

WayPoint

YEAR XIII, ISSUE 1

FALL 2011

CAPE COD, MASSACHUSETTS



**LIFE & TIMES
FEATURE
"WHO WE ARE"**

**AMERICORPS
CAPE COD
BEGINS 13TH
YEAR**

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

SERVICE 2

HEALTH & SCIENCE 4

OPINION 6

SPORTS 7

LIFE & TIMES 8

AMERICORPS REMEMBERS 10 YEAR ANNIVERSARY OF 9/11 WITH DAY OF SERVICE



In Picture: Year Thirteen AmeriCorps Members

By MATT SIENKIEWICZ

There was nothing but a foundation - a concrete rectangle with some pipes sticking out. I confess that the idea of doing service to commemorate 9/11 didn't seem to be the best way to remember the victims of that terrible day. However, when I saw that foundation, I understood. This day, September 11th, 2011, ten years after the attacks on the World Trade Center, was not just about the day ten years before but also about September 12th and September 13th and all the days that

came after. It was about recapturing the spirit of community that arose spontaneously in every corner of the country as Americans came together to respond to tragedy.

On this day, myself, my fellow AmeriCorps members, and hundreds of other community members found ourselves in Western Massachusetts responding to the aftermath of a tornado. I was dropped off at my work site and as I rounded the corner of the driveway I was gifted to an astonishing vista. **(Continued on Page 2)**

AMERICORPS MEMBERS CAUGHT THROWING SMALL CHILDREN IN TOILET

By KELSEY BOYD

Training Ground water Guardians is hard work as any Water Wizard, or AmeriCorps Cape Cod member, knows. To become **(Continued on Page 2)**

WELLFLEETIANS RESCUE OYSTERS FROM MYSTERIOUS SLUDGE

By RUBY BUCHHOLTZ

On a sunny day in September, the Wellfleet house, also known as the Le Hac house, embarked on their first service project - an oyster cull with the Eastham **(Continued on Page 3)**

COMMUNITY GREEN

By ROB EMMETT

This past September, the AmeriCorps Cape Cod crew held a volunteer event at the Community Green in Sandwich. The event was put all in our hands. Our mission: coordinate two groups of volunteers from Cape Cod Tech and the Riverview School, as well as any other volunteers, to get the Community

Green's garden ready for winter. We also were in charge of painting a shed, managing two giant compost piles, and removing a gopher home. The day was filled with lots of laughs, as well as a lot of hard work. Both groups of volunteers did a fantastic job in successfully completing the assigned projects.



**In Picture: Members
paint a shed**



**In Picture: Tom Vohoska and
Stefanie Kramer maintain a
garden**

9/11 DAY OF SERVICE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

The house I was at had sat on a large hill overlooking a forested valley. Today, however, the forest was gone. A tornado had ripped it down and tossed the wood about as if it weighed nothing. The house that the family I was helping had lived in was destroyed. So we were there; cutting, stacking, and moving wood, trying to clear the land so that a septic system could be built and the family could return home.

It was months since the house had been tossed farther up the hill, and yet the peace that the family had about the

event astounded me. Painted pieces of their house were still visible amongst the fallen timbers. We cleared a lot of wood that day, stacking the large pieces against trees that were still standing. Yet, when we left, it appeared as though we had hardly even begun to make a dent in the work to be done. I can hardly imagine the amount of effort that has gone into the total clean up effort. We were there months after the disaster and there was a simply staggering amount of work left to do.

Though the clean up was

far from complete, for that day at least, we had recaptured the sense of community that had existed in the days after the 9/11 attacks. There was destruction, and there was community need. And though I did not realize it when the day began, there could not have been a more beautiful way to honor the victims than to celebrate what good did come from that dreadful day. The events of that day cannot be forgotten, and we certainly did not forget. At the briefing that began the day, a policeman from the

area, one of the earliest responders, spoke to us. The pain that was written in his gestures and his voice was one of the most profound things I have ever seen. I can't imagine what it was like to have been there that day; however, having seen that officer's pain, I know that for us the events will still never be forgotten.



WESTFEST

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

a Groundwater Guardian, one must learn about how an aquifer functions, what kinds of animals depend on water, how to identify various pollutants, and the physical properties of water. Fourth through sixth graders on Cape Cod get to learn about these groundwater topics and how they can protect their aquifer through interactive booths at the Water Festival.

At the end of the festival, the kids help the Water Wizard's friends save him from the sewer by giving facts they learned during the day. Once they've saved the Wizard, they can take the sacred oath to become Groundwater Guardians. Some of the most popular booths include Flush the Kids, where students learn how

septic systems work; Edible Aquifer, which involves making aquifer models out of ice cream and soda; and the Bubble Booth, where kids play inside of a massive bubble.

