

# THE TIMES OF HALCOTT

## SPRING 2007

### VOL 38

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#### Columbine from Seed

By Hal Brand

For a number of years I tried to grow columbine from seed. [Ed. note: *Columbine* is *Aquilegia* – from the Latin either for “eagle-like because the flower spurs suggest eagle’s talons, or for “water collector,” referring to the nectar in the spurs of the petals]. Albertine’s mother had a columbine growing in a shady corner of the Streeter farm house. It ceased growing shortly after Mrs. Streeter passed away. For Albertine that was like having her mother die again. She wanted another columbine. For over 40 years I intermittently tried to grow columbine. I was jinxed. I never had any luck. The spring following Albertine’s death I purchased three packets of columbine seed. Each package came from a different source. I prepared a growing area about 9 inches square at the corner of the house and planted a few seeds from each package. Every morning for three weeks I lightly watered the area and then green sprouts made an appearance.

About two weeks later I was able to successfully transplant one to the other side of the house where it lives and blossoms each spring. To prevent an accidental mowing of my seedling plants I enclosed them with 8 inch garden fence-



Courtesy USDA Forest Service Online

ing. That night the neighbor’s male dog decided his eminent domain rights did not permit columbine plants. The plants were wilted the next morning and dead four days later. My spirits were too low to start again and in addition it was too late in the growing season for seed starting.

The following year about twelve feet away from the place of my planting and up out of the weeds crowding the house foundation and much hidden by fern growth appeared a columbine flower. It was yellow. The following year the yellow was joined by a red flowered columbine. All very mysterious so other than keep the weeds pulled I do not mess around the area. Albertine had a green thumb as did her mother. I haven’t seen or heard any

spirit activity around the house, but since the mysterious growth of the columbine I leave a lotto card with a pen on the desk just in case there are other forces at work around here.

## Star-Nosed Wonder

This is a fine treasure my dogs have found, as we walk along the roadside on a snowy day - a perfect, frozen specimen of *Condylura cristata*, a star-nosed mole. There are a few species of mole in our area, but to me the star-nosed mole is the most interesting - active all winter long, burrowing beneath the



snow and ice, diving into the frigid winter waters to look for food. It dines on aquatic meals of worms and bugs, the aquatic larvae of caddis- and stoneflies, even crayfish and small fry. He uses his unique nose feelers - 22 fleshy tentacles - to not only feel for food, but to block dirt from entering his nose as he burrows underground. His nose is truly an amazing-looking bit of work and is probably the oddest animal we have in Halcott. To look at him puts in one's mind a miniature Dr. Suessian duck-billed platypus.

And this mole is definitely a swimmer. In front, he seems to lack true legs, but has flipper-feet that are webbed and large and powerful for making his way into a current and holding his own there while he searches for food.

This fellow is about 7 inches total; 4 or so of pudgy body and the rest of a

slender tail more like chipmunk than rat - not naked, but covered in coarse grey hair.

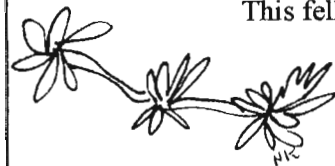
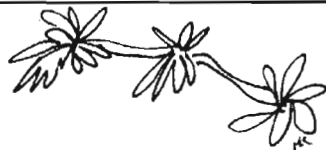
His plump body is covered with a luxurious fur that is thick, water repellent, and smooth, very much like beaver pelt that is dark grey instead of brown. And so soft that it historically gained high regard as a wound protector and is why we buy "moleskin" as a barrier against the blisters that result from way too much hiking in too little time.

