



HEATH HERALD

Heath's First Newspaper

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Carolyn Armstrong with Jennifer Boyle

Growing Kids, Growing Plants

The preschoolers are growing! And in so many more ways than one! Naturally they are growing taller and older. They are certainly growing more independent and experienced. And they are also growing more capable and organized, more compassionate and coordinated. But special this winter and spring, they are growing a big indoor garden.

We are exploring different ways that plants can grow - from seeds, from bulbs, from dividing plants, from leaf cuttings, etc. Our windowsills are filled right now with baby spider plants and African violets that the children started. We planted an amaryllis in early January, and are measuring its remarkable growth each week (what a great way to enjoy counting as we see how much it grows!). We are also watching an avocado seed slowly send out its roots and sprouts. We have pea and bean seeds growing in clear plastic cups so we can watch the roots and sprouts in clear view - something we don't often get to see.



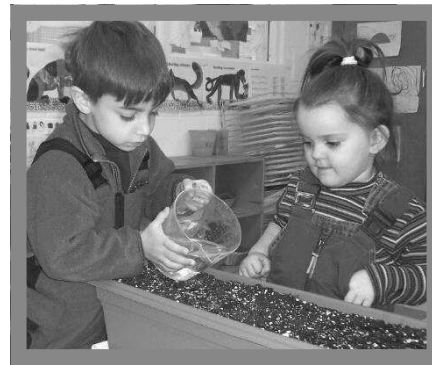
Sue Crawford with Max Schnorr and Catherine Charlton.

But most special of all, we are "growing a salad." In large window boxes, we are planting lettuce and spinach, and will plant radishes later. We also have some sugar snap peas and green beans planted, in hopes that they will produce before the

end of our school year. Our goal is to grow a salad that we can share with others in May. We will also try growing sprouts later in the spring.

The Heath School is an EIC school, meaning that we use the Environment as an Integrating Context for learning. The EIC model stresses hands-on/minds-on active learning, connecting with people and places in our local community, collaboration with other staff/classes, connecting the natural and social aspects of our community, and service learning (learning experiences that help our community). Many aspects of our focus on plants will follow the EIC philosophy. We are grateful to John Musacchio and Carolyn Armstrong, who both were generous with their time in visiting the preschool. John told the children about his greenhouses and how he

helps plants grow, and Carolyn helped the children start African violets and told them about her work at her flower shop.



Henry Poehlein and Gennie Heil

Ted Watt, our EIC coach and expert naturalist, has been helping the children plant the window boxes and learn about what plants need to grow well. We had a fascinating discussion recently about whether plants are alive. The children thought not, but they did know that plants grow and that they would die if we didn't water them. What a great insight into their developing understanding of the world, to see them working out what it means to be alive! Those are some of my favorite moments in teaching - when I get a chance to peek inside their thoughts and see the learning in progress.

Not all of our winter is devoted to growing, though. We have been doing many outside activities that take advantage of the wonderful snowy winter wonderland that is our home. We have sledded and shoveled, skied, and snowshoed, followed animal tracks in the snow and made our own tracks, made snowmen and snow angels, and more. The children have been great at learning how to manage all the winter layers. It is quite a complicated process to get on snow pants, boots, coats, hats and mittens - with many steps that need to happen in the correct order. And it is equally important to learn how to hang all those layers up to dry when we come in and to stay organized about our own clothing.

It is impossible not to have a great deal of respect for all the learning that preschoolers have done in their short lives.

~ Suzanne Crawford

Heath Herald

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Church News

Water Damage Causes Setback

By Hilma Sumner, Minister

On Saturday, March 12, I unlocked the front door of the church to be greeted by a thick cloud of warm steam. As I looked inside I noticed that there were about two inches of water on the floor of the entry way with more water spraying from a burst pipe in the baseboard heating.

After going home and putting out a call for help to our members, about eight of us came to mop up and assess the damage. Besides extensive water damage in our entry room, the entire fellowship room in the basement was covered in about one inch of warm water. A new vinyl tile floor covering that had been installed just a few days previously was ruined and will need to be replaced. Over 100 pieces of ceiling tile that was newly put in place was damaged as well. There are other damages that we noticed as we worked to clean up the water.

Since then an insurance adjuster has come and gone. The church is now waiting on the final determination from our insurance company. Once we are squared away with the insurance, we can go about the work of repairing and replacing the damages and moving forward once again.

Although this is a setback in finishing our basement project, we are grateful that the damage is not any worse. Due to that week's schedule, we know that the water could not have been leaking more than 36 hours. It could have been for much longer on another week when no one entered the church from one Sunday to the next. And we are certainly thankful that the good Lord spared the church from a fire that would have been much more destructive.



Easter Sunrise Service



Music That Lingers Thoughts of my Childhood in Heath

Recently I have been reflecting on where my love of classical music originated and memories of my not-so-musical childhood came flooding in. There were influences, of course, but, except for my mother's upright piano and my grandmother's pedal organ and the radio, there wasn't much real music.

Way back in my very young years I recall the "Edison Gramophone" in Grandma's parlor. What intrigued me most was that huge pink (I think) "morning glory" that was attached to the wind-up instrument with its cylindrical records that always began - "This is an Edison Record." What I wouldn't give to have that back in the family - those scratchy sounds, music, to my untrained ears. If I remember correctly, the pieces were mainly John Philip Sousa's marches. Nevertheless, they whetted my appetite for more, more!

In the one room Branch schoolhouse with one teacher for grades one through eight, (no kindergarten), Friday afternoons were set aside for music through the magic of radio and maestro and instructor, Walter Damrosch. If I remember correctly our teacher at the time was Miss Betty Marshall who brought in her own radio. We each had a workbook to accompany the lessons Damrosch gave as he explained the "voices" of the various orchestral instruments and finally putting them together as we listened to a symphony or other orchestral pieces, intent on picking out each "voice," making notes in our workbooks. Where else could I hear those heavenly voices that lifted my ten-year old soul?

My mother rarely played that upright piano as busy as she was with our large family. At best her playing consisted of Stephen Foster tunes or patriotic stuff like "America" or some old hymns. But by the time I was about twelve years old our church was blessed with a minister, the Reverend Fred Dixon, whose wife, Madeline, played the violin every Sunday along with the organist, Pearl Tanner. How her fingers would fly over the strings, mesmerizing me into imagining what it would be like to make such heavenly music, dancing fingers and flicking bow!

Madeline Dixon, violinist, mesmerizer, teacher, mentor, culture-bearer to this rural community. Before long she was putting together a small ensemble, sharing her many stringed instruments with any of us kids who wanted to participate. What a disappointment when the mandolin I coveted was handed out to my older brothers because she explained that the mandolin was a cousin to the violin. No, she decided I should learn to play the piano and she would give me private lessons. Secretly, though, I would sneak that mandolin and pluck away at tune making. Of course, I kept attending the weekly piano lessons at the Dixon home, plodding away, making some progress I suppose because the reward was the opportunity to "play" the player piano rolls she kept for that

purpose if I did well.

Eventually it came time for that "rag-tag" ensemble to perform for parents, family, and friends. I remember the excitement, the nervous energy, the anxious moments leading up to that debut. The Community Hall was filled, or so it seemed. The string ensemble settled in for its part in the program, and then it was my turn on the piano - a solo and a four-hand piece with Barbara Dixon. If you've ever wondered about the reality of stage fright, I'm telling you now, even after these many years, it is REAL! I've never been sure if I played what I had prepared or just banged away on the keys. All I remember is that I played like a "zombie," and when the pieces ended there was applause, I think, but it was as though I'd never learned a thing. Total fright-induced amnesia. No one ever told me whether or not I followed the score, or if I was even in tune. And the next morning the slate of my mind was completely erased of all things musical, at least piano wise. And I never went back to the lessons, a decision I've always regretted and one that still makes me wonder why my mother didn't urge me. I can only conclude that it was a miserable performance!

But the lure of the violin remained and I longed to own one. Of course, there was no money for such a luxury. I would have to earn it somehow. Earn it I did by selling flower and vegetable seeds door-to-door, a feat that meant trudging miles between the far-between homes, and my feet were reluctant to approach the doors of neighbors because I was painfully shy in those days. Eventually I sold all those packets - I think Grandma bought most of them - and I mailed in the money to the seed company along with the coupon that indicated my choice of prize- naturally a violin!!

