



# THE TIMES OF Halcott

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## Summer in Halcott

or

### Explosions, Concussions, Almost Drown- ing, and Setting My Mouth on Fire

I gotta tell ya- growing up today sure ain't what it used to be. Everybody says that, but growing up on a farm in the "olden" days (only 35 years ago for me) entailed quite a bit of unsupervised and sometimes hazardous adventure. Not necessarily a bad thing, and not at all the intention of our parents. Back then, parents were just too darned busy to keep track of their children, let alone keep them entertained.

So you grew up trying to keep up with your brothers and sisters and learning independence when you fell behind. And when they got tired of you following them, a favorite line would be "Go play in traffic" - always sure to crack us up with only 3 cars a day on the road.

Summertime was the season of freedom - no shoes, no school. Hop on a bike and

ride down the black-topped road, all slick and bubbly in the hot afternoon sun.

When you'd ride really fast, it popped like bubble-wrap. The black goo was too seductive to leave alone. When probed gently with your finger, it would smush ever so subtly until resistance gave way and ooze occurred. The fun was in finding the biggest of the oozers, and as one digit got too impossibly sticky for decent poking, others were employed. The afternoon quickly turned from a bike ride into 2 or 3 kids squatting their way down the road, concentrating fully on the task at hand, bikes abandoned a half mile back.

Later on, mother's eyes would roll and we would be instructed to scrub those tarred-up fingers and toes. The black under the nails would pretty much be there throughout the summer, as the practice would occur regularly. A very tame activity, compared with the highlights - those times when danger and injury became real.

Having a swimming pool was a wonderful thing. A long hot day in the hayfield dissolved with a cool dip; water games

augment our sales with plants from their nursery. *IK*

## HALCOTT FAIR

**JULY 27TH!** Please hold this date on your calendar and in your heart. We look forward to another chance to have fun and get to know one another better, and we certainly need your help. We are collecting books this year for the first time for a book sale. Treasures from the Attic, a perennially popular table would love your reasonably well-preserved castaways. You may drop them off on weekends at Kari Pagnano's (please call ahead to arrange this: 254-5744). And speaking of perennials, we will have our first plant sale at the fair this year, featuring plants you can see in neighbors' gardens. On June 29th, we will have a general clean-up day at the Grange, right after the second visioning session of citizen input for the Comprehensive Plan (more about this below). You may also bring books and treasures to the Grange at this time. We look forward to our best fair ever. *IK*

### *Town Topics:*

The **Comprehensive Plan** Committee continues its work. Hopefully, everyone has received a survey and has responded. There will be two "Visioning Sessions" held on June 25th at 7:00PM and on June 29th at 10:00AM at the Grange. These will be opportunities for town members to voice their hopes and concerns about where we

are headed. Please come if you can.

### **Windmills in Halcott:**

The town plans to adopt a moratorium on the building of tall structures while it reviews possible regulations governing wind energy towers in Halcott. At the June 24th Town Board meeting, there will be a presentation about windmills given by a developer, with a chance for people to ask questions afterwards. Also, we will try to have a booth at the Halcott Fair with information about windmills.

### **Dog Licenses in Halcott:**

Adina Risdal, our dog enumerator, will be visiting all dog owners in the next few months, reminding them that dogs six months and older who live in Halcott must be licensed annually. Licensing is a simple procedure: just bring proof from your veterinarian of the dog's neutering (if it has been done) as well as its current rabies vaccination to Town Clerk Ruth Kelder. Licenses cost \$2.50 a year for neutered dogs and \$10.50 a year for those who are not. Questions? Ruth Kelder may be reached at 254-5589. Please take a few minutes to do this favor to your pet and to the Town. It's the law!



### **Community Fund:**

In the March issue, we asked for donations towards our kitchen/dining area of the Grange building. Your generosity has

been outrageous. This is surely a town with pride. To date, we have received \$2408, certainly a fine beginning for our project. Thank you, one and all. We'll give you a more complete update in the September issue.

## Foreign Correspondence

### From New York:

*Dear Times of Halcott:*

Enclosed is a check for the Grange improvement. I loved the issue of the Halcott Times where "Sis" nee Griffin wrote that I have given her a book. I had no recollection of that but lots of great memories of Jimmy and Sister (as she was called) growing up. I adored being part of the Griffin & Reynolds family. I used to help strip the cows when Pa (Griffin) was alive and I was complaining to him that I had burnt my thumb and it hurt. "Stick your finger in that there \*\*\*\*," says Pa and I listened and it felt better. I told the story to my doctor brother-in-law who said, "Yeah, it felt better if you didn't get tetanus." I didn't.

