



The Dancing Bears of Silverbrook Road (see page 4)

THE SANDISFIELD TIMES

Tribunus



Plebis

RELIABLE. REGULAR. RELEVANT.

Volume I, Number 5

August, 2010

GLAD TIDINGS: SANDISFIELD MAN WINS FIRST ROUND IN GAY RIGHTS BATTLE

Last month a judge in Boston issued a ruling that may eventually change the nation's laws on gay marriage rights. **Herb Burtis**, the world-renowned musician and voice teacher who has lived in South Sandisfield for the last half century, played a leading role in the case, as he explains.

For the past two years I have played a role as plaintiff in the lawsuit that GLAD (Gay and Lesbians Advocates and Defenders) has brought against the Federal Government in an attempt to achieve the repeal of DOMA, the Defense of Marriage Act, which was voted into law by Congress in 1996 and signed by Bill Clinton that year. My involvement began like this:

When my partner of sixty years, John Ferris, died from complications of Parkinson's disease in 2008, I was asked if I would be interested in taking part in the lawsuit. At the age of 78 I first felt I was a little too old to become an activist - but I suddenly thought, 'Why not?' I had never up to that point been involved in gay rights or any political movement. But I thought that the time had come for me to do something

worthwhile with my life outside of music.

In October, 2008, Lawyers from GLAD came out to my home in Sandisfield to explain to me what my duties would be as a plaintiff in the case. The first thing I had to do was to apply for John's death benefit and his Social Security benefit, which was much higher than mine. Any other legally married couple in Massachusetts is entitled to these benefits without question. John and I had been legally married since the ceremony performed in our home on May 23, 2004, right after the same-sex marriage law was passed in Massachusetts. We used to joke that we had had the longest engagement on record: fifty-five years.

Cont'd p.2



Weather & Stars

Randy Siddell

WHEN THE PERSEIDS COME TO TOWN

We are visited by meteor showers all year, but August provides the one that is the most regular and the most highly visible: the Perseid (pronounced Per SEE Id) meteor showers. As early as 2000 years ago these showers were spotted - the earliest sightings recorded in the Chinese annals in 36AD, where it was said, "more than 100 meteors flew thither in the morning." The show is visible between July 23 and August 22, but the Perseid maximum, as the peak is called, occurs the night of August 12 and morning of the 13th, when one might see as many as 60 meteors per hour. Although this meteor shower radiates out of the constellation Perseus, from which it is named, one can see them anywhere in the night sky after midnight.

Cont'd on p. 6



Photo: Setsuko Winchester

COYOTES: LOTS OF BARK BUT NO BITE. NOT YET.

by Liana Toscanini

Two recent coyote attacks on small children in Westchester County, New York made the national news prompting us to wonder - could this happen here in Sandisfield? The short answer is - unlikely. The only coyote I've ever seen up close turned tail and ran like mad after I softly uttered the word, "Hello!" According to Mass Audubon, there had not been a single coyote attack on a human on the East Coast until 1998, when a child was attacked in Sandwich, MA. Apparently coyotes have a healthy fear of people and just want to be left alone. In suburban areas, they quickly learn to associate people with food (think trash, pet food, & pets) and lose their fear of humans. Perhaps in Sandisfield, the abundance of small rodents in our fields and forests keeps the coyotes at bay. The prevailing wisdom is that coyotes are here to stay and we must learn to live with them.

Cont'd on p.2

GLAD TIDINGS *Cont'd from p.1*

We had been together since 1948. In 1961 we bought our home in Sandisfield as a half-way mark between John's job at Harvard and mine in a church in Red Bank, NJ. In 1979, I moved to Cambridge and began teaching voice at Harvard. I am now an Adjunct Professor of Voice at Smith in Northampton.

I went to the Social Security Office in Pittsfield with our marriage license and John's death certificate in hand. Two lawyers from GLAD came to Pittsfield to accompany me while I requested these benefits.

The clerk told me that the Federal Government does not accept same-sex marriage as legal and that there was no use in my filing for these benefits. I told her that I wanted to file anyway in case the law was changed. She told me that I would have to speak with her supervisor. We set up a phone call with him for later that month.

The lawyers from GLAD came again to Sandisfield to be with me for the phone call. We put the phone on 'speaker' and listened as I was again rejected from receiving these benefits. I asked for a written statement to that effect, which I received.

In February of 2009 I went into Boston twice for


pre-filing, pre-press conference training. This was invaluable work in learning how to deal with the press once we filed. Then, and ever since, I have been interviewed by the press, radio stations and television networks.

On March 3, 2009 we filed the petition in Boston Federal Court. This was followed by a press conference at the Parker House covered by the national press, radio, and television.

On May 6, 2010, our case was heard in Boston Federal Court by Judge Joseph Tauro. He also heard the similar case that has been filed by Attorney General Martha Coakley on May 26, 2010.

On Thursday, July 8, 2010, he gave his ruling that DOMA is unconstitutional. Judge Tauro is 79 years old and not a young radical. He was appointed by Richard Nixon. This is a major decision.

This is a first victory for us. The Federal Government filed an appeal almost at once. And until that is heard, and this legal stage is played out, we are basically in limbo. But already this has been one of the most interesting and exciting things I have done in my long lifetime that had nothing to do with music, which has been my life.

I may not see the final results, but I was there at the beginning. 

COYOTES *Cont'd from p.1*

The eastern coyote first appeared in the 1920's and is believed to be a hybridization between the western coyote and the wolf. While coyotes and dogs have been known to interbreed, the high mortality rate of the offspring prevented the evolution of the mythological "coydog." The genetically hardy *Canis latrans* that now occupies every town in Massachusetts except Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket, numbers anywhere from 5,000 to 8,000 and seems to have stabilized for the time being.

Coyotes are generally shy but adaptable creatures that remain active year-round and do not hibernate. Mostly nocturnal, they communicate by vocalizing and it is fairly common to hear them howling and yipping at night. This year, several residents noticed a lack of howling, and an increase in rabbits, raccoons, and foxes – all signs that the coyote population may be down a bit. Sandisfield's Animal Control Officer, Kim Spring, hasn't received any calls about coyotes this year but has registered lots of raccoon calls.

Measuring about 24 inches tall and 48 inches long, with an average weight of 30-35 pounds, the eastern coyote resembles a German shepherd but


with pointier, more erect ears, a pointier muzzle, and a very bushy tail which hangs down in a vertical position. Coat color can range from grizzled gray, to creamy yellow to red to black. Breeding takes place in February, den excavation in March, and the birth of four to eight pups in April. The male brings food to the pups and helps rear them. Coyote pairs are monogamous and generally stay together for several seasons.

Coyotes have no natural predators other than bear. Hunting season takes place mid-October through early March. Here in Sandisfield, the Silverbrook Café serves as a checking station. Hunting regulations can be found on the Mass Wildlife web site which also publishes tips for keeping coyotes in the wild where they belong as opposed to in your backyard eating your cat, sheep or garbage.

- Never feed coyotes
- Secure your garbage
- Don't leave pets unattended
- Fence in your livestock
- Remove bird feeders if coyotes are hanging around



Photo: Dave St. Laurent

Bright lights, loud notes (such as clanging pans together) and spraying water from a hose are all ways to make a coyote's visit a negative experience that hopefully he won't want to repeat. 

THE ANNUAL STEAK ROAST!

to benefit

The Sandisfield Fire Department

August 14

Dinner 5-7pm

Music & Dancing 5-10pm

Tickets must be purchased in advance - they will not be sold at the door

The New Marlborough Village Association presents

music • film
authors • art

m
music
and
more ¹⁰

Berkshire Writers' Short Literary Gems

Performed by **Jonathan Epstein & Ariel Bock**
Sat, Aug 7 at 4:30 p.m.

New Voices in American Song

Composers **Tom Cipullo, Christopher Berg, Richard Hundley.**

Performers **Katherine Dain, Soprano; Paul Sperry, Tenor; Christopher Berg, Piano**
Sat, Aug 28 at 4:30 p.m.

Xuerong Zhao, piano

A Berkshire debut
Scarlatti, Schumann, Brahms, Liszt
Sat, Sept 4 at 4:30 p.m.

Gallery Shows: "Texture" July 24-Aug 22
"New Marlborough Artists" Aug 28-Sept 26
Hours: Fri, Sat & Sun 11 a.m. - 4 p.m.
and during Music & More events.

FOR TICKETS AND INFORMATION:
www.newmarlborough.org • (413) 229-2785
At the Meeting House on the village green,
Rt. 57 in the center of New Marlborough, MA



Photo: Setsuko Winchester

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

My first newspaper job, more than forty years ago, was in Newcastle upon Tyne, a northern English city famed for its coal mines and its ships. Especially its ships. And though you may think it perverse for someone living in Sandisfield, a town as far from the ocean as anywhere in this most maritime of American states, I confess quite happily to an abiding love and affection for ships and the sea. I miss Newcastle, and I miss the sight of a great vessel being launched from its yards on the black old river.

One ship above all I remember. She was an oil tanker, built by the Swan Hunters yard in Wallsend (yes: at the end of Hadrian's Wall), and the biggest ship ever made in England. She was a quarter of a mile long, a quarter of a million tons in weight, and higher than the then tallest building in the country. She was called the *Esso Northumbria*, and from the day that her keel was laid a photographer and I, then a cub reporter, would be sent on expeditions to the yards to chronicle her progress.

I was struck by one special thing. The tiny row houses where the workers lived all ran down to the riverside. Slowly and steadily a vast wall of welded steel – the starboard side of the tanker's hull – started to rise at the end of each street. The wall positively glowed with red-lead, so that it looked almost warm in the bitter north country gales. It was a comforting presence for the locals, signifying at least temporary prosperity: for now – and shipbuilders live from contract to contract – the men had jobs building a great vessel, the ever-rising steel wall reminded them of their good fortune each time they looked out from their parlor windows.

