

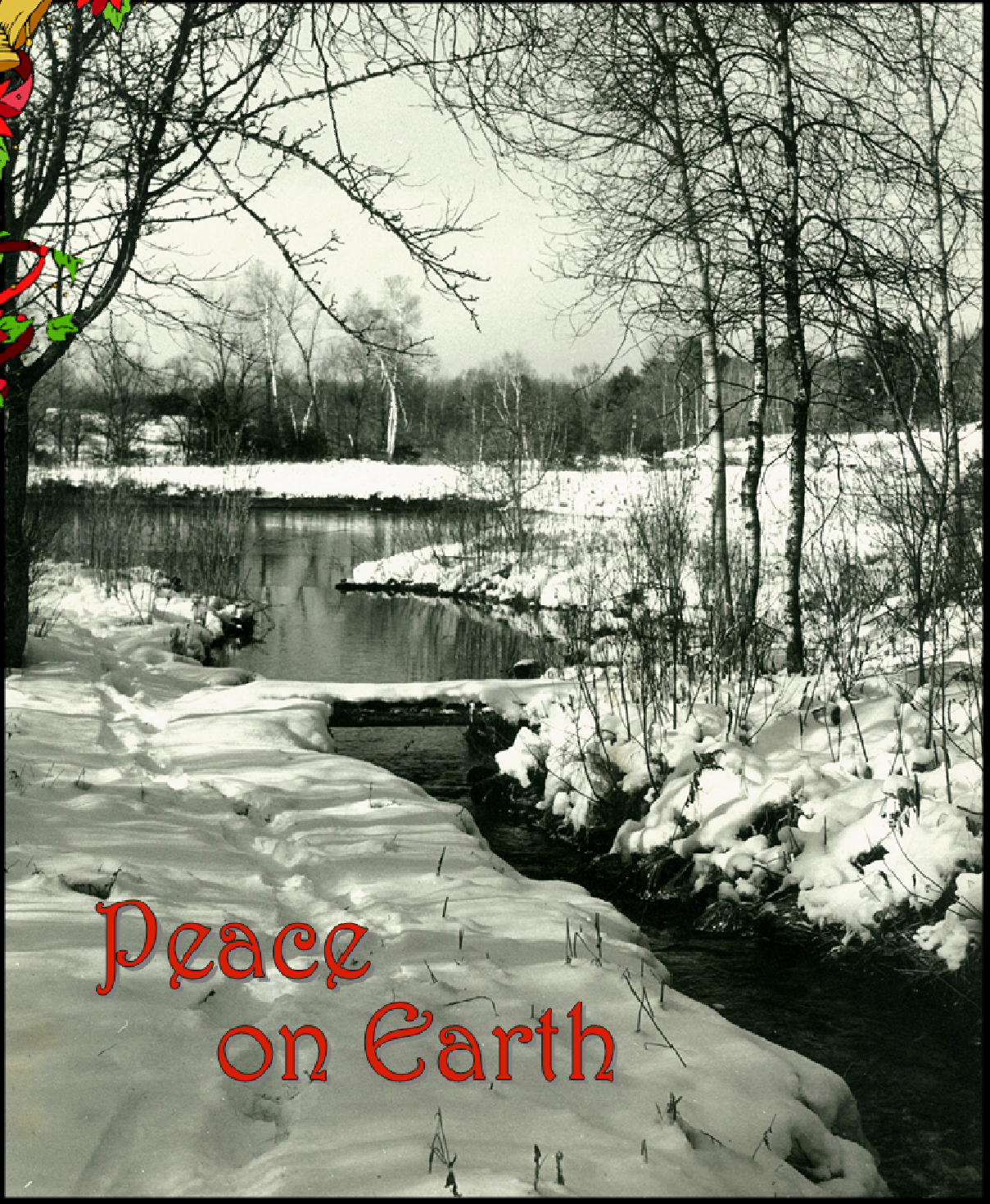
# HEATH HERALD

## Heath's First Newspaper

\$1.50

Volume 35, Number 5

December 2013/January 2014



Peace  
on Earth

## Heath Herald

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### Contributors

*Whether you write an article or share your photos or tell your story, you are all contributors. You are the paper.*

### Milestones

Lyra Johnson-Fuller will be the new contact person for the *Heath Herald* "Milestones" column. If you wish us to include any important family or friend announcements please send the information to theHeathHerald@gmail.com with a cc to: lyrajohnson@yahoo.com or speak with Lyra in person at the library in Sawyer Hall.

### Logo

The *Heath Herald* nameplate proudly features a reproduction of the original *Heath Herald* logo designed by Harriet Read for the *Heath Herald's* first edition in April, 1979.



### Contributor Information

Articles must be submitted in a file in .txt, .doc or .odt format. by **Jan. 10, 2014** to be included in the Feb-Mar issue. Please send submissions as attachments even if they are just a few lines of text. It saves us a step as w rush to deadline.

All submissions and images must be sent to our email address, theHeathHerald@gmail.com. If sending a document with embedded images, please include separate image files as well to facilitate editing.

### Image Guidelines

Digital image resolution of 300 ppi or greater is preferred (images taken at 3.5 megapixel or greater will usually be sufficient). Please include information about the image, including the names of people shown if such information is not included in an accompanying article.

Send us email with questions, or to receive more detailed photo submission guidelines.

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### To subscribe to the *Heath Herald*

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All correspondence can be sent to our email address, [theHeathHerald@gmail.com](mailto:theHeathHerald@gmail.com), or to our mailing address. Please make any payments out to the *Heath Herald*.

Mailing Address:

The Heath Herald, PO Box 54, Heath MA 01346

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Photo by Suzanne Hannay

## Happy Birthday, Howard!

He says, "You only live once." But maybe you can have two birthdays? On Oct. 10, Howard Dickinson celebrated his 90<sup>th</sup> birthday according to the Social Security Administration. But according to his birth certificate, on Dec. 10 Howard will be celebrating his 90<sup>th</sup> birthday again. Not that Social Security could be wrong, but this all officially happened after Howard turned 65 and applied for Medicare. A typo happened in processing his card. The error wasn't discovered because of Howard's good health, until he tried to use his Medicare for the first time some 15 years later. When Howard ordered a prescription, the company said they could not provide the product because the birth date he gave didn't match his Medicare birth date.

Once you are in the system, don't think you can change anything easily. You can't. In fact, after many telephone calls, certified copies of the birth certificate sent, and a lot of time and frustration, Howard told the pharmacy he was actually born on Oct. 10 so he could fill his prescription.

The recorded voice at the Social Security office says, "To continue in English, press 1 now." Howard has a rotary dial phone (just ask your teenager if they know what that is). A nice man reached at the "local" office tried to correct the error only to call back and say that the date could not be changed because after five years, they cannot fix errors. So that Howard would not have to lie about his birth date, this gentleman agreed to send a letter that Howard now uses stating that his real birth date is Dec. 10 and that the date on his card is different due to "an administrative exception."

Even some that didn't believe you could be born twice celebrated Howard's 89 years, 10 months birthday on Oct. 10. Any excuse for a party!

Howard Edwin Dickinson, a direct descendent of William the Conqueror, was discussing his genealogy recently over the kitchen table. "I know we are related to the Sumners two different ways, quite a ways apart. Esther [Howard's sister] used to laugh about it 'cuz somebody said that we're related closer this other way'." It became clear that his relations include Gleasons, Staffords, Sumners, Stetsons and other Heath names. Howard says, "Well, you don't want to talk about anybody—except the Livelys. We're not related to the Livelys."

In relating a story about how one relative on Sumner Stetson Road lost his wife and went up and married his wife's sister, Howard was asked when that happened. "A lot of things happened in my lifetime, but I don't think that was one of them."

A neighbor stopped by and noticed a bandage on Howard's face covering a spot the doctor had removed. She asked, "What happened to your eye?" "Well, I didn't duck," Howard replied.

Some things never change. Howard was asked what his favorite subject was when he attended the Heath Center Schoolhouse in the 1930s. "Recess," he said. Asked who kept the stove going, he said, "Phil Fournier got almost \$15 a year to go over and build the fire. And, sometimes he'd get there early enough, but lots of times it was 10 o'clock before we took our gloves and coats off. 'Cuz that *is* a cold, windy place! 'Course, you can look at it now, there was windows on the west side and they thought we looked out of the windows too much at traffic, so they moved them to the other side."