I pocket my find, hoping it will not begin to thaw on the walk back home, over the hill, past Warren's Christmas trees, then on the back trail where we surprise a covey of mourning dove that explodes in front of us, surprising us in turn. (Actually termed a funeral of mourning dove; I prefer alliteration to metaphor.) Back home, I pop the little guy into a Ziploc bag and the freezer until I have time for further examination & research. But he is gone the next day, snagged by my husband for a high school science class. There are so many inhabitants in these mountains of whom we are barely aware, and any opportunity to study and learn about them is a prize to seize. *PD*

## LIVING SAFELY ON A FARM

Although I realize most of our readers don't live on a farm, a recent local incident (thankfully, all is well) and the fact that the busy planting and haying seasons are just around the corner, I felt compelled to write this article about farm safety. Indeed, in small, tight-knit, rural neighborhoods such as ours, serious injuries or deaths affect not only the farm family, but the entire community as well.

As a farm wife, one of the top areas of concern and prayer for me is safety for my family and for other people who work on or



visit our farmstead. This concern is not unfounded; farming ranks behind only mining as the second most dangerous occupation. In New York alone, during 1996-2000, 171 people died as a result of farm-related injuries. While the majority of these accidents involved tractors, vehicles or other machinery, the daily routine of working around large animals that are sometimes unpredictable, electrical systems, and even the strong soaps and acids used for cleaning dairy equipment posed (and continue to pose) serious risks as well.

Fortunately, there are many wonderful organizations out there staffed by caring people working to decrease the number of illnesses, injuries and deaths that occur in rural workplaces. One such group is NYCAMH, the New York Center for Agricultural Medicine and Health, based in Cooperstown. The NY Legislature established NYCAMH in 1988 in response to the high numbers of illnesses and occupational injuries in New York's largest industry, agriculture. Before then, NYCAMH had done studies about dust-related health problems, hearing loss, occupational arthritis, skin cancer, and other on-farm workplace hazards. Today, NYCAMH's directives are to do research into the cause and prevention of farm-related health issues, to host education and prevention activities for the farm community and for the professionals who serve farmers, and to provide clinical help for farm-related health problems.

We have been fortunate to take part in



a couple of NYCAMH's programs. A few years ago we, along with several other farm families, participated in a quarterly survey that looked at farm safety issues involving children. The results of this survey were used to help develop guidelines for age-appropriate jobs for farm children and youths. Last fall, Mr. Jim Rice, a Farm Safety Trainer, visited our farm to conduct a safety survey. This thorough survey was very valuable as it showed us what we were doing well safety-wise and, more importantly, what areas needed improvement. Every aspect of safety was covered- from the importance of tractor and equipment maintenance to the benefits of adequate lighting to careful animal handling and more. Seeing things through a pair of trained, non-biased eyes was extremely helpful!

Another group dedicated to farm safety is Farm Safety 4 Just Kids. Started in 1987 in Iowa, this non-profit organization is truly a labor of love. After a tragic mishap with a corn gravity

wagon claimed the life of her eleven-year-old son, Mrs. Marilyn Adams founded this group in an effort to spare others the heartache of losing a child to a preventable farm accident. The organization has grown so that today many rural areas across the U.S. have chapters to conduct programs on a local level. One of the fun activities they sponsor is the Farm Safety 4 Just Kids day camp. We attended one of these events at 4-H Camp Shankitunk in Delhi several years ago with our children and some of their cousins. The camp featured a series of stations that taught about different hazards such

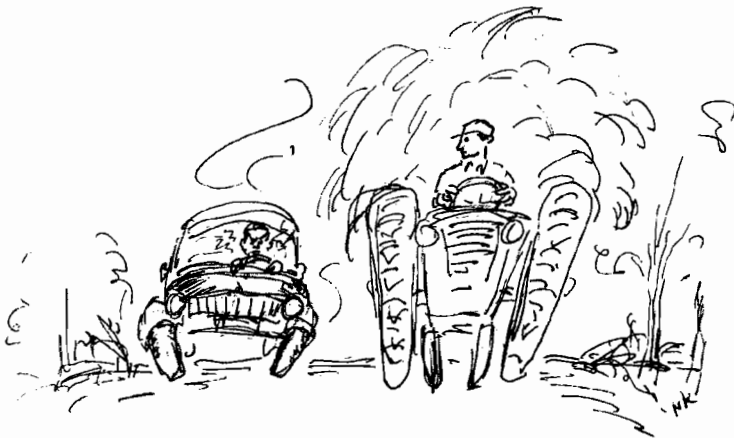
as safety with electricity, horses, chemicals, fire extinguishers, and farm equipment. The day ended with an enjoyable quiz-type game designed to increase the participants' knowledge of farm safety even further.

