

The Edge of Hawley

Volume XL, Number 1
WINTER 2020



1846 Meetinghouse

Home of
The Sons and Daughters of Hawley

The Sons and Daughters of Hawley Officers and Board of Trustees 2020 – 2022

President: John Sears Pudding Hollow Road	Retired historian
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Alice Parker Pyle, 2021	Composer, educator
Bob Root, 2022	Hawley Selectman
Beth Thwing, 2022	Children's book author
Lark Thwing, 2020	Retired executive

Each board member's term ends in the year shown.

The Edge of Hawley is edited by Suzy Groden. Contact her at suzyqgroden@gmail.com or *The Edge of Hawley*, P.O. Box 206, Hawley, MA 01339. *Edge* Editorial Advisory Board: Alice Parker, John Sears, Pamela Shrimpton.

THE EDGE OF HAWLEY
Volume XL Number 1, Winter 2020

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Sons and Daughters of Hawley 2020 Calendar of Events

Mark your calendars now so you don't miss these events.

Event	Date	Location	Time
Board Meeting	3/19/20	Place TBD	5 pm
Mud Party	3/22/20	Weisblat 84 Middle Road	4-8 pm
Beautify Hawley's Roads	4/1- 4/30/20	Collect trash along the roads	
Board Meeting	4/16/20	Grove	5 pm
Board Meeting	5/21/20	Grove	5 pm
Sing with Alice Parker	6/7/20	Meetinghouse	3-5 pm
Board Meeting	6/18/20	Grove	5 pm
Board Meeting	7/16/20	Grove	5 pm
Garden Luncheon & Talks	June date TBD	Poudriers' Pond Road	12-2 pm
Hawley Day	8/9/20	Grove and Meetinghouse	10am- 3pm
Harvest Supper	September date TBD	Stump Sprouts West Hill Road	4-7 pm
Board Meeting	9/17/20	Grove	5 pm
Board Meeting	10/15/20	Grove	5 pm
Apple Fest	November date TBD	Poudriers' Pond Road	4-7 pm
Illumination Party	12/13/20	Meetinghouse	4-5 pm

There are no Board meetings between November & February.

PAST EVENTS

Apple Fest



The annual Sons and Daughters of Hawley celebration of our region's autumn apple harvest and the bitter-sweet farewell to summer took place on Sunday, November 3rd, at the home of Ray and Melanie Poudrier. The rooms of the house were filled with people munching on appetizers, sipping drinks, laughing, and sharing stories about the successes and failures of their gardens this year ("So much better this year than last!"), travels, family events, accomplishments, on-going projects, and plans.



The food, as always, was plentiful, delicious, mostly apple-themed, but also evocative of the wide world. For starters, we had seasoned bread sticks, tapenade, caponata, Italian sausage bread, home-made Vietnamese egg rolls, and hummus. The main meal, for which we sat down at three different tables, and moved about among them, included ham with pineapple, winter squash, and several casseroles (quinoa-apple-squash, apple-cheddar bread pudding, rice-apple-sausage, and apple-potato). In addition, there were baked beans, Swedish meatballs, and salads, including potato and an orzo salad with blue cheese and walnuts. For dessert we had numerous choices as well: apple pie, apple cake, brownies, cookies, and lots of tiny candies, left over from Halloween and seemingly irresistible to many of us.



Illumination Party

On December 8th, about twenty people gathered in the Meetinghouse to observe the annual “illuminating” of the oil lamps in the central chandelier. As the winter light outside waned, we sipped hot cider, munched on cookies and a savory snack mix, chatted, and watched Serra Root and Lark Thwing gently lift out, fill, light, and reinsert each of the eight glass globes. When they were finished, the chandelier gave off a warm, golden light, in which we went around, setting light-activated, battery-powered candles in all the windows, and singing carols.