Enviroscope is another favorite, teaching kids about watersheds and pollution by allowing them to "pollute" a landscape with sprinkles. It's exciting to see how much the kids enjoy all of the activities. We've been told numerous times that they really remember what they are taught. The teaching isn't just one-sided though.

I've learned a lot about working with kids from the water festivals, especially that it's distracting to be next to any booths with food or music.

In Pictures:

Top: Tom Vohoska, Eric Grazia, and Meg Quirk "flushing kids"

Middle: Lobster Janet Zarate and Bubble Magician Sarah Hildebrand



Bottom: Limbo Dude Rob Emmett



OYSTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

DNR. As we approached the scene, it became apparent that not too many people had been part of an oyster cull before, nor knew what one was. As our knowledgeable service partner, Peter Carlow, began explaining the ins and outs of an oyster cull, the once bright faces became a tad overwhelmed. If you are unfamiliar with an oyster cull, as we once were, it is the removing of any foreign sea critter that may have joined the oyster cage, as well as the disposing of the dead oysters from the oyster cages. By doing so, the oysters are able to grow larger until it is time for harvest.

After the initial briefing, we began the gooey task. Crabs sneakily snuck out from under oysters, while silver fish scurried from crevice to crevice. It seemed we had caught a small aquatic ecosystem in each of the oyster cages. Peter took this opportunity to teach us many fun facts about New England aquatic life. For example, green crabs are an invasive species within the sea, and silver fish are actually insects, not fish like their name would suggest.

The day went by quickly as we filled it with laughs, knowledge and, of course, the sampling of the product. Peter was kind enough to let us taste the oysters we were

cleaning before he put them back in the water. For a few, it was a delicious snack, but for some it was an experience that only needed to occur once.

***“CRABS SNEAKILY
SNUCK OUT FROM
UNDER OYSTERS,
WHILE SILVER FISH
SCURRIED FROM
CREVICE TO CREVICE.”***



In Pictures: Left: Matt Sienkiewicz, Annie Cook and Mike Sousa cleaning off some barnacles and separating out the dead oysters. Right: Ben Fairbank and Eric Grazia eating “fresh” oysters.



THE FAMILY PANTRY OF CAPE COD

By ALLY TAVENIERE

A new partnership between The Family Pantry of Cape Cod and AmeriCorps Cape Cod is off to a good start. The Family Pantry is a non-denominational, non-profit organization that aims to provide food and clothing to Cape Cod residents in need. The organization receives, stores, and distributes food and clothing out of their

warehouse on 133 Queen Anne Road in Harwich, MA. In addition to the warehouse, the site now includes a community garden.

The Wellfleet House had the opportunity to serve at the Family Pantry Community Garden twice this fall. Both days, we put our gardening skills to use, building raised beds, harvesting vegetables, and preparing the garden for winter. Additionally, we used

some artistic license to paint sorting tables and trellises. Lastly, some members worked to establish a fence around an offshoot of the garden.

It was nice to give back to an organization that works tirelessly to provide food and clothing to Cape Cod residents in need. The organization relies on nearly 300 volunteers, and three paid staff members, to provide services to over 900 households each

month. The Family Pantry primarily relies on generous donations and grants to maintain overhead costs. Additionally, the organization works hard to supplement the funding with their consignment shop and bottle redemption program. It has been incredibly rewarding to partner with such a charitable and focused organization.

TICK-OR-TREAT

By BEN FAIRBANKS

During the Halloween season, it is important that we take a moment to review basic safety precautions to ensure a safe and fun holiday for all. We must consider the reality of a certain blood-sucking villain that crawls from tree to tree, giving us Lyme disease: ticks.

The two local ticks of Cape Cod include the deer tick and the American dog tick. Although the deer tick is the only transmitter

of Lyme disease, the American dog tick can spread other illnesses such as tularemia and babesiosis.

Don't be fooled; these "tick-or-treaters" are in full force before, during, and after Halloween. I found one on myself just the other day. But before you curl yourself into a ball, I am here to tell you not to worry. There are

a couple tricks you can use to avoid this not so nice treat.

The typical tick habitat is near the ground within wooded tracts and in grassy edge areas such as backyards and along bike trails. They have been spotted at many group service days, on group hikes, and in the Le Hac backyard.



Finding a tick on yourself can be tricky because they are so small. The best way to check for these ticks is to look for

them on your person whenever you come in from outside. Scan up and down your skin and clothes. Wearing light colored clothing can help to spot these tricksters, while using repellents approved for ticks can help keep them away from the start.

