

http://www.rdoac.org/ameriCorps/

**US OUT ONLINE!
CHECK**



inside...

Opening Day.	Page 2
COD Day Flying Fish Review	Page 3
Diary of a WETfest	Page 4
Library Event Night Double Dragon Inn Review	Page 5
Group Service	Pages 6&7
Wellfleet Oysterfest	Page 8
A Frightening Memoir	Page 9
Cape Cod Marathon Relay	Page 10
Recipe	Page 11
Top 10!	Page 12

AmeriCorps Cape Cod
PO Box 427
Barnstable, MA 02630



Top Ten Ways to Know that you have been Incorporated to AmeriCorps now:

By Chelsea Clarke

10. The stocking stuffers you are hoping for this year include a wader patch-kit, boot wax, and something that as a kid you never thought you would be capable of earnestly wishing for: new socks. (Smartwool, preferably)
9. As you consider the upcoming WET-fest, suddenly school vending machines and whether their contents really do make children more hyper, become issues of most pressing concern to you.
8. You tried your first oyster this year because after seeding them for hours on end, you find yourself thinking that there must be a secret that is stealthily concealed by a generally horrifying texture.
7. Your deft lopper and chainsaw-wielding skills give you a slight superiority complex, which you enjoy lording over your friends back home.
6. You commute in-between towns more in one week than some local residents have driven on Route 6 in the past few years.
5. "COD" is no longer just a fish or a geographical place name, but an acronym for service....which, by the way, gets you **-fired up!**
4. You are used to seeing more vehicles in your driveway than there are in some small car dealerships.
3. You are aware that a slab of raw meat thrown into a den of starving wolves has a longer lifespan than any Baked Good or Sweet Thing left upon the counter at home.
2. Upon seeing beautiful ornamental wreaths of the invasive bit-tersweet in cozy local gift shops, you dissolve into involuntary bouts of twitching.
1. **Wherever you go this year, you have some hard-Corps friends who've got your back!**

Dear Readers,

If you are holding this newsletter, you have some connection to AmeriCorps. You may be a community member on Cape Cod, and a service partner, perhaps a relative or friend of AmeriCorps member and staff. Some of you have worked with ACC for years, to others the organization is new. We, the members of AmeriCorps eighth successful year on Cape Cod, have created this newsletter with the intent of updating, informing, and educating you as to the activities we are currently engaged in.



AmeriCorps VIII Pledge to the Corps!

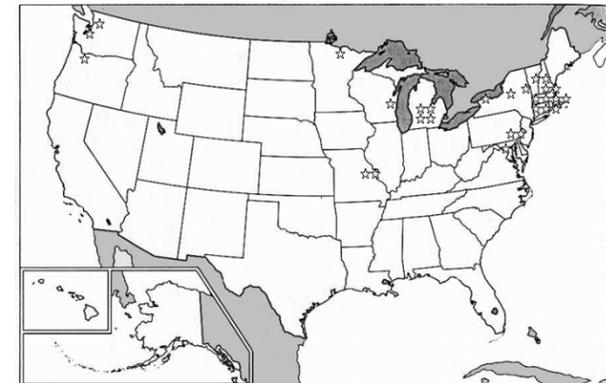
The editing and layout process was quite fun; we were touched by the creativity, humor, and diversity of writing style of our fellow Corps-members. We hope that this newsletter serves as a good indicator of what AmeriCorps members are up to—at work and at play.

Year VIII kicked off at the outset of September, and as always with the passage of time, it is both difficult to think that three months of serving together have already passed. We are continually proud to be following in the footsteps of seven years of industrious predecessors, and as the year goes on we will look forward to keeping you apprised of Year VIII's unique accomplishments and contributions to the wonderful program of AmeriCorps Cape Cod.

Caringly,

The Editors

Where is this year's Corps from?