This yearly tradition gives us a chance to honor the simple grace of the Meetinghouse and its elegant central antique light fixture. This year we also appreciated the plastering and painting that is restoring the Meetinghouse interior to its earlier beauty, made possible by generous donations of Sons and Daughters of Hawley members.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Mud Party (Sunday, March 22nd, 4:00 PM – 8:00 PM)



Like most Sons and Daughters of Hawley annual events, this is an occasion for sharing food, drink, and local news, and for celebrating a particular moment in the yearly cycle. This time, the pot luck supper with which we will welcome the mud that signals the end of winter is at the home of Tinky Weisblat, 84 Middle Road. Bring an appetizer, salad, or dessert, whatever you like to drink with your meals, and a healthy appetite.

Beautify Hawley's Roads (April)

As winter's snow and ice recede, we start taking walks and enjoying the signs of spring. But, as we do, we are also confronted by the trash that has collected along Hawley's roads: plastic bags and cups, beer and soda cans, odd bits of clothing, broken off parts of tools.



If we remember to bring a tote bag along on our walks, we can pick up some of this detritus, and help return the town's roads to their natural beauty.

**Folk Sing with Alice Parker (Sunday, June 7th,
3:00 PM – 5:00 PM)**



Last year nearly fifty people came from far and near to fill the Meetinghouse and sing (mostly) familiar and well-loved American folk songs under the expert and inspired leadership of Alice Parker. Alice has graciously offered to do it again this June, and it is bound to be one of the highlights of the year.

Luncheon and Talks in the Garden (June date TBD)

In June, 2018 the Sons and Daughters sponsored a tour entitled “The All-Hawley Summer Tour,” which featured visits to several Hawley gardens, Sidehill Farm, Tinky Weisblat’s kitchen, and lunch in the extensive garden of Ray and Melanie Poudrier. This year we will return to that venue for another glorious meal set out in the beautiful Poudrier garden. Some local gardening experts and neighbors will be there to answer questions and discuss the design and maintenance of different kinds of gardens. A definite date will be announced in the spring, 2020 issue of *The Edge of Hawley*.



Hawley Day (August 9th)

This is the main event of the year for the Sons and Daughters of Hawley. Friends and relatives of Hawleyites, people who grew up here or whose parents or grandparents did, all come together for a day of eating and drinking, reminiscing and planning, and participation in the formal annual business



meeting of our town's historical society. Honor is paid to those who have passed away during the year, and an engraved plaque is presented to an individual who has made a significant contribution to Hawley. After lunch this year we will conduct a new series of interviews with elder members of the Hawley community, revisiting and updating the Oral History Project which was started back in 1987.

COMMUNITY AND TOWN BUSINESS

Broadband Wi-Fi Service Coming to Hawley

By Lark Thwing

I'm sure it feels as if Hawley will never get broadband service. But don't lose hope: it is happening, slowly but surely. Infrastructure is being installed and people are being connected.

Here's how the process works. The Florida/Hawley/Monroe/Savoy Four Town Broadband Committee, working with WiValley, Inc., started with a desktop model of likely locations for poles. Each location must be confirmed with an actual radio signal. Once a location is confirmed, the pole can be installed. The utility company is notified that we need electricity brought to it. Hardware and antennas are installed on the pole and the utility company installs an electric pole, in most cases on the same side of the road as our broadband pole, and runs electricity to that new electric pole. An underground conduit connects the new electric pole to our broadband pole.

Before a pole is installed, a pole hearing is held in the local community. We've had the pole hearing for Hawley's poles but, if we need to relocate a pole more than a hundred feet, we need a new pole hearing. The electric companies need pole hearings as well.

WiValley is responsible for putting the poles in the ground, arranging for electricity to be brought to

those poles, installing hardware on the poles, and linking a Wi-Fi signal from our main pole location in Savoy to the individual poles or whatever relay pole is necessary.

Right now, we can serve customers from two locations: the main pole in Savoy and the pole at Berkshire East which is linked to the main Savoy pole. By the end of January, we expect to have poles at the Florida Town Hall and Bliss Hill in Florida, linked to the main Savoy pole and able to serve customers. 27 customers are currently being served from these two working locations. Eight of those customers are receiving 50 m[egabytes] p[er] s[econd] for downloads/10 mbps for uploads (50/10 mbps), 13 customers are receiving 25/3 mbps, and 6 of those customers are receiving 12/2 mbps. Our goal is to supply 96% of our customers with at least 25/3 mbps.

