



# HEATH HERALD

## Heath's First Newspaper

\$1.00

Volume 28, Number 5

December 2006/January 2007



We wish you  
happy holidays –  
rejoicing in the spirit.



We wish for those less  
fortunate here and around this  
aching world some measure of  
what we have, certain this would  
insure a more peaceful world.  
May the New Year finds us all  
beating our swords  
into ploughshares.



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## Heath Union Church News

### Christmas Services



Our interim pastor, Phyll Grant, is in town on Thursday afternoons. If you wish to meet with him, please contact the Chair of the Deacons, Richard Gallup, at 337-5367.

We had a well-attended potluck lunch after the morning service on November 5. We plan another soon. Why not join us? Ask any church member about the date.

Our December calendar will include a special Christmas Sunday service at 10:00 a.m. on December 17 as well as a Christmas Eve Candlelight service at 7:00 p.m.

The regular worship service is on Sundays at 10:00 a.m., and a Bible study prayer group meets Thursdays at Dot Sessions' house at 6:00 p.m.

~ The Deacons



### Letters to the Editor:

How I look forward to receiving the *Heath Herald* here in Los Angeles! I am connected to Heath by family and by my occasional visits. The people whom I have met throughout the years have been, to a person, friendly, thoughtful, intelligent, and always warmly welcoming. Am I describing Shangri-la? It seems so.

This past issue - October/November 2006 - was a real highlight as it encompassed all those qualities described above and served as a reminder of what a compassionate and caring community can be.

I know my fellow readers will join me in saluting the *Herald* and the community it so ably represents.

With all good wishes,  
Frank W. Birney  
Los Angeles, CA

### The Community Hall Committee's Ongoing Efforts to Raise Money to Refurbish the Upstairs Hall -

Thanks to all who came to the Holiday Fair on November 4 and took chances to win a collection of great prizes generously donated by local merchants.

Check the calendar for future events, one coming probably in February, a day of fun to brighten a winter day!

The Community Hall belongs to all of us and we would like to be able to count on all to support our fund-raising events.



## A Christmas Surprise



This day after Thanksgiving finds many people pushing and shoving through the crowds of shoppers looking for that perfect gift. But not me, I enjoy the peace and quiet of my home.

However, I had a wonderful late afternoon adventure that filled my heart with real joy for the upcoming holiday season. I has a call from my grandson to come to his house at 4:00 p.m. where I might meet some Christmas characters. Indeed I did!

My first encounter was with dear old Santa himself complete with his rosy cheeks and a fat tummy that shook like a bowl full of jelly. He was so friendly and joyful and soon asked if I would like to meet his wife. He left the room and Mrs. Claus appeared with a very flushed face which she said was because she had been so busy making Christmas cookies – chocolate chip, M&M, and peanut butter. Yum! I shook her hand and told her I hoped to find a nice cookie in my stocking. She asked if I would like to meet one of the elves. Of course, I said, and very slowly a shy elf entered the room. He hardly whispered the statement that he had never seen any humans before, and I felt he might not greet me but my grandson's Mom offered to escort him over so we could shake hands. I wished him well with all of his toy making as he bashfully crept away. From the other room someone asked if I would like to see a reindeer. My goodness how I envy those lovely creatures that know how to fly! In he came, so soft and wooly, and he let me pat his head for a minute. He scampered off as I called to him that I would be watching for him Christmas Eve.



My grandson then appeared and asked if I would like some autographs and soon returned with a wonderful souvenir for me, signatures of Santa, Mrs. Claus, and many elves and reindeer. This is a real treasure I will have as a great memory of a very special day after Thanksgiving, thanks to my grandson.

~ Grandma



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DECEMBER 16 & 17  
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*Wild Ramblings***Conifer Encounter**

By Bill Lattrell

Not all forests are alike. On this day I find myself wandering a dense black spruce forest where sunlight can only be experienced in its filtered form, except where trees have blown down and a shaft of white light seems to burn the ground with brightness. Black spruce loves wet, sometimes very wet, soil, and this area is no exception. Years of wind throws (shallow rooted trees toppled by wind) make traveling difficult. I climb over tree trunks as often as I walk around them. The woods are dark, but I find this quieting. At last I find a comfortable seat comprised of a wind-thrown tree trunk covered with red sphagnum moss. The contrast of the red peat moss underneath the dark green canopy of the black spruce forest is visually stunning.

As I sit on this perched piece of paradise, I remember the forest gradually changing as I walked down slope to this boreal beauty. The hardwoods, comprised primarily of yellow birch and cherry, began mixing with hemlock, white pine, and red spruce part way down the slope. At the toe of the slope there were dense thickets of balsam fir that could be detected by their delectable odor at some distance. The firs were rich with wildlife sign, mostly in the form of trails and scat. Apparently this was a favorite haunt of snowshoe hare, coyotes, and owls.

The black spruce forest followed a broad swath of wooded swamp that followed a shallow gradient stream channel. Occasionally this stream channel widened suddenly into a one-half to one acre beaver meadow, where, for the most part, the beavers had abandoned their habitat, no doubt in search for greater food supplies. The wet meadows, mostly drained on the upgradient side of the failed beaver dams, were lush with sedges, wetland grasses, and other interesting forbs such as joe-pye weed, asters, and wetland goldenrods. The meadows were dotted with gray, dead skeletons of trees, drowned from the past beaver flooding. Signs of moose browsing could be seen along the edge of the old beaver meadow in the form of bark torn from moosewood shrubs at an elevation of six feet off the ground.

As I sat on my perch I could remember the first time I walked through a wetland conifer forest like this one. It seemed so remote even though there was a road not far off. The dense forest created its own environment free of human noise and a surprise covey for wildlife and the occasional human observer. I was about nine years old, alone, and the world was full of surprises. There were issues I was trying to escape from, and this seemed just the place to hide. It was a hot summer's day, and the wet, cool peat moss was soothing to the touch. Lost in my own thoughts for quite a while, I was surprised to spot an older gent through the woods. He was wearing khaki clothes from head to foot and the first pair of Bean boots I had ever seen. He was walking along with an old metal pail in his hand. I could see that he had spotted me as he stopped and stared in my direction through a row of spruce trees. At first I wanted to quietly retreat into the dark spruce forest, and then somehow I felt comfortable enough to raise my hand in a wave of hello. He waved back, and headed straight in my direction. He was a very pleasant chap, perhaps 70 years old, although this is difficult to say as I was a terrible judge of age at this early part of my life. After making sure I was okay, he sat down beside me and started chatting as if he had known me for years. He explained he was going to a part of the wetland where the tree canopy was thin, and where the blueberry bushes were 10 feet tall. He asked me to join him, and finding him a fellow of such good nature I figured, what the heck, I might as well.

We seemed to walk only a few steps at a time. Our frequent stops were marked with observations of the natural world. He was the first to explain to me that conifers were shaped like an arrow to shed snow, and their needles had a waxy coating that also helped to repel their white winter blanket. He also explained that the conifers had a distinct advantage in the springtime because their dark green color stored heat that helped them to start the photosynthesis process immediately after the long winter's sleep, a great advantage over the deciduous trees that had to bud out and grow leaves over a 6-to 8-week period before they could begin changing sunlight to carbohydrates and sugars. He took time along the way to cut a spruce needle in cross section with his pen knife and through a hand lense that hung from his neck he showed me that it had four sides, and the fir trees, although similar in appearance, had a flat, two-sided needle in cross section. When we encountered a pine, he explained that this conifer always had needles in clusters with two to five needles. He showed me a tamarack with its soft needles raised on a bark-like bud and invited me to return in the winter to see that this conifer was actually deciduous, losing all of its needles in the late autumn. He picked up a handful of moss, squeezing out the water in his fist. I was amazed at how much water dripped from his hand. He explained that this plant was the lifeblood of wooded swamps, capable of holding moisture for months during drought periods. I remember being in awe of his knowledge, his presence, and the fact that he had somehow, mysteriously, found me in the woods.

(“Conifer Encounter” continued on page 17)

## Heathans in Alaska



*Approaching the Le Conte Glacier*

Our stern-wheeler glides sedately around a bend in Alaska's inland passage, and there ahead, glinting in the sunshine, is just a corner of the Le Conte Glacier. More and more of it becomes visible as we move forward through a watery field of bluish-white ice floes. Partially snow-covered peaks rise behind the glacier through a blue sky with drifts of clouds, and to our side a mountain stream gushes down an almost 90-degree rock face. A harbor seal is sunning on an ice floe before slipping smoothly off into the 42-degree water. Soon we see hundreds of seals on hundreds of ice floes. The boat creeps slowly forward to within ¼ mile of the glacier, though it seems closer. This glacier is jagged with sharp peaks. The boat lies still in the water for a long watch. A piece of ice separates from the glacier and crashes into the water with a dramatic splash. This *calving* is big enough to rock the boat when the wave eventually hits us. The air is clear, sharp, and cold, and we hear thunderous noises from the glacier as it strains in its forward movement. Before we leave, the crew snags a "bergy bit" from the water which becomes an ice sculpture for the dining room at lunch. Pieces of it are passed around, and I am in awe as this 3000-year-old ice melts through my fingers, ice that was formed at about the time Ramses II was pharaoh of Egypt.



