

John Fish's Olympic Nightmare / Drone Parenting / Will New Money Spoil Maine?

Boston

Summer *Escapes*



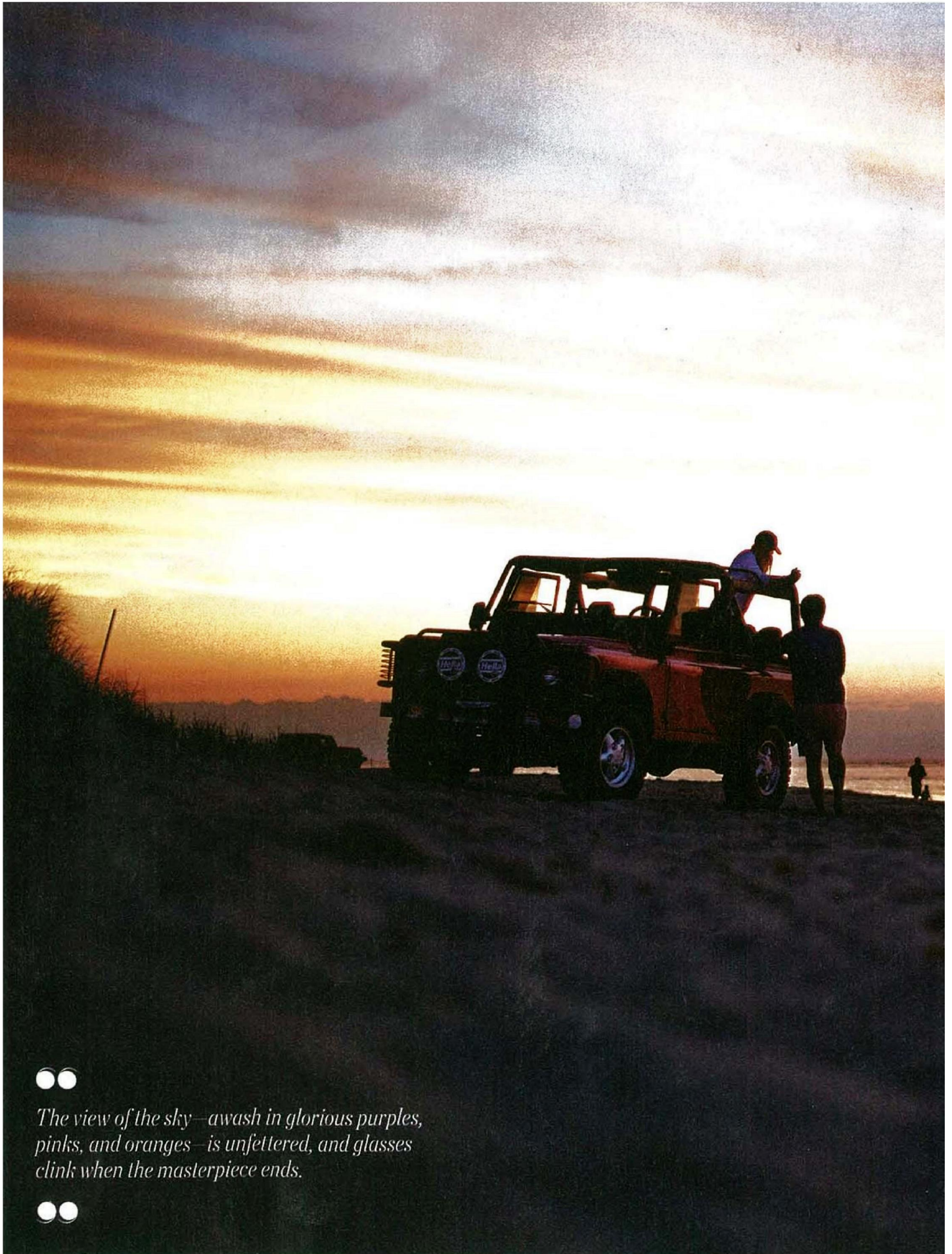
#wishwewerehere

Five Cape and island adventures that'll get you on the beach, in the surf, and loving these long, lazy days.