What seemed like weeks later the package was waiting for me when I got home from school. Talk about excited! I ripped open the box and there it was- this beautiful instrument just begging me to bring it to life. It didn't matter that it was made of tin. It looked like the real thing and I cradled it under my chin just like I'd seen Mrs. Dixon do every Sunday. I guess my mother must have helped me tune it to the piano, but I don't remember. I could hardly wait to get away from my brothers who were making fun of me. The only place I could be free of them was in the woods where I "sawed" away with the bow, making my untrained fingers fly over the strings. Day after day I would disappear into the pines until finally one day I could dare to play in the house, convinced that I was making good music.

Big mistake!! While I was sawing away in the living room my brothers were covering their ears in pain. Suddenly, my oldest brother barged into the room, grabbed my beloved tin "Strad" and whacked it over my head, smashing it, caving in its sides and unleashing the strings with a ping-pong sound. I was devastated to say the least and fought back kicking and screaming. No more violin! No more piano! My musical career had come to a painful finale. But not my love for the real thing.

~ Lois Stetson Buchiane





Wild Ramblings

Fertile Flowers



By Bill Lattrell

Some time ago I knew a woman who, even through she was flirting with her eighth decade, would go for a brisk three-mile walk at 7:00 a.m. nearly every day during the warmer months. Upon returning to her house she loved to sit on her porch in her sofa swing. From that vantage point she could see a large meadow of wildflowers that began immediately in front of her house and extended several hundred yards to the east. In my presence she once observed, "The walk is for my body. Sitting here watching all that is before me is for my soul."

This elderly lady's biggest passion was watching the bees, birds, butterflies, and other critters dance from flower to flower in their quest for nectar and pollen. It was a simple pleasure that I am sure she enjoyed to her dying day. There was nothing that quenched her thirst for life quite like the joy that she received from these daily observations.

I was a young man at the time, and I was fascinated with her exuberance for life. She seemed more alive than many people I knew that were decades younger than she was. Her name was Daisy and a better name could not have been found for this dear woman.

Occasionally I would stop by in the morning and sit with her. She always kept a pair of binoculars by her side. Daisy would lift the binoculars to her eyes, study the goings-on out in the field, and make a simple comment like "Those bees are sure busy mining for gold!" Then she'd look at me with a big grin and we'd both laugh. Not a laugh responding to something funny, but laughing for the sure love of life.

Flower pollination and fertilization is one of nature's most fascinating processes. The number of adaptations that plants have made in harmony with each other is utterly miraculous. It is the perfect symbiotic relationship. Many plants need carriers to aid in their sexual reproduction and ultimately the continuation of their species, and many animals need the food that the sexual plant parts provide for their very survival.

While some plants may rely upon the wind for pollination, most plants rely upon the animal kingdom to carry the pollen from the male reproductive organ (known as the stamen) from one plant to the female reproductive organ (known as the pistil) of another plant. To accomplish this transfer of pollen, flowering plants have come up with some incredible strategies and adaptations to attract members of the animal kingdom. Some flowers have formed visual stimuli that attract particular animals. For example, numerous flowers use a color contrast to form a bull's eye that may attract members of the insect community. Members of the composite flower family utilize this strategy. Asters frequently have bright petals and a solid black or brown center, forming a bull's eye where insects can easily find the pollen and nectar that they are looking for. The color of a plant may impact which insect is attracted to it. Entomologists and naturalists have discovered that butterflies are attracted to the red/yellow color pattern and may favor plants utilizing these colors. Bees can see yellow, blue, and green, but not red. But don't be fooled; they also can see colors that are not visible to humans such as ultraviolet which may explain why bees are such effective pollinators of red, pink, and ultraviolet apple blossoms. It is likely that contrast between the ultraviolet and other colors attracts the bees.

Another adaptation that flowering plants utilize to attract animal pollinators is smell, also known as olfactory stimuli. Birds and butterflies do not have well developed olfactory senses, but bees, moths, and bats are very sensitive to smells. Bats are attracted to dank smells, and moths are attracted to succulent smells. Both do their pollination primarily at night.

Flowering plants may use unusual adaptations to attract pollinators. Two of these unusual adaptations are found in the orchid family. One orchid known as *Ophrys* actually has evolved to a form resembling a female wasp. The plant emits a pheromone that is used by female wasps to attract male wasps. This may be quite confusing for the male wasp as it tries to couple, unsuccessfully, with the *Ophrys* orchid. Another common orchid, the yellow lady's slipper, emits a fragrance that attracts flies. When the flies search for the source of the fragrance they fall into a pouch. Once inside they become intoxicated by the strong aroma. The only way out is through an opening in the pouch where the plant's pollen sacs are located. The pollen gets stuck to the fly and the fly transports that pollen to another yellow lady's slipper where it may choose to get intoxicated one more time just for the sheer joy of it.

One aptly named plant, the carrion flower, of course smells like rotting meat. This terrible smell is solely for the purpose of attracting flies. The flies think the spot is a smorgasbord, but in fact have been duped into being a transporter of the plant's pollen.

Flowering plants may also use structural adaptations to help spread their pollen. Some plants have anthers (the part of the stigma where pollen is located) that develop a great deal of tension as the male sexual reproductive organ develops within the flower. When a bird or other pollinator tries to harvest the nectar, the tension holding the anthers is released and pollen is thrown onto the bill of the bird, where it will be carried to come in contact with the pistil of another flower of the same species.

("Fertile Flowers" continued on page 5)

Growing Up in the Depression Years

Not many today have much idea of the harsh realities of life in the middle to late 1930s.

Government was a smaller entity then. It was not so intrusive and not as liberal as it is today. I say this as a good and not-so-good reality of life.

As we went about our daily life, we were not aware of being in poverty, as no one told us that we were disadvantaged or underprivileged. Everybody was in the same state; therefore we did not know that there was another way of life. We had happy family situations. Perhaps our clothes weren't the latest style or fit. Hand-me-downs were expected, when we could wear our older siblings' clothes, be it shoes or overalls, or whatever.

Our meals were plentiful, if not always a great variety. There was always plenty to go around. I remember the potatoes and homemade milk gravy with fried sliced salt pork. Of course, there were always the baked beans and homemade bread and butter. Large gardens made for plenty of fresh and canned vegetables (No freezers or microwaves then either).

I remember my mother slaving over a hot wood range in the summer processing canned vegetables in a hot water bath for many hours. Of course, the woodstove meant that the wood box had to be filled winter and summer. As we didn't have central heat, two other woodstoves were needed as well as the kitchen stove. So guess what we had to do in the wintertime? My brother and I had the job of pulling a crosscut saw while Dad split and loaded a sled load of wood to be pulled home by a pair of horses that were our only "horsepower."

In the summer months there was the planting of cornfields and the many loads of hay to be forked by hand. When we were big enough, we were given the honor of driving the horses and loading the wagon while the taller ones pitched the bundles of hay onto the wagon.

It was not all work, however. When the hay was in the barn in the afternoon, we hightailed it to the Branch Brook to get hayseed washed off. It was a fun time to dam up the swimming hole with burlap bags of sand. I'm sure Dad wondered sometimes where all his burlap bags went.

We had fun, no one told us we were poor, and the close family ties we had were a plus that is not easily obtainable today. Perhaps we need a little less government intervention in our private lives. Self-initiative and making your own way were a lot easier and more satisfying then than they are in our complex society today.

~ Douglas Stetson



Heath Senior Center News !

Jane deLeeuw and Helen Studd have been appointed by the Selectboard to the Council On Aging, and Don Dekker and Dianne Cerone have been appointed to the Community Hall Committee.

Becky Bradley is conducting exercise classes held every Wednesday at 9:30 a.m. upstairs at the Center. The classes are hosted by the seniors of Heath and are open to the public.

George Rud from Pittsfield has donated two new Dell 17-inch monitors and a printer to add to our computer setup at the Center.

Many thanks to these people for offering their time and interest toward making the Community Hall/Senior Center a place the townspeople can use and enjoy.

Senior Lunches are being served every first and third Thursday of the month. The meals are open to the public and all seniors by reservations only. For reservations call Dot Sessions at 337-4896.

