A Decent Place To Live

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In September 1998 Harbor Point celebrated its tenth birthday on a glorious, late-summer Saturday, with the sun gleaming on the bay, sailboats bobbing at anchor, and a mild offshore breeze carrying the fresh smell of sea. The event had the feel of a family reunion, with the people who built the community gathering in a small but festive celebration in the clubhouse. Architect Joan Goody arrived pushing her granddaughter in a stroller. Corcoran Jennison president Marty Jones presented a plaque—proudly held aloft by her young daughter—engraved with the names of Harbor Point residents who had been members of the task force for five years or more. Wendell Yee reminisced about the 140 junked and burned-out cars his team had hauled out of Columbia Point when CMJ first took over. April Young caught up with her old friends from the task force, Ruby Jaundoo, Esther Santos, Betty Quarles, and Etta Johnson. Dave Hanifin, sitting at a table with old friends from his building, said that although he loves his Victorian house, he feels “landlocked”—and has an attachment to Harbor Point unlike that for any other place he has lived. Joe Corcoran, in shirt sleeves, leaned against the wall, smiling.

After the clubhouse gathering, the celebration spilled out onto the mall. At three throws for a dollar, teenage boys lined up, eager to hit the bull’s-eye and plunge manager Miles Byrne into the dunk tank. Ruby Jaundoo and Betty Quarles stood behind a long table, serving Chinese food to raise money for the youth center. Across the mall, Esther Santos sold raffle tickets and kids lined up to bounce in the Moonwalk. A group of older men played horseshoes at one end of the mall, while at the other end, a rock and roll band played music, and a group of women danced, long into the afternoon.