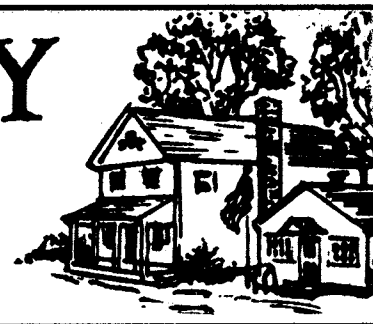


MONTEREY NEWS

August 2021
Est. 1970 Vol. LI · Number 8



Pick up at: the library (in and outside), outside town hall, transfer station, Bracken Brae farmstand mid-June



"It's 6 a.m. and Jean Germain, photographer extraordinaire, steps onto the deck of her lakeside Monterey cottage, her artist's eye exploring the possibilities of this magnificent morning, when soundlessly, like an apparition through the mist, this year's LakeFest poster glides into view. As the fishermen approach, with only three shots left in her camera, Jean knows she has no time for light meters, almost no time to think—in a matter of seconds the fishermen will drift away! It all happens so quickly that Jean doesn't realize until the film is developed that she managed to capture a moment of ephemeral beauty, and immortalize it." —Hy Rosen

(Jean called it serendipity.)

There you have it folks. Judge for yourself. Recordings of all meetings will be archived for any interested parties. It's reality TV at its "best."

Lament page 22

Moreover, I felt for a long time that I had faithlessly abandoned the young man to "the welfare" just when he probably needed me most.

A Summer Evening page 16

Dale was called the "skunk whisperer" because having removed over three thousand skunks, he was only sprayed once.

Dale Duryea page 10

Mama Bear ate a container of dates and an almost full package of gluten-free Oreos. What were the chances a gluten-free bear found our house? Just luck.

Bear Invasion! page 8

Most importantly our goal is to provide a welcoming, affordable gathering spot for Monterey and the surrounding communities.

Monterey General Store page 4

He can sing, he can play a variety of wonderful instruments, and he can tell whopping good tales!

Songs & Tales of Community page 6

The money from the Friends of the Monterey Library has added the finishing touches that make this library so special.
Monterey Library page 3

But did you know that when designed strategically our gardens can also serve as a treatment for stormwater pollution?
Cleaning Stormwater page 7

Our town, beginning back in March, had a very interesting, and I think successful, season of direct democracy.
Our Season of Democracy page 19

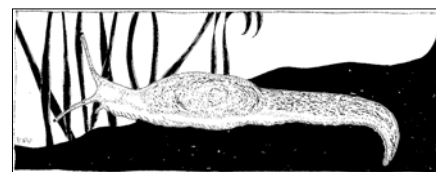
As part of our service agreement with the Town of Monterey, we are addressing how best to design and execute a low-income subsidy program for eligible residents.
Fiber Connect Update page 13

like two people
tendrilling towards each other
through months of cool dark shade
Eggplant page 15

Welcome to August and the lazy, hazy, crazy days of summer at the MCC!
Monterey Community Center page 3

Alice also wrote hundreds of what she called "found poems," made up entirely of individual lines she culled from each morning's *Berkshire Eagle*.
Alice Schick page 11

Beth Parks and Dave Gilmore are being joined together in marriage.
Pavilion Party Time page 5



Commentary

Reflection on "Tiny Town"

As editor for the *Monterey News* I receive a lot of information, mostly written, but quite a bit is visual or through conversations. Each month I have very little idea what is going to show up from all across our small town, which of late I've been referring to as "Tiny Town." We really do have a very small town. There are other smaller towns, but the vast majority of towns in Massachusetts are considerably larger.

The population of our tiny town skews towards older folks. A simple example shows up in the list of McLaughlin-Wilson scholarship awards... just two graduating seniors receiving scholarships (page 5). But even with this older, smaller population we have volunteers who work to make this a good place to live. The community center is presenting events (page 3), the library has summer programs for children (page 3), the Knox Gallery has another show hung with plans for the next one (page 5), there's yoga on the beach (page 6), the parks and recreation committee is keeping our parks and town beach in good condition, a group is working to preserve the town school through an historic district registration, the Pantry Pickup is helping folks with food insecurity, the general store is heading towards reopening (page 4), the cultural council is sponsoring concerts (page 6), the fire company and police department keep watch over the town's safety, the council on aging is keeping tabs on folks and finding ways to help them, a group has been meeting for years now to stay on top of the condition of Lake Garfield. The less

visible town boards—planning, ZBA, board of health—are meeting as needed and helping to manage the town. Our town employees are critical to the success of the town. I can think of a handful of other groups but I think the point is made.

To make all this happen requires the participation of dozens of people who dedicate themselves to the town. These folks follow, as Bob Carlson said at a special town meeting years ago, "many people who have already done their bit."

Many of these groups are elected or appointed, some are non-profit organizations, and a few are ad hoc. The appointed and elected ones have to be certified in their knowledge of how to run meetings as public bodies codified in the Open Meeting Law (OML). This is not an easy task, and there are many moving parts and concerns.

The two boards that face the demands of the OML to the greatest degree are the select board and the finance committee, and it is imperative that these boards operate with the greatest transparency and openness possible as they do the core functions of town government. For the work they put in, and the minimal stipends they receive (the select board only) they should still be regarded as volunteers doing the best they can for the town.

Right now, within these two boards, there is considerable strife, with a pending lawsuit (see page 20), and the prospect of OML violations being filed with the state's attorney general. As of the end of July the AG's office lists three pending OML complaints against the select board, and others have been filed but are not yet listed against select board and finance committee members (page 22). It is important that



A rose opening. —Mary Kate Jordan

the OML be followed, but the AG's office is largely concerned with having boards work the problems out and with providing opinions on the law. Complaints over serious errors can be helpful. However, when character and relationship issues interfere with the process, the necessary cooperation can be difficult to achieve.

But with all of this strife the town's business is still getting done, agreements are being reached, bills are being paid, roads are being maintained, changes are being considered, etc.

Think about helping out somehow.

Enjoy the rest of this summer, and keep your masks clean and at hand.

—Stephen Moore

Editor's Note: Monterey News welcomes comments, reflections, criticisms, from everyone. Don't wait for someone else to express what you're thinking.

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Monterey Library

A huge thank you to the Friends of the Monterey Library. They have provided the funds, through every contributor or book sale dollar earned, to buy furniture for the deck, to landscape the front of the building, add supplemental lighting, design and install the thank you plaques, purchase folding tables, and even popup tents. This building project was largely paid for by the taxpayers and the Massachusetts Board of Library Commissioners, but the money from the Friends has added the finishing touches that make this library so special. What a service to the community to run a book sale. Thank you to every Friend who helped at the book sale, donating, sorting, setting up, and cleaning up. It is a tremendous amount of work, but look at our new building and it was worth it.

There are still two children's programs this summer. Tom Seiling, a perennial favorite is coming back on Saturday, August 7 to get everyone singing. The next Saturday, August 14, we welcome back another special friend, MaryJo Maichack, who will sing and tell stories. Both programs are at 10:30 a.m. They will be held outside. In case of inclement weather they will be at the Monterey Community Center under the tent. We thank The Monterey Cultural Council and the Friends of the Library for sponsoring these wonderful programs.

It's not too late to sign up for Reading for Pancakes, our summer reading program. Thanks to Roadside Store for giving pancakes as prizes for children who are read to, or read independently. Come to the library for details and to sign up.

—Mark Makuc
Library Director
MontereyMassLibrary.org

Monterey Community Center

Welcome to August and the lazy, hazy, crazy days of summer at the MCC! The community center committee has been anything but lazy when it comes to planning. When the pandemic was entering a lull we planned events under the tent, inside Edith Wilson's house, and on Zoom. We recognized that most people now are feeling Covid-safe outside, some inside, and some prefer to stay on Zoom.

So far this summer we were happy to sponsor Pops Peterson, "The Making of a Protest Artist," a tie-dye class, beach yoga at Lake Garfield, tai chi, and a genealogy series. The tai chi is ongoing, as are many other groups you will see in the calendar (website below).

On Tap for August

Mondays from 4 to 5 p.m.: August 2, 9, 16, 23, and 30.

Maggie Barkin is hosting our weekly conversation series, called "What's Happening?" This is under the tent, or inside, depending on the weather. Maggie is from our local cultural council and has been graciously welcoming the public and guest speakers for discussions since June. The topics have included progress on the Monterey General Store, poetry, brainstorming for the 175th anniversary of the town, local theatre, and more.

Friday, August 13, at 5:30 p.m.

Aldeth Lewin will be holding a Games Night for the community. Recently relocated from the Virgin Islands to Monterey, she and her husband have all different kinds of board games to share. She hosted a monthly game night there and wants to get one going in Monterey. She has a Facebook page you can check

out and contact her through: Aldeth Lewin, Berkshire Gaming Group.

Sunday, August 22, at 2 p.m.

Tim Van Egmond will be playing and singing in a free outdoor concert. Tim is a folksinger and storyteller from Montague, MA. His concert, entitled "Forest, Field, and Town—The Landscapes of Hope" is sponsored by the Massachusetts Cultural Council. This will be under the tent. You may also bring a blanket if you want to stretch out on the ground near the tent. All ages welcome. (See page 6.)

Wednesday, September 22, at 3 p.m.

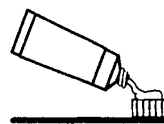
Celebrate the fall equinox with Mary Kate Jordan. (See page 9.)

Please check out our full calendar at cc-monterey.org and let us know if you have ideas for events for the fall.

—Mary Makuc
MCC Coordinator

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Monterey General Store Progress Report

Monterey General Store is to open in late 2021, or before summer of 2022, say owners Chapin and Kevin Fish, as soon as they can get the work completed given the delays due to the pandemic.

If you saw lights shining from the porch roof of the general store last winter or noticed the first flag of New England flying there now, you can tell that Chapin Fish and his husband, Kevin, are getting closer to realizing their dream of rebuilding this Monterey landmark and giving back to the community. “We wanted to make the building one that will be here long after we’re gone.”

Since taking possession they have tackled a multitude of structural problems including water coursing underneath and through the building, dry rot and mold, false floors, and leaking roofs. Employing a structural engineer, they have removed the 1990s red oak beams attached to the original post and beam frame. Thanks to their architect Zac Culbreth, the building will be almost entirely handicap-accessible, and with the help of their contractor Jared Smith of Monterey, eighteen-foot steel beams have been installed to remove some of the interior posts, and large windows now face views of the Konkapot River and the forest beyond, along with significant additional work. Chapin and Kevin took advantage of the Covid re-

strictions to take on even more projects planned for after they intended to open, including approximately doubling the allowable seating capacity by expanding and improving the septic system, thanks to the help of Chris Tryon and Tryon Construction, both in Monterey. The building will be limited to five hundred gallons of water a day from the Monterey Water Company, at least until one day they hopefully have more capacity, which will be available to support the cafe, mercantile, and real estate office. The restored building will have a full commercial kitchen, two handicap bathrooms, and a screened porch, along with a fully renovated interior that is a beautiful, welcoming space worthy of this 1780 historic building.

