



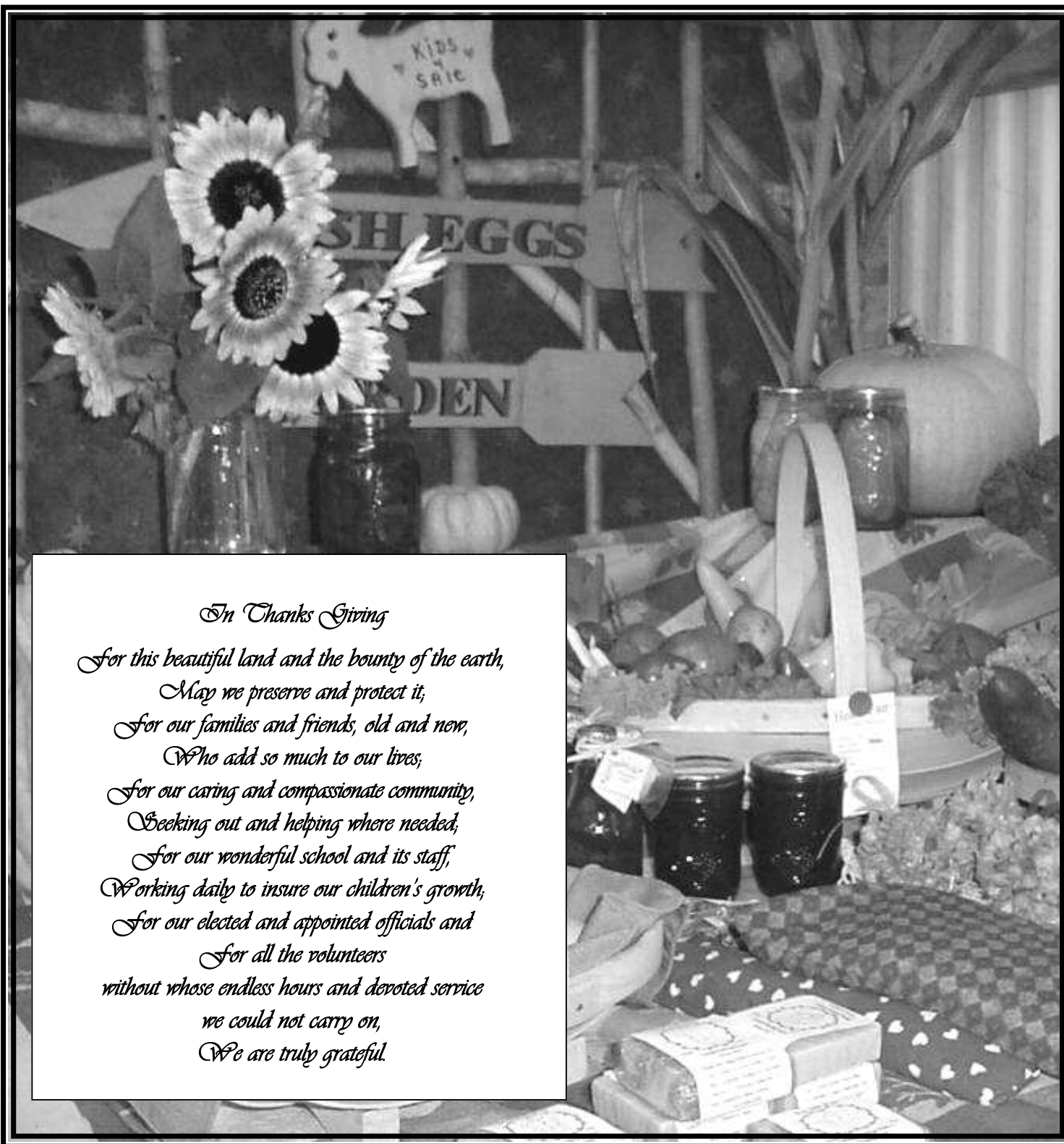
HEATH HERALD

Heath's First Newspaper

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October/November 2008



In Thanks Giving

*For this beautiful land and the bounty of the earth,
May we preserve and protect it,
For our families and friends, old and new,
Who add so much to our lives,
For our caring and compassionate community,
Seeking out and helping where needed,
For our wonderful school and its staff,
Working daily to insure our children's growth,
For our elected and appointed officials and
For all the volunteers
without whose endless hours and devoted service
we could not carry on,
We are truly grateful.*

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Heath Union Church News

We served as host for the Heath Historical Society's Annual Meeting followed by speakers on August 23. There was an enthusiastic response to our speakers, Bill Czelnusiak and Scot Huntington, Johnson organ repairers, restorers, and historians.

Our campaign is under way to raise funds for restoring our special Johnson organ to its original quality. Contributions can be made to the Heath Union Church, stipulating the gift for the Johnson Organ Restoration Fund.

Family nights included a demonstration of Martial Arts by Jodie Scalice on August 24 and a sing-along led by Doug Wilkins on September 28.

The bi-monthly luncheon following the September 7th church service was enjoyed by all. Thanks to Paul Burrington and Walt Gleason our kitchen is ready to start "cooking."

The Annual Meeting of church members is October 7 at 7:00 p.m.

As Pastor Grant was on vacation the pulpit was filled on September 14 by John Hanlon, representative of Child Evangelical Fellowship, and on September 21 by Heath's very own the Reverend Pam Porter. Everyone is welcome.

Adult Sunday School, 9:00 a.m.

Sunday Worship, 10:00 a.m.

Prayer Meeting, Thursdays at 6:00 p.m.

~ The Deacons



*Friends of the
Heath School Library*

The Friends of the Heath School Library
in conjunction with the World Eye Bookshop
will hold their **7th Annual Book Fair** to
benefit the school library on

Thursday, November 20, 2008
8:30 a.m. to 8:00 p.m.

Children's books, a selection of adult books, and
2009 calendars will be available for purchase.

*Please come and take this opportunity to support the
library, buy your holiday books, and enjoy the children's
enthusiasm as they make their selections.*

*Books may be preordered by calling
Wanda at the school or
Jane at 337-8594
by November 14.*

Green Thoughts**Local Harvest**

By Pat Leuchtman



The theme of the Heath Fair Parade this year was Local Harvest. The Friends of the Library and the Library's Summer Reading Program were not the only ones to note in their entry that our best and most beautiful harvest is our children.

It struck me, as I looked at the children running freely and safely over the Fairgrounds, looking at the bunnies, gyrating with the hoopla hoops, clambering over the mountain of sand and digging in to a piece of pie a la mode, that our children would not be so healthy and happy if it weren't for another sort of harvest – the harvest of labor provided by our town services, organizations, and caring neighbors.

The town itself is like a healthy garden with all sorts of interesting plants, volunteer firemen, Friends of the Library, members of the Historical Society, the Parent Teacher Partnership, and the Agricultural Society itself. All of them are in full bloom at the Heath Fair.

The Volunteer Firemen have the chicken barbecue, the Heath School has its fund-raising booth, the Friends of the Library have a book sale and raffle, and the Historical Society was showing off artifacts and publications in the Solomon Temple Barn Museum. The Agricultural Society itself not only sells food, but organizes a special exhibit tent with wool spinning, tomato tasting, worm farming, and other rural activities. This year they also put up a special exhibit tent focusing on local craftsmen.

While we see all these organizations and services in vigorous bloom at the Fair, we have taken in their harvest at various times during the year. Sometimes there is a long awaited and spectacular harvest like the designation of the Heath Center Historical District by the National Register that has been so carefully cultivated and nurtured by the Historical Commission for some years.

Other harvests such as those at the school and library come over a long season of support where some benefit is plucked every day.

The harvest of the volunteer firemen is felt dramatically when they come to aid our health and safety.

We all enjoy a less dramatic but daily and essential harvest provided by our Selectboard, all the town boards, the town nurse, and our beloved road crew.

We each have a part in cultivating this harvest of service, and it is not hard to see that the labors are given generously. In fact the meetings that take place all year long not only bring about a harvest, they enrich us personally, allowing our lives to intertwine and support each other, and introducing us to new ideas which can cause some fruitful cross-pollination of thought and effort.

Heath has always been a town that welcomed newcomers who bring a bit of the soil of their experience with them as they transplant themselves here. We gardeners know that soil is a living thing, rich with microbes that are invisible but that are responsible for renewing and maintaining the health of the soil. Newcomers bring an infusion of new health-giving ideas, talents, aspirations, energy, and goodwill as they settle in and

start sinking their roots deep into our community.

I've always thought of Heath as a part of Shakespeare's Forest of Arden "where there is no enemy but winter and rough weather." We Heathans are hardy plants, surviving the bitter winds that blow, blooming in season and bringing forth many good fruits each year.

To double a metaphor - we are also good gardeners. After Candide's adventures were done, Voltaire's Dr. Pangloss said "We must cultivate our gardens." Heath is our own beautiful garden. We are all fortunate to be its gardeners.

Heath Memories – Part II

Berries, Beasts, and Excursions

When Joan and I were planning to get married we thought the Heath meadow which in the spring is abloom with glorious pink and purple lupines, white ox-eye daisies, and a variety of other flowers would be an ideal spot, but since the marriage was in February that was not possible so we decided to come back to Heath that spring to have our wedding pictures taken in the meadow with all the flowers in bloom around us. It is a great picture we treasure very much.

