

# Day Weekend, 1974

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the observation that the city people would be a quieting element, "everyone's nerves are raw. The city people are like a great wave of fire fighting foam, covering the Hamptons with a soothing blanket of money."

## Saturday, May 25, 1974

At eleven o'clock on Saturday morning, it took me nearly an hour to drive the six miles from Bridgehampton to East Hampton. In Bridgehampton, the traffic backed up from the single light in town all the way to Dan's Papers, a distance of one-half mile. The situation was aggravated by an inexperienced policeman at School Street, who simply stopped all traffic when it appeared that somebody on the sidewalk might think about walking across the street.

Coming through the center of town, I made a note that I must repair the tail lights on the jeep that I was driving. They'd been busted all winter but it hadn't mattered. Now, however, it did.

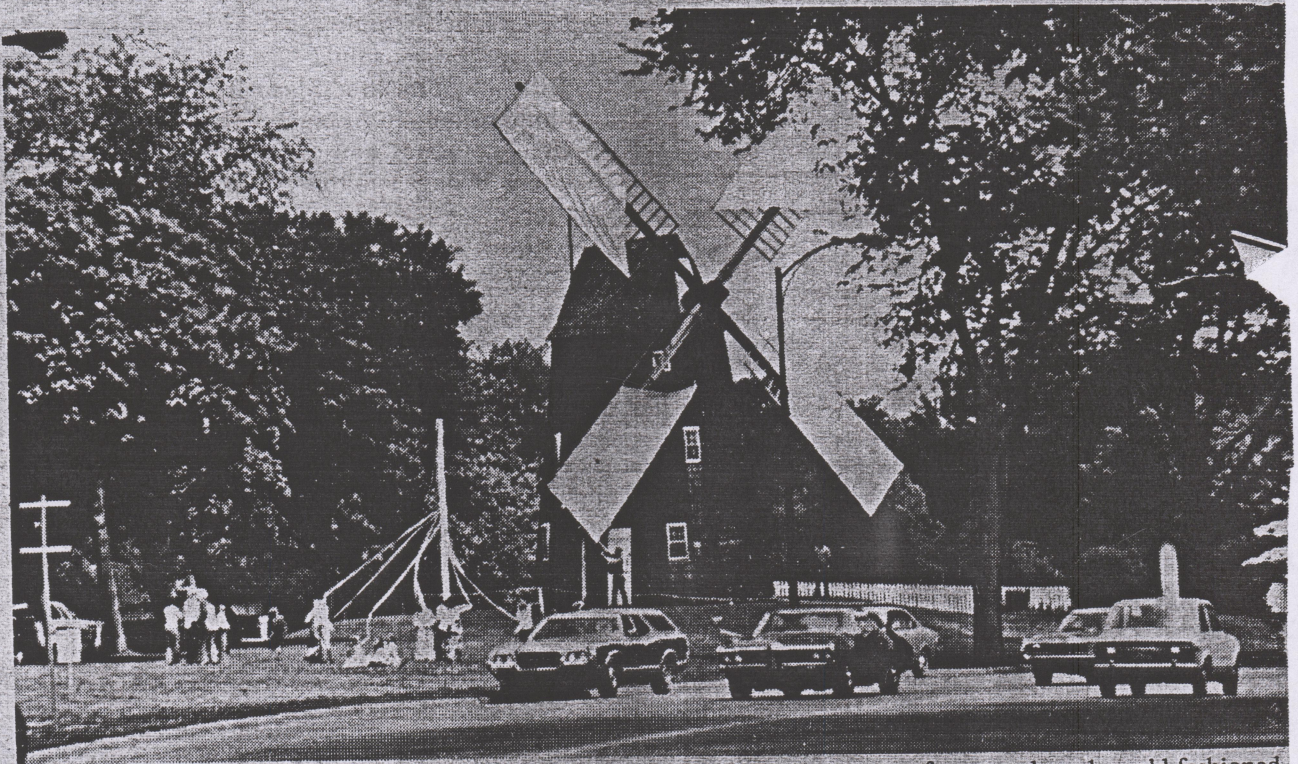
Entering East Hampton, after a long wait at the Town Pond light, I looked up to see one of the most remarkable sights it has ever been my experience to see. There, at the far end of Main Street, beyond the great canopy of elm trees that sheltered the street, stood the massive form of the ancient Hook Windmill, its great arms covered with white sails and turning in the wind for the first time in twenty years.

What an incongruous sight. In front and below the mill, Volkswagens battled with Porsches. Cyclists edged past traffic cops. There were signs announcing speed limits and parking restrictions, traffic lights blinking red and green, and U-Haul vans waiting to make a left at Newtown Lane. But beyond this, high in the trees, the arms of the mill soared six stories high, silently turning, swooping, oblivious to it all.

I battled my way through town, pulled over in front of Bohack, parked the jeep and leaped out. In thirty seconds, I was standing, spellbound, on the village green not ten feet away from the blades.

"Step back there, fella," a man said. He stood there in a hunting jacket, in front of the mill.

(Continued on next page)



The kids go round and round and the windmill arms go round and round. A scene of a maypole and an old fashioned windmill on East Hampton's Main Street, Saturday May 25, 1974.