Many people would be surprised to know that Howard was a photography buff. Hidden away on the second floor of his house is a darkroom all fitted with chemicals, trays, enlarger and a Roloflex bellows camera. Quality stuff at the time he attended a photography course in Middlebury, VT. He has some professional shots of scenery and still life that would come close to matching Paul Turnbull's work. He also has a few almost titillating posed prints of a visiting actress/model.

A life-long farmer, Howard has traveled away to the South and Midwest, but he claims never to have been to or seen the ocean. And he doesn't want to. Dot Stetson has been working on him to join her on a trip to York, ME but so far has been unsuccessful. Howard, who used to take cooling dips at the "Coon Ledges" vernal pool (Hannay/Palmer land), seems much more than happy to stay right here in his beloved Heath.

We wish Howard a happy 90<sup>th</sup> birthday – both of them! Ω

—Art Schwenger



Photo by Janice Boudreau

*The central image gracing this issue's cover is evidence of Howard's photographic talents - thanks to Suzanne Hannay for sharing this lovely example of Howard's work!*



Photo by Suzanne Hannay

## Heath Union Church News

We've been very busy and now, thanks to the community support of our recent church suppers, the painting and repairs to our historic building have been completed.

The congregation voted to send money from the Doug Stetson Memorial Fund to his son Neil and daughter-in-law Rosemary to use in their service as missionaries in Haiti. Neil is the Baptist minister of a church he helped build, and has started a new project. He has 50 workers who are making repairs, building homes, cleaning the grounds and helping to get shelter for those still in tents.

Also, we recently sent a mission contribution to the Red Cross for Oklahoma relief. The mission dollars from the last quarter of this year will go to the local Good Neighbors Food Pantry.

We would like to remind everyone that we are a community church, and sincerely invite all to join us on a Sunday.



Church Phone: .....337-5367

Pastor Phill Grant:.....413-648-9077

*The Pastor is always available to the public. Just call.*

Adult Sunday School..... 9 a.m.

Sunday Worship..... 10 a.m.

Pastor's Hours ..... Thursdays, 4 to 6 p.m.

### Deacons

Richard Gallup.....337-5367

Ruth Johnson .....337-4367

Walt Gleason .....337-4379

Mike Smith .....337-4429

Alli Thane-Stetson.....337-1852

-- Alli Thane-Stetson



Photo by C. Luis-Schultz



## Annual Children's Shopping Spree

The sixth grade will again be offering a holiday shopping experience shortly before the December break as both a fundraiser for the Nature's Classroom trip, and an experience in real-life math. The sixth-grade students will transform the Art room into a bustling store on Tuesday, Dec. 17. Tables will be laid out with items for sale ranging in price from only 50¢ to \$3. Each class in the school will have a designated time to come shop. For a few dollars, kids will be able to purchase gifts of their choosing for anybody for any occasion. Imagine the look on your child's face when you open the gift selected for you without your help!

In order to have enough items for the children to purchase, we need your donations. Perhaps you have items that you no longer want or need that have been set aside just waiting to become a child's found treasure. Well, this is the place for them! The money we raise from the sale will go directly into the class trip fund.

### Ideal items include (but not limited to)...

- Costume jewelry
- Craft items
- Collectibles
- Home decorations
- Kitchen aids (magnets, cookie cutters, decorative servers, etc.)
- Accessory items such as scarves, belts, wallets, ties
- Small keepsakes like vases, statues, knick-knacks
- Small and complete toys, games, puzzles, washed stuffed animals
- Seasonal items (ornaments, decorations, etc.)

Please drop off all items at the school, or send them with your child prior to the day of the sale. The sixth-grade students will happily receive all items at the beginning of each day. Please label your boxes of donations "Children's Shopping Spree." Thanks in advance for your donations, which will help us create a successful experience for all children!

—Kathy Sprague

**Shopping Spree Date:**  
**TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17TH**

## Dottie Sessions Is Honored

A surprise reception was held on Nov. 3 honoring Dorothy (Dottie) Sessions for her many years of service to the Heath Council on Aging and her work as receptionist for the senior meals. Held in the Senior Center, the gathering was attended by about 80 family, friends and community members.

Dottie served as a member of the Council on Aging for the previous 19 years, from 1992 to 2013. When the town began its senior luncheon program in 1998 she began her tenure as luncheon receptionist. Both positions she held until her resignation in the spring of this year.

At 94, Dottie is Heath's oldest resident. In recognition, the Selectboard — Sheila Litchfield, Brian DeVriese and Bill Lattrell — presented her with a certificate of acknowledgment. She was also presented with the town's bicentennial cane by Hilma Sumner, the Town Clerk. The cane was made by Earl Warriner in 1985 and was presented as a gift to Grace Landstrom, who was then the oldest resident. Grace's three daughters, including Ruth Johnson of Heath, gifted the cane back to the town to continue the tradition of recognizing the town's oldest resident. The cane was carved from local wood and has one of Heath's bicentennial coins attached to the handle. Ω

—Hilma Sumner



Photos by Robert McGahan

## Thank You from Dottie

*What an honor!*

*Thanks for the Gold Cane and the certificate presented to me by the three Selectmen.*

*Thanks to the Senior Center and Council on Aging for putting together this wonderful surprise. The cake and everything was great.*

*Finally, thanks to all who attended. It was so nice to see each and every one of you.*

*May your future be as great as mine has been.*

*God bless you all.*

*Dottie Sessions*

## Dining with History (and the Heath Historical Society)

What do ancient Indian ceremonial grounds, Maude Fairbanks, snow accumulating by the foot on a dark night outside a cabin in the woods, and dirty dishes in the sink at the Manse have in common? Center stage at the latest presentation of Dining with History, of course! More than 60 people gathered to be enthralled by stories spun by Jack Cable, formerly of Burnt Hill Blueberries; Jayne Dane, who lives in a house on West Main Street clearly still dominated by Maude Fairbanks; Don Decker, storyteller extraordinaire, and resident of the cabin in the woods on Long Hill Road; and Nina Marshall, from the Manse on Bassett Road in South Heath.

This latest in the Heath Historical Society's series, Dining with History, featured themed ghost stories of long ago — in honor, of course, of Halloween. Information about the standing stones at Burnt Hill blueberry farm, including the purported connection between H. P. Lovecraft's novel, *The Dunwich Horror*, and these stones was combined with the history of the above-mentioned properties of Heath. The property locations were shown on a map alongside pictures of their neighboring cemeteries. Throughout the course of the evening, which included a potluck supper, the audience was asked to join in a "detour into the world of light and shadow," where the stories heard were "as real as the teller or the listener might choose." Judging by the response of those in attendance, we have yet more spirits to reveal at a later date!

What's up next? The winter season, including a prelude to the Month of Love, scheduled to take place on Jan. 25, 2014, in the Community Hall from 5 to 7 p.m. We will, as has become our tradition, host a potluck supper, this time accompanied by stories of fun in the winter, and readings of historic love letters by residents of Heath, romantic or possibly love-lorn diary entries, and perhaps a few old-fashioned tips for those entering into the state of matrimony. Do you have any winter recollections, love stories or written histories by residents of long ago? Call Nancy Thane at 337-5580. Put the date on your calendar. You won't want to miss it! Ω

—Nancy Thane





## The Colorful Storm

The light blue minivan, filled with excited people, went around the four corners and down the steep grassy hill. "Where should we go first?" my dad asked. All three of my brothers yelled different answers. Somehow I thought that all of them were right, today was going to be a long super fun day at the Heath Fair.

Now walking towards the small gates of the Heath Fair, I smelled the delicious food cooking. "I have a lot to explore!" I happily thought to myself standing next to the big red main tent, looking over the small but fun Heath Fair.

Jack, my youngest brother, chose what he wanted to do first. My family and I walked down the giant green slippery hill. All of a sudden, he was captivated by the animals. "Mommy can I feed them?" Jack said excitedly Mom answered, "Sure, let's go." We took our time walking to the animals. Well, everyone but Jack. He ran ahead reaching through the gate petting a fluffy gray goat. When the rest of the family got there Jack went to the next area. "Four-year-olds," I said in my mind.

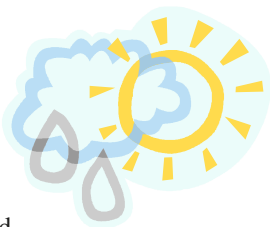
Then Mom decided that Will could choose what he wanted to do. Will said, "Mom can we go on some rides?" Mom said, "Sure you can." Will ran to the ticket booth and waited for Mom. Mom said, "Twenty tickets, please." We each got five tickets, which we took and ran to some rides. Sometimes we chose different rides and sometimes we chose the same.