It took two years of welding and riveting and hammering before the new ship was complete, and there came the inevitable day in early May, 1969 for the launch. Princess Anne came up from Buckingham Palace to perform the ceremony. It was

a fresh, windy afternoon, and the young Princess, who was wearing the kind of short skirt that Twiggy and Mary Quant had then made popular, looked frozen. But she fulfilled her task nobly, the champagne bottle broke neatly across the ship's bows, and though the vessel seemed to hesitate for too many seconds, unwilling to part company with dry land, she did eventually start to slide. Down she went, down the tallowed ways, and with a roar of drag-chains and clouds of dust-rust as they slowed her, so she whooshed out into the Tyne and then curtsied to us all as she first ploughed deep into, and then rose out of, the waters, before being eased away by a bustle of tugs to the fitting-out yards.

The Princess duly got back on the Royal Train and headed to England's more comfortable south. We printed our first-ever color issue that afternoon, to commemorate the moment (*The Sandisfield Times* should be so lucky – though we will probably do the same, when our town has its big birthday two years from now), and all of us, Tynesiders to newspaper reporters, basked in the feeling that this had been a good day indeed.

Once I had filed my story I went back to the streets of row-houses. It was early evening, and for May, unusually, bitterly cold. The chilling wind was blowing from the east, howling along the streets, and the men and women heading off to the pub were clutching their coats about them, heads down. And then I realized why: the great red wall of steel had suddenly vanished clear away, and now at the end of each row of houses there was only sky, and scudding clouds, and wind: there would be no more hull-protection from the easterly gales.

It turned out to be an augury of sorts. For there were never to be any more great ships built in that yard, and after more than a century it has since closed down. The streets are now quiet, and empty.

And is there a point to this story? But of course, and if I can be forgiven, it is somewhat personal.


I am about to head off this coming month, to make a lot of speeches about a new book I have written – a book which happens to be about the sea, or the Atlantic part of it – and this will in consequence be the final issue of the paper that I will edit. This was always the plan. Back last Christmas, when we first had the idea, it was decided that I would lay the paper's keel, a team of us would build the vessel, and last April – without the benefit of a visiting Princess, true, but perhaps the odd bottle of champagne – we

would formally launch her.

The *SS Sandisfield Times* has been sailing happily now for five months. She already has a seasoned feel about her, as if she is up to dealing with any rough waters that time and circumstance will almost certainly throw at her.

However pleasing the shipping metaphor may be, there is a difference between now, and then. There has been lately no cold weather here, as we all know too well. No need for red-lead walls of protective steel. Rather than freezing in the aftermath of this ship's launch, we have all been roasting in the summer heat. And that offers up another augury I feel: for it seems to me that the paper already basks in the warmth of contented acceptance, and I for one hope that this will signify a long life for her, a long voyage, calm breezes and mirrored seas.

But it would be idle to pretend that all will be smooth sailing. We'll get things wrong again, we'll run short of money, we'll annoy some people. Newspapers are like that: they reflect the community they serve. But all in all, I suspect this doughty little craft will take it all in her stride, and however fierce the winds and waves, will eventually make it home.

So with best wishes for her new skippers and a wonderful crew, already salt-stained from the voyage thus far, I think I can appropriately offer her this single heartfelt wish, borrowed from those two troubadours who lately canceled Tanglewood, and which is sent on today to all on our little newspaper - *Sail on, silver girl!* 

...AND ON THE COMING CHANGES:

As mentioned in my Letter above, I now have to start a long series of travels, and feel obliged to hand over the editor's chair, eye shield and blue pencil to what we all hope will be a permanent corps of very much more settled townsfolk.

The team who have agreed to take over running *The Sandisfield Times* from the September issue will be led jointly by Patricia Hubbard, who has lately come to Sandisfield from Litchfield County, Connecticut, and by Tina Sotis, who has lived here for 11 years and already designs us so wonderfully. I am gratified to know that all our existing columnists and reporters will remain in their posts, giving the paper the continuity that I believe it needs and deserves. But of course we welcome new writers, contributors and photographers.

I hope you enjoy this issue; and that you will offer your enthusiastic support to Patricia and Tina, and help keep this little enterprise of yours flourishing. I hope everyone will agree that its simple existence – as an argus-eyed observer of all that goes on in our town - brings benefit to us all.

And so, from me: *Vale, et memini amor est vitae essentia* 





Looking Glass Gardens

A Full Service Nursery and Design Center
Trees, Shrubs, Perennials, Mulch, Water Plants, Stone & More

Waterscaping
Site Development
Stone Work
Landscaping
Large Ponds

Over
50 years
Experience

"Ideas Are The Heart Of Design"

Monday thru Saturday 8am to 4pm

Rt57 to Sandisfield follow signs to Dodd Rd

Contact us At:
www.cwnelson.com/chuckwnelson@earthlink.net
www.lookingglassgardens.com



Country Diary

Mick Burns

BIRDS, BEES, LYING TIGERS AND BEARS

The bees seem to be thriving this year. To begin with, they arrived in excellent condition. Leaving the Southlands on a Friday morning, they were installed in their new home by Saturday afternoon. They are smallish, very docile and of a light yellow color, which gives them the appearance of glowing.

Last year I was lucky in that, though my hives were not protected by electric fencing, no bears had bothered them. From what I gather, this was a fluke of luck, so this spring I acquired the necessary components: solar charger, posts and white electric tape. I had not installed the fencing when the bees arrived, thinking I had a little time before the activity of the hives would produce the scent which would attract any bears. After a couple of weeks I knew I was pushing my luck, again.

Then, on a Friday, I saw a bear at dusk, about a mile from my place, and yes, heading in the direction of my hives. The next morning, all was well with the hives, thankfully. I got the fence up and running that day: a square of 2-strand about 20 feet to a side. Testing it with my hand did not inspire great confidence as the shock it produced was somewhat mild. I hoped that the effect on the moist snout of

a bear would be much greater.

Like most everything else this year, the blueberries ripened early. I picked the first ones in late June! This was from my earliest bush, of course. Two weeks later this bush was at its peak as I led a friend over to it. We discovered that branches had been broken and the plump clusters from the day before were gone. It must have been a bear! My thoughts went to the bees, some 50 feet away. I went to look and...undisturbed! Obviously, the bear would have checked out the hives; even I could smell them from 50 feet away. But the fence had worked as a deterrent! This was a great relief to me.

The birds continue their crazy nesting endeavors. The robin's nest on the ground under the door stoop was found empty one morning - the four little ones gone and just a remnant of shell remaining. Meanwhile, I had placed a ladder against the house to install a vent cover. The next day I found nest debris on the ground below, which had been blown off the top rung where I spotted the remains of their latest effort. They then must have decided the next safe site was in the cement mixer. A nice little shelter, but only two feet off the ground.

A few days later I borrowed a motorcycle, brought it back to my house, parked it, and placed the helmet on the seat. Less than an hour later I approached the bike to find a small bird (a wren, I think) perched on the handlebar with a twig in its mouth. Picking up the helmet, it was nearly full of moss, twigs and bark!

I saw a large bobcat crossing the road last week. It was walking slowly and unsteadily. It didn't look very healthy. After I passed it and stopped, it crouched by the side of the road. I got out to get a better look; after a moment it got up and slowly stumbled off, obviously with great effort. 🐾

SECRET STARS OF SANDISFIELD



Diego Ongaro's newest film, "Bob and the Trees" turns the spotlight on a local industry hidden in plain sight.

On Saturday, Aug. 14th at 8:30 PM, local filmmaker, Diego Ongaro, will show his newest short film, "Bob and the Trees" at the Sandisfield Arts Center. Part documentary, part fiction, the film follows the life of a close-knit family of loggers, struggling to make ends meet in a threatened industry. Filmed on location in Sandisfield, the movie is entirely cast with the arborists, loggers, horticulturists and realtors who people our great town, along with Robbin Campetti, who wears so many hats that she cannot be categorized.

Why logging? Why now? And why, pray tell, in Sandisfield? "I've been fascinated by logging for a while," says Ongaro. "Until we moved here, I had no idea what was behind the process of ordering firewood, nor what 'logging' really meant. Now that I know some of the people behind the scenes, I understand how much work it takes to get those logs around your fireplace."

A native of Paris, France, Ongaro moved to Sandisfield from Brooklyn, NY in the spring of 2007 with his wife and co-writer, Courtney Maum. "We moved to Sandisfield on a leap of faith," Maum explains. "We didn't know a soul. Once the enchantment of owning our first house wore off, I remember waking up one morning and thinking; we don't have children, we don't even have pets. How in the world are we going to meet anyone? We quickly discovered that the people here are some of the kindest, most trustworthy and generous in the world. This film is something of a love letter to them."

In addition to dense forests, rolling hills and quaint, unpretentious shops, Sandisfield is brimming with undiscovered talent. Local forester, Bob Tarasuk, plays the title role in Ongaro's film, with arborist Matt Gallagher in the supporting role.

Cont'd next page

HAIRY, NOT SCARY

Exclusive photographs
by Michael Lutynski

Michael, who lives in Hong Kong, and who returns regularly to his late mother's former home on Silverbrook Road, was taking his ease in the back yard in late June when suddenly two large ursine visitors appeared and began frolicking in the sunshine. Our man picked up his camera and captured these remarkable photographs of two of our town's hairiest non-voting residents.