“We wanted to pay as we go. We never intended to borrow; we want no mortgage or loans as our goal is to establish a long-running financially sustainable business. Thanks to the continuing success of Brockman Real Estate we have been able to restore the building and it will have all new plumbing, electrical, and HVAC systems,” say the two owners. In addition to the cafe their plan includes a modern general store, like they had at their store in Great Barrington at Farm & Home. Community support will be needed for a variation from the Architectural Review Board in Boston as the real estate office on the second floor is not able to be made handicapped accessible, though accommodations will be made on the first floor.



Chapin Fish

Looking out the upper back windows over the Konkapot.

Chapin and Kevin plan on regular updates to the *Monterey News* as work progresses, as well as via Instagram and the website they are working on at montereygeneral.com. They welcome feedback and ideas from the community. “We want to offer everything from ice cream and sandwiches, good coffee to craft beers, burgers with fries, as well as salads and other healthier options. You will be able to grab the basics such as butter, milk, newspapers, and treat yourself to fresh bread, baked goods, meals-to-go, breakfast, and lunch. We will have a soft opening and we will ramp up what we are able to offer over time. Most importantly our goal is to provide a welcoming, affordable gathering spot for Monterey and the surrounding communities.”

—Maggie Barkin

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August at the Knox Gallery

Nurturing Nature, which features numerous paintings by Maureen Banner, is being enjoyed by many of our neighbors. Please see it before August 21. The artist has many talents and accomplishments and considers making jewelry to have been her vocation, but enjoys painting and drawing “because it is portable, easy, fun, and a challenge.” She often focuses on images from nature, and in particular gravitates towards vegetables as subjects “because of their relationship to the figure,” and, as an added benefit, “they sit still!” It does not hurt that she is an avid and very accomplished gardener, so she has a never-ending and changing supply of models, available at any moment. She also enjoys painting *en plein air* with a group of friends who are also painters. (The group was highlighted in *Perennial*, a previous Knox Gallery show.) Some of the *en plein air* landscapes, set in the beautiful Berkshires, are included in this exhibit.

On Saturday, August 14, at 7 p.m., please join us for a closing reception. Current Covid restrictions will apply, so call the library for details at the time if you are not sure of the status. Food will not be served, masks are required, and restrictions as to crowd size may be active.

Please refer to last month’s *Monterey News* for more on this exhibit and Maureen Banner, and also check out the issues for October 2019 (*Perennial* exhibit) and March 2021 (*Silver* exhibit).

The Edge of Night, photographs by Lee Backer opens on August 27. Backer, a landscape photographer who resides in New Marlborough, MA and New York City



Don Barkin appreciating some of Maureen Banner’s still life paintings.

will exhibit photographs made in urban and small-town settings at twilight, “when the sky slowly relinquishes its light to the street lamps, car lights, lighted windows, and electric signs of the night.”

We have been hoping to feature an exhibit of Backer’s work at the Knox Gallery and are excited that the time has come. Please look for more information in the September issue.

All Knox Gallery events are admission free. Exhibits can be viewed during library hours (see back page of this issue). Please visit the library website for current Covid restrictions, such as admission scheduling. Knox Gallery, Monterey Library, 452 Main Road, Monterey, MA, 528-3795; MontereyMassLibrary.org/Knox-Gallery; [Facebook.com/KnoxGallery](https://www.facebook.com/KnoxGallery).

—MaryPaul Yates

Pavilion Party Time

Dave and Beth

On Friday, September 10, at 5:30 p.m., Beth Parks and Dave Gilmore are being joined together in marriage.

They would like to invite all their Monterey Transfer Station friends to join them in celebration at the Monterey Firehouse Pavilion.

(P.S. Please dress informally.)

—Dave Gilmore

(Be sure to check out the wedding gift registry at the Swap Shop!)

McLaughlin-Wilson Scholarship Fund

The McLaughlin-Wilson Scholarship Fund, a fund of Berkshire Taconic Community Foundation, supports seniors who are residents of Monterey and are entering their first year at a college or university, as well as prior scholarship recipients. The fund awarded \$72,000 to fourteen students in 2021.

High school graduates:


- Emily Delgado, Monument Mountain Regional High School, attending University of Massachusetts Amherst this fall.
- Lucien Firth, Monument Mountain Regional High School, attending Loyola Marymount University this fall.

Continuing Students:

- Chelsea Balestro, Paul M. Hebert Law Center at Louisiana State University
- Elisabeth Enoch, Wellesley College
- Madeleine Makuc, University of Connecticut
- Marya Makuc, College of the Holy Cross
- Jake Martin, George Washington University
- Megan Mulvey, Towson University
- Ariana Saporito, University of Massachusetts Amherst
- Isabella Saporito, University of Massachusetts Amherst
- Donovan Sawyer, Nichols College
- Shayna Sawyer, Salus University
- Dylan Stoll-Tinker, Worcester State University
- Evan Sylbert, Bard College at Simon’s Rock

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Songs & Tales of Community Monterey Community Center

Folksinger and storyteller Tim Van Egmond will present "Forest, Field, & Town: The Landscapes of Hope," a free public concert, on Sunday, August 22, at the Monterey Community Center. The performance will take place outdoors under the tent, from 2 to 3:45 p.m., including a short intermission. This program is supported in part by a grant from the Monterey Cultural Council, a local agency supported by the Massachusetts Cultural Council, a state agency.

Van Egmond's program will be a collection of folk songs and a tale or two about what draws a community together. These ties include a shared sense of belonging and inspiration drawn from the local landscape, and the hope everyone shares for peace and plenty. Van Egmond's presentation will range from the rib-tickling to the heart-warming, accompanying himself with guitar, hammered dulcimer and mountain dulcimer.

A resident of Montague, MA, Van Egmond has performed for over thirty-



five years throughout the country, from town commons to prominent festivals such as Old Songs and the Philadelphia Folk Festival. He's been chosen for the New England States Touring Program, and MassHousing's Tenant Assistance Program. His dynamic talent, warmth, and humor create a moving and enjoyable experience for all. As author and storyteller Jane Yolen has said, "Tim is a triple treat."

John A. Ryder Memorial Service

A memorial service will be held for John (Jack) Ryder on Sunday, September 5, 2021. Jack passed away November 7, 2020, at the age of 89. There will be a small graveside service for family, friends, and neighbors at Corashire Cemetery at 2 p.m. The service will be followed by a "Celebration of Life" at Crissey Farms in Great Barrington from 2:30 to 5:30, where all are welcome to come gather with the family and share memories. A full obituary can be found at finnertyandstevens.com.

— Karen Consolati

Yoga Class on the Beach Lake Garfield

The Monterey Community Center, in conjunction with the Parks and Recreation Commission, is offering free yoga classes open to all adults.

Classes will be held Wednesdays at 8 a.m., taught by local yogi Denise Carnese through August 11. All levels welcome.

Please bring your own mat and block and be prepared to sign a simple waiver.

— Laura Rodriguez

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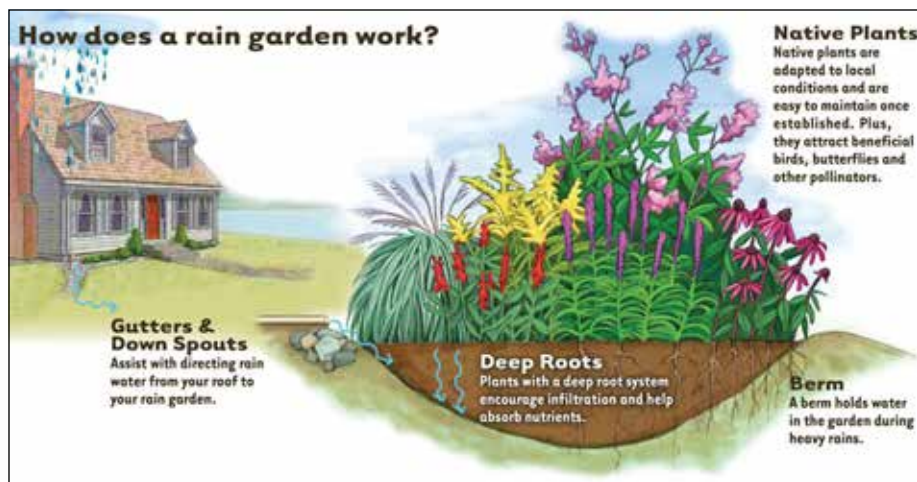
Put Your Garden to Work Cleaning Stormwater

As New Englanders we live for our gardens in the summer. It's when the months of dark winter and hours of grubbing in the dirt pay us back with a cacophony of colorful inflorescence and lush foliage. Many of us know that our gardens also serve as refuge and banquet for a variety of wildlife. Some welcome such as the swallowtail and others not so much—no thank you, deer! But did you know that when designed strategically our gardens can also serve as a treatment for stormwater pollution?

In most towns, stormwater runoff is today's #1 cause of poor water quality. As it runs over our parking areas, roads, lawns, and buildings, rainwater runoff picks up a number of pollutants including road salts, fertilizers, pesticides, oils, sand, and sediments. The impacts of climate change are already making stormwater runoff pollution worse as the Northeast experiences stronger, more frequent, and longer lasting storms. That's where your garden comes in. Rain gardens and buffer gardens are two types of gardens that can slow the flow of stormwater, allow runoff to seep into the ground, and filter out pollutants before they make their way to the nearest stream, river or lake.

What is a rain garden?

Rain gardens are gardens planted in a depression in your yard where they will collect rain runoff. Oftentimes, rain gardens are built about ten to thirty feet away from your house and connected to your downspout in order to catch rainwater from your roof, but they can also be placed in an area that catches runoff from your driveway, lawn, and even the nearby street. The more runoff the garden treats, the better. After you find that perfect spot, consider how much rain collects to properly size your depression. Each rain garden's shape and size are slightly different, but they all require a little digging and sometimes some soil amendments such as sand and gravel depending on whether you have more clay in your soil. The last step is to plant your garden with plants that like to get their feet wet. Plant roots will hold



the soil in place, preventing erosion, and work with microbes in the soil to filter out pollutants. For help getting started check out the New England Wildflower Society Rain Garden presentation by Anna Fialkoff (tiny.cc/MakeARainGarden) or the *Rain Garden Guide* created by the Massachusetts Watershed Coalition (commonwaters.org).