Bourne House

- Erin Baker Rochester, NY
- Katherine Beauchamp Douglas, MA
- Tony Greenland Grand Rapids, MI
- Ben Gildehaus St. Louis, MO
- Liz Hagen Cloquet, MN
- Shane Jordan Toledo, OH
- Laura Nichols Medford, MA
- Kelly O'Neill Quincy, MA
- Melanie Richmond Chappaqua, NY
- Laura Rooney Essex, MA
- Jessica Staubach Royal Oak, MI
- Eric Sweeney, Clarkston MI
- Chris Thawley Media, PA
- Rebecca Wolfson Syracuse, NY

Wellfleet House

- Katie Anderson Buckley, WA
- Chelsea Clarke Barnstable, MA
- Meredith Cobb, St. Louis, MO
- Wesley Court, Burlington, VT
- Jason Demers Mansfield, CT
- Dana Griswold East Stroudsburg, PA
- Matt Honore West Allis, WI
- Dave Keeney Seattle, WA
- Molly Kitchel Portland, OR
- Kyle Koch Madison, NH
- Mike Platt Glastonbury, CT
- Amber Stonik Gaithersburg, MD
- Zach Sullivan Amherst, NH
- Amy Usowski Southampton, MA

Opening Day. A Time to get FIRED UP!

By Chelsea Clarke

On October 27, AmeriCorps members and staff from across the state of Massachusetts convened at Boston's Faneuil Hall to participate in AmeriCorps Opening Day 2006. The annual event is designed to kick off a year of service to the Commonwealth and the United States in a positive, energizing manner.

After a representative member from each different AmeriCorps initiative gave a brief description of his or her program, Meg Vaillancourt, the Boston Red Sox Foundation executive director and the senior vice president of Red Sox corporation relations, gave a poignant keynote speech. Vaillancourt voiced her admiration and support for attendees' roles in service and pledged continued commitment from the Boston Red Sox Foundation in its partnership with Massachusetts Service Alliance and its work through AmeriCorps.

Then, as a tangible demonstration of the morning's rally, AmeriCorps members and staff dispersed throughout Boston in



Chelsea Clarke introduces AmeriCorps Cape Cod on Opening Day.

order to perform various service projects. AmeriCorps Cape Cod personnel took the Green Line D train to the stop at Longwood, where they assisted the Emerald Necklace Conservancy in a variety of tasks at a lovely Boston park system. The service performed alongside of another Massachusetts Corps included at-

tacks on invasive species, waste removal, trail maintenance tasks, and massive amounts of high-quality leaf raking.

Overall, the day was a success in starting off the year with high morale by energizing the Massachusetts AmeriCorps community. Not only did AmeriCorps Cape Cod members have a nice day in Boston, we had the opportunity to rub shoulders with other AmeriCorps members and be inspired by the quality services that others like us are providing to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

AmeriCorps Opening Day 2006 served its purpose in simultaneously giving members and staff a sense of approbation from the community as well as personal pride in the programs to which we dedicate our time and energy.



Jessica Staubach and Ben Gildehaus, raking leaves as part of the Emerald Necklace beautification project in the afternoon of Opening Day.

CHECK IT OUT:

www.emeraldnecklace.org

Continued from Pg 10

It is sometimes amazing what you can do when you put your mind to it. Running is analogous to life in so many ways. It hurts sometimes. You get to think a lot. And in the end, you get to see your guts—what you're really made of.

AmeriCorps is about serving community and helping others. We do a lot of that, but moreover this experience provides a chance for all of us to grow in mind and body. The friendships we are all making this year living in such a tight-knit community are satisfying. While running has

proved to be a social event at times, it provides a certain need for independence as well. Just you and the road. Don't look back. One foot in front of the other and enjoy the scenery along the way.

CHECK IT OUT:

House Dinner Specials

We all know to set aside Wednesday evenings for house dinner followed by house meeting. Each week, the anticipation of sitting through an hour long house meeting can be daunting, but the house dinners we get to enjoy together before our meeting make the two hours of forced house bonding all well and worth it. In the Bourne house, we started off the year of house dinners with an elaborate feast of homemade sushi (where we were given our own personal chopsticks to use and keep!), which set the bar high for the rest of us! Other dinners included homemade pizza, Mediterranean night, crêpe night, Mexican lasagna, and more. We were all paired randomly with a cooking partner, and it can safely be said that each pair of chefs gave these dinners their all. Below is the recipe from the dinner provided by Liz Hagen and Kat Beauchamp – Nanny Hagan's famous Wild Rice soup!

Minnesotan Wild Rice Soup, with help from Liz's grandmother Nanny.