From the Archives: Sandisfield Yesterday

WHERE A COW CAN COMMUNE WITH A CHANTEUSE

In March 1955 "Yankee Magazine" published an essay about Sandisfield by the then 30-year-old journalist **Rod MacLeish** – who would go on to become one of this country's best known political commentators. Rod died at the age of 80 in 2006, and "Yankee Magazine" has kindly given us permission to republish his description of a town that was as colorful then as it remains today, nearly sixty years later.

One hundred and fifty years ago there was a wedding at the New Boston Inn in New Boston, Massachusetts. The bride had rejected a local boy for the favors of an outsider. Piqued, the New Bostoner walked in at the height of the ceremony, shot the bride and calmly departed---never to be heard of again.

The daughter of the present owner of the inn was sitting with a friend in the downstairs bar one winter night a century and a half later. They heard singing coming from the ballroom upstairs. The friend, a hardy young man, led the way up. The singing persisted, growing louder, until the ballroom door was thrown open. Then it stopped. A little subsequent research revealed that the bride in the fatal triangle of the early eighteen hundreds had a beautiful singing voice and used to warble as she went about her work at the inn.

Disregarding the pseudo or real implications of this story, it serves to illustrate one cardinal point about New Boston people---that they are accustomed to getting what they want, even a chance to sing if they feel like it, dead or not. The first part of the story is also illustrative of the extremely rugged nature of New Bostoners---although, admittedly, no one has been shot in the town for some time.

But little else has changed. When I first married a New Boston girl and went to live there I had the impression that I was stepping back one hundred years or so. New Boston is only sixty miles from the booming, industrial city of Hartford, Connecticut and a scant three hours drive from New York. Yet the town is buried away as quietly and securely as if a landslide had thundered down from the steep hills to cover up everybody in the middle of another century's daily life.

New Boston is located thirteen miles north of Winsted, Conn. on Mass. Route Eight. The town is actually a part of Sandisfield, a backwoods assemblage of communities that all vote for the same selectmen and have little else in common except the climate. The towns all lie in the basin of a deep valley cut by three rivers--the Farmington (west branch), Buck and Clam which are noted for their trout. People come from all over the northeast to pay a couple of dollars for the privilege of fishing in the waters of the Sandisfield Rod and Gun Club. Each year the club takes its entire bankroll and buys stock trout. This is an annual event of some importance. Crowds gather in the cold, spring sunlight to wait for the truck from the trout farm. When it comes, they follow

through the winding roads and forested paths of the valley and watch the fish go into the streams. Then everyone goes home---sometimes as far away as New York---to wait for the season to open.

In the winter New Boston's roads freeze over and the hills with their tall, thick growths of pine solidify beneath a sheeting of ice. Life moves along in a sort of numbed defiance against the worst that nature can produce. The lumbering crew---workers in New Boston's only real industry outside of chicken farming---still go out to the forests and down to the mills and everyone tells everyone else that it was a hell of a lot worse last winter or ten years ago, or fifteen.

In the spring when the thaw breaks the ice off the rivers, New Boston enters her mud season---all the roads turn to slippery ooze that sometimes gets knee deep. This is the only time that lumbering operations are really slowed up. The trucks and tractors have a hard time wallowing through to the camp sites although the lumber mill operators try valiantly each year; they build wood roads and dump rocks into the bottomless mud pits. After this there comes the breathtakingly beautiful Berkshire spring, a warm summer and then the whole process starts all over again.

New Boston's census varies between 250 and 300 in the winter and a few more in the summer. The population is always in a minor state of flux because some people are constantly coming and going---New families are added, old ones give up the struggle against snow, mud, a lumberman's income and relative isolation. Many of the men commute by car down to Winsted or Torrington and work in the factories or machine shops. But what with winding roads, drifting snow, an occasional rock slide and the wild driving habits of one's neighbors, commuting is a nerve of steel game and not one for the weak or timid.

The real New Bostoner is a permanent fixture, however. The fact that he can't get rich in the valley doesn't bother him a bit. He has what he wants...a chance to live fairly decently, to enter actively and noisily into local politics and a wide selection of saloons-- five in all---that he can visit for liquor, companionship and arguments.

The real New Bostoner is also a complete, obdurate individualist who never tires of trying to re-make the world instead of passively letting life sweep him up in its mainstream, so to speak. Al Riiska, a popular man and successful lumber mill operator is a prime example. A few years back he had an irritating series of toothaches, he says. Trips to the dentist were impossible. So Al went once, had all of his teeth pulled out and a set of false choppers installed. He figures it saved him a lot of effort and trouble.

Some natives leave the valley, make their marks elsewhere and then are drawn back by the free, uninhibited life of their early years. Carrington Phelps, a resident of nearby Colebrook, falls into this genre. Mr. Phelps, who is in his late seventies, is a former newspaper man and penny-dreadful author who has a blood and thunder vocabulary,

Cont'd on p.11



"Bob and the Trees" Producer/Director Diego Ongaro with Director of Photography Chris Teague.

Photo by Sarah Edwards

SECRET STARS *Cont'd from previous page*

Tarasuk's wife, Sue, and daughter Emily of Snow Farm Nursery and Greenhouse make appearances, as does contractor Jared Smith of Otis, Toby Blass of Sandisfield, and Hernan Orozco, of Great Barrington. Local realtor Chapin Fish plays Mr. Dillard, and Robbin Campetti plays the town flirt.

"I've known that I wanted to make a movie here using non-professional actors for a long time, but I had no idea how it would turn out," says Ongaro. "I couldn't have been more pleased with the result. You would never believe that these guys aren't seasoned professionals."

If you're looking for a movie with a spoon fed message, this is not that film. "We tried not to take sides," says co-writer, Maum. "It's not the neckties against the chainsaws. We wanted to show a snapshot of regular Americans struggling to get by in an endangered line of work. We're looking at family, the value of hard work, and the importance of small pleasures. There's a lot of breathing space in this film. You can form your own opinions."

"Bob and the Trees" is twenty-nine minutes long, and with the exception of expletives, it is suitable for all ages. Entrance will be free to the public, though donations to SARC are always appreciated. For more information, write to bobandthetrees@gmail.com or visit www.diegoongaro.com. Directions to SARC are at www.sandisfieldartscenter.org.



INTERNS REQUIRED!

We welcome young interns at any time of the year who might have their long-term sights on a career in journalism or communications. Having one's own transport would be useful, but is not essential if parents are able to help. Duties would be light, varied, sporadic, unremunerated and generally fun.

Please apply to the editor.

STILL TICKING ALONG: TOWN SEEMS TO WEATHER THE STORM

The harsh economy has had its impact here in Sandisfield, true – but the town has hardly been devastated by the downturn, and matters here seem to stagger on much as usual, in part, no doubt, because we were never so outwardly prosperous in the first place. Jerry Herman looks at our economic situation – and explains who we are now, and what we were.

Today the major town businesses are clustered around New Boston: the Berkshire Rehabilitation Center (New Boston Nursing Home), New Boston Inn, New Boston General Store, New Boston Crane Service, Villa Mia, A & M Auto. There are also various logging and landscaping businesses, contractors, real estate brokerages, restaurants and other businesses run by town residents. One of the largest of the town employers is the Town itself, with no fewer than eight headings in a list of the “Largest 25 Employers in Sandisfield”, posted at the website of the Executive Office of Labor and Workforce Development.

Current statistics show the population at 848, a change of +2.9% from year 2000. The estimated median income in 2008 was \$52,742 with a per capita income of \$35,828. In 2000, the median income was \$45,972. The cost of living index figure for Sandisfield in 2009 was 97.4. The U.S. average was 100. The median price of a detached house in town is \$370,729. While the year round population remains below a thousand, summer residents and second home-owners nearly double that number. With the advent of DSL, many more people can and do work from home and the Fiber Optic initiative currently in the planning stage should allow many more people to work, even in retirement, in town.

In the early years, Sandisfield “...had the distinction of being the largest center for the production and distribution of cheese, butter, maple syrup and maple sugar in the Berkshire area.” “... by the beginning of the nineteenth century dairy products were the chief source of agricultural income.” These goods were bartered or sold as far away as Albany and Hartford.

As the area developed and began to thrive, industry took hold in the form of saw mills powered by the three rivers in the immediate area. It is estimated that there were as many as sixteen sawmills in the area at that time. Because of the availability of milled wood, furniture, tool making and other wood based product industries developed near these sawmills. Tanning became a big town industry and shoemaking ensued from this. At one time there were “... as many as six or more tanneries and a considerable number of boot makers and


leather workers ... in Sandisfield.” Wagon and carriage makers established businesses in the area. There was a paper mill, a bedstead maker and blacksmiths and ironmongers thrived in town at that time.

“By the middle of the nineteenth century the six main sections of Sandisfield were centers of economic activity independent of agriculture, which was still a major pursuit of the town.” At its heyday, there were stores, hotels, saddle and harness makers, tool makers, a hat shop, tailors, milliners, dress makers, blacksmiths, shoemakers, cobblers, tanneries, carpentry and joinery shops, box works, a slaughterhouse, a cigar manufacturer, a clock and mirror fabricator, a wool factory, gristmills, carding and clothing works, a potash works, taverns, cider mills and distilleries to name a few. Agriculture still had a place in that period. Sandisfield produced and exported hay and still raised cattle and sheep as well as producing dairy products.

Following the Civil War, the population and industry of Sandisfield started to decline. Because of the advent of new manufacturing methods, the factories and businesses in the town could not compete with newer, more modern facilities in other parts of the state. Even the agriculture based businesses could not compete because they could not afford the new, modern machines and equipment just then coming into vogue. The population declined due to westward migration to new lands in the country and new jobs offered in the industrializing parts of the nation. Also, because the transportation of goods had relied extensively on wagon wheel, the hoped for building of a railroad link from Sandisfield, which did not materialize, provided further impetus to the decline of industry in town. As an aside, because of the eruption of Krakatoa in 1883, the crops planted that season failed, and many more farms were abandoned, causing the price of land to plummet in the area.