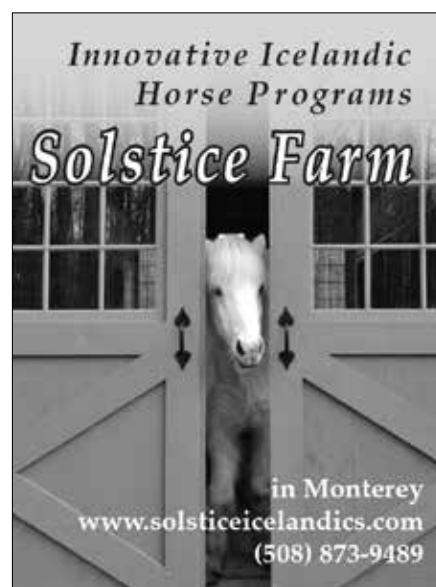
Buffer gardens

If you're lucky enough to have waterfront property consider planting a buffer garden. Buffer gardens, also called vegetative or riparian buffers, are planted near water edges and work to slow stormwater flow, spread the stormwater across a greater area, and catch much of the debris or sediments that could easily wash into a nearby stream or pond. As a bonus, buffer gardens can deter geese from domesticating on your property as they interrupt the line of sight between the water and grassy areas where geese like to graze. An ideal buffer garden is between fifty and one hundred feet wide between the water and your yard, but studies have shown that vegetation of even ten feet can do quite a bit to improve water quality. When designing your buffer garden, think of what plants you'll select in three zones. Zone 1 is closest to the water; you'll want wetland plants that can take quite a bit of water. Zone 2, a little further up should be planted with shrubs, trees, and other plants that like partial inundation—they like to get their feet wet but tolerate drier spells when the water is low. Lastly, Zone 3 is your upland area where you can plant meadow perennials or other vegetation that isn't reliant on water. For more on garden design, types of plants and

the benefits of buffer gardens check out the *Massachusetts Buffer Manual* (Chapter 3 has design tips). (Go to mass.gov, and search for "MA Buffer Manual.")

In both types of gardens, I highly encourage you to plant native plants. Not only are these plants adapted to our region, they also provide habitat and sustenance for birds, insects, and other native animals small and large. Local native plant nurseries are great resources and can help you find the plants you need. To find a nursery near you go to mass.gov and search "native plants" for "Garden Centers and Nurseries That Sell Native Plants," or check out gonativemass.org, Native Plant Trust (nativeplanttrust.org), or the Xerces Society for native plant and pollinator resources of all kinds. Get planting!

—Courteny Morehouse
Senior Planner, Berkshire Regional
Planning Commission





Artist Website Launched JD Logan Online

Funded by Berkshire Taconic Community Foundation's A.R.T. grant (Artist Resource Trust), Monterey artist JD Logan has teamed up with Housatonic web design firm T Square Design Studio to launch his new website and online shop.

After traveling the art festival circuit for many years JD decided it was time for a new business model and direction. He sought out the services of Abby Tovell and T Square Design in Housatonic. With Abby setting up the site JD was able to focus on creating the feel and look of the site as this would now be the main way customers become familiar with him and his work.

JD said, "Working with Abby was really easy. I've also partnered with a fine art reproduction company in the US that is handling the production and shipping of my prints. Originals will still come directly from me. This business model will let me really focus my energies on painting and marketing. I turned sixty during the pandemic and it felt clear to me that as much as I enjoyed life on the road, this feels like the right direction for myself and my work in today's world."

Go to JDLogan.com to see his work, or email him at info@jdlogan.com.

—JD Logan

Bear Invasion!

The other day I saw a bear. Actually, several bears. It was a Mama and two or three cubs. What makes this sighting so interesting is that we found the Mama in our kitchen. Yes, Mama Bear was in the house!

We were out of the house for about forty minutes.

My boyfriend Bill opened the back door to the house, which was closed from the screened-in porch. He saw the garbage on the floor and thought we had been robbed! As he stepped inside the black bear came out from behind the kitchen island. Bill kept his cool and backed out, closed the door, and said loudly: "Get back in the car. Bear in the house!" I called 911.

Mama went through three doors; two screen doors on the front and back of our screened-in porch, ripping right through the thick bottom screens. She then walked out on the back deck around to our sliding doors that lead from the deck to the living room and ripped the sliding screen door right off the track. Rollers and all. Voilà—she was in the house.

There was messy garbage strewn through the living room, chairs knocked down from the kitchen island, and a tooth mark hole on the rim of our kitchen pail. A little messy but otherwise minimal damage aside from the three screen doors.

Thanks to Chief Backhaus for making a quick trip to make sure Mama took her



Ilene Marcus

cubs and was gone. One went up the tree, which is why we are not sure if it was two or three cubs. Jim Edelman spotted Mama and two cubs in his backyard either directly prior to or post our intrusion, which fits since our houses are close by.

I imagine it was a reverse Goldilocks situation. We rushed out the door, leaving the beds unmade, the porridge still cooking, and the country music playing loud. The bears were hungry and lost and tired. They must have felt just like Goldilocks when she was lost. Walking much further than she thought, with no cell phone service and no more water in her recyclable bottle. Spotting our inviting home, they thought, we will just take a quick look-see. Mama Bear ate a container of dates and an almost full package of gluten-free Oreos. What were the chances a gluten-free bear found our house? Just luck.

—Ilene Marcus

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Here's a Thought Lions and Tigers and Bears, Oh My!

Is this neighbor coming by to borrow a cup of honey?

I've never seen a tiger in western Massachusetts. A lion, yes, years ago, a week or so before Gige O'Connell saw one near Gould Farm. Around that same time, a friend in Egremont saw two. We don't have any lions here, though, according to what spokespeople for the state told both Gige and my other friend.

Strange, though. That large, tawny, long-tailed feline I saw streak across Route 23 at the Appalachian Trail crossing sure looked like a lion.

But bears, as we all know, are our neighbors. The healthy, hefty specimen in Susan Wallach's photo seems to think he's been invited to move in, doesn't he? Happily he moved on, rather than in. Not everyone's been so lucky recently, which sparked an email exchange about bears and screen doors in the Monterey-Community Google group Chris Blair spearheads.

In case you missed it, the take-away advice for the rest of us was to make sure that conventional doors, not just screens, are closed if you leave your house empty, even for just thirty or forty minutes. That can be enough time to signal to a bear that the pickings are good and the welcome mat is on the floor. In other words, screen doors rate zero in the bear-deterrent department.

Several screen doors might slow a bear down if the goal is to get into your house. Or not; the bear might not really notice them.

The alarm bell's ringing for windows, too. Going



Photo by Susan Kay Wallach, near Stevens Lake, July 6, 2021.

out? Close your ground floor windows. We've never had a bear inside, but a few years ago we did have a first-floor screen and frame torqued and destroyed when a bear tried to use it for a ladder. (The glass windows were closed at the time.)

One night more recently, three screens in windows in the same room were redecorated, each with a set of four long parallel ribs. Yes, the glass windows were closed then, too. We had torn screens, but no bear in the house. It was a good trade-off.

The prime suspect may be the then-half-grown bear I saw one morning maybe two years ago when I glanced out and down from the room above that one. He, or she, was standing upright, front paws on an outer windowsill that measured just

about chin-height. I opened the upstairs window to get a better look and we spent a moment or two eye to eye. Close enough, thanks.

I have other bear stories, too, of course. So many of us do. It comes with living here, so I'm going to revise what I wrote before about neighbors.



Paul dePreter demonstrated how Baldylocks climbed through his kitchen window.

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The bears were here first. They're still here. Barring a stray asteroid, they'll probably be here long after we're gone and the tarmac on Route 23 has crumbled into history. Bears are not our neighbors; we're theirs. This is their territory. We only hold deeds to parcels of land. Let's give them a little deep respect. And give ourselves secure boundaries.

Remember Smokey the Bear? We could revise his save-the-forest slogan. Remember, only you can prevent bear invasions.

—Mary Kate Jordan

Celebrate the Fall Equinox Monterey Community Center

Celebrate the fall equinox among friends at the Monterey Community Center on Wednesday, September 22, beginning at 3 p.m.

Look for details in my column, Here's a Thought! in the September *Monterey News*.

If you have questions, would like to RSVP (not necessary but helpful), or would like to help, give me a call at (413) 822-7681.

This celebration was arranged when public gatherings were deemed safe. If the Covid situation changes such that the gathering would be inadvisable, a cancellation notice will be posted on the MCC website, ccmonterey.org.

—Mary Kate Jordan

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Remembrance

Dale Duryea

Dale Duryea, 61, of Monterey, passed away after a long illness on June 25 at home surrounded by his family.

He was born in Great Barrington on December 26, 1959, to Fredrick and Laura (Hawver) Duryea. He graduated from Mt. Everett Regional High School in 1978.

Dale enjoyed fishing, trapping, and hunting. He enjoyed the times he went hunting with his son, Jason, at a hunting preserve in Aura, Maine. He was a former member of the Egremont Fire Department from 1977 to 1991, and a life member of both the National Trappers Association and the New York Trappers Association. He was a self-employed animal control officer, operating as Duryea Wildlife Control for many years until ill health forced him to retire. He was called the "skunk whisperer" because having removed over three thousand skunks, he was only sprayed once and that was because a dog frightened the skunk.

He is preceded by his parents and his sister-in-law Helen (Farnum) Duryea.

He leaves his wife, of thirty-four years, Anna (Thorn) Duryea of Monterey, a daughter Penny and her husband Christopher Rodick of Pittsfield, his sons Raymond of



Monterey, and Jason and his fiancé Ashley Adkins of Orland, Maine. He also leaves his sister Nancy Duryea, his brothers Freddie Duryea of Great Barrington, James Duryea of Egremont, and Roger and Wendy Jefferies of Otis, and many nieces and nephews, great nieces and nephews, and great-great nieces and nephews.

A celebration of his life was held on July 18 at Bracken Brae Farm in Monterey.

Donations may be made to either Hospice of the Berkshires or to the American Cancer Society for Merkle cell research, through Birches Roy Funeral Home, 33 South Street, Great Barrington, MA 01230.

He will be missed.

—Anna Duryea



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Remembrance

Alice Schick

Alice Schick died of metastatic cancer on June 30. The cancer had been discovered only six weeks earlier, and Alice chose to be at home under hospice care, to await the end.

She was born Alice Raffer, June 20, 1946, in Brooklyn; and grew up in Hewlett, Long Island. She went to Northwestern University, where she met and married Joel Schick. After their respective college graduations, the couple spent the summer of 1968 hitchhiking around Europe, until the money ran out, and it was time to start their careers in New York. Alice was an editor and ghost writer of textbooks, and then the author of about twenty books for young readers, many of them illustrated by Joel. Some of her books and comics can be read at their website: familygorilla.com. Under the pseudonym D.R. Strange, she also wrote hundreds of what she called "found poems," made up entirely of individual lines she culled from each morning's *Berkshire Eagle*, and rearranged in a way that created the illusion of meaning, even a sort of loopy profundity. But it was all good-natured nonsense, and absolutely hilarious.

