



GHS

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From the Editors Desk

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Castles on the Shore



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You asked about a rumored Old Greenwich castle?

Next door (to the left) of the original Binney house is the fabulous slate-shingled English house with the tower owned for decades by the Coolidges. DeeDee Coolidge Perna just moved from Weston Hill Road to Maine, so I don't have details. It was always attributed to McKim, Mead and White (but so is any cool-looking house from the period!) The house has a garage apartment, boathouse, tennis court and pool on about an acre, directly on the water. It is currently being renovated (again). The last time, that I was in it; it was pretty glitzy inside, not "skillfully undecorated" as Russell Baker would say. I wouldn't call this house a "castle" in the league with the 3 remaining in Greenwich. It was really, a big shingle-style waterfront house with heavy slates substituted for shingles - on the siding and roof. It is unique and truly beautiful. Coolidge sold it in Feb, 1979 for \$500,000. It sold again in 1981 for \$1,085,000, and again in 1994 for \$3,530,000. The current owners moved out this summer for the renovation and are renting in Willowmere. It is worth well over \$10 million today

A Short History of Greenwich Made Long



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Two things about the latest epistle...

I remember our grade school teacher, Mrs. Schmidt, from Cos Cob School, telling us about the Indians. She said they lived near the water in various locations, the majority of whom were at Tod's Point. They lived peacefully until paranoia set in amongst the Whites. The story she told us was they were all killed in several raids OR they were killed by giving them blankets with small pox. Either way, in Cos Cob, there is a tiny, fenced grave site with a few Indians buried there. I could take you there, but I cannot remember the street address (I THINK it's Strickland Road and Laughlin Ave.). Cos Cob was named after Chief Cosa Coba (my spelling, not sure if it's correct).

How many of you can remember the "old" Pickwick Theater, just down the hill from Greenwich Avenue (heading towards NY). We used to go there all day Saturday (back when movies were "repeating"). Also, once a year, I believe at Xmas time, the Greenwich Police used to throw a free movie and cartoons with

free candy and treats. Some time in the early 60's, they converted the Pickwick Theater to a bowling alley: I was PISSED. I was in that very same bowling alley, after school, carrying my "very cool" 8-transistor am radio, listening to John Glenn do his three orbits of the earth. Everyone in the alley came over and kept asking me how he was doing.



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I think the drive-in movie in Stamford was called the Starlight. Keep up the good work. This is great stuff.

Editor's Note: In an eMail back to John I wrote: I think you are right... the Starlite... Starlight... I had two older brothers and both would be on line for the family car, before me... so by the time I was a senior in GHS... I finally got to drive the family car to the drive-in.

John wrote back: It was later for me, too -- October birthday, and couldn't find the time to get my license right away -- needed driver's Ed, etc. We lived in central Greenwich, but the first 2 times I went to the drive-in was with dates from the Byram area. I guess I had to go down and raid your part of town! Might be a little risky, but a call for stories about the drive-in could be interesting!!!

Editor's Note: My eMail back to John said... Okay on the idea about writing about memories of the drive-in days, so I leave it up to you the "readership" to fill us in on those wondrous nights at the Starlite in Stamford. With your arm around your "honey" and the other on the "huge" steering wheels that were in those "sixties" cars... Hot dogs, popcorn and malteds from the canteen. The speaker making funny raspy noises in your left ear... and yes they actually had a movie up on the large white thing at the front of this rippled "parking lot".



Nancy **POWELL** Petherick . Hampton . VA
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Hope you had a lovely Christmas.....

These two issues are great....I'm back home, enjoying my view of the Hampton River and saying, "gosh I'm too old for this jet-lag stuff.....why can't the whole world be on one time zone?????..... Sure works for me...