In the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, Sandisfield became a “... substantial lumbering center ...” because it was heavily wooded. This led to an influx of Italian immigrants who settled in the area and then became store owners, bar proprietors, tradesmen and the like. In the early 1900’s, an influx of Russian Jewish immigrants began and they settled the area to become farmers and raise chickens. Later arrivals included Germans and Finns.

While today’s world of Sandisfield doesn’t have six village centers, it is a serene and restful place to live in with its modest business enterprises and single focal point. Consider what it would have been like if the railroad had come through and those factories were still functioning.

All quotes from *Sandisfield, Biography of a Town* by Anne Hoffman, 1998 



PERSEIDS *Cont'd from p.6*


Earth moves through space, crossing “meteor streams.” These streams of icy particles in space come from comets moving in orbit around the sun. Comets are fragile bodies of ice that spew their orbits with debris which enter our atmosphere at very high speeds anywhere between 7 to 46 miles per second



The Constellation Perseus

and vaporize by air friction in a white-hot streak. If moonlight or city lights don’t obscure the view, we on Earth see the falling, vaporizing particles as meteors or “falling stars.”

The Perseid meteor shower is actually debris from the comet Swift-Tuttle, which sweeps through its orbit of the sun every 133 years, moving out through our solar system past Pluto before falling back. While enjoying the meteor showers, though, consider this: Since 1973, astronomer Brian Marsden, of the Harvard-Smithsonian Center for Astrophysics, has been calculating the orbital schedule and path of Swift-Tuttle. At one point he predicted the next perihelion (when the comet would be closest to the sun) would occur on August 14, 2126. But if his calculations were off by 15 days (as the 1992 perihelion had been off by 17 days), the comet and the Earth might be in the same place in space at the same time. After much re-calculation Marsden has shown Swift-Tuttle will pass a comfortable 15 million miles from Earth in 2126. However, when Marsden ran his orbital calculations further into the future, he found that, in 3044, Comet Swift-Tuttle may pass within a million miles of Earth, a true cosmic “near miss.” Since the solid nucleus of this comet is about 16.8 miles across, 2 ½ times larger than the object conjectured to have caused the mass extinction of the dinosaurs 65.5 million years ago, a collision between a comet of this magnitude and us would be, well, not so good.

This year will be particularly good viewing if the weather is kind to us and the skies stay clear. A thin crescent moon will set at early evening, leaving the sky dark for this year’s Perseid show. After midnight, the number of meteors per hour increases until just before dawn - so find a good spot with a big sky and far away from man-made lights – by a lake perhaps, and let your eyes adjust for at least 15 minutes. You won’t need binoculars or any special scopes. Face the northeast, get comfortable in a reclining lawn chair with a warm blanket, a thermos of coffee, and lie back and enjoy the spectacle. And try not to worry about 3044 – that’s still a long way off. 





Adam Manacher

AH! THE SALAD DAYS, WHEN WE WERE GREEN...

August, garden vegetables in abundance, it's a great time to break out recipes for summer vegetable salads. Here are two simple tips to making those salads extra tasty. Onions in a salad often dominate all other flavors with their sharp, harsh, bitter edge. An easy way to remove the harshness and keep the flavorful quality of the onion is to pre-salt it. Thinly slice or fine dice the onion, depending on the recipe, place the onion in a sieve or colander. Pour a hefty amount of kosher (large grain) salt over the onion and mix thoroughly throughout the onion. Salt extracts the bitter, harsh water from the onion (you can place the sieve over a bowl and see it collect). After a minimum of 30 minutes (you can leave it salted longer if you like) hold the sieve under running water let the water wash over the onions. Rinse the salt and firmly squeeze the onions to extract any excess onion water. Rinse and squeeze again. Taste them! The onion should be "oniony" with-

out being harsh or bitter or, as many of us would say, "too strong". Perhaps, depending on the type of onion you used (e.g. a Vidalia onion) it may even be "sweet"!

Peppers are another vegetable that given a little extra step in preparation can improve every salad. Remove the outer skin of any pepper, red, green, sweet or spicy, and remaining will be the soft, tasty flesh of the vegetable. Choose between two easy methods for removing the outer skin: "Charring" or "roasting". Charring peppers, which adds a smoky flavor to the pepper, can be done over an open flame, oven broiler or grill. Simply place the whole pepper on the stove top flame, under the broiler, or on the grill and let the flame char the skin. Rotate the pepper, using kitchen or long grilling tongs, to evenly char the entire pepper. Remove and let cool. Using fingers, pull off the blackened skin rinsing your fingers under the faucet as you move around the pepper (it's best not to wash the pepper itself as you lose flavor). A knife to gently scrape or a damp paper towel can be helpful in removing the little pieces that remain behind. Roasting peppers are done in the oven. Preheat the oven to 375. Coat the pepper with a little olive oil and place it on a cookie sheet pan. Roast for 45 minutes turning the pepper once or twice to evenly cook. Remove from the oven and place in a paper or plastic bag for ten minutes to "sweat" the skin loose. Holding the pepper over a plate or bowl (to preserve any liquid that pours out...use in salad dressings), peel off the skin with your fingers (and discard). Once the roasted or charred pepper is skinned, cut open, remove the stem and seeds. Chop or slice as you prefer and add to your salad!

A quick corn salad for that left over corn on the cob. 2-3 ears of corn, ¼ cup thinly sliced salted onion as above, ¼ cup roasted or charred red pepper diced, ¼ cup roasted poblano pepper (mildly spicy) diced, 1 tbsp. fresh basil chopped, 2 tsp. fresh chives chopped, 1 tbsp. olive oil, 1 tsp. balsamic vinegar, ¼ tsp. kosher salt, 1 tbsp. goat cheese (optional). With a sharp knife, cut the kernels of corn off the cob into a bowl, scraping the cob to remove any corn "mush". Add onion, peppers, basil and chives. Add oil, vinegar and salt and toss all ingredients together. Sprinkle goat cheese if desired. Refrigerate and bon appetite! 🍷

OUR CALCULATING COWGIRL BALANCES THE BOOKS

by Rita Kasky

If you're interested in how our town tends to its financial affairs (and you probably should be), read on. We've had a chance to meet with our town treasurer, Clare English, for a lesson in town finances. You know Clare, she's the blonde member of the nearly "all girl band" that runs Town Hall.

Born and raised in Jackson Heights, New York, Clare worked for MetLife (1959 -1964) in New York and was sent to school for training in all manner of office work, including what was at one time a real innovation in the business world - the monstrous IBM keypunch machine. If you've ever run into one of those fellas you can appreciate how far we've come! After her 5 year stint behind a desk, Clare fled the city and headed straight to Arizona where she jumped into the saddle on a dude ranch and spent a year working with the cowboys. And since she didn't get saddle sore, she followed that gig with a job here in nearby Tolland working for the Lost Wilderness Dude Ranch. A real cowgirl at heart.

How does a cowgirl wind up in Sandisfield as our treasurer, library trustee, member of the Sandisfield School Board, the Finance Committee, the Conservation Committee and a bunch of other volunteer efforts? By making a few stops along the way, working in Winsted, becoming a mother, buying a house and settling in.

Clare has been balancing our books for nearly 20 years now, first as assistant to longtime treasurer Joe Riccio, and then in 2008, upon Joe's retirement, as elected treasurer. Clare credits Joe, along with former assessor Noel Nilson and tax collector Edna Leavenworth with turning around the town finances, working together effectively at bringing in the real estate taxes and improving the town's financial well-being. In fact, the town has not had to go outside of it's own bank accounts to borrow for the past 10 years.

The town treasurer acts as the town's Chief Financial Officer. Clare pays the bills that each town department turns in for expenses incurred in running that department, passes the bills and checks to the selectmen for approval and then mails them. She handles payroll and the money that is taken in by the various inspectors (sanitation, plumbing, electrical, etc) and then pays them their fees for service. Clare's bookkeeping system provides excellent checks and balances, everything's done "by the book". Clare also handles our savings by watching our investments in CDs and money market funds.

Clare echoes the words of the other Town Hall employees we have interviewed when she says the best part of her job is meeting and interacting with the community. What also appeals to her is that she loves working with figures, certainly a pre-requisite for a treasurer. The only part of Clare's work that gives her pause is the task of following up with delinquent taxpayers. Once Edna has officially certified that a property owner has not, cannot or will not pay their taxes, the case is turned over to Clare for further investigation. By law the only person who can collect delinquent taxes is the treasurer. Clare works hard at helping people keep their property, offering a variety of options for payment. A delicate and sensitive piece of work, indeed.

Clare's favorite spot in town is the library and she encourages us to use it as often as possible. Her wish for Sandisfield: that the 250th anniversary will signal a new trend in the way our community comes together and finds common ground. We'll salute that! 🍷

STATE-OF-THE-ART EQUIPMENT • EXPERIENCE • SPEED • QUALITY

• LOCAL

• COMPETITIVE PRICES

KWIK PRINT

INCORPORATED

Quality and Service for 36 Years!

- Full Color Printing
- High Speed Copying
- Inline Bookletmaking
- Web Offset Printing
- Full Color Envelope Printing
- Color Copies
- Perfect Binding
- GBC Binding
- Mailing Services
- Large Format Printing
- Laminating
- Folding
- Perforating
- Numbering
- Graphic Design Services Mac / PC

Shop Locally... it benefits all of us!