I have had Lyme disease and it certainly is no treat. (Continued on Page 5)

INVASIVE GREEN CRABS

By ERIC GRAZIA

As Wellfleet AmeriCorps members, we have been seeing a lot of different types of crabs throughout our work with shellfish. However, the most numerous is also an invasive – the European green crab! Its scientific name is *Carcinus maenas*. Its shell (called a carapace) can grow to 3 or 4 inches wide, though most we've seen are less than 2 inches. Logically, most of the green crabs we have encountered are green, although their color can vary based on the environment in which they live. Like any good invasive species, green crabs can tolerate a wide range of environmental conditions, including different habitat types, temperatures, and salinities.

They like to feed on shellfish such as oysters, clams, and mussels. When you're cleaning out a bag of oysters, you might even find green crabs hiding in some of the empty shells. They've done significant damage to the native fisheries and aquaculture of the Northeast.

The Invasive Species Specialist Group listed the green crab as one of the 100 "world's worst alien invasive species." They first came over to the East Coast in the 1800s when they hitched a ride on shipping boats coming over from Europe, where they were native. Cape Cod is believed to be one of the first places where green crabs were introduced. Since then, their range and numbers have increased because they can adapt to so many different situations. So what can you do to stop the spread of the European green crab in Cape Cod waters? If you're not grossed out by it (or too much of a wuss), you can smash them into the ground. In Eastham, the DNR folks use traps to capture green crabs trying to enter Salt Pond. However, there are no effective large-scale controls in place for population control. Let's hope green crabs don't inflict further damage upon Cape Cod's native fisheries!

WHY DID THE CHICKENS CROSS THE ROAD? TO GET TO LE HAC, OF COURSE!

By ALEXANDRA HEYN

We eat A LOT of eggs, we like animals, and have an empty coop...It did not take long for the Wellfleet House members to realize it only made sense to begin the journey of becoming "chicken parents." Thanks to the hard work of the previous corps year, only a few adjustments needed to be made to the already existing chicken coop, such as raising the

height of the fence (for easier human access), adding an out-door perch (chickens should enjoy the beautiful views of the seashore, too!), and an improved mesh roof (flying the coop – not an option).

After the whirlwinds of AmeriCorps trainings began to wind down at the end of September, our coop-renovations were complete and our chicken adoption process picked up. We scoured our community and AmeriCorps-family resources, eventually leading us to be

introduced to a local, Lower-Cape veterinarian who was willing to help us pick the perfect chicks.

With Heidi's help, we were able to bring our new, four-month-old hens, Gladys and Nugget, to the Le Hac coop.

Each day, the chickens would be let out of their small red coop to roam in their fenced-in area just (Continued on Page 5)

TICK-OR-TREAT

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4)

However, checking is a simple preventative measure to ensure that you won't have to endure the symptoms. If you happen to find one of these *ghouls*, simply use the metal tweezers from the service pack. According to the Center for Disease Control, as well as Wellfleet House Supervisor Emma Snellings, it is incorrect to use a flame to scare it out of your skin.

One last tip to not to be tricked: be informed about the symptoms of Lyme disease. Ticks must be attached for 24 hours before they can transmit Lyme disease. Make note of when you removed the tick. Keep a look out for a red circular rash, along with headaches, fatigue, joint pain, and chills because these might be the early signs. Seek medical attention as soon as possible if you suspect you might have these symptoms.

By staying informed, vigilant, and prepared, we can outwit these tricky tick tricksters. Happy tick-or-treating to you all!

PHOTOS

By ETHAN MOSKOWITZ



This is Rob. He is at Wing Island, just behind the Cape Cod Museum of Natural History. He is walking down a flight of stairs, pointing out to the low tide. He is cruise directing a group of newly appointed AmeriCorps Cape Cod members on a trip they will never forget.



This photo is of the Bourne house member leader Stefanie Kramer. Remember, she doesn't spell her name with any "ph." But she is on the beach area of Provincetown. It was a windy and slightly wet early afternoon, but with the pilgrim monument in the distance and her peacoat being turbo-fresh, she marches on.



Left: AmeriCorps members worked with local high school volunteers at Meeting House Farm to carve pumpkins for their Halloween display.

CHICKENS!

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4)

Each day, they were watered and fed, quickly becoming excellent composters, happy to devour everything from old bread to oyster shells. At the end of the night, they were safely tucked away into their little red coop.

With the new responsibilities came a new chicken

-care schedule, and while many of us were not new to the farming/animal care rodeo, it was clear that each of us had a thing or two to learn from the new ladies.

Within the first week of 'moving in,' Gladys showed us a hole in our coop-fencing by using it as an easy exit (giving us an opportunity to practice

our carpentry skills). She then proceeded to show us that Cape Cod chickens are NOT lazy by sprinting through the forest surrounding Le Hac with several AmeriCorps members in tow (who needs a gym membership when you can chase chickens!?). She was eventually corralled back to the coop (thanks

to great teamwork!).