While all of these activities and organizations have been such a blessing to so many- no doubt countless lives and limbs have been spared- there are some things that you, our dear neighbors, can do to help make our local farms even safer, es-

pecially on our roads. As the busy hay season approaches, tractors and other farm equipment will be on the move, sometimes even on Halcott's roadways, as we go from field to field. Please watch for slow moving vehicles (SMV's). Tractors, especially those pulling equipment, will not be moving nearly as quickly as your automobile and it will take time for you to slow down if you happen to meet a slow moving vehicle. All SMV's and equipment towed by them that travel at 25mph or less on public roads should have a slow moving vehicle emblem on the back of them. These emblems are triangular with a fluorescent orange center and red, reflective border that can be seen by day or by night. (If you have never seen one of these SMV emblems and would like to, stop by and we will be glad to show you one!) The emblems serve caution to vehicles coming from behind to begin to slow down right away. (Note that it is illegal to attach an SMV sign to a stationary post or ob-

ject such as a mailbox or driveway entrance.)

One of the biggest challenges we face in regard to vehicle/tractor collisions is when motorists attempt to pass a tractor when it isn't safe to do so. This especially happens when the tractor operator slows down to make a left turn



across a roadway just as the motorist decides to speed up to go around the tractor. To be sure, tractor operators really don't wish to hold people up needlessly, and most will move over and wave you on when possible to allow you to pass safely.

As a motorist,

please be certain the tractor operator sees you. Don't just assume he or she knows you are there. Some tractors are quite noisy and the operator may be wearing hearing protection so he cannot hear you approach. A little caution and patience can help assure everyone returns home safely. Thank you in advance for helping to make Halcott a safe, enjoyable place to farm.

*JD*

### **Before Judy and Chris Came to Halcott**

*By Sally Fairbairn*

John and I moved to Halcott Center in 1971, right after we were married. John had bought the farm (where Chris and Judy DiBenedetto live now) several years earlier and had an employee running it for him. That situation fell apart, and we were on our own milking 60 cows as soon as we returned from our honeymoon. Plus, he had a thriving large animal veterinary practice with clients from Harpersfield to Andes, Lewbeach and Bovina, Marga-

retville to Lexington, Grand Gorge, and Stamford. I look back on that time with awe. How did we do that? My only answer is that we were young, and we were stubborn. And strong. My gosh, do I appreciate now how strong we were then.

My father, Morton Scudder, was born in Halcott and was a great friend of Mike Morse, whose farm John had bought and we resided on. Small world. I was a Margaretville girl, but I soon felt very much at home in Halcott. Of course I knew Mike and some other Halcott Center friends of my father, but it was Willie Griffin who I came to lean on.

I'd heard of Willie since I was a little kid and knew of his reputation as a great farmer, but I don't think I had ever met him. I can still remember the first time he came in the barn after we were married. John was milking and I was feeding calves or doing something out of the milking parlor. The visitor had left by the time

I had finished the job and had come in to say hello. When John told me that was Willie Griffin I felt I had missed meeting a celebrity. He became a friend, mentor, teacher and adopted-uncle to John and me, and later to our kids.

There were people who would criticize John, sometimes to my face: that he shouldn't leave me to be a farmer by myself. They just

didn't get it. The underlying message, of course, was: you're a woman - you can't do it. I would want to tell them to shut up and go away - that this was what we both wanted. But, I would just roll my eyes and excuse myself to go do something else. Willie wasn't like that.