Ingredients:

1 Tbsp olive oil
2 cloves of garlic
3 celery
1 large yellow onion
3 large carrots
1 drained can of corn
2 1/2 cups of long grain wild rice, best if from Minnesota :)
1 small package of button mushrooms
1 quart of chicken stock or veggie stock
1.5 lbs of white meat chicken (optional)
1 pint of Half & Half
basil
thyme
salt and pepper
1/4- 1/2 cups flour

Guaranteed to be good

Directions:

Melt a 1/4 stick of butter with approx. a TBSP of olive oil in a large sauce pan over MED.HIGH temp. Add the onions and garlic, and let them simmer down until onions are translucent. Promptly add the carrots, celery, and mushrooms to the pot. (If using chicken, also add that now.) Let simmer, and add a few pinches of thyme, basil, salt, and pepper. Add the broth and bring to a boil. Pour in rice and turn heat to Medium temp. Let cook for 30 minutes or until rice becomes soft. Add in half & half to own discretion. Add approximately 1/4-1/2 cup of flour to thicken. Let simmer for about 15 minutes, and then taste.

Liz and Kat have prepared a feast of soup and salad and are ready for everyone to sit down and enjoy!



Bourne to Run

By Ben Gildehaus

Three months ago, I did not understand why people run. Oh yes, I had heard about those crazy little endorphins, runner's high and all of that. But for me, running should always have an immediate purpose—chasing down a ball on the hard courts or escaping a charging moose, for example. Running just to *run* never made much sense. Then I moved to AmeriCorps Cape Cod where there are no moose and running is about as common as brushing your teeth.

One of my roomies at the Bourne house, Eric, informed us that he would be training to run the Hartford Marathon in October, and he made it sound absolutely glorious. Questioning my reasoning but nevertheless inspired, I embarked upon a running regimen along with six of my housemates.

After a couple weeks, we heard through the grapevine about a 26-mile relay marathon—daunting to the novice runner, but we were brazenly unfazed. We took to regular runs along the Cape Cod Canal, hoping that the somber glisten off the water at sunset would be enough to keep us from remembering how completely out of shape we were. And sure enough, the runs got progressively longer until we each could run our respective distances without much problem.

Our house leader, Shane, and some of his best buds from last year's Corps also pieced together a team, and the competition was on. The ensuing full-speed-ahead, go-get'em spirit would not let up until the Falmouth Road Race weekend in late October. When the highly anticipated day arrived, both teams loaded into old beat-up cars that would serve as shuttles to drop

each runner off at intervals along the course. Our vehicle of choice was our team captain's ancient Chevy Impala, a car named after an African antelope known to be prey to almost every large predator. Uh-oh. Were we doomed?

Chaos erupted once the gun went off. While the first competitors ran their leg, all the other team members had to drive to the next station, drop off the second leg runner and take off for subsequent stations. Collectively, each relay squad would run 26



A dramatic handoff between Shane Jordan and Melanie Richmond with an excited Tony Greenland taunting alongside the rival team.

miles. It was not until we were actually in the shuttle car after dropping off our first leg that we realized that getting stuck in traffic, or for that matter the ancient Impala self-destructing en route, would somewhat jeopardize our ability to execute a handoff! Thankfully delivered to my station, I readied myself for the second leg.

I watched at least 20 or 30 teams pass by before Tony and Shane could be seen in the distance. It was up to me to carry the torch nearly six miles down the road, and I was off. I ran along the beach with a monstrous tailwind for the first couple miles. Every stride felt like I was flying ten feet

“I was able to run 11 miles myself without much problem—and there wasn't a ball to be chased down or moose in sight!”

forward, while particles from the shoreline to my right sandblasted my entire body.

We ran alongside competitors from the actual marathon, so around the halfway mark of my 5.6 mile leg, I struck up a conversation with an older gent and asked him how much farther? “Hmm, let's see, we have somewhere around 19 miles,” he said without even breathing hard. I had hit my wall at that point, but his answer pushed me forward—or possibly humiliated me enough to keep going. If he still had 19 miles, what was another 2.3 miles for me? I passed guys with bagpipes and adorable little girls handed out water at intervals.

In the end, I managed to beat my inter-house foe by 11 minutes, we were able to hold the lead against their strongest runners, and we beat that other AmeriCorps team by over ten glorious minutes. And miracle of miracles, just last week I was able to run 11 miles myself without much problem—and there wasn't a ball to be chased down or a moose in sight!