While they are still stubbornly refusing to provide us with eggs, they have nonetheless given us great new life experiences, memories, and lessons! We are thrilled for our new additions, and look forward to the rest of the adventures chicken-parenting brings!

MY FEELINGS ABOUT CHAINSAWS

BY DAN SCHELL

I grab my saw from the back of the truck. Our group stands just off the road in a small clearing that serves as a buffer between the road and a forest of Pitch Pines. Our team of fifteen AmeriCorps members and five members of the CACO fire crew will be expected to clear the area, which covers a couple acres. We are told that the trees will be dropped and then burned later in the season in order to help propagate a rare species of low-lying bush that grows in the area and responds well to fire. I try to focus on the science of why we are cutting, but my mind keeps wandering to my plan of attack. I eye up the trees that are in sight of where I am standing and try to determine where each tree will drop. After a short briefing on our task and safety considerations, we break up into groups and move in. I watch the two groups in front of me fade into the sea of brown and green. The sound of silence that was prevalent is gradually broken as one saw after another is started. Soon, a cacophony fills the forest. I begin the process of starting my own saw. I take my time, inspecting each screw to see if it is tight. I open all the tanks and make sure they are filled with their proper fluids. I remove the scabbard. Chain-break is on. I pump the primer. Decompression switch is on. Red switch shifted to

on. Full choke. I yank on the pull cord and hear a slight burp. This is the sound of an initial bit of fuel bursting to life and burning out just as quickly from lack of oxygen. I push in the choke and begin the process over. I pull the cord again and the saw jumps to life.

I look at the pines around me. I see a big one. I am instantly drawn to it but withhold until I have practiced on some smaller trees. I cut for about 20 minutes, systematically felling small tree after tree. The small ones are quick and easy, but I know the big one will take time and preparation. I move toward it, assessing its lean and planning my attack. I map out each cut from some simple limbing to the fatal back cut. I approach the trunk and begin. I trim up the limbs so that I have a clear place to work. From this point on, each moment is punctuated by my shouts. I scream, "FRONT CUT!" and plunge my saw into the tree making two cuts — one flat at hip level and one at a 45 degree angle that meets my previous cut at a point. I move around to the back side of the tree and position my saw two inches above my front cut. I yell, "BACK CUT!" and thrust my bar with its rav- enously spinning chain into the tree. In what seems like an instant, I hear the crack and see the initial lean of the tree, which increases

***"SINCE
THAT DAY,
I HAVEN'T
BEEN THE
SAME."***

exponentially with each moment. "FALLING!" I shout, to make sure everyone is clear. The tree hits the ground, almost anticlimactically, with its branches cushioning its fall. I'm hooked.

Since that day, I haven't been the same. I judge its lean; I determine if its hardwood or softwood. I wonder — could it be rotten on the inside, potentially compromising my cut? When I service my saw, I do so like a marine servicing his rifle with utmost care. I eradicate each piece of saw dust left from that day's work. I polish the plastic, trying to restore it to its original sheen. I sharpen each blade on the chain with five swipes of the file at a 35 degree angle and a 10 degree downward slope.

Every Wednesday at the house meeting, I wait for Keith to say those joyful words, "We are gonna need some saws on Friday." And when he does, I will respond with one solemn word—

"Sweet."

Editors' Note:

As you peruse through this issue of the WayPoint, you may perhaps find yourself wondering why we chose such a minimalistic layout. Why not a vibrant and stimulating magazine layout, or a giant AmeriCorps Comic Book? The conclusion for this design was determined exclusively on the editors' reciprocal respect and esteem for what we view as a disappearing art form—the newspaper. This bit of antiquity will soon recede from commonplace breakfast tables to join the records, VHS tapes, and Polaroids hidden away in dusty attics and basements. In its place will arise the latest prototype of electronic, touch-screen, smart, hyperwarpspeedmeganeWSdownloaders. So while you turn through the pages of this issue, we hope that you meditate and reflect on the technological vicissitudes taking place around you, and that you pay homage to one of the oldest and most enduring forms of human communication.



SURFING IN WELLFLEET

By MARK PFEIFER

As I was thinking to myself what one of my favorite activities at the Wellfleet House was...Bam! The obvious hit me! Of course surfing has to be towards the top of my list! There might be some of you out there who may be wondering what it is like to go surfing on the Cape, and I would be happy to describe the routine.