Finally, Sam's idea was to go get some food. Everyone agreed. We all ate some delicious food. Will and I had hot dogs. Sam and Jack had cheeseburgers. It was so warm on the cold day. I had a smoothie (not so helpful on a cold day but still delicious) and Sam had fried dough. The food at any fair is always delicious.

Drip. It was cold on the top of my head. We all quickly ran under the tent. I guessed it was going to be a longer day than I thought. "Clap!" The thunder crashed through the damp air. Nature's light show is amazing, but also very dangerous. "We can't drive anywhere!" my dad exclaimed.

We sat under the tent for a good 30 minutes. Then a band came under the tent and began to play their music. They were really good at playing. I can't remember the name but we got one of their CDs.

The rain began to fade away. When the rain stopped it revealed giant rain puddles. Then one kid slid through the mud on his stomach. All of the kids who lived in Heath started sliding through the giant puddles. (Not me, because we have a 40-minute drive back to Bernardston) We walked out from under the tent. From just over the tall pine trees appeared a giant rainbow. I walked out from under the tent and stood and stood. The rainbow was huge, so bright and colorful under the sky turning to dark. It was a beautiful sight on that cold night at the Heath Fair. We started to walk back towards our blue minivan appearing now 100 yards away.



We started driving up the steep grassy hill. Past the small gate at the Heath Fair. Down the bumpy road and around the four corners. On our way home I thought to myself "That was a colorful storm." Ω

—Joshua Glazier, Grade 5



## Ladybugs, Princesses, Ninjas, Oh My!

Halloween this year was a blast, celebrated by the very young and the very distinguished in the Community Hall and also in the homes of many that are scattered about throughout town. As originally conceived, the plan was to have folks come to Heath Center to "tail-gate" so kids could walk from car to car collecting treats. The weather turned rainy late in the afternoon, and our alternative plan of using the Community Hall was put into action. Fortunately, Heath has Jan Carr, who is the co-collector of more Halloween kitsch than the average department store. In a flash, the hall transformed into a spooky maze of tables bearing mounds of candy. Bob Gruen and his Third Eye welcomed (and sometimes freaked out) youngsters as they entered the hall. He told fortunes and read palms with an air of authenticity. Pat Leuchtman was the evening's Gypsy storyteller, mesmerizing cowboys and turtles alike.

Meanwhile the roads around town were packed with folks winding their way around to the more than a dozen homes of people who agreed to welcome trick-or-treaters. Armed with a map made by Robin Jenkins, costumed kids got the opportunity to go door to door in search of even more candy.

It was a great evening, made even greater by the support of so many folks from around town. The event was jointly supported by Heath PTP and by the Parks and Recreation Committee. Let's do it again next year! Ω

—Kate Bailey

## THE HUNTED

In first snowflakes I paused at dusk  
To figure out just how far lost I was  
on that Berkshire forking gravel road.  
Out of the flake-dotted grey came a snort  
as a nine-prong buck plodded at me  
and past me, brushing my snowy coat  
With his side, as if I were a post. He went  
on by with heaving flanks and spraying nostrils,  
intent on losing hunters that lurked nearby.

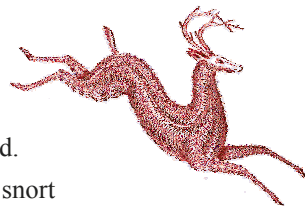
He was familiar as farm horses I'd driven home  
from daylong drudgery in stony fields,  
or as my dog with pink and dangling tongue  
returned from a chase on cedared slopes.  
But this old buck was gasping for his life  
and for the family herd he'd succored and survived  
beyond all logging roads in Greylock's view.

His leaf-brown pelt receded into the grey,  
his rasping breath mocked a gargling brook.

I stood and toed a split-heart print in mud  
as I waited for death's decree of licensed guns,  
but silence, safety and kiss of wet snowflakes  
rewarded my wait on this unpeopled height.  
Trees sighed. And one star notched the night.

Reprinted by permission from *Woodcutting in Winter*  
One Potato Press

© Charles Henry Miller  
Heath Poet, 1913 - 1992



## A First Christmas in Heath Memory

The first year that my husband John Henry and I lived in Heath, we looked forward to our first Christmas together. Our house had a new living room, with big windows and a cathedral ceiling. We wanted the tallest tree we could find. Enthusiastically we headed out into the woods and found a giant spruce tree. With some difficulty we cut it down and dragged it back to our car.

The tree was so large we could barely cram it into the house through the sliding glass door. It was all the way inside before it finally dawned on us just how far off we were in our estimations. Our beautiful, perfect Christmas tree was taller than our 14-foot ceiling and would only fit in the room at a 45-degree angle, assuming that nothing else was in it at the same time.



We ended up sawing five feet off the bottom of the tree, and were still left a tree tall enough to reach the ceiling and wide enough to fill half the room. We had to invest in seven of the longest sets of lights we could find and string oodles of popcorn and cranberries to decorate it only sparsely. In hindsight, the fact that the tree was bigger around than the car we tied it to should have been telling but who wants to listen to the voice of reason when you are in search of the perfect Christmas tree? Ω

—Deb Porter

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## Missing Julie Hall Roche

Julianne "Julie" Hall Roche, born Jan. 28, 1943, passed away peacefully on Sept. 23, 2013, at the age of 70. Julie was social and adventurous, cared deeply for the many loved ones in her life (animals and people), and had a passion for all things visual.

Julie was born in La Jolla, CA, the youngest child of Martha and Harry Hall. Growing up, Julie spent summers at the YMCA camps her father ran, and enjoyed playing softball and riding horses. Art was always important to Julie; she started sketching from a young age. When she was 18, Julie and a close friend took a cross-country trip in a specially outfitted van, visiting all of the continental United States.

Julie attended the Art Center College of Design on a scholarship. Following college, Julie moved across the country to work as a fashion illustrator for runway shows in New York City, while supplementing her income waitressing at The Chuck Wagon in New Jersey.

Julie moved to Burlington, VT and managed an art store, while saving up for a trip to Guatemala. Julie ended up moving to Chimaltenango, Guatemala, and lived there for seven years, painting and drawing images of local life. While in Guatemala, Julie met her husband, Ken. They were married in 1981. Following their marriage, Julie and Ken moved to Heath, and in 1983 their daughter Maya was born.

Julie continued painting while living in Massachusetts. She taught art classes privately and at local schools, and was one of the founding members of the Shelburne Arts Co-op. Julie also illustrated a children's book, as well as a book of stories about Guatemala. She often remarked that she felt blessed that she was able to do the thing she loved most, create art, for all of her life.



*Courtesy of Ken Roche*

Julie leaves behind her husband, Kenneth Roche of Heath; daughter and son-in-law, Maya and Eric Jalbert of Everett, MA, brothers and sisters-in-law, Dave and Rose Hall of

Fresno, CA, Marshall and Ginny Hall of Sherman Oaks, CA, and Sandra Hall of Park City, UT, as well as many nephews, nieces and cousins.

Julie was predeceased by her brother, Norman Hall, and by her parents. Julie made lifelong friends wherever she went and so leaves behind many friends from around the world.

A memorial service was held on Saturday, Oct. 5 at Trinity Church in Shelburne Falls.

Donations in Julie's name may be made to Behrhorst Partners for Development, which funds the Behrhorst Clinic in Chimaltenango, Guatemala: <http://www.behrhorst.org/home>. The address for mailed donations is Dept. 116234, P.O. Box 5211, Binghamton, NY 13902. Ω



*'Martha's Journey' by Julie Roche*

*Don't weep at my grave,  
For I am not there,  
I've a date with a butterfly  
To dance in the air. . .*

*—Helen Steiner Rice*



## Wear Bright Colors

When Veronica told me that Julie's wake was not the typical wake – "Wear bright colors," she said – I was so relieved. I am not ready for black when I think of Julie Hall Rocke.

As I have gone about the most ordinary of tasks this fall, images of her beautiful artwork have kept me company. I thought too of the time she came into my classroom to paint with the children. She was so appreciative of each one of them, and showed genuine delight in what they had to offer. It was a joyful time, full of camaraderie, bold colors and laughter. She was so generous in sharing her love of art and we so happy to receive her expertise. No, I will never think of anything but the brightest of colors when I think of Julie. Ω

—Deborah Porter

## Our Friend Julie Hall Rocke



©Flax Studios

We especially remember Julie for the many loves she had: for Ken and Maya, for her dogs, walking Rowe Road in Heath, watching the animals in back of the house; the deer, the bears, the beavers and the raccoons, not to mention the birds, gardening, keeping connected with her many friends, family and the Gallery, and displaying and creating art.