I loved the history of Greenwich, but I have something to add, and I don't know if there is anything to it. Chickahominy.....when I moved down here (Virginia) I heard the name again...it is an Indian tribe that used to inhabit this area...not large numbers, and I thought, "whoa, is that how that area of Greenwich got its name?" Most likely I think that would be the case, but I don't know that as factual at all....so maybe someone wants to get into that area and find out....I know you mentioned another group of Indiansmost were nomadic to a degree and traveled great distances

Interesting stuff....keep it going!!

The Chickahominy

When Jamestown was founded, the Chickahominy Tribe lived in villages along the Chickahominy River from the James River to the middle of the current county of New Kent. Because of their proximity to Jamestown, the Chickahominy people had early contact with the English settlers. As the settlers began to establish settlements beyond Jamestown, the Chickahominy were crowded out of their homeland. They

eventually settled in King William County near the Mattaponi Reservation, but that land was also lost to the English. The Tribal families began a gradual migration that led them back to New Kent County, and finally, to Charles City County. They settled several miles from one of their original villages in an area known as the Chickahominy Ridge, halfway between Richmond and Williamsburg. The families purchased land to live on and established Samaria Baptist Church, which still serves as an important focal point. They also purchased land near the church for Tribal use. The Tribe constructed a tribal center on this land and each year hosts a Fall Festival and Pow-wow here, with people in attendance from all over the United States. The Tribe is led by a chief, two assistant chiefs and a Tribal Council of both men and women. At the time of the settlers' arrival, the Chief's position was hereditary, being passed through the mother's bloodlines. Today, the tribe uses the election process to select the Chiefs and Council members. There are approximately 750 Chickahominy people living within a five-mile radius of the Tribal Center, with several hundred more living in other parts of the United States.

The Siwanoy



From the Fairfield County Weekly

A secret deal gives Greenwich Point Park back to the Siwanoy Indians.

By Eric Friedman

Joy Hartley stood at the very tip of Greenwich Point Park, facing toward Long Island Sound, staring out into the blue sea that brought the white man to Connecticut. She sighed deeply, exhaling with a world-weariness that conveyed a wisdom beyond her 40 years. "Right on that spot down there," she intoned, pointing toward the rocks below, "right down there, was where the first Englishman landed in Greenwich. And that, of course, was the beginning of the end for my people."

THE SIWANUY'S LAST STAND

Hartley is descended from the Siwanoy Indian tribe, who used to live on the land that has since become one of the toniest enclaves of affluence in the United States. "Over there," she said pointing behind her, "were some teepees. Over there," she added, gesturing again toward the trees, "was the long house, the chief's tent. My ancestors lived here, fished here, peacefully."

That was more than 350 years ago, and as her mind's eye traversed the years she seemed lost in thought. But then a smile crept onto her face. The town of Greenwich has owned Greenwich Point since 1945; thanks to an agreement with the Lucas Point Association homeowners whose land abuts the beach, access to Greenwich Point has been restricted to Greenwich residents. But due to Hartley's efforts, that agreement, which was recently challenged in Superior Court, is now an anachronism, a thing of the past. Under a new agreement, negotiated with Gov. John Rowland's administration, the Weekly has learned, the deed on Greenwich Point Park has reverted back to the Siwanoy tribe. Hartley's family is finally coming home. And what they have planned may ruffle a feather or two.

Hartley is the sitting president of what's left of the Siwanoy. Last month, an official responsible for Indian Affairs called Hartley from the Department of the Interior in Washington, D.C.; the Siwanoy tribe's application for federal recognition had finally been approved. It was the first victory for the tribe in some 12 years of defeats in their effort to wrest recognition from a cautious state government. "It was like a decade of just banging our heads against a brick wall," Hartley told the Weekly in an exclusive interview. "We may be bloodied, but we were not broken. You might