Alice and Joel bought the beautiful old house at 566 Main Road in 1971, and lived and worked there for forty years and eleven days, raising their son Morgan and a whole bunch of dogs and cats. She also found time for volunteer work: She was editor of the *Monterey News*, covering the years of transition to computer composition. Alice also served on the Monterey Library Board, the Enrollment Committee at Berkshire Country Day School, the Board of the Berkshire Public Theatre, and she was a founding board member of the Berkshire Humane Society. She was espe-



Joel and Alice with Willy and Ruff.

cially gratified by her work fostering and finding forever homes for so many cats that everyone (except Alice) lost count.

In 2011, she and Joel moved to Marin County, California, to spend their old age near their son. In Marin, she and Joel volunteered at a wildlife hospital, tending injured and orphaned birds, until a broken neck forced her to quit and tend instead to her own deteriorating health. Alice is survived by Joel, her husband of fifty-four years; their son Morgan, of Portland, Oregon; and her sister Robin, of Brooklyn.

—Joel Schick

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A Slug By Any Other Name

Slugs are sluggish. They travel four inches a minute, and rest often. Their home territory is at most a few yards square and a slug travels around this area on a mucus highway. Not only does he/she have to protect its soft body from rough terrain, but all the skin of a terrestrial slug must be kept damp to enable the exchange of oxygen. For a slug, your skin is your lungs.

These are snails, and when I was growing up this is what we called them in my family. We kept shy of four-letter words, did not even say “shut up,” which we mainly heard from the mouths of the bad guys on TV. What did we say instead? Ma told us to say, “I beg to differ,” but it sounded so silly I don’t think we ever did. Nor even, “Oh, yeah?” We learned to talk our way through, or around things. Soft and slow, like a slug. I mean, like a snail.

Slugs are gastropods, one of the many mollusks in the world, most of which are aquatic. Most snails and slugs are aquatic, too, which makes it easier to keep that skin damp and keep on breathing. In order to travel, the ones on dry land put out a mucus highway, which is slippery and yet sticky, as we find when we pick one off a broccoli plant so we can send it air-borne into the next zone. Here at our place that would be the orchard, where there is plenty of green grazing available to all. We try not to think what it is like



for a slug to find itself so many feet away from home. There is much we controlling humans try not to think about.

Now and then I find myself talking about slugs. A friend asks, “Don’t you think slugs are disgusting? Slimy?” Slimy, yes. Disgusting, certainly not. Some folks object to slugs in the broccoli bed, but it is not about disgust or slime. It is about browsing. Slugs and other gastropods, or snails, whether terrestrial or aquatic, with or without shells, have a mouth on the underside of the “foot” and it is called a radula. Turn a slug over and you will see a small opening underneath. Inside this opening is a fine set of teeth on a conveyor belt called a radula. The radula is pulled back and forth against the tomato or broccoli until it has rasped a hole. Bits and juices are carried along by the movement of the radula, up into the esophagus and stomach of the slug. Some marine snails can even rasp their

way into the shell of an oyster with this device.

Most people don’t take time to watch slugs’ behavior – how can anything going so slow be said to “behave?” But for the person with a little time, the life of the slug can provide entertainment and education such as you never saw at the rated movies. I refer to the sex life of the slug.

Slugs are hermaphrodites, so a pair of slugs can do two things at once, at least. They go through a slow ritualized courtship behavior which is stately at first with much circling and waving, but then progresses to tail-slapping and biting and in some species seems almost sado-masochistic as they pierce each other with calcareous darts. This is thought to be a mechanism for species recognition: “Ouch! Oh, it must be you.”

A slug has both a penis and a vulva and produces both eggs and sperm. In most cases sperm is deposited by slug A under the “mantle” of slug B. Later, eggs are fertilized as they are laid by slug B and vice versa. This careful arrangement assures cross-fertilization. But slugs know no taboos, and in some species individuals lead rather monastic lives and never even meet another slug.

Self-fertilization is rare in animals, but these slugs are permitted to do it by the Natural Selection Board of Censors. If you want to see how it is done, you can go see the movie, or else spend more time on your knees in the garden. Whatever you do, don’t put salt on slugs. Pick them up — wear rubber gloves if you have to — and put them somewhere dark and damp where they can carry out their slow, slimy, kinky lives in peace. And if you want your children to grow up to be slug-lovers, refer to the creatures as “snails” during the kids’ formative years and never say “shut up.”

— Bonner McAllester

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Bidwell House Museum

It has been so nice to share the Bidwell House Museum with visitors again after our July 17 re-opening. If you have not yet booked your guided tour, call the museum (below). Spots are filling quickly. Tour times are Monday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday at 11 a.m., 1 p.m., and 3 p.m. Check out the “Plan Your Visit” page on our website (below).

During August we have a couple of fun events on the calendar. First on Saturday, August 14, at 4 p.m., we will be hosting Thomas Ragusa at the Monterey Library to give his talk *Rediscovering the “Great Road,” Also known as the “Knox Trail.”* We had originally planned this event for March of 2020, but it had to be cancelled due to the Covid pandemic, so we are very happy to finally hear what Mr. Ragusa has to say on this interesting topic. In the talk he will take you back to the eighteenth century as he follows the footsteps of surveyor Nathaniel Austin of Sheffield. Thomas will explain and unravel the notorious 1764 road survey through Otis and Sandisfield that many historians have studied. This talk is in-person and registration is required via the museum website. There is a limited amount of seating, so no walk-ins please.

Then on Friday, August 27, join us from 4 to 7 p.m. for our fundraising celebration “Hats Off to Thirty Seasons!” The summer of 2021 marks the thirtieth season of sharing this gem in the Monterey woods and we want to rejoice. This year we honor the creators and founders, Jack Hargis and David Brush, and Jack Jefferson and Bill Brockman. Kate Baldwin will be back serving delicious hors d’oeuvres, Lucky 5 will entertain us with their fabulous sound, and there will be a wonderful silent auction. Tickets can be purchased on the museum website or by calling (below).

Coming up on the weekend of September 18 and 19 the Bidwell House Museum is hosting a weekend-long Revolutionary War reenactment event on the property. Tickets and a schedule of events will be available on the website later this month, but in the meantime, we are looking for people to staff the check-in desk, direct parking, and help with set-up. If you are

Fiber Connect Update

We recently announced on our Facebook page and in our July newsletter to all customers that the following Monterey neighborhoods are connected (LIT) for 1 Gbps broadband service: Blue Hill Road (portions), Curtis Road, Gould Road (lower end), Old Beartown Road and Route 23 (in the vicinity of River Road). We’ve also started making connections in areas around Lake Buel. Our progress in deploying fiber along Route 23 has been hampered by the unusually wet July weather. With few storm-free days to reliably schedule crew and police details, our construction

interested in helping us out with this event email Heather Kowalski at bidwellhouse@gmail.com or call (413) 528-6888.

Finally, as always, the museum grounds—192 acres of woods, fields, historic stone walls, trails and picnic sites—are open all year free of charge. You can take the “Outside the House” tour, walk the Native American Interpretive Trail, view the gardens, or hike the trails. Maps of the trails can be found on the front porch of the museum or downloaded from the website.

The program of events can be found on the museum’s website at bidwellhouse-museum.org. For further information or to register for events, call (413) 528-6888.

—Heather Kowalski
Executive Director

schedule has been set back. The disruption in supply chains is also a factor delaying new installations. Back-ordered hardware for our head end is delaying lighting of some enclosures as well.

As part of our service agreement with the Town of Monterey, we are addressing how best to design and execute a low-income subsidy program for eligible residents. Under the low-income subsidy, eligible Fiber Connect subscribers will be able to pay 50% of our standard installation cost and 50% of our monthly residential broadband service charge. Those who qualify will be required to renew annually. We are focusing on eligibility criteria that will follow standard government guidelines, a simplified application process, and the securing of a third party to verify applicants and oversee the program. Meetings are being held with representatives from both Monterey and Egremont since each town’s Fiber Connect service agreement includes a low-income subsidy program.

A reminder that you have until October 31, 2021 to save \$500 off our standard installation charge when you sign up for broadband service. This saving applies to all Monterey premises whether in LIT or yet-to-be-LIT neighborhoods. You can sign up on our website, bfcma.com, or call sales at (413) 429-4109 or email at sales@bfcma.com.

—Mary McGurn
Fiber Connect



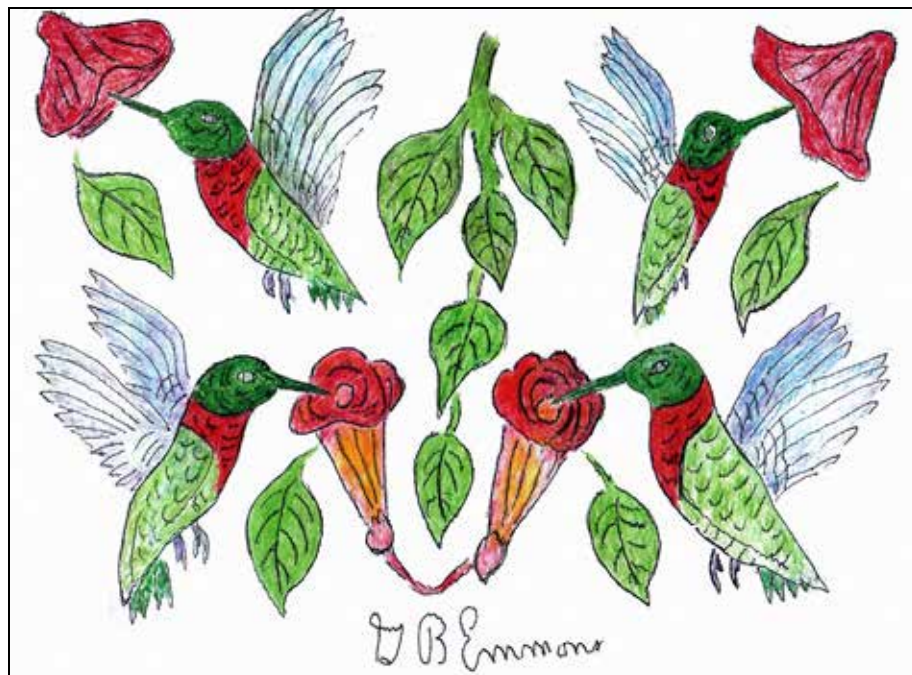
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Ruby-throated Hummingbirds

The ruby-throated hummingbirds are already in high profile in our gardens, flitting from flower to flower and then hovering in mid-flight, before moving on to pollinate another blossom. Their favorite food plants—the red trumpet vine, red buckeye, morning glory, cardinal flower, and jewelweed—are bright red to match their ruby-colored throats. To attract them to your own garden, hang a hummingbird feeder, usually colored red to imitate these flowers, and fill it with liquid sugar nectar, frequently refreshed and washed clean. (Sugar water not frequently refreshed can make them sick.) Their rewarding gathering is one of the most colorful avian spectacles you can witness in your own yards, as in my illustration.