Joan and I each had dogs, Joan, a German shepherd/golden retriever named Chivas and I, my big black schnauzer Penny, who rode together in the back seat and would stick their heads out the windows and sniff the air as we approached the driveway in Heath. Once in the woods Chivas had an encounter with a porcupine. Their encounter left the dog's face full of quills we had to remove with pliers!!! He was so appreciative of our help that he kept licking our hands as we removed the quills one at a time as if saying, "Thank you!" Both dogs loved their times in Heath.

Joan and I have most often come to Heath for Thanksgiving. We buy a turkey and cook it at home, and I make my famous dressing with chestnuts. Don supplies the cranberries and other goodies including a wonderful cranberry/apple pie with the delightful crust he makes so well. Our neighbors Bill and Jean often join us, and we eat with a fire going in the fireplace at a big table in the living room with candlelight and pumpkin decorations on the table.

On the top of a hill behind our house in Heath is a cranberry bog where we go at the end of the summer to gather the red treasures. Cranberries grow on the top of large clumps of sphagnum moss and if you are careful and not too heavy you can walk on the top of these thick clumps of moss and gather the cranberries. I remember the day when Don friend's Silvia, who was a little too heavy, sunk in up to her waist. In the past few years, perhaps by some bird's happenstance, some cranberries took hold in our meadow down by the pond, so far, though, very few in number. Our friends Salomeya and Grisha, who are from the former Soviet Georgia, went with us to pick cranberries, and they still have the picture of themselves carrying a box mounded with the red treasures from the bog.

In the late summer during the first week of August it is time to go to the Burnt Hill blueberry farm to buy blueberries for the season. We usually get about 30 pounds to share with friends and to last into the winter. There are also blueberries growing along the roadside leading to the cabin. These are considered sacred, since they are destined for Don's blueberry pancake ritual every

("Heath Memories" continued on page 4)

("Heath Memories" continued from page 3)

Sunday in season. Speaking of berries, there is an ever-spreading patch of raspberries down by the garden and, of course, the blackberries along Long Hill Road and, in the spring, the wild strawberries in the meadow, so small, but so sweet, another real breakfast delight. I was picking them once with a friend of mine who was having trouble seeing them because he was color-blind.

One summer Joan's dog Chivas went into the woods and we heard him barking a very strange bark and hurried down to see what was going on. There he was at the foot of a tree with a black bear up in the tree hanging from the branches. We called Chivas and he seemed relieved to leave the scene and return to the house with us. As we walked away the bear climbed down from the tree and ran into the woods.

One of the books I wrote with co-author Russ Freedman was titled *How Animals Learn*. In it I decided to describe how a chicken, through conditioning, could be taught to play baseball. A rubber band could be attached to a small bat for the bird to pull, in order to be fed. The bat would hit a ball and the chicken could be taught to run the bases. I set the whole thing up with my science students, bought a bird from a market in the city, placed the bird, I called Casey Hen (named after the famous ball player "Casey at the Bat"), in front of the bat and surprisingly the whole thing worked very well. The school coach heard about this bird who played baseball and wanted to see it so I invited him up to my classroom, put Casey Hen in front of the bat, but she hesitated, then squatted down and laid an egg. Since the ball was missing we concluded that she wanted to supply one of her own.

Then I took Casey to Heath. She would come into the kitchen and lay her eggs in the wood box six days a week and then on the seventh day take a rest. At the end of the summer when I returned to New York I left Casey with neighbors Maria and Aldie Gregoire who lived on Jacksonville Stage Road. She lived in their barn with their donkey, Christopher, and roosted on his back. She hadn't been laying for a while after going to the Gregoires and Maria wrote to tell me that one day Casey had come to the house to get her, lead her out to the barn, and show her the egg she had laid. In the letter Maria drew a circle showing the size of the egg.

Aldie found a mother skunk killed on the road with a little one that was hanging around the body. Aldie picked it up and brought it to me, asking if I would be interested in raising a skunk. I agreed and took it to a vet to be de-scented. I named the skunk Millicent. I brought her back to New York with me and when I rented a house at Oak Beach the wife of the person I rented from was named Millicent so it was somewhat embarrassing introducing her to my skunk.

When I had my shoes off sitting at my desk working on the book I was writing, Millicent loved to play with the socks on my feet. I would chase her around the room and she would run away from me and then turn, lift her tail and attempt to spray me with her scent, which fortunately she didn't have. She was a delight and when I took her back to Heath she would go outside during the day, but return in the evening for her dish of food. Finally she didn't return so I guess she found a mate or met her fate.

There are several walks we like to take when we are at Heath. One is to Tannery Falls, which is five or so miles west along the road outside Charlemont. A trail winds through the woods along a stream and finally comes to a cliff over which the water from the

stream pours down about 100 feet to a little ravine below. The path winds down the hill with steps carved out of the earth and from below you can look back up at the waterfall spilling over the hill.

Another walking trip is to Pocumtuck Mountain. It is quite a climb to the top, but with a lunch in hand on an autumn day it is an ideal place to view the valley and the surrounding mountains with their splendid colorful foliage.

Jane and Léon deLeeuw, neighbors from Heath have been longtime friends. Léon, now deceased, was an artist and once when they visited us at our home in Oak Beach, he did a painting, now hanging at the top of the stairs in our meditation room. The subject is the view from that room, overlooking the Atlantic Ocean and Fire Island Inlet, through which water flows from the Great South Bay out to sea. The focus of the painting is a rock jetty that juts out into the water. It is called the Sore Thumb. Under the picture is printed "Monotype...Oak Beach... to Jim and Joan with love, Léon deLeeuw." This work of art and one other mean a great deal to us. The other is by Léon as well, a scene from the woods in Heath. It hangs over the dining room table in the cabin in a place of honor.

During summers in Heath we would often go swimming at The Gorge. It is a deep ravine through which a swift stream flows. There were waterfalls and places where one could jump from the cliff into a deep pool below. People often went skinny dipping there. (Sadly it is no longer open to the public.) Another favorite swimming spot is what we called Maria's Whirly Baths, a narrowing stream with several small falls, along the road west of Charlemont where the water rushed through whirling about.

On the trip into Shelburne Falls, where we go to shop and eat at the several good restaurants, there is a road that turns off to the left and leads up to the top of a long ridge where there are trails that wind through the woods. If you want to show your friends, who haven't seen them yet, some beautiful Lady Slippers as they blossom delicately in the springtime, take them here. We are lucky enough to have a few Lady Slippers growing outside our house in Heath and have spotted some along the trail up the hill at the cranberry bog.

One of the birds I have been delighted with in Heath is the chickadee. It is a bird that as it calls sings chickadee, dee, dee, dee and if you answer the call by repeating it, the bird may come to you. I have had one light on my shoulder and even take food from my hand.

And then there are the trees, the tall trees along the side of the road through which the sunlight shines down to the ground and the white birch trees lining the road. Joan and I have used white birch bark to make Christmas cards. We peel the bark off a limb, cut it to size, fold it, and write a Christmas message, often a poem we have selected. Our friends and family love to receive them and some have kept them for many years.

My memories of Heath are varied and beautiful and spread over a very long period of time, some forty-three years to be exact. The wonderful people and the flora and fauna I have shared my life in Heath with and the dear friends and neighbors all have made the experience of Heath a very special one I will cherish for the rest of my life.

~ Jim Morriss

The Town Farm Later known as Overbrook Farm

By Grace E. Landstrom



(Editors' Note: This is a reprint from a 1982 Heath Herald with additions by Mrs. Landstrom's daughter, Ruth Johnson)

We have not been able to find the exact date when this house was built (but believe it to be 1773). Old town records state that Ashel Thayer, who owned the farm a few miles north of this farm, took it over in 1779. It is not known whether he or someone else built the house, but some of the Thayer family lived here until the Town of Heath bought it in 1853.

At this time there were so many poor people who were without money and could not care for themselves that the town voted to buy this house and keep all of these people under one roof. Once established the town farm averaged 18 residents. A farmer was hired to look after the paupers, as they were called. If any of them were able to work, they were obliged to help in the house as well as on the farm. Nearly everything was produced on the farm: meat, eggs, vegetables, fruits, wool for clothing, maple syrup, as well as fuel for cooking and heat. It must have been a busy life for all who worked there. Cutting wood for six fireplaces and a brick oven for cooking must have taken many working hours.

There are ten rooms in the main house (four rooms downstairs, two combined into one) and probably there were at least two in the ell. The original ell ran to the west with a woodshed and a chicken house. The well for water was a few feet below the main house to the west. Now water comes from a spring about one half mile away with a storage tank in the attic. It provides plenty of water even for the demands of modern day living. One wonders how often the paupers took baths when water had to be pumped by the old hand pump and heated in front of a fireplace.

The number of paupers declined over the years and the records show the town voted in 1896 to sell the town farm. It was rented to several different farmers to 1906 when Miss Ethel Paine bought the farm and hired a farmer to care for her place, The Manse, and to live on and care for this farm. She called it Overbrook Farm as the brook runs between the two places.