*The Le Conte Glacier*

The Le Conte Glacier is only one of a great many we saw on our trip south from Juneau, Alaska, to Seattle, Washington. Perhaps the most exciting was our trip in the helicopter to walk on the Reid Glacier. The expanse of ice was immense, and any number of side glaciers flowed into it. The surface was irregular but walkable, crunchy under our special glacier boots. We peered cautiously down into a blue crevasse, estimated to be between 300 to 400 feet deep. Staring off into the distance, our little group and two tiny

helicopters seemed so very insignificant in the vastness of ice, with only the cold, the wind, the ice, the rocks, and the only sign of life some mountain goats on the distant rock.

Glacier Bay National Park is home to a multitude of glaciers, perhaps the most impressive that we saw being the Johns Hopkins Glacier. Again, we were ¼ mile from it. This one is not the pristine white and blue of the Le Conte, and it is streaked with moraines, the detritus of stones and earth it picks up as it moves along. It is estimated to be 25 stories high and is a mile wide. We were treated to a tremendous calving, and cracking sounds like sharp thunder broke the stillness.

We made stops at Alaskan cities and towns with such magic names to this Jack London fan, different in so many ways from Massachusetts. They are definitely tourist towns, catering to the many cruise ships that dock in warm months, but things change drastically at the onset of fall. After the tourist season, Juneau, the state capital, has only about 25,000 permanent residents. It has no land access at any time of the year. A favorite story they tell is the excitement of the opening of their only McDonalds when they sold out of food faster than any other opening anywhere. Skagway has a winter population of approximately 800, rather like Heath. There are five places that are open in winter for irregular hours: the grocery store, the hardware store, the library, the liquor store, and a bar. Heath only has one store, but we can go afield to other towns and stores, and they cannot.

Ketchikan is an interesting little town where totem poles abound. It gets thirteen feet of rain a year. Yes, thirteen feet. One of its claims to fame is its boardwalk over a stream that flows out to the sea. From the walk we saw large salmon dying after spawning, having finished their work. The boardwalk, known as Creek Street, was also home to the town's red-light district which closed in 1954. A highlight on the street today is Dolly's House. Dolly was famous among the "ladies of negotiable affection," earning \$3 for 3 minutes in her heyday.

Our stern-wheeler, The Empress of the North, looking very much like something out of *Showboat*, serves about 200 passengers and is small enough to cruise into smaller fjords that the big cruise ships cannot. In Ketchikan we docked between two of them that towered over us like skyscrapers. The boat is fully propelled by the red stern-wheel, all of 42 feet in diameter and 32 feet wide, which is mesmerizing as one watches it from the large windows of the Paddlewheel Lounge or from the deck above. The Empress makes little sound as it glides forward, and we see acre upon acre of tall spiky conifers, rock islands covered with sea lions, a pod of cavorting orca whales, and a deserted broken-down cannery. We slow down and pull closer to shore to see the occasional brown bear or moose at a distance. However, all that rather pales when I think of seeing wildlife in Heath, having seen four bears cross the road by the basketball court as I descended the steps at the Heath Library one day. Then there was that moose in love with one of Fred Crowningshield's cows in the field right down the road on 8A.

Alaska does seem a bit like a foreign country with its totem poles, tremendous forests, glaciers, and tiny cities. Guides tell of people who ask if they take American money, which speaks for how different it is from the lower 48. Alaska is not a foreign country, but then it doesn't feel a whole lot like Heath either.

~ Dianne Grinnell



Heath Community Hall Holiday Fair.

Former Heath Librarian Charlene Churchill and tour guide Michelle Mattesini reading the *Heath Herald* in the square at City Hall in Florence, Italy, on a recent European jaunt.



5th Annual Friends of Heath School Library Book Fair.



## Heath Gourmet Club 25 Years of Serving Ourselves

By Pat Leuchtman

### Conflagration!

"I've never seen so much smoke in this place," my husband Henry coughed as he ran to bring me back into the kitchen. I arrived to see smoke pouring out of the oven. "Uh-oh. I know what happened," I said. "The melted butter I poured over the apples in the tart is leaking out of the springform cake pan. It'll burn off." The smoke continued to pour out of the oven. "We've got to do something!" my husband insisted. "No. Look. It's stopping." Indeed for a few moments it seemed as though the crisis was over. I thought all the butter had been burned off.

I was wrong. The smoke started pouring out with fresh energy, and I finally agreed to remove the upside-down apple tart. Henry turned off the oven and began wiping up the still liquid melted butter. I threw away the pastry that sat on top of the apples, dumped the apples (no more beautiful overlapping design) into another buttered and sugared pan, and rolled another top crust. By this time the oven was wiped out and the tart went back in.

That evening, as we sat and enjoyed little puff pastry hors d'oeuvres with prosciutto or cheese, and shrimp in a beurre blanc made with a champagne reduction and lots of butter, Henry and I got to tell the Tale of the Tart. There are fewer of these stories to tell at the monthly dinner of the Heath Gourmet Club because over 25 years we have gained skill and proper equipment. I should have realized that springform cake pans don't provide a butter-tight bottom, but I used it because it had the highest sides of my substantial collection of baking pans.

It used to be that the Heath phone lines were busy with Saturday afternoon calls. "Emergency! Emergency! Do you have any more eggs? Coriander seeds? Garam masala? Butcher's string? Extra wine glasses?"

The Gourmet Club began 25 years ago, during a 4th of July celebration. Alice Woznick was admiring an old loom in the town museum when I wandered in. Our conversation touched on summer events - and the inaccessibility of good restaurants. Then Sheila Litchfield and Catherine Heyl came by. We got introduced all around and found that we were all in agreement - there were no good restaurants closer than 50 miles away, and we couldn't afford them anyway. We barely knew each other, but we all loved to cook and eat. Instantly we decided to form a Gourmet Club, joining together to cook one great meal a month.

In my young suburban matron days, long before I moved to the country and a life of vegetable gardens, woodpiles, and laying hens, I had belonged to such a club. Alice, Sheila,

Catherine and I called a meeting with our spouses to make plans based on that earlier group. Over time the Heath Gourmet Club has evolved and found its own shape.

As might be expected there have been many changes in the group over 25 years. Beards have come and gone and some hair has thinned noticeably. We ladies have cut our hair, grown it out, permed, and hennaed. There have been sadder events including two deaths, and two divorces. On the other side we've had one marriage. John Nicholson and Bernadette della Bitta met at a Gourmet Club dinner. Some members left the group because schedules or other circumstances changed.

Currently our membership includes four couples including the original Budge and Sheila Litchfield, Paul Dabrody, now joined by Wendy VanAken, Henry and me, and the newest members Liz and Al Canali. Bob and Jayne Dane come when their schedule permits. We are older and more prosperous, but still hungry, still collecting cookbooks and fancy pots, and even occasionally running into culinary emergencies one Saturday afternoon a month. At the same time those early acquaintanceships have deepened into close friendships.



The Gourmet Club operates very simply. Hosting privileges rotate among the five couples and the hosts set the theme. Over the years we have had dozens of themes: French meals, Polish meals, Greek meals, Thai, Japanese, Irish and Mexican meals. We have celebrated Italian Christmas, Russian Easter, a Jewish seder, and the Chinese New Year. We've had pizza parties, crepe parties, tea parties, dim sum, and tapas. In

the good weather we've packed up baskets with pates, crusty breads, scotch eggs, composed salads, and tabouli for canoe picnics on a lake and autumnal hillside picnics where we could admire the flaming hills of our town.

We have a very simple process. The hosts choose the theme and entree which they will prepare. After telephone conferences and some coordination, the other couples plan and prepare their courses, appetizers, soup, salad, side dishes, bread, and dessert, which are then brought to the host's house along with a bottle or two of wine. By sharing the preparation of the meal, in our own kitchens, we spread the labor and the cost, creating meals none of us would ever have the energy or the money to make by ourselves.

