good friends!



Just be careful of how many friends, if you hear cracking RUN!!!

New Hampshire

10



If ice is not your thing, you can still climb trees, just don't forget your thick gloves!

Pfeil, Wellfleet

11



Practicing your high-kicks is an important way of staying fit through the winter. You never know when you just might need to kick someone!

Monica & Pfeil, Wellfleet

12

But nothing is better than a good old fashioned snowball fight with your housemates!

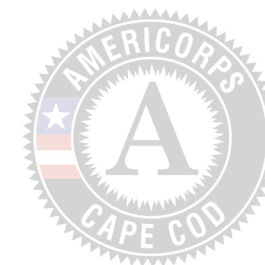


Wellfleet House



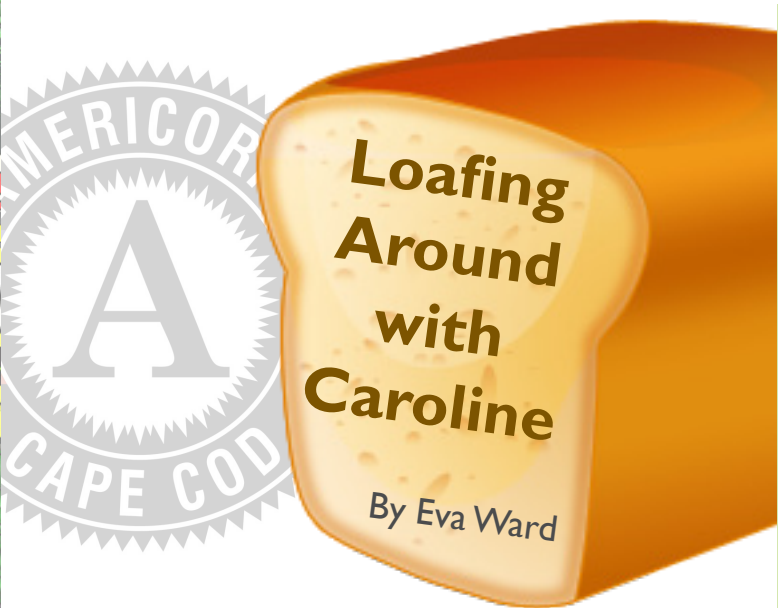
A DAY OF NATURAL HISTORY

BY SARAH DRERUP



I LOVE SCIENCE. FACT. SO YOU CAN IMAGINE MY EXCITEMENT WHEN I LEARNED THAT AMERICORPS CAPE COD WOULD COVER MY REGISTRATION FEE FOR THE 16TH ANNUAL CAPE COD NATURAL HISTORY CONFERENCE! THE EVENT WAS HELD MARCH 12, 2011 AT THE CAPE COD COMMUNITY COLLEGE AND WAS FUNDED BY MASS AUDUBON AT WELFLEET BAY. THE DAY CONSISTED OF TWELVE, TWENTY-MINUTE PRESENTATIONS ON A RANGE OF TOPICS FROM ORGANIZING A BIOBLITZ TO MOLA MOLA STRANDINGS. PRESENTERS TRAVELED FROM ACROSS THE CAPE AND WERE AFFILIATED WITH A VARIETY OF FEDERAL, STATE, LOCAL AND NON-PROFIT ENVIRONMENTAL ORGANIZATIONS. I WAS ECSTATIC TO LEARN OF ALL THE RESEARCH PROJECTS BEING CONDUCTED BY BOTH PROFESSIONAL AND CITIZEN SCIENTISTS AROUND THE CAPE!





Loafing Around with Caroline

By Eva Ward

Walk into the Wellfleet House on any given Sunday and chances are the air will be perfumed with the smell of the freshly-baked honey wheat sandwich loaf, cooling on the center island of the kitchen. Or maybe it's espresso-laced banana bread. Or crusty European-style hard rolls. In any case, the smell can likely be attributed to Caroline. She is, after all, Wellfleet's resident baker extraordinaire and I, luckily, am her apprentice-slash-partner-in-crime.