Miss Paine made many changes in the house. She removed the west ell and added one to the south adding a

wood shed and a carriage house, and later a grain room and a milk room. This joined the main house to the remodeled barn and enabled one to avoid the cold winter weather outside, which was a real asset indeed.

In 1911, Victor Landstrom from Waltham, who had worked on Miss Paine's father's estate, came to be her farmer. He and his family arrived by train in Charlemont and were picked up by a Heath farmer with a two seated wagon drawn by two horses. The two younger children, aged eleven and thirteen, were excited by the long climb up the steep Harris Mountain Road, but were even more ecstatic when they reached the farm with the long open fields and big house and barn.

The house was empty of furniture as theirs had not yet arrived by train. However, they were soon able to enjoy the place as a real home and lived in it until 1921.

Mr. and Mrs. Landstrom decided to return to their home in Waltham as their five children were grown and away from home, so Miss Paine, who was now married to John F. Moors, asked Oscar, a son of the Landstroms who had been a student at Mass. Agricultural College (now Stockbridge), to stay and become her farmer and care for The Manse and run both farms. Oscar was to provide their summer home with butter, eggs, fruits and vegetables and to keep the lawns mowed and the flower gardens cared for. As it was before automobiles, horses were to be kept for riding, driving and to get the mail at the postoffice three miles away.

Oscar decided to stay and later married a local girl, Grace Gleason, and they lived many happy years in the old house. They had three daughters but no sons so had to hire extra help for the farm work. A hired man was kept all year with extra help in the summer months.

There have been many changes in the house by the numerous dwellers but the six fireplaces and brick oven remain intact. Most of the rooms in the main part of the house have the wide floor boards, many fifteen or sixteen inches wide. These had multiple coats of paint which are being removed to reveal the beauty of the old wood. The big chimney with three fireplaces and brick oven downstairs and one fireplace was rebuilt from the roof up a few years ago. The second chimney with two fireplaces is still in excellent condition. About 40 years ago a new chimney was built to provide a flue for a furnace. The furnace was originally in the old kitchen fireplace flue, but after a chimney fire that burned all night it was decided this was not a wise idea.

In 1953 the youngest daughter of Oscar and Grace came home with her husband to help, as her father had a heart attack and could not do the heavy work. They stayed on and in 1960 purchased the farm. This was Robert and Ruth Law and they had three boys and one girl. They planned to build a house but it was decided this was not necessary with the size of this house. So they raised the roof on the ell to provide a kitchen upstairs as well as down. The arrangement prevailed until the death of Oscar in 1960 when the grandmother, Grace Landstrom, moved upstairs and the young family down. She has lived sixty-one years in this old house.

("The Town Farm" continued on page 11)

Wild Ramblings**Mover, Max, and the Moose River**

By Bill Lattrell

Not the best of friends, Mover and Max still had a lot in common. Mover was a west coast black Labrador retriever; Max was half Lab and half hound. Mover was heavysset, powerful, and was focused on one thing: food. Max was athletic, agile and very determined. He was mostly determined to aggravate Mover. What did they have in common? Well, they lived in the same household, begrudgingly mind you, but they were together many hours each day. Mover was my friend Smitty's dog. They had hooked up while Smitty was in the Marine Corps and stationed at El Toro in California. Max was my long-time buddy and also a partner in crime with my other dog Scruggs. Scruggs was a gentle collie/shepherd who did not have an aggressive bone in his body. He was fine following Max's dominant ways.

Max and Mover met each other when Smitty came home from the Marine Corps. I had an apartment in a small rural town, and Smitty would eventually become my roommate. Smitty and I were close friends from high school, along with our other close friend Jeff who was travelling in Europe at the time.

Max and Mover got off to a bad start when they first met each other. Mover was not in a particularly good mood as Smitty and he had just driven 3000 miles in a two-seat Austin Healy sports car that blew a motor about 100 miles from home. To make matters worse, both of them were very hungry. It seems they hadn't eaten since leaving California. Evidently Smitty had bought a giant bucket of Kentucky Fried Chicken, forty pieces of finger lickin' goodness that was intended to last for all of their three-day, 3000-mile journey. Smitty's plan was flawed, however. First, after buying the Kentucky Fried Chicken he had just enough money for gas to complete their cross-country journey. Second, he left the chicken in the car while stopping at a rest stop to visit the men's room. When he returned to the car there sat a very chubby Labrador licking his chops over a very empty bucket of chicken. That's right, 40 pieces of chicken in less than five minutes, and not one bit of shame. Needless to say that was the beginning of a very quiet 3000-mile journey. Mover spent most of his time on the rest of this journey gazing out the window pretending not to hear the noise of a growling stomach attached to a very angry Marine. It is my understanding that there may have been some choice curse words uttered by that same Marine as the hunger began to set in on the third day of their epic adventure.

So, at the first encounter of Mover and Max, the perfect dog meeting dog environment may have not been present. I vaguely remember them circling each other like two Sumo wrestlers about to engage in combat. Max envisioned Mover as an intruder. He already had his disciple, Scruggs, and it was apparent that Mover was not the same happy-go-lucky fellow that Scruggs was. Max made the first move of the first fight of many. On that day he caught Mover by surprise. On other days, for years to come, they would both vie for position of top dog. Somehow the dogs survived their first several years of living with each other. We never left them alone together in the same room, fearing we would come back to a bloodbath. As long as Smitty and I asserted our dominance peace could be kept.

In the summer of 1975 Smitty and I decided we needed a little adventure in our lives and headed up to the Allagash Wilderness Area in northwest Maine. The previous summer we had gone on a backpacking journey in a remote section of this wilderness area. As the result of some poor planning we nearly drowned hiking across a large flooded marsh in a six-inch rainstorm on our way back to our base camp. This time we decided to be a little smarter and travel by canoe along a meandering river known as the Moose River. The Moose River was connected to a large lake where there was a nice, wooded island where camping would be comfortable. This destination seemed idyllic at the time, and so with a canoe lashed to an old rundown station wagon, our backpacks full of camping gear and food and stowed in the back of the wagon, we took off towards our destination. I almost forgot to mention that we also brought along Mover and Max. It seems our other roommates refused to take care of them for the week as they were not agreeable to each other during our previous year's adventure. Mover and Max sat in the backseat of the wagon, an imaginary line dividing the seat into two distinct territories. Mover looked west as we traveled north, and Max looked east as we traveled north. The occasional growl back and forth was mandatory.

Other than the fact that the old station wagon overheated about forty times on the way to the Allagash and each overheating meant unloading and reloading the canoe so we could open the hood, the trip north barely bears remembrance. It's true that we were lost for quite some time on some unmarked logging roads, but with patience and a good sense of direction we eventually found the Moose River. I neglected to mention that we were paddling up the Moose River against the current. When planning the trip it didn't seem like a big deal, but then again we didn't consider bad weather in the picture. It was about a 14-mile paddle to the lake, not a bad day's paddle on a meandering stream with the current, but against the current, on second thought, it seemed downright stupid. Not too daunted, however, we unloaded the canoe, tied in our gear, leaving room at either end for the dogs. We ordered the dogs into the canoe, but they just looked at us as if to say, "I'm not getting into that thing!" Smitty looked at me and I looked at him, and together

(*"Mover, Max, and the Moose River"* continued on page 7)

(*"Mover, Max, and the Moose River"* continued from page 6)

we both said in unison, "Fine, then swim up the Moose River!" and away we went. Mover and Max for the first time on this trip looked truly happy. They ran along the shoreline, jumping over logs, sometimes swimming in areas where the shoreline had vertical rock, and having no disagreements with each other while doing all of this.

Did I mention bad weather? About three minutes into our journey it began to drizzle. About five minutes into our journey it began to rain. After that there was a constant deluge for the next 13.75 miles. So with Smitty in the bow of the canoe and me in the stern we began paddling, ever so slowly, up the Moose River.

Rain does funny things to a river. Somehow it tends to make the water go higher, and the current go faster, and so our paddling became harder and harder. In our minds we had imagined a slow, easy trip up the river; the soft sound of paddles dipping into the river and beautiful sights that would be etched into our memories. Instead the trip was agonizing, paddles splashing into heavy currents, and the only sight to see was the waterfall of rain running off the brim of our caps and onto our ponchos as we struggled in the pouring rain.

It didn't seem to bother Mover and Max as they glided up the stream corridor, actually enjoying each other's company for the first time since meeting nearly three years before.

"This was one heck of a way to be spending a vacation, but we were here, nonetheless, and had to make the best of it."

After about eight hours of battling the river we

came to a portage and, believe it or not, carrying the canoe over rocks and ledge for the next three miles seemed like a treat. We were cold, tired, and discouraged. This was one heck of a way to be spending a vacation, but we were here, nonetheless, and had to make the best of it. Mover and Max were tired, but were still getting along, a real surprise to both Smitty and myself.

Our portage enabled us to go around a long set of rapids and waterfalls. As we moved the canoe and our gear upstream we could get glimpses of the murky water crashing over the granite rocks into deep pools where white foam was quickly rushed downstream by the torrential currents. An hour or two later we had completed two trips, one to move the canoe, and the second to move our gear. Adding six miles of walking in the rain to this day seemed par for the course. Smitty made a comment that the dogs were no longer bounding about like two puppies after a nap. During our portage they stayed close by and stopped when we stopped, sharing our energy bars like two old pros.