Since we live in the country we all have gardens and sometimes raise animals. We are very proud that we have produced so many of our own vegetables, herbs, chickens, pork, blueberries, apples, raspberries. For a Chinese meal Sheila and Budge even slaughtered my ducks, blew them up like balloons, coated them with a sweet sauce, dried them and cooked them in a hot oven for Peking Duck, served with mandarin pancakes, hoisin sauce, and scallions and the rest of a multi-dish Chinese meal. Bob Dane, Paul, and Budge have brewed beer; and we've all raised Bob Dane's hand-blown beer and wine glasses to toast good friends and the good meal before us.

(*"Heath Gourmet Club"* continued on page 8)

("Heath Gourmet Club" continued from page 7)

Nothing keeps us away from the cooking or eating. One January we planned a Sunday brunch, followed by cross-country skiing. We awakened to an icy rain falling on the snowy fields. The trees were encased in ice and the roads a solid sheet of glare. However, we pride ourselves on our rugged character here in Heath. My husband Henry and I packed up our homemade pork sausage, hopped in our Rabbit and quickly slid off the road as we came down our hill.

We sent out an SOS to the Litchfields, who owned a Volvo, to pick us up. Sheila made it to our hill - and then she went off the road. She trudged through the still freezing rain to our house where we called her husband, Budge. Finally, he arrived in his 4-wheel-drive pickup with their basket of grapefruit 'baskets' of fruit and berries, and pitchers of mimosas and Bloody Marys. Sheila rode in the cab with Budge. Henry and I crouched in the icy bed of the truck, clutching the basket of fruit and our sausage, while we were ferried to the Danes. There was no skiing that day; we just lingered over our drinks, the fabulous assortment of Alice's Danish pastries, the Danes' ramekins of herbed and spiced eggs, our sausage, and the Millers' kasha and sour cream in front of the fire. Warmth, food, and friends.

In the early days, couples with children brought them, not always to the joy of those without children. Nobody really minded a very young Greg Nichols falling asleep on our feet under the table, but Alice did not appreciate the children who used her showerhead as a trapeze while parents munched hors d'oeuvres, all unaware of the damage being wrought in the bathroom. Eventually, the parents decided that it was not wicked to leave their beloved babies for an evening, that they deserved a night given over to uninterrupted adult pleasures and conversation.

Those toddlers, now grown, sometimes attend as Guest Eaters. Tucker Litchfield has been cooking at his father's side for years, rising at dawn to mix up the yeasty blini batter or stuffing tiny quail. On his sixteenth birthday Tucker invited his friend Colin Gruen to celebrate with the Gourmet Club. They not only ate, they brought the French bread which they had baked.

At the August Heath Fair in 1991, all the children associated with the Gourmet Club and their friends dressed up in various ethnic costumes, Mexican blouses, African kangas, French toques, and saris. We even had an Israeli army cook and a ninja cook. They waved wooden spoons, whisks, rolling pins, and num-chucks as they marched down the midway in the fair parade carrying a banner which declared, "The Heath Gourmet Club - The Next Generation - 10 Years of Serving Ourselves." They won First Prize.

At our tenth anniversary meeting we celebrated our 100th meal. (OK. I guess we don't meet exactly every single month.) Our first meal, at our house, was a Simple Summer Supper built around Soupe au Pistou. For a time we thought about only cooking vegetarian, healthful meals, but quickly gave that up, although one member, Wendy, does

not eat pork or red meat. Sometimes she just has to eat around the entrée.

For our 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary dinner Henry and I were hosts, and, not surprisingly, I chose a French theme. Also, not surprisingly, I chose a chicken dish, coq au vin. For appetizers there was duck mousse on crostini, and ham and green tomatoes with mustard sauce on toast points. Then came butternut and acorn squash soup with gruyere croutons and Salade St. Laurent that included red Belgian endive on artichoke bottoms with hearts of palm. Fresh green beans amandine and rice pilaf accompanied the coq. For dessert the puff pastry was filled with crème patisserie and topped with chocolate silk.

Although the Next Generation's banner did attest to ten years of serving ourselves, we have been joined by many Guest Eaters, visiting sisters, nieces, parents, cousins, and friends. My own adult son Chris shows an amazing ability to be visiting when the Gourmet Club is meeting.

As we look back over those meals we cannot claim that they were all successful from a culinary or gourmet point of view. And yet we don't remember specific failures. We remember the Russian meal when every single household made an emergency trip to the supermarket 25 miles away to buy a bunch of dill because each of our recipes called for a tablespoon or two of chopped dill. Sometimes there isn't as much coordination as would be practical.

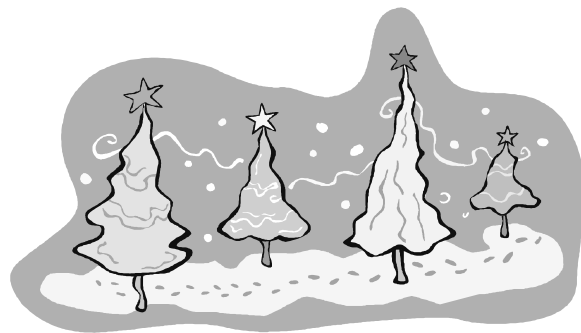
We remember the Irish meal that included colcannon and burnt cream. We estimate that at the end of the meal we had each consumed a pint and a half of heavy cream.

We remember the June tea party on our lawn and how we had to give up and take our tea and fairy cakes into the house because there was so much wind.

We remember the lethal margaritas Budge's father mixed up for a Tex-Mex barbecue and the truckload of wet seaweed that Budge and Sheila brought back from a friend's seaside house so they could host a New England clambake.

We remember the hesitations when Sheila takes out her book to record the menu. "Weeell, I guess you could call it Potatoes a la Patrice - remember, a recipe is merely a guide." How often we have bravely stated our motto, "A recipe is merely a guide."

Those recipes have guided us into 25 years of good eating, and equally important, they have guided us into still deepening friendships.





**FREE TOURS LATE MAY - DECEMBER**

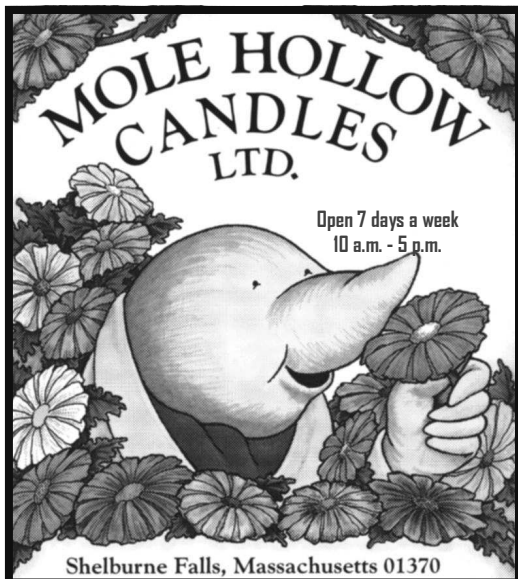


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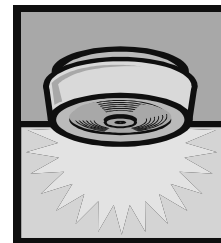


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### Town Nurse Notes

## Fire Safety



By Robin Booth

First off, I'd like to thank you all for the warm welcome I have received as the "new kid on the block." I have spent time with residents, old and new, firefighters, librarians, police, the retired, school employees, EMTs, the healthy and the challenged. All have shared themselves in helpful and generous ways. Thank you. As my son would say, Heath rocks!

I would like to encourage folks to take the time (or schedule it!) to check all your smoke alarms in your homes. It does not take a long time to do and is relatively easy to prod the test button with a broom or such. These gadgets do save lives in fires. If you find this task beyond you for any reason, physical or otherwise, I'd be glad to come to your house and help. Please just call 337-4847.

In thinking of fires and firefighting I know one of the biggest obstacles for the firefighter entering a home can be clutter. The "force of clutter" seems to get stronger as we age and "grow" families. Anyone could look at my garage and closets and prove that true. In fighting fires, it is important to keep stairways, areas near heat sources, and doorways from being cluttered. It's an excuse to clean out and feel a lighter load!

Lastly, I held flu clinics before Thanksgiving but know there are still people in need of them. Please contact me at home at 339-5549 or leave a message at 337-4847 if you are interested in a flu shot. You can also come to the Senior Center Wednesdays between 10:00 a.m. and noon when I am there. I look forward to seeing you.

## Tips for Trimming Waste and Recycling During the Holidays

As a nation we generate 25 percent more trash between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day than any other time of the year. This adds up to more than one million extra tons of trash each week. The Franklin County Solid Waste District suggests simple ways to reduce your trash during the holiday season.