He knew I wasn't good at everything. He understood that I wanted to learn. And he never gave up on trying to teach me. He'd say, "Oh, sure you can." And I would try it again and get better at it, whatever the task. Driving tractor never came naturally to me and I always doubted my skills. Willie would just snicker when I expressed my hesitation to hook the Oliver 770 up and head for the field. Then he'd tell me how to do it; show me, if necessary. And if I broke something, we would fix it. If it were really bad, we'd have to get Garold Johnson to fix it. John and I made the farm work for me. He was there as much as he could be, but someone else's sick cow could leave me on my own. We maintained a

manure pit, which Willie emptied for us every spring and fall, so that I didn't have to spread manure daily. That meant that I had no field-work in bad weather (especially important when Willie was in Florida!) There were a few jobs that I really couldn't do. In a pinch I could shovel ear corn into the mixer-grinder, but it was too much for me as a regular job. Several

## Dandelion Jelly

*Thanks to Gloria German*

If you want a real treat, make some dandelion jelly. It's not only mild, but honey-like. Pick big dandelion blossoms early in the morning when they're open. One quart is all you need. Wash the blossoms, boil with 1 quart of water for just 3 minutes. No more or the juice will become discolored.

Drain the juice through heavy cloth. Three cups of juice will take a box of fruit pectin.

Add 1 teaspoon lemon or orange extract and 4 ½ cups sugar. Boil contents for 3 minutes. Stir constantly. Remove from heat, skim off top. Then pour into jars and seal. Nothing better than hot biscuits or muffins topped with some of this honey-like jelly.



times I had to call in Don Bouton to help me out after he sold his cows. But, he sold his cows so he could do less brutal work, not more! We gave up on the mixer-grinder even though the resulting feed, ground ear corn, made the cows' butterfat test very high.

We had three kids, Jaine, JC and Bubs, and I mixed pregnancies, nursing, and all that goes with raising kids with running the farm. They all went to the barn with me and had a great time playing in the warm milkhouse when it was cold, or in the sawdust pile by the calves, the dirt pile outside the sliding door, or in the hay mow in the heifer barn. Even now when they get together and trade childhood stories, someone will confess to mischief that escaped my notice then. Apparently climbing on roofs was a favorite unapproved pastime. I often think of the toys that must be buried under layers of mud or hay chaff and wonder if Chris and Judy run into paintless Matchbox cars and old wrecks of Hotwheels.

All those precious memories of the kids growing up have a Halcott Center postmark on them. When I reminisce about the time in Halcott, I always see a young woman with three young kids. I left that young woman behind, but I hope I can always hang on to that "Oh sure you can" attitude that Willie taught me.

### Halcott History

[Ed. Note: Bob Johnson's mother, Deborah Morse Johnson wrote these notes in 1936 on the occasion of a Grange program. Here she

*discusses the impact of the early settlers on the animal population.]*

"... The wolves were particularly troublesome and even as late as 1829 they would come to the pastures in the daytime and make their own selections of lamb or mutton. When pursued by a dog, the wolf would retreat over the log fence that separated the forest from the field, and beyond that the dogs had learned better than to follow, for the wolf exercised all the shrewdness of an Indian in drawing the foe into a disadvantage. Once into the brambles, a signal yelp brings a pack to the rescue, and the dog's only hope is in his hasty retreat.

Many of the animals and birds of the forest took more kindly the intrusion of these human occupants. Partridge eggs were not infrequently found in hens' nests, and a litter of young squirrels

was once brought in and adopted by the family cat. They lived as the kittens did and were lugged about by their neck in the same manner; but when their foster mother tried to change their milk diet for one of meat, they seemed to see a curious similarity between themselves and the squirrels which were being eaten

by the family they lived with. The cat could see no kind of sense in eating corn and nuts, so



a separation took place at last by a kind of mutual understanding..."