Keep up the good work. I especially enjoyed Ward's piece about the stone walls. Love to Ruth and Ward. Fondly, *Blanche Cooper.*

### From California:

*[Ed. note: Claire DiBenedetto attended the wedding of Sam and Monique Roberts in Berkeley, California on June 1st. Sam and Monique are frequent visitors to Halcott and good family friends of many of us here. Sam's grandparents, Coleman and Muriel*

*Citret owned a house in Halcott, and his uncle, photographer Mark Citret has taken wonderful pictures of our valley. ]*

Oh...the wedding! Everything was beautiful, lots of rose petals everywhere, great food, Sam and Monique looked so happy. The minister guy was a friend of theirs so it was a comfortable and relaxed ceremony and Sam's brother, not Marshall, played a song that he wrote for them. It was cute when they were about to give each other rings and the minister asked everyone to look under their chairs for little pouches taped underneath. So two people found them and presented the rings to Sam and Monique, a very audience participatory wedding. That's about it for the wedding story. Happy June! *Claire DiBenedetto*

### Where in the World is Djibouti?

*[Ed. note: Vanya Kasanof is with the 22nd Marine Expeditionary Unit somewhere in the middle east.]*

Wherever it is, it hasn't rained here in 4 1/2 years. At least not until two nights ago. That rain quickly percolated down and raised the water table. Everyone kind of shrugged. I'm sure that won't happen again. Until last night, when it **POURED**. Tents started collapsing when the ground turned to soup and the poles just disappeared in to the ground. And they expect more rain tonight. As I sit here, brushing off locusts that are starting to swarm, probably from the recent rain, I stare at my muddy boots. We have been walking in ankle deep slop all day. We are 1600 meters inland from the ocean, separated by a mud flat that is impassable except by foot. Two of the five LCACs that service

us are broken. LCACs are hovercraft that take personnel and vehicles to the ships. The three remaining are too scared to take full loads. The roads are turning to mush. We have been in Djibouti for two weeks, and it doesn't look as if we will get out. Locusts and flooding rains. All but a few helicopters are broken, so water and food arrive daily, but sometimes their arrival is doubtful. What next?

Actually, the situation is not that bad at all. Everyone is in high spirits, and the rain keeps the temperature out of the 100s, which is appreciated. Today, we visited a schoolhouse which we plan to refurbish in northern Djibouti. On 14 and 15 April we plan on going to the local town to hand out medical supplies and give medical and dental help to about 150-200 people a day. I really don't have much to contribute in the form of medical support, but I will be handling the security and logistical issues. At any rate, it should be better than wading through the mud. I smell rain, and the clouds are closing in. To sleep I must go.  
FIN. *Vanya Kasanof, Captain, U.S. Marine Corps.*

**From Israel:**

Dear People of Halcott:  
Living as I do in the fire and brimstone reality of Israel today, receiving "The Times of Halcott" is like glimpsing Brigadoon. Townspeople called upon to help frogs, salamanders, and turtles cross roads safely to reach their nuptial water beds! I read every word and am transported to an enchanted place of

wonderful people. Imagine a tiny town where 6% of the population (including alternates) are on a committee that in the course of 12-14 meetings will decide on the "whither Halcott" Master Plan! Amazing.

I'm enclosing an all too modest contribution towards replacing the kitchen in the Grange. I know very well the difficulties of raising matching funds for worthy projects. My little gift is in honor of the most beautiful people I know, Paul and Lillian Steinfeld, and their great-granddaughter, Ya'ara, so that she'll be able to participate in a potluck dinner at the Grange when she visits Gilead Tree Farm at age one and for decades to come with her children and grandchildren.