Continued on pg 11

The Whole COD Experience

By Molly Kitchel

“So, which concentration were you when you were a member? Education? Or outreach?” Bournian Rebecca Wolfson queries Shane Jordan, Bourne house supervisor and Year 6 AmeriCorps Cape Cod member.

“Neither. You see, back when I was a member, COD days weren't separated into education or outreach—we all did a little bit of everything.” This was a foreign concept to Wolfson, as each new AmeriCorps Cape Cod member this year received an assignment for their Community Outreach and Development (COD) day. These 20 Corps members plan volunteer events and educational programs for the community and are divided into the two aforementioned groups: Education and Outreach.

COD Day has evolved greatly since its inception in the AmeriCorps Cape Cod's fifth year in 2003. Originally created to provide members with a flexible day in which to develop community projects, last year was the first year the Corps was divided into two groups with different focus areas. With the aid of Billy Rudek, assistant outreach coordinator, and Josh Lacan, assistant education coordinator, AmeriCorps Cape Cod began to solidify standardized programs to offer to community volunteers and local schools.

Take a Flight.

By Dana Griswold

Looking for uptight and stuffy?

I didn't think so. And you definitely won't find it at the Flying Fish Cafe right off Main St. in downtown Wellfleet. To the sheer joy of anyone searching for a low-key, chill atmosphere to escape from the mayhem of everyday life and feel a sense of rejuvenation...or at least partake in some pizza and beer, as the sign so descriptively describes, the Flying Fish provides this oasis.

The screen door slams to a close and you discover that you've taken a step back in time to the hippie-groove era. Ben Folds,

Year 8 has taken that idea further by developing even clearer goals.

The Education crew, led by Bourne member leader Melanie Richmond, will develop three lesson plans surrounding the

“Currently Eric Sweeney of the Bourne house is in the process of planning a 5 and 10 kilometer trail race combined with an invasive species removal in Falmouth's Goodwill Park.”

puppet show “The Green Ribbon,” created by members from year 7 and funded by money from the “Jimmy Buffett Singing for Change” grant awarded to the program two years ago. The lessons will use puppets from the show and will educate students about recycling, worm composting, tides and dunes. This year and in the

future the puppet show program will become an all-day event -- very similar to the WET (Water Education for Teachers) Festivals for which the Cape Cod Commission and AmeriCorps Cape Cod are so well-known.

Martin Luther King, Jr. Day, Canal Clean-up, and National Trails Day will headline the list of events for the Outreach groups this year, with each of the three groups tackling one of the large projects. In addition to recruiting 50-plus volunteers for each of the three main events, the groups have taken up the task of creating a few smaller events. Currently Eric Sweeney of the Bourne house is in the process of planning a 5 and 10 kilometer trail race combined with an invasive species removal project in Falmouth's Goodwill Park. The planning for MLK Day is already underway, Kat Beauchamp, Kyle Koch, Amy Usowski and Kelly O'Neill have already secured an agreement with the Boys and Girls' Club to co-host an educational arts event for underprivileged youth.

Stay tuned for more news from the hard-working CODders as they take on the task of educating and engaging the Cape Cod community!

them. I know I did...and still do.

So go do it up while it's hot (or cool?), because much to the dismay of anybody who's anybody, Flying Fish Cafe will be relinquishing its reign for the season at the end of December. So get a clue and make haste to this destination. You won't regret it.

Open everyday of the week. Monday through Thursday from 6:30am to 9pm, Friday 7am to 10pm, Saturday the restaurant is open from 7am to 10pm, but the bar and music continue on into the wee hours of the morning, and Sunday 7am to 9pm.

Diary of a WETfest

By Mike Platt

On Friday, October 20th, members of the Wellfleet house ventured to Cotuit Elementary School for our second Project WET Festival organized by the Cape Cod Commission. Affectionately known as WETfest, these events teach grade school students about the science of groundwater and the issues facing it on Cape Cod. AmeriCorps members and community members run a variety of booths each with a fun and educational activity. I decided to keep a running diary of the proceedings. Enjoy.