If you should go out your door to appreciate the gathering, they become very irritated by visitors, and true to their name, loudly hum around and dive-bomb your head, as well as any other hummingbirds that are competing for feeding stations.

They are also considered to be polygamous because both males and females have multiple mates and do not establish as a breeding pair. After a short mating dance of aerial copulation,



the female provides all the parental care from that time forward. She selects the nest site, usually near the tip of a down-sloping branch in a fairly open area below a leafy canopy.

She lays several eggs, incubated between ten and fourteen days, and after rearing this first clutch, she will later in the summer raise two or three additional families. As the days to find food shorten later in the season, cooling temperatures necessitate that they must soon double their body mass before beginning their autumn migration, like the monarch butterfly. The hummingbirds travel as much as four thousand miles to winter in Mexico or Central America. They make the whole trip at low levels over tree tops, up to twenty-five miles a day, and often nonstop over vast bodies of water, just above the waves out of the wind.

Each leg of their passage has to be timed to coincide with the availability of food plant energy to insure their ability to move on to the next region. They know how to communicate in this effort using tactile and visual signals to perceive in advance the favorability of sustenance ahead. Somehow they always seem to be ahead of the isotherm of freezing nighttime temperatures. And they can see ahead the blue-violet content of the flowering flora necessary to sustain their migration, and continue the life cycle for the next generation. Somehow the

ruby-throated hummingbird species has managed to accomplish an unbroken chain of environmental passage, insuring their amazing survival.

—George Emmons


Contributions for July

The *Monterey News* is expanding its distribution list, broadening our community of readers and supporters. Thank you everyone.

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Three-Mile Pond

I wake up too early, never rested,
then stay in bed too late, without fail.

The wind flickers the sun on and off.

Indian summer.

I make plans, then abandon them.

I send men poems,
then wonder if I shouldn't have.

I throw myself into mountain ponds,
trying to salvage autumn days,
packing a bag late in the afternoon—
papers to grade, a granola bar.

As if working were possible here,
the island of paintbrush trees,
the seductive curve of mountains.

This lake they call a pond.

Sometimes I sprint up mountains, unable to sit still.
Sometimes I catch early buses in the gray dawn
to protest in the streets.
Later, when this place is frozen, I'll ski clean
across it, the snow dry and chiseled
as a sand dune.

But now, heavy-limbed, I collapse in the grass.
I bargain with clouds to unblock the sun.
I recall the choreography of kisses, how the hand
slipped around to the small of the back.
I dissolve into a stiff wind.

The snapping turtle rises occasionally
from the murk, flipping up into the sun—
something to keep our strokes swift and sharp,
to keep us from rooting.

— Kateri Kosek
(published in "Blueline 2020")



Queen Anne's lace silhouette — Bonsai Cox

Eyes to the Sky

Oh, look at the hawks
blue eyes to sky
I thought she said fox
brown eyes to the ground
steering along, the last
drop off of February
two months into a year of
resolves not taken-into the
luxury skies, not always
friendly-not even sky actually
distance, escape, flight
and Uber here Uber there
I thought she said fox
brown eyes to the ground
The hawk, just out of sight
as she takes a left turn
— Sara Rappaport

Eggplant

Later, you'll give up altogether,
after it's clear the tomatoes
need staking,
after even the sturdy upright
tomatillo, soaked and heavy
after a long rain, splits in two
and self-destructs,
but now, sifting through grasses,
you part some leaves
and see them—
purple and curved and fully
there, growing all this time
behind a curtain of weeds, growing
in spite of you, surprising
but inevitable
like two people
tendrilling towards each other
through months of cool dark shade,
so that when the door
flings open
they are ready,
sun-starved,
shining.

— Kateri Kosek

A Summer Evening on the Brooklyn Bridge

A pair of brown workingman's shoes, scuffed, with a sock bunched in each, sitting on the wooden planks of the Brooklyn Bridge Walkway.

Late September 1968, still a warm summer evening around 7 p.m., I walked the bridge on my way home to my apartment in Cobble Hill—recently renamed as a gentrifying section of Red Hook—from my new job at a courthouse in Manhattan's Foley Square, just blocks north of the Manhattan entrance to the bridge. In the mornings I took the subway to work, but in good weather I usually walked home wearing my standard office uniform—dark suit, white shirt, tie, and laced leather shoes. It took perhaps an hour, a bit less if I really strode along (as I usually did) with my back to the Manhattan skyline. The walkway is about a mile and a quarter long, raised well above the automobile roadways, the lanes closest to the harbor running east from Manhattan to Brooklyn, the northern lanes running west the other way. All of it stretches very high above the East River. The walkway is built of

wooden planks running crosswise. They appeared in those days just a bit rough, but closely and tightly laid.

While it was warm that evening, there was the usual breeze up on the bridge. Unlike the tourist destination it is today, the walkway that evening fifty-three years ago was almost completely empty; occasionally a single bicyclist. I strode along oblivious, head down, deep in thought, eager to get home. Twenty-four years old, fresh out of school, 125 pounds, skinny, and new to the city and the job I'd just begun in August, I was nervous—about New York, about the job, about my rather gruff old boss (who was fifteen years younger than I am as I write this).

And then, that pair of brown shoes and crumpled socks lying neatly on the walkway, halfway to Brooklyn.

Fifty or sixty yards further along, I stopped and looked up in confusion. Just what was it I'd passed? Shoes and socks? Very reluctantly I turned and looked back down the walkway. There was definitely something there on the south edge. Shoes—but no feet or legs or torso or head. I can still sense the enormous urge I felt to turn again and resume walking toward home. At last, with equal reluctance,

I walked back and stared down at them for another long time, trying to make sense of those shoes, empty but for the socks. Empty shoes with crumpled up socks made no sense at all on the bridge. They didn't belong there.

I looked around—not a soul on the walkway besides me. Above the wind, I could hear the whirr of tires and the occasional honk of a horn from the heavy traffic way below. Plenty of people right there in their cars, but unreachably far away.

I was ready to continue home when above the wind I heard a moaning. Again I looked around: no one. The urge to continue homeward was intense. Again the moaning. At last, I looked up and out over the struts above the roadway leading to the outer side of the bridge closest to New York Harbor. There was a human figure. Not for the first time that evening, fear crept over me. Suddenly the empty shoes and socks made perfect sense.

In those days, there were emergency telephones in little yellow metal boxes all along the walkway, perhaps two hundred yards apart; and, in those days, they were all smashed and useless, some by vandals and more by drug addicts intent upon selling the insides. I thought about how long it would take me to run to either end of the bridge to find help, and how long it would take that help to return. "Help" in my mind was the police and I had no idea where a police station might be. Was there a public phone booth on the Brooklyn side? I thought so but wasn't sure where or how far. Pay phones required coins and, reaching into my pants pockets, I discovered I had none. Did the 911 system even exist in 1968? I can't recall but, at the time, I had no sense that was an option.

My trance was broken when the human figure—which had apparently been sitting down—suddenly stood up. I knew what was about to happen. I reached up and swung myself up and onto the struts leading out over the roadway. I'm not normally nervous about heights. That evening I was.

Just then, a bicyclist approached from the Brooklyn side. I screamed at him to stop. He did. I pointed at the person on the outer edge. He saw. I screamed: "Go get help." He turned and went pedaling back to Brooklyn at speed. The struts

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appear from recent photographs to have been rebuilt since but, in 1968, there were places to hold on as one felt one's way across toward the outer edge. The wind had picked up; the leather soles on my shoes were slippery on the steel struts; and the moaning sound was louder than ever. I was nauseous with fear.

It's a long way down.

I reached within a couple of feet of the figure—a young man, perhaps eighteen years old, holding on with one hand, moaning into the wind. Mr. Organization Man that I was back then, I checked: no shoes. I had the right guy. But again I froze. If I said anything, I'd have to shout it into the wind and that might startle him sufficiently to make him lose his balance or jump. I had no choice: I had to speak. But what to say? For possibly the only time in my young life, I was tongue-tied. I stepped up very close behind him. He seemed younger than I'd first thought but a bit bigger than I was. From the back of his neck, I could see he'd recently had a haircut. He seemed clean and decently dressed: collared shirt and work pants. Would he become violent at my presence?

Might he grab me in desperation or anger and take us both down?

I wanted to live. As filled with terror as I was, I knew to a moral certainty that surviving this in one piece was my first priority—also my second and third priorities. This stranger's life also mattered, but the way a cute little puppy mattered: you certainly wouldn't go out of your way to harm it, but you wouldn't sacrifice your life to save a strange puppy either. Note: I'm not a big dog lover.

I stepped up against him and grasped his shirt collar firmly in my right hand while shouting directly into his ear: "It's okay. I'm with you now. I've got you. You're okay."

No reaction. None. My left arm was wrapped tightly around a vertical strut a little behind me; I couldn't spread my legs and feet apart. It felt precarious. I again shouted the exact same message into his ear. "Okay, okay." (No prizes for creativity here.) On my third effort, he turned his head toward me and moaned into my face—a truly dreadful sound. But he hadn't tried to fight me off or to jump.

Progress.

We stayed like that for what seemed like a long, long time, with no sounds other than the wind, the traffic below, and an occasional moan—some louder, some not. How long was it really? I have no idea, but it felt like forever. I tried to think of next steps if it turned out my friendly bicyclist had not found help or had abandoned the search. I could think of none. But I knew we couldn't stay where we were forever. I said in the young man's ear: "I think we should climb down together now." No reaction. On reflection, joint movement seemed impossible anyway. I had one hand on his collar and the other on the strut, and I wasn't about to let go of either. A new wave of fear crept over me, waves of icy liquid nausea in my gut.

And then suddenly I noticed there were no cars below us. Traffic on the Brooklyn-bound roadway had ceased. What could that mean? At first, as with the shoes, I couldn't make sense of it. Mr. Brain was not working at its best. Then from the Brooklyn side, against the normal traffic flow, three police squad cars came silently toward us—no sirens, no lights, not even engine sounds—and pulled to a stop directly below us, blue uniforms rushing from front and back seats in some sort of organized drill. Equipment of some sort also emerged.