Give gifts that are practical and what friends and family need. Think of gifts that don't have to be wrapped, such as tickets to concerts, museums, or sporting events, gift certificates or "personalized" gift certificates (such as a foot massage, a gourmet meal, a week of dishwashing, gifts of your own time). Give a donation in a person's name to a worthwhile charity. Often zoos offer adopt-an-animal gift certificates. Homemade food items make a delicious treat and reduce waste.

Some practical "green" gifts include: cloth shopping bags, cloth napkins and napkin rings, house plants, solar watches or calculators, durable hand tools, durable wooden toys, water-saving devices, bat-roosting boxes (bats keep insect populations down), bird feeders and seed, and compost bins.

Purchase cards and wrapping paper that are made from recycled paper. This helps to build markets for recyclables that we generate. Send holiday e-greetings to family, friends, and business associates who are online. Consider just placing a bow on larger items. Wrap gifts in old maps, newspapers, Sunday comics, fancy shopping bags, kids' art work, scarves, towels, or other reusable items. Reuse bows from last year's gifts. Decorate gifts and your home with natural items, such as pinecones, tree boughs, and holly. When shipping, consider using crumpled newspaper or biodegradable starch packing peanuts.

At the holidays remember to recycle corrugated cardboard boxes, paperboard gift boxes, and greeting cards (except those with foil or wire). When recycling holiday wrappings, please **DO NOT** include the following items in your recycling mix: gift-wrap; ribbons, bows, and tinsel; boxes with plastic coating; tissue paper; packing peanuts, and Styrofoam. Contact your town office about Christmas tree recycling.

For more tips on holiday waste reduction and recycling, contact the District office at 772-2438. The District sells two types of compost bins - perfect holiday gifts! Hearing-impaired individuals can contact the District through the Massachusetts Relay at 711, or for TTY/TTI access dial 1-800-439-2370.



# Memories of Ray



The *Heath Herald* staff mourns the death of our good friend and faithful contributor Ray Pettengill whose wonderful "Rays of Interest" graced our pages for years.

We will rerun, from time to time, Ray's columns in grateful remembrance to remind us of his great humor and love of life, and in gratitude for his contributions to and support of our efforts.

## A Tribute to Ray Pettengill

The Selectboard acknowledges with appreciation and admiration the work Ray Pettengill did for Town of Heath for so many years. Ray served the Town in many capacities for nearly 25 years, on the Board of Health, as Welfare Representative, on the Liquor Commission, as a selectman and assessor, and on the Zoning Board of Appeals and the Computer Committee.

Most recently Ray accepted the appointment as Senior Center Coordinator and brought with him a level of detail and organization that provided a sound foundation for the workings of the first Senior Center in town.

Ray loved to work with computers. He helped the office staff solve many computer problem and set up the Senior Center computers as well. Ray was instrumental in setting up the town office computer network and keeping the office computers running with components that he creatively put together from a variety of sources. He was also the main player in creating the town's Web site.

We will surely miss our friend and willing volunteer, Ray Pettengill.

~ Heath Selectboard  
Tom Lively  
Brian De Vriese  
Sheila Litchfield

Ray was a true friend. He was always here to lend a hand. I remember splitting wood when he was going by. He stopped and finished the wood. We had a lot of good times with playing cards and vacationing to Maine and New York. Ray was always good to our children also. He will be missed by a lot of people.

Loving memories.

~ Howard and Jeanette Crowningshield



I met Ray on a late September day in 1987. It was move-in day and Deborah and I had just begun unloading the first truckful of belongings into our new home. Given our spontaneous move to Heath, we arrived knowing little about the town and even less about our neighbors.

I remember coming around the front of the truck to this middle-aged man I'd never seen before. He was robust and smiling and dressed in a sweatshirt and gloves and every bit ready to work. Ray's first words to me were, "Need any help?"

For the next twenty years, it was my privilege and honor to live in the company of such a loving, generous, and kind-hearted man. As neighbors, we

shared countless opportunities to help each other with everything from plumbing and plowing to carpentry and pet care. Ray was always as willing to stop the presses and have a coffee, as he was to work tirelessly at any project on which I needed his help. He loved to tell stories about his school days in Maine and his years in the Navy. He was in his element working in the yard, yet always took a moment to exchange an extended wave over the field when our views met. As an outdoorsman, Ray loved to take his boat to go fishing, and his knowledge of the woods around him was vast.

It is Ray's gentle spirit that I will remember years from now. It was my pleasure to be part of innumerable conversations with him and with Terry. How I relished listening to them playfully tease and enjoy one another with feigned exasperation and broad smiles. Ray and Terry's mutual adoration was a loving sight that warmed my soul for years.

I count myself lucky to have landed across the way from such a good man and stellar neighbor.

Muckle on, Ray Pettengill, you'll be missed.

~ Bruce Phillips

The Senior Center has lost a great friend and advocate. Ray's dedication and devotion were the key ingredients in establishing the foundation for our Senior Center. He will not be forgotten.

Thank you, Ray.

~ The Heath Senior Center Staff

One day Ray, Bruce Phillips, and I were cutting some wood out behind Ray's house. Ray asked Bruce to fill up his grease gun, but the cap was kind of stuck. Ray said, "Muckle right on to it!" Bruce and, I both, almost fell over laughing; it was a word we'd never heard before (it was a word Ray learned from his father) and, of course, the way Ray said it made it extra specially funny. The word became very popular around our house, although we used it freely and probably not the way it was supposed to be used. This was just one small example of the many ways Ray's friendship enriched our lives.

That day we were helping Ray cut wood for heating his house, but many, many other days he was helping us, or someone else in town, whether it was repairing a computer or just about anything. I've never known anyone who was so ready to help out whenever it was needed. One of my earliest memories of our friendship was before we knew each other very well, and Ray pulled into our dooryard (driveway), grabbed his toolbox and asked: "Got anything that needs fixin'?"

I'll have to teach myself all about astronomy now, and probably won't play whist anymore (who else in the world knows how to play whist better than Ray and Terry?) The neighborhood is really different and not quite so wonderful without Ray around.

~ John Clark

### My "Cousin" Ray

Ray's 6G uncle and my 6G aunt were married about 1714. Every so often I'd come across some information like this while researching our ancestors - and then I'd e-mail him to say that maybe one day we would turn out to be distant cousins. But, to tell the truth, I already felt that we were cousins...that we knew each other so well that we could joke, argue, disagree, and complain about something, without worrying about what the other was thinking. Once he made me so mad that I kicked him in the shins (he did like to instigate), and he never let me forget it (always with a big laugh).

He helped me plant my first garden in Heath and was excited for me when I harvested my first-ever crop of potatoes. I loved hearing his stories about his childhood (and in the process he enriched my vocabulary with lots of "Maine-isms"). We both loved creamed eggs with asparagus on toast, and when Terry made her biscuits it was definitely a good day for Ray and all the rest of us in the neighborhood.

Ray met almost every one of our friends, and they all remember him fondly. He invited a visitor from Zimbabwe to take a ride on his boat (and it turned out to be a highlight of his trip to the U.S.); he kidded my friend (in city makeup and wearing heels) as she was helping us stack hay; and he asked John's musician friends if they were sure they were all playing the same tune.

I keep looking out the window, waiting to see his tractor pull in the driveway, wishing that he'd drop by with another crazy (and fun) "scheme." And I hope that he did remember all the wild times we had on 8A North, and how much we loved him.

~ Nancy Clark

### Reflections of Ray

I met Ray soon after the Heath School was built when he began volunteering at the school.

He immediately caught onto my teasing sense of humor and little did I know I had just met my match! Working with Ray was joyful. We bantered back and forth with gleeful jesting, all the while finding our way to a deep and lasting friendship.

He sang praises of Terry, his wonderful marriage, and what a fabulous cook she was. He left the library happy, as he loved going home to Terry and the great meal awaiting him! Apparently her cooking could not compare to any this side of the moon. We spoke often about Maine, fishing, his family, and grandchildren. He adored his family, and I learned all about them.

By now my husband John had become involved with Ray, and they spent a lot of time tinkering on our home computer. Their sessions would go on for hours and this resulted in Terry coming over for lunch from time to time. Memorable times were enjoyed around our dining room table. Ray and John joked and teased Terry and me unmercifully. We laughed until our sides ached. Our last meal with Ray was last spring. We will cherish that time forever. He was up to his usual stuff!

We went to see him in the hospital in August. He tried to get John to take out the phone in the hospital room. He really wanted him to yank it out of the wall. John was game. I got upset and told the nurse on them and foiled some trouble. His dinner arrived and we tried to get him to eat some of it but he hated it! Terry had spoiled him for life. Ray drifted off to sleep, and we tried to tiptoe out of the room but he caught us, opened one eye, and said, "Scared ya, didn't I! You're not going anywhere!" He was still a rascal even when gravely ill. We stayed awhile longer. He wrote down all of his kids' names and where they lived; he just wanted us to know that he knew what was going on. That was the last time we saw Ray.