7:30AM: The Wellfleet house convoy departs for the WETfest. This time, we are heading to Cotuit Elementary School. Cotuit is a small village located in Barnstable, or, as I like to call it, Middle Earth.



Chelsea Clarke with bean bags, chicken hat., and vampire teeth.

7:51AM: The rain starts to pick up, as my first "Can you believe it's raining during a WETfest?" joke generates only blank stares among the rest of the passengers in the car. Tough crowd.

8:30AM: We arrive at the school and find that Ben, Bourne house member and WETfest organizer, had arrived at the crack of dawn to set up all of the booths. The room we are in appears to be a combination of gym, cafeteria, auditorium, nurse's office, stable and solarium all in one. How resourceful.

8:45AM: I am given a shark hat to wear. I'm having trouble describing how truly awesome it is. Let me put it this way: if shark hats were like Jolly Ranchers flavors, then I am wearing watermelon.

8:50AM: I head over to "Matter Madness," the booth I will be running today. It teaches the students about the

three states of matter that water is found in. The students are given a set of colored beanbags, each with a different form of water written on it. They then have to toss the bag into the correct bin (solid, liquid or gas) as fast and as accurately as they can. Think of it as "Bill Nye: The Science Guy" meets a "Survivor" immunity challenge.

9:45AM: A group of about 50 third-graders parade into the Cafegymorium. I get several compliments on my shark hat. Nice to know that aquatic wildlife headware is still "in".

9:53AM: The first "Matter Madness" race ends with the green bags narrowly edging the orange bags. One student attempts the "drop all of the beanbags into same bin at once" strategy and claims victory. I haven't seen that one since the Lake Placid games in '80.

10:47AM: Question: what's more frightening than four sugar-high third graders barreling towards you ready to pelt you with beanbags? Answer: four sugar-high



Tony Greenland teaches Enviroscope.

third graders with beanbags who want your shark hat.

11:45AM: Lunch time. The teachers were nice enough to provide us with lots of pizza, chips and cookies. We consume all of it in no less than four minutes.

1:05PM: I get my first group of students in the afternoon session and start off with a little intro about the science of water and the three states of matter. I ask the group if they can think of anything that isn't a solid, liquid or gas. One of the boys yells, "Snot!" I pause for a moment, praying to God he was answering my question.

2:34PM: I ask a group about their favorite activities so far. "Bubble Booth", where students learn about cohesion and adhesion while being formed inside of a bubble, is a popular choice. Most also enjoyed "Edible Aquifer." This may or may not be due to the fact that it involves ice cream. I'm not entirely sure.

3:00PM: The afternoon group departs as we begin the clean-up process. I return my shark hat (begrudgingly) and make one final attempt at a "raining during a WETfest joke". Silence. I guess there's always next time.

Paranormal A-Team

By Dana Griswold

Do I *really* want to go to this?

The answer going through my mind was a resounding "no" as we pulled up to the Barnstable Public Library on this dark and stormy Thursday night. Yes, it was in fact dark and stormy. I suppose rainy would be a better term, but regardless, they were quite the ideal conditions for what I envisioned to be an evening of sitting cross-legged on the floor of a dimly lit room while an elderly librarian woman, perhaps donning a witch's hat, told us spooky ghost stories of Cape Cod that had been passed down to her from her grandfather's father.

Not being a fan of anything that could even have the slightest possibility of raising my heart rate by even one beat, you can imagine my delight at spending two hours having my mind filled with the creepy places and ghostly faces close at hand on the Cape. Plus I had a pretty strong feeling that the LeHac House in Wellfleet would be mentioned at least 57 times.

So with that in mind, I think all attendees were all thrown for an orb...I mean, loop, when we walked in and the room was set up like a mini movie premier. After an executive decision, of which I had no part in, our group made our way to the front so we could get a "good" view of the horror about to be unleashed.

Taking a seat on the floor, I began to mentally and emotionally prepare myself so as not to completely freak out, which has happened multiple times in the past. One example of this would be after I watched *The Shining*, starring none other

than the ever so terrifying Jack Nicholson, and refused to take my dog out after 8pm for a week.

Finally the show was on the road. The video started rolling and my ears were suddenly accosted with some kind of death metal screaming noise that I soon realized to be music, my eyes sent into shock by the rapid series of images ranging from blurry nighttime graveyards to awful scenes from horror movies that could easily give anyone nightmares.