Julie was always interested in finding and encouraging other people's creative spot. While her daughter Maya was growing up, with enthusiasm and laughter, Julie participated in fundraisers and town/school projects. She happily contributed her wonderful artistic ability to dance decorations, Heath Fair floats, T-shirt designs and school projects. She even played the very convincing fortuneteller at several of the Halloween parties in the Community Hall. For many years turquoise T-shirts with animals kayaking and maroon ones with the golden pterodactyl dinosaur could be seen throughout town.

Julie was a teacher of both young and old. She loved going to the Rowe and Heath schools to work on projects with the children. It made her feel good to see a child, who might struggle in other areas, excel in art. One memorable project she did was during a Japanese unit. Julie and the children painted and designed large dragons big enough for the children to be inside, dancing and weaving their way around the school parking lot.

Julie will be greatly missed by many whose lives she touched. We will look at a Casa Blanca lily opening, with its incredible fragrance, or a Luna moth will buzz around one of us letting us know that she is an angel watching over us, keeping us safe and bringing beauty into our lives. Ω

—Veronica Smead and Cathy Tallen

## One Hundred Years Ago in Heath History

March 3, 1913

### Annual Town Meeting

Town officials were elected as the first part of the annual town meeting. This included electing a tax collector who held the office for one year. The results were recorded as follows:

"Voted to receive bids for collecting all taxes and to choose from the bidders. Choice was made of Wm. S. Gleason his bid being forty dollars (\$40.00)."

### Vote of the annual budget:

"Article 6: Voted to hear an estimate of the judgment necessary to pay all town charges for the year ensuing. Voted to raise the amount estimated by selectmen. Which were the following appropriations.

Schools .....	1,000
Highways.....	1,100
Town officers .....	250
Poor .....	200
Contingent.....	400
Public Library.....	35
State and County tax .....	650
State road.....	100
Regraveling road .....	100
Repairing schoolhouses.....	<u>150</u>
	3,985"

In a separate article it was voted at the town meeting to use from the contingent appropriation for the observance of Memorial day.

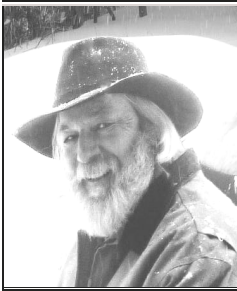
November 4, 1913

### General Election

There was a question on the state ballot asking voters whether or not the state constitution should be amended according to Chapter 28, Resolves of 1913: "Shall the proposed amendment to the constitution, making women eligible to appointment as notaries public, be approved and ratified?"

Yes	thirteen
No	sixteen
Blanks	twenty"





## *Wild Ramblings*

—Bill Lattrell

### One Half Decade Later

Although long forgotten by many, the ice storm that took place in December 2008 still occupies significant territory in my mind. This storm of historic proportions had huge impacts on our forested landscape. Many of those who experienced the storm might remember the harrowing night when trees snapped off every few seconds, sounding like shotguns blasting into the cold air. The sound of a breaking forest is more than scary when you are surrounded by woods. When the forest is snapping apart for a span of more than eight hours the experience can only be described as immensely unsettling.

I remember wondering about how wildlife would survive the onslaught. The tops of trees and heavy branches thunderously landing on the frozen ground would certainly be the final demise of some individual animals. And while some might not worry about this, I could not help but feel a burning pit in my stomach each time a weighty limb or treetop snapped and careened to the forest floor. It seemed akin to an advancing superior enemy. You could hear them coming and yet had no way of stopping the carnage.

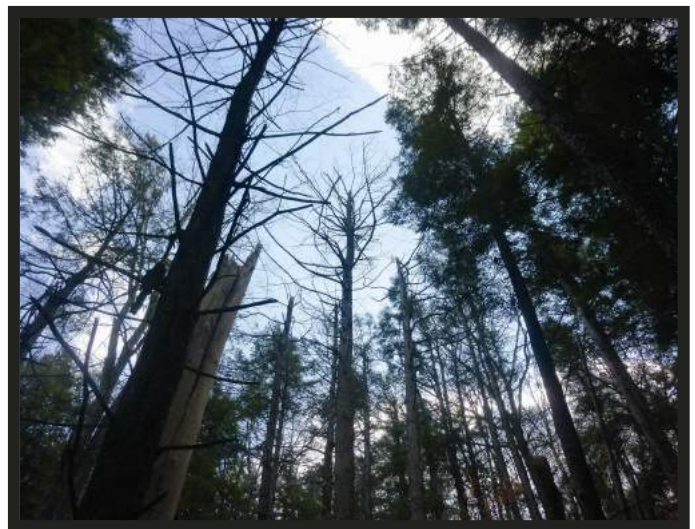
When light peered its head over the horizon the next day the sight was amazing. Our 250-foot gravel driveway, no longer visible, was buried in fallen trees and branches. Amazingly, our truck and car survived without scars. An interesting matrix of brush had piled up every which way around the vehicles without any direct impacts. Nary a scratch could be found on any of the cold metal surfaces. Our road was buried underneath hundreds of fallen trees and branches. The power lines were tangled amongst the forest wreckage lying on the ground. Like a fishing-line bird's nest, it was difficult to understand the tangle. We had no electricity, and it was out for days and days, but for some strange reason we still had an internet connection. We joked that cyberspace was the only space in the area without a fresh pile of wood in it.

It took more than a couple of days to clear the driveway, Taylor Brook Road to the town line going east and our yard, which looked like a gigantic slash pile. Like many other folks in town we knew that it would have to be our own efforts that opened us back up to the rest of the world. I wielded our chainsaw and Maureen moved the slash. Not being as young as we once were, we limited our efforts to about eight hours each day. Two and a half days later we arrived at the town line having cleared a space wide enough to get our truck out. A rough count told us that we had sawed through over 70 trees in the road alone, countless fallen limbs, while deftly avoiding power lines, although we suspected that they were all as dead as a doornail.

It took weeks more to clear our woods roads. And that was only accomplished with the return of our two adult sons over the Christmas holiday, who more than earned their keep during that visit.

And despite the incredible damage done to the forest this ecologist saw this as a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to gain a better understanding of forest destruction and recovery.

Much of the forest on our land to the south of our house was a jumbled mess of tangled trees, most of it nearly impenetrable. To navigate to a destination required locating easier routes, and crawling under and climbing over fallen wood debris. And although I have a keen sense of direction I was constantly checking my bearings for two reasons. The thick slash prevented me from seeing anything more than 20 feet away, and this forest that I knew so well had changed so dramatically that recognizing where I was by the presence of familiar objects or landmarks was impossible. It was as if this land that I had wandered for 30 some-odd years was a completely different place. I felt as if I were a stranger in a strange land. There were some areas so difficult to navigate that I avoided them for years.



One half decade later, on an early November day, I stand on a high ridge looking north. From this vantage point I can see the forest canopy from above. There remain many large snags, dead trees without tops that actually benefit the forest ecosystem. These dead trees are perfect habitat for insects that use the decaying wood environment. Many bird species use these insects as a food source. These avian species include pileated woodpeckers, yellow belly sap suckers, downy woodpeckers, red-bellied woodpeckers, northern flickers, and hairy woodpeckers, to name a few. Other species like saw-whet owls, northern and southern flying squirrels, and black-capped chickadees may convert larger woody excavations into nests. A rich, diverse forest contains snags naturally, and well-managed forests let many snags remain for the benefit of those species that might use them.

*Continued on page 20*

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## My First Christmas in Heath

While sharing Christmas dinner with my family at our home in Gardner, my heart fluttered with the thought of spending the evening in Heath with my very recent love interest. At the moment when it was polite to leave, a light snow began to fall. Remembering Paul's warning, "Roads do not get plowed in Heath much after the time it is thought you *should* be home," I packed my cross-country skis, remembering the steep incline at the Dell and the winding, twisting Route 8A that never seemed to end.

By the time I arrived in Charlemont an hour later the snow had significantly accumulated and trepidation set in. Fortunately my new Saab seemed to enjoy the snow and climbed Route 8A with little resistance. Greeting me were candles, a warm hearth and a twinkling Christmas tree.

Often, I reflect on that experience of years ago and acknowledge that roads are better plowed and road equipment much improved, and it is a comfort knowing that Mike Smith and his crew will take care of us. At present we think nothing of going anywhere at any time to satisfy a whim or fancy.