After a brief pause—initial recon, assessment, decision?—two officers came up the struts to us with practiced ease and

agility, one on either side, one to grasp the young man, the other to grasp me. Again I froze, speechless, paralyzed, until I felt the large warm hand of the officer cover my icy hand on the young man's collar, saying in my ear, "It's okay, you can let go now, we've got him safe and sound." I nodded and tried to let go but couldn't; my hand was frozen in place: "Help." The officer understood and gently bent back the fingers of my right hand until my grip relaxed and I could let go.

Two other officers had clambered up and, placing the young man in some kind of canvas and leather harness, lowered him down, immediately putting him in the back of a squad car by himself. I soon found myself on the roadway as well, although to this day I have no recollection of how I got down. I was surrounded by large men in blue avidly and good-naturedly discussing how they were going to divide among themselves the medals, merit certificates, and other indicia of brave performance they all apparently understood were in the offing for successfully rescuing a jumper. Okay by me.

As it happens, then and now, the Brooklyn Bridge attracts a lot of jumpers.

"We'll take you to either side of the bridge and drop you off," said one of the officers.

"Where are you taking that guy?" I asked.

"Stationhouse on the Brooklyn side." >

A black and white portrait of Nancy Kalodner, a woman with short blonde hair, wearing glasses and a dark top under a light-colored jacket. She is smiling and looking towards the camera.

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A Summer Evening, cont.

"I'd like to ride with him to the station and then I'll go home. I live in Brooklyn." No one liked that idea at all. I pulled out my wallet and flashed my building pass to the federal courthouse where I worked.

"I'm an officer of the court," sez I, "and I need to be sure this guy is properly taken care of." A ridiculous assertion, even were it true, since all lawyers are "officers of the court" to which they're admitted. As for me, I'd taken the bar exam in July, didn't know if I'd passed it yet, and wouldn't be sworn in and admitted to practice until the following February.

So much for truth under pressure.

One of the police officers looked closely at my building pass and undoubtedly realized what it was—and wasn't—and said "Okay, get in the back seat. We gotta get going." I much later realized his decision was 99% motivated by the fact that Brooklyn-bound traffic was backing up and undoubtedly causing a nightmare of a traffic jam. So I hopped in and all the squad cars came alive with lights and sirens and, after very tight and expert U-turns, we went screaming off to Brooklyn.

The young man, to my surprise, was able to answer my questions more or less coherently, though his verbal skills were modest. Born here, he lived with his mother in an apartment in Brooklyn. She took care of all of his needs. That afternoon, instead of picking him up at his workplace as usual after she finished work elsewhere, a stranger had come in her place and told him his mother had suddenly died. Heart attack? Stroke? Accident? The young man didn't know. Consumed by grief and unable to fathom how he could live without her, he had decided to kill himself.

Because he was in this state, it was impossible for me to get a clear understanding of his normal level of emotional stability, but my very inexperienced sense was that he was also a little challenged intellectually and emotionally—maybe more than a little. He did not appear to have any relatives that he knew of, or friends. No one from his mother's workplace or his appeared to want to help him.

We arrived at the police station, exactly where, I'm not sure. It was very old. We piled out *en masse* and landed in a very large room with a large raised

desk at one end. Behind the desk, a huge white-haired officer with three stripes on each of his sleeves. In what seemed like an instant—and probably was—a group of officers, with the young man in the middle, exited through a door to the sergeant's left and vanished forever.

The door swung shut behind them—bang!—leaving me standing alone in front of the sergeant.

I answered each question briefly—name, age, place of employment—as the sergeant took notes in his desk book (which was the size of the deck of a small aircraft carrier). "Relationship to the jumper?"

I paused. Then, facing an impatient glare from the sergeant, said, "None," as it dawned on me that that was the simple truth. Note taken. Very brief whispered sidebar with one of the officers who'd been on the bridge. "Okay," says the sergeant, "that's all I need. You're free to go now."

"Well," I said in my most authoritative twenty-four-year-old voice—at the time I looked like an eighteen-year-old—"I want to be sure he's okay. And what's going to happen to him?"

"If he made it this far, son, he's fine," replied the sergeant, "that's for sure. And as for what's going to happen to him, I've no idea, but we'll deliver him to the welfare; and they'll take care of him—you can count on that." I later learned that "the welfare" was a NYC municipal department that today might be called Health & Human Services or some such.

The sergeant was busy in his desk book. The police officer who'd had the sidebar with the sergeant came to my side and took me by the arm. "Here now, I'll walk you out. You're probably in shock. Go home and have a shot of whiskey and lie down. You'll be fine in the morning." Outside he offered me a ride home but I declined, thinking the walk would do me good. It did. He'd given me directions toward Cadman Plaza and Borough Hall which I knew well, and I walked the rest of the way home without further incident.

And that was the end of my summer evening on the Brooklyn Bridge.

The next morning, I took the subway to work as usual and worked a full day. I didn't mention the events of the previous evening to any one, mostly because I didn't know what to say about it. I had no close friends in New



York yet. I wasn't about to discuss it with anyone at work or over the telephone—our only form of social media in 1968. Almost penniless, my first paycheck not even come through yet, I had no resources to devote to searching out the young man. I was flooded with work, which consumed my attention for months and years to come. Moreover, I felt for a long time that I had faithfully abandoned the young man to "the welfare" just when he probably needed me most.

Slowly but surely, the events of that evening got pushed into a compartment in my brain called "an embarrassing incident best forgotten." I still feel that my actions were insufficient—in fact, not up to snuff. As a result, I've shared these events with no one except, years later, my wife, briefly. She believes I feel guilty because, through no fault of my own, I had no opportunity to "complete the rescue" and have emotionally locked down my distress because I have no idea what happened to the young man and no practical way to find out. Maybe things turned out well for him. Perhaps his mother was a labor union member, had family, friends. She may well have had all kinds of human connections that my young man couldn't communicate to me that evening in the back of the squad car. Did "the welfare" do their job and find a new, livable situation for him? Relatives? Group home? Foster care? No need to assume the worst case.

Perhaps.

My ignorance and lack of closure sit uncomfortably in my head. But this much I do know for sure: if it had been a puppy, I would have taken it home with me that night.

—Stacy Wallach

Letters

Monterey's Season of Democracy

Our town, beginning back in March, had a very interesting, and I think successful, season of direct democracy.

It's very clear that different folks have differing views on the town, how it's managed, and how things could be different. A few people are very public with their views, but most folks aren't.

For our election cycle we had, for the first time in years, contested elections for both the select board and the finance committee, the two boards that have the most direct impact on town government. Almost 39% of registered voters took the time to vote. Choice is always good, and the election results were reasonably close. Both boards were refreshed by new, younger talent.

Our town meeting, initially held on a very cold and windy day, saw a solid number of voters (108 voters, more than 15%) turn out to make mostly financial decisions for the coming year. While this may not be a high percentage (town meetings used to be mandatory) it does demonstrate that the town has many people who care. There were holds placed on line items that individuals wanted to question and have direct votes on, and at the end, the budget article was unanimously passed on a voice vote. Unanimity is, of course, not required for good results, but it does show that folks can raise concerns, listen to each other, and come to agreement. No one wanted to rake others over the coals, and no one wanted to be the bitter hold-outs. More business was considered, debated, and voted upon.

But it was too cold to consider the whole gamut of articles on the warrant, so a date was set for Part II. When we reconvened, we were still faced with a set of eighteen citizen's petitions promoted by one select board member, and two other articles promoted by another board member. During the spring there had been a fair bit of grumbling about the volume of proposals being presented. Speaking personally, I thought some of them were interesting, some were superfluous or unnecessary, and a few potentially harmful to the town's governance. And if ten people gathered to talk about these articles, I'm

sure there would've been ten different scorecards.

But love them or hate them, these articles came through the democratic process that permits any resident, with a modest level of support from others, to present questions to the town.

Part II began with eighty-nine voters—under 13% of registered voters. It started off with a discussion about a town charter. The final version of the article, after numerous amendments, and amendments to the amendments, was quite different from the original. People went up to the microphone to make well-reasoned arguments and suggestions, folks listened intently, and in the end an article passed that may set the town off in an interesting direction, even without the adoption of a town charter. That one discussion, nearly an hour long, was, for me, worth the price of having attended. It was an example of direct democracy at its best.

More articles were considered, some resolved fairly quickly, a few simply died because no one, not even the author or the signatories felt the need to bring them to the floor. Perhaps they'd changed their minds, perhaps they'd read "the temperature" of the voters—it really doesn't matter why. The town did adopt the concept of a bylaw review committee which in many people's minds is a good thing. This might separate the bylaws wheat from the chaff for

the town's rulebook. Towards the end of the three-and-a-half hour meeting, with only thirty-three remaining voters, a few remaining articles were tabled, the "table" was removed by adjournment, and the remaining articles died.

Select board member Steven Weisz wrote in the July issue that he thought, "In my opinion, your time was wasted." I disagree. Direct democracy isn't all about efficiencies and the outcomes. It is very much about citizen involvement.

No one got everything they wanted, but everyone got decisions they can live with. These very basic levels of involvement, showing up to vote for candidates, showing up to contribute to live decision making, should be seen as a real privilege for small town living. For the folks who choose not to be involved in these ways, it is important to remember that the core tenant of democracy is the freedom of choice, and the choice to do or to not do is still choosing. The town presents many other avenues for involvement as well, and an active and involved citizenry makes for the best government.

—Stephen Moore

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Weingold Sues the Select Bd. Conspiracy, Fraud, Bribery, & Libel

Select board member John Weingold, as plaintiff, filed a lawsuit on April 30, 2021 in Berkshire Superior Court naming as defendants Donald Coburn, Melissa Noe, Steve Weisz, Mark Webber, Ellen Coburn, and Monterey Select Board/Town of Monterey. (For those who don't remember, Mark Webber is a retired town administrator from other Berkshire towns and provided his services to assess the functioning of the Monterey Town Hall. Ellen Coburn is Don Coburn's wife.)

The opening paragraph states:

"This lawsuit involves the defendants civil conspiracy to commit fraud upon the plaintiff, voters, and taxpayers of the Town of Monterey. The alleged fraud and malfeasance began in or before January 2020, to derail the Town of Monterey's hiring of a professional, educated, and qualified Town Administrator (TA). The coordinated deceptive plan was to appoint the then Administrative Assistant to the new public TA position, disregarding the will of the voters. There was a concerted deceptive effort by the defendants to find and create alternative facts to elevate defendant Noe into the new Town Administrator position. The conspiracy concluded by the drafting and execution in February 2021 of an employment contract between defendant Noe and defendants Coburn and Weisz on behalf of the Town of Monterey."