There were groans and sharp intakes of breaths from the audience, well...mostly from myself...and not a moment too soon the music and images ceased. A man made his way to the front and introduced himself as Derek Bartlett, the founder and president of the Cape And Islands Paranormal Research Society, otherwise cleverly known as the CAIPRS.

The rest of the evening was spent listening with fear and panic to the encounters that Derek and his fellow team members/field investigators had experienced with paranormal activity during their many escapades around the Cape. We were informed, in what I thought to be an unnecessary amount of detail, about why Cape Cod is one of the most haunted areas in New England. Much to my sheer jubilation, the Cape is chock full of strange happenings and paranormal events not only on land, but also sea and sky. Fantastic.

After hearing about dark figures jumping across headstones, an entire town condemning a priest to an eternity of damnation, the haunting of the very library we were sitting in, a cemetery at an undis-



Photo courtesy of www.caiprs.com

closed locale (for the public's safety I might add) with massively negative energy attempting to gain entrance, voices on record saying, "I'm not a girl," getting strangled and shoved to the ground by a "spirit," mysterious marsh people, and negative energy being warded off by using crystals, the end could not come soon enough for me.

While some might have enjoyed or scoffed at the stories related to us, I can say with the utmost honesty that I extend my most sincere gratitude to the president of CAIPRS for providing me with most of the places on the Cape I will NEVER go. Thank you Derek, thank you.

So now I'm just waiting ever so eagerly for the positive sightings and or feelings of negative energy (and I don't mean when there are dishes left in the sink) at the LeHac House. Who ya gonna call? Paranormal A-Team.

OH! Go check out the CAIPRS website for a scare! www.caiprs.com

Want to Receive the Waypoint by e-mail?
Contact Rebecca Wolfson at: rebeccawolfson@gmail.com

Around the Cape

Roister and Cloister for an Oyster

By Mr. M. Lee Honoré, Esq.

It was a sunny and seductive Sunday afternoon when I arrived at Oysterfest 2006 in historic downtown Wellfleet. I had never been to a festival that celebrated the almighty oyster...the fruit of the sea...life-giver, money-maker, and entertainment-provider. The pure, unadulterated fun thrown in my face felt like the rush one feels after swallowing an oyster out of its shell, slightly scented with a lemon twist.

“Being an oyster-consuming virgin, I was a bit nervous at what to expect when eating a living, breathing, saltwater siphoning animal..”

Being an oyster-consuming virgin, I was a bit nervous at what to expect when eating a living, breathing, saltwater siphoning animal. But it was a pleasant surprise when my body did not forcibly return the oyster to its shell. I reached a deeper level of being, and came closer to understanding why 11,000 souls came on that fateful day. I was getting closer to the answer, which I found out later was oysters.

After wetting my whistle and satisfying my curiosity of the odd observed ordi-

nance of oysters, I was able to survey the bigger picture of Oysterfest. The smells of fried dough, spirits, and every imaginable oyster food added to the spectacle of so many like-minded people from across the Cape. Markets selling everything from jewelry to...you guessed it...oysters, crowded the street and every imaginable parking space.

To know that this event was set up overnight was a testament to how ready the town was to accommodate so many people.

Perhaps the strongest showing of Wellfleet that I was privy to was the shucktastic Shucking Contest. Never in my life have I seen more salt of the earth, hard working men and (one) woman give it their all to try their luck at the shuck. Many of these shuckers worked the entire day and shucked their hardest for two to four long minutes.

The contest was mesmerizing as each potential winner went nuts trying to open the oyster without damaging the insides, so as not to incur a time penalty. There were a few cut fingers despite safety gloves, and several oyster shells made it from the stage down to the adoring crowd. It was no small feat to finish so quickly, and it was my understanding that the multitude of people watching knew



A participant of the shucking contest, in action.

that. In the end, it was the woman (the mothershucker, if you will) who dominated the competition to be crowned the Super-Shucker. I admit it, I am now a shuckaholic. It was a shuck of a good time. It shucked the heck out of me. What a shucktacular time...