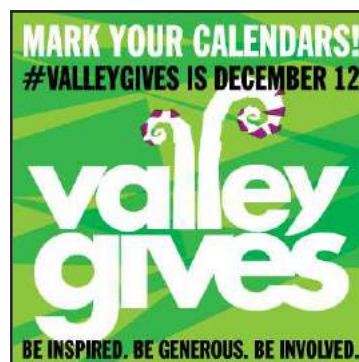
I do value the improved road conditions and have gratitude that, while I live in a different house from the one of my first Christmas, I will not have to travel on Christmas Day. In that fateful month 35 years ago I fell in love; my now husband Paul and I found a place I could call home. Ω

—Janice Boudreau

## Valley Gives Day

Valley Gives Day on Dec. 12 is the second annual 24-hour celebration of generosity. During Valley Gives Day, western Massachusetts nonprofits collaborate with the goal of getting thousands of Pioneer Valley residents to support their favorite nonprofits. By participating, donors will help charities become eligible for special prizes totaling \$200,000. More information can be found at:

[http://valleygives.razoo.com/giving\\_events/VG13/home](http://valleygives.razoo.com/giving_events/VG13/home)



## Settling In: Our First Christmas in Heath

Every few months there was another crisis. On our first Christmas Eve, we attended services in the church in Heath Center. Walking home, I commented on the soft glow of the house lights on the beautiful snow. As we crossed the threshold the dim yellowish cast of each lamp in the older part of the house reminded me of the gentle illumination created by our oil lamps in Fire Island. Unfortunately, this is not the way electric lights are supposed to look. A few phone calls enlightened me. I was advised to shut off all the power immediately; it was electrical resistance that caused the dimness and resistance creates heat, which in turn creates combustion.

But it was not really a total disaster. We had installed a second set of circuit breakers that serviced the kitchen and one bedroom. They were functioning just fine. True, the rest of the house was cold, but we were able to proceed with the preparations for Christmas dinner. The house was filled with our family members who treated the whole event as a great adventure. The power company technician arrived, reviewed the situation and determined that this wasn't the problem. Our electrician, Joe Palmeri, to whom I will be ever grateful, left his family to check out the problem. He discovered that water had seeped into the original circuit breaker box, rusted the circuits and destroyed the whole thing. On Christmas Day, Joe worked six hours to install a new unit as we enjoyed cocktails and the Christmas feast with our coats on. Ω

—Bob Viarengo

(Excerpt reprinted with permission from *Something of Myself* by Bob Viarengo, self-published, 2004)



## Measuring Pigs on Christmas



I've always been an animal person. I care deeply for all animals large and small. I raise my own animals for food and I do the unthinkable, I name them. Yup, I name them. I hug them too; and why not? I want my animals to have the happiest and most joyous life while they are here with me.

At times, my affinity for my animals causes me to do silly things. On a snowy Christmas morning, I decided to measure my hogs, much like you might measure your son or daughter on the kitchen wall. I marched out into the snowy barnyard and marked the height of my hogs' backs on the barnyard wall. Now I will always know how tall Helen, Thelma, Stanley and Eddie were on Christmas Day, 2012. Ω

— Jessica Van Steensburg

## Heath Herald Readers Are Everywhere!

On a recent trip to Lynchburg, Tennessee to attend the Jack Daniels World Championship Invitational Barbecue, I was surprised to see some local residents reading the fall issue of the *Heath Herald*.

I first came across Natalie Porter of Knoxville lounging on a hay bale enjoying the Herald. When I asked her why the Herald, she explained that she had rural New England roots and the *Heath Herald* gave her a feeling of home.



I bumped into her later at a campfire and caught her mom, Robin, reading the Herald while her dad, Mark, was patiently waiting for the wind to shift to have his turn.



Photo by Janice Boudreau

## A Herculean Task

On my first visit in a very long time to the Town Office room on the second floor in Sawyer Hall, I was greeted with a shock. The room seemed so spacious with desks tidy and neatly arranged and, prominently visible, a lovely finished floor!

The Town Coordinator, Kara Leistyna, took on the challenge of finding a replacement for the old, worn-out and unraveling dusty carpeting. While taking up a section of the carpet, she discovered an unfinished fir floor underneath. She met with Josh Smith, a flooring expert, to determine cost, and the project was approved by the Selectboard. In emails she sent to town employees, Kara wrote "In an effort to restore the historical integrity of the building, provide a healthier environment and improve the overall aesthetic of the room," asking them to think of a time when it would be least disruptive to do the project.

In preparation to move all of the filing cabinets, furnishings, and IT equipment (if you have ever been in the room you can imagine the Herculean task this required), files were reviewed, documents no longer required to be kept were discarded, corners were cleaned, many having not seen the light of day in decades, and a less-cluttered environment emerged. It took incredible group effort to schedule movers, floor finishers and employee schedules.

Thank you, town employees, for your efforts, and thank you, Kara, for having the vision and courage to carry it out.

—Janice Boudreau



### BOARD OF HEALTH TOWN OF HEATH

The Heath Board of Health will hold a hearing to discuss the possible elimination of the perc season in Heath. The hearing will be held on Thursday, Dec. 12, at 7 p.m. in the Heath Town Hall, 1 East Main St. Copies of the proposed regulation will be available on the town website ([townofheath.org](http://townofheath.org)) and also at the Heath Town Hall.

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## Library Notes

Website: [www.HeathLibrary.org](http://www.HeathLibrary.org)  
413-337-4934 extension 7

Donald Purrington, Director

## Library Hours

Monday 3 p.m. - 7 p.m.  
Wednesday 12 p.m. - 7 p.m.  
Saturday 9:30 a.m. - 1:30 p.m.

Lyra Johnson-Fuller, Library Assistant

Have you been to Sawyer Hall recently and noticed our new book return box as you walk up the ramp toward the building? It is in the same location as the old one, but it is much easier to use and it should keep the books inside better protected from the wind-driven rains and snows we get up here in the hills.

The box says "Book Return" on the front, but it may be used to return anything you have borrowed from the library: books, magazines, DVDs and audio books. Please put a rubber band around audio book and DVD cases to prevent them from opening when they are dropped into the box.



A **big thank you** to the Friends of the Heath Free Public Library for purchasing the box for us, and to Tim Lively for installing the box. Also thank you to everyone who supports the Friends' bake sales and book sales as they work hard to raise money to be used for the benefit of our library patrons.



### Did You Know?

The Friends of the Heath Library sponsors a free pass for two adults and two children to the Massachusetts Museum of Contemporary Art (Mass MOCA) that can be checked out at the Library (a \$40 value). The passes are available through July 2014.

### A Few of the New Items at the Library:

See all the new items added to our collection in the previous two weeks on the Library website. Look for the **New Titles** link on the left side of the page.

### Books by Local Authors:

*Swim for the Little One First* by Noy Holland

*Strange Cowboy: Lincoln Dahl Turns Five* by Sam Michel

*He Held My Heart: A Love Story* by Hazel Porter-Maitland

*Faces I Might Wear* by Carol Purrington

### Fiction Books for Adults:

*Three Can Keep a Secret* by Archer Mayor

*Takedown Twenty* by Janet Evanovich

*The Valley of Amazement* by Amy Tan

*Through the Evil Days* by Julia Spencer-Fleming

### Non-fiction Books for Adults:

*The Bully Pulpit: Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft, and the Golden Age of Journalism* by Doris Kearns

*Goodwin, Stitches: A Handbook on Meaning*

*Hope, and Repair* by Anne Lamott

*One Summer: America, 1927* by Bill Bryson

### Books for Young/Teen Readers:

*The Screaming Staircase* by Jonathan Stroud

*The House of Hades* by Rick Riordan

*Guinness World Records 2014*

### Children's Picture Books/Boardbooks:

*Animals a Touch & Feel* boardbook by Jennifer Quasha

*Mr. Wuffles!* by David Weisner/Tribal

*Alphabet* by Claudia Pearson

### DVDs:

*Bletchley Circle*

*The Heat*

*Masterpiece Mystery!*

*Endeavor: Series 1*

*Monsters University*

### Audio Books on CD:

*The Signature of All Things* by Elizabeth Gilbert

*One Summer: America, 1927* by Bill Bryson

*Ghost Hawk* by Susan Cooper



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# Heath School

—Eric Glazier, Principal

Greetings from Heath Elementary School! As I'm writing this submission we are already FIFTY days into the school year. Where does the time go? In the 50 days of school this year, we've already done so many great things. Our school calendar was modified this year to allow teachers more common time for professional development. On an average of two to three Wednesday afternoons per month our staff has met for a variety of educational learning opportunities. A large focus for our staff this year is the new Teacher Evaluation System that went into effect in September. Staff have spent a number of afternoons engaged in conversation, planning and writing year-long goals that are aligned with professional practice, student learning, and state standards. The idea of goal-setting in education is not new, but we are spending more time on the process which should in turn improve instruction and student assessment scores.