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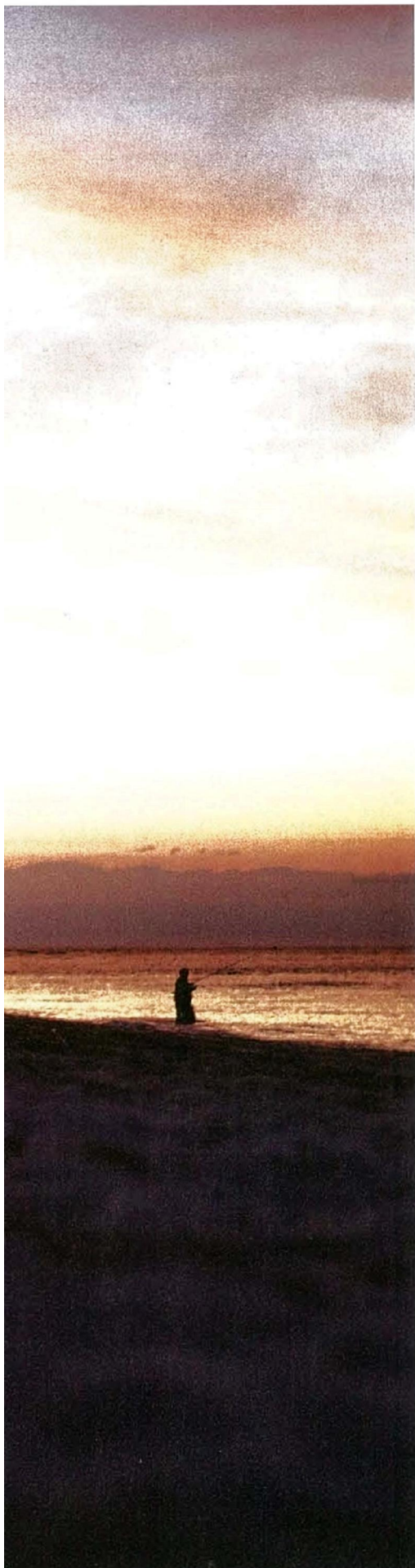
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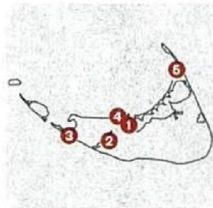


The view of the sky—awash in glorious purples, pinks, and oranges—is unfettered, and glasses clink when the masterpiece ends.





All is quiet as off-roaders take in the glorious sunset on Eel Point.



DON'T MISS

EAT Smoked bluefish pâté from **1 Straight Wharf Fish Store** (4 Harbor Sq., Nantucket) goes well with a six-pack of island-brewed **2 Cisco Brewers** beer (5 Bartlett Farm Rd., Nantucket, ciscobrewers.com). Stop at **3 Millie's** (326 Madaket Rd., Nantucket, milliesnantucket.com) for a to-go order of the Altar Rock: chips with salsa, guac, and cheese sauce.

STAY One of the oldest hotels on Nantucket, **4 Jared Coffin House** withstood the Great Fire of 1846, which destroyed more than 200 local buildings (29 Broad St., Nantucket, jaredcoffinhouse.com).

SEE Explore the **5 Coskata-Coatue Wildlife Refuge's** 16 miles of trails, dunes, coastal forests, and tidal ponds (thetrustees.org). —*Julia Rappaport*

FOR THE...

Road warrior seeking Nantucket's wilder side

Off-Roading ON Nantucket

By Courtney Hollands

“NINETY PERCENT OF people explore 10 percent of the island,” quips Bob Ruley, of the Nantucket Conservation Foundation, when we stop by the Cliff Road office for maps. How true. My husband and I have been coming to Nantucket for years, but we had never taken the time to explore the island's wildest nooks and crannies. But now we're really going to see it all—over sand, off road, and on four wheels.

To get our bearings, we first take a Trustees of Reservations tour around the Coskata-Coatue Wildlife Refuge, the pristine peninsulas that stretch out from the northeast corner of Nantucket like a skinny whale's tail. Our guide, native Al Souza, rattles off historical facts as we admire the view.

At an air station near the Wauwinet Gatehouse, Souza deflates the tires (between 12 and 15 psi, or pounds per square inch, is recommended by the town) to achieve the perfect squishiness for beach exploration. Constantly pumping and deflating tires is a Nantucket ritual that we get

to know well by day's end.

Then we're off, bumping along the rutted trails, glistening water on both sides. The thin stretch of land beyond the gatehouse is known as the Haulover, where fishermen once dragged their boats from the harbor to the open Atlantic Ocean. Souza identifies blue toadflax and golden heather, and we spot turkey vultures, oystercatchers, and other swooping fowl with binoculars. “It's wild—how the rest of Nantucket used to be,” Souza says.

We round Coskata Pond, passing Jeeps and dinged-up pickups plastered with rainbows of permit stickers as we head out to the Galls—its name means “weak place”—a dynamic sand bridge that's breached from time to time, cutting off access to Great Point. But today we can cross, and the famous lighthouse comes into view, as do rolling dunes and fishermen casting for blues. There are plenty of people and vehicles about, but it still feels untouched and remote, especially when we climb the

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Bring On Summer

light and look out over the vast expanse of sun-kissed sea and sand.

When Souza drops us back in town, we pick up a two-door Jeep from Affordable Rentals and head to the mysterious interior, home to hidden forests (hardwood trees that grow in depressions left by glaciers, unnoticeable from afar), moors, and cranberry bogs.

We turn off Polpis Road and take the dirt way to the top of Altar Rock—at 100 feet above sea level, it's one of the highest points on the island, and affords views of Siasconset and Sankaty Head Light. Avoiding rocks and potholes and dodging the scrubby shrubs encroaching on the narrow road, I'm silently praying we don't get stuck as we come upon a secluded kettle hole, Gibbs Pond. Hopping back into the car after a photo opp, I spend the trip down Larsen Road craning my neck for a glimpse of my favorite spot on the island: the "Serengeti," a grassland with gale-gnarled trees and plywood zoo animals between Milestone and Barnard Valley roads.