At the end of our portage we put the canoe back in the river. Fortunately the rain had subsided, at least for the time being. Once again we offered the dogs a ride, and once again they looked at us as if to say "You want me to ride in that thing?" Again we proceeded up the river, fighting the current, with the dogs running along the shoreline.

After about a mile or two of paddling we encountered a large bull moose. He apparently did not want to yield the stream corridor to two unknown intruders. The dogs persuaded him otherwise. In their first act of unison Max and Mover charged the bull moose, one taking each side so as to direct him directly to the

shore and up and over the bank. As this occurred I thought that they would continue the chase for quite some time and we might have to wait for them for quite a while, but they quickly returned. They both came back with the hair up on their backs, not with aggression towards each other, but rather with an attitude towards their common enemy, the bull moose. Smitty and I actually cheered aloud! All four of us were now a team, all dependent on each other.

The remaining paddle was slow and brutal. We could not have been more tired. The drizzle remained a discouragement, but still, we knew the lake was not far off. The very last part of the journey within the channel of the Moose River was through a large, quiet marsh. The marsh was expansive. It covered acres and acres along the edge of the lake. The peat moss was turning red, a telltale sign that it was the end of summer. We were so focused on the marsh that we were not paying attention to the dogs. There they were swimming behind the canoe, probably for the last half a mile, both looking like they were on the end of their energy reserve. Smitty and I knew the feeling.

And there before us was the lake. It was intimidating. It was covered with one-to two-foot whitecaps, and overhead were some of the darkest clouds I had ever seen. It was about seven in the evening and there was not a lot of day left. We looked over the lake. Smitty asked me "Where is the island?" I looked across the lake, between the whitecaps, and over there, way over there, I could see a tiny dot with trees. "Right there!" I said pointing across the lake. Smitty squinted, and then I could see him focus on the island. "That's the island? Way over there?" he said.

At this point Smitty gave me his Marine Corps stare. I don't know if you have any friends who have ever been in the Marines, but if you do, you know the stare. "It's the last leg of our journey," I said, a little sheepishly. Smitty continued to give me the stare. I knew I'd better shut up.

We pulled the canoe over to a large hummock that was perched between the lake and the marsh. The dogs crawled ashore, exhausted. And then the winds picked up, and those black, black clouds burst all at once. We could barely see at all. We could hardly hear each other talk, not that there was much talking going on.

Smitty looked at the dogs and asked, "Are you guys riding or swimming?" The dogs looked through the rain at the enlarging whitecaps on the lake, and both simultaneously hopped in the canoe, like they were following orders given by a stern Marine Corps veteran. We pushed the canoe into the lake, and promptly noticed that with both of us, our gear, and now two dogs, we only had about 10 inches of freeboard between the top of the canoe and the waves in the lake.

Smitty looked at me and I looked at him. He shrugged, and said "Your decision, Captain," as I was in the stern of the boat, to which I pointed to the island and we pushed ahead into the agitated lake.

Truth be told, there were moments when I questioned my decision to push forward, but I really didn't know what else to do. We were soaked, the temperature had dropped into the forties, and there was no place to camp on the edge of the lake given it

(*"Mover, Max, and the Moose River"* continued on page 9)



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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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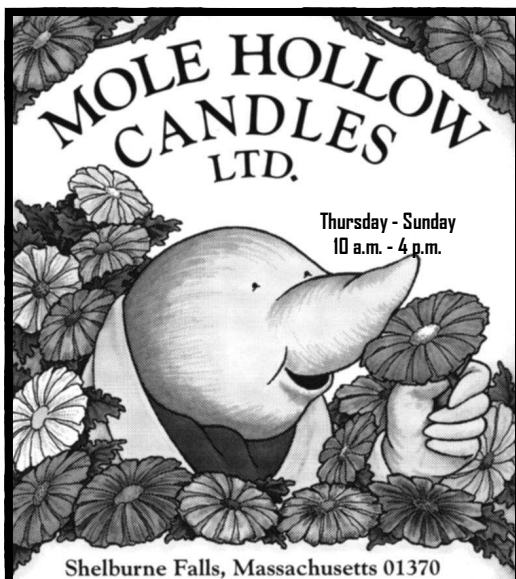
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("Mover, Max, and the Moose River" continued from page 7)
was all marsh. We paddled ferociously, aiming our bow at a forty-five degree angle into the waves. The dogs lay flat on the bottom of the canoe. Once in a while Max would pop his head up, take a look at the raging lake, and put his head back down and let out a long worried whine. With the wind in our face and the waves beating against our bow, we plowed forward slowly, very, very, slowly.

There is no question that we lost track of time. I have no idea how long it took us to cross the half-mile of water to the island, but when we arrived the canoe was about half full of water, and the dogs were about ready to jump ship. Judging by the water dripping off of Smitty's nose he took the brunt of the pounding waves in the bow of the boat. There was never any danger of him jumping ship, he hates swimming. Probably why he joined the Marines and not the Navy. As we dragged the boat up on the sandy beach I said, "There, we made it!" To which Smitty replied, "Lucky for you we made it, Captain!" I didn't dare ask him what he meant by that.

Mover and Max bounded out of the canoe, taking time to shake the water out of their pelts before heading to the tree line.

As we were getting the gear unlashed from the canoe and turning the canoe over, I glanced at Smitty. His lips were blue and he was shaking like a leaf. He was moving slowly, and I knew that he had all the classic signs of hypothermia. I have witnessed hypothermia at its worst, and know from experience that it is the north country adventurer's worst enemy. I have seen it make grown men cry, and the toughest guys shudder uncontrollably. If it gets too far ahead of you, the results can be tragic.

Sensing an emergency I yanked the tent out of the gearbox. It was a small two-man tent that was designed for backpacking. On this day it would be our shelter against the worst that the weather could throw at us. I looked over and saw Smitty trying to untie a knot. His numb hands were fumbling over the coarse manila rope, getting nowhere in untying the rope that was now a riddle.

It is amazing how focused one can become during a critical situation. I had the tent up, with a tarp over it in less than five minutes. Our sleeping bags were enclosed in plastic bags, deep within our rucksacks, so they were completely dry. I laid the sleeping bags in the tent and told Smitty to go into the tent and take off his wet clothes. His teeth were chattering uncontrollably, and he had difficulty getting undressed and into the sleeping bag due to the hypothermia. I ordered the two dogs into the tent, and lastly crawled in myself after removing my wet clothes. As I crawled into the sleeping bag I realized I wasn't too far behind Smitty in the hypothermia department.

And there we were, two men and two dogs, jammed into a pup tent that was barely large enough to house a woman with a large house cat. The tent was bulging at the seams, I am sure, but it was warm almost immediately. I fell to sleep to the sound of Smitty's teeth chattering, and the dogs snoring. With the rain and wind pounding away at the tarp over the pup tent we slept away the next 10 hours.

Morning brought bright sunshine and a brisk breeze. The tent was less like an igloo and more like a sauna. Smitty had completely recovered from his brush with hypothermia. Scouring for dry clothes in our soaked packs we managed to find enough outerwear to make ourselves comfortable. We started a large fire on the

sandy beach and let it burn into coals while we went out foraging for food. Smitty caught a few white perch, and I dug some fresh water mussels from the sandy shallows on the edge of the lake. We shared our breakfast with two very hungry dogs.

As Smitty and I sat on the beach watching the sun rise higher and higher in the eastern sky, Mover and Max were playing with each other along the edge of the shore. Their territorial battles left far behind them they were now just enjoying the moment. As did the Marine and I.

Bulky Waste Collection

The Franklin County Solid Waste District is holding its "Clean Sweep" bulky waste collection on Saturday, October 4, from 9:00 a.m. to 12 noon. The drop-off site is the Buckland Recreation Facility on Rt. 112 South.

District residents may bring a wide range of items that are typically difficult to get rid of such as tires, appliances, scrap metal, furniture, mattresses, carpeting, construction debris, computers, televisions, propane gas tanks, and other large items. Materials will be recycled whenever possible.

Residents do not need to preregister for the collection. However, there are charges for disposal. Disposal fees, cash only, will be collected from residents during check-in at each site. A complete list of prices for the most common items is available at local town halls, town transfer stations, the District office at 50 Miles Street in Greenfield, and online at: www.franklincountywastedistrict.org. Businesses may participate. For more information call the District office at 413-772-2438, or e-mail info@franklincountywastedistrict.org. MA Relay for the hearing impaired: 711 or 1-800-439-2370 (TTY/TDD). The District is an equal opportunity provider.

Amy Donovan, Program Director
Franklin County Solid Waste Management District

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Saturday, November 1
10:30 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.

Morning Coffee and Lunch
Senior Center

Weathering Interesting Times in Heath

Things I've been hearing and reading lately, as well as bills I have been incurring, have struck me as a synchronicous act of the universe to grab me by the lapels and demand to know why in hell I am acting as if life is going to continue as usual.

There's always plenty of doom on the horizon, but with high energy and food prices and an increasing chorus of sane voices issuing dire warnings about global climate change and peak oil, that horizon seems pretty close at hand.