Many people have asked about the Legate Hill pole that was deemed necessary to relay a signal to Hawley. As you may know, there was legal action brought concerning that pole. But, when the site was tested, it turned out to not be capable of receiving a signal. So, Legate Hill is no longer an issue. Instead, “workarounds” in Hawley are being planned.

The status of the poles planned for Hawley is as follows:

- At the top of **West Hill Road**: complete except for power connection and signal linkage. To be completed by the end of February.
- At **Berkshire East**: fully operational and serving customers.
- Near **Doane Cemetery and Sidehill Farm**: installed but not configured; no electricity yet. We hope it will have power and signal linkage by the end of February.
- At **Hawley Town Hall**: installed but not configured; no electricity.
- Poles are scheduled for installation by the end of January at **Forget Road near Grout Road, lower East Hawley Road, and Forge Hill Road**, power and signal linkage, between the end of February and mid-April.
- Proposed sites for poles on **Middle Road, West Hawley Road** and **Plainfield Road** near the town line need further testing and evaluation.
- Near **Stetson Road**: a pole hearing is needed.

The progress of our Broadband build-out can be followed at the Town of Hawley website ([Townofhawley.com](http://www.townofhawley.com)). Click on the broadband tab. The Four Towns Committee documents can be viewed at <http://www.townofhawley.com/wp-content/uploads/docs/Broadband/Four-Towns/four-towns-documents-page.html>.

We expect to have all infrastructure completed by the end of June. If you want to be connected to the Broadband Network contact otelco.com/fhms and sign up to be notified when service is available in your area.

SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF HAWLEY NEWS

The Sons and Daughters of Hawley received a \$200 grant this year from the Charlemont-Hawley Cultural Council for archival materials. John Sears reports that he was able to use about half of the grant to purchase much-needed materials from Hollinger Metal, a supplier of archival materials. In the coming spring, when we can once again spend time in the Archive Room, we will determine what additional materials we can get with the remainder of the grant.

Will Cosby reports that we have also been awarded a Charlemont-Hawley Cultural Council grant of \$600 to pay for the videotaping of the oral history interviews to be conducted on Hawley Day this coming August. He will be taking the lead in this enterprise, and has let us know that planning is well under way.

HIDDEN GEM: The Hawley Bog

By Constance Emmett



Photo by Rich Cook

Hawley is a place of great natural beauty. The hills, forests, rivers, and changing skies are all in plain sight for us to enjoy. One of Hawley's landmarks, hidden from our routine lives, is unique and even exotic, and that is the Hawley Bog, sitting cheek by jowl with another hidden gem, Hawley's Old Town Common.

Just off East Hawley Road, the parking area for the bog and the Old Town Common is well-marked, thanks to the placement of a kiosk, picnic table, and

bike rack by the Sons and Daughters of Hawley with the support of the bog owner-manager The Nature Conservancy and grants from MassHumanities. The kiosk displays maps of the trails for the bog and the Old Town Common. Walk left to the bog and you will arrive at a second kiosk and the visitors' log, managed by the Five College Consortium (Amherst, Hampshire, Mount Holyoke, Smith, and UMass/ Amherst), which co-owns the bog and uses it as an outdoor classroom and research center.

The narrow passage through to the open expanse of the Hawley Bog is an assembly of largely unfamiliar plant life and a summer riot of green, pink, white, and yellow, turning red-gold and purple in autumn. Follow the 700-foot boardwalk built by The Nature Conservancy and town volunteers into the open area to see the tops of white pines sunk into the bog, and red maple saplings, flaming scarlet in October. The stunted pines and maple forever saplings have adapted to the bog's highly specialized environment, as have the unfamiliar plants popping through the mossy mat that moves under your feet. What is the bog environment exactly, how did it form, and when?