Our hearts are full of love and grand memories of our beloved Ray. As I sit at this computer that he rigged up for us I am full of sadness mixed with gladness as I reflect on our friend. He lives on in pleasant memories as they are treasures that can never be taken away.

Thank you, Ray, for brightening our lives.

~ Wanda Musacchio

I have been asked to write a few words about Ray Petten-gill. Ray and Teresa were a wonderful and caring couple. I did not know them in their early years as they lived in Maine. They made their home on 8A near the Vermont line. Ray worked at the Yankee Atomic plant for many years and a few years at the University of Massachusetts. He served two terms as selectman. Teresa is a registered nurse, and they managed to raise four children. Ray loved boating and fishing, and he was a great man with a computer, repairing as well as using them.

~ Smead Hillman

When Esther and I moved into our new log home in the late summer of 1979 one of the first couples we met was Ray and Terry Pettengill. Along with Alli and Ernie Thane we would sometimes enjoy a dinner party, sometimes here, sometimes there. On one sometimes-there occasion Ray called me aside and explained the wonderful world of computers, as he saw it, to me. I had less than no interest. However, when I retired in the spring of 2005, I called Ray and explained my new interest, and he graciously responded with his usual enthusiasm and quickly set me on the right path. He had helped Esther similarly several years before.

During one of our discussions I had mentioned that I had for years thought I would like to learn how to play cribbage to which he responded gladly. Our learning session in their bright, sun-drenched kitchen started with Ray's usual cheery bonhomie, and everything went downhill from there. I gamely struggled with the mass confusion of fives, two, sevens, spades, diamonds, and the like and even with Ray's occasional "You're a quick learner; you're really getting this down," I was swamped. Finally, I called a halt to the whole thing. Ray said I was doing great. As I was putting on my boots and jacket in the entryway - and I can still hear his voice ringing out - "And next time we will play for money!"

~ Richard T. Gallup

Ray Pettengill was the most generous person I have ever known. He really cared about our community and the people living here. Ray graciously volunteered to become our first Senior Center Coordinator and really got the program started by suggesting different types of senior activities, buying equipment, and donating computers, hooking us up to the Internet (at his expense) for senior use.

Ray got me started with a computer and helped me out of situations with the computer that I had managed to get myself into (without too much difficulty). I would call him, and he never hesitated to answer my plea. All he ever asked for was a cup of coffee.

I mentioned to him one day how much Bud and I both liked trout. The next day he came knocking on our door with freshly caught trout. He made our day!!!

Ray will be missed greatly along with his wonderful sense of humor.

God bless you, Ray.  
~ Val Kaempfer

We have known Ray since he first came to Rowe Yankee as a control room operator from Haverhill Station. I remember one night his being here and snowmobiling. Ray had left Terry and his kids behind in Georgetown until he could find a place for his family to live. Heath got lucky when Ray and family settled in Heath, buying Don Finck's house.

Over the years Ray and Terry have been very active in the town, and Ray is going to be greatly missed by all of us.

We will remember him with his little "grin" and always a story to tell and often getting together at their house or at our house for conversation and good food and company.

Ray, we miss you.

~ Ken and Dot Stetson

Ray Pettengill was our friend. He was a friend to everyone, a friend of family, of neighbors, and of the whole community. He loved people and was happiest going briefly to visit one friend and moving quickly to another. He was not only the town's computer guru but the town's computer supplier. He provided the Senior Center with equipment and gave many of us the courage to face the exasperating machines and become computer users.

Ray loved to fish and never understood how I was able to outfish him. Perhaps he let me. I'll never know.

He had a long list of committees and credits in his biography but one was missed. He was a member of the North Heath Rusty Machinery Club. He and his fellow members, John Clark, Ernie, Ben Rodrigue, and perhaps Carroll Stowe (if not, he should have been) spent many an evening taking apart and reassembling forsaken pieces of junk. The challenge kept them going, and they, indeed, fixed a lot of them.

Ray and his cheerful smile will be missed. God bless his family for letting us borrow him for awhile.

~ Alli Thane-Stetson

How does one capture in words the essence of this great spirit who has left us much too soon?

None, of course will suffice to truly describe Ray and what he meant in my life and in the life of so many others.

His was the warmest of embraces, with Terry, pulling me into the family and giving so generously of his time - on the computer, at the Scrabble table, and in sharing the stories of his life, all with a twinkle and infectious grin and with some to-the-point teasing, all in good fun of which we had an abundance.

Our talks were wide-ranging, and when I had questions - from the house-holder mundane to those with greater content- he took time to explain once, and, if necessary, patiently over again.

And then there were the flowers, for birthdays and for no particular time. A couple of years ago I asked him what he would like for his birthday and he said gladiola bulbs, which wish I fulfilled and when they grew into glorious color, I, along with others, was the recipient of armfuls.

Our last contact was when Terry called me saying that Ray had asked her to tell me to go and cut some for myself which I did and thanked him for this last special gift, for thinking of me in this lovely way while in the hospital.

The light of his presence is greatly missed; the light of memory remains shining brightly.

With admiration, great affection, and gratitude,

~ Jane Birney deLeeuw

The first time I saw Ray at the Heath Elementary School he was busily helping a teacher work on a computer. Several days later, I happened to be at the school and there was Ray working on repairing an old computer. This scene was repeated many times.

I was kidding him about the great need in this community for help with a computer which required time and patience. He asked, "Hazel, do you need help with your computer?" I responded, "Ray, I get so overwhelmed with this new technology that I try to ignore it until I am desperate for help." He replied, "Just name the day and time and I'll come over. Computers are fun."

He not only came over but he wiped out my fear of breaking the computer. He reveled in the wonderful games you could play for your own fun. This was truly a hobby for Ray and a great help to many of us who really found his help miraculous.

Thanks, Ray.  
~ Hazel Porter-Maitland

We'll think of you, Ray, every time we're out haying, and we'll be sure to do a good job for you.

Ray made his own maple syrup each spring in his own way with his own home-style equipment. Terry ended up with fewer pots, I think, sometimes, but I'm not sure she wanted them back after the syrup-making process. The first year he gave us a jar of it he told us we better use it right away as he wasn't sure he had made it correctly and it might not keep. Said he was new at making syrup. We took him at this word. We didn't know until afterwards that he was kidding us. That syrup was some of the finest we had ever tasted.

We still have a jar of this year's syrup that he made. Even though there were days this spring when he wasn't feeling his best, he still kept with the tradition. We'll enjoy that syrup some weekend morning as we think of Ray and smile, and probably laugh, at all the happy memories.

~ Jane and Jon Severance

When Jon and I first moved to the neighborhood several years ago, my first conversation with Ray was by phone. He was very neighborly and told us to come for coffee sometime. Well, some time went by and we then talked again. He asked why we hadn't been up for coffee yet. (well we just weren't the "drop-in" sort of folks, especially with people we didn't know well. We just weren't sure exactly what would be a good time for them for us to do this. What day? What time? We wouldn't want to inconvenience anyone.) We again told him we'd stop in sometime.

He then saw me in Shelburne Falls one day and asked me WHY ON EARTH we hadn't been up for coffee yet. I explained that we were never sure when would be a good time for that. He looked at me and spelled it out very clearly. He said, "YOU JUST SHOW UP!!! THAT'S WHAT YOU DO!!!" So, we finally did. Well, from that point on, we learned it really was okay to just show up to visit and spent many memorable hours visiting around the kitchen table. I can still hear Terry saying "Ray - mond!!" with a smile on her face and a twinkle in her eye when she was trying to get his attention or trying to rein him in on something. He knew he had better listen when she pulled that one.

He could always talk about equipment, and the sound of a piece of equipment running could usually bring him across the road to see "what Jon was doing today."

Last summer (2005) Jon came into the house one day with a beautiful bunch of gladiolas. He jokingly asked me, "What'd you do to Ray? He just left these for you." I laughed and said "Nothing lately! Ray had raised the gladiolas and was out distributing them to "the ladies in the neighborhood."

He liked to see the hayfield taken care of the way it should be. Unfortunately, he wasn't home when the field was hayed this summer. He had just gone into the hospital.