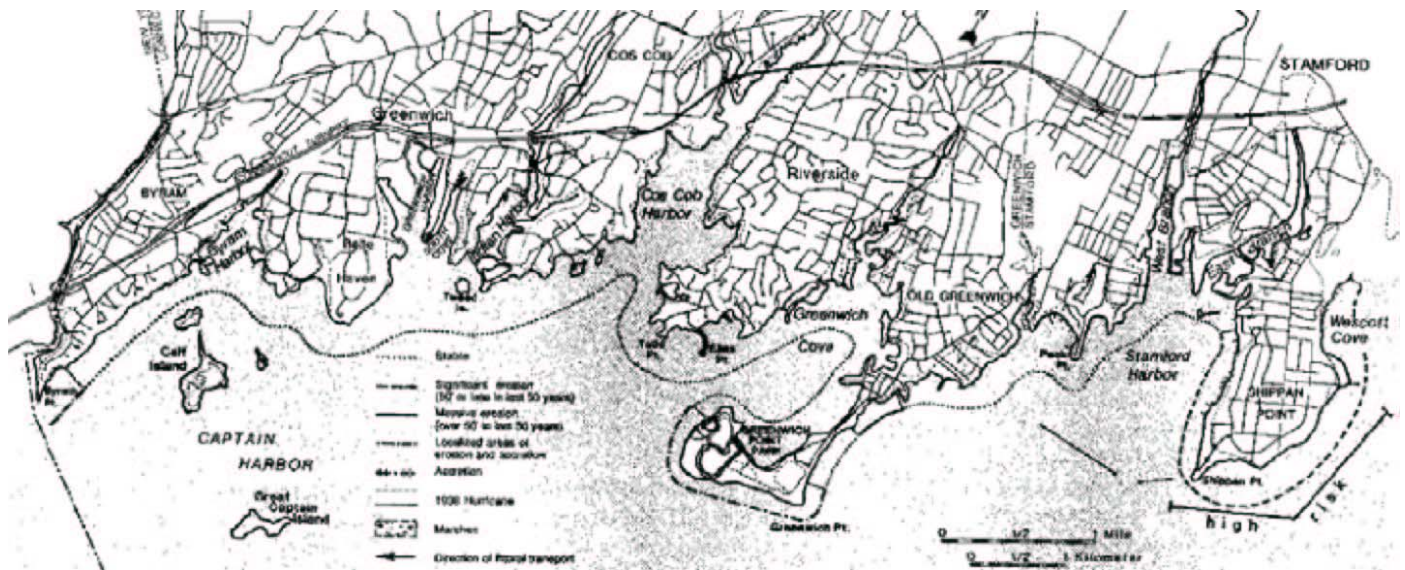
Aleshanee's Revenge: A descendant of the powerful matriarch of the Siwanoy has finally secured a just settlement for her lost tribe.

say that we bear the scars of the battle with pride. But now we have exactly what we were hoping for all those years."

The Siwanoy's quest for recognition began with the state of Connecticut; there are still a few tribes that are recognized by the state (the Golden Hill Paugussetts, for example) but are not yet acknowledged by the federal government, and as such, have no entitlement to land. As the Siwanoy saw some of their brethren of the Pequot tribe grab parcels of land in central Connecticut, the tribe got restless. Their ancestral land had grown into the archetype of suburban prosperity, and they were left out of the growth. The 1600s-era Siwanoy settlement, which they called Petuquapen, reached from the New York State border through parts of what is now Stamford, however it was concentrated in Greenwich, and the tribe had resided almost exclusively there since the 1700s. It was logical, Hartley said, reclining on a La-Z-Boy in her dingy Cos Cob condo, to go to the state for relief.

But the state was not eager to reach into the affairs of its wealthiest burg. There was too much influence there, too much wealth, and too much power. The office of Attorney General Richard Blumenthal, himself a Greenwich resident, had opposed several requests for review. State laws on Native American tribes stipulate that an offended group cannot bring suit against the state without permission from the legislature. Officials in both the AG's office and the state House of Representatives told the Weekly that a search of state records revealed that the various applications submitted by the Siwanoy were never completed. The Siwanoy's effort languished without the slightest encouragement from the state; since 1986, when they first went to the state to ask for recognition, the official position has been that the Siwanoy do not exist. "How much more ridiculous could this get?" Hartley asked rhetorically, her intense brown eyes blazing with hurt.