### Pete's Pages from the Past

*Thanks to Pete Ballard for submitting these snippets from old newspapers he has saved:*

**May 4, 1906:** Postmaster Corlyou has begun a campaign against tuberculosis and to prevent the spread of the disease in post offices. All federal employees are positively forbidden to spit upon the floors.

**May 25, 1906:** The Albany Times Union says that this January was the warmest in 33 years, an average of 32 degrees.

**May 25, 1945:** New Kingston church and valley now have 31 boys and one nurse in the service.

A surprise stork shower was given Mrs. C. Ray Huggins last Saturday at the home of Miss Geraldine Mayes.... For sale: seed potatoes Irish Cobbler and Bebago. Marshall Bouton, Halcott Center.... Miss Shirley Woolheater, daughter of Wilber Woolheater of Fleischmanns and Donald Bouton of Halcott Center were united in marriage Thursday by Rev. A.H. Coons of Margaretville. After a short honeymoon, the couple returned to Halcott.

**November, 1952:** Mr. & Mrs. Jacob Slavin and sons have started for Florida for the winter. Last Season they ran a large truck farm and expect to do the same this year.

**March 25, 1956:** This season Fleischmanns turned out the most powerful basketball team in its history. The Mountaineers pulverized Class D competition in six counties of Section 4. The Cinderella team, as it is known, did not dim its glory in playoff losses to considerably larger schools as the boys turned their regular aggressive performances at Oneonta and Ithaca. Bob Moran smashed every scoring re-

cord.

### And More Pages from the Past:

**January 30, 1942,** from the *Catskill Mountain News*, provided by Bill Westerfeld: "Ward Reynolds Having Swell Time in California – Sergeant Ward Reynolds, who is now stationed in California has become acquainted with the screen and radio star, Bob Hope, has been entertained at his home and has met many Hollywood notables through this friendship. Ward says that he hopes he can remain in California

for he is having a swell time. From Halcott Center correspondent." I spoke to Ward about this article, and he told me that he and some buddies on furlough went to the "Brown Derby," a well-known bar in Hollywood. While they were enjoying themselves, suddenly someone tapped Ward on the shoulder and asked if they would all like to come home with him. It was Bob Hope, about whom it was said that he never took a drink, but in

his attempt to support the war effort, used to invite soldiers to come to his home. Ward said he was dazzled by the house, that it was beautiful and spacious with a large staircase. He met the actress Gloria Swanson there. Oh, yes, and did he stay in California? When he returned from his three-day furlough, he was shipped out the next day to Midway! *IK*



### Rocks, Rocks, and MORE Rocks

*By Norman Fuller*

*Ed Note: Some will remember from our sum-*

mer issue an article written by Mr. Fuller about his experience as a 4-H Agent in Greene County from 1962 to 1969. He lives in Catskill and writes to preserve agricultural history.

When people settled Greene County, they found an abundance of rocks. They had to clean their fields before they could plant them.



*Halcott stone wall with daffodils*

Being industrious people, they put everything to good use — including the rocks. The settlers used stone boats, or drags, to get rocks off their land. A stone boat was three to four feet wide and ten to twelve feet long. They were made of oak plank slanted upward on the front end. The rocks were rolled onto the stone boat and pulled by a team of horses or oxen to where the people could use them... One can't drive in Greene County without seeing stone walls. Stone walls were used for everything: boundary lines (part of the northern border of the County is a stone wall), to divide up fields

into eight to ten acre plots, and to fence in livestock. Some of the surviving rock walls which were originally constructed one hundred to two hundred years ago are being taken down and used by landscapers in other locations. There are few people left in this area who can build a good stone wall...

To cut the stone without the benefit of any modern power tools, two different methods were used. During the winter months a series of holes were made in the rock with star drills and sledge hammers, and then the holes were filled with water and allowed to freeze overnight. Expansion of the water as it froze in the holes would crack the stone along the desired line.