35 Bridge Street
Great Barrington, MA 01230
Ph: 413-528-2885 Fx: 413-528-9220
Mon.-Fri. 8:00-4:30 Sat. 9:00-12:00

• LOCAL

EXPERIENCE • SPEED • QUALITY • COMPETITIVE PRICES • LOCAL

Subscribe to
The Sandisfield Times online.
Go to www.sandisfieldtimes.org
and sign up today!

A MOST MEPHITIC MYSTERY

By Venta Belgarum

Rupert Merkle, a German metal worker who came to America in the 1930s, invented a lot of strange things, few of which were successful. There was the gun that didn't make a noise – but he was sent to prison for doing that, because Germans didn't like guns that didn't make a noise. A special kind of airship – but it crashed in South Africa. Floating wading boots, which he used to try to walk across San Francisco Bay – only he didn't take into account the tides and got himself washed out to sea.

But he did invent one winner: a wire cage with a nifty arrangement of levers and paddles and movable metal plates in which it was possible to catch an animal without killing it. He peddled the idea around America, and in time came across a colorful fellow named Fox Brandreth Conner, who was both very well connected (he was the son of General Pershing's chief of staff) and fascinated by a similarly wide variety of things: he already made a kind of porous plaster for curing rheumatism, a popular brand of ersatz coffee and a spectacularly successful laxative pill which his great grandfather (who had 17 children) had brought from England and had long been making in a factory near Sing Sing Prison. From here it was a mere hop, skip and a jump for their firm, the Allcock Manufacturing Company, to make an animal trap – and so the pair, Merkle and Conner, formed a partnership, and gave Herr Merkle's invention

a name: the Havahart Trap.

Which brings us to Sandisfield, where many of us are proud owners of Havaharts. Doubtless most of us unknowingly bless Messrs Merkle and Conner for making them, and deservedly so. But one of our residents – anonymous, but I'll scatter clues around – silently curses them a little also, for not telling us exactly what to do in the event you catch in your Havahart not the raccoon or the ferret or the rabbit for which you had first set it – but a creature that is infinitely less amenable to being caught alive.

For it so happened that one hot morning last month, our friend, expecting when she rose from slumber at last to have snared the beast that had been digging merrily away in her garden – a woodchuck, she was sure – found instead, spitting and racing back and forth inside the cage, a big, fat, black-and-white striped bushy-tailed and very angry specimen of *Mephitis mephitis*. The trap had neatly snared an adult edition of the American striped skunk.


The Havahart manual is light on instruction on how to deal with such an eventuality. Clearly it would not be possible to pick up the cage by its nice little handle – for awful squirts would doubtless occur. Poking a stick inside in the hope of lifting the paddle and releasing said creature was an unlikely option, since a single misdirected poke would result in much the same occurrence. And abandoning the cage for weeks to encourage starvation – the thought did cross my friend's mind – would be cruel in the extreme.

A gun was really the only option. But the poor lady was having her gun-room, so-called, redecorated, and could not for the life of her remember where she had put her .22 rifle "You don't have it?" she asked me. She was that desperate.

No, the only gun she had available was a shot gun, double-barreled, over-and-under, British. Hardly the kind of weapon for such a close encounter. Fired point blank, no contest. She looked at the skunk, she thought about the implications, she weighed her diminished range of options – and finally pointed the blue-steel barrels at the mid-section of the Havahart, and pulled the two triggers.

The result was not pretty. The fur went flying, everywhere. Neighbors up and down the little road heard both bangs and then experienced an aromatic shock-wave that seemed to come at almost precisely the same time. People came running to the front door, stopping short at what they saw. After much explanation there was much disputation and a rippling of sense-of-humor failures, and accusations by some of non-neighborly behavior.

And then one older resident in a nearby house that had been drenched in what the Britannica says are *low molecular weight thiol compounds* pointed to an extremely old Havahart manual he happened to find in his basement. The formula, he said, was quite simple. Take one trapped skunk. Add one automobile. Its tailpipe. A garden hose. A tarp. Then five minutes of gentle idling – and Bob's your uncle. Painless, quick, and most unlikely to provoke a glandular reaction.

Now they tell me, says our friend. And she poured herself another whisky. And went up to bed, dreaming of airships and plasters and of guns that do nothing nasty, and make no noise at all. 








The Gardeners' Almanac

Dassy Herman



For the gardener, August signals the back end of summer. The fresh green colors of spring are gone, but August brings its own rewards. Let's start with the thugs – Joe Pye Weed and golden rod provide gorgeous swaths of pink and gold, but remember that they invade everything around them so keep them in their own dedicated area. Anemone Robustissima, delicate pink flowers swaying atop good green foliage, is a bit of a thug too, but easy to identify and easy to pull when it moves out of its own territory. Wild phlox, in shades of magenta, pink and white, with the added bonus of a wonderful, sweet scent, can also be easily pulled when they wander off. Asters come into their own now – dark purple, pink, blue – they pop up all over. Purple dome is my favorite because of its neat form, good color and predictability. Golden sunflowers and rudbeckia of every height abound, as do Sedum Autumn Joy with heads of pink that rust up and stay the winter. Pee Gee Hydrangeas will also start their white, to pink, to rust, dance and be ready for drying by mid-September. Finally, the annuals – Cleome, Cosmos, Verbena Bonariensis and Marigolds have grown lush and full of vibrant color. What a garden!

August to do:

-  Make sure newly planted trees and shrubs have plenty of water in dry weather.
-  Keep weeding the vegetable garden.
-  Toss mixed lettuce, beet greens, onions, peas and pods, topped with dill, parsley, chives, basil and even mint. Don't forget to reseed lettuce for a fall crop.
-  Slice turnips and roast with a bit of olive oil, salt and garlic.
-  Steam pieces of kale and swiss chard five minutes for a tender and healthy treat.
-  Cut beet greens into ribbons and sauté lightly.
-  Harvest tomatoes, slice and sprinkle with coarse salt - to make your mouth water.

Enjoy!





SERVING
WEDNESDAY &
THURSDAY
DINNER A LA CARTE
5:30-8:30 PM



PLEASE JOIN US
FOR SUNSETS AND
AL FRESCO DINING
ON THE TERRACE.

RESERVATIONS SUGGESTED.

ROUTE 57,
NEW MARLBORO, MASS.
413 229 7501
WWW.MEPALSPA.COM
FOR A SAMPLE MENU

Arts and Culture Review:

Tina Sotis

MARY DAVIDSON AND KEITH DAVIDSON, PAINTERS

It's always been a wonder to me how many artists are drawn again and again to a central theme with most, if not all of their work revolving around the same basic imagery. Why each artist is drawn to a particular motif is perhaps a matter of the subconscious, but what is also fascinating is how each artist uses his or her own theme. Mary Davidson and Keith Davidson, the two painters exhibiting at the Sandisfield Arts Center, exemplify this way of working because their individual motifs and expression of their vision are so completely different.

Mary Davidson used to work in fashion design and most of her images revolve around the visual internalization of her experience in the industry. At first glance one notices a highly colorful, stylized silhouette of a fashion model or a series of hats or a pair of shoes – but look closely and you will see how she works intricate background patterns into the foreground so that subject and background become interwoven. Studying Mary's work is almost like looking at test patterns for color blindness, or observing a salamander that has changed its skin to replicate it's surroundings, so complicated are these paintings. The effect is startling, and the longer you look at each piece the more you see.



Painted Faces Series VII Mary Davidson

In "Painted Faces Series VII", three female figures pose for the viewer, the elegant shape of their clothing and graceful stance suggesting a fashion shoot from the 1950's. The background, like many of Mary's other paintings, is a pattern of geometric shapes which remind one of cutout pieces of colored paper, much like the artwork of Henri Matisse. (And indeed, Mary uses dozens, if not hundreds, of cutout shapes to work out her paintings.) The figures are translucent and the shapes in the background come through – but they do not retain their color. There is so much going on visually that the effect could be chaotic, but it's actually quite logical and unified by two significant devices: Five horizontal thin, dark lines (bent at slight



I'd Rather Be Fishing Keith Davidson

angles creating a two dimensional effect) segment and unify the lighter colored figures. In addition, two circular patterns are placed as "halos" around the two outer models' heads; these two figures are placed lower in the composition and the "halos" visually elevate them and make them as important as the middle figure. It's extraordinary, really - she has managed to give her work a flat, one-dimensional look and an intense complexity at the same time.

Keith's work, serene and muted, is also based on a central theme: fish. He uses fish as a motif the way Mary uses fashion, but the way he articulates his vision is vastly different. Keith paints in the way of the classical painters. In several of the pieces he also uses that famous device used by the Northern Renaissance painters: He places the viewer in a simple dark interior with the subject, a large open window leading the eye outdoors - in the distance lies a muted landscape. Like Mary, he uses acrylic paints, but uses them so delicately I mistook them for watercolors.

In "I'd Rather Be Fishing," Keith has placed a large catfish, expertly portrayed, on a red board in front of an open window which leads off the left edge of the painting. A wall, painted a muted shade of green leads off the right edge. Through the window we see a quiet lake surrounded by dark pine trees and further off still there are mountains in shades of a faded lavender-gray. The colors used in the catfish are in the same family as these mountains and the dorsal fins mirror the mountains' shapes. The red board on which the catfish rests mirrors the powerful horizontal line created by the catfish and is angled away from us, forcing our eye to the right of the painting toward that beautiful green wall. This is a simple but very effective and potent composition; because of Keith's choice of color palette we feel the serenity of the setting, yet feel drawn in by the surrealistic drama of the subject matter.

This exhibit is on display through August 28th; gallery hours are during performances.