The computers at the center are set up for all seniors in Heath to surf the net, do e-mail, or to use the printers to write letters. For links to Heath weather and other important information the Community Hall/Senior Center home page can be seen at <http://heathseniorcenter.jamminweb.com>. Free computer lessons will be given to any interested senior in town. For an appointment call Raymond Pettengill at 337-4804.

As of 2-28-05 there are 30 hours available for the public to use the upstairs hall at the senior center. To apply for a Community Hall/Senior Center event request, obtain a copy of the Community Hall/Senior Center use application from the Town Coordinator, Senior Center Coordinator, or on-line at www.townofheath.org and submit the completed form to the Town Coordinator or mail it to: Senior Center Coordinator, Town of Heath, One Main St., Heath, MA 01346. You will be contacted with the results of your application.

~ Raymond Pettengill
Heath Senior Center Coordinator

(*"Fertile Flowers"* continued from page 4)

Jewelweed has a different but similar strategy for pollination. The flower is located at the end of a very thin but springy pedicel (stem). The stem is exceptionally flexible. As the hummingbird darts its tongue in and out of the flower, the pedicel pulls the flower away leaving pollen on the bill of the hummingbird.

The pollination and fertilization strategies of plants are almost endless. Each an awesome miracle of nature that goes beyond imagination.

I was fortunate to know Daisy for one summer. I'm sure my brief presence was but a fleeting memory in her long life. For me, the pollen of her love for the wild, her appreciation for the simplest of pleasures, and her willing laughter that exposed her most inner being have fertilized my soul and borne fruit and memories that are as fertile now as they were thirty years ago.



Come to Town Meeting

May 7, 2005
Heath Elementary School
9:00 a.m.
It's your town government!

Dog Rescue

I will always remember my eighth birthday present, a dog, at last. My walk route to and from school involved greeting the various dogs, who lived along the way. Andy, the Saint Bernard with ropes of drool, Ingrid, the Airedale, who could do tricks, and the black dog, behind the fence, I called Wolf. Sometimes a strange dog would follow me home, lured by the crumbs in my pocket. We would always find this new arrival's owner within the next couple of days. These guests were my first dog rescues, only it was they who rescued me from the solitude of my life, that is, until I turned eight.

Over the years, I have nurtured and found homes for many animals. Kittens thrown into a storm drain, baby flying squirrels whose nest had been demolished, a timber rattler run over on the Blue Ridge Parkway. It is with dogs, though, that I continue to have an ongoing involvement. Strays continue to find me but the days of anxious owners looking for them are as long gone as the years of my childhood. I have to work many hours to find them homes now.

I remain on the periphery of dog rescue. I am not an expert and only can pass on my observations and readings from over the years. The pet industry, especially dogs, in America is big business. Sales from pet products have increased dramatically as boomers aim for the Eddie Bauer -SUV- retriever image. Dogs are used in commercials, television, and movies. Dalmatians were over-bred to meet demand after *101 Dalmatians*. Everyone wanted a Jack Russell terrier, a difficult breed on a good day, after watching the antics of Eddie on *Frasier*. Puppy mills easily meet the demand for the trendy breed du jour. Hunte, the largest puppy broker, located in Missouri, has been the target of animal rights groups. They provide pet stores across the country with "pedigreed" pups, that have been raised in captivity with mothers who are no more than confined breeding machines. This is a far cry from buying a dog from a responsible breeder, who breeds for health and disposition rather than for profit. Good breeders love their dogs.

Dogs enter rescue for a number of reasons. Puppies are brought home without the realization that they need training; they do not become the companions envisioned, without love, time, patience, and work. The shelters soon will be seeing the Christmas pups, surrendered with exclamations of, "I didn't realize he would get so big" or "I thought she could stay in her crate for ten hours without an accident." Many dogs are not neutered and thus whole litters are brought into shelters. Owners get sick, have to move into accommodations that do not allow pets, and are forced to surrender their pals. The list goes on and on.

Most local animal shelters in this country are kill-shelters. Dogs are held for a certain time period and then are euthanized, if no one claims or adopts them. Exceptional mixed breed dogs, culled out by shelter workers, are accepted by rescue groups, who, through a network of volunteers, foster and place them into homes. Full-breed dogs are given to breed rescue groups, either by shelters or by their owners directly. Every breed has a rescue organization. All these groups have one common goal, to save the life of a dog. There the similarities end.

Stuart is our golden retriever. He came from a rescue group that brings forty dogs every three weeks to New England from the south. He sat in a kill-shelter for one month in Louisiana and was then placed in a foster situation with forty other dogs for three weeks. He was not screened for temperament by his foster family; we were merely told he was a big "goof-ball." He arrived in a Penske truck, along with his compadres, all of whom had been placed.

The truck backed into the rescue group's driveway, a gangplank was put down and the dogs were led off to be welcomed into their new life. A sweet black lab, head-shy from beatings, had trouble getting down the ramp. She was wagging her tail fifteen minutes later, under the shade of a maple tree, surrounded by her loving new family. Stuart came down the plank as though shot out of a cannon, drank a pail of water and elicited the dire warning from the driver that he was one aggressive dog. *This is a goof-ball?* Cal and I looked at each other and thought, *what have we done?*

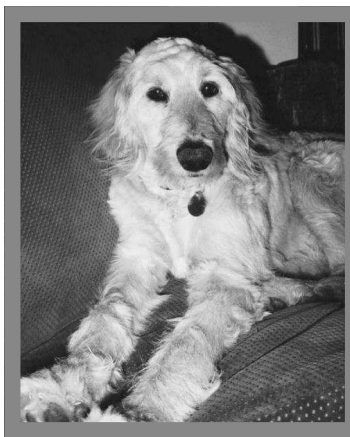
Since then, we have treated his heartworms, a snakebite abscess, and removed two tumors. We have pieced together his life in Louisiana as a hunting dog, kept in a crate and only allowed out to hunt, with an electric zap collar for control. He is typical of many southern dogs, big head and feet, little teeth and body, the result of poor nutrition. Hence his name, Stuart Little. We have worked with a behaviorist and obedience classes. He is an ongoing project. Stuart's rescue group's aim is to save dogs in quantity and place them quickly. Had we gone through Yankee Golden Retriever Rescue, the wait would have been one year or

more, but we would have received a dog fostered one-on-one, evaluated, and then placed into an appropriate living situation, matching the human's and animal's needs.

Bella, the seven-month-old, whom we are now fostering, is the product of a puppy mill. She is a new designer breed, a goldendoodle. The premise here is that the dog have the frame and personality of a golden with



Stuart and Jan



Bella

(*"Dog Rescue"* continued on page 7)

(*"Dog Rescue"* continued from page 6)

the non-shedding hair of a standard poodle. Bella is just the reverse. The family paid over \$2,000 for her at a big chain pet store. She arrived with a barrel of kibble for dogs with allergies, kibble for dogs with sensitive stomachs, three old prescriptions for gastric problems, four dog colognes from mango-papaya to snowflake, dog deodorizers, and luster-coat spray. No wonder why the poor girl had stomach problems. She is a dog who ended up in a home that should have bought a stuffed animal. Thankfully, her family gave her up for adoption.

My advice for anyone wanting a rescue dog is to do your homework. Research the various breeds and learn their traits. If possible, meet the dog and see what the chemistry is between you. Locally, Greenfield has an animal shelter that always has available dogs. If you are looking for a specific breed, they will call you when one comes in. The Dakin Shelter in Leverett is a no-kill shelter, that is celebrating its tenth anniversary. They sponsor events such as heavy-petting and smooch-a-pooch, of course to honor Valentine's Day. Veterinarians are always coming across dogs that need homes. Sometimes people leave dogs to be put down rather than pay a two hundred dollar vet bill.

Googling any breed plus the words rescue and Massachusetts will give you the breed-specific local rescue groups. Many of these groups do in-home visits, dog evaluations, and then they make the match. However, dogs without extensive foster evaluation comprise the majority of unwanted pets. The Web site www.Petfinder.com lists thousands of animals available in shelters and with rescue groups across the country. Many of these have suffered under inhumane conditions and will require months and months of constant and consistent love before they can again trust, but when and if that time comes, BINGO!

~ Janis Carr

Talk about Lucky!