I recently attended talks by Richard Heinberg, who has been writing and speaking on peak oil for years. He presented convincing evidence that we will soon be transitioning to a far less energy-intensive way of life, whether or not we prepare for it. And he ended one lecture full of disturbing information with a potent question: Didn't you already know most of this? Well, yes. But somehow that knowledge doesn't translate easily into taking seriously what our changing world will mean for my household and my community.

Another piece of this wake-up call has come from a novel, *A World Made By Hand*, by James Howard Kunstler, better known to me as the author of nonfiction such as *The Geography of Nowhere* and *The Long Emergency*. It is intended to illustrate in human terms what the post-oil (and post-electricity, post-government, post-antibiotic) world might be like in a particular town in the upper Hudson Valley. As literature, it may be faulted for didacticism, but as a warning and an impetus to reflection, it works, venturing to turn abstractions into a vision of day-to-day reality.

Working for a company that publishes material on green building has immersed me in information that is related to peak oil/climate change concerns, and I have gleaned that many in the know think mitigating climate change, while crucial, isn't going to be enough. We're also going to have to adapt to it, because it's like a freight train headed our way that we are just starting to put the brakes on. If we're still standing on the tracks, it's going to hit us.

One of Heinberg's points about responding to the coming conditions is that individual solutions won't be enough. If your neighbors are starving, they're going to raid your vegetable garden and steal your chickens. And denied the immense capacity for work of fossil-fuel-powered machines, the muscle power and the expertise of other people is going to be a lot more valuable, whether it is tapped via cooperation, trade, or coercion. At the risk of sounding like a crazed survivalist, I invite you to contemplate our possible future, after the world we know now has changed. I'd like to suggest that we all give some thought to what our community will be like, or could be like, when the easy ways of doing things become impossible.

Will Heath be a good place to live? Like every place, it will have advantages and disadvantages. I've often considered its relative freedom from major natural disasters. We're too far inland to worry about full-force hurricanes; the region is not very seismically active; under the current climate, at least, it's too moist for the gigantic wildfires that plague the western states (and besides there is too much logging for the fuel to build up so much); tornadoes are rare. We do get some heavy erosion during long periods of

rain, and without repair our steep roads would soon become washed-out gullies, leaving us even more isolated than the sheer hilliness of our terrain makes us.

While cities will have compactness, abundant salvageable and reusable materials, and usually good locations for trade in their favor, rural areas like Heath are better positioned for provisioning themselves with the basics — food, water, fuel. While cities have much greater human diversity, rural places arguably possess more knowledge that will be useful after the oil is gone, though it is disappearing quickly, along with those whose memories include the days before the industrialization of the countryside that accelerated after World War II. While modern country-dwellers may easily fall into mainstream American habits like buying new things instead of fixing old ones, and hopping in the car to buy a grocery or two, ruralites on the whole are more self-reliant than their urban counterparts, plan ahead more, and are more likely to have some basic survival skills and tools.

Being relatively high, cold (for now), and out of the way is a disadvantage for getting elsewhere for supplies, business, or society. It also makes us less attractive as a target for raiding parties and refugees than lower, milder, more accessible places will be. Those who choose to live in Heath are self-selected for not needing to be in the thick of civilization. But our world, once getting down from the hills is as difficult as it was a hundred years ago, will get very small indeed.

We Heathans cherish the town's agricultural roots, and celebrate what remains of that heritage at our fair, but that remnant is really just a shred, an echo, a gesture of remembrance. After the oil is gone, ox draws may still be a popular recreational event, but oxen will be far more important for hauling firewood and plowing fields. Gardeners will work as if their lives depend on it, because they will. Skills like blacksmithing or mowing efficiently with a scythe will not be quaint curiosities but valuable parts of how people get by.

Yet the new world won't be a return to the old one, exactly. Current technologies and infrastructure won't disappear overnight. Some will continue until repairs become impossible, and some will adapt to changed conditions. Many of the life skills of the past will prove more practical than their recent replacements, but we are clever, and there will be innovations that work, and hybrid forms of livelihood will cobble together elements of the old, the older, and the new. Our modest hydropower opportunities may again drive small gristmills and lumber operations, but they (along with wind turbines and photovoltaics) may also allow us small amounts of electricity and all that goes along with that.

I'm just imagining here. My purpose is sharing my speculations is to encourage other Heathans to give these matters some deliberate thought, and to share those thoughts. I am curious what ideas might come up, and what steps others are taking in the present to meet coming uncertainties. Often the *Heath Herald* is a venue for remembering the town's past, but it might serve as a useful means to consider our future as well.

~ Michael Wilmeth

Editors' Note: Thanks to Michael for this important and thought-provoking article. It is our hope that it will bring forth many thoughtful responses.

Heath Fair 2008

8:30 a.m. Sunday morning I'm helping my daughter Laura set up her jewelry booth in one of the big tents when I notice someone picking up Saturday night's black bags of garbage. It was our Selectperson Brian DeVriese. I mentioned this to his wife, Pam, and she added, "Guess who cleans the toilets every time we have someone use the Fairgrounds?" "I've no idea. Do you hire out"? "No, our Calvin Carr."

This made me think of the hundreds of volunteers from many years who have kept this Fair alive.



I began to put together a picture of what happened last year when we had no leadership for the 2007 Fair. The Agricultural Society simply had grown older and there weren't any new young farmers. So the

Town Coordinator Gloria Fisher, Pam Porter, who is an Episcopal priest and now works for Home Care, and Jan Carr took the reins. After many hours of paperwork for the State and phone calls for volunteers, we had a successful fair. It even rained but the Fair went on.

2008 we had the best Heath Fair I can remember. High Spirits, happy volunteers, great exhibits of flowers, fresh foods, canned goods, cakes, cookies, quilts, art by children, youth, and adults. Who put this all together?

I do know that Friday night there was a new event. A Goat Show. There was milking low enough so the children could truly see where the milk comes from. Then goat cheese tasting. Sheila Litchfield, the owner of the goats, did the milking.

At 9:00 a.m. Sunday, church service was on while over by the food building three firemen sat shucking seven bushels of corn and during the two days of the Fair they had prepared 400 chicken halves. Budge Litchfield had picked up the chickens, and Walt Gleason, the corn. These halves must have weighed at least a pound and a half each – a hearty meal for their famous barbecue lunch. During the heat of the cooking, a fire alarm sounded with a scramble of men rushing to the Fire Department and on to the car in which there had been a reported child. All turned out well, thanks to all the gallant volunteers in Heath.

The exhibit hall, organized by Kim Richter and aided by Alli Thane-Stetson who had headed this committee for many years, was full of colorful exhibits attesting to a year's work and many bountiful harvests – all judged for prizes, again by volunteers. There were fewer adult paintings this year but there were many quilts and adult knitted things.

The Friends of the Heath Free Public Library's annual Book Sale did very well this year. The entire tent was packed with books which are donated and collected all year, stored in various places, picked up, unpacked, and sorted by the Friends and a number of faithful volunteers which this year included Jane deLeeuw's brother Frank Birney from California and Pat and Henry Leuchtman's daughter Kate Lawn from Texas (as

always) Volunteers also help to sell the books and raffle tickets. All in all, a labor of love.

The food booth, featuring locally grown products and manned by volunteers headed by Deb Porter, did a lively business with the usual hamburgers and hot dogs and homemade pies and their specialty veggie wraps.

Being an agricultural fair there are always horse pulls, pony rides, animals to pet and buy. The 4-H youngsters bring rabbits, geese, cows, lambs, and sheep. This year as I pushed the stroller of my 10-month-old grandson Alexander Porter, one large sheep stuck his head out to be petted. Out came the baby's hand holding up his "binkie" for the sheep.

Even babes enjoy this new connection to the natural world.

~ Hazel Porter

("The Town Farm" continued from page 5)

There was a beautiful old maple tree in front of the house which gave shade to the house and always held a swing for the children. The hurricanes of 1938 and 1945 each took a large limb. So two years ago the remaining part had to be taken down as a severe northeast storm might have sent it into the house. It must have been there when the house was built, as it has been estimated by the rings on the stump to be over 300 years old.

We have always been thankful to the builders of the house for its grace and beautiful location. The house faces the east and gives a wonderful view of the Shelburne and Greenfield hills as well as beautiful sunrises. To the west, until the pines took over, we could see Mt. Greylock from the kitchen windows. We still enjoy the Hawley, Savoy and Cummington hills and the pines protect the house from the west winds.

If the house could talk, it would tell of the many people who enjoyed living here and the many guests who came, for there was always room for visitors and family parties.

(Thanks to Edward Calver for providing copies of the old town records as well as his History of Heath.)

(The farm still belongs to a Landstrom, Ruth Johnson. As small farms became less profitable cows were sold and later the big barn was removed. The open fields are still hayed by Nathan Clark's family. The house has had few changes except for upkeep and some cosmetic alterations.

Overbrook Farm, or the Town Farm, is still a wonderful place to live and is enjoyed by my sisters, Ada Duffy and Pearl Churchill, and our families and many old and new friends.)

~ Ruth Johnson

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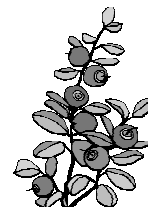
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Heath Fair News

You may remember Antoine de Saint-Exupery's story of *The Little Prince*; how he loved the flower that had taken up residence on his tiny asteroid. She was demanding, it is true, and required constant tending and protection. Nevertheless, the little prince loved her. He considered her unique in the universe. Then one day he comes upon a garden that is full of flowers exactly like his beloved. He is brokenhearted until his friend the fox helps him to see that what makes the prince's flower unique is his love and care for her. It is this that has made her his own special flower.