To see the show outside performance times, email Mary at Mdavidsongio@aol.com. Mary and Keith also have a website <http://www.davidsondesigncompany.net>. More images in color of the exhibit can be found at the Times' website, <http://www.sandisfieldtimes.org/davidson.pdf>.



THE SANDISFIELD ARTS CENTER

5 HAMMERTOWN RD, SANDISFIELD, MA
413-258-4100
WWW.SANDISFIELDARTSCENTER.ORG

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7TH
8PM \$20

KATHLEEN CALLAHAN SOPRANO



Performing "Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson"
by Aaron Copeland as well as works by
Handel, Dvorak, and Barber

SUNDAY, AUGUST 15TH
10:30-NOON \$5

L₁E₁T₁'S₁ P₃L₁A₁Y₄
S₁C₃R₁A₁B₃B₃L₁E₁TM

Led by Sandisfield author **Michelle Arnot**
(Crosswords for Dummies and Four-Letter Words)
Bring your ScrabbleTM set and a friend!

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28TH
8PM \$15

BILL STAINES



One of the most popular and durable
guitarist/singers on the folk music scene
today.

AVIAN NOTES

Margaret O'Clair



KINGFISHERS: THE MONARCH OF OUR GLENS

By and large kingfishers are a noisy, solitary lot but ever since one sold me our house, I have had a soft spot for them. They are an ancient family of birds and according to The National Geographic, found on every continent except Antarctica, although most of the species are found in warm climates. The Australian Kookaburra sitting "in the old gum tree" is a kingfisher. The largest, the Giant, is found in East Africa and the smallest, no bigger than a sparrow, is found in Central America. The Green Kingfisher has been seen in rare sightings in the southwest US. The only North American kingfisher and the one we have in Sandisfield is the Belted Kingfisher. A medium-sized bird with blue-grey back wings and a head which has a large shaggy crest. There is a blue-grey belt across its white chest and belly, hence its name. In addition, the female has a rufous patch on her underparts. It is a little unusual for the female to have a more elaborate plumage than the male.

Regardless of their size or location all kingfishers share a common body shape. Small feet, a stumpy body, no neck, a large head and an out of all proportion beak.

There are forest-dwelling kingfishers in Africa, but most, like our Belted, are seen near water, perched on a branch keeping a sharp eye out for prey below. They catch fish and frogs and insects by plunging head first into the water. They are not aquatic birds so they don't

stay in the water. They dive in and out immediately. Plunging as deep as two feet and as shallow as two inches, why, I wonder don't they smash their heads on the rocks? As important as it is for feeding, their oversized beaks are an essential tool for a breeding pair. Kingfishers don't make nests for their eggs, they dig burrows on the banks of rivers and ponds. Using their heavy pointed beaks to dig and loosen the earth, they shovel it out of the entrance with their feet. Their feet are quite small so it is probably useful that their two middle toes are conjoined. It can take a pair of Belted Kingfishers eight weeks to dig their burrow, which can be an extraordinary seven feet deep. Quite remarkable.

Back to our house. With his retirement fast approaching, my husband and I wanted to buy a home in the country. After a great deal of time and effort, we settled on two homes we both liked: One, a sturdy Victorian farm house in Columbia County, NY, the other a dilapidated but charming colonial here in Sandisfield.

Back and forth, back and forth we went and my husband finally said to me: "You're going to live in it longer than I will, you decide." I called the realtor and made the final decision-making appointment. Off to



the Victorian yet again, then off to the colonial yet again. Which one? I walked across the road and stood on the river bank, thinking. It was late fall and the leaves were off the trees, that ghastly guard rail hadn't been put up yet and the Clam River was gurgling along. Suddenly there was a flash and a splash and a kingfisher came out of the river with a fish in its beak. I turned to the realtor: "We'll take this one."

And the rest they say, is history.

THE SANDISFIELD TIMES NEEDS YOU!

Our newspaper depends on the support of our readers - and it is your generosity that will help to assure our future as a forum for all.

Please send your check to:

The Sandisfield Times
P.O. Box 584,
Sandisfield, MA 01255



wm. **BROCKMAN** real estate
berkshiresforsale.com

413.528.4859
Offices in Monterey & Great Barrington

We earn the trust of our clients and customers;

We value and contribute to life in the Berkshires;

We give honest advice honed by our over 35 years of experience.

Chaplin Fish - Broker/Managing Partner, Bill Cochran, Kristen Sabareo, Nedzali, Timothy Donnelly

Country Homes, Estates & Land
info@wmbrockman.com

Buying or Selling:

Personal, Professional, Outstanding Service.

"Be true to your word and your work and your friend"
Henry David Thoreau

HOW FAIR IS THAT? TAXATION WITH PRECIOUS LITTLE REPRESENTATION

Part-time Sandisfield residents may pay their full whack of taxes here, but have essentially no voting rights in town affairs. There are moves to set up once again a Sandisfield Taxpayers' Association to lobby for change. Ron Bernard looks at the long history of a remarkable town institution that we may yet see here again.

At the close of WW II in 1945, Sandisfield residents numbered only 370, an all time low and less than one-quarter of the population a century before. Exhausted from decades of economic malaise, departed families and grown children, not to mention world events, Sandisfield struggled to maintain even minimum services. There was precious little help from the State or from any other corner: the future looked bleak. The town fathers were demoralized but did the best they could with meager resources.

Then a group of citizens, an energetic blend of old family names and committed part-time residents, sensing the needs and a new era, formed a civic organization they called the Sandisfield Taxpayers Association (STA). Its purpose was "to foster, encourage and promote an active non-partisan interest in civic and fiscal activities," (to) increase efficiency and to decrease the cost of government. Never strident or unnecessarily adversarial, this association became an effective and accepted advisory resource for town government. It was also an extra voice for residents -- especially for the many disconnected part-timers who had no vote and little say in town affairs. It also evolved into the town social committee.

Two-thirds of a century on, it is difficult to imagine the everyday challenges faced by Sandisfielders then. But civic cooperation, dedication and persistence eventually restored community spirit and pride, evident in our beautiful, well run town today. The Association deserves plenty of recognition for its role.

The Association was formed on August 12, 1946. Officers were Frank Lambour (Chair), Murray Moss (Vice-Chair), Italia Henri (Secretary) and Janet Gowell (Treasurer). The board included William Thurston, Charles Dixon, Mr. S. Orso, George Lundgren, Francis Smith, George E. Sokolsky, Lee Wool and Ethel Perkins. They pooled \$59.65 to cover initial expenses. In September By-laws were approved. Dues? One dollar per year.

Sokolsky, a nationally known journalist and radio broadcaster was a driving force. Despite his career demands he remained active and accessible for several years until the organization was well established. He also sometimes used the STA as a forum with outside speakers and writings to increase awareness and appreciation for the town's history and heritage.

Naturally there was initial exuberance. Ten permanent committees were established including schools, finance, social, civic affairs, and fire protection. It soon became apparent that the over

riding issue in this spacious town was the condition of the roads. At a 1949 meeting Sokolsky complained that "there is not a road in town fit for travel." Seasonal residents wrote about not being able to even get to their properties in the winter or in the "mud season." So they stayed away. Farmers persevered, stoically, as always. The Selectmen shrugged. "No money," they said.


Popular Selectman and then New Boston Inn operator, Russell Chapin, joined the Board and everyone concentrated on the roads until, in 1951, it was announced that 22 miles would be "hard topped." The priority went to roads used to convey school children and those important to the long-suffering farmers. That year the Board was augmented with new members with well known names including Riiska, Rowley, Campetti, and Annecharico.

In 1952 attention turned to problems with the town dump. In 1959 another dump problem arose, namely what to do about the over reaching Otis dump, smack-dab on the town line on Cold Spring Road. The Sandisfield dump(s) in various places and conditions and controversies remained a nettlesome issue and an agenda item for more than 20 years.

The Association assumed responsibility for parades and other social affairs including square dances, clam bakes and weekly card parties and bingo. It provided free food and soft drinks and made big efforts to ensure memorable events for the people. It got involved in coordinating alignment of residential telephone numbers and postal addresses, problems for folks then. It helped in the planning for Bicentennial activities. All the while the STA operated on shoestring budgets with volunteer support. But the Town saved considerable expense and manpower.

This is not to say that the Association was uninvolved in controversial issues. In the early 1960s retired U. S. Army Col. K. S. Hand, part-time resident and avid cartographer, led a campaign to have the Army Corps of Engineers install flood control projects in town. Many properties were affected creating an understandable and lasting legacy of mistrust. Other touchy issues then included what to do about the growing number of trailers and mobile homes, and spates of vandalism and speeding. The Association made sure such things remained before the Selectmen until satisfactory resolution. From the onset the Association argued on behalf of "non-resident" property owners who had no voting rights. Considered a fairness issue, it remains unresolved.


As mundane but important infrastructure issues became less pressing, a good 15 years in, the Association finally focused on property taxes, starting with the contentious revaluation of 1970. As a result membership started to rise again and remained robust (about 135) for some time.

Eventually the old guard and the energy level faded. New organizations such as the Historical Society and later The Sandisfield Arts Center assumed some functions. But mostly town government became better organized and funded and more effective. The Sandisfield Taxpayers Association, an un-elected body of good citizens, had performed its civic duty admirably. 