Starting with the simplest recipe she could find, Caroline "just started [baking bread] one day" while at home in Vermont for winter break while she was a member last year. She brought that recipe and a growing interest in all things yeast back to the Bourne house with her. Caroline has been in the business of creating quick breads with her mom and friends for as long as she can remember but the prospect of homemade sandwich bread caused her to make the final leap into the new world of yeast breads. Quick breads, such as banana bread or zucchini bread, are leavened by the chemical reaction between the leavening agent, moisture, and heat; this reaction produces gas bubbles which are baked into the final product. The speed of the chemical reaction is also why most quick breads call for keeping dry ingredients and wet ingredients separate until just before baking. Yeast breads, on the other hand, are leavened biologically, by bacteria that feed on sugar and produce gas as a waste product. The bacteria need time to eat and excrete, which is why yeast breads typically call for a long resting period during which the dough rises. These days, Caroline makes both types of bread, quick and yeast. It's homemade yeast breads, such as her honey wheat (recipe below) which have taken the place of store-bought sandwich loafs, with which I am most interested in experimenting. The next item on Caroline's baking docket in which I plan to have a hand is traditional sourdough, which sources its yeast (and tangy flavor) from bacteria in the air rather than a paper packet. Caroline and I don't have any particular plans for upcoming quick breads, mostly because they are the result of spur-of-the-moment, "I feel like baking" kind of moods that seem to strike on dark weekday evenings and chilly weekend afternoons. Luckily, the freezer is stocked with overripe bananas, just waiting to be transformed into another one of our baked creations.

The Circle of Life: Yashika's Story

By Emma Snellings

AmeriCorps members are exposed to every part of the life-cycle on group service days. From protecting unborn piping plovers to seeing gross dead stuff; we never know what we will find when we venture out. On March 21st, Bourne House's own Yashika Dewani had a run-in with death, luckily not her own.

Walk me through what happened before you saw it.
For [a group service project with] Matt LePere's individual service project in Sandwich, I had to take a rake and clean out a herring run [with six other members]. Matt was all like, "Man, what is that smell?" and he was pointing to where it was. It looked like a tree root but it smelled super fishy.

How big was it?
About 3.5 inches in diameter. It was pretty long. I thought it was tree root rotting away but it was not.

Did you realize it was a dead eel before you picked it up?
No, not until it was too late.

What did it look like?
When I went over to it, it was sort of white, which is why I thought it was not an eel. When I picked it up I found out it was actually black, but because it was rotting away the black part was deteriorating so you could see the interior white stuff. You could see that its head was sliced off and missing, so it was bloody on one end.

Eel predators include larger fish and gulls. They are also harvested for human consumption. Yashika is not under suspicion for this eel's death because of the eel's state of decomposition and Yashika's vegetarianism.

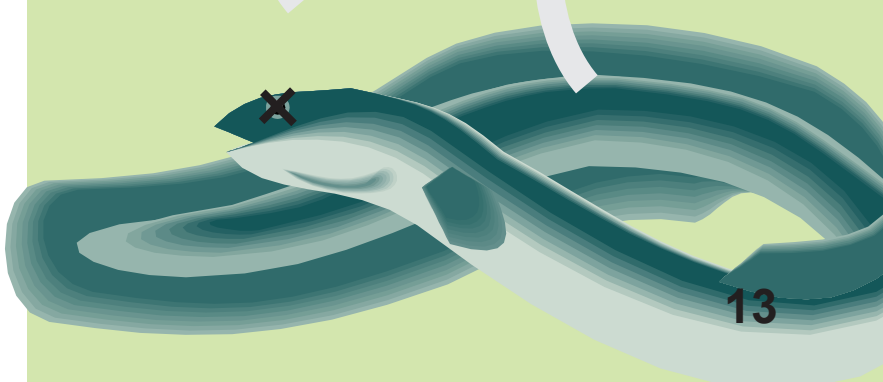
What did you think when you first saw it?
Oh my god my gloves! I felt pretty gross.