"They were scared to open our can of worms. This was the real test of their 'justice,'" she sneered. "They might cede a few hundred acres in the middle of nowhere, for the Pequots to open a casino that would reap hundreds of millions of dollars in payments to the state, but were they going to risk offending the monied classes here in Greenwich?" For a long time, the answer was "no".



And the town, she said, went out of its way to make things difficult for her people. There were monthly health inspections and bimonthly child welfare checkups at the condo she shared with three other families. Though there are a half-dozen young children, all under the age of 8, running around, Hartley said her home needed to be in a constant state of spotlessness; it meant the very survival of the families under her care. One of the parents always stayed home with the children while the others worked to support the tribe, selling Native American trinkets door-to-door. Though their homegrown business was not nearly the cash cow their Pequot and Mohegan cousins maintained further upstate, the forgotten Siwanoy consistently earned enough to make mortgage payments on their shared condominium and maintain it reasonably well.

But the tribe's tenuous position on the fringes of Greenwich's social fabric made them a target, Hartley told us. "Yeah, the bank threatened us with eviction every once in a while," she said, "the city threatened to condemn our house, they would revalue us every so often, raise our property taxes. The teachers at the public schools harassed our children, gave them a hard time academically, called them names. We even had the SWAT team through here once, turning the place inside out, looking for drugs. Of course, they found nothing."



Greenwich police records show no activity at the tribe's Cos Cob address.

Hartley dismisses these explanations as clumsy obfuscation. She believes that her family and the other Siwanoy have been systematically marked by the city for no reason but their very persistent presence. "They'll do anything they can do to spare them that bitter" -- she pauses at this word to run a hand through her long, straight, black-as-the-night hair -- "bitter reminder of the sins of their ancestors. Yet they cannot help but to perpetuate those sins. They will not be rid of us so easily. Perhaps we are not mighty and strong like a river, but we are persistent and inventive, and we would find a way to survive -- like Mother Earth herself."

Hartley decided that the tribe would need to go over Connecticut's head, to the federal government. She began to prepare the tribe's application for recognition to the Bureau of Indian Affairs. The application is a long and tedious process; in April 1992 Hartley began to collect the history of her tribe. The application includes more than one field visit by a BIA caseworker, but the lion's share of the material is evidence of the continuity of the tribal entity throughout history. This is what Joy Hartley discovered. This is the history of the lost Siwanoy tribe, now finally found.

When Capt. Daniel Patrick, an English-man, sailed down from the New Haven Colony and landed at Monakewego -- Greenwich Point -- on July 16, 1640, Petaquapen was already one of the largest settlements of Native Americans in the entire Northeast. The settlement numbered between 300 and 500 in the early 1600s. But as the Dutch set up shop in New Amsterdam -- having made the famous \$25 deal for the island of Manhattan -- those natives chased out by the Dutch development moved out to the suburbs to live in peace with the Siwanoy. By the time the English arrived, the settlement numbered more than 1,000.

Anthropologists use the terms "pre-contact" and "post-contact" to delineate the periods of Native American history into the periods before and after the arrival of the white man. Pre-contact, Monakewego was one of the central spots for the tribe. The Point is where the Siwanoy would gather for communal celebrations: after a bountiful hunt, for weddings and funerals, for the celebrations that marked the entrance of a Siwanoy youth into manhood. They would gather at the Point for spirited games of lacrosse, Hartley told us. "Every once in a while -- and it happened more often than you might think -- the ball that they used -- it was carved from wood -- would be tossed accidentally into the sea," she explained. "This event would be considered an offering to the Spirit of the Earth. The game would be halted, and the players would perform a ceremony to dedicate the contest." A few lucky families built their teepees from bark on the prime land near the bluff overlooking the Sound. And of course, the long house, the residence of the chief and his family, was there as well.