God bless you all. Shalom, *Helen Frenkley, Neot Kedumim, Israel*



with lots of cousins were constant, and a huge inflated tractor tube made the ultimate water toy. We'd pile on as many



people as we could in attempts to sink the thing. All fun until somehow, while lying on the bottom of the pile of bodies, my head got pinned under the tube, under water, and only because someone noticed my flailing appendages was everyone made to get off me. That was a close call, but nearly as bad for me was when my mom unwittingly terrified me. She would spend time each morning caring for the pool, including skimming out leaves, grass, and the occasional frog, with a long handled net. One morning, as sometimes happened, a snake was swimming around, and she scooped it up. She must have forgotten that I was right behind her, because she heaved it over her shoulder, and all of a sudden I've got this long black body whizzing past my head and all I could think was that it was this close from getting wrapped around my neck. I was a bit indignant, and I believe my mom apologized for the incident, but I also believe

she was a bit amused.

And it really wasn't her fault that I got in the way when she was throwing hay out of the upstairs barn door. I stepped in front of the door just as she let go, and the bale and I tumbled very slowly way, way down to the floor of the hay wagon below. Next thing I knew I was lying down on the couch with a cool washcloth on my forehead. I never got in the way again.

Many evenings were spent cutting lilac branches for roasting sticks, building a fire in the fire pit, and roasting marshmallows. My sister was the patient one - she would slowly turn the stick until the marshmallow was evenly bronze on all sides before she would eat it. I was never able to wait that long. I was of the fast-and-burned school: immerse the mallow into the fire and let it blaze for a



moment of two, then pull it out, blow it out, and pop it into your mouth. I looked forward to that more than anything else until the time I kind of skipped step #2 (blow it out) and the blazing sweetness got stuck on my lip... I was sore for a few days and not pleasant to look at, but

I learned to slow down around fire.

Warm summer afternoons were perfect for wading up the creek (pronounced crick), looking for water skippers, salamanders and such in and among the pools and slippery rocky bottoms. Finding a crayfish was special; you never knew if he got hold of your finger how long he'd hold on, and whether or not he'd draw blood.

And if you reached way back under the rocks you could sometimes find the trout hiding out there. Feeling one, success was being skillful enough to trap it between your hands, bring it out, and show it off. We knew the practice was illegal, but we figured that since we released them, the law wasn't really aimed at us.

Almost as exciting was standing in the middle of the stream when an eel or two came whipping up past you. It doesn't happen anymore, but it was enough to make you jump pretty high and yell pretty loud.

And that brings us to one of my least intelligent excursions as a youngster. You need to remember that fireworks were legal back then. Sparklers were widely available, and why we never fell and impaled ourselves on their glittering glory while we ran with them in the dark, I'll never know. Firecrackers were popular too. More than one Halcott cow, investigating a smoldering firecracker in a pile of manure ended up with a face full, thanks to nasty kids and their tricks.

Anyway, I swiped a pack from my brother and took my bike up the road to the bridge, lighting firecrackers and tossing

them to the water. They'd explode on the way down and I thought I was being pretty safe. However, I neglected to notice that one fuse was shorter than the others and so did not take into account that I would need to speed up my delivery. I lit the fuse, and very soon could feel a tingling energy build up inside my fist. I opened my hand to release the firecracker, and it exploded about an inch from my fingers.

Well, it hurt. It really hurt. Through my tears I could see that my thumbnail was black and dripping blood, so I plopped it into the cool water. I knew then that I had yet to face two things: getting my bike back home, and telling my mom. A bad situation, yes, but also a learning experience. I learned to ride one-handed that day, and I learned that when you screw up, you can get into trouble, but when you screw up and are honest about it, people tend to forgive you.

It wasn't the safest childhood, and it certainly didn't teach us refinement or polish. But when you have to depend on your own devices to get out of situations, it educates you. Boy, did I learn a lot.

You'd think I'd be smarter. PD

### Dipper's Tangles

[Ed. Note: Camille Vickers and Greg Beechler had quite a horrible experience with a coyote. They wrote us the following:]

We asked our dog, Dipper, to tell his tale in hopes of sparing other pet owners the



trauma we experienced this spring.

" It was 7 AM on a crisp Sunday morning and the minute my Dad (Greg) opened the front door I bolted into my yard to the smell of that blankityblank coyote. We have a heated discussion every day about who is trespassing on whose property and as the biggest dog in the valley, a powerful and potent, seventeen pound Parson Jack Russell terrier, I command this territory and all canines in it. Unfortunately, this particular coydog had not been persuaded. I bounded down the hill behind my house looking for trouble and doggone if I didn't find it. The coydog bushwacked me over the back, and dragged me into the woods kicking and screaming. Our neighbor, Ward says the coyote was waiting to catch a rabbit and got me instead. How I got away I will never know but maybe that coyote finally got the message that I am, in fact, The Big Dog.