Shuck jokes aside, I feel that the strongest part of Oysterfest was not in the concrete or material side, but rather the feeling one got from standing and watching. There was a frame of mind that could be felt but not described that made the event special without the frills, chills, and thrills of a faster paced place. Here was an occasion where people got together for a relevant part of their way of life, and celebrated it with a pleasant loyalty. This is the uniqueness to the people who live and visit Wellfleet. It was a delightful way to end the summer, and it was certainly done with a bang.

CHECK IT OUT:
www.wellfleettoasterfest.org

Bon Appétit at the Bourne Library

By Kat Beauchamp

What are your plans when you get home every Thursday evening? Microwave some Ramen? Change into elastic waist pants? Glue yourself to the couch for Grey's Anatomy? If you answered yes to any of the following maybe you should consider looking at your local library's events calendar.

Recently, I attended a series of events at the Bourne Public Library that concentrated on different cultures and cuisines of the world. It was impressive to see the amount of hard work the Library put into the event and the surprising attendance from the locals.

The cuisine nights consist of a cultural video about the featured country, FREE samples of the country's cuisines from local restaurants, and an informational session on traveling to the country by a local travel agent. When they walk

through the door, attendees are also given a raffle ticket, which is entered into a contest to win a gift certificate to the participating restaurant. I was able to attend three out of the four nights, which featured Japan, Australia, and Germany.

Some of the videos showed were outdated, but they contained a lot of information about countries and their different regions. Then came the food! Restaurants, like the AquaGrille and Mashnee Grill and Cafe, set no limits to the foods they brought. They truly provided an authentic feel to each experience. All of the chefs were natives of these foreign regions or spent a majority of their lives there.

German night was my favorite because of the different dishes they showcased such as saurbrat and radish salad. The plates handed out were full to the brim, making

each plate a dinner in itself. This event gave people a chance to see cuisine from other parts of the world, and did I mention that all of this was FREE? There are worse ways to spend an evening.

Library events are a great way to meet new people, and open your mind to different cultures. In most cases they are low in price or do not cost anything at all. Plus if you are stressed out about missing Grey's Anatomy, these library events usually only last up to an hour early in the evening.

Generally there is an older age group in attendance, but there is still a lot of fun to be had. Think about becoming a donating 'friend' of your local library, and they update you constantly about up-coming events. Libraries in the area really could use the support, and you cannot go wrong with getting FREE food.

Inside the Dragon: A Comprehensive Review

By Molly Kitchel

Many AmeriCorps Cape Cod members have perhaps seen the ornate and festive façade beckoning from its tucked away position off of route 6A in Orleans (the glorious Cranberry Highway) but until now, none have actually entered the hallowed doors of the Double Dragon Inn. Fortunately for me, and future Dragon-dwellers, I have. Originally I was attracted to the place because it promised "Cocktails" and the menu hanging on the Wellfleet house wall showed some decent Chinese fare. I was not disappointed.

When my friend and I arrived at the Dragon, (as it will now be called) at around 7:30 on a Friday night, I was surprised at how packed it was. We got a booth, but at that time there were not an abundance of empty tables. We were immediately presented with menus and delicious hot tea. As promised, the menus showed a huge variety of cock-

tails, beer wine, and of course, the legendary "Scorpion Bowl." There were many options on the dinner menu, with plenty of poultry, seafood, beef and pork dishes. At the back of the menu were a few combo dinners, which is what we ultimately settled on.

Who knew that the Cape actually had places open this late?

We chose the "Dinner for Two, Option D" for \$22.00. It included two bowls of Won Ton soup, two egg rolls, four mari-

nated pork slices, a main dish of deep fried chicken pieces, broccoli, mushrooms, water chestnuts, noodles, shrimp and beef, and a heaping serving of fried rice.

In all, it was enough to feed about 5 or 6 people. I made it through the soup, egg rolls, and both pork slices, but only had about 2 bites of my main dish (which had a Chinese name that I can't remember) because I was so unbelievably full.

Though the food was pretty much what you'd expect of a seedy-looking restaurant called the "Double Dragon Inn," the amount of food we received for what we paid was definitely worth it. I would recommend the restaurant to anyone and there's an added benefit - it is open until 2:00 am! Who knew that the Cape actually had places open this late?