Did any eel juice soak through your gloves?
Oh my gosh, maybe, I don't know, that's so disgusting to think about.

How long did you freak out about it?
All day. I came back and took a shower and washed my hands a ton. Until I fell asleep, all I could think about was the smell.

(Note: As Yashika's roommate, I can corroborate that she was thinking and talking about the eel for a long time)

Moral of the story: Poke stuff with a rake before you pick it up.



Claiming Land for Conservation

By Stephanie Kramer

Walking through the wilderness of Harwich with a back pack full of stakes looking for property boundaries I am reminded of gold rush pioneers claiming land they thought was the most valuable. One of my main projects at my Individual Placement with the Harwich Conservation Trust and the Harwich Department of Natural Resources has been property mapping and monitoring of conservation lands. Even though conservation lands have been set aside for protection, the boundaries can remain unclear. This past winter, a group of volunteers and I worked to find, mark, and map every bound at HCT's 60-acre Bank St. Bogs Nature Preserve. This dedicated group went out in the brutal cold tramping through greenbrier essentially looking for a needle in a haystack most of the time. After finding the boundaries, we then place signs correctly at the border to identity the property as conservation land. My experience with natural resource management though this program has shown me why this groundwork is so important. When it comes to protecting land, simply setting it aside is not enough. Whether it be a neighbor dumping leaf litter over their border close to a herring run, kids abusing a nature preserve, or invasive plant species, conservation land needs to be protected. It takes dedicated individuals to go out into these wild lands and do the important hard work of reclaiming the land.



Wildlife and Nature Photography

By Brigit Arell

I started taking photographs when I was eight or nine, since then photography has been one of my favorite hobbies. I thought that since Cape Cod is one of the most beautiful places, at least to me, that I would give some photography tips.

- 1) An alarm clock- So that you wake up early to get the good early morning shots.
- 2) Rubber boots or hip waders-To get the necessary angles for your shot, even if it means getting in the water.
- 3) A shower cap and garbage bag- The shower caps they give you at hotels make great emergency rain hoods for a camera body or lens.
- 4) Extra batteries and film/memory-Just incase you run out of space for photos.
- 5) A headlamp or flashlight- so that you can find your way in the dark in the morning on the hike out to your location or on the walk back to the car at night.
- 6) A compass or GPS unit- just incase you get lost
- 7) quality outdoor clothing- make sure to dress for many weather conditions, as we all know conditions can change quickly on cape cod so wear layers.

Remember to get the pretty pictures that you want you need to take some risks! Be prepared to get your feet wet and wake up early. I hope that these tips will help you get the nature shots that you are looking for!

Honey Wheat Bread

Caroline got this recipe from Wellfleet's House Supervisor Lisa, and it is the only bread she makes consistently. It's great for slicing warm out of the oven on Sunday, for sandwiches for the week, and for toast for the weekend. The recipe yields two loaves; if that's too much for you, half the recipe or freeze the extra loaf (wrapped in plastic wrap and then aluminum foil) after baking.

Dissolve the following ingredients in a large bowl:

- 2 packets yeast
- 1 tsp white sugar
- ½ cup warm water

Combine the following ingredients and then add them to the yeast mixture:

- 1 ½ cups milk
- ¾ cup water
- ¾ cup melted butter
- ¾ cup honey
- 2 tsp salt
- 2 cups whole wheat flour

Let the dough rest for 15 minutes.

Add 3 cups of bread flour until a ball forms, then knead 10 minutes. Let the dough rise 45 minutes or until it doubles in volume. Punch down the dough, divide it into two 9x5 loaf pans, and let the dough rise another 30 minutes. Bake the two pans at 375F for 25-35 minutes along with a small pan of water in the oven.