The sachem, or chief, of the Siwanoy tribe was named Ponus. He was a very influential chief among the various Connecticut tribes. He raised a large family of seven children, and it was said that he fathered several other children of the tribe illegitimately. "He was a large man," Hartley recounted from her research. "Legend has it he stood six foot seven. He might make a pretty good basketball player nowadays," she

chuckled. "But he was not the smartest of the tribe. In fact, the oral history tells us that he was actually a pretty dull blade. His presence was enough to command the respect of the tribe by itself. But what they didn't know -- except for those closest to his family -- was that it was his wife who ran the show."



Ponus was an enormously proficient hunter. But he couldn't make a decision to save his life. Ponus confided all tribal business with his wife, Aleshanee. When the chief entertained guests at his residence, according to Hartley's research, it was Aleshanee who sparkled and dominated the discussions of tribal affairs. She charmed chiefs of visiting tribes, and she was able to settle inter-tribal disputes with her quiet diplomacy. "This was highly unusual for Eastern Woodland tribes, let alone any of the Native American nations," Hartley informed. "Their society was almost strictly paternalistic. Women's traditional roles were mostly limited to fishing, cooking, raising the children. But Aleshanee was different. She was said to have been an avid swimmer, body surfing in the white swells of the sound. All of the members of the tribe came to her for advice about raising children, about political infighting, about sex -- though the rumor was, back then, that she enjoyed the company of women a little more than was proper," Hartley confided.

Ponus died in a freak hunting accident before the arrival of the white man in 1640, felled by an arrow to the temple. "It was called the 'Mystery of the Bending Arrow,'" Hartley told us. Though his oldest son Ow enoke was nominally named chief of the tribe, he was still too young to assume the responsibility of governance for the entire tribe. So Aleshanee continued to run the operation behind the scenes, though with 12-year-old Ow enoke as chief, her role was much more out front.

When Capt. Patrick and Robert Feakes came to the Siwanoy village looking for a chief, they were directed to young Ow enoke. On July 18, 1640, two days after their arrival, it was with the young chief that Messrs. Patrick and Feakes negotiated a bargain to buy the lands that would comprise Greenwich for a sum of 25 winter coats. While they were fleecing -- quite literally -- the Siwanoy tribe out of their ancestral lands, Aleshanee was receiving an unsolicited visit from another member of the English contingent. "They assumed that everything they saw belonged to them, including our women," spat Hartley. The legend is that Aleshanee impaled this poor Englishman with a buck's horn in his groin."



But the damage was done. Neither Owenoke nor the other chiefs who witnessed the transaction understood just what they were getting into; they assumed Aleshanee had endorsed the deal. "There was no interpreter. So here was some white guy with an armful of warm coats -- our people had just suffered the worst winter in anyone's memory -- and all they needed to do to have them was to put a mark on a piece of paper," Hartley told us. "Aleshanee was infuriated, but there was nothing she could do then. She was smart enough to understand that these folks wanted us out; she had heard all the stories from New York of various tribes getting the big swindle."



Though the English now believed that Petaquapen belonged exclusively to them, the Siwanoy, led by Aleshanee, refused to leave the land. "She knew that the land exists for everyone to share. The whole idea of a human 'owning' a piece of land seemed almost as foolish as a human owning a piece of the sky, or the ocean," Hartley explained.

But the squatters were destined for doom. "If they couldn't outsmart them," she continued, "the English would outfight them." Around 1643, the Dutch who occupied the land that would become Westchester County and some parts of western Connecticut became embroiled in a war against the Wappinger and Mattabesic tribes who refused to make way for European development. These tribes actually had some success until two companies of English colonists commanded by Capt. John Underhill, accompanied by Mohegan scouts, joined the Dutch in their quest to extinguish the Indian "threat" later the next year. An attack on the Siwanoy village near Greenwich resulted in the massacre of almost 700 people, completely wiping out the Siwanoy tribe.