Thousands of years ago, the glacier that covered the Northeast in the last ice age receded, as Earth's orbit, tilt, and rotational axis orientation changed (Milankovitch cycles describe the varying of orbiting, tilt, and rotational axis orientation of the Earth every

41,000 years). The Pocumtuc people (ancestors of the Abenaki) followed the receding glacier 9,000 -12,000 years ago to the confluence of three rivers—the Green, the Deerfield, and the Quinnitikut (modern spelling: Connecticut)—to settle where fish and game were abundant. About twenty miles west and up a steep hill, that same receding glacier left a kettle-shaped depression and eventual lake that evolved into the Hawley Bog.

With no stream running through it to add nutrients or wash vegetation away, decaying matter accumulated and the lake became acidic and nutritionally vacant—the lake became a bog. Rain and snow provided the only nutrients, creating an environment where specially adapted plants grew. The primary bog plant, sphagnum (peat) moss, is adapted to living in acidic water with little or no flow. New growth remains at the surface and older portions continually sink and die, releasing the tannins and enhancing the acids that give the water a brownish color and further slow decay. The dead material accumulated and, at the margins, the Hawley Bog sphagnum mat is over 30 feet thick. But, as you walk out on the boardwalk toward the open expanse, the mat thins and moves under your feet. Rain and snow continue to provide the only sources of potassium and phosphorous. Nitrogen is introduced by the ammonia in urine and feces of birds, insects, mammals, and also by combustion

engine exhaust. Some plants adapted by becoming carnivorous in order to increase their access to essential nutrients.

Specialized plants growing on the sphagnum moss surface, such as pitcher plants and sundews, are able to photosynthesize for energy, but can only thrive in the low level of essential nutrition and highly acidic environment because of their carnivorous habits. They have evolved ways to use Hawley's hordes of black flies and mosquitos. Pitchers drown them, sundews trap them on sticky tendrils, then roll them up in the leaves. Bladderwort, living in the dark water, display trigger hairs on trap-like bladders. All have evolved to digest insects with special enzymes.



Non-carnivorous plants grow to their best ability in and around the bog where conditions allow: rhododendron, leatherleaf, laurels, bog rosemary, Labrador tea, high-bush blueberry, low-growing large cranberry, and other stunted trees like tamarack and black spruce. Purple wild iris, the tiny orchid rose pogonia, delicate grass pinks shaped like upside-down orchids, and other orchids and flowering plants also grow in and among the hummocks of the mat. Winged and terrestrial creatures visit and inhabit the bog: flycatchers, red-winged blackbirds, white-throated sparrows, moose, deer, bears, small mammals, dragonflies, and bees all make use of the bog fauna and flora.



Photo by Rich Cook

The low-oxygen, acidic, and low-nutrient conditions do not support fish, reptiles, or amphibians. In fact, those conditions are preservative rather than

supportive of life generally, hence the discovery of humans who entered the Northern European bogs in the Bronze and Iron Ages by ancient winter ritual or accident, and now grace museum cases in remarkably well-preserved states (see Tollund Man, *et al*).

Isolation over millennia, followed by Hawley respect for the natural world, has left the Hawley Bog largely unaffected by humans, except in an inescapable global manner. Pitcher plants, which can live 50 years, serve as measures of air pollution. As the nitrogen from combustion engine exhaust increases in the bog, pitcher plants are growing larger leaves and smaller pitchers, their reliance on catching insects less important for essential nutrients.

Human interference in the Hawley Bog has been carried out in the most benign manner, such as acts of conservation by groups like The Nature Conservancy and the Five Colleges, and the Sons and Daughters of Hawley. Locals volunteered in all aspects of the enterprise and made use of the flora and fauna respectfully.

So, one busy day, when you are driving up East Hawley Road, pull over, park, and enjoy this gem in our midst; and return during different seasons. It doesn't take long to enjoy the Hawley Bog and you'll be glad you stopped.

Before you get back in the car though, head toward the kiosk and then enter the self-guided tour of the Old Town Common and its cellar holes—the

other hidden gem of Hawley. Start at the 1935 plaque on the rock marking the site of Reverend Samuel Grout's first church. Inspired by Harrison Parker's history, the late Ray Gotta initiated and managed the Old Town Common project with help from Lark Thwing. It was completed with support from the Sons and Daughters of Hawley and MassHumanities, informed by John Sears's research and writing, and enhanced with drawings by Trina Sears Sternstein of what the buildings that stood around the common probably looked like.