Our little Fair continues to thrive and flourish because together we have tended her and made our own. She is a fair like many other fairs. She is demanding and requires constant care. And yet she is unique in the world because of our love and care for her.

Many, many people have commented on what a wonderful fair it was this year. The truck pulls, large and small, that Devon Clark organized were special favorites, as was the new goat show that Sheila Litchfield and John Miller worked so hard to pull together. And the antique tractor parade, and the speakers, and the roaming barbershop quartet, and the solar lighting that lined the road, and all the delicious food choices, and the draws and animal exhibits, and the gorgeous array of exhibits in the exhibit hall, and the kids games, and the beautiful T-shirts, and, and, and...

The success of our Fair rested on the degree to which each of us made her our own and took our part in making her beautiful, exciting, replete with entertainments, relaxing in her orderliness.

The gratitude of the Heath Agricultural Society (which, according to our bylaws, includes but is not limited to all of us who live in Heath) goes out to everyone who contributed to the success of this year's Fair. We especially thank

- Liz Canali for her great Heath Fair Web site design,
- Susan Smith for the beautiful posters and brochures and Richards Steinbock for permission to continue to use his lettering and images,
- Our music underwriters and the West County towns who supported Heath Fair Music through the Massachusetts Cultural Council grants,
- The Franklin County Jail crew who so warmed our hearts and improved our appearance with the care they took in painting our buildings,
- The Community Foundation and the Wells Trust whose grants support our premiums and help keep the Fair viable,

And all the other people who gave so generously of their time and talents in so many ways all year long.

Planning for the 92nd Annual Heath Fair is already begun. Our next meeting is at the Heath School, Thursday, October 9, at 7:00 p.m. Our Annual Meeting and election of officers is on November 13. Please plan to attend. If you would like to run or nominate someone for an office or to serve on the board, contact Pam Porter at 337-5525.

In the meantime, if you loved the Heath Fair this year, thank just about any Heathan you meet. She is what she is thanks to all of us.

~ Pam Porter
Gloria Fisher
Co-presidents





Fair Photographs provided by Art Schwenger



By Anne Marie Mislak

The School year 2008 – 2009 began with an enrollment of:

Kindergarten – 18 students	CLASS CONFIGURATIONS:
Grade 1 – 7 students	Kindergarten – 18 students
Grade 2 – 13 students	Grade ½ – 20 students
Grade 3 – 13 students	Grade ¾ – 22 students
Grade 4 – 9 students	Grade 5/6 – 14 students
Grade 5 – 9 students	
Grade 6 – 4 students	

TOTAL: 73 students in grades K-6. We also have 6 students in our Pre-K this year.

We welcome Meghan Bone who is our new Grade 5/6 teacher. Previously she worked as an associate teacher in a Grade 5/6 classroom at the Common School in Amherst. She earned her master's degree in Education from Antioch University New England. She is a potter and enjoys ultimate frisbee in her "spare time."

We also welcome Mary Johansmeyer who is our Physical Education teacher, returning back to the District after a leave of absence. Physical Education is held for each class once per week. Therefore Mary is at the school all day on Monday and Wednesday mornings.

We welcome Pauline McNay who is our School Nurse, transferring from Sanderson Academy. Pauline has been a nurse in the District for seventeen years. She loves to care for children and enjoys gardening in her "spare time." This position has been reduced from full-time of seven hours per day to a five-hour day and here in the building each day.

Goodbyes go to Kare Marshall, Gr. 5/6 teacher, and Wendy Pree, Nurse, who have both transferred to Sanderson Academy. Judy Berger, our former Physical Education teacher, transferred to Colrain Central School.

The last position, which is almost filled, is the Speech/Language Pathologist.

Early Release time and Dialogue after school have provided us the time to chart our year based on our School Improvement Plan. The goals of our School Improvement Plan are listed at the end of this article. The social curriculum will be the focus of our six Early Release Days, incorporating teacher language, revisiting policies, and discussing Second Steps. The dialogue time each Wednesday for an hour after school will focus on spelling, writing, and math at this point. We will be sharing best practices and looking at data provided from assessments given at the school and district level.

Thursday September 18, from 6:30 – 7:30 p.m., provided a chance for students and families to meet for the first time or renew old friendships at our Open House. Having a teacher for two years in a row (looping) is a benefit of teaching a combined class.

Each Friday morning, the entire school gathers in the Open Space for 30-45 minutes. We greet one another, celebrate birthdays, share, and keep everyone informed with special announcements. Students as well as adults facilitate this time

Heath Elementary School Improvement Goals 2008-2009

Curriculum and Instruction:

1. Improve student learning and achievement in ELA (English/Language Arts) and Math to ensure AYP (Adequate Yearly Progress)
2. Focus professional development in Math and Multiage teaching as well as reviewing work in Science
3. Continue project-based learning, environmentally based with a community service component

School & Community Relations:

- Support and nourish positive school culture
- Continue to maintain focus on revisiting and solidifying social curriculum.
- Strengthen parent and community involvement

Extracurricular Activities:

- Continue to offer After-School and In-school enrichment activities.
- Continue to promote learning through civic/community service and outreach, consistent with our role as a community-based school.

Charlemont Federated Church Holiday Village

The Holiday Village of the Federated Church of Charlemont will be held on

**Saturday, November 15,
10:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.**



The Village will feature a Treasures Table, sale of local crafts including special Christmas ornaments, baked goods, and a Silent Auction of items donated by local merchants and craftspeople.

*Coffee will be available for sale in the morning
and lunch at noon.*

Heath Center Celebration



Del Viarengo and Tom Lively presenting certificates.
Photograph by Tom Rizzo

About 100 Heath residents and visitors came together on the Town Common July 26 to celebrate the inclusion of Heath Center in the National Register of Historic Places.

In a brief talk that opened the festivities, Heath's own Michael Coe stressed the importance of stewardship: nourishing our architectural, cultural, and historical heritages. Jointly sponsored by the Heath Historical Commission and the Heath Historical Society and organized by all of their members, the celebration was planned by Nina Marshall and Eric Grinnell.

The event kicked off at 10:00 a.m. with Joan Mayle playing the historic William A. Johnson organ in the Heath Union Evangelical Church. Selectboard chair Tom Lively along with Del Viarengo, chair of the Historical Commission, presented certificates to owners of the 29 properties included in the District.

The celebration also featured informal conversations with four native Heathans: Lois Stetson Buchiane, Douglas Stetson, Ruth Johnson, and Howard Dickinson. The audience got quite a chuckle hearing about life in the "old days" and how as kids they would "do the rip" – riding a toboggan all the way from Heath Center down to the Mohawk Trail. The program included self-guided tours of the District and open houses at the Old Town House and Center Schoolhouse Museums. Concurrent events included a library book sale, the Ladies Aid Handicraft Sale, the Community Hall Craft Fair, Master Weaver Sue Gruen's display, and lunch at the Senior Center attracting people from near and far.

Inclusion of the Heath Center Historic District in the National Register of Historic Places was the culmination of several years' work by the Heath Historical Commission, documenting the history of each of the included properties and describing their important features.

Music for the celebration was provided by the Charlemont Freightshakers, who played mellow roots and bluegrass music. The event came to close with a long-awaited ice-cream social, with cones topped with Heath Bar Crunch donated by Ben & Jerry's Scoop Shop of Amherst.



THANK YOU HEATH

Thank you, thank, you, thank you to all who helped make the July 26th Historic Heath Center celebration such a success. First of all I want to thank the members of the Historical Commission and the Board of the Heath Historical Society for cosponsoring the celebration.

Also, many other good friends pitched in to make the acceptance of our town center as part of the National Register of Historic Places celebrated in a fitting manner. These include Sandy and Ken Gilbert, Doug Wilkins, Jonathan Diamond, Lorena Loubsky-Lonergan, Doug Mason, Calvin Carr, and those wonderful Charlemont Freightshakers. To all of you, named and not named, I offer my deepest appreciation.

~ Del Viarengo, Chair
Heath Historical Commission

Heath Elementary School Parent-Teacher Partnership (PTP) News

To Begin: What a wonderful Fair! I'm sure all those who attended would agree that it was the best yet. For the School PTP the Heath Fair provides an important fund-raising venue. We are especially grateful to the Heath Agricultural Society this year for their technical support and flexibility. Our dunking booth was a great success. Many thanks to all who made it possible including, Heath Police Chief Margo Newton, Officers Chris Lannon and Chris Mattson, and special thanks to Officer Lee Lively for his help in transporting and setting up the booth. Thanks also to Fire Chief Mike Smith and his Department for helping to set up and maintain the booth throughout the weekend. And, to the many "willing victims" brave enough to be dunked, we applaud you.

Looking to the school year ahead we are planning monthly after-school enrichments, supporting our soccer program, and planning for our annual Halloween Party. We are asking for your help this year and inviting all Heathans – young and old – to join us on Friday, October 31, at the School for "Trick or Treat Tailgating." "Trick or Treat Tailgating" involves handing out wrapped candy to students who will "Trick or Treat" from car to car. Costumes and vehicle decorations are encouraged, but not required! Please call the School at 337-5307 or Dana at 337-4017 to let us know you'll be there and to learn of the gathering time. Many thanks to all who can make it!