Our students have been engaged in many after-school enrichments this year. Our soccer team competed in a couple of local tournaments and did quite well. Basketball will be starting soon and we have lots of boys and girls in grades 3 through 6 playing. A Heath Elementary alum, Lilly Boyd, offered an after-school Spanish class to students in the middle and upper grades. Lilly is a senior at Mohawk Regional High School and offered the class as an independent project during her senior year. The class was a huge success and was attended by 10 students. We continue to offer our famous Strings program every Monday with local violinist David Tasgal.

The Heath Elementary School has been fortunate enough to receive a Massachusetts Cultural Council grant again this year. The grant, for \$5,000, will allow us to continue our tradition of working with local naturalist Ted Watt. The theme of this year's work is "Our Place in the World." Our students will examine the concepts of sustainable and renewable resources as they relate to Heath and the greater world. We are going to learn about solar power, wind power, sustainable farming and many more topics. We also received a grant from the Mary Lyon Foundation for the purchase of fly-tying materials. The grant that we received will allow me to purchase several fly-making kits. I hope to hold an after-school workshop this winter and teach students to make flies for fly-fishing. I am also hoping that folks from the community who fly-fish or make their own flies might consider volunteering some time during the workshop. My hope would be to take these students onto some local rivers in the spring and put their flies to use! And if you have any fly-fishing gear to lend or donate to the school, that would be greatly appreciated. Please get in touch with me at the school if you think you could volunteer with either of the above-mentioned grants.

I look forward to updating you on our achievements throughout the year. Please feel free to connect with me at school by email at [eglazier@mohawkschools.org](mailto:eglazier@mohawkschools.org) or telephone, 337-5307 if you have questions or comments. Ω

## Prime Red News

We have had a busy fall working in our school garden. We harvested various types of vegetables such as garlic, tomatoes, potatoes and carrots.

One of our favorite gardening activities is digging and washing the potatoes. Jenna says, "Digging up the potatoes was my favorite part because people were helping each other find the potatoes." After we dug all the potatoes, another fun job was washing them in the water table with our Prime Blue friends. Silas commented, "I liked washing potatoes because we were with the Prime Blue class." Baileigh shared, "I liked eating the potatoes for lunch."

After harvesting the vegetables, the class learned how to use them in recipes. We made cornbread muffins with sweet corn, and added spicy jalapeños to some of them. Hailey said, "I liked making the muffins because we all helped. My favorite kind was the sweet cornbread muffins." Umi stated, "I liked eating the sweet cornbread muffins. My job was stirring the batter and putting it into the mini muffin pan."

We made salsa with our tomatoes and garlic. Ole said, "I liked the salsa because it was really juicy!" Hazel also really enjoyed the salsa because "it had a lot of lime juice in it." Vegetables we could not use in our recipes, (our carrots were really short and lumpy) were put to good use, too. Kaylin remembers pulling the carrots was a lot of fun "because one of my friends got to take them home to their bunny." Kaylin wondered why the carrots grew to be tiny and lumpy.



Continued on page 19



## A Conversation with John Palmer

John Palmer climbed down his ladder to greet me one warm and sunny early October afternoon. He was being gracious in surrendering valuable barn-painting time so we could chat about his involvement with poetry. My first question was, "Why poetry?" John explained that writing poetry is his way of engaging with craft, with art-making, with using self for creative expression. His younger life had involved frequent moving about the country because of his father's professional obligations, and therefore John never had the opportunity to work with hand tools, mechanical devices, art supplies or digging about in the earth. Words were always available and at a fairly young age John learned that they could serve him the same way that visual arts, music or making objects served others.



John and Suzanne Hannay were married in 1990 after working together for several years as colleagues at a small private school in Virginia. Both then accepted teaching appointments at Deerfield Academy (John in 1993) where Suzanne became head of the English department. A few years later they purchased the yellow house and red barn every passerby knows by the magnificent maples and split-rail fence on South Road, Heath, opposite the Dickinson farm.

An MFA from UMass solidified John's commitment to poetry but the demands of an English Department faculty position and the attendant responsibilities left little time or energy for his own creative writing. Several of his poems were published in various publications but it was several years before he was able to achieve the freedom required for a rigorous writing schedule.

In response to my questions about how and when he writes, John explained that each morning he has coffee with Suzanne and sees her off as she still goes to Deerfield on school days. Then he goes to his writing desk for two to four hours. "Do you have days when you're blank and you just sit there staring at a blank sheet of paper?" I asked. "No never. I have journals of ideas and word combinations. I may not be working on a new poem each day, but I am trying to see how words affect one another. How they work together. I'm searching for integrity of sound," he responded. He also makes notes throughout the day about thoughts and observations that may sometime later find their way into poems.

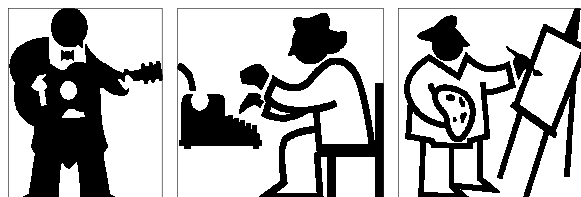
Suzanne and John were two of the faculty selected to spend a year in Jordan to help establish a new school for King Abdullah, based upon the structure of Deerfield Academy. While there, John decided that when he returned to Massachusetts he would retire from teaching so as to gain the hours and concentration required to devote to writing. An additional benefit of leaving the demands of teaching has been that he

now has the opportunity to work with his hands; he's becoming an accomplished gardener and groundskeeper, and works on small carpentry projects.

Asked how he would describe his poetry, John said his work "isn't quite abstract, but it's not rooted in realism, either. That is, they're non-specific in meaning but they do seek or strive for an emotional curve or a certain weight." "Ahhhh," the voice in my head said, "he's doing with words the same thing that painters do with paint or musicians do with sounds. Sure, now I have a better understanding of what poetry is."

I look forward to spending quiet winter hours with John's first book of poems.

—Paul Turnbull



*Return to a Place Like Seeing*, published by Pleasure Boat Studio, will be available at Boswell's Books or can be ordered online at [www.pleasureboatstudio.com](http://www.pleasureboatstudio.com).

### Senior Meal Schedule 2014

#### RESERVATIONS ARE REQUIRED

*You may make reservations by signing the reservation sheet at the Senior Center or by calling Val Kaempfer at 337-5728 between 9:00-11:00 a.m. on the Monday before the scheduled meal.*

January 16	Chicken and Biscuits
February 21	Macaroni and Cheese
March 20	Corned Beef and Cabbage
April 18	Fish
May 22	Scalloped Potatoes with Ham
June 19	Meat Loaf
July 17	Picnic Buffet
August 21	Roast Pork
September 18	Stuffed Chicken
October 16	Pot Roast
November 21	Thanksgiving Dinner
December 18	Roast Beef

***Suggested Donation \$2.00***

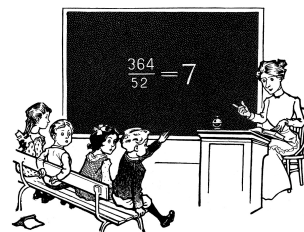


## Town Nurse

Office Hours

Tuesday from 12 to 1 p.m.  
Thursday from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m.  
or by arrangement if needed

—Claire Rabbitt, RN



## Health for the Holidays

The holidays are a time when people may not be as careful with diet and also may slip up on regular exercise. It is sometimes hard to resist over-indulging in high-calorie treats and drinks at holiday parties. Portions may be reduced by using a smaller plate, filling most of it with veggies, going light on dips and trying to savor every bite while going slow with eating. Try to maintain regular healthy meals to prevent snacking on high-fat and sugary foods and you will have more energy for all the shopping, decorating and entertaining.

Regular exercise also helps the energy level. If you are in an exercise program, or walk or run, try to keep it up, as well as some time to relax, especially before you go to bed at night.

For those of us who can't work out as vigorously as we used to, the **Osteoporosis Prevention Exercise class is still ongoing at the Community Hall on Tuesdays from 11 a.m. to noon and by the time this issue comes out, on Thursdays from 10 to 11 a.m.** It is a free, federally funded program to encourage weight-bearing exercise and good nutrition to improve bone density and the muscles that help balance and prevent falls. Call me for more information or just come and join us! We have fun!