Wellfleet Bathroom Garden

by Caroline Walden

A 250 year old house that has withstood the wear and tear of 14 AmeriCorps members for 12 years, the Le Hac House certainly has character. The quirks of the members and the quirks of the house create a truly unique living situation. It never ceases to amaze me how 14 people can cram so much into such a small space and still get along so well. (When we cleaned the refrigerators out last week I was baffled by the amount of food that lay sprawled across the kitchen as we scrubbed the innards of the fridges.) When I tell friends that I live with 13 other people, there is a 92.7% chance their reaction will include a question about how many bathrooms the 14 of us must share, to which I proudly respond: "two!" Now, it was not always like this. At one point in time, way back in the fall, there were three functioning toilets and two functioning showers. However, the very old and very worn septic system has finally begun to "poop out" (if you catch my drift...), recently rendering the bathroom off the kitchen unfit for waste disposal. Rather than letting the sunniest room in the house lay fallow, Eva and I have turned the bathroom into our very own greenhouse.

Using containers that we scavenged from the recycling bin and the shed, we planted our seeds on a cold February evening. In a plastic container that once held a baby spinach mix from Shaw's we seeded (yep, you guessed it) spinach. In large plastic salad bowls leftover from our MLK Day lunch, we planted a mesclun mix. There is also a large tray of kale and an old Folger's container of chives. Initially, we were concerned that the room would be too cold for the seeds to germinate. However, to our surprise, the kale popped up right away and has been growing rapidly. The spinach and mesclun mix took a few more days, but when they poked their little heads above the surface of the container soil we welcomed them with joy. Unfortunately, the chives have yet to make an appearance and we pretty much given up hope on them. But that's ok because the fury with which the kale has been growing makes up for this loss. We hope to be able to harvest most of the leaves in a few weeks for a yummy salad or two and we are also planning on transplanting a few plants to the garden beds outside the greenhouse.

As the weather becomes milder, we will be making our way out of the bathroom and outside to tend to some greenhouse repairs and spring planting (beans, peas, cucumbers, arugula, lettuce, and radishes). In the meantime, however, we will continue to seek respite and take tremendous pride in our burgeoning bathroom garden. We just hope that our housemates remember not to "water" the plants themselves.





This is a picture of Shivani after taking the plunge into the icy waters for the Polar Plunge sponsored by the Chatham Fire Department during their annual April Fools Day challenge. The benefit was put together to raise money for local teenager Kevin Fitzgerald who was diagnosed with Leukemia in February.

Thursday Night Lights

By Eva Ward

By the time I get home from service on Thursday, when COD Day and my IP are behind me, and just one more day of group service until the weekend, I have little desire to do anything but settle in for a quiet evening at home. So I make a quick dinner (usually leftovers from house dinner on Wednesday), read the paper (mostly the circulars from the grocery stores), and apprehensively wait for the moment that I will have to make the most critical decision of the week--the moment when Sarah walks in the door and asks, "Are you going to volleyball?"

When my answer is yes, I join Sarah and Pfeif (and sometimes Shivani) on the trek to the Harwich Community Center, where a motley crew of Cape Codders congregates every Thursday night for an evening of passing, setting, hitting, sweating, and trash talking. Most of the players are older gentlemen, but among the regulars are former high school and college coaches, fishermen, landscapers, retirees, high school students, a transportation planner, a social worker, and of course, AmeriCorps volunteers. The gym is split in half by a dividing curtain, with a net set up on either side to create two courts. Teams of five, six, or seven form, depending on how many players show up on the given night. The rules are simple: rally scoring, call your own fouls, and losers walk. And although the gym is only reserved from 7:30 to 9:30pm, game play typically starts by 7:15pm and, to the chagrin of the janitor, doesn't conclude until the building closes at 10pm. In addition to regaining old skills and remastering various positions, I have learned an age-old truth: never underestimate the strength, endurance, and agility of your opponents, especially when they are grey-haired men and you are playing volleyball.