That's what the history books say. But Hartley told the Weekly that Aleshanee escaped the joint English-Dutch genocide, along with four of her children -- two sons and two daughters -- by hiding out under a hollowed log. She showed us pictorial diaries kept by Aleshanee that painted the picture of her escape, with 10 other adults and 12 children of the tribe, from the English guns into the woodlands in the northern part of Greenwich. The diaries tell the story of their tenuous survival over the years, huddling during the cold winter months with what was left of their legacy -- the few winter coats that they were able to carry with them.

The Siwanoy lived in secret for a generation, only occasionally venturing into developed areas to steal a few indispensables: warm clothing, medicine, cigarettes, and whiskey. However they soon recognized the necessity -- and the advantages -- of assimilating into white American society. Aleshanee did



not live to see it; she passed away in 1726 at the ripe old age of 110. As the American Revolution began, and English forces set fire to much of Fairfield County in the spring of 1779, members of the Siwanoy – then numbering near 100 people -- joined up with the American forces to scout the Connecticut woods. They did not see themselves anymore as a distinct nation, just a rag-tag bunch of survivalist holdouts, and the Siwanoy passed quietly into history.



But no longer. Joy Hartley is a direct descendant of Aleshanee. Though 15 generations separate them, she feels her ancestor's influence on her life as surely as if she were bounced on her knee as a tot. But most importantly, the Bureau of Indian Affairs has certified her lineage. The pictorial diaries were passed down from Aleshanee to her great-grandson Sassacus, who served in the Revolutionary War. Sassacus' daughter Urika had a child with a young American soldier named Joseph Hartley. He passed the visual history of their family to her; shortly afterwards, Sassacus was accidentally killed by American soldiers, shot in the back by an overeager revolutionary. Urika's daughter passed the book from generation to generation and finally to Joy Hartley; this is how she has been able to conclusively show officials the story of her tribe.

Hartley conducted extensive interviews with the elders in her tribe in the last dozen years, and researched other diaries kept over the years that she has painstakingly tracked down. She has been able to prove lineage all the way back to that tiny group of survivors in the Greenwich forest. One valuable link she found with Henry Smith, a 60-year-old distant relative she had never met, living in Las Vegas, a longtime dealer at the Mirage Casino complex. Smith was in possession of a diary that belonged to his great-grandfather, who was a second cousin, once removed, to Hartley's grandfather. "He had just had it appraised as an

historical object. He was going to sell it; he had no idea we were fighting for recognition," Hartley exclaimed. "It ended up being an important link between the Civil War period and the 1920s, one that we hadn't been able to prove. Now Henry is moving out to Connecticut to help us with our plans. This is all like a dream come true." The Siwanoy's recognition by the BIA meant that finally they had the leverage to deal directly with the state government; usually, the process goes the other way around, tribes filing lawsuits to gain leverage with the BIA. The tribe had an enviable bargaining position. Certificate in hand, Joy Hartley marched up to the governor's mansion last month for discussions on a land claim. "All the same objections came up," she told us. "They didn't want to interfere with the Greenwich power structure." As a condition of their talks, officials in the state government requested that the proceedings be kept secret. "Otherwise," Hartley explained, "they would have every politician and Greenwich heavy banging down Rowland's door."

Sources close to the negotiations confirm that the feared backlash from Greenwich residents was the major source of consternation within the administration. "But if we were going to really do justice here," the source told the Weekly, "we were going to have to ruffle a feather or two. There was no way around it. We were really caught unawares by the Siwanoy recognition."



There is precedent for these clandestine negotiations. The agreement that granted the Pequots the 1,500 acres in Ledyard, upon which they built Foxwoods, was reached with the state in 1983 to settle the tribe's lawsuit out of court. The 1994 pact between the Mohegans and Gov. Lowell P. Weicker Jr. that netted the tribe 700 acres for their casino, the Mohegan Sun, resulted from a 1977 suit against the state. A 1974 decision by the U.S. Supreme Court on behalf of the Oneida tribe against the state of New York provided the basis for the tribe's actions; the court reaffirmed a 1790 law which said that no one could take Indian lands without permission from the federal government. Federal law has always treated Indian tribes as separate and sovereign nations. The 1974 ruling finally recognized that these nations were dealt with unfairly, and provided a means of redress.