*The plaque reads;*

In Memory  
of  
Ray Pettengill

First Senior Center  
Coordinator,  
former Selectman,  
and dedicated  
volunteer for his  
many years service to  
the Town of Heath



*A Celebration of Ray Pettengill's life was held at the Senior Center on December 19, 2006.*

# Support Heath Agriculture



## Benson Place

### *Wonderfully Wild Blueberry Spread*



- Made from unsprayed wild blueberries, grown at the Benson Place in Heath. Makes a great holiday gift or a kitchen staple.
- Available at the farm plus at Peter's Store, Avery's Store, Stillwaters Restaurant, Keystone Market, McCusker's Market, the Rte 91 Visitors' Center, Green Fields Market, Foster's Market, and Wild Oats Market in Williamstown.
- Contact us about the spread, this year's crop, or visiting the farm, (413) 337-5340, benplace@gis.net.



## Berkshire Sweet Gold Maple Farm Heath, MA

Single-Batch, Single-Crop maple syrups in Italian glass from our family farm. Our small-batch methods produce varied and distinctive maple flavors in every bottle. Come taste something new drawn from maple's long history. Our recipe brochure includes meat, fish, vegetable, and salad dishes. Available at our farm stand on Route 8A, by order, and at fine arts & crafts shows. Farm visits are welcome.

**(888) 576-2753 or [BerkshireSweetGold.com](http://BerkshireSweetGold.com)**

## BURNT HILL BERRIES

### *Wild Native Blueberries*



Pick Your Own from late July to mid August.  
Call hotline for exact dates.

**Blueberry Hotline: 413- 337- 4454**

**Burnt Hill Farm, 118 Flagg Hill Rd., Heath, MA**

## Freeman Farm

Grass-fed beef for your freezer.  
Reserve a beefer in the spring.  
Maple syrup, field brush hog mowing,  
and hay also available.



**20 Town Farm Road  
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## Raw Milk For Sale Hager Bros. Farm

Farm Fresh High Quality Available by  
order at 413 624-3200 or  
[hagersmp@mtdata.com](mailto:hagersmp@mtdata.com).

*Order by Sunday p.m. for Monday pickup or  
Thursday p.m. for Friday pickup at:*

11 Merrifield Lane  
Colrain, MA 01340

Also available, a full line of maple products  
and Cabot cheese at farm prices.



This section is free to Heath Farmers, and is made possible by the sales of Carroll Stowe's compilation "The Way it is in the Country." Agricultural producers should submit their information to *The Heath Herald*, P.O. Box 54, Heath, MA 01346.

# HEATH AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY NEWS

## Looking forward to the new year:

Putting on the Fair is a year-round project. Here are some of the things we have been working on this fall.

## Premium Books

We are looking at ways to improve publicity and bring down the cost of publishing the premium book. We will be returning to a smaller premium book, much like ones we printed in the past, and have changed printers. This will mean the deadline for ads will be earlier than in years past. Watch for invitations to purchase them. It's a great way to support the Fair and advertise your business. Many families also purchase ads. If you've never placed one and would like to, call Carol-Ann Eldridge, 337-8425.

## New Attractions

We are grateful to Carol Sartz who continues to line up great musical groups. Next year is no exception. Stay tuned. In addition, Tommy Flynn, who has offered wagon rides the past couple of years, has lined up a sheepshearing contest. Jeff Peck and June Day are working on some old-time adult competitions. We are open to ideas and suggestions and encourage anyone with a proposal to contact Pam Porter at 337-5525 or Bob Delisle at 337-5716. We are particularly interested the following:

- New midway displays and activities that focus on sustainability as well as agriculture. This could include both business and nonprofit organizations.
- Developing some new ideas for middle and high school-age fairgoers.
- Displays of local arts and crafts

## Staying in Business

The Heath Agricultural Society is an agricultural nonprofit organization and needs administrative tending if it is going to survive. We are very much in need of people with accounting and administrative expertise to help with the management of our business and financial affairs. Board members and officers are also needed. We have postponed our election of officers until January and will be discussing what needs to be done to insure we are able to stay in business. If you want to see the Fair continue, please do not wait for an invitation to become involved. Come to the meeting on January 11 at the Heath School. Questions? Call Pam Porter at 337-5525.

## An Invitation

On December 14 at 7:00 p.m. at the Heath Elementary School, the Heath Agricultural Society will have its annual Yankee Swap. It is a low-key and fun way to celebrate the season and see Fair friends. Bring a wrapped gift worth no more than \$5.00 and, if you like, a treat to share.

## Meetings

We meet once a month on the second Thursday at the Heath School at 7:00. p.m. Don't be shy! We would love to see you there.

~Pam Porter  
Co-President

## Food Terrorism

Terrorists and terrorism have been with us since “9-11” at least. Now it seems this 21<sup>st</sup> century phenomenon is ever present in our daily lives. Lately, we have come to distrust our large growers of fresh vegetables as well as of our meat products. The trend to larger and more labor-dependent farms have been the culprit in this latest problem in the food chain.

The demise of the corner grocer and the concentration of buying power of the food conglomerates, have all worked together to make huge corporation farms a real problem. Labor needs have caused the hiring of large numbers of migrant workers and the possible lack of sanitary facilities as well as not enough supervision of workers, be it because of language problems or lack of responsible supervisors, have made the grocery store food not as safe to eat as it used to be. Washing of bagged green veggies and large cooling vats that are supposed to take care of public health concerns have obviously not been safe.

Why do I say it is food terrorism? The average consumer has been brainwashed to think that the large supermarkets are better as well as cheaper. With this mind-set consumers can be led around with the only thought being to save a few cents here and there. The end result being it is very easy to be snookered into taking home food that may be contaminated to some degree.

I believe that this is a very subtle form of terrorism which, when it surfaces some time later, can and has been deadly. What is the answer? Patronize the smaller food stores that have better control of their supply of fresh fruit and vegetables. I realize in large cities and towns this may not be possible. In that case, organic foods may be the answer. The extra cost is a hardship perhaps, I know, but think about the hidden costs of sickness and, in some cases, the fatal alternative. Perhaps it may cause us to think “We are what we eat” and maybe another year in the old car or skipping an expensive thing we think we need could leave a little leeway for safer, locally grown foods.

Our families are being assaulted in many ways today. Let’s try to remove one form of terrorism from our homes and from our diets. It could have a positive effect on our local economy as well. I am speaking as a former organic milk producer. I believe in that concept.

~ Douglas Stetson

**Winter solitude –  
in a world of one color  
the sound of wind.**

~ Basho (1644-1694)

(“Conifer Encounter” continued from page 4)

When we reached the opening in the woods where the blueberries were abundant, he took a pocket watch from his pocket. With no regret, he declared that we had taken more time than expected to get to the blueberry swamp, and that it would be dark soon and therefore we should return to the road. No need to worry about the blueberries, he declared, they would still be there next weekend.

On the way back I asked him, and this was one of the few times I had spoken, how he knew so much about the woods. He answered that he was a biology professor at Springfield College, but had grown up in the pine barrens in New Jersey. He surmised that most of his knowledge he had learned as a boy wandering those Mid-Atlantic swamps, coupled with reading a lot of books about nature. And then he laughed out loud, almost in a boisterous way. “And once I met an old man in the woods,” he declared, and he laughed again, this time even more loudly.

When we got back to the road, my troubles were left far behind, deep in the woods. He shook my hand, and said with luck we would meet again. He drove his old Volvo down the dusty road, and as it disappeared around the corner I felt as if I would never see him again, and although I returned to this place many times, and, as fate would have it, I would never encounter him again.

And here it is, forty-five years later, and this place where I sat helped me to remember such a wonderful episode, such a wonderful time, a time that would prove to be a once-in-a-lifetime, a rich slice of life, a true breath of fresh air, and, perhaps, the beginning of the person I was to become.



**Friends of the  
Heath School  
Library**

### 5<sup>th</sup> Annual Book Fair

Thanks to all – the donors who gave so generously to provide vouchers to every child, the World Eye Book Shop booksellers who provided us with good books to sell and with invaluable help, the parents and members of the community who came to support our efforts, the Heath School staff whose support and guidance to their charges we could not do without, to Tim Lively, as ever, who helped us to set up and take down, and especially to the children whose excitement and enthusiasm made it all very worthwhile!

As always, all proceeds will go to make our school library collection ever better for all of our children.

## Selectboard's Report

### Regular Meeting Schedule -

The Board has resumed its regular meeting schedule of every Tuesday evening at 7:00 p.m. in Sawyer Hall.

### Three-Town Landfill -

Governor Mitt Romney recently cut \$425,000,000 from the state's budget which includes the appropriations that the legislature had passed by an override of a previous veto. The \$1,000,000 for the capping of the Three-Town Landfill was in the funds cut by the Governor. Representative Dan Bosley has assured us that he and many other legislators are working on a way to restore the funds. Unfortunately the towns will incur additional interest costs due to the delay.