The subsequent paragraph outlines Mr. Weingold's contentions of conspiracy.



The complaint further states:

"Lastly, the complaint alleges libel/slander made by defendants Ellen Coburn and Donald Coburn against the plaintiff. Also plaintiff, and those similarly situated, allege that the defendants Coburn and Weisz have intentionally abused their public office by 1) including in the annual Town Meeting Warrant the names, home addresses, and signatures of Voter Petitions under MGL c. 39, (section) 10; 2) have violated the privacy of the signers of the Voter/Citizen petitions under MBL C. 39, sec. 10 for political retaliation motives; 3) have violated the Constitutional rights of the signers; and 4) have conspired to unlawfully block the discussion of the people's business at the Annual Town Meeting by asserting false facts in a slanderous letter."

Subsequent paragraphs list Mr. Weingold's contentions to support his complaint.

The lawsuit contains six counts.

- #1- Civil Conspiracy to Commit Fraud (Coburn, Noe, Weisz, & Webber)
- #2- Employment Contract Cancellation/Rescission
- #3- Breach of Contract (Melissa Noe)
- #4- Request for discovery of defendant Webber's "work product while a consultant for the town"
- #5- Violation of Massachusetts Constitution Articles V and XXX
- #6- Libel/Slander (Ellen Coburn)

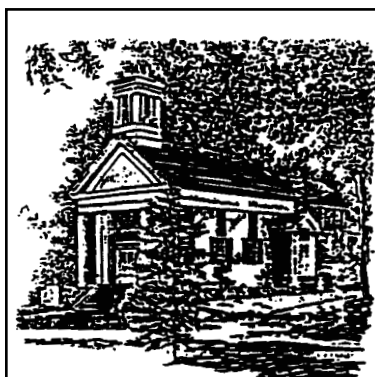
Mr. Weingold seeks \$300,000 for defamation, invasion of privacy, abuse of office, political retaliation, intentional infliction of emotional distress, and violation of his constitutional rights; \$6,000 for civil conspiracy to commit fraud; and \$22,313 for breach of contract.

As of the end of July, the lawsuit had not been served on the defendants.

The *Berkshire Eagle* published a report of this lawsuit on July 3, with a link to the full text of Weingold's lawsuit. To read this report and access the link, go to tiny.cc/weingoldlawsuit.

You can email MontereyNews9@gmail.com to request a pdf of the lawsuit as well.

—Stephen Moore



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Weingold Sues the Select Bd. Defendants' Responses

The *Monterey News* contacted the named defendants for their comments concerning John Weingold's lawsuit.

From Steven Weisz:

I was elected to serve Monterey. My job is to make sure that our town provides a safe, clean, affordable, and happy (yes, I said happy) place to live, work, and visit. Any select board member who shirks their responsibilities, blames others, attempts to tie up our democratic processes, and seeks refuge in silly, retaliatory, malicious, or unfounded legal actions, does the exact opposite. These actions hurt Monterey. Not only do they slow progress, but they ruin our reputation with our employees, vendors, other towns, and our state government on whom we rely to help get things done for all of us. A person who does these things should not be on the Monterey Select Board.

— Steven Weisz,
Chair of the Monterey Select Board

From Don Coburn:

The first three counts and the fifth count of the Weingold complaint all attack the employment contract between Melissa Noe and Monterey. They are filled with false statements and unspecified charges of fraud and breach of contract.

Weingold's civil complaint attacking the contract as illegal relies on his status as a taxpayer. The Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts has repeatedly held that an individual taxpayer lacks standing to bring such a suit.

Count VI says that Weingold was libeled by one of the defendants who is not a town employee. That matter does not concern us as taxpayers. However, I will note in passing that it too is frivolous because it fails to include the words allegedly written about him.

Weingold makes claims for libel, abuse of office, intentional infliction of emotional distress, invasion of privacy, and political retaliation. But he offers no facts that might support any of those claims. It is not a pleading, it is a political rant.


I don't think this is a time for silence. I think it is time for the residents of Monterey to tell Mr. Weingold that he's gone way too far in his search for vengeance.

— Don Coburn
Former chair, Monterey Select Board

From Melissa Noe:

I am concerned about the effect that Weingold's actions since taking office, including this lawsuit, are having on the employees. He has singlehandedly destroyed the morale of the employees. On numerous occasions I have heard many employees (not just department heads) express their concern. They are losing faith in the governing body of Monterey and feel that if Weingold can sue myself and the others named, what is to stop him or someone else from creating more friction and going after one of them. Press such as this certainly has an adverse effect on the town being able to attract qualified candidates for open positions. Whether Weingold likes me or not, and whether he agrees with the decision to hire me as the town administrator, he is not creating a welcoming environment for any future town administrators or staff. Who would want to work for the town knowing that one of your "bosses" may sue you because he didn't get his way?

— Melissa Noe,
Monterey Town Administrator



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Letters Laments

Many thoughtful, engaged people in town are reluctant to run for office. Boards have incomplete membership, and the efforts of officeholders to recruit new candidates are often unsuccessful. Let me tell you about the time that has passed since town elections and you may understand why.

I was elected to a three-year term on the finance committee (FC) in 2020. This past spring, Katrina Fitzpatrick was elected, replacing incumbent Rebecca Wolin. In the normal course of events, Jon Sylbert would have assumed chairmanship of the committee in the last year of his term.

I heard through the grapevine that Sylbert had advised the select board that he would not serve as chair. Although he never told me of his decision, it fell to me, as second-most-senior member, to take on that responsibility. I admit to being technically illiterate and untrained in running a “legal” meeting but I’ve done my best.

I set a May 18 meeting to get started. Here is the finance committee chronology from that beginning. I will be as brief as I can be.

(Editor’s Note: For greater detail about the various meeting agendas, go to the town website, montereyma.gov, and look under “Finance Committee.”)

May 18 meeting: Our agenda was forward looking, the meeting cordial and productive. Miller was voted chair. All were present. Transfers were voted on. The next meeting set for June 1.

June 1 meeting: Only I showed up—no quorum. John Weingold warned that the meeting was illegal for late posting of the agenda, though the time stamp on my request was in time.

On June 4 finance committee member Jon Sylbert filed an Open Meeting Law (OML) complaint against the chair based on the following events:

Prior to May 20, Sylbert asked to meet with the Board of Assessors to examine filings made by the Monterey Fire Company re: tax exempt status. This had not been discussed by the current FC. Believing that he represented the FC, that board scheduled a meeting. As chair I advised the board of assessors that no

meeting had been approved or scheduled by our committee, and communicated this to the FC members as well. Sylbert deemed this a deliberation. I submitted the above information as my response to the OML complaint. I received this response from the AG’s office:

“The Open Meeting Law specifically carves out from the definition of ‘deliberation’ ‘the distribution of a meeting agenda, scheduling information or distribution of other procedural meeting [sic] or the distribution of reports or documents that may be discussed at a meeting, provided that no opinion of a member is expressed.’ See Massachusetts General Law (MGL) c. 30A, sec. 18. The distribution of draft meeting minutes to be discussed at a future meeting would likely fall within this administrative carve out, provided that the public body does not discuss the minutes outside of a properly noticed meeting.”

On June 14 Emily Johnson filed an OML complaint for being short of the forty-eight hour posting notice requirement. My response has been submitted.

June 15 meeting: Attended by Miller and Fitzpatrick. Sylbert absent. This meeting was repeatedly disrupted by Rebecca Wolin who harangued us about various illegalities, but votes were taken and it was determined to be a legal meeting.

June 22 meeting: Only I showed up—no quorum.

June 29 meeting: All members present. It was necessary to affirm votes taken at the June 15 meeting. We were able to complete most transfers, revote my election as chair, and introduce into the meeting minutes all the business that had been voted on in prior meetings.

Sylbert insisted that we were committing illegal acts.

I offered to step aside as chair as Sylbert threatened further complaints to the AG. He refused. The meeting was adjourned early due to obstructions.

July 6 meeting: All members present. This agenda called for “Complete revotes on all previously scheduled agendas and transfers for May 18 to June 29. In spite of numerous objections by Sylbert, we managed to vote on nine transfers and would have done a few more but for objections by Emily Johnson which turned out to be incorrect.

On July 7 Sylbert filed an OML complaint re: revotes and language. My response is pending. The AG’s office granted an extension for my response.

July 13 meeting: Miller and Sylbert present. The meeting agenda called for approving all transfers in hand, responding to OML complaints, and reviewing the status of five sets of FC minutes missing from October 22, 2020 through March 30, 2021.

Sylbert refused to vote because the newest committee member, Katrina Fitzpatrick, was not in attendance. After this meeting he sent a letter to the select board on his own but signed as a member of the FC. (See page 26.) I have every confidence in our newly elected member and am embarrassed that his accusations could have been made in the name of the finance committee.

Ironically, *just last year*, on July 7, 2020, Sylbert voted on transfers without concern that the then newest member (Michele Miller) was not present. He was also absent last year from all late June meetings and was completely unavailable until August as repeated calls and emails went unanswered such that a well being check was requested with the police department.

July 15 emergency meeting: All present. Because Sylbert had previously refused to sign the transfers an emergency meeting had to be scheduled to sign them before the end of the fiscal year. As this was the very last day of the fiscal year we were able to complete them. And predictably, during mid-meeting I received a message from Wolin stating that this meeting was technically illegal so any activity will be “nul and void.”

Town counsel has assured me that the meeting was legal.

July 22 meeting: Miller and Fitzpatrick. Sylbert absent. Important Insurance premium transfer needed and voted.

There you have it folks. Judge for yourself. Recordings of all meetings will be archived for any interested parties. It’s reality TV at its “best.”

I look forward to attending to the important business of the town which we outlined at our initial meeting.

Respectfully submitted,

—Michele Miller
Chair, Finance Committee

In My View Who Do I Sue?



If a tree falls in the forest, does it make a sound? (...and who do I *sue* about it?)

Many years ago, there was a great windstorm in Monterey. The next day, I walked my property to survey the damage. I noticed a big tree of mine fell into my neighbor's yard. My neighbor noticed it as well.

Together, we surveyed the damage done. I was apologetic and concerned about how my neighbors would react. They were understanding. There was no anger. No demands. Not even a raised voice.

I told them that I would clean up the damage and remove the tree as soon as I could arrange it. They proposed that *they* would clean up the damage, if they could keep the wood. I agreed. Problem solved.

The point of this story is that this is how we deal with problems in Monterey.

No lawsuits, no threats, no accusations, no blaming. We worked it out like neighbors should, and found a solution to an issue so that we could move forward.

There is a new windstorm in Monterey, although this one is political.

A lawsuit has been filed against the Town of Monterey by select board member John F. Weingold, Esq.* (See page 20). He has also sued myself, former select board member Don Coburn, his wife Ellen, Melissa Noe, and a fellow named Mark Webber.