So it all starts out by carefully monitoring those surf reports online and checking the weather somewhat consistently. If I feel a strong breeze outside, my instincts tell me that waves could be about. Believe it or not, there is also a beach-cam available online, as well, but that's technology for you! However, it is not quite as simple as you might think. I have also learned how the beaches re-



In Picture: Pfief in a sea monster suit

spond to different tides, so everything has to be considered. There are lots of variables such as wind direction, swell direction, and which way the beach faces to get the right conditions for glassy waves!

Once I throw on my wetsuit and get my board up on the roof rack of my car, I am

heading to the beach! There is nothing like getting to the parking lot at Marconi and hearing the roar of waves before you even get to the stairway to the beach. It is mesmerizing to watch the waves roll in. I study them carefully and observe the height and tide. From the top of the stairs, you can even see rip currents of discolored, sandy water washing away from the beach. Once all these things have been stored in the back of my mind, I make my approach into water!

Brrrrghhh! Nothing like ice-cold water washing through your wetsuit and down your spine! However, the warmth of adrenaline surges through my blood and keeps me focused on getting past those breakers ahead. Another element to process is that avalanche of white water tumbling towards you. I duck-dive under each wave and paddle with all my strength so I don't have to deal with any more breakers slowing me down. As I make it past the breakers to the line up of other surfers, I feel a sense of accomplishment. Now it is time to catch a wave!

TWO TEAMS, ONE QUEST FOR AMERIBOWL GLORY



In Pictures:

Left: Bourne arrives 90 minutes early to warm up, aka wear themselves out.

Right: Wellfleet stays 90 minutes late to cool down, aka celebrate.



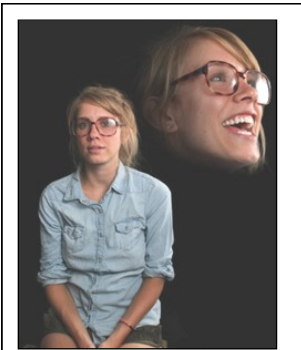
By JANET ZARATE

It was a cheerful, sunny afternoon when the two houses, Bourne and Wellfleet, collided in the most epic display of athletic ability of the century. Barnstable High did not know what hit it when the competitors strutted onto the freshly glistening turf, both sides looking fierce in their black shirts. Undaunted by this collective color coordination, both teams huddled for solidarity of strategy and stimulation of team spirit. Head coach Stefanie Kramer, although having no understanding of the sport, was a trailblazer for her team with an official clipboard and the "ultimate" game plan. Bourne was inspired by her

quote, "Success is about not giving up" from Maroon 5, and proceeded to play with Moves Like Jagger. Sweaty strength and skill radiated from the field and were complemented by the roar of the enthusiastic crowd: "2-4-6-8! Time for you to take a break!" The breezy aerobic wonders of the halftime kite show could not dampen the intensity of the second half. The football was launched into the end zone like an explosive projectile and... Boom goes the dynamite! Each team's offensive current was divided by the opposition's defensive resistance and the result was Wellfleet's volt to victory. Only one house earned the claim to AmeriBowl fame, but both houses were winners in the championship of camaraderie.



Katie Houstle
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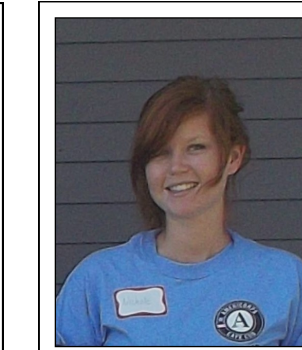
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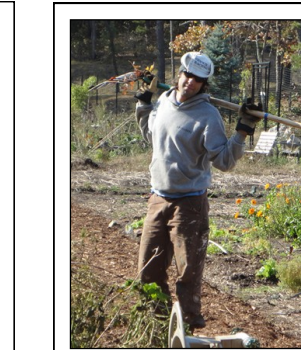
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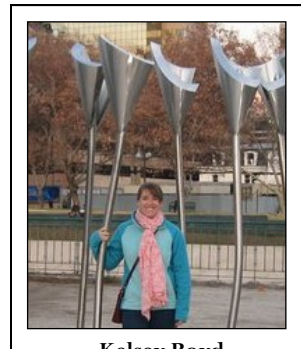
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Janet Zarate
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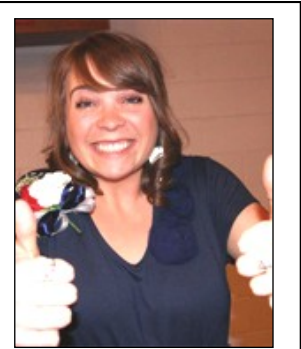
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Ken Mullins
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North Carolina State



Ally Taveniere
Rhinebeck, New York
SUNY Geneseo

WE LOVE OUR OYSTERS!