COMMUNING COWS *Cont'd from p.5*

impressive physical strength, definite opinions and a highly developed sense of conversation. He makes a comfortable living as an antique dealer and has, for all I know, worn the same pair of dungarees, black shirt and bandanna for the past ten years. He had lived in the valley as a boy and ultimately returned to retire in a violent sort of way. He is a voracious reader of political magazines and gets out of the valley often enough to keep abreast of the world--which he says he is going to hell--and all its doings. Mr. Phelps is an ardent Democrat and it is typical of his combative nature that he moved into a solidly Republican section of the valley so that things wouldn't get dull. He calls movies "the galloping tin-types" and once described a woman prominent on the international scene as an "eighteen carat, freight-on-board Detroit Duchess." A few years ago Cary Phelps decided that he was going to try his hand at a novel. He brought me a few of the chapters. They were an elegant combination of Mickey Spillane and Deadeye Dick and I'm genuinely sorry that he didn't finish the book because it would have been a rip-roaring success.

Probably the most beautiful assemblage of buildings in the valley makes up the 190-year-old New Boston Inn. This peaceful place stands at the junction of Routes Eight and 57 just up from the rapid-torn banks of the Farmington River. Shaded by elm and maple trees, the inn's buildings are slightly unsymmetrical, difficult to heat and yet amazingly comfortable. The present owners of the place, Russell and Rosamond Chapin, bought it in 1946 as a place to house their 22 cats and troupe of opera singers. They have since turned it into a regular hostelry which is famous all over the United States and yet has refused to become pompous or gaudy. The Chapins generate an aura of friendliness that is genuine. Mrs. Chapin, a noted singer and authority on Wagner, whose translations of the German master's works have been approved by his family, is also a noted cook. Her husband, Russell, is one of New Boston's three selectmen, a lawyer, operator of a local handcraft factory and semi-official town champion whenever something needs doing at the state house. New Boston is probably the only place left in America where a cow can break out of her pasture (which happens all the time), wander down to the store and pass the time of day with an opera singer. Quite a few of the latter come to the inn to sing, visit or just relax.

They say that the new reservoir which is building ten miles down the valley will cover part of New Boston with water. This is quite possible and even though the reservoir is undoubtedly needed for the good people of Hartford, it will submerge one of the handsomest, as yet unspoiled sections of America. The reservoir will probably bring a greater influx of fishermen and picnickers who will add popsicle wrappers to the deep-mossed forest floors. But all of that won't change the essential thing--the cheerful individualism of a people who are unburdened by neuroses, compulsions, frustrations and whatnot. Someone remarked recently that the New Boston character could even survive under water. And undoubtedly it will, if necessary. 

The Swimming Holes of Sandisfield

These are some of our favorites. Where are yours?
Please send your pictures to editor@sandisfieldtimes.org.



Clam Dam on Hammertown Road



Spectacle Pond *Photo by Jean Atwater-Willaims*



Clam River Swimming Hole



The Silver Brook below the dam



West Lake



Silverbrook Lake *Photos (except where noted) by Setsuko Winchester*



MOVING THE STONE

If a park is built on Route 8, following the demolition of the abandoned houses, I would like to suggest updating the Veteran's stone (currently at the old Town Hall on Silverbrook Road) to include the more recent war heroes of the last 50 years, and moving it to the new park. It would also be nice to have a flagpole nearby.

Respectfully submitted,

Maria Domato
Commander, American Legion

HAIL AND FAREWELL

Helping to get *The Sandisfield Times* up and running has been interesting, educational, and time-consuming! Kudos to the editors and volunteers who have dug up more news than one would think exists in a small town such as Sandisfield! I am moving on to help with the history book project and the Town's 250th birthday celebration – both enormous and fun endeavors. The newsletter, history book and birthday projects all need more volunteers and community input so please consider jumping in with your two cents and rolled up sleeves. Many thanks to Simon Winchester for spearheading the creation of this important publication and best of luck to the new editors, Patricia Hubbard and Tina Sotis.

Liana Toscanini

QUEEN ANNE'S LACE

To the Editor,

May I submit clarifications to Nancy Flach's July Gardener's Almanac. The origins of the day lilies beside the road are in Asia, primarily China. From 1700 to 1900 was the era of plant hunters, who brought the day lily to the west. Yes, they escaped, but whether it was from a pilgrim's garden is dubious. Queen Anne's Lace is native to temperate regions of Europe and southwest Asia. Though the species name is "Daucus carota," it is not the same plant, although it is a member of the carrot family. Therefore, I doubt "the original seeds came from cultivated carrots many years ago," as stated in Flach's article. I know this trivia from very expensive courses at Radcliffe College in Landscape Design.

Sally Kahn
Sandisfield Road

To place an AD in
THE SANDISFIELD
TIMES...

Please email
advertising@
sandisfieldtimes.org
for info and a copy
of our
Ad Rate Sheet!

In our piece last month about the Farmington River school's Cape Cod expedition I misstated the additional cost: while tuition had risen by \$50 the total extra requirement was actually in the order of \$185. I regret the error, and also apologize to Tara Beardsley who wrote the original article, but whose byline was mistakenly dropped in the editing process. SW

LETTER FROM THE SELECTMEN

The Sandisfield Board of Selectmen would like to thank all of the residents who have brought issues before the Board this summer. We appreciate community involvement and input as a means of improving our Town. The new open meeting law is in effect, and requires that any issues discussed before the Board must be posted on an agenda 48 hours before our meetings. Please call Dolores if you want to be on the agenda so that we can properly address your concerns. We are also on our summer schedule of meeting every other week, so please make sure to check dates to ensure a meeting is being held.

Work on the Route 8 Houses continues to progress. Town Council Jeremia Pollard is working on transferring the deed to the Wilber House over to the Town. Selectman Richard Campetti is dealing with the various conservation issues, while Selectman Jeff Gray is working on the demolition bid specifications. It is our hope that the Wilber House site will be cleaned up by Labor Day.

On another highway note, 2.2 miles of Townhill Road were chip sealed in July.

Work on the Town website began in July. Jean Atwater-Williams is spearheading this effort and we hope to have the site up and running this fall.

A reminder to all residents, we are now apart of the Hazardous Waste Disposal Program. Please see the fliers posted at the dump for information on how to participate in this service. [Also see *Calendar of Events*]

*HATCHED,
MATCHED
&
DISPATCHED*



Mary Margraf

MARCH 26, 1937 -
JULY 20, 2010

Mary Margraf, on July 20, 2010 our mother passed into eternal peace, joining her partner of 30 years, Raymond Woodard. Born in Sandisfield, MA on March 26, 1937, she was the daughter of the late Gustin and Fanny Hamilton, and predeceased by her granddaughter Bobby-Jo Ratigan. She remained a resident of Sandisfield throughout her 73 years. She offered friendship, smiles and all forms of love to her children, grandchildren and any person she touched. She loved to grow flowers, go shopping, cook and most of all, spend time with family, friends and her beloved dogs Zoey and Teddy. She thought of everyone first and herself last. She would offer a helping hand to anyone in need. Unselfish and giving was the only way she knew how to be, and will be sadly missed by all. She is survived by her children, daughter, Barbara Hotchkiss and her husband Jay of Sandisfield, MA; son, James Margraf of Manchester, NH; son, Danny Margraf and partner Sara Davis of Otis, MA; son, Allan Margraf and his wife Francky of Chester, MA; daughter, Terry Lacasse and her husband Tim of Colebrook, CT; son, Jody Margraf and his wife Shannon of Otis, MA; and daughter Robin Wilcox and her husband John of Sandisfield, MA. She also leaves 20 grandchildren and 20 great grandchildren. Graveside Services were held on Saturday, July 31, 2010 at Sandisfield Cemetery, Sandisfield, MA at 10 AM. Donations may be made to: The Humane Society of the United States, Dept. MEMIT9, 2100 L St. NW, Washington, DC 20037 and/or St. Jude Children's Hospital, 262 Danny Thomas Place, Memphis, TN 38105. Visit an online guestbook at Montano-shea.com.



SOME WORDS FROM OUR SPONSORS

ALEXANDER TECHNIQUE - BETSY POLATIN

Learn to recognize excess tension and change unproductive patterns of daily life.
Learn more at betsypolatin.com or call 617 277 2224 - 413 258 2820.

A&M AUTO

Complete auto & truck care
Import & domestic
24-hour heavy duty & light towing
258-3381

ANNECHARICO CONSTRUCTION Co.

General Contractors
Site work, septic systems & driveways
Mass licensed, fully insured
24 Stump Rd, Sandisfield 258-4801

BERKSHIRE WOODS REALTY, LLC

158 Sandisfield Rd. Sandisfield, MA 01255
Experience the difference LOCAL Realtors can Make!
Personalized & experienced service for buyers & sellers.
413-258-4430/don@berkshirewoods.net

BIZTECH ASSOCIATES

Your South County Computer Specialist
Networks ~ Data ~ Training ~ Troubleshooting
Jean Atwater-Williams, Owner
Call Toll-Free 877-857-2001

LEDGE FIELD FARM

Vitamins & minerals in their natural casings.
Organically grown without any animal fertilizer in raised beds.
258-4223

MASSWOOD FORESTRY Co.,LLC

Sandisfield, MA 01255
Robert Liberman
654 Madison Ave., 1401, NY, NY 10065
Email: rliberman@theadlergroup.net

MEPAL MANOR + SPA

Full Salon + Spa Services
Massage, Facials, Body Treatments, Fitness
Thurs. - Sun. 10-5 413-229-3498
Please visit www.Mepalspa.com

RICHARD B. MIGOT

Carpentry, woodwork, painting
Custom furniture, bookcases
(413) 441-4775
Email: rmigot@aol.com

MUNSON SATELLITE TV

TV Antenna & Satellite Systems
DIRECTV/Dish Network
38 W. Hubbard Rd, Sandisfield
Phone/Fax 258-4887

C.W. NELSON LANDSCAPE DESIGN

& Construction/Looking Glass Gardens
Nurseries & Event Rental
19 Dodd Rd www.c.w.nelson.com
Mon-Sat 8am-4pm 258-3375

NEW BOSTON STORE

110 South Main Street
Grocery, gas, liquor, lottery
Deli, fax service, copies
258-4522

PATHWAYS FARM PERENNIALS

484 New Boston Rd. (Rt. 57), Tolland MA
413-231-2708
Hours: Tu -Sat 9-6 • Sun Noon-5
Excellent selection of Tolland-hardy plants

RED BARN ALPACAS

Jeff and Sonja Gray
24 Stump Rd 258-4905
Alpaca sales, fiber, felt, yarn
Hats, gloves, socks, etc.