Foul Weather Friends

By Laura Notarangelo

Hanging up amongst rows of waders, piles of gloves, helmets, and gray sweatshirts are two items vital to AmeriCorps members: our foulies. These **bright orange PVC coated jackets and pants** were something I originally disliked, but over the past few weeks I have grown to appreciate my foulies more than I ever thought possible. Orange may not be my color, but if it's the secret to staying dry and toasty on a service day, count me in.

Although I haven't worn the pants (yet), this jacket with its oversized, boxy cut, double rows of silver snaps, and a hood that sometimes doesn't want to stay put, is one item I have repeatedly been grateful for. One especially gloomy Monday group service day consisted of the Bourne house members going out with Tom Marcotti on a shellfishing mission. Undeterred by the constant pounding rain, we all gamely suited up in waders, long gloves, and of course, the foulies. As we trudged along a path in the woods, I couldn't help but smile at the sight of all these crazy orange people with their long rakes ready to get things done. Alas, the tides weren't cooperating and we eventually had to turn back. There were no complaints of the rain plastering our faces, instead, we were disappointed we didn't get to clean the quahog baskets and straighten them out in the water. Despite their resemblance to prison garb (from a distance!), these two pieces of clothing have seen their share of cold and wet Cape Cod days, with tired AmeriCorps members to match. Wearing a foulie jacket is like spending the afternoon with your sibling: they may annoy you and they're definitely not your first choice for a fun outing, but they're reliable when you call on them and you can distance yourself from them at the end of the day. Plus, my jacket has a cat patch on the back of it, which would cheer up anybody in a down-pour.

If You Need to Get Something Done...

By Tom Vohoska

If you need something to get done,
Then you will probably think of asking AmeriCorps Cape Cod for help.

If you ask an AmeriCorps member to get something done,
They will ask you what needs to be done.

When you tell them they need to remove invasive plants (like green briar and bitter "not so" sweet),
They will probably want some loppers.

If you give an AmeriCorps member loppers,
They will probably want a handsaw.

If they get a handsaw they probably will want a handsaw case just to be safe.

If you give them a handsaw case they will ask for some work gloves because they know it is better to be safe than sorry.

If you give the member work gloves they probably remember how much it hurt to get poked in the eye and they will ask for safety glasses.

If you give them safety glasses,
They will be all set with equipment and work for hours upon hours without complaining.

After they work for hours without complaining they will probably finish ahead of schedule and ask what else needs to be done.

After you get over your amazement of how efficient and effective these AmeriCorps members are you may think of some other projects for that day (which they will probably complete).

After the day has ended, everyone will head home pleased with what has been accomplished.

Decades, years, months, weeks, days, hours, minutes and seconds into the future when you know you need to get something done you will definitely remember the AmeriCorps members that assisted in the past.

And then you will probably think I need to get something done,
Then you probably will ask an AmeriCorps Cape Cod member for help.

CAPE COD NATIONAL SEASHORE

CONTROLLED BURNS



BY MICHAEL EASTER



CACO FIRE CREW



The Importance of Layering

By Erin Daniels

When I was first accepted into AmeriCorps Cape Cod, everyone told me that New England winters were very different from Southern California winters, and to be prepared for some very cold weather. I had grown up skiing, so I was pretty confident that I could survive one New England winter by using my technique of layering that I have been using while skiing for years. What I was not expecting, however, was that there are quite a few people who have never been introduced to the glorious concept of layering. This article is designed to explain how to correctly use layering, in order to maximize warmth and survive a New England winter.