While not thinking about much of anything as I poked around doing house chores, I suddenly had a great flash of feeling. How lucky I am to be born into my family - lucky they are mine and I am theirs! If smiles could talk, I'd have smiled out loud, maybe even sung a tune. There are seven of us - four girls, one boy (who has five mothers - the four sisters and the real Mom), Mom and Dad. Dad passed away nine years ago, but we still count him in the big family roundup. Mom calls all of us her "happiness insurance."

Mom hails from Bad Axe, Michigan, and Dad from Coffeyville, Kansas. It's fun to have parents that come from places with distinctive names. Mom's hometown makes me think of that grand Huron Nation, powerful rulers of the Great Lakes and surrounding lands, sometimes doers of bad deeds with axes. On this Indian theme, Dad's Kansas strain includes great-great-grand-Great-Grandma Joanna, a Cherokee who married on the banks of the Missouri River - wearing shoes that day for the first time, and then went upriver with her new trapper husband.

I'm number two, benefiting from my older sister Susie breaking in our parents, but not like the youngest, Ellie - the one we regularly told our Mom she was spoiling to death by light

chores like emptying wastebaskets. Come on! Some regular chores were dishes and packing school lunches. Two girls did dishes, one packed all the school lunches, and Ellie set the table. We'd trade around each week. Two things I recall from this routine were singing rounds while we washed and dried dishes and having one kind of sandwich five days in a row. The lunch maker got to choose the bill of fare, so egg salad sandwiches - that would be Susie's week. I was the tuna gal and Margie favored cheese sandwiches with mayo, no mustard. We shared rooms two by two and each Saturday we did bedroom cleaning chores. One memorable Saturday ended with a trip to the hospital to get my broken arm set after a little difference of opinion with my roommate Susie - but that's a story for another time.

We were thrilled when we finally got a baby brother, Eddie, good old number five. We girls hedged our bets and picked out the name Polly just in case it was a girl, but a boy he was! When he was about two, it was clear to our parents that there was some serious problem with his development. Decades later, he was finally diagnosed with autism. Even in its mild and difficult-to-diagnose form, it's a devastating affliction. There's a lot to share about this, too, for yet another story. Ed's a great, brave guy and he's grown up to be a kind, funny, quirky, good man, after many very difficult years for him. The experts thought it was best for him to get specialized education so, at age eight, he went away to a residential program in Pennsylvania. When I think about how hard and lonely that was for him - certainly many times more so than for those of us who missed him terribly but still got to be at home, it makes me cry with sadness. I sure wish there had been mainstreaming back then.

Fast forward to now. Ed lives with a couple and their two kids, in a semi-independent arrangement. He has what he calls "my apartment" - a living room, bedroom, and bath. Josh and Jeanne cook and watch out for him. He works one day a week at the local newspaper, running the machine that puts inserts into the paper. He likes the machine because it sounds like a steam train, one of his passions. He's got a cat, Me Too, and he likes to write to visitor centers and tourist attractions for brochures. Partly it's his interest in other places, partly he loves sending and getting mail. In fact, he's Margo's best stamp customer! He also loves snacks, so you might spot him at the Friends of the Library bake sale - he's the 6-foot redhead eyeing the brownies while reaching for his wallet.

Better finish this up! So, I'm lucky seven times over. Lucky to be Ed's guardian. He and I are great buddies; we adore each other and share happy affection and wacky jokes. Lucky to have our Mom alive and well. We just celebrated her 88th birthday. She's good to the core, loving, generous, and wise. Lucky to have had a Dad who was the best father I can imagine. I think of him whenever I use his fly rod (which reminds me, I saw the stocking truck this afternoon down along the Deerfield - Yippee!). I'm lucky to have three best friend sisters, even the one I broke my arm slugging during that chores debate (she deserved it - honest!). In fact, Susie and her husband and I now share our home. If you'd told me that forty-five years ago, I'd have had to eat the hat. Now I get to count the blessings.

~ Kathy Stein

Selectboard's Report

The Selectboard meets Tuesday nights at 7:00 p.m. in Sawyer Hall.

Special Town Meeting – A Special Town Meeting originally scheduled for March 8 was continued due to a snowstorm. The meeting was reconvened on March 29, 2005, at the Heath Elementary School at 7:00 p.m. The business of the STM was to transfer funds from accounts with surpluses to accounts anticipated to run deficits during the current fiscal year. There was also a warrant article for the acceptance of a parcel of land donated for the Center Cemetery.

Town Coordinator Resignation - Joy Fynmore has resigned as Town Coordinator and has been appointed to the Board of Health. The Selectboard wishes to express its appreciation for the good work she has done during her tenure especially for the job of seeing through the office reorganization for the second floor of Sawyer Hall and for helping to close out the Senior Center grant work. The Selectboard has been conducting interviews for the position. In the meantime, Jenna Day has been filling in as Temporary Town Coordinator.

Three-Town Landfill - Engineering work on the design of the capping operation for the former landfill is in progress. SEA Consultants expect to complete the design this spring after the snow recedes enough to permit a wetlands delineation to be done and a Notice of Intent filed and heard by the Conservation Commission.

Budget Hearings - Town department heads have submitted budget requests for the coming fiscal year for review by the Selectboard and Finance Committee. The review will be completed soon for incorporation into the budget to be considered at the upcoming Annual Town Meeting on **May 7, 2005**. Salary reviews and cost of living allowances are other issues soon to be considered in the process of finalizing the FY06 budget.

Custodian Resignation - Dave Vanderpoel has submitted his resignation as custodian for Sawyer Hall and the Community Hall. The Board wishes to express appreciation for the great work Dave has done in keeping the buildings clean and in good repair. Dave also contributed a great deal to the office reorganization. The Board interviewed candidates and has hired Summer Barkoskie as our new custodian. Summer is a resident of Heath and a self-employed stonemason and artist.

Heath On-line - Take some time to visit the Town's home page www.townofheath.org. You'll find Selectboard meeting minutes, school information, and much more. The home page is a work in progress. Thanks to the computer committee for getting this project up and running. Contact the Board at BOS@townofheath.org. Send messages to any board or individual via the e-mail address, or visit the Heath home page.

~ Heath Selectboard
Thomas Lively, Chair
Brian De Vriese
Sheila Litchfield

Town Clerk News

It is once again the season for town elections and the Annual Town Meeting. The election will take place on **Friday, May 6**, in Sawyer Hall. Voters may cast their ballots between **noon and 7:00 p.m.** on that day for candidates running for local offices.

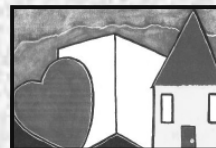
Names that will appear on the ballot and the position and length of term that each person is running for are as follows:

<u>Position</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>Length of Term</u>
Selectman	Brian DeVriese, incumbent	3 years
Assessor	Henry Leuchtman, incumbent	3 years
Moderator	Douglas Wilkins, incumbent	3 years
Fin/Com	David Howland, incumbent	3 years
Planning Board	Robert Viarengo, incumbent	5 years
Library Trustee	Jane deLeeuw, incumbent	3 years
Constable	Charles Kaempfer, incumbent	1 year
Fin/Com	Douglas Stetson	1 year

For the position of Dog Officer and the second Constable position no one had returned completed nomination papers by the deadline of March 18. These offices will have to be filled by election of write-in candidates. Both positions are one-year terms. Douglas Stetson is running for the one-year position on the Finance Committee. This is to fill an unexpired term due to David Cote's resignation that is effective May 7.

The Annual Town Meeting will be held on **Saturday, May 7**, at the Elementary School. In order to call the meeting to order at the 9:00 a.m. posted time, a quorum of 50 or more voters needs to be present.

~ Hilma Sumner



Come and Have Breakfast With Us

The Friends of the Heath School Library will be offering their annual Continental Breakfast at the Annual Town Meeting, **Saturday, May 7, 2005**, beginning at 8:30 a.m., at the Heath Elementary School.

The menu will include deviled eggs, a tempting selection of delicious goodies, coffee, tea, and juice, all for a donation to support the school library.