By RUBY BUCHOLTZ

You heard about it. You waited for the big day. And then, just as suddenly as it came, it passed in a whirlwind of oyster shells and laughs. What was it? The Wellfleet OysterFest, of course! The fest was started and sponsored by a local non-profit group called SPAT, which stands for Shellfish Promotion and Tasting. SPAT was created with the mission of “fostering a greater understanding of the town’s shellfishing industry.” AmeriCorps members were working with SPAT to promote the recycling of oyster shells at the event. There

were numerous recycling locations throughout the festival area where an AmeriCorps member proudly stood, informing the public about the importance of recycling their oyster shells. Why is this so important? Well, used clam and oyster shells can be redistributed into the harbor late next spring as culch. Culch creates a natural habitat to nurture the next harvest by providing a bed for oyster and clam spawn, called veliger, to adhere to and call home. Both the Bourne and Wellfleet houses participated in this volunteer event, as well as enjoyed the activities after service.



In Picture: Wellfleet House Testing Waders

TASTY CAPE COD

By KEN MULLINS

Cape Cod has all sorts of great food. Whether you’re interested in fine-dining or simply grabbing a bite for the beach, you can find it all on the Cape.

Wellfleet is probably best known for its oysters. It even has an entire weekend dedicated to them called Oyster Fest, which is the town’s last hurrah before winter hits. Growing up on the beach, you’d think I would have tried oysters before; however, I never did, even with an Oyster Bar down the street from my house. I’d always been put off by their texture and the somewhat disgusting way you suck them down. But since I’m in Cape Cod, I decided to overcome my fear and give them a taste that weekend...only to discover they tasted exactly like I thought they would – salty and slimy. When doused with hot sauce and tartar sauce or topped with a home-made salsa, I would say they taste not bad. However, once I tasted a grilled oyster, it was a whole different ballgame. Gone were the salty and sliminess, replaced instead with juicy and deliciousness, especially when dipped in butter and garlic sauce and covered with cheese.

When living on the Cape, you can go anywhere and get good seafood, but finding decent barbeque seems like more of a challenge. Not to worry, Marconi Beach Restaurant right off of Route 6 has the best around. The prices are a little steep, averaging round \$15 per person, but the food is well worth the price – especially the barbeque platter! This restaurant was a huge surprise to me because it went against my whole conception of Cape Cod cuisine. I believed barbeque was more of Southern staple, and did not expect to find it right off of Route 6. So, go to Marconi Beach Restaurant if you are ever in the need of good old-fashioned barbeque.



In Picture: Delicious Raw Oysters

ADVENTURES IN BOSTON

By DANA SOBEL

Being from New Jersey, my visits to New England have been few and far between in my short 23 years. I've only been to Massachusetts one other time in my life, and now living on Cape Cod I decided I should take advantage of being so close to Boston... and so I did!

On a sunny and deceptively brisk Sunday morning, I walked outside to start my journey with a couple other AmeriCorps members. It was one of those days where you walk outside and immediately know that fall has come and that it's not going anywhere. So, with water bottles and granola bars in hand, we took off.

We took the Red Line from North Quincy station to Park Street, or as locals say, "Paac" Street (an accent I'm not sure I'll ever quite get used to), and after about 15 minutes we were in Boston. The first thing I saw after getting off the train was a woman at a kiosk selling scarves for \$10 right next to a man selling hot dogs and chips. I felt like I was back in college getting off the train in New York City—life, people, fast-moving cars—bliss.

Hallie and I stopped for a minute just to take it all in and after about three seconds she whipped out her camera to document everything. "You'll thank me later," she said when I sighed at her playing the tourist role so perfectly, snapping anything and everything as we walked down what I would deem a fairly uneventful block in Boston.

We headed straight for Quincy Market where Tom gave us a little tour and then we made moves to the North End. It was barely 12PM when we walked by the famous Mike's Pastry and there was already a line starting to pour out the door. We ended up getting some goodies and I would say the trip was well worth it, but Tom insisted that Modern Pastry was better so we went there next and split a red velvet cupcake. And I would have to agree...it was darn good!

For lunch we went to one of the many Irish pubs resting on the cobblestone road. I munched on Fish 'n' Chips and

Hallie went straight for the clam chowder. Sitting right next to an open window, we watched people of all shapes and sizes pass by as we sipped on our frothy beverages, soaking up the fall day.

We did some more walking around, met up with some friends from back home and some AmeriCorps members who also happened to be in Boston, and then headed back to Quincy Market. After all, I needed *my* clam chowder fix. After taste testing what seemed like a dozen different clam chowders throughout the market, I finally landed on one of the cheaper places and eagerly ordered a bread bowl to go along with it. And just like Hallie's lunch, this clam chowder did not fail to satisfy.

