

Summer in Woods Hole
Alexander Cole

Let's go down to Nobska beach and watch the waves flow in. It's summertime in Woods Hole—memories mostly, and summers yet to come.

See the packed car? The dog in the back? Bikes on the rack? See the paved highway beckoning? Drive a while. When you see the bridge over the Canal and smell the salty air, you're almost there.

Every year this time, the village swells up. They come from everywhere. Some are hippies. Some are artists or musicians. Some are Nobel laureates, and some run corporations. There are teachers and students, scientists and poets. They come to sail and swim, to play and to study.

At the beginning of July, Science School starts. Look for the small groups of kids wielding nets. You'll know them when you see them. Watch the Fourth of July parade. The whole village comes out to see it.

On Monday walk down to the open-mic night at Pie in The Sky. On Tuesday, see Phyllis Goldstein lead the weekly sing-a-longs at the MBL. She's a little old now, but then again, she's been doing it for forty years. There's chamber music for the adults, and some good plays too.

Wander around the village. Stop at the ballpark, or the bell tower. See the boats on Eel Pond, staring down the wind. Or, if the wind is still, they mill about like guests at one of the posh cocktail parties out on the point.

You can stop by the library for some books or movies. Be sure to take a peek in the museum. Pick up the mail at the post-office. Get the latest gossip. In the evening, grill up some salmon on the patio.

Very soon, before you know it, July has matured. It dies, fading into sultry August. The art show in the community hall comes and goes. And the film festival, too. The boats are still out in droves. Some race, chasing each other through the harbor. Some are headed for picnics at Tarpaulin, or Lambert's Cove.

The crowds throng to the Vineyard, passing through on their way to the ferry. Be happy they don't stay. Head to the beaches for a swim, but try to avoid the jellyfish. At night you might see the phosphorescent ctenophores floating in on the waves.

You will know summer is winding down when the glorious music of the Bach Cantata Consort fills the Church of the Messiah. It will be hot and crowded, but never miss it.

Science School is winding down now. The open house comes, and school is over. All the microscopes and magic markers get packed up for another winter in the attic.

One last walk, one last sail. Kiss your sweetheart goodbye. Pack up the car. Come back to Nobska with me for one last walk. I'll leave you there to collect your thoughts.

Watch the waves roll in from down the sound. Think back on another summer passing. And look forward to summers still to come.