### Heath Educational Task Forces -

The final report by Heath's educational task forces were presented to the Selectboard at the Heath Elementary School on October 16. The Board expressed its appreciation for the many hours of hard work that went into doing the research and the writing of the reports. The Board is in the process of evaluating these reports and those from the MTRSD School Committee subcommittee and may make a recommendation for further public discussion.

### All Boards Meeting -

The Selectboard hosted an "All Boards Meeting" on November 14 at the Charlemont Inn. The various town boards shared information on the projects and issues they have been working on over the past year. The Selectboard reviewed important dates on the town calendar with the meeting attendees, including budget hearings and annual report submissions. A review of the Commonwealth's Open Meeting Law was presented as well as requirements and expectations for serving on town boards and committees. The meeting was well attended, and the Board received very positive feedback. It is our intention to hold this informative meeting annually.

### Wi-Fi -

The Town has a high-speed wireless Internet connection available to anyone within range of the antenna which is in Sawyer Hall. Check it out as you drive through the center of town or visit the library. Thanks to Doug Finn for installing the equipment and configuring it for public access. The Computer Committee has been discussing ways of increasing the range of the Wi-Fi network and of continuing the availability of the high-speed T1 line past the grant-funded, one-year period.

### Heath Online -

Take some time to visit the Town's Web site at [www.townofheath.org](http://www.townofheath.org). You'll find Selectboard meeting minutes, school information, and much more. The Web site is a work in progress. Thanks to the Computer Committee

for getting this project up and running. You may contact the Board at [BOS@townofheath.org](mailto:BOS@townofheath.org). Send messages to any board or individual via the e-mail address, or visit the Heath Web site.

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

## Household Hazardous Waste Drop-Off Sites

Franklin County Solid Waste Management District's Household Hazardous Waste Drop-off Sites are open year-round for convenient disposal of many hazardous wastes. These permanent "Supersites" are located in Bernardston, Colrain, and Conway. Any resident of a town belonging to the Franklin County Solid Waste Management District may utilize these Supersites.

The Bernardston facility, located at the town transfer station on Nelson Drive (off Merrifield Road), started winter hours on December 1. The facility's hours for December through April are from 9:00 until 11:00 a.m., the first Saturday of the month. The Conway facility, located at the town transfer station on Old Cricket Hill Road, operates 11:00 a.m. until 2:00 p.m. the first Saturday of the month, and the Colrain facility, located at the town transfer station on Charlemont Road, is open from 8:00 a.m. until 4:00 p.m. every Saturday.

The Supersites provide town residents with the opportunity to dispose of the most common hazardous materials, including: motor oil, oil filters, auto batteries, anti-freeze, oil-based paint, fluorescent light bulbs, household batteries, ballasts, thermometers, thermostats, and mercury-containing switches. Charges apply for disposal of some items.

For more information on disposal of hazardous materials, recycling, composting, or other solid waste issues visit the District's Web site at [www.franklincountywastedistrict.org](http://www.franklincountywastedistrict.org) or call at 413-772-2438. Hearing impaired individuals can contact the District through the Massachusetts Relay at 711 or for TTY/TDD access dial 1-800-439-2370.

## Special Needs Survey

As part of the town's ongoing progress to keep updated in Emergency Preparedness, you will soon be receiving a voluntary survey in the mail. This survey will help us to see who might need assistance during an emergency, as well as help us to update our records.

If you have any questions, feel free to call me at 337-4742 or talk to the Town Coordinator.

~ Timothy Lively  
Emergency Management Director

## Heath Business Directory

**Bald Mountain Pottery**  
625-8110

**The Benson Place**  
Blueberries & Applesauce  
337-5340

**Fred Burrington**  
Artist  
337-4302

**Dave Cote Builders**  
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 Goldens**  
AKC Registered Golden Retrievers  
337-4705

**John Mooney**  
Custom Remodeling  
337-8344

**Wanda Mooney**  
Realtor  
337-8344

**Tripp's Blueberries**  
Taylor Brook Road  
337-4964

**Paul Turnbull**  
**Janice Boudreau**  
Commercial/Wedding Photographers  
337-4033

**Bonnie Wodin**  
Custom Gardens & Landscapes  
337-5529

### Support Your Local Businesses

If you would like more information about the Heath Enterprise Council, please call Alicia Tripp at 337-4964



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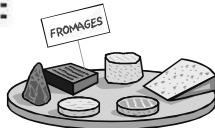
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Shelburne Falls

Library Lines**C/W MARS Update**

By Donald Purington

The library has begun an exciting technology upgrade. We recently started bar coding our library materials as part of the program to become a circulating member of the Central/Western Massachusetts Automated Resource Sharing network, known by the acronym C/W MARS.

When completed, patrons will be able to search for books, audiobooks, videos, and DVDs in the Heath library from any computer connected to the Internet. You will also be able to search for items from the more than 140 libraries that are part of the network. Request the item and have it sent to our library for pickup during library hours. If you don't have a computer or any desire to use one you can visit or call the library and Lyra Johnson or I will be happy to help you find what you are looking for.

The Heath catalog is available to view at the following address on the Internet, but you will not be able to use it to request items until we have bar coded nearly all of our collection: <http://wmars.cwmars.org/search~S94/>

New at the Library:

**Adult Fiction Books:** *The Second Mouse* by Archer Mayor, *For One More Day* by Mitch Albom, *What Came Before He Shot Her* by Elizabeth George, *The Right Attitude to Rain* by Alexander McCall Smith, and *The Shape Shifter* by Tony Hillerman.

**Adult Nonfiction Books:** *Last Child in the Woods: Saving our Children from Nature-Deficit Disorder* by Richard Louv, *Our Bodies, Ourselves: A New Edition for a New Era* (2005) by The Boston Women's Health Book Collective, *An Inconvenient Truth* by Al Gore, *The Essential Haiku: Versions of Basho, Buson, & Issa*, edited by Robert Haas.

**Young Adult Books:** *Half-Moon Investigations* by Eoin Colfer, *The King of Attolia* by Megan Whalen Turner, and *Flyte* by Angie Sage.

**Children's Picture Books:** *Why Do You Cry? Not a Sob Story* by Kate Klise and *Rocks In His Head* by Carol Otis Hurst.

**Board Books:** *Mrs. Wishy-Washy* by Joy Cowley, and *I'm as Quick as a Cricket* by Audrey Wood.

**Children's Nonfiction Books:** *My Light* by Molly Bang, a look at how energy from the sun is converted to electricity, and *Fine Feathered Friends: Poetry for Young People* by Jane Yolen.

**DVDs:** *Prairie Home Companion*, *The Da Vinci Code*, and Al Gore's *An Inconvenient Truth*.

**Late Breaking News**

The Board of Trustees of the Heath Free Public Library was informed that the Massachusetts Board of Library Commissioners (MBLC) has officially awarded the town a provisional grant of \$1,184,568 for the construction of the proposed new public library. This is an honor for our town and a credit to the many citizens who worked long hours on shepherding this project along. The State Commissioners referred to our proposal as "outstanding" in congratulating us on the award.

The grant requires matching local funds, so there is still much work to be done. This is a critical time for our town and in light of the school situation, the library trustees will be carefully considering what makes the most sense in terms of the broader needs of the town at this time.

We welcome any suggestions from community members. Please feel free to contact the library directly or Deb Porter, Trustee Chair, at 337-4715.



## Milestones

**Archie Ainsworth** of Shelburne Falls died on October 19, 2006. Born in Brattleboro, VT, he was the son of Charles H. and Rose E. Sirce Ainsworth.

He served in the US Army in WW II, worked at the former Martin's Bakery, and then co-owned and operated the A&A Food Mart and Archie's Coffee Shop, all in Shelburne Falls. He was then the storekeeper at the University of Massachusetts and food services purchasing agent at Northfield-Mount Herman, after which he worked at the Shelburne Falls Supermarket and at the Marshalls Country Store in Bernardston.

In addition to his wife of 64 years, Roberta M. Ward Ainsworth, he is survived by four daughters, **Joanne Wells of Heath**, Joyce Griswold of Shelburne, Beth Clark of Easthampton, and Pam Ainsworth of Colrain; six brothers, Calvin of Erving, Ray and Lester of Florida, Donald of Pennsylvania, Roland of Russell, and Merle of Connecticut; two sisters, Marilyn Reimer of South Carolina and Ruth Giard of Bernardston; five grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren.

Memorial donations may be made to the American Cancer Society, 30 Speen Street, Framingham, MA 01701.

**Frederic A. Lively of Heath** died on November 19, 2006, at his home. Born in Heath, he was the son of Mederic and Eleanor Cote Lively.

Fred was a diary farmer on the family farm for most of his life. After retiring, he worked for the Heath Highway Department and was still active in farming and brush-cutting.