SKI BUTTERNUT - A TRUE FAMILY MOUNTAIN

22 Trails, 10 Lifts, 1000ft Vertical, Tubing
Ski Shop, 2 Terrain Parks & We're Affordable!
Season Pass: \$275 Adults \$225 Jr., \$100 Kids
www.SkiButternut.com or 413-528-2000

SNOW FARM

Horticultural Services & Forest Mgmt.
Garden design, maintenance, tree work, firewood
16 S. Beech Plain Road, Sandisfield
(413) 258-4929

TINA SOTIS

Oil Paintings & Graphic Design
10 Stump Rd., Sandisfield 258-8166
www.tinasotis.com Email: tinasotis@gmail.com
This August: Print exhibit at the Berkshire Coop

TUCKER'S PUB

61 South Main Street
258-4945
Good Food....Great Times

VILLA MIA

Restaurant & New York Style Pizza
Specializing in Italian Cuisine
Open Wed - Mon 11am - 9pm
88 S. Main St., Sandisfield 258-4236

WHEN PIGS FLY FARM

Andy & Sandra Snyder
222 Sandisfield Rd
100% organic plants, produce, flowers, herbs,
berries, eggs, meat and more.

WILD BIRDS COUNTRY STORE

783 Main Street, Great Barrington
www.wild-birdstore.com
413-644-9007
Unique bird and nature store.

WM. BROCKMAN REAL ESTATE

Country Homes, Estates & Land - A preeminent
Berkshire real estate firm with over 35 years of success
www.berkshiresforsale.com
413-528-4859 or 258-4777

ATTENTION LOCAL BUSINESSES:

If you're interested in a monthly business listing in *The Sandisfield Times*, please send a check for \$60 for 12 months (that's only \$5 per month!) to:

The Sandisfield Times
PO Box 584
Sandisfield, MA 01255.

Include five lines of text
(each no more than 40 characters
in width)

with your business name, address,
phone, email and website if
applicable. If you do not have a
website you may substitute a tag line
or short description of your services.

NOW HEAR THIS!

We wish to thank out-going Sandisfield Times staff member, Liana Toscanini, for all her hard work on the paper. She was already devoting 100% of her time to the 250th Sandisfield Birthday Celebration and the *Sandisfield: Then and Now* history book, and needed to step down from her duties with us.

One of these duties was this Calendar of Events page, and Judy Goldsmith agreed to step up to the plate and take over this task.

If you know of an event that should be listed here, please contact Judy at calendar@sandisfieldtimes.org.

AUGUST EVENTS

August 1 - August 31, Berkshire Coop Exhibition of Fine Art Prints by Sandisfield Artist Tina Sotis
For Coop Hours call 528-9697.
For more info call Tina at 258-8166.

August 1, Noon-5pm, at The Wicket Grounds Croquet Club, Burt Hill Rd, Tolland: The Bi-Centennial Cup, croquet tournament.
Call Joseph Clark, 258-4025, for more information.

August 4, 7pm Sandisfield Then & Now History Book Committee Meeting at the Library

Saturday, August 7, 9 - 11:30am. Hazardous Waste Collection at the Great Barrington Recycling Center. Advance registration with the Center for Ecological Technology (CET) necessary. 413-445-4556 Ext. 10 or 30. Sandisfield residents are now welcome to bring oil-based paint, stains, paint thinners, spray paint, turpentine and waste motor oil. Latex paint not accepted. More info visit www.cetonline.org or email amandad@cetonline.org.

August 7, 10:30am Summer baseball program Monterey, pick up games for players 8-12
Every Saturday morning

August 7, 8pm Sandisfield Arts Center Kathleen Callahan, Soprano \$20
www.sandisfieldartscenter.org or 258-4100.

August 14, 11am Historical Society Monthly meeting, Sandy Brook Turnpike

August 12 after midnight until morning of August 13 - Perseid Meteor Showers Peak.

August 14, 5pm Sandisfield Fire Department Steak Roast, Rt. 57 Fire House

August 14, 8pm, Sandisfield Arts Center Premier screening of Sandisfield resident Diego Ongaro's film, *Bob and the Trees* (30 min.). Free. www.sandisfieldartscenter.org or 258-4100.

August 15, 10:30am- Noon Sandisfield Arts Center Let's Play Scrabble with Michelle Arnot, \$5
www.sandisfieldartscenter.org or 258-4100.

August 19, 7PM 250th Birthday Committee Meeting
Town Hall Annex – all welcome

August 20, 7pm American Legion Hall, Rte 8 Turkey Roll Benefit. Food, bar, raffle

August 22, 2pm Berkshire Hatchery LOBSTERFEST
New Marlborough, \$65 528-9762

August 25, Town Hall Annex Last day to register to vote or change party enrollment for the State Primary (September 14)
That evening Town Hall will be open an extra hour between 6-7pm. 258-4711

August 25, 11am-2pm Council on Aging Free Blood Pressure Screening at
Town Hall Annex

Saturday, August 28, 5pm and 6.30 pm seating. LOBSTER SUPPER, American Legion Pavilion Rt. 8. Fundraiser for our town's 250TH CELEBRATION. \$25 for lobster (or ribs), corn on the cob, salad, coffee and dessert. Steamers available for an extra \$5. A children's hotdog meal \$8. Reservations suggested: 258-4688 or 258-4816.

August 28, 8pm Sandisfield Arts Center Bill Staines, folk singer \$15
www.sandisfieldartscenter.org or 258-4100.

SEPTEMBER ANNOUNCEMENTS



Painting by Susie Crofut

Sunday, September 5, 4:30-7pm "To Please the Palette" Artist's Reception Exhibition of paintings by Susie Crofut. Welles Library, Lenox. Exhibiting thru September 23.
Library Hours and info call 637-0197

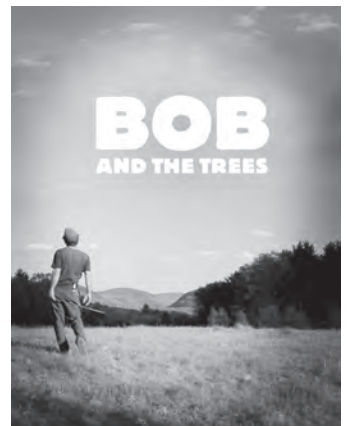
Beginning September 14th, Tuesdays, 9:30-11:30am. Community Health Program Family Network Playgroup for kids 5 and under. Old Town Hall Building. Call 528-0721 for more info.



Prints by Tina Sotis at the Berkshire Coop



Perseid Meteor Showers



"Bob and the Trees" Film Premier at the Sandisfield Arts Center



Lobsterfest at the Berkshire Hatchery

THE SANDISFIELD TIMES



RELIABLE. REGULAR. RELEVANT.

P.O. Box 584
Sandisfield, MA 01255
www.sandisfieldtimes.org

*We acknowledge with gratitude donations
from the following kind people:*



*Deborah Barchat & Martin Bernstein
James F. Reese*

The Sandisfield Times is an independent nonprofit organization staffed by volunteers from the Sandisfield community and funded by individual and business sponsors. Its mission is to connect the community through reliable, regular, and relevant information.

The Sandisfield Times does not yet have a designation of a 501(c)(3), therefore donations are NOT tax-deductible at this time. **Donations of all sizes are needed to ensure the continuation of this newspaper.** Please send checks to: *The Sandisfield Times*, P.O. Box 584, Sandisfield, MA 01255. For more information visit our website www.sandisfieldtimes.org.

Copies of *The Sandisfield Times* are available in Sandisfield at A&M Auto, the Dump, Post Office, Town Hall, Library, the New Boston Store, the New Boston Inn, the Silverbrook Café, Tuckers, and Villa Mia. Copies

are also available in Otis at Katie's Market, the Farmington Elementary School (during the school year) and Terranova's. Other locations include the Monterey General Store, the Southfield Store and Bizalion's French Cafe.

The Times can also be mailed to your home by paid subscription (see form below) and online as a PDF document at www.sandisfieldtimes.org.

We welcome submissions, comments and suggestions, including letters to the editor **BY THE 15TH OF THE MONTH PRIOR**. We may edit for space, style or clarity. We will try to publish Public Service Announcements when we have room, with priority given to Sandisfield organizations. No portion of the *The Sandisfield Times* may be reproduced without permission.

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION

To have the *The Times* mailed to your home, please complete the information below and send a check for \$25 (annual subscription fee) made out to *The Sandisfield Times* to:

THE SANDISFIELD TIMES
PO BOX 584, SANDISFIELD, MA 01255

Name _____

Address to where *The Times* should be delivered:

City, State, Zip _____

How to Contact Us

Letters to the editor:letters@sandisfieldtimes.org

News, ideas, tips & photoseditor@sandisfieldtimes.org

Advertising questions:advertising@sandisfieldtimes.org

Entries for calendar of events:calendar@sandisfieldtimes.org

PLEASE REMEMBER THAT THE EXTENSION TO ALL EMAIL ADDRESSES IS **.ORG NOT .COM**.