In summer, stones were split by filling the bored holes with water and then hammering oak plugs into them. It's hard to believe that a series of oak plugs swelling with water would crack a stone, but it worked. Fibs — wedges designed to fit in the holes — were also used... Many of New York City's early side-

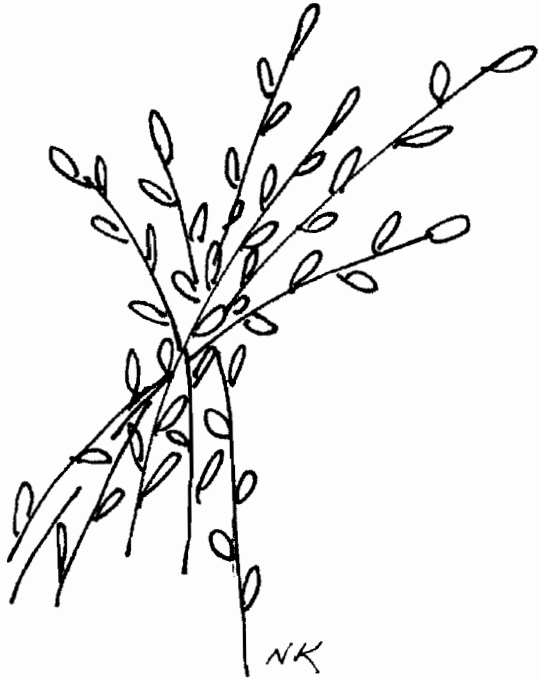
walks came from Greene County as did parts of Brooklyn's bridges.

### **Snowmobiling in Halcott**

In 2005, the New York State Snowmobile Association (NYSSA) successfully advocated for legislation to promote rider membership in snowmobile clubs and to enhance the safety and enjoyment of everybody who snowmobiles in New York State. Recently, an approved NYSSA club has started up in Lexington and Halcott, called the Big Valley Trail

Breakers. The club has already received permission from DEP to ride over its lands and is now working with Halcott and Lexington to get sponsorship for their activities. Their goal is to build a trail that will connect with other trails

solution. The president of the Big Valley Trail Breakers is Glenn Howard, 774 Tumbleweed Ranch Rd, West Kill, NY 12492; Tel: 518-989-6893. Pete Ballard is the Vice President, 251 Turk Hollow Rd; Halcott Center, NY 12430; Tel: 845-254-4141. *IK*



in Delaware County and will allow snowmobilers to ride all the way to Canada. This is a win-win situation for all: if you enjoy snowmobiling, you now have an opportunity to join a recognized organization. If you are a private landowner in the path of the club's proposed trail, you will have the chance to sit down and talk to the club. They will ask permission to cross your land, describing how the trail will be maintained, and explaining the available insurance coverage. If you have had difficulties with snowmobilers in the past, you now have a formal entity you can enlist to help work out a

### **Birthday Calendar Club**

Thanks to all who took part in the "2007" Birthday Calendar Fundraiser. We will be printing the calendar again for 2008. Hope to have your support again at that time. We still have a few extra copies available for this year. Just give me a call if you would like to receive a copy. Thanks again. **Walt Miller, Chairman, BCC, 254-4812.**

### **Cruise the Caribbean in 2008**

Treat yourself to a sail in the warmth of luxury, surrounded by good friends, January 20 to 27, 2008, departing from Miami, Florida and destined for exotic ports like Grand Cayman, Belize, Isla Roatan, and others. The Margaretville Memorial Hospital Auxiliary is sponsoring this delectable event. If you're a risk-taker, consider purchasing a raffle ticket to win two free tickets for the cruise. The winning ticket will be drawn at the August 4, 2007 annual Auxiliary Flea Market. But we are all winners when we participate in this cruise: we get the welcome sunshine and comfort, and our participation helps the coffers of the Auxiliary. More information and tickets can be had by calling Lee Austin at 254-5924.