Call me at home, 337-8309, or during office hours at 337-4847. Ω

## School Calendar

Wed, Dec 4 ..... Early Release 1:50 p.m.  
Wed, Dec 11 ..... Early Release 1:50 p.m.  
Writing Workshops for Grades 3-6  
Sat, Dec 14 ..... PTP Artisan Fair  
Heath Community Hall 9-3  
Tues, Dec 17 ..... Children's Shopping Spree  
Wed., Dec 18 ..... Early Release 1:50 p.m.  
Student Council Cookie Swap and Movie  
Dec 23–Jan 1 ..... School Closed Winter Break  
Wed, Jan 8 ..... Early Release 1:50 p.m.  
Mon, Jan 20 ..... School Closed  
Martin Luther King Jr. Day  
Fri., Jan 25 ..... Report Cards Sent Home  
Wed, Jan 29 ..... Early Release 1:50 p.m.

*PRIME Red News continued from page 17*

We even made apple cider from apples given to us by the Hager farm along with some of our own school orchard apples. One of our parents brought in an apple cider press, which we used to make the cider. We had a great afternoon hand-cranking the press to make the cider. Raia said, "I like putting the apples into the apple press. I also like that we used our own apples." We pressed enough cider to serve it as a refreshment at our school's Open House.

The Prime Red class collected many types of invasive weeds in the school garden. With Tedd Watt's help this year, we would like to figure out how to control the weeds organically. If any community member knows of successful ways to do this, please email Miss Gary with your suggestions at [vgary@mohawkschools.org](mailto:vgary@mohawkschools.org) or call her at Heath Elementary School, 337-5307. Ω

—Mia Gary



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*Wild Ramblings, continued from page 10*

As I travel downhill in a northern direction I come upon an area formerly an impenetrable mess, that now has some trail openings that lead to the interior of this area of dead falls. Several broken hemlock tops and a red maple top remain tangled on the forest floor. A few years back these broken tree parts were elevated because they were held on stout branches that kept them off the ground. Now the branches have decayed and the tops lay directly on the ground in most locations. It is relatively easy to step on or over the trunks as I enter the area. Deer beds, as evidenced by the compressed New York ferns on the ground, are plentiful. Several yellow birch saplings about 12 feet tall, whose growth had formerly been suppressed by lack of light, have been released and are presently reaching for the sky.

I sit on one of the fallen treetops and look around. At my feet I can see small oval holes burrowed under the tree trunk lying on the ground; evidence of red-backed voles or white-footed mice that now use this as both escape and cover habitat. There are plentiful brambles growing amongst the fallen treetops. Almost all of the brambles have had the terminal buds removed by browsing white-tails looking for a quick snack. In a corner of this covey created by the great ice storm I notice something white sticking out of the ground. I get up from my sitting position to examine the white stick-like object. It is a small antler left behind by a young buck from last winter. The antler is severely misshapen from small rodents who chewed the hard surface in search of calcium.



After a few minutes I wander further down the hill. There is a large spring, a beautiful oasis in the forest, that trickles water onto the ground's surface 365 days a year. It is a water resource that I've never seen dry up even in severe droughts. On the west side of the spring an entire red maple fell over during the ice storm of 2008. The tree was overburdened with tons of ice, a weight that the shallow roots could not withstand, and it fell to the earth ending its approximate 100 years of life. The tree will take decades to decompose. It will be host to fungi that will break down the coarse wood fibers known as lignin. Small invertebrates of all kinds will live within and under the large decaying trunk. Some of these invertebrates will utilize the decaying wood while others will predate those

that are using the decaying wood. Red-backed salamanders will find refuge under the massive trunk. This common amphibian loves dark and dank environments. This is nearly a complete environment for this shy character. Here it will eat, sleep, live and die. The composition of this community, fungi, invertebrates, vertebrates and rooted plants is an interdependent system that holds both mysteries and truth; a wonderful representation of forest symbiosis where the untrained eye might least expect it.

The fallen tree has acted as a temporary dam where water flowing out of this perennial spring finds a blockade. A small pool has formed where I can collect water in my cupped hands and rehydrate myself. The water is clean, pure and delicious.

This watering hole, a refuge for the weary and thirsty, feels sacred. I can't imagine a better place to appreciate the miracles of nature. And as I stand here, my eyes uplifted towards the sky scanning the blue heavens above, an owl soars amongst the branches.

My mind returns to the day after the great ice storm of 2008. The forest seemed devastated. About 800 trees on our land alone had been severely damaged. And now I understand how shortsighted my initial thoughts were. This forest is more than one tree, or one animal, or one freshwater spring tucked into a hemlock grove in the woods. This forest is a complex ecosystem that has resilience. It can weather the storm without looking back. It will move forward without abandon. The forest seems to have a disciplined intent to survive and is capable of meeting all challenges thrown in its direction. It is perfect.

And that, my friends, is something that we humans just cannot say about ourselves.

—Bill Latrell

## Where Do You Read the *Heath Herald*?

The Heath Herald has been traveling far and wide!

Nancy and Steve Thane were seen reading hither and yon in jolly old England -

and Scotland too!





## Heath Agricultural Society

With the leaves finally on the ground and winter quickly finding a foothold, the work of the Heath Agricultural Society slows. For the moment, we can think and move with ease as we button up the Fairgrounds and look to the holiday season and the coming year.

On Nov. 6 the Society held its Annual Meeting, which formally marks the end of our year. At this meeting we gathered to enjoy a splendid potluck dinner and enjoy a slideshow of the Fair. Discs of this year's photographs can be found at the Heath Library. (Special thanks to Art Schwenger and Doug Mason, whose efforts make this material available to all of us.) On display during the dinner were several media awards granted to the Society for some of the quality artistic design and creative displays that were invested in the Fair this year. (Thank you to Rachel Porter, Liz and Al Canali, Kara Leistyna and Gloria Fisher for their work!)

In case you find yourself wondering: our Annual Meeting isn't completely dedicated to food and congratulation — though isn't that as important as anything else? An important function of the annual meeting is the election of officers for the coming year. Following a friendly, and occasionally humorous process of nomination, the Society elected the following individuals to its Board:

President:	Justin Lively
Vice President:	Shirley Tombs
Treasurer:	Tom Lively
Premium Secretary:	Bob Bourke
Recording Secretary:	Sue Draxler
Member at Large:	Conrad Halberg
Member at Large:	Eric Sumner

I would like to congratulate all of those who volunteer their time to the Heath Agricultural Society and to any other organization whose continued success depends on the support of willing and invested individuals. The Society, though small, always seems to put together a solid team. Special thanks must also go to Heidi Griswold and Emily Cross who have generously performed in the offices of Treasurer and Recording Secretary. Their active participation has been a remarkable asset to us and we look forward to their continued support as volunteers. Thanks must also go to Kara Leistyna who has been the Premium Secretary for several years; she has graciously passed her responsibilities on to Bob Bourke who, of course, graciously received them. We are happy to know that Kara will continue to support the Society with her time and energy. Lastly, Gloria Fisher, who has almost single-handedly managed our publicity and advertising, has decided to retire from that work after many years. Gloria has done amazing work for us and we wish to thank her for her time and energy.

In addition to the election of new officers we had the great privilege of expanding our membership at this meeting. Mike

Cucchiara and Gabby Romero of Burnt Hill Road have become volunteers, and Mike was elected Auditor for the coming year. Sue and Andy Draxler of South Road also became members. And a handful of others, whose commitment to the Society has been longstanding, were also officially made members, among them Art Schwenger. Art's role as Master of Ceremonies and as one of the Fair photographers is a part of the very fabric of the Fair. His official membership is long overdue.

The Heath Agricultural Society is always interested in expanding its membership to build our base in order to sustain the organization and expand what we might offer to the community and to the world in the future. With this in mind, what was most exciting about our new membership was the addition of five new members who may well be the youngest members in the history of the Heath Agricultural Society. They are Alec and Will Draxler of South Road and Tove, Kieron and Hjordis of Royer Road. who belong to Jessica Van Steensburg and Jeff Aho. We are very excited to gain such young members and intend to make their membership as meaningful and interesting as possible.

The holidays are fast approaching and the Society will break for the season and meet again on Jan. 8, 2014 to commence organizing and planning for the 2014 year and the 97<sup>th</sup> Annual Heath Fair. In the meantime, please keep your eye on the lower cattle barn on the Fairgrounds. If all goes according to plan you will see a small skating rink take shape in that barn. This is supported by the Heath PTP and the Heath Agricultural Society. It is for the use of the community; please enjoy it.