~ Dana Blackburn, Chair
School-Community Relations for the PTP

VOTE

Heath Business Directory

Bald Mountain Pottery

625-8110

The Benson Place

Wild Blueberries & Blueberry Spread

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

Home Improvement

Lic. Electrician

337-4317

Earl M. Gleason

Fire Equipment

337-4948

Heath Brook Studio

Glass and Baskets

337-5736

Maple Ledge Goldens

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337-4705

John Mooney

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337-8344

Wanda Mooney

Realtor

337-8344

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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

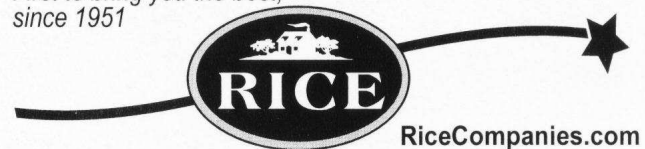

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Our Fellow Creatures

June 2008 – “Hazel, Hazel” – a shout of emergency. I ran out of the door. Alastair was pointing toward the paddock. “Is that a brown bag or an animal?” It was a newly dropped fawn, curled up like a bag. I ran for my camera as Alastair kept vigil. The door slam drew the fawn to shaky legs, off to tall grass beside the sturdy stone wall by the south field. Caution was in the air, Was the mother watching?

On to Saturday ironing, with binoculars and work by the window. Baby fawn had snuggled down in a bed of tall grass. Her slight movements swayed the grass. In the south field the four horses were standing motionless at the wailing sound. For thirty minutes the one female, Shelby, the Palomino, stood vigilant while the males returned to nibbling grass. Suddenly the scrawny, tottering fawn stood up and wandered towards the woods and brook.

For three hours there was no babe, no mother. With heavy hearts we walked towards the woods. There was no visible mother or fawn. Discouraged, we trudged up the hill, onto the paddock and toward the house. In mowing, Alastair had left tall grass by the trees. In this green a sight so miraculous, Snuggled down in the grass was a smiling fawn, eyes healthy and bright. A message of “I’m here, I’m fine, and I’ll survive.”

We called our friend of nature Bill Lattrell, “What should we do? Can I take a photograph?” He answered, “Believe me, the mother has a tongue with sensors that will stretch 18 inches. She knows where you are. She knows where her babe is. She’ll come back tonight.”

This event began at one o’clock. At dinnertime we ate next to the east window, Two hours went by. Baby fawn staggered to her feet and began to wobble toward the stone wall. Mother was there. Nursing began on the mowed lawn with mother continuing to walk to the south field.

After dark we kept watching wondering if mother and babe would return.

A Dog and A Bear, August 2008



We were eating dinner when suddenly our dog, Lady, began barking. She was out on the patio very excited. When she barks it is a warning for us so we went to the window and saw a beautiful, healthy brown bear coming up slowly from the woods. We grabbed pans and began to shout at Lady. Forget it. Too much excitement to listen. The bear continued to come toward Lady; our futile banging of pans continued. Somehow

Lady got loose from her long wire lead and slowly went toward the bear. As they approached each other the barking stopped and they seemed unafraid of each other. They came within one foot of each other as we screamed, ready to act in defense of Lady. The bear looked at Lady. No teeth drawn. No barking. The bear then went to a tree, scratched, and walked toward the barn. Lady followed, then turned around to come into the house.

This was a beautiful bear, and we were greatly relieved. With no feeders out we were surprised to see how close he/she came to Lady and to us. All is well. The bear has not returned. Could the bear have thought this was a friend worth checking out?

Coyotes in the Yard

Back on the paddock we saw three thin, adolescent coyotes sunning themselves. We began to wonder if they really could be coyotes at this close range. The next day



Alastair was walking Lady in the backyard when a n animal flashed past them from under a pile of lumber. The next day walking to the barn, I saw three coyotes on top of what

used to be the compost that now held lawn clippings. One of them stood there looking at me, then they all slowly went into the north field. This went on for several days. We continued to see them sunning on the paddock.

Bill Lattrell suggested a loud horn or whistle or human hair might discourage them. The following day I went to the woodpile and found there was one coyote still there. He left slowly. Later that afternoon I went back to check to be sure that they were gone and I found one sitting there, He finally left a dead coyote he had been sitting with. Tom Rabbitt said to bury it. So we did.

Are coyotes starving or are they sick? None have returned.

~ Hazel Porter

*I come into the peace of wild things who
do not tax their lives with
forethought of grief...for a time I visit
in the grace of the world,
and am free.*

~ Wendell Berry

Selectboard's Report

Fall Meeting Schedule

The Board will continue to meet every other Monday evening at 7:00 p.m. in Sawyer Hall for the fall and early winter, unless posted otherwise. The tentative meeting dates are: 10/6, 10/20, 11/3, 11/17, 12/1, 12/15, and 12/29.

Special Town Meeting

A Special Town Meeting was held on August 25, 2008. Six articles were on the warrant. The first two dealt with the need to raise and appropriate the funds to pay the salaries of the Board of Health and Assessors Clerk positions. The Annual Town Meeting in May approved the positions and salaries but technically failed to appropriate the salaries. The third article replenished funds in the Finance Committee's Reserve Fund that was used to cover the salaries since July 1. The fourth article asked the Town to approve the purchase of a new road grader to replace the aging Dresser grader which is in need of costly repairs and for which repair parts are scarce. Dresser is no longer in business. The total cost of the grader was estimated to be \$130,000, of which \$65,000 would be borrowed and \$65,000 would come from Mass Highway Chapter 90 funds. The next article asked the Town to approve the purchase of a wing plow for the new grader. The wing plow is used for pushing back the snowbanks on the side of the road to make room for plowing more snow. Articles 1-4 were approved, and Article 5 was rescinded due to the fact that a wing plow was included in the price of the grader.

The last article asked for authorization to institute a pay-per-throw system for the Transfer Station. Users would need to purchase specially marked trash bags that would cover the cost of hauling and disposing of the trash in lieu of the purchase of a dump sticker, which does not cover the costs of hauling and disposal of the Town's trash. Increased recycling could reduce the costs because the Town receives money from the recycled materials. Heath has one of the lowest recycling rates among the 21 towns in the Solid Waste District. According to the District's records, towns that have pay-per-throw systems have much higher recycling rates. The Town Moderator would not allow the article to be considered since he felt that it was of a nature to be considered at an Annual Town Meeting rather than a less well attended Special Town Meeting.

A discussion of the idea was initiated to try to get feedback on the idea and what alternative proposals might be considered. The majority seemed opposed to the idea of pay-per-throw. Several people volunteered to work on raising awareness of the need for recycling. The rate of recycling will be tracked for a while to see if additional awareness of the problem has a positive impact.

A Town Meeting vote is not necessary for the Board to adopt pay-per-throw. The BOS wished to get resident feedback by placing it on a Town Meeting warrant. A sign has been placed at the Transfer Station that states: "Recycle or pay for bag." We hope the notice increases recycling rates.

Winter Energy Emergency Forum

The Board met on September 22 with members of the Board of Health, Police Department, Fire Department, and other interested parties to discuss the Town's potential response to residents who may find themselves in need of assistance due to the rapid escalation of fuel costs over the past year. A plan of action will be

developed for immediate emergencies and a longer-term strategy for helping to reduce energy expenditures by weatherizing homes. Ideas discussed ranged from helping to connect people in need with agencies having the resources to provide assistance, to conducting informational workshops on weatherization methods. A fund to provide emergency assistance through the General Heath Fund was also considered. Letters detailing the Town's emergency response will be distributed to local newspapers and mailed to residents once an official procedure has been finalized and approved.

It was mentioned during the meeting that one measure we could adopt is to look out for neighbors by checking in with them directly or alerting Town officials if there is a suspicion that someone may be having trouble keeping their house warm. Many other towns and community organizations are working on developing plans for responding to potential heating emergencies. We hope to share ideas and coordinate our efforts with them. The Board would appreciate hearing from anyone who has ideas to share on this issue.

Special Town Meeting and DSL Meeting With Verizon

A special town meeting will be held on Wednesday, October 22, at 7:00 p.m. at the Heath School. The meeting is necessary to correct loan amounts previously voted at town meetings. At 7:15 p.m. a representative from Verizon will provide information about when and where broadband Internet service (DSL) is coming to Heath. She will be available to answer all questions having to do with Verizon service in Heath.

No "Picking" Policy for Transfer Station

It has come to the attention of the Board that some people are removing items from the scrap metal bin at the Transfer Station. For insurance and safety reasons a policy has been drawn up that states:

"Under no circumstances may any item be removed for any reason from the metals recycling container at the Heath Transfer Station. This is a public safety issue. The Attendant, at his discretion, may set aside items that may be of use to the public. At the end of the day, any remaining items will be replaced in the metals container and once there may not be removed."

Resignations

Donna Weber, the Town Nurse, has resigned to take a full-time position. We appreciate the good work she has done for the Town and wish her well in her new job.