### **Community Thrift Store**

Now open! The Community Thrift Store in Fleischamns -- specializing in children's clothing and toys, also available are some adult clothing, along with bakeware, dishware, some furniture items, and small appliances. The hope

is to accumulate an assortment of good used youth soccer shoes so that an inexpensive clearing house can be established. The prices are structured to generate some income for the church, while allowing area families to affordably provision their families. Due to generous donations of goods, at this time there is a lack of storage area, except for children's items and soccer shoes. Winter hours of operation are Wednesdays 5-7pm, and Sundays from 10 - noon, subject to change in the spring. Check it out at the Fleischmanns Church on Main Street. Call Peg at 254-4492 for more information. *PD*

### Long Lost Quilt Show Returns!

Ralph Darmstadt will be hosting a quilt show in Fleischmanns on May 26th - the Saturday of Memorial Day weekend. The intention is to display and sell quilts and art work hand-crafted by area quilters and artisans, and to also turn Main Street into "Quilt Street For A Day" with the participation of area merchants, and the owners of storefronts and the beautiful Victorian homes along Main Street. The event will be held at the Fleischmanns Church, and will coincide with the annual book/lawn sale of the Skene Memorial Library and the Fleischmanns Museum of Memories.

**DON'T  
FORGET  
TO  
SEND**

Watch the *Catskill Mountain News* - and Main Street - for details. *PD*

### PASSAGES

On February 2, 2007, our vivacious neighbor and Salsa Instructor Gaudys Quinones Sanford was officially declared an American citizen at the Broome County Courthouse in Binghamton NY. Her notable achievement was the culmination of long hours of study and sheer diligence in the quest for this honor. No doubt her sense of caring and community makes her welcome among those of us who were born here, and she is especially ap-

preciative of the rights and responsibilities she now possesses. Congratulations, Gaudys!! *PD*



## YOUR RECIPES

**TO:  
KARI PAGNANO  
217 THOMPSON ST. APT 28  
NEW YORK, NY 10012  
OR  
KPAGNANO@EARTHLINK.NET  
DEADLINE IS MAY 1ST**

# TIMES OF THE HALCOTT UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

SPRING 2007 — PATTIE KELDER, CORRESPONDENT

## Food Edition

Jesus said . . . "Feed my lambs . . . Tend my sheep . . . Feed my sheep." John 21:15-17

### *Come to the Feast*

I am stepping into a winter wonderland laden with bird feeders and suet cages. It is 20 degrees and there is a flurry in the air. Except for the crunch of my footsteps, all is silent. Then, halfway through my rounds, I hear it. Chick-a-dee! One simple joy-filled directive from the sentinel summons the hungry. Quickly, other voices pick up the refrain, calling other friends to breakfast. The sound of fluttering wings fills the air.

I marvel again at this daily occurrence. These tiny bits of life, dependent on our faithfulness for a steady food supply, always announce the feast. With no concern about future scarcity, they call all within hearing distance to come and share. They don't sample the menu first. They don't grab the choicest tidbits, or give away the leftovers. They don't store anything for tomorrow. They don't ban gluttons. They don't exclude other species. They just live one day at a time in harmony with their neighbors.

What a lesson this is for all of us, especially as children of God. We all get hungry. But God has created in us a craving for spiritual food, as well. Oh, we're easily distracted from spiritual hunger. After all, juggling hectic schedules, managing family finances and just plain trying to keep our heads above water work in combination to sap our time and energy. But no amount of preoccupation can fill that God-shaped void in our lives.

District Superintendent, Mark Chatterton, is fond of reminding us that our deep common hunger places all of us on the same plane. Inviting neighbors to church, he says, is no different from "one beggar telling another beggar where the food is". After all, who would let someone starve to death?

Here in Halcott, there is only one house of worship. Because of this, we are especially respectful of varied expressions of faith. No one is excluded. No level of need is judged. No level of knowledge or spirituality is evaluated. The number of years since attending church are not counted. And visitors are

not asked to abandon other church homes.