COMING TO HAWLEY & FINDING OUR FAVORITE PLACE

By Peter Beck



Ken Bertsch and I were living in Northampton when we decided to buy our first house. Previously we had lived in Washington, D.C., and were shocked that rents were higher in Northampton than in Washington. Home ownership seemed like a prudent decision.

Ken was in graduate school at UMass/Amherst, so his commuting distance determined the furthest reaches of our search. But we had a miniscule budget, so our real estate agent pushed us further and further out. We looked at a cabin in Buckland that had a plank floor directly on dirt, and at an odd place in Ashfield that had everything except the essentials. Finally, we were shown a house in West Hawley and immediately thought, “This is it!” The house was on almost three acres, across from the Chickley River. We closed in late May of 1985 and then thought—as most first-time home buyers do — “Good grief, what have we done?”

It rained heavily the day we moved from Northampton. In fact, it rained constantly for the next month. The very first Hawley person we got to know was our next-door neighbor, Valerie Royce. Valerie was a horsewoman, knowledgeable and resourceful about rural life. She immediately recognized that we were rural innocents, if not idiots, but she gently showed us how to survive. Apparently, our attempts at settling in amused Valerie; she strained to suppress her laughter and instead smiled at us, but seemed to be inwardly rolling her eyes.

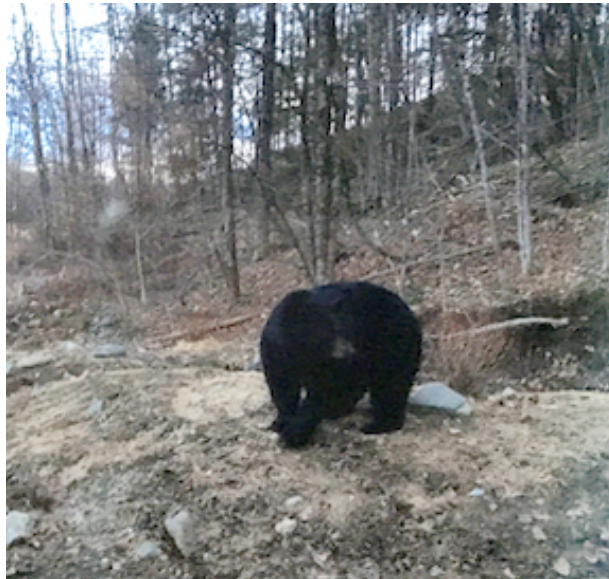
For example, very soon after we arrived, Ellen Purinton invited us to a Volunteer Fire Department potluck, and we accepted. However, we had no idea how to cook at the house, since we had yet to discover that the stove would not work until we turned on the propane. We did not go to the potluck. But we did learn how to make a fire in the fireplace, and for some time I resisted the idea of installing a proper woodstove. The prospect of such a contraption seemed too complicated, time-consuming and dangerous to me. Eventually, I gave in, and can report that, thirty years later, the woodstove is still going strong.

The rain continued for weeks. Ken had the summer free from graduate school and I was working at home on an NEA grant for an architectural publication, so we both had free time. The Internet was yet to come, and we received no broadcast

television signal. Cell phones did not yet exist and even the electrical service was uncertain. So, we read.

We walked across West Hawley Road with our dachshund, Brooks, to look at the Chickley and puzzle about what to do with this “waterfront,” not that we had plans or could afford to do anything at all.

We also hiked around those first wet weeks with Valerie and began to learn the names of things — plants, animals and people, and began to grasp a bit of the history of the area. I’d never heard of Balm of Gilead nor of a fisher; we’d never before had a skunk or raccoon in our yard, much less deer or bear.