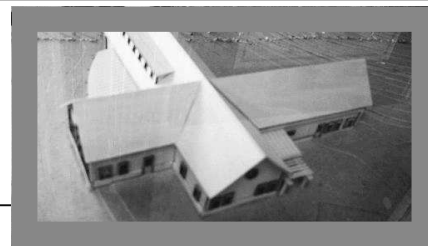
How important is this? Your donations and support of our other activities make possible the school library's budget.



Library Lines

Circulation Count = \$\$ From State

By Charlene Churchill



Did you know that just checking out materials from our library brings in money to our town for the library to use? Every year we have to report our "Circulation Count" to the Massachusetts Board of Library Commissioners. Depending on the State's budget allocation for state aid to libraries, these circulation counts are used to compute how much money the library will get from the State. We also get an additional amount for each item we lend to patrons from other towns. Please help maximize the return of our tax dollars by borrowing from our library.

New Children's Materials at the Library: *My Rotten Redheaded Older Brother* by Patricia Polacco, *Lizzie Bright and Buckminster Boy* by Gary Schmidt, *Friendship According to Humphrey* by Betty Birney, *Red Book* by Barbara Lehman, *How Do Airplanes Fly* by Melvin Berger, *Girls in Pants: The Third Summer of the Sisterhood* by Ann Brashares, *Giggle Giggle Quack* by Doreen Cronin, and *Dragon Rider* by Cornelia Funke.

Construction Grant Update

The Massachusetts Board of Library Commissioners has notified us that one of the several review panels retained by the State to rate the information submitted by libraries from across the State is currently evaluating our Library Construction Grant Application. We will find out sometime in late July if we receive an award, are placed on a waiting list, or have to rework our application for the next grant round.

A public hearing will be held on **Wednesday, April 13, at 7:00 p.m.** at the Heath Elementary School to present the preliminary design for the new building and allow the public to ask questions and offer comments about the project. You can also see the rendering, the model, and the grant application documents at the library when it is open.

We hope that our entire community will attend this informational session and also attend our Annual Town Meeting on **Saturday, May 7**, to vote on the articles related to our library project.

News From North Forty

This is about a Jeep named "Sherwood." The 1948 CJ2A Willys-Jeep was purchased new by Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood Berger of New Britain, CT, and used as their transportation vehicle. When they retired to their estate in Winchester, CT, "Sherwood" was kept to work around the estate, hauling material, pulling a wagon, and raking hay, etc. The Jeep also had a PTO like a tractor and was used to run a cord wood saw. "He" also helped to build Camp Berger, the Connecticut Grange Camp for youngsters.

Soon after I purchased Burnt Hill and was still working in Connecticut, I rented a small house from Mr. Berger. One day the engine blew up in Sherwood, and Mr. Berger was going to bury his beloved Jeep. I convinced him otherwise, and he gave him to me. At the same time, my boss at work had a special Jeep engine that we put into Sherwood. I used this Jeep at the blueberry farm for over 30 years and brought him with me when I moved to Vermont.

This past summer I called the grandson of Mr. Berger, who now lives on his grandfather's estate, and asked him if he would

like Sherwood. He cried, then told me he had a photo of himself sitting on his grandfather's lap in that Jeep. Well, Sherwood is now back running around the Berger place with Mr. Berger's great-grandson learning to drive in him.

Happy trails, Sherwood!

~ Jack Cable



Jack and Beverly Cable and "Sherwood"



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"This publication is supported in part by a grant from the Heath Cultural Council, a local agency which is supported by the Massachusetts Cultural Council, a state agency."

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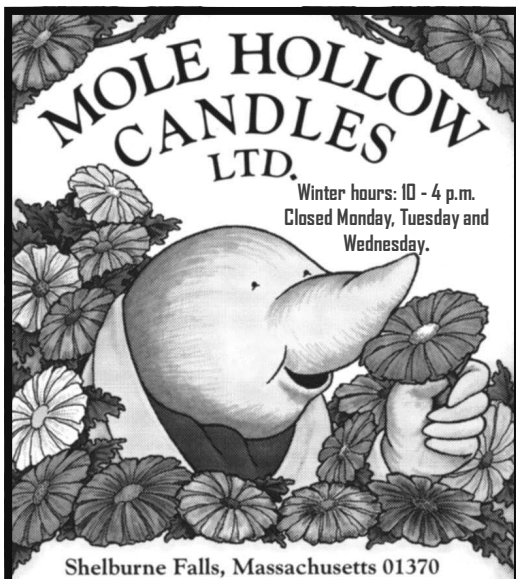
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Hands

I'm 7 years old.
 I can still remember her name. Janet Kelvington.
 Wow, she is 13.
 She asked me if I could help her deliver milk.
 I loved her old horse and the cart you step in and out as
 he walks along.
 "If we deliver all summer my dad will give me the delivery
 cart! He's going modern."
 Wow, playing house with Janet!
 Janet is so much taller than I am. She's much quicker
 than I am.
 I'll go faster at the Smith's house.
 Why are they getting two bottles of milk?
 With a sudden lurch I'm down on the sidewalk with all
 the milk around my hands.
 My hand is red...I don't know what happened. Janet is
 opening the door to my house and
 there is Pa. He quickly guides my hand to the kitchen
 sink and pumps cold water over it.
 I see part of my finger barely hanging on. Quietly a
 white basin is under my hand as Pa
 gently guides me out of the kitchen, out on the porch,
 into the blue Model A.
 The doctor put a brownish paper towel on my lap. He
 threaded a half-moon needle, then
 took my hand. Skillfully he put the falling tip onto the
 rest of my little finger. On the
 brownish paper were several tear drops - barely known.
 I had a whole finger for the rest of my life.
 The right hand has witnessed and participated in how
 many tasks the days bring?
 The pages of books asked the right hand.
 The papers written, the tests performed.
 The sponge cakes stirred.
 The bicycle handlebars steered.
 The basketball shots into the hoop.
 Baseballs caught and bats tightly held.
 At 13 the steering wheel, the stick shift.
 Sitting in school - which hand shot up first?
 Which hand doodles - it's you dear right hand.
 Your wholeness is blessed being.
 From books to babies to baking.
 All done with being a stream of life: whatever is needed
 has a response.
 As I look at these fingers with
 awe in accomplishment
 I honor you in your service to me.
 You can play with paints.
 You do get stiff, yet you recover.
 The piano is calling for more fingers to bring music and
 pleasure to my ears.
 The soil knows you well -
 why do you feel the soil when you could keep clean with
 gloves?

You have a way of your own.
 You bring pleasure with the holding of rings holding memory -
 of strange size, of great color pleasure.
 You entertain me with your many talents
 You are a key part of me.
 You are the DOERS of my day.
 Thank you.

~ Hazel Porter Maitland



Butterin' the Pancakes

There's a knack to butterin'
 pancakes,
 Just like tender kissin'.
 If you don't know how to do it,
 You don't know what you're
 missin'.

Gramps knew the proper way,
 Which he proved without a flaw.
 We kids learned to mimic him
 As this is what we saw...

Lift up the topmost flapjack
 Use your fingers, it's okay,
 Unless there's company at table,
 Then a fork's the better way.

A knife comes in mighty handy
 If you're not afraid to risk it,
 Lump butter on the second cake,
 But don't spread it like a biscuit.

Let that patty rest in peace
 As you butter down the stack,
 Ain't no need for lingerin'...
 It's meltin' - don't look back!

Pour warm syrup from a pitcher
 Or straight out of a bottle
 Maple, sorghum, take your pick,
 But always pour "full throttle."

Eye that stack of hotcakes
 As the syrup and butter run
 'Til they join to form a puddle-
 Or you're missin' half the fun.

Call for refill of your coffee,
 Then with gusto, dig right in;
 Never worry 'bout your mustache
 Nor a few drops on your chin.

A final bit of Gramps advice,
 Always compliment the cook:
 "That was pretty good, for
 samples.

Have you got more on the hook?"