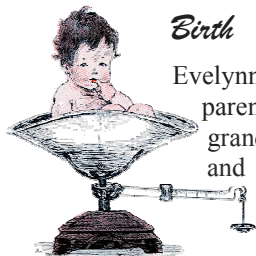
Finally, please consider becoming an active member in our growing organization and help us to support and celebrate agriculture and community. We meet the first Wednesday of every month. We will happily accept support and membership at any level of commitment. But for your information, we are currently seeking someone to manage the compost and recycling program at the Fair next year and we are seeking someone who could offer us artistic designs for our T-shirts and posters.

Please get in touch with me directly at my email address, Justin@thelivelyheathan.com, with any responses to these opportunities or with questions regarding the Society. Thank you all for your support, and enjoy a wonderful holiday season. Ω

—Justin Lively, President



## Milestones



### Birth

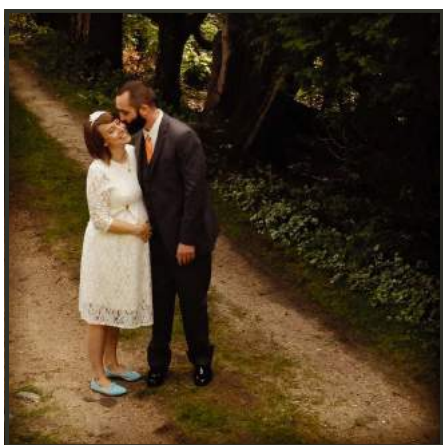
Evelynn Marie Lane, Sept 25 2013 to proud parents Sam and Molly Lane of Heath, grandparents Linda and Don Chapin, and Kate Lane and Jim Stanley

### Maya Rocke — Eric Jalbert

Maya (Rocke) and Eric Jalbert were married Sept. 14, 2013, in Sedgwick, ME. Maya is the daughter of Ken Rocke and the late Julie Hall Rocke of Heath. Eric is the son of Roberta Jalbert and the late Allen Jalbert, of Madison, VA.

The bride was attended by Katherine Kendrick of Cambridge, MA; Ashley Grullemans of Cambridge, MA; Corinne Bonica of Lake Waccamaw, NC; and Melinda Grant of Northampton, MA. The groom was attended by Thijs Messelaar of Cambridge, MA; Bryan Palombo of Baltimore, MD; Ansis Purins of Allston, MA; and Shawn Gurczak of San Francisco, CA.

The bride is a graduate of The Academy at Charlemont, the University of Massachusetts Amherst and the University of New Hampshire. She is a speech and language pathologist in the metro Boston area. The groom is a graphic-arts professional and works in Chelsea, MA. The couple reside in Everett, MA. They are expecting their first child in November 2013.



## New Milestones Contact

Lyra Johnson-Fuller will be the new contact person for the *Heath Herald* "Milestones" column. If you wish us to include any important family or friend announcements please send the information to theHeathHerald@gmail.com with a cc to lyra-johnson@yahoo.com or speak with Lyra in person at the library in Sawyer Hall.

## The Way We Love to Eat

*Recipes using local foods, by local folks,  
gathered from places far and wide*



A recipe from Alli-Thane-Stetson, taken from *The Heath Fair Cookbook, 1983* "Finnish people always celebrate Christmas on Christmas Eve, when Santa comes. These cookies are a special part of that celebration."

### Finnish Cookie Sticks

#### Dough:

1 cup soft butter	1 tsp. almond extract
½ cup sugar	Dash of salt
1 egg	3 cups sifted flour

#### Coating:

1 egg, beaten	½ finely chopped almonds
¼ cup sugar	

Cream the butter and sugar together until blended, add egg, almond extract and salt. Sift the flour into the mixture, blending it well. Work the dough with your hands until smooth. Shape into long rolls about ½ inch thick. Cut into 2½-inch lengths

Roll the sticks in the beaten egg, then sugar, then almonds. Place on a lightly greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375 degrees) for 8 minutes or until just barely golden brown. Makes six dozen.

—Alli Thane-Stetson

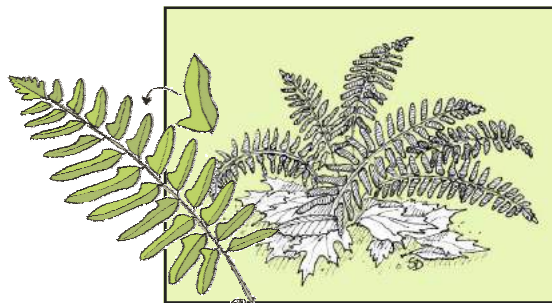
"At a church supper this fall, Howard Dickinson told me that one year he and Esther made one ton of butter. If you are worried about the amount of butter in this recipe, think of Howard and the fact that he is turning 90 this month!" Ω

—Deborah Porter

## Christmas Fern

While walking or skiing through the woods this winter, look for clumps of dark green, glossy, fern fronds. The aptly named Christmas fern is one of several evergreen ferns found in our area and was at one time gathered for holiday greenery. It is common and readily seen against the brown and white winter landscape. Year-round this fern is easily identified--each leaflet (known as a pinna) is in the shape of a Christmas stocking. Ω

—Susan Draxler



## Community Calendar

### December 2013

- Tue. Dec 5 Senior Brown Bag, dessert provided, followed by games, Community Hall Senior Center, 11:45 a.m.
- Wed, Dec. 6 Preschool Story Hour, Heath Library, 10:30 – 11:30 a.m.
- Wed, -Fri Dec. 6-8 *The Crucible*, Mohawk Trail Regional School, (snow dates 12/13 – 12/15)
- Tue, Dec. 12 Winter Concert, Mohawk Trail Regional School 6:30 p.m. (snow date 12/19)  
Valley Gives Day
- Thur, Dec. 14 PTP Artisan Holiday Fair, Community Hall, 9 a.m. – 3 p.m.  
Verdi's *Falstaff*, Memorial Hall, Shelburne Falls, 12:55 p.m.
- Tue, Dec. 19 Senior Luncheon, Community Hall Senior Center, 11:45 a.m.
- Wed, Dec. 20 Preschool Story Hour, Heath Library, 10:30 – 11:30 a.m.

### January 2014

- Thur, Jan. 2 Senior Brown Bag, dessert provided, followed by games, Community Hall Senior Center, 11:45 a.m.
- Thur, Jan. 16 Senior Luncheon, Community Hall Senior Center, 11:45 a.m.
- Fri, Jan. 17 Mohawk Select Chorus opening for Pothole Pictures presentation of McCabe & Mrs. Miller, Memorial Hall Theatre, Shelburne Falls, 7 p.m.
- Mon, Jan. 25 Heath Historical Society "Dining with History" Potluck with readings of letters and personal accounts about love interests and the winters of yesteryear, Community Hall, 5 – 7 p.m.

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## Heath's Monthly Precipitation (inches)

	<u>Rain</u>	<u>Snow</u>
From Sept 10	2½"	-
October	3 ½"	-
To Nov. 10	1 ¾"	Heavy dusting

In this reporting period:

New England got a break this fall with no hurricanes, tropical storms or remnants of such storms. Even though there were some small pockets of light frost earlier, most reported a wider "first" frost on the morning of Sept. 17, with temperatures as low as 31 degrees. October was a fairly dry and cold month, with a hefty downpour of rain on Halloween. We had our first snow "heavy dusting" on Nov. 8. Ω

—Tim Lively and Heath School Students

## Winter Hours for Transfer Station

### Beginning November 2

Wednesdays 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Saturdays 8 a.m. to 4 p.m.

**♦BARTER♦SELL♦TRADE♦BUY♦BARTER♦**

**BUY♦BARTER♦SELL♦TRADE♦BUY**

**GOT COFFEE CANS?**

I am collecting coffee cans (10 oz.) that will be used for an upcoming community event to be announced in the February/March issue of the *Heath Herald*. If you have cans (with lids preferred) please save them and bring them to the Heath transfer station. I will collect them weekly. If you prefer you can drop them by the house, 34 Royer Road, 339-4904. Many thanks! Jessica Van Steensburg, WeCanFarm@gmail.com.

**NEGLECTED FURNITURE**

Neglected furniture looking for a home and TLC. Items include a 3 drawer dresser, (\$25), old store seed box, 4 straight back chairs with woven seats (\$50), large painted oak dresser (\$50), and a few other things.. Call Pat at 337-4078 or send email to pmcgahan@comcast.net.

**SELL♦TRADE♦BUY♦BARTER♦SELL**

**TRADE♦BUY♦BARTER♦SELL♦TRADE♦**



Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow,  
we will stand by each other, however it blow.

—Simon Dach, poet



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