With our bellies full, we got back on the T and drove to the Bourne house. I would say it was quite a long and eventful day of walking, eating, laughing, and exploring and I'm glad I could harness the feelings of being in a city again.



In Picture: Tom Vohoska, Dana Sobel, and Hallie Rajkovich exploring Boston.

ADMIT ONE, ZERO DOLLARS

By MATT LEPERE

Living on a limited stipend can be a challenge. While we aren't exactly flush with cash, members find ways to make do – like getting to see live music for free! Grumpy's Pub in Falmouth is a great place to catch a local band, have fun with friends, and I heard the pool table's not too bad either. Passes, which exempt

you from paying cover, are available at a number of local businesses, such as Coffee Obsession and Cape Cod Bagel. Free passes are always awesome! Most of the bands at Grumpy's are cover bands or play great dancing music. On a Saturday night in early November, The Primate Fiasco rocked the house. Opt-

ing for banjo and sousaphone instead of guitar and bass, their sound was unique yet totally relatable. They had the dance floor packed all night long. Seeing awesome bands like this for free is a great way to spend time without spending money.

HAZARDOUS WASTE COLLECTION:

By HALLIE RAJKOVICH

Helping Bourne residents properly dispose of their hazardous waste

All were welcome, but only Barnstable county residents could drop off electronics

Zoo of animals, well, only dogs, but lots of them

Aspiring to make our world a better and cleaner place to live

Rain, sun, and wind

Directing traffic with a warm smile and rapid hand gestures

Oreos and other delicious treats were available

Unused household cleaning products, paint, pesticides, and lots more accepted

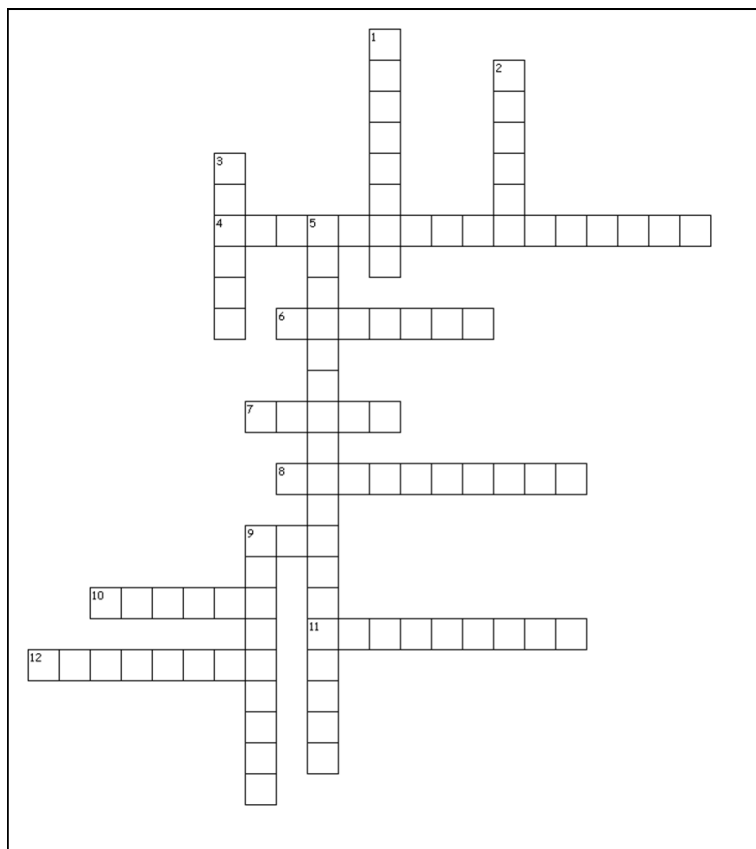
Surprise! There was paper shredding, too



In Pictures:
Hazardous Waste
Collection and
Signs



AMERIWORDS AMERIFACTS AND VOCABULARY



By ANDREA YOUNG

Across

4. Founded by Clara Barton (1881)
6. Closely related to whales and porpoises
7. Used by humans and furry pets after topical exposure to urushiol
8. "Domestic Peace Corps"
9. Enjoyable
10. Bisected by the Cape Cod Canal
11. Formative effect on the mind
12. Stihl

Down

1. Oldest town on Cape Cod (incorporated 1639)
2. "...I am an AmeriCorps member, and I will get things done"
3. Venus mercenaria
5. Use of supply in the most effective way
9. Boy risks everything to free a whale

1. Sandwich, 2. Pledge, 3. Quahog, 4. American Red Cross, 5. Resource Management, 6. Dolphin, 7. Tecnu, 8. AmeriCorps, 9. Free Willy, Fun 10. Bourne, 11. Education, 12. Chainsaw

AmeriWord ANSWERS!