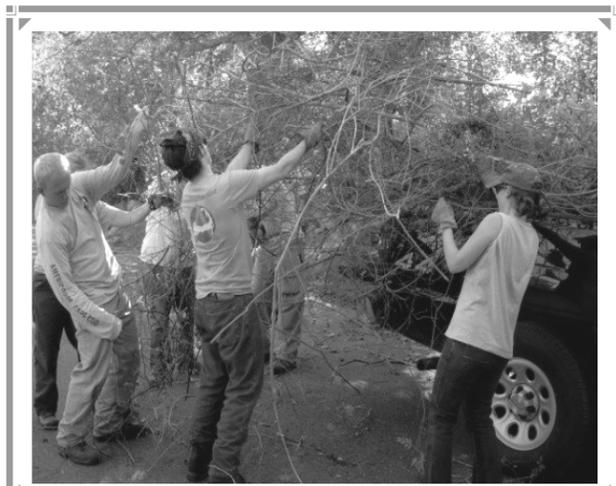
Tony Greenland, Ben Gildehaus and the Energy Savers Club at the Energy Fair in Falmouth.



AmeriCorps members investigate marine invasives from the side of a dock.

Due credit to: The Roomster

Lights...Camera...Serve!



Bourne members load prickly invasives onto a pickup truck for removal after clearing a stone wall at the Mass Audubon.



Bourne housers work hard to turn over garden plots at the Falmouth Service Center in preparation for winter.



Becca Wolfson wheels a barrow full of weeds at the Falmouth Service Center at a bed-turning service project.



Shane Jordan, Kat Beauchamp, Kelly O'Neill and Jessica Staubach gear up in waders before heading to the water to seed some Oysters.

Osprey on Black Flats Marsh

By Jason Demers

“We were all smiling as the pole was raised. Our coordinated pushing and pulling was reminiscent of the Egyptians raising an Obelisk.”

an amazing place that overlooks endless acres of marsh and ocean, with amazing sunset views. The nest, constructed of materials found washed ashore such as sticks, wire, metal and other debris, was at high risk of catching fire. To reduce the chance that this nesting pair will become Osprey KFC, the Dennis Department of Natural Resources collaborated with AmeriCorps to erect a twenty-two foot pole with an industrial pallet tacked and braced to the



Jae Demers, Kyle Koch and Zach Sullivan industriously construct the osprey pole, while Matt Honoré poses in the background.

On a utility pole overlooking the Black Flats Marsh of Dennis, a pair of Ospreys had caught the attention of the Department of Natural Resources by selecting a forty-foot telephone pole as a nesting location.

top. This platform will have all that Ospreys desire in nesting perches: elevation, accessibility to water, close proximity to food sources, and protection from predators.

Hey, who could blame them? They chose

On November 3, AmeriCorps members from Wellfleet stood knee deep in a marsh digging a hole that would support the 22-foot Osprey pole. Jae, Kyle and Zach, using miscellaneous pieces of lumber, nuts and bolts, and aluminum flashing, engineered the structure -- complete with supportive braces to counter gale-force winds -- while other members looked on waiting to help hoist the massive pole into place.



Amy Usowski, Chelsea Clarke, Jae Demers, Dave Keeeney and company hoist the osprey pole into place using cables and the principles of physics.

propped the pole into position. “We rolled up our sleeves, slapped some old fashion elbow grease on our hands and put our teeth to the grindstone,” said member Jae Demers. The result was unbridled fun. “We were all smiling as the pole was raised. Our coordinated pushing and pulling was reminiscent of the Egyptians raising an Obelisk.” Natural Resources Officer Jamie Cabot took pictures of the crew the entire time. The final shot: all fourteen members sitting on an embankment, tools in the foreground with a monstrous structure rising above their heads. The sun was fading, the sky was brilliantly blue and we were all very satisfied with the work we had completed.

By accomplishing this project, we all hope that a pair of Ospreys that had nested atop a telephone pole the previous spring, will come back to Dennis to discover a nicer, less flammable nesting platform. By maximizing the birds’ accessibility to their basic needs, and by minimizing human interaction, the Ospreys will expand across the marsh.

Two hours later with the sun setting, members of AmeriCorps Cape Cod

Meet your WayCool Waypoint Crew!

Editing Team: Amber Stonik, Becca Wolfson, Chelsea Clarke, Dana Griswold, Laura Rooney. Want to be a writer for the next issue? Tell us!