Jeff Simmons has tendered his resignation from the Board of Health, effective December 31, 2008. We thank Jeff for his good work. Anyone wishing to be considered for a position on the Board of Health should contact Town Coordinator Gloria Fisher at 337-4934.

Heath Online

Take some time to visit the Town's Web site at www.townofheath.org. You'll find Selectboard meeting minutes, school information, and much more. The Web site is being updated. All comments and suggestions are welcome. You may address them to Gloria Fisher at towncoordinator@townofheath.org. You may contact the Board at 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



Library Lines

New Items Available



By Donald Purington

A Few of the New Items at the Library:

Adult Fiction Books: *The Good Physician* by Kent Harrington, *Tsar: A Thriller* by Ted Bell, *Exit Music* by Ian Rankin, *American Wife* by Curtis Sittenfeld, *In Hovering Flight* by Joyce Hinnefeld, and *Where Memories Lie* by Deborah Crombie.

Adult Nonfiction Books: *The Thing Itself: On the Search for Authenticity* by Richard Todd, *The Solar Food Dryer* by Eben Fodor, *Farm Friends: From the Late Sixties to the West Seventies and Beyond* by Tom Fels, and *Ballistics: Poems* by Billy Collins.

Books on CD: *The Art of Racing in the Rain* by Garth Stein, *Clockwork Orange* by Anthony Burgess and *Learn in Your Car Spanish: Complete Language Course* by Henry Raymond.

Young Adult Books: *Brisingsr* by Christopher Paolini, *Cabinet of Wonders* by Marie Rutkoski, and *Graveyard Book* by Neil Gaiman.

Children's Picture Books: *Let's Dance, Little Pookie* by Sandra Boynton, *Pet Dragon* by Christoph Niemann, *Look Out, Suzy Goose* by Petr Horacek, and *Bats at the Library* by Brian Lies.

DVDs: *Museum Masterpieces: The Metropolitan Museum of Art* (4 DVDs and 2 transcript books); *Ironman*, *Damages- The Complete First Season*, and *Rumpole of the Bailey – Complete Seasons 1-7*.

THE FRIENDS OF THE HEATH FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY

Columbus Day Weekend Bake Sale

Saturday, October 11, 2008

9:30 a.m. to Noon

Sawyer Hall Front Porch

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BAKED GOODS IN TOWN!

*If you bake for the sale, please deliver
Saturday morning.*

Thank you

The Friends of the Heath Free Public Library, Inc. sincerely thank ALL who participated in their annual Fair Book Sale..... donating, collecting, transporting, putting out, selling, buying, and cleaning up!



**It takes a lot of volunteers
to make a successful sale!
It was our BEST ever!**

(Leftover books go to nursing homes and prisons.)

Milestones

Jacob A. Daniels, son of **Alden and Celeste Daniels of Heath**, and **Amber L. Bonestell**, daughter of Scott Bonestell of Lake Hill, NY, and Darla Milla of Woodstock, NY, were married on May 3, 2008. Jacob is the grandson of the late Arthur and Priscilla Daniels of North Adams, Theresa Roberts of North Adams, and the late Albert Bachand of The Spruces, Williamstown. Amber is the granddaughter of Archie and Gail Bonestell of Woodstock and the late Henry and Alice Klercker of Shokan, NY.

The couple now resides in Olivebridge, NY.



Herbert Stuart "Bud" Stetson, formerly of Heath, died on August 20, 2008, in Ayutthaya, Thailand. Born in Readsboro, VT, on May 5, 1929, he was the son of Herbert and Beulah Hager Stetson.

He graduated from Branch School, North Heath, and attended Arms Academy in Shelburne Falls. He served with the US Army in Korea, receiving the Purple Heart; in Germany, and in Vietnam. He was an instructor at Fort Gordon, GA, and at Fort Story, VA. Following the Vietnam War, he worked as a riverboat pilot and did duty rescuing refugees along the Mekong River.

Bud was a skilled mechanic and refrigeration technician and, while living in Thailand, taught English in Thai classrooms.

In addition to his parents, he was predeceased by his second wife, Dora Deane Tudor, of Dearing, Ga.

Bud had been a resident of Phachi, Thailand, for 30 years. He is survived by his wife, Wasana; a stepson, Heo; a step-granddaughter, and two nephews in Thailand; two brothers, **Kenneth and Douglas**, and a sister, **Lois Stetson Buchiane**, all of **Heath**; a sister, Muriel Stetson Antes, of Conway, and several nieces, nephews, and cousins in the area.

It may be said of Bud that he heard and marched to a different drummer.

Buddhist services were held in Phachi.

Memorial gifts may be made to any Heath organization.

Requiescat in pace

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Heath People in the News

Native Son



CW2 Herbert S. Stetson
Commander,

them was a Citation for the Bronze Star Medal for "distinguished and meritorious service in connection with military operations against a hostile force in the Republic of Vietnam." Later, as a marine engineer, he was commended as "talented, knowledgeable, and experienced," allowing others to place complete confidence in his decisions.

When my sister, Muriel Antes, and I visited him in Thailand in 1997, we were impressed with his rapport with and respect of his Thai neighbors and his care for his stepson and in-laws. We are eternally grateful for having been accepted by his family and neighbors as well as for the opportunity to reconnect with him in his adopted country.

~ Lois Stetson Buchiane

Errata:

We apologize for inadvertently using the name "Mary" instead of "May" in May Churchill's obituary in the last issue.

And for using the photograph of Newland Smith's father instead of Newland's in the "Memories of Newland" article in the last issue.



Newland Smith

RIDESHARE TO NORTHAMPTON

Looking for regular or occasional rideshare to Northampton (M-F workday hours). I have flexibility with specific arrival/departure times. I will drive, ride or share. Looking to minimize cost and environmental impact. Contact me at kevin.maloney@stantec.com or at (413)584-4776x117.

Community Calendar

October 2008

- October 02** - Senior Luncheon, Community Hall-Senior Center, 11:45 a.m.
- October 03** - PTP Meeting, Heath School, 3:30 p.m.
- October 03-11** - 23 Students from Holland paired with 23 MTRHS students will visit MTRHS.
- October 09** - Heath Agricultural Society Meeting, Heath School, 7:00 p.m.
- October 10** - Preschool Story Hour, Heath Library, 10:15 to 11:15 a.m.
- October 11** - Friends of the Heath Library Bake Sale, Sawyer Hall porch, 9:30 a.m. to noon.
- October 13** - **Columbus Day – No School**
- October 14** - Middle School Open House
- Qigong Exercise Program, Community Hall, 9:30 a.m.
- October 15** - School Pictures, Heath School
- October 16** - Senior Luncheon, Community Hall-Senior Center, 11:45 a.m.
- MTRHS Open House
- October 20-24** - **School Bus Safety Week**
- October 22** - Special Town Meeting, Heath School 7:00 p.m.
- October 24** - Preschool Story Hour, Heath Library, 10:15 to 11:15 a.m.
- October 29** - Parent/Teacher Conferences, Heath School, 12:30 p.m. dismissal
- October 30** - Parent/Teacher Conferences, Heath School, 12:30 p.m. dismissal
- October 31** - Franklin County In-service Day, No School
- “Trick or Treat Tailgating” and Halloween Party, Heath School.**

Heath's Monthly Precipitation (inches)

(Observed by Heath School Staff and Students)

	<u>Rain</u>
From July 11, 2008	3 ¼"
August	4 ¾"
To September 10	5 ¼"

In this reporting period:

Most of the summer of 2008 provided us with what seemed like daily thunderstorms or showers. Once we reached the Heath Fair weekend, the weather pattern changed for the better and became drier, giving us a lot of sunny warm days. The remnants of TS Hanna gave us a general 3 inches of rain on September 6. The morning temperature on September 11 was anywhere from 35 – 40 degrees.

~ Timothy Lively

November 2008

- November 01** - Ladies Aid Holiday Sale (Church lower level) & Community Hall Craft Fair (Upstairs), 10:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. Senior Center Morning Coffee and Lunch, 10:30 a.m. to 1:30 p.m.
- November 04** - **PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION**
Town Hall, 7:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m.
- November 05** - Schools Early Release Day, 12:45 p.m.
- November 06** - Senior Luncheon, Community Hall-Senior Center, 11:45 a.m.
- PTP Meeting, Heath School, 3:30 p.m.
- November 07** - Preschool Story Hour, Heath Library, 10:15 to 11:15 a.m.
- November 11** - **Veterans Day – No School**
- November 12** - MTRHS School Committee Meeting
- November 13** - Heath All-School trip to the University of Massachusetts for the Paul Taylor Dance Performance
- Heath Agricultural Society Annual Meeting, Heath School, 7:00 p.m.
- November 14** - Mary Lyons 3rd Annual Spelling Bee, MTRHS Auditorium, 7:00 p.m.
- November 20** - Friends of the Heath School Library 7th Annual Book Fair, Heath School, 8:30 a.m. to 8:00 p.m.
- Senior Luncheon, Community Hall-Senior Center, 11:45 a.m.
- November 21** - Preschool Story Hour, Heath Library, 10:15 to 11:15 a.m.
- PTP Movie Night, Heath School, 7:00 p.m.
- November 26** - Schools Early Release Day, 12:00
- November 27** - **HAPPY THANKSGIVING!**

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