~ Lois V. Denson
 Coupeville, WA

(Submitted by her cousin, David Howland)

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Branch Hill Road
337-4705

Robert Delisle
Electrician
337-5716

Russell E. Donelson
Design/Construction/Cabinetry
337-4460

Jerry Ferguson
Handyman - Lic. Electrician
337-4317

Earl M. Gleason
Fire Equipment
337-4948

Heath Brook Studio
Glass and Baskets
337-5736

Maple Ledge Farm
Maple Syrup Year Round
337-4705

John Mooney
Custom Remodeling
337-8344

Wanda Mooney
Realtor
337-8344
Alan Nichols
Furniture Maker
337-6665

C. Richards Steinbock
Graphic Design
337-4746

Tripp's Blueberries
Taylor Brook Road
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Paul Turnbull
Janice Boudreau
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Rays of Interest

Another Fish Story

By Raymond Pettengill

One winter about 10 years ago I purchased a portable ice fishing shack. It was about seven-feet square with a hard plastic base with canvas sides and top that could be folded up in the base and used like a toboggan. Of course it had to be tried out right away so, without waiting for help, I went over to the boat ramp on Sadoga Lake in Whitingham, VT, to do so. Sadoga is nearly a mile long and one-half mile wide. About halfway down the lake is what used to be a floating island that has now taken root. Along the borders of this island is the best place to fish. I have a six-foot toboggan with a box screwed to the top that I carry all my fishing gear in. The ice at this time of year was almost two-feet thick and as I only had an ice chisel to make holes with I thought it would be a good idea to go over to the island with my toboggan full of fishing tackle and look for some holes that had been dug the day before so I could set some traps to catch fish while I went back to get the shack.

It had snowed about two inches the night before and as the holes that had been dug were frozen over they were covered with snow. I started poking around with my chisel hoping to find the holes that had been dug but my right foot found a hole before my chisel did. When my foot slid into the hole my left foot slipped out from under me and I fell over backwards with my right foot still down the hole and heard a loud snap. When I pulled my foot up out of the hole and it flopped over on its side I knew I was in for trouble. As it was on a Monday there was no one else on the lake but I started yelling for help anyway. It did not take me too long before I knew the only way I was going to get out of this mess was to get back to the truck and go find help myself. As it was easier than crawling on all fours I hung onto the back of the box on the toboggan and shoved it ahead of me while dragging my right leg along on the ice behind me. I found out this was a good thing because the cold kept my ankle from swelling.

When I had proceeded in this fashion until I was half way back to the truck a woman came down on the ramp and called out to see what the trouble was. I told her I had broken my leg and that I had the keys to my truck in my pants pocket and would like her to come out to get them to bring the truck out after me. She told me she did not dare do that but would call an ambulance for me. Shortly after this a man driving a one-ton stake body truck drove out onto the ice and got out and looked all around and said to me, "Have you seen anyone out here with a broken leg?" I said, "As I am the only one out here it must be me." He told me he was an EMT and that there was an ambulance on the way. He called the driver and told him he had been out on the lake the day before with his truck and that the ice was safe enough to drive the ambulance out to pick me up. They loaded me onto a stretcher and put me in the back of the ambulance and headed for the North

Adams hospital. On the way the EMT said we had better get those Sorell boots off before that ankle swelled up and we had to cut them off. He untied them and gently pulled them off my feet.

When they got me into the emergency room one of the nurses wanted me to give her my boots and winter clothing to put in a locker. As all males in Maine where I grew up get a pocketknife for a gift at about the age of 10, they feel naked without one so I had mine with me. It was an Old Timer jack-knife with three short blades that I used to whittle wood, scrape wires, peel apples, cut rope, and do all kinds of things a man needs to do except use it as a weapon. I handed it with my keys and wallet to put in the locker for safekeeping. After one of the doctors had looked at my ankle and determined that I had to stay over for the night and be operated on, I asked for one of the nurses I knew who worked there so I could have her call my wife to let her know what had happened. On the way to see me one of the nurses asked her how well she knew me and told her that I had been carrying a knife. She peeked in to see who had asked for her and told the other nurse that it was lucky that I had not been carrying my 357 Magnum.

It took two of their best surgeons to get my ankle back together; they told me it was like doing a jigsaw puzzle. They had to put in an eight-inch metal plate to hold all the pieces together. I asked one of the doctors later if they were going to ever be able to take it out. He asked me how old I was. I told him that I was 64. He told me not to worry about it as it would not rust out before I died.

This plate caused me to have a little trouble getting through a metal detector at an airport. After I had emptied my pockets I still could not get through the detector until my wife figured things out and told them I had that plate in my leg. They frisked me all over with a handheld metal detector and found the plate and let me go on through.

One other item of interest to this story is that the reason the woman who saw me crawling out on the lake could not come out to help me was because she was eight months pregnant.

I feel lucky that I came out of this with only a slight limp on cold days to show for it.

The moral to this story is: Do not go out ice fishing alone and always wear your ice creepers.



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The Way It Is In The Country

"If it's old, works well and has a purpose in life, don't change it."

It's Good to Remember

By Carroll Stowe

My column for the last issue was about the soon-to-arrive new town truck. It has been delivered, and Dave Clark is most pleased. The point of this comment is to describe how work situations can be better with highway operations. My byline doesn't follow this comment. My long-ago invention of : "If it's old, works well and has a purpose in life, don't change it," is just a tad out-of-date for my thoughts about winter road work.

I started work for the Heath road crew in late summer 1962. For the most part it was a good job, and there was plenty of shovel work that was at times backbreaking. The trucks that hauled gravel and all manner of stumps and rocks were well suited to the summer work. Come winter, things took on a different attitude. Our winter sand was applied to the road surface by tailgate-mounted sanders, one to each truck. Sometimes if help was not sufficient to use two trucks, three people could work with one truck. The dump bodies were fixed up with pipe railings to prevent those working in the back from falling off, which was always of concern.

I am sure that the work conditions of 40-plus years ago would be most unfavorable to inspectors from OSHA today. As the truck was loaded and made ready to sand roads, two people would ride in the back on the load. A flat plate of sheet steel covered the opening in the center of the tailgate and was fitted with a handle, hung on a hook on the pipe railings and used to pull it out of the depth of sand.

As the truck was loaded with sand two bags of salt were spread through the load as a help to let the mixture adhere to the road surface. When on the way to discharge the sand, as the truck traveled its route, the body had to be raised to let the material flow better. To signal the driver to raise the body one would hit the railings with his shovel, two hits for up, and one to stop. The load was six yards and would cover rather a lot of road.

That system was not as good a use of sand as the modern sander rigs. Now a driver can do this operation alone and cover much more road surface. The old way, however, was much ahead of spreading sand by hand.

Those tailgate sander days are a thing of the past. Sanding operations improved as sander bodies were introduced and were a great help. No more wild rides on the back of a raised dump body. The early sanders were mounted on the truck body and some of the first were used as an auger to move the sand out to the spinner. A slight improvement but if the sand was too damp, the auger would bore a hole in the sand and it would bridge over and not fall down. This called for a rider up on the load with a pole to poke the sand down. What fun! Consequently you were back to wild dark rides on a sander. These sanders were rather short-lived. The later ones used a traveling bed chain. Still better, but with the many loads of sand spread the chain would wear and break and always with a full load on. One might consider changing jobs after shoveling eight yards of sand out of one of those v-shaped bodies. With a watchful maintenance program, these worn chains could be spotted.

The new age sanders are what are known as all-season bodies with the older automatics that were mounted on the truck frame, the only place for them as opposed to being installed in the dump body. That type of application created a very top-heavy load. It was about a day's job to remove the dump body to get the rig ready to sand with a frame mount and install the sander and the same in the spring to reverse the operation. With all-season bodies, it is a small task to go from summer to winter operation.

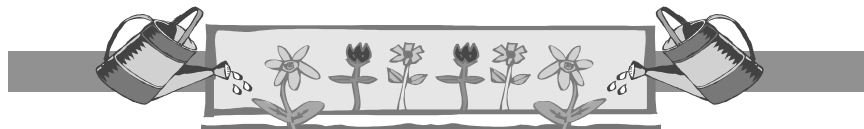
Years ago the care of the winter roads was some less demanding as not so many people had to migrate out of town early in the day. Now the number of people out of town during the day is much higher

One Saturday many years ago, Mr. Galipo and Gerald Galipo and yours truly put out 13 large loads of sand with one truck and a tailgate sander. With today's methods that task could be done in about four hours time. This isn't much like "If it's old, works well, and has purpose, don't change it."

Every day when a highway truck is on the road early or late in the operation of making the roads safer to travel, it would be good if the efforts were always appreciated. There's often a negative comment that has to be included in daily observation. The men and those trucks are there to help get people to work, children to school, building supplies to job sites, the milk truck to the farm, logs to the mill, and the roads clear.