TO NEED OR NOT TO NEED? A SPOOF-HEAVY POEM

By KATIE HOUSTLE

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the 3 day retreat held this year,
For 3 days in September, it was still summer;
Hardly a man would call it a bummer
Who remembers these days that were held so dear.

Once upon a morning dreary, the outside was so dark and dreary,
We sat through training that was hardly a bore.
While some nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a clapping,
As of the group gently trapping, trapping secrets of AmeriCorps.
"Fascinating facts" we all thought, "the secrets of AmeriCorps-
Now we shall know them, evermore."

Two houses converged at the NEED retreat
For, sorry they could not live together,
This was a chance to bond and meet.
Since the program would not be complete
If there was no unity whatsoever.

Did we eat green eggs and ham?
Or play card games like a fam?
We played card games here and there,
So much Uno, everywhere!
Would you, did you, play along?
Did you think the new way wrong?
Did you play it, members from Bourne?



By ETHAN MOSKOWITZ

This photo is of Bourne house supervisor Keith Hopkins, Christin Marshall and Ally T. Although the day was windy and slightly wet, nothing could get in the way of a brunch-time jaunt through the dunes, especially during the first retreat of AmeriCorps Cape Cod year 13. The dunes near P-town are notorious for harboring artists, and while none were spotted that day, you might say we all were inspired.

Did Wellfleet play it from night till morn?

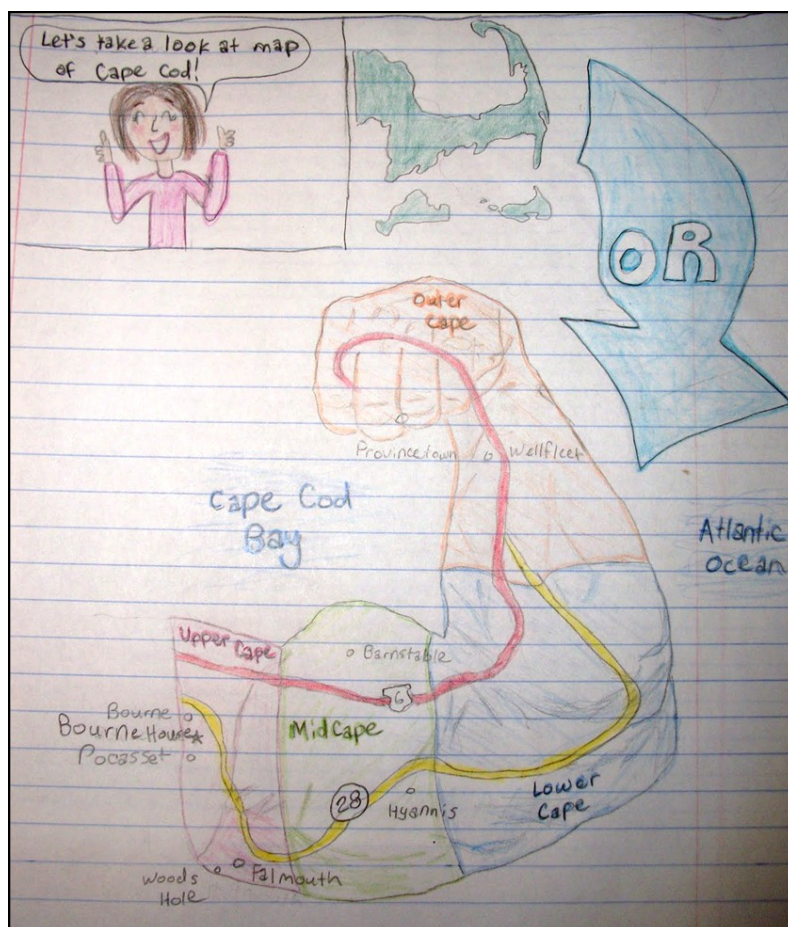
We thought that we would never see
Canoes so lovely, made from tree.

O say did you hear, by the ocean at night,
What so proudly we shared, at the bonfires last gleaming?
And remember those games, blindfolded from the light,
That broke so much ice, as we practiced our teaming.

Tick Talk without Ke\$ha, Bourne's failed trip to P-Town
Picking IPs and a GRE/LSAT countdown
So many bunkbeds and squeaky bed springs,
Those weren't a few of our favorite things!
So hey diddle diddle, I give you a riddle,
To find the shout outs in this poem.
To Hammerstein, Longfellow, Shakespeare and Kilmer,
Geisel, Key, Poe, Frost-you know 'em!

AMERICARTOON

By JANET ZARATE



THIS ISSUE OF THE WAYPOINT WAS COMPILED BY THE MEMBERS OF WEDNESDAY COD DAY.



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Thanks for reading!



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