Because of the complications presented by the 3-year-old law suit filed by Stamford lawyer Brendan Leydon to open up the Greenwich Point beach, the Siwanoy did not file a law suit against the state. The negotiations began with Hartley threatening to fight the battle in the court of public opinion. "There was nothing for the state to do but talk, and to keep it quiet," one observer who insisted on anonymity told the Weekly. "There was no way, in an election year, that Rowland wanted to alienate Greenwich – a solidly Republican town -- in such a direct way, by putting land up for grabs. So he kept it hush-hush, hoping that in the interim he could find some way to make everybody happy."



More than once, Hartley told us, the tribe threatened to walk out and throw a big media-driven fuss in public. "They were offering a one-time payment of \$100,000," she snarled. "Come on! Did you know that Greenwich's grand list is almost \$16 billion? We told them we were going to go to the TV stations, and then talk to the Kennelly campaign to see if they might take up our issue." Not anxious to throw a reed of hope to the floundering campaign of the gubernatorial challenger -- not to mention the considerable campaign funding of Connecticut's more

successful tribes, who would be certain to lend a hand if it came to a public battle -- Rowland's people agreed to appease the Siwanoy tribe. A decision was made that there would be no private land seized; it would be foolish to even try and displace most Greenwich residents. The two sides settled on the most logical and obvious tract of land, an area central to the ancient history of the tribe, which the city owned: Greenwich Point Park.

Needless to say, the town of Greenwich is reluctant to admit the legitimacy of the deal, complaining that they were denied a seat at the bargaining table. "We do not yet have a handle on the situation," town officials told the Weekly. "We would assume that the state would have given us more of a heads-up on a situation like this one, but we were not given the courtesy. Of course, we will go to court to challenge this backroom deal. This is an outrageous appropriation of our rights and sovereignty as an incorporated town within a state which does not appear to respect us. We absolutely oppose any modifications or development to the land that constitutes Greenwich Point Park, and we will fight to preserve the natural, unblemished beauty of the beach. You can count on that."

But one attorney familiar with Native American issues suggested that Greenwich might just be out of luck. "If Greenwich sues the state over the beach, then the tribe will jump in and sue the state to enforce the deal," we were told. "The courts have already ruled that the relationships between the tribes and their land are regulated by the federal government. The town would spend tons of money, lose the suit, and look like a horse's behind to anyone who cared to look."

Not that the town of Greenwich has ever worried about its position in the forum of public opinion, as anyone familiar with their legal struggles to keep Greenwich Point Park closed to the public might tell you. We attempted to get a reaction from Brendan Leydon; he could not be reached by press time. There has been no final decision in his case.

No doubt Leydon would be happy to hear that Joy Hartley and the other Siwanoy plan to allow complete and unrestricted access to the beach. Hartley and the tribe plan to hold a ceremony at sunset on Thursday, April 2, at the very tip of Greenwich Point, overlooking the rocks upon which Capt. Patrick landed all those years ago, to commemorate the return of the historic lands to the tribe. The general public is invited, Hartley told us. "We don't want to be at odds with the community, we want to be an active partner. Now that the state of Connecticut has welcomed us, we would like to give something back and welcome them." Attendees are asked to bring a candle to the ceremony, symbolizing the light of the Siwanoy heritage finally rekindled, some 350 years after it was almost extinguished. Anyone who attends will receive a certificate representing a lifetime pass to the beach.

"Our plans for the future are not set; we're examining our options," Hartley continued. "We are looking at possibly erecting a Native American heritage center at the park. But we are also studying the feasibility of building a small casino there as well. You look at Atlantic City, and they have worked the beach resort casino concept extremely well. It would not approach the extent of the Foxwoods facility, of course, there's just not the space, but we would love to share in the good fortune of the other tribes. We've been waiting for more than three centuries."