How can folks find fault with how the roads are taken care of?

My original byline doesn't fit this story very well but it's good to be able to remember how it was done 40-plus years past.



Are We Losing Our Senses?

Computers and sophisticated instruments for measurement and communication play an increasingly dominant role in our relationships with nature, with work, in recreation, and with each other. Many computers and related technologies give us vital information for our personal health and for crucial changes in our shared ecosystems. The benefits of speed and precision are substantial.

What is obscured by the accuracy of information that these sources of data do indeed provide is the importance of directly hearing, smelling, and feeling. What is also missing is the realization that knowledge is based in relationships. Some philosophers in the late 19th and much of the 20th centuries, with similar concerns, tried to shift their language, method, and sensibility to reflect a different form of thought and related being in the world. Knowledge or consciousness, instead of seeking the purity and certainty of disembodied abstract accuracy or the illusion of complete objectivity was looked upon as embodied, historical, and relational. The body became a metaphor for our presence in the world and our "situatedness" in history, culture, gender, and nature. The body with its intimate connectedness with what is, makes thought possible. The relational character of our being in the world makes knowledge and communication possible. Consciousness, body, senses, and nature are inseparable companions.

Unless we are content to live in a world of abstract information, returning to the senses and the immediacy of the bodily-felt sense of our presence in the life-world is vital. To be attentive to the embodied consciousness of others in their cultural and natural ecologies is also important. In recreation, we frequently seek out the intimacy of a walk in the woods where our feet, limbs, nostrils, and eyes come alive and where we step makes a difference to us and to the ground we tread upon. After an hour or two, we feel like we can hear again and enjoy the gentle commerce of walking stick as it connects with the terrain. This can remind us of how friendly the earth is to us bipeds and to other creatures who are often more considerate of the fragile structures and powers of nature than are human beings.

A return to the felt sense of body is central to swimming, kayaking, canoeing, and sailing. Balance, touch, physical strength, and timing become a celebration of body and nature. The sounds of sailing, the taut vibrations of rigging and canvas, the feel of tension of the keel and rudder, and the discovery of the 'sweet spot' where wind, angles, and leverage meet with the water slipping by the boat is a delightful energy found in cooperating with nature.

The intimacy and knowledge of touch, smell, and sound in our relationships with machines for work can be very similar. The sound of a flat belt coming around a pulley has one pitch texture when running true and another when it is improperly aligned. Its soft slap where it is crossed and its rhythmic slow dance delight the ear and eye. A well timed diesel or gasoline engine leans with anticipation into its fuel and combustion. A good mechanic before the computerization of diagnostics and tuning could hear whether a motor was anticipating its power stroke and drawing proper amounts of fuel. An engine that idles flat will perform that way. A long stroke motor calling

into its governor, in order to respond with the torque it needs to move a heavy load, has a very different tone than a high RPM power plant that always seems to be wound shrill and tight.

Logs sound differently as you handle them when it is extremely cold and both they and the ground are frozen. Trees talk back to you when it is very frigid. They warn you of shatters and of how easy it is to break a limb.

I recently purchased a 1926 Model T ton-and-one-half truck. It has a magneto rather than a battery. To start it the spark must be adjusted until you hear a buzz from the electricity generating boxes. The fuel must be set and then with feeling, as you turn the crank, one must "fish" for compression. Once found, you must pull a piston over top dead center into the power stroke and let it fire. Then by ear and touch the spark and fuel must be readjusted so that the engine leans into its work with no more fuel than is necessary. There is no heat gauge so one must be attentive to the smell of the radiator and the motor for knowing if it is running hot. It is important to be acquainted with sound of the motor. A tick will tell you of a bearing that is starting to wear.

Before I left Nebraska this past summer, where I purchased this newly-found, ancient friend, two elderly gents approached me with a story of their trip with a Model T truck. They had traveled from eastern Nebraska to Wyoming in the late 1920s. As they entered Wyoming, they heard a tick, which turned into the beginning of a knock. They pulled the oil pan and rapped the bearing caps with a small hammer, and through listening to the ringing sound this process emitted, they found the faulty insert. With little money but the ability to improvise, they sacrificed a leather belt from one of their trousers and cut a new bearing. They closed up the engine and were on their way. They then conducted their business, loaded the truck, and returned, powered by a quiet engine with the leather bearing providing comfort for the crankshaft and rod.

You will not find me doing all of my trucking with the Model T. My Toyota pickup has many advantages. I do, however, prize the time I spend with my old tractors and other technologies and modes of work and play that call us back to our senses and to our bodies and therewith to nature.

~ Buck den Ouden.

With sighs of relief we watch the warming sun
and gentle rain do their melting best
on the remaining snow.

In the bare places we marvel at the
green shoots pushing their way up through
thawing soil, and here and there, delight
in purple and gold crocuses.

Birdsong wakes us at dawn ~
all giving assurance that
spring indeed has sprung.

We have made it through another winter with
humor and helpfulness.
Congratulations to us all!

~ Jane de Leeuw



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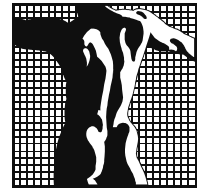
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Town Nurse Notes

Back Health



By Joanne Fortune, RN

Back pain can be caused by injury (twisting and/or lifting without using the legs). Emotional stress can also cause back pain. Since muscles are in constant communication with the central nervous system, anger or anxiety can tense the muscles causing muscle spasms. Tension inhibits normal muscle function, leading to muscle wasting and stability problems that lead to chronic pain.

Poor posture contributes to back pain and damages spinal structures. It's easy to forget good posture when we drive, sit at the computer or in front of the television. Sleeping on a worn-out mattress is not good for a healthy back. We often stand with poor posture. While standing, distribute weight evenly on both feet. While sitting, align the ears, shoulders, and hips in one vertical line with a straight back. Avoid crossing the legs, leaning to one side and hunching the shoulders forward.

The natural stimulus for the healing process is active exercise, done in a controlled, gradual, and progressive manner. Activity distributes nutrients into the disc space and soft tissues in the spine to keep the discs, muscles, ligaments, and joints healthy.

Lack of exercise can lead to stiffness and weakness that can worsen pain. Without activity, the connective fibers of ligaments and tendons begin to adhere to each other and lose resilience and may tear when sudden overload occurs. Tight hamstrings limit motion in the pelvis and can place the pelvis in a position that increases stress across the low back.

Strong abdominal muscles play an important role in avoiding and/or recovering from back problems. The intricate network of muscles and ligaments that connect to the spinal column provide support, strength, and stability for the spine, and well-conditioned abdominal muscles decrease stress on the spinal structures.

If extra weight is an issue, weight loss is important. Every pound adds strain to the muscles and ligaments in the back. To compensate, the spine tilts and stresses unevenly. Abdominal weight pulls the pelvis forward and strains the lower back, creating pain.

Walking builds strength in muscle groups that hold the body upright, brings nutrients to the spinal structures, improves flexibility, and increases the production of pain-fighting endorphins. (You knew I'd get around to walking, didn't you?) Keep a brisk pace with good posture and go for about 30 minutes (around two miles) three or four times a week. Walking as part of your daily routine (at work or while shopping) is a stop-and-start type of walking and is not adequate for aerobic conditioning.

I'm in the Community Hall/Senior Center on Tuesdays from noon to 1:00 p.m. if you'd like to stop by and get some abdominal and back exercises. My number is 774-2958.

Heath 2004 Town Reports

Are now available at:

**Town Hall
Senior Center
Library
Peters Store
Heath Elementary School
(one copy per household)**

Heath's Monthly Precipitation (inches)

(Observed by Heath School Staff and Students)

	<u>Rain</u>	<u>Snow</u>
January '05 (from the 11 th)	2"	25"
February '05	¾"	24"
March '05 (to the 10 th)	2/10"	16"

In This Reporting Period:

The most snow was on January 22/23 = 14 inches

The highest temperature was on February 5 = 52 degrees

The coldest temperature was on January 22 = 17 degrees below

In general, (except for a day or two), in the period between mid January and mid March, temperatures have been below normal and "it seemed " to snow a little bit every few days.