His wife, the former Patricia Gadbois, died in 1977.

Survivors include five sons, Jonathan A. of Rowe, **Timothy M. of Heath**, Daniel J. of Leyden, the Reverend Jerome A. of Rome, Italy, and Christopher L. of Plantation, FL; three daughters, **Veronica A Smead of Heath**, Hannah R. Lively of Greenfield, and Martha J. Lively of Ashfield; a brother, the Reverend Joseph Lively of Marshville, VT; two sisters, Marion Dandeneau of Rowe and Lenita Brennan of Littleton; four grandchildren, and many nieces and nephews.

A Memorial Mass was held on November 29 at St. Joseph's Church, Shelburne Falls, concelebrated by his son, the Reverend Jerome A. Lively, his brother, the Reverend Joseph Lively, and by the pastor, the Reverend John A. Roach. Burial followed in the West Branch Cemetery, Colrain.

Memorial contributions may be made either to St. Joseph's Church, 34 Monroe Ave, Shelburne Falls 01340, or to the Good Neighbors Fund, c/o Budge Litchfield, 220 Route 8A, Charlemont, MA 01339

**Timothy R. Peters** of Shelburne Falls died on November 3, 2006, from injuries sustained in a vehicular accident in Charlemont. Born in Greenfield on March 6, 1987, he was the son of Mona Peters.

He attended Mohawk Trail Regional High School and was employed by the Holbeck Group of Orange.

Survivors include his mother; two brothers, Jason M. of Shelburne Falls, and **Devon L. of Heath**; his maternal grandparents, Douglas and Janet Peters of Shelburne Falls, and an aunt, Wanda Geddis of Dorchester, NH.

Memorial donations may be made to the Shelburne Falls Ambulance, 121 State Street, Shelburne Falls 01370.

**Raymond C. Pettengill Jr. of Heath** died on October 13, 2006 at the home of his son Kevin in Ludlow. Born in Chesterville, ME, on February 2, 1931, he was the son of Raymond C. Sr. and Minnie Merchant Pettengill.

A 1949 graduate of the Weld, Maine High School, he attended Maine Control Institute and the University of New Hampshire. He joined the US Navy and served for four years during the Korean War, attaining the rank of Machinist Second Class. Ray worked for the New England Power Company, at Yankee Atomic as a control room engineer, and at the University of Massachusetts in the power plant.

Ray truly loved Heath serving as a selectman, an assessor, a member of the Board of Health, as a volunteer fireman, and of late was seen frequently at the Heath Elementary School working on the school's computers. Most recently, he worked to oversee the establishment of the Heath Senior Center and was the Center's first coordinator.

A member of the *Heath Herald* staff from 1987 until 1994, he then started contributing his 'Rays of Interest' column to the paper.

A man of many interests and abilities, Ray was a true outdoorsman and sportsman, loving nature in all its forms. He was an avid fisherman and boater, a hunter, a trail walker, snowshoe adventurer, and cross-country skier, and a gardener and maple sugar maker, a good steward of his land, to mention but a few of his enthusiasms. He was also proficient in many of the building trades and computer-ese. Above all, he was always ready to lend a helping hand to anyone in need.

He is survived by his wife of 52 years, **Teresa C. Kelley Pettengill**; a daughter, **Le-Ellen Weis of Heath**; three sons, Michael of Colchester, Ct, Kevin of Ludlow, and Kirk S. of Winter Haven, FL; a sister, Lucille Rolfe, of Farmington, ME; ten grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren..

At Ray's request, services were to be private, but the Town of Heath came together with Terry and the family to honor him at a Memorial Gathering at the Heath Senior Center on November 19.

Memorial donations may be made to the Heath Senior Center, Heath, MA 01346.

**Rebecca (Polly) Pollard Boykin Wayne** of Rowe and sister of **Dorothy Gary of Heath**, died on October 30, 2006. Born in Mobile, AL, in 1934, she was the daughter of Charles Pollard and Virginia David Boykin.

Among the several positions she held over the years were ones at the US Department of Justice and for Senator John Sparkman of Alabama, and, after moving to New York City in 1959, at Union Theological Seminary and Teachers College of Columbia University, and later for the Maryknoll Fathers and Brothers.

In addition to her sister of Heath, she is survived by her husband of 42 years, the Reverend David Wayne; her daughter, Dorothy Grayson Wayne of Palo Alto, CA, and her son David Courtland Wayne of the Bronx, NY; two sisters, Martha Virginia Boykin Wheeler of Mobile, AL, and Nancy Boykin Miles of Mattapone, VA; her brother, Burwell Lee Boykin of King Phillips, VA, and many nieces and nephews, among whom is **Virginia Gary** of Rowe, a member of the staff at the Heath Elementary School.

( " Milestones" continued on page 23)

("Milestones" continued from page 22)

Memorial donations may be made to the Dakin Pioneer Valley Humane Society, 163 Montague Road, Leverett, MA 01054 or to the Upper Valley Hostel, 17 South Street, Hanover, NH 03755.

## Requiescat in pace

### In Memoriam

While thinking about Ray, Smead Hillman's thoughts turned to his wife, Evelyn, and his son, Alvin.

My wife Evelyn died on October 14, 2004, after a long battle with lung cancer. She was a loving and caring wife of 55 years.

Next came Alvin, my only son. He died on July 10, 2006, from lung cancer. Alvin spent ten years in Germany, five years in the US Army, retiring with a rank of sergeant. There was nothing mechanical Alvin could not do. He is sorely missed.

Born on November 11, 2006, **Hunter Lee**, son of Jeremy N. and Jenni L. Lively Lanoue of Charlemont; grandson of **Lee and Valerie Lively** and **Nathan and Cindy Clark, all of Heath**, and Nelson and Brenda Lanoue of Charlemont; great-grandson of Fred Rice and Silbert and Joan Lanoue, all of Ashfield, Leander and Kathryn Lively of Colrain, Herbert and Flora Fitzroy of Charlemont, and David and Connie Jackman of Conway.

### ERRATUM

Sincere apologies to valued writer Lois Stetson Buchiane for inadvertently changing her "Grandpa in the clouds" to "Grandma in the clouds." See last issue, page 3, "Grandmother's Independence Day."

## Heath's Monthly Precipitation (inches)

(Observed by Heath School Staff and Students)

	<u>Rain</u>
From September 11	2 ¼ "
October	6 ½ "
Up to November 10	2 ¾ "

### In this reporting period:

The fall foliage season was very short this year. The switch from October to November was interesting, as the 28<sup>th</sup> gave us between 2 and 2 ½ inches of rain and the 29<sup>th</sup> brought us very high winds, Halloween was very mild, and the 2<sup>nd</sup> of November brought us some slushy snow in spots.

## Community Calendar

### December 2006

**December 07** - Senior Luncheon, Community Hall-Senior Center, 11:45 a.m.

PTP Meeting, Heath School, 6:30 p.m.

**December 11** - Bimidele Drummers and Dancers, Heath School, 11:00 a.m.

**December 13** - School Early Release Day, 12:45 p.m.  
School Committee Meeting, MTRHS, 7:00 p.m.

**December 14** - Heath Agricultural Society Annual Yankee Swap, Heath School, 7:00 p.m.

**December 15** - **HAPPY HANUKKAH!**  
PTP Movie Night, "The Polar Express,"  
Heath School, 7:00 p.m.

**December 17** - Christmas Service, Heath Union Church, 10:00 a.m.

**December 19** - LEC Meeting, Heath School, 3:30 p.m.

**December 21** - Senior Luncheon and Christmas Party,  
Community Hall-Senior Center, 11:45 a.m.

**December 22** - Full day of school

**December 23** - **January 1** - School Winter Break

**December 24** - Christmas Eve Candlelight Service, Heath Union Church, 7:00 p.m.

**December 25** - **MERRY CHRISTMAS!**

### January 2007

**January 01** - **HAPPY NEW YEAR!**

**January 02** - School resumes, Full Day

**January 04** - Senior Luncheon, Community Hall-Senior Center, 11:45 a.m.

**January 05** - Preschool Story Hour, Heath Library, 10:00 to 11:00 a.m.

**January 11** - Heath Agricultural Society Meeting, Heath School, 7:00 p.m.

**January 15** - **MARTIN LUTHER KING DAY** - No School

**January 18** - Senior Luncheon, Community Hall-Senior Center, 11:45 a.m.

**January 19** - School In-Service Day- No school  
Preschool Story Hour, Heath Library, 10:00 to 11:00 a.m.  
PTP Movie Night, Heath School, 7:00 p.m.

May this  
wonderful season  
warm your heart  
with joy  
that will last  
throughout the  
New Year.

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