By now it's late afternoon, and we head to town to pick up cheese and crusty baguette, as well as smoked bluefish pâté from Straight Wharf Fish Store. We're en route to the village of Madaket, on the west end of the island, known for its painterly sunsets.

I spread out our blanket and we feast as the sun slips toward the waves. Close by, a group of eight sunburned friends from Connecticut cluster around a bonfire, gulping Bud Lights and toasting marshmallows for Reese's Cup s'mores. Earlier, they used the flames to roast local clams. The guys were still dripping from a dip, and I follow suit, wading up to my knees.

Dogs race through the shallows, sending shore birds skittering. The view of the sky—awash in glorious purples, pinks, and oranges—is unfettered, and glasses clink when the masterpiece ends.

With toes caked in sand, I drive barefoot back to the access point, where a dusty Wagoneer is stuck, blocking our exit. "Can we get a little push?" asks the driver.

With a nudge from us, she reverses and revs to make it past the sticky stretch. She waves and we start back to town: It all seems like an off-roading rite of passage. □

tumbler, a spinning mesh cage that regularly agitates away any algae growing on the bivalves. Turner pulls a handful out of the basket to reveal a brown, mossy coating, but after a few rounds through the tumbler, the shells come out clean.

After sailing back to the edge of the bay, we huddle with two of the island's aquaculture experts: Rick Karney, of the MV Shellfish Group, and Paul Bagnall, Edgartown's shellfish constable. Karney is talking about his group's efforts to seed the waters around the island with shellfish in an effort to keep the harbor clean and the fishing industry thriving, but I find myself distracted by the buckets of quahogs, scallops, and mussels just plucked from the shoreline. Also grabbing my attention is the elaborate breakfast spread from Morning Glory Farm that sits on the table beside us: carrot-spiked muffins, breads, jam, granola, yogurt, and fresh fruit. It's just a taste of what's to come, as we're headed there next.

It's been 40 years since Jim and Debbie Athearn first decided to put down roots—literally—in Martha's Vineyard. Now their 60-acre farm is so famous that their sweet corn occasionally sells out within seconds of arriving at the stand. Today, our tour group is helping out on the farm, and Jim and his son Simon are more than happy to walk us through the paces. We plant cucumbers and pull off dead stems from the jungle of tomato plants growing in the greenhouses. Inside Morning Glory's kitchen, we prep parsley for pesto and wash carrots, then join chef Robert Lionette as he breaks down entire trays of freshly roasted chicken to prepare rillettes for our lunch in the greenhouse.

After scrubbing the dirt from beneath my fingernails, I reconvene with Previd and our tour guides on the patio at the Noepe Center for Literary Arts for supper. While sipping cocktails and local beers, we mingle with guests who've only signed up for the dinner portion of the evening and boast that we're in good with the farmers. Then, at last, it's time to take a seat at the long dining table and dig into a meal showcasing the Vineyard's bounty. I'm convinced it tastes better than any other I've had on the island. Maybe that's because I had a hand in making it. □

sand banks below the ocean's surface. Along with winds, the shapes of these ridges determine how waves form and break. Due to the constant churn of the mighty Atlantic, these conditions change every minute, and knowledgeable surfers can read the waves from shore to develop a game plan: where to head out, where to wait, when to ride.

Needless to say, much of Jacob's erudition was lost on me, especially once we finally grabbed my foamie—a longboard made of nice soft stuff that won't hurt you when it smacks you in the face—and headed into the surf. Damn! It was cold. The waves were merciless, too, rolling in one after the other, peaking clear over my head. Fortunately, I had Jacob, my kindly Surf Sherpa. He told me to lie down on the board and then guided me out. When he saw something he liked, he spun me around, gave me a push, and yelled, "Hop up!"

Yoga gals like me know the moves: updog (with toes curled under), then up to a shortened warrior-two pose. Now you're surfing. Straight into shore.

After the ride ended, I rolled off, got a snoot full of fine Atlantic drink, grinned, and dragged my board back out toward my trusty Sherpa, wading in shoulder high. With both thumbs up, he hollered something like, "Yeah! Epic!" My grin broke into an all-out toothy smile.

After an hour, though, I began shivering like a Chihuahua and begged off. As I defrosted on the sun-kissed sand, still in my wetsuit (vacationers had filled in all around us wearing nothing more than bikinis), Garcia and Jacob talked surfing. Their speech was long and drawn out, a warm, relaxed, and welcoming cadence full of '60s-era surf terms that lulled me into an endless-summer state of mind. I should just sell off everything and shack up in Baja. Or head to Indonesia.

After packing up, we brunchted at the nearby Wicked Oyster, where Garcia ordered two breakfasts: *huevos rancheros* and strawberry waffles, plus a latte. I was surprisingly ravenous, too.

On the second day of lessons, Garcia took me out, and this time, I was ready: He brought a thicker wetsuit for me, plus booties and a hood. I lasted for hours in this getup, riding everything I could while savoring the Cape's majesty from atop the muscular waves. □