Milestones

Joyce M. Patterson Thompson of Burke, VA, formerly of Heath, died on March 5, 2005. Born in New York, she was the daughter of Albert and Marian Patterson.

A graduate of Arms Academy, she was a resident of Heath from 1940 to 1948 and again after her marriage to Howard Thompson in 1969. She left Massachusetts to join her mother and brother in Virginia following her husband's death in 1978.

She is survived by her son Donald Richmond of Apple Valley, CA; two brothers, Neil Patterson of North Merrick, NY, and Bruce Patterson of Wilmington, NC; a grandson; three stepdaughters, and several nieces and nephews.

Memorial gifts may be made to the Heath Union Church Memorial Fund

Requiescat in pace



Heath People in the News

Our thoughts are with *Heath Herald* Columnist **Pat Leuchtman** as she recovers from hip-replacement surgery.

PTP News

Town-Wide Yard Sale – Save this date! On **Saturday, May 21, 2005**, the PTP will hold the 2nd Town-Wide Yard Sale at the school. Residents will be able to have their own spot for \$10.00. Sell what you can; take away what doesn't sell. This was a very successful event in 2003. Look for more information coming out soon, or call the school.

The PTP once again would like to thank Bob Delisle, and all who helped, for constructing the ice skating rink at the Fairgrounds. We hope everyone is enjoying it.. The PTP sponsored a winter festival at the Fairgrounds on March 13. Skating, cross-country skiing, snowshoeing, as well as a variety of "snow games" were available.

We will be honoring our school staff with a variety of treats during the last week in May in recognition of Staff Appreciation Week.. Please stop by and say "thanks" to our wonderful staff.

The PTP is continuing to offer Movie Nights the third Friday of each month. We show either a "G" or "PG" movie. Call the school to find out what the next movie is. These movie nights are open to all.

~ Robin H. Jenkins
PTP co-chair



What Is a "State of Emergency"?

After the snowstorm on January 22/23, I had people ask me, "If a State of Emergency is declared, does that mean we cannot travel ?" The State has the following definition: "When the governor declares a State of Emergency (SOE), due to a natural or man-made disaster, it provides the governor with the authority to implement emergency measures to ensure the safety and health of the residents of the Commonwealth. There is a misconception that various restrictions or bans automatically are in place when a State of Emergency is in place. This is not so. The SOE gives the governor the necessary authority to implement any accompanying request, if he so chooses."

So, if a State of Emergency is declared, tune in to a local radio or television station to see if there are any restrictions in place.

~ Timothy Lively
Emergency Management Director

Community Calendar

April 2005

- April 07** - Senior Luncheon, Community Hall- Senior Center, 11:45 a.m.
- April 13** - Public Hearing on proposed new library design, Heath Elementary School, 7:00 p.m.
- April 18-22** - Mohawk Trail Regional Schools spring vacation.
- April 21** - Senior Luncheon, Community Hall/Senior Center, 11:45 a.m.

May 2005

- May 05** - Senior Luncheon, Community Hall-Senior Center, 11:45 a.m.
- May 06** - Town Elections, noon to 7:00 p.m., Sawyer Hall
- May 07** - Annual Town Meeting, Heath Elementary School, 9:00 a.m.
- Friends of the Heath School Library Annual Continental Breakfast, Heath Elementary School, 8:30 a.m. -
- May 16 - 27** - School MCAS, Grades 3 - 10.
- May 19** - Senior Luncheon, Community Hall-Senior Center, 11:45 a.m.
- May 21** - PTP Town-wide Sale, Heath School
- May 29** - Friends of the Heath Library Annual Memorial Weekend Bake Sale, Town Hall porch, 9:00 a.m. to noon.



Heath Fire - Rescue News

2005 continues to be a busy year for your Fire Department. The blaze on 8A kept the department busy for several days along with mutual aid companies. To all those communities that sent aid to us, we offer a heartfelt thank-you.

Recently in conjunction with the Indian Head Snowmobile Club, several members of the Heath and several surrounding fire departments had a training exercise involving snowmobile related emergencies. The Indian Head Club bought out their new trail groomer, that has the capacity to carry injured people and several rescuers. In addition, another member has completed a rope rescue class that was put on by the Mass Fire Academy. Given some of the drop-offs along our roads and the amount of snowmobiling that occurs in town, both should prove beneficial to the department.

I am going to break with the format I envisioned for this column to discuss several things we Heathans should consider for our Fire Department.

Death/Disability Pension:

As many of you have probably seen in the news, the Town of Lancaster was given some unwanted limelight as it voted on whether to fund a pension for one of that town's firefighters who made the ultimate sacrifice as a volunteer. We here in town should consider doing the same for our firefighters. Your volunteers put themselves on the line every time they answer a call for you or your neighbor and it would not be asking a lot for a pension for line of duty death or disability.

Volunteers:

Volunteers are the heart of any community and in regards to our Fire Department, we have some of the most dedicated volunteers out there. We could always use new members as the average age of our members is in the mid forties. This increases the chances for the need of a pension. The more people available for a call, the faster a fire can be tended to or a medical aid can be delivered. You can join the department at age 14 as a junior member. Parents out there, have you stressed community service to your children?

Another aspect to consider in not being able to muster enough volunteers is the possibility of having to hire a full-time staff to augment the volunteer staff. If you think taxes are outrageous now, just imagine what they would be like with two or three full-time firefighters added to the payroll. We could also be faced with increased response times from a regional staffed station or contend with hiring a private fire service. One Arizona service charges a yearly fee of about \$250. If you don't want to pay that you can pay \$800 per hour per engine to fight a fire at your property. A funded pension doesn't look so bad when compared to this.

EMS Division:

We are always looking for more people to become EMTs and join the department. We have only three EMTs on the department and two of them work out of town. It would be wonderful someday for Heath Fire to provide ambulance services to its town instead of depending on others to do it.

We could also help out our EMTs by having the town pay for their recertification cost every two years, currently \$150 (nurses pay only about \$80 for reference). This would be a small price to pay for those who respond at all hours of the day FOR YOU!

Chapter 149 Sec177B of our State Laws needs amending as well. This section provides protection for firefighters who are late to work because they answered a call in their town. As worded, this applies to only fire-type calls and does not apply to medical aids or, for that matter, volunteer EMTs.

A New Station:

I realize this could be a contentious subject but the fact is the station no longer adequately meets the needs of the department. Our two new trucks barely fit inside the station and, with all the equipment, there is not room to move about or to train. As it is, all apparatus cannot be housed inside at the station nor is there an area for decontaminating equipment that needs such.

On a last note, some in town are creating a **Heath Emergency Auxiliary service**. This goal of this service is to provide food and refreshments for the firefighters during emergencies. It could be as simple as making something at your house that could be picked up or you could be at the scene helping to disperse the items. A plan is being developed to bring this to fruition. If you are interested in helping or would like more information you can call Sheila Litchfield at 337-4957.

Fire-Rescue Log

- 01/11/05 - 23 8A North. Structure Fire. Mutual Aid from numerous towns.
- 01/12/05 - 23 8A North. Rekindle/Structure Fire. Mutual Aid from numerous towns.
- 1 East Main Street, Smoke Detector Activation.
- 01/23/05 - Number 9 Road at Groll Road. Motor Vehicle Collision
- 01/26/05 - 140 8A North, Medical Aid
- 111 Branch Hill Road, Medical Aid
- 02/06/05 - 18 Jacobs Road, Fire Alarm Activation
- 02/16/05 - 35 Judd Road, Medical Aid
- 03/07/05 - 7 West Main Street, Chimney Fire

~ Jeff Simmons



24 West Main Street, Heath, MA 01346 p/f 413 . 337 . 5736

SOMETIMES

Sometimes things don't go, after all,
from bad to worse. Some years, muscadell
faces down frost; green thrives; the crops don't fail,
sometimes a man aims high, and all goes well.

A people sometimes will step back from war,
elect an honest man, decide they care,
enough, that they can't leave some stranger poor.
Some men become what they were born for.

Sometimes our best efforts do not go
amiss; sometimes we do as we meant to.
The sun will sometimes melt a field of sorrow
That seemed hard frozen; may it happen for you



~ Sheenagh Pugh
(Submitted by Del Viarengo)

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