We are all hungry. So don't delay. Come to the banquet! Church services are at 7:30 pm in March, then return to 9:00 am in April.

### **Lent and Lunch:**

At press time, we are in the midst of Lent, the 40 days of self examination preceding Easter. Members of the Upper Catskills Larger Parish are pleased to have written our own Lenten Devotional Booklet this year. Copies are available upon request.

Everyone is welcome to attend the following Lenten events:

**March 21** Luncheon Noon Halcott Grange Hall

**March 28** Dish-to-Pass Supper 6pm MargaretvilleUMC

**April 1** Palm Sunday Service 9:00 am Halcott UMC.

**April 5** Maundy Thursday Services (TBA)

**April 6** Good Friday Service 7:30 pm Halcott UMC.

**April 8** Easter Sunday Service 9:00 am Halcott UMC.

### **Barbecue**

The usual March BBQ by Brooks has been postponed until April this year. Come to the Arkville Fire Hall on April 28 for your chicken or rib takeouts. Halcott UMC folks will start packing them up at 11:00 am and continue until sold out.

### **Area Food Pantries**

More and more Americans are facing food shortages, according to current reports. This year Halcott UMC is renewing efforts to help stock the Greater Margaretville Food Pantry and the Roxbury Food Bank. Both locations are supported by people throughout our interfaith communities. Contributions can be brought to church on Sunday. In addition, food can be sent to Margaretville with Pattie Kelder or to Roxbury with Pastor Bill.

Each location has a refrigerator and a freezer as well as shelf space. Since food must be distributed in original unopened packages, it is best not to shop for bulk quantities. Extended sale dates also help by preventing expiration before distribution. Any kind of food is useful, particularly soup, jelly, ravioli, spaghettiOs, beef stew, peaches, crackers, dry cereal, mashed potatoes, margarine, and small packages of Velveeta cheese. In addition, financial contributions help food bank staffers purchase items which are low

in stock. Checks should be made payable to either Roxbury United Methodist Church with "food bank" on the memo line or Greater Margaretville Food Pantry. They can be placed in the church offering plate or sent directly to Pastor Bill Hawes at P.O. Box 214, Roxbury, NY 12474. Volunteers are always needed. Whether you can be of help on a regular basis or only have an occasional day available, please contact Jackie Grocholl to be scheduled.

These food pantries exist to answer a need. If you, or someone you know, should experience a lean time, please visit a local food bank. It is there for you. The Greater Margaretville Food Pantry, situated on Main Street in Margaretville behind Rettew Engineering, is open by appointment. Calls to 586-2233 on Mondays, Wednesdays or Fridays between 9 -11 or 5 - 7 are forwarded to the home of a volunteer. Arrangements will be made to meet you at the pantry. The Roxbury Food Bank, located in the church dining room, is open every Tuesday between 4 - 6 pm and at other times by calling 607-326-9366.

### **Campbell's Labels Program**

Red Bird Mission, in the heart of Appalachia, depends heavily upon the Campbell's Labels Program to help fund necessities for education, especially vans for transportation. A van "costs" approximately 1 1/2 million labels!

There are important changes in the program this year. If you would like to participate, please check your pantry for the following items:

- \*Campbell's soups, beans, chili, tomato juice, gravies, SpaghettiOs, and Supper Bakes
  - \*Franco American gravies and SpaghettiOs
  - \*Swanson broths and canned chicken
  - \*Pepperidge Farm soups, bread products, cookies, crackers, Goldfish, snack mixes and frozen desserts.
- Please save the UPC section of the labels along with the Labels for Education symbol of a stylized pencil or a little student. Do not cut them apart. They must remain attached to each other. Labels which are taped, glued or stapled are void. For some products, you must save lids instead of labels. Please save lids of Prego Pasta Sauces and all varieties of V8, Splash and V Fusion juices.