Dad was running after me and found me in the woods rolling in pain. He carried me home and tried to wash the coydog saliva off my back. My Mom (Camille) got pretty worried when she found the puncture wounds on my sides and started calling every neighbor and vet within 50 miles. Lucky for us, Dr. Smith at the Olive Animal Hospital happened to be in that morning. It really hurt to move so Mom held me on a board and Dad made the 45 minute drive even faster than the time I tried to kill a porcupine... but that's another story. The vet didn't think I looked too bad at first so Mom and Dad left me there for x-rays. When they called again the news was

good and bad. I had two ribs completely broken off, two ribs detached, a collapsed lung and a lot of badly torn muscles. Due no doubt to my superior physical condition there was no serious organ damage. Dr. Smith operated for 3 hours and put me back together. Mom and Dad say it was the worst 24 hours of their lives, waiting to know if I would survive. I stayed in the hospital for three days of observation and even the vet had to admit that I am one tough customer. They let me go home where I got screamed at immediately for jumping into my old chair. After that all of my favorite spots, the back of the couch, the bed, and the window seats were off limits. Mom and Dad barricaded me in the sunroom and tried to keep me quiet. At least I don't look like Frankenstein's best friend any more, just kind of crooked in the middle. I feel fine and I am going to get that coydog someday, if I ever get to go out without a leash again." Sniff ya later, *The Big Dipper*.

### *Summer Memories from a Halcott Boarder*

What do I remember about Halcott? A great deal. It was the center of my life. My family goes back so far in history at Halcott, 85 or 90 years, that my mother's family - grandma, grandpa and four daughters - were first put up in the Elk Creek Road House. My father's family were boarders at Bruce Scudder's and my father came up to recuperate from WWI. My mother and father met at Halcott and the story has it that they exchanged their first kiss on Charley Ploutz's porch (I

think it's now Garold Johnson's house) [Ed. Note: now Jim and Karen Rauter's house] which we kids would point out excitedly each time we drove up the road.

The summer pattern in those days was mothers and kids up on the farm for 2 months; fathers joined them on weekends – a not insignificant trip from the City since the roads and bridges we have now didn't exist then – you had to cross the Hudson by ferry at Poughkeepsie and the entire trip from the City would take 5 or 6 hours. The men would arrive late Friday, relax on Saturday, play with their kids on Sunday and prepare for the long ride home. Strong bonds were forged between the Griffin-Reynolds families and the regulars from the City: the Sendler-Kasanof clan; the Berman-Meyers group; the Talambirases (Minne and Andrew, parents of Edith and Bob); the Needleman, whose son, Herbert, snatched the prize of Arlene Griffin as a wife.

There were also the less regular but equally memorable guests: the good-humored, funny Morty Baum and his father; the ebullient Anne Fish, and Mrs. Borokowski, mother of Melvin, who left an indelible mark by playing the piano so long on a humid day that she dissolved the varnish on the piano bench leaving an imprint of her "tooshy" forever marked in green. And the super-protective Arlene Tulchin, who chased her son around the lawn with a plate of food saying, "Chew, Joey, chew," which became a mantra for us unsympathetic souls who sat there placidly gaining weight without being

reminded to chew.

Even the names of the local people were exotic to us. After all, how many Garfields and Claretas and Odells could we find wandering around the City? Not to mention Araminta van Valkenburgh, a name to conjure with, who lived just down the road. We felt like we were in a totally different world, a real world where cows got milked and you drank it, where chickens were killed and you ate them, where eggs came direct from the hen house, and nothing was wasted, not even the manure.

How we admired those mythic 19th century qualities of the Griffins/Reynolds: the never-ending hard work, the self-sufficiency, the tolerance and compassion. Gram and Claretta brought up a small colony of "lost" boys: Jack Gerson, Roderick Ballard and later, Morton Joseph. From Claretta we learned to tend a vegetable garden and take care of a sick animal and from Gram we learned what good food was. I gained weight just thinking about the muffins and the Saturday night cinnamon buns, the fruit pies, to which Rolla Kasanof and I often contributed hand-picked blueberries, raspberries and blackberries. And Sunday's wonderful ice cream, the crank turned by a succession of avidly competing young hands.