One of the most important things to know about the proper use of layering is that cotton kills. Cotton is a very practical fabric for most anything, unless it is working (and sweating) in colder climates, like the Cape during the winter. Cotton, when it gets damp (either by sweat or some other means) does not dry quickly, but stays damp and leaches the warmth out of our bodies. Once cotton is damp, it will not hold your body heat any more, but acts like a shell that keeps you cold. Damp cotton actually cools down your core, so your body can no longer generate enough heat to keep you warm. The down side of this is that all of our work clothes happen to be cotton. The best way I have come across to minimize the killing effects of damp cotton is to wear a good synthetic base layer (the layer that is closest to your body is called a base layer, and a synthetic layer is something that is not cotton. Some examples of warm synthetic base layers are: wool, silk, or some type of poly fabric layer), both under your work pants as well as under your "A" on top. One of my personal favorites is Hot Chillys. This brand has synthetic long underwear that is very thin, but also very warm. I use a Hot Chillys top and bottom as my base layer, along with a nice thick pair of wool or smartwool type socks. The light weight duo fits comfortably under all of my other layers and the socks keep my feet warm, even if my feet get a bit damp throughout the day. This allows the cotton to stay off of my skin, thus minimizing, but not completely erasing, the effects of damp cotton on the body.

The next layer I use is a short sleeved "A" (just in case the weather happens to be warmer, I can just take off my layers and have short sleeves on in which to work comfortably). After the short sleeved "A" I use a long sleeved "A". This also helps in the case of the day being warmer than expected, and having to wear an "A" whenever we serve. The next layers can be a bit trickier. Depending on how the weather is looking, there are several possibilities I have come up with, in order to maximize the warmth of layers. If the day is looking very cold and wet and/or snowy, the next layer I wear is a fleece (generally the pull-over-your-head kind, and not a fleece jacket), because I add even more layers afterwards. If the weather is looking cold, but not as cold, wet, or snowy as it could be, I will just wear an AmeriCorps sweatshirt, which is cotton and a carhartt-type jacket on top of that. If the weather is looking wet, cold, and snowy however, then I do not wear the cotton sweatshirt, because it will get wet and then, cotton kills. If you get especially cold, then you can also add a heavy weight, long sleeved synthetic shirt over the long sleeved "A", then add the fleece. After the fleece, I add a heavy weight fleece jacket (my personal favorite is the Monkey women/man fleece jacket by Mountain Hardware, because it is very warm and comfortable. The down side to this jacket is that it will not keep the wind out as an outer layer, so heads up). After that, I wear a carhartt-type jacket, because it is durable and can stand up to the kind of work we do. It will also keep out most of the wind, however on an especially biting cold and windy day, I will also wear my rain jacket or foulie over that, which completely keeps out the wind. Another option, if you get especially cold, is a down jacket that you don't mind being a work jacket (it will get ruined). The down is extremely warm, but if down gets wet, it does not hold warmth anymore. The reason for this is due to the air pockets between the feathers inside the jacket. Your body warmth warms up the air pockets between the down, and the feathers hold the heat in. When down gets wet, there are no longer any air pockets between the down, so it cannot hold the heat in anymore. A simple way to remedy the moisture problem is to wear your rain jacket or foulie over the down jacket, in order to keep out any moisture that may cause the down to no longer hold in heat.

As a last precaution, I always have a pair of rain pants in my pack so that if the day is especially windy and cold, I can put on the rain pants, which keeps the wind from blowing through my carhartt pants and allows my long underwear to continue to keep me warm. I usually do not wear more than three layers on the bottom, because my upper body always gets much colder than my lower body. However if your lower body gets cold easily, you can add a mid to heavy weight long underwear layer between the lightweight base layer, and your carhartt pants.

To top off the perfect layering job, always have a hat (one that covers your ears is especially nice), and glove liners. The hat is very important because much of our body heat escapes through the top of our head, and a hat keeps you surprisingly warm. Another nice thing to have is a pair of good glove liners. Since we wear work gloves and need to be able to use our hands for work, glove liners really keep your hands warm and fit nicely into your work gloves. Glove liners are thin, so you still have movement in your hands, but are also good when you need a little extra movement in your hands (ex: when your shoelace comes untied), because you can take off your work gloves, but still have something to keep your hands from completely freezing. This awesome layering system has helped me to survive the cold New England winter, and will hopefully help you to stay warm in the coming winters.