I am not a lawyer, however I understand that while this lawsuit was officially filed, it may "disappear" if it is not "served" by the end of July. (As I am writing this in late July, no one has yet been "served.")

Regardless of whether it is served or not, this demonstrates a failure of what we hold dear in Monterey. From what I can understand (again, I am not an attorney), we have a current select board member who is suing the town (and himself, since he is on the board that he is suing) because he was out voted (2-1) during the hiring of the current town administrator, and he felt embarrassed by the eighteen citizens petitions presented on the town warrant—that he had authored.

Oh, and by the way, he seems to accuse me of bribery (that the consultant hired to evaluate Ms. Noe was "taken care of privately" by myself and others).

Again, I am not an attorney, but I do know that these rantings are hogwash and do nothing to help our town. There has always been dissension and disagreements among select board (or any board) members. It's human nature. People don't always have the same perception of events and people often disagree. We have had public arguments, and letters in the Monterey News, and nasty glances in the post office, the "silent treatment" in town hall, and even a few slammed doors....but Monterey has *never* had a current town official sue the town over events that they don't agree with. *Never!*

The difference in Monterey is that we address the problem, handle it among ourselves (if possible) and move on.

Town meeting is over. A town administrator has been hired. A new select board has been elected.

We are beginning the new fiscal year and I am looking forward to addressing *real challenges*, like our roads and bridges, completion of the fiberoptic internet network build out, dealing with Covid, providing more services to our seniors, keeping our parks and lakes clean and safe, helping the general store open, getting our police and fire departments the equipment they need to keep us safe, and keeping taxes low.

The rest is just a distraction, like the tree stump that still exists in my yard...

— Steven Weisz,

Chair, Monterey Select Board

*I only use "Esq." because that is how he signs his correspondence.

Editor's Note: In My View provides individual select board members an opportunity to communicate their thoughts about town affairs on topics of their choice. The views expressed are solely those of the writer, and are not meant to reflect the views of the full select board.

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Wildlife Report Late-June and July

Bears, Bugs, Birds, and More

The black vultures walk among us here in Monterey, and maybe they have been here for a while. From a casual distance, they look much like any other vultures, meaning the familiar turkey vultures, but this is a different species: smaller, and with a black head instead of a red one. I saw some recently in a tall dead tree at the intersection of Curtis Road and Gould Road. The trip to the transfer station is always rewarding, and now we can be on the lookout for vulture specificity, too, as we stop at the T-intersection.

On a more general note, folks will be relieved to see that the deciduous trees on the hillsides and ridge tops have put out their second set of leaves, after the munching of the caterpillars earlier in the summer. Thanks to Ed Salsitz, I learned that the common name of these chompers has been removed from official use. He sent an article saying the Entomological Society of America will come up with a new name, but meanwhile we can use the Latin *Lymantria dispar* or as we scientists often do things, “*L. dispar*” which is tantamount to using the first name and last name’s initial. In taxonomy-speak it’s like saying Bonner M., but you say M. Bonner. Or maybe M, bonner. We do not want to use the word “gypsy,” for the caterpillar though because this is a slur and an offense to the Romani people. Stay tuned for the new name of the moth and its caterpillar.



Late in June Ellen Coburn wrote with a handsome close-up of a robin's nest near her place, holding three perfect eggs (above). And then one day there was only one egg left, and a few days later, none. All we can say is something happened, and probably some other member of the land community got a good meal. In July I went on the Pollinator Garden Tour and when I got to Bidwell House, Janet Jensen and I spotted a perfect half eggshell on the ground in one of the pollinator beds. It was turquoise, or “robin's egg blue” and it did not drop under any tree or shrub or nest (below).



Some robin carried it away, after the little bird had hatched. This could have been just good housekeeping, but many birds do this

and carry egg shells a good ways off, so that predators won't find a clue that there are tasty baby birds nearby. This is survival housekeeping.



Just before we noticed the eggshell, Janet and I saw our first monarch butterfly, visiting the flowers in this dedicated garden. Janet took a photograph (above) and by later in the month told me she had heard of other monarch sightings around town.

On another insect note, this time beetles, we have a photograph (below) from Ed Salsitz of a Japanese beetle threesome. So far this species has kept its geographical common name and I read that they do occur in Japan, as well as in many other countries all over the world. In Asia they are not as commonly found as they are here. Like many of us, they have a Latin name. It is *Popillia japonica*.



Mary Kate Jordan and Bonsai Cox were visited “in one weekend by a fox, an owl, and a sturdy healthy-looking bobcat.” Two days later both the fox and the bobcat were back. On that rainy day Bonsai took a photograph (next page top left) through the window of the fox, late in July.

Joe Baker saw a young barred owl in the state forest across the road from here and took a photograph (next page top center). It seems to me we hear them most nights, when the thunder and the downpours let up a little.

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Above: Shingles up pre-bear visit, and down afterwards.

Carol Edelman sent a photograph (right) of some colorful, graceful garter snakes. These are “snakes in the rain,” she writes. “At least four settled in around the old well in front of our house, slithering around in the lavender plants. Beautiful creatures.”

In the black bear roundup we have Ilene Marcus’ account of an uninvited guest (see page 8), also photographs from the Edelmans’ yard (right), one from Susan Kay Wallach near Stevens Pond (page 9), and one of a mother with two cubs crossing Route 23 at Wellman Road, taken by Shawn Tryon (far right).

The bear family south of here near Chestnut Hill seems to have split up now, but one of them is still visiting the backyard and showed an interest in the clothesline. This happened a couple of years back, when the laundry got hauled off the line. But this time it was wooden shingles, hung up to dry after staining. The bear took these down for a closer look. There’s so much to learn.

The bears in our community are familiar, and they are remarkable wild creatures, too. Big, glossy, handsome. Maybe we can identify with them. They are mammals like us. They have kids. They fit here and we would miss them if they were gone.

This year I am missing the spiders, particularly the early morning sun on the hundreds of gleaming strands of gossamer, or silk lines that usually waft across the open ground in our orchard on a clear new day. I keep watching for them, wondering at all the variables that could affect them, keep their numbers way down just now. There is so much to learn about the wild neighborhood, thank goodness.

Thank you, all.

—Bonner McAllester,
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— Steven Weisz, Chair
John Weingold and Justin Makuc
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(justin@montereyma.gov)

(Letter below sent after July 13 finance committee meeting—see “Lament,” page 22, third column.)

Dear Select Board,

Katrina Fitzpatrick was absent from last night’s Finance Committee meeting.

Katrina was also absent at the start of the Finance Committee meeting of June 29. The chair called her at home, and after admitting that she was not aware that the Finance Committee had a scheduled meeting, Katrina showed up 20 minutes late.

Last night, the chair did not announce that Katrina could not make the meeting, nor did the chair make any attempt to contact Katrina to remind her of the meeting and bring her onboard. Katrina was elected to serve this community as a Finance Committee member. She defeated Rebecca Wolin, the incumbent, and a very professional, capable colleague who served the town well for three years. Rebecca was always present

at meetings. She was never a no-show. She worked incredibly hard and brought deep experience to her position.

Ironically, Rebecca was present at last night’s meeting—Katrina was absent.

At last night’s meeting, I made it clear that I would not participate in meetings in which the newest member of the committee was absent without notice. It is Katrina’s duty to fulfill her obligation as a committee member.

In the future, I hope she will make a better effort to fulfill her role. The Finance Committee needs talented, dedicated, and committed members.

Sincerely,

Jonathon Sylbert
Finance Committee

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Assessor: 528-1443 x115

assessors@montereyma.gov

Building Department: 528-1443

x118 buildingsafety@montereyma.gov

Community Center: 528-3600

calendar@ccmonterey.org

Fire Department (non-emergency):

528-3136

chief@montereyma.org

Highway Department: 528-1734

dpw1@montereyma.gov

Library: 528-3795

montereylibrary@gmail.com

Police Department (non-emergency):

528-3211, Alt./Emergency 528-3211

mpdchief@montereyma.gov

Post Office: 528-4670

SBRSD (Schools): (413)-229-8778

Tax Collector: 528-1443 x117

montereytax@yahoo.com

(for questions about your tax bill)

Town Clerk: 528-1443 x113

clerk@montereyma.gov

Town website: Montereyma.gov, under each department, for office hours.

Sketchbook— Last October Maureen Banner's niece, Rachel Jo Arnow, sent me over thirty drawings. She wrote this: "They're all daily sketches that I did this October as part of an art challenge, and I had the *Monterey News* in the back of my mind when I made them (that's why they're all pen drawings, so that they'll show up okay in print)." I've had the pleasure of dropping them in here in there in issues, but generally quite reduced in size. Below are a few with larger subjects, and I hope to find opportunities to publish more in the future.



Monterey News

The *Monterey News* editorial address is PO Box 9, Monterey, MA, 01245. We invite signed letters, articles, drawings, poetry, and photographs. Submissions or inquiries may also be emailed to montereynews9@gmail.com or telephone us at (413)528-4007.

Calendar

MCC- Monterey Community Center

Sundays: Monterey softball begins again.

Batting practice at 10, games begin at 10:30. See page 4.

Mondays: "What's Happening," discussing local arts, 4 to 5 p.m., MCC. See page 3.

Tuesdays:

Chair yoga with Connie Wilson, 10 a.m., MCC.

Bridge and cards, 1 p.m. MCC.

Saturday, August 7: Tom Seiling, singing. 10:30, library. See page 3.

Friday, August 13: Games night at MCC, with Aldeth Lewin, 5:30 p.m. See page 3.

Saturday, August 14:

Second-home owners meeting, 10 a.m., town hall.

MaryJo Maichack, singing and story telling. 10:30, library. See page 3.

Thomas Ragusa's talk *Rediscovering the "Great Road,"* 4 p.m., library. See page 13.

Knox Gallery, closing reception for *Nurturing Nature*, 7 p.m. See page 5.

Sunday, August 22: Concert with Tim Van Egmond, 2 p.m., MCC. See page 6.

Friday, August 27: "Hat's Off to Thirty Seasons!" Bidwell House, 4 to 7 p.m. See page 13.

Coming in September

Sunday, September 5: Memorial service for Jack Ryder. See page 6.

Friday, September 10: Wedding celebration, firehouse pavilion, 5:30 p.m. See page 5.

Saturday & Sunday, September 18-19: Revolutionary War reenactment, Bidwell House Museum. See page 13.

Wednesday, September 22: Celebrate the fall equinox, MCC, 3 p.m. See page 9.



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Contributions from local artists this month:

Rachel Jo Arnow, p. 27;

George Emmons, p. 14; Bonner McAllester, pgs. 1, 12.

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