I remember the fun at night: the hot games of Anagrams, the jigsaw puzzles and the singing around the piano. And the wonderful times we had at the brook. And, with Odell as my mentor, going out



to shoot woodchucks and bats and explore a haunted house. I remember the afternoon when a young bull escaped from the pen and came up on the lawn, and Odell,



graceful as a matador, finally caught the ring in his nose and led him back as we boarders watched without breathing. Finally, there was the highlight of the week – the square dance at the Grange. For the most part my escort was Odell, and once he and I were even voted the best looking couple on the floor, much to the pride of our respective mothers.

Our attachment to Halcott did not end when we grew up. I brought my children up for a couple of summers until Gram and Claretta closed the boarding house. Then we came up on day trips to see Ward and Ruth and later, when Garfield and Claretta were ill, I came up almost weekly to see Claretta. Just think of the strength of the ties we forged: Tony and Innes living in the big house; Nina in Claretta's smaller one, Rolla near her husband Chet in Grand Gorge; Herby Needleman and Arlene Griffin; Richard Meyers, my brother on his farm (recently sold) on Hog Mountain Road; and how can we forget the elegant

Bess Sendler, married to Vic Peet?

Halcott, in its simplicity and beauty and with its wonderful people, was an enchanted place and none of us who were touched by it will ever forget it. *Marjorie Meyers Brockman*

#### A TRASHY SUBJECT

A common destination of trash is the outdoor burn barrel. Too often, it is the only destination of any combustible garbage, and there is good reason to re-examine this practice.

When plastics are burned, they can release dioxins, nitrile compounds, and other carcinogens. Formaldehyde, hydrochloric and sulfuric acids, lead, and mercury may be released as well. Many of us think, "I only burn trash once or twice a week, and I usually don't burn much, so I'm really not contributing to the problem." However, one backyard burn barrel can produce as much dioxin as a modern municipal waste incinerator, according to the New York State DEC.

The DEC has published a list of burning Do's and Don'ts. On the "Do Burn" list are: clean, unpainted and uncoated wood, tree limbs, branches, twigs, lawn clippings, and woody vegetation other than tree stumps. Now, this makes little sense to me, because the burning of these items releases quite a bit of carbon. The most efficient and environmentally correct disposal of these is decomposition as in

to pile them (along with all those leaves in Autumn) somewhere on your property where they can create wildlife habitat and naturally break down. And there's no mention of garbage on that list, is there? On the "Don't Burn" list are the following: plastics, foam cushions, furniture, rugs, appliances, rubber, tires, metals, glass, asphalt shingles, roofing materials, drywall, insulation, and creosote-treated or pressure-treated wood.

Many households have different receptacles for different types of garbage. A bucket for compost, and several bins for: recyclable plastics (#1, 2, 3, & 5) recyclable glass (NO light bulbs or broken windows please), recyclable metal (tin cans and soda cans NO aluminum foil), and recyclable paper (magazines and junk mail together) and newspaper. Then, two trash cans for what's left over: one lined with a paper bag for burnable paper goods, and one lined with a plastic trash bag for plastic wrapping, styrofoam, and other non-recyclables which the trash man will take.

As the DEC stresses, use common sense and caution when burning. Don't burn on windy days, and keep your fire small and controllable. Try not to let your fire smolder; fast, hot burning produces less pollution than a smoldering fire. Remem-



ber magazines, newspapers, and plastics are better recycled than burned. PD

## *A Halcott Summer on the Farm*

Life on a farm tends to follow the rhythm of the seasons. Some activities such as milking and feeding cattle continue year round while other chores like haying and moving animals to pasture occur during late spring and summer. Although most summer days seem to blur into one another at a frenetic pace, there is much to enjoy and be thankful for on a farm. Besides the better weather and beautiful green surroundings, on a daily basis a farm offers the opportunity to work outdoors with family and friends within

the laws of nature. A farm is truly a special place any time of year, but perhaps even more so in the summer.

After the long winter

of feeding cattle in the barn, endless clean-up, and dealing with sometimes frozen equipment, both cows and people are more than glad to get outside and spend time in the warm sunshine. We actually notice a difference in our cows' dispositions when they are able to go outside; they are calmer and more content versus when they have to stay in the barn.



As the grass comes on, cattle formerly stabled inside are moved out to feast on the lush green grasses and legumes that grow so well in our mountains. As an added bonus, having the animals on grass lightens feeding and cleaning chores so there's more time for needed outside work.

Summer's coming also signals time to begin planting and fertilizing corn or other crops. During the winter, farmers consider where, how much, and which varieties of crops to put in the following year. Equipment is readied for the busy planting and harvesting season so hopefully all is in tip-top shape when weather and soil conditions permit. Breakdowns are unwelcome intruders, especially when there's hay down and rain on the way, but sometimes they're just a part of the day! Once the crops are in, not unlike once your garden is in, all we can do is hope for Mother Nature to provide good growing conditions for bountiful harvest.

Haying (or silage-making), summer's most time consuming job, gets into full swing in mid-late May or early June depending on the year. Drive through any rural area during a stretch of good weather and chances are you will see tractors of all sizes and colors making their way around fields cutting, chopping, raking, or baling sweet-smelling grass into neat rows or bales to be fed to cows later in the year. Clear, warm days with a nice breeze, the kind of days that dry your clothes on the line quickly, are best for putting up good hay. Hay that gets rained on after it has dried or that gets baled at too high a mois-

ture level makes poor quality feed not to mention a potentially combustible material. Since Catskill Mountain summer weather isn't always too predictable and sometimes includes rain, making hay here can be quite challenging.

As summer progresses, haying continues with second and third cuttings. Calves born earlier in the year are put on grass and new additions to the milking herd have settled into the routine. Between cuttings of hay there is time to take the kids swimming and plan those memory-making slumber parties when the nearby cousins come over to enjoy the farm and each other. Don't worry, lights going every which way in our yard on a summer night just means there's a spirited game of flashlight tag going on here!

Summer also means fairs, farm shows, and other farm gatherings. These are always fun as well as great places to learn new ideas and see old friends. Sometimes a vacation away from the farm, to see new places, enjoy family, and "recharge the batteries" is possible. Indeed, summer on the farm is always busy, sometimes exhausting, occasionally disappointing, but never dull and certainly always full of activity that creates memories to last a lifetime. *JD*

## Flowers from Kerns

Don't forget that our very own Greene County has some wonderful places to buy plants, the closest being Kerns Nursery, run by Bob and Pat Kerns in Jewett. As

they explain on their website, Kerns Landscapes came into existence in 1981.

"With the need to have shrubs, trees, perennials and annuals more accessible on the

mountain top to meet our customer's needs we began by keeping nursery

stock at our home to use on our contracted jobs. Pat, after working at two local nurseries, had a love of plants and gardening and in 1987 we thought that starting our own nursery would be a good way to expand the business. There really was never a plan to grow as big as we've become. It just happened and now we produce over 500 perennial plants and some 400 varieties of bedding and specialty annuals, herbs and vegetables."

Bob adds: "Our location is so far off the beaten track that we try to make it worth a visit for everyone who loves plants and gardening. The atmosphere is relaxed, and the setting is beautiful. You will find yourself surrounded by mountains and our display gardens through which you may stroll. People enjoy coming and bring friends just to tour around our facility. But of course it is the quality and diversity of our plant stock that is the most

impressive."

Kerns Nursery is only 25 minutes from us, well worth a drive through our Catskills.

Take Route 28 east to Route 42 and cross over the gorge to Route 23A. Travel east on 23A, passing the exotic onion-domed church, and turn at the next left towards Jewett. The nursery is located about three miles, on Route 23C, a left-turn that is well marked. You will be delighted by the visit. Not only are the plants healthy and plentiful, but there is a special gift shop as well. And of

course, situated on a mountainside, similar to our gardens in Halcott, anything that the Kerns grow will certainly thrive here!

Bob and Pat Kerns have done a lot of volunteer work around the County. Most recently, they are participating in a fundraising effort by the MountainTop Arboretum. A \$10 ticket could win you \$1000 of nursery work/plantings from Kerns. Tickets are available at Kerns, and also from Innes Kasanof, 254-9920.

Finally, we in Halcott hope to know Bob and Pat Kerns a lot better. Bob has been hired by the Town to design a foundation planting around the Grange, thanks to a DEC landscaping grant that we have received. He and Pat have donated 100 perennial pots for Halcott gardeners to fill with precious plants to be sold at the Halcott Fair. And we will be able to