We found it surprising to be given directions based on houses named after people we did not know and to be matter-of-factly told to talk to so-and-so—someone apparently without a last name. Valerie was my first gardening instructor. “Peter, you plant things

like an architect! Nature grows in curves, not grids!" I resisted the idea of a compost pile, at first, until later that summer Ken showed me the astonishingly rich soil it produced. And so, we gardened and read and figured that if we could persist, we'd finally get the lay of the land.

We began to meet fellow ex-pats and new townspeople like Billy Guild and Ellen Walsh in East Hawley. In turn, they introduced us to Kirby and Charlotte Thwing, and we suddenly were meeting wonderful people, left and right. Valerie very much approved of the Thwings, so we knew we were under good care and proper tutelage. That first summer, we were putting tentative roots down.

Eventually the cold rains stopped, and July became hot. So hot that we walked over to the Chickley and waded out to a large rock in the middle of the river, a rock large enough to resemble a submerged Volkswagen Beetle and thus large enough to hold two men and a dog.



That rock became our regular station and our reading room. We could wade to the rock and dachshund Brooks could hop from rock to rock until he was lifted onboard as well. We brought books and water and set up camp on that rock, day after day. We got to know the rocks and pools of our small stretch of the Chickley, and we became familiar with the plant and aquatic life we could see. Valerie and her small children played in the nearby pool upstream from us, and we learned that for real swimming and diving, the nearest spot was at the bridge near Hal White's.

We stayed on our rock, contented. The trees arched gracefully over the small river, nearly touching but leaving enough open sky to allow the sun to warm our rock. The water was the ideal temperature: cool enough to allow us to dangle our feet and warm enough to allow us to continue reading unbothered by cold feet. The river bubbled along and its ongoing murmur covered any sounds from the then rare traffic on Route 8A. We clung to our rock and spent the remainder of an increasingly dry summer perched on that giant boulder in the middle of the Chickley River. Other than the remarkable and able people we were meeting, that rock was the most prominent feature of our first summer in Hawley.

The reading rock continued to be a summer destination until 1991. That year, Marian Ives had

been commissioned by a friend to fabricate a weathervane for us. The design was to be in the shape of a dachshund. Because our dachshund Brooks ran in the opposite direction from whichever way we wanted him to go, the weathervane was designed to indicate which way the wind was *not* blowing. (It is, nonetheless, a fine and beautiful weathervane.)

Marian's husband, Ed Brady, was to install the weathervane atop an addition we had built. To mark that occasion, we planned a large party to honor Marian, our friend Pam, who'd commissioned the piece, and Ed, who'd built the addition. Just as guests were arriving in early evening, and after a spectacular late afternoon downpour, the Chickley began to rise and the river's noise was impossible to ignore. Fire Chief Scott Purinton arrived to announce that guests should depart immediately, or he could not guarantee their safety! Guests Eric and Bobbie Carle called to say they'd turned back—water was covering Route 8A and they had not dared continue (a wise decision: that portion of the road was discovered later to have vanished). The noise from the river was a magnificent roar. Below the whitewater surface was a tremendous rumbling that sounded like a bowling alley full of balls striking pins. The water-muffled crashes were large rocks and boulders being swept downstream at a terrific speed. Trees sailed by as well, and roiling water was a sickly, muddy color as it churned topsoil and debris, sweeping it toward the Deerfield.

It got dark, the noise from the river subsided and the water, which had risen to the roadway, receded. The next morning, we went out to inspect the damage. Leaves, branches and debris filled the wooded areas along the road and the river. We looked out toward our rock. Surely a boulder the size of an automobile would not be moved. It was bigger than a car—it was as big as an elephant...as a house. But our rock was no longer there.

We walked downstream hoping to see our rock re-installed nearby. We drove along the road, certain that we'd find our rock. It was nowhere to be found. Somewhere along the Deerfield, or the Connecticut, or in Long Island Sound, sits our reading room rock.

For our first several summers in Hawley it was our favorite spot on earth. But rather than mourn the loss of that bookish boulder, we're satisfied now with a newer favorite spot that still overlooks the Chickley. Now my favorite, favorite includes pretty much the entire town of Hawley. We still read. Indoors.



OBITUARIES



Apr.4,1942-Oct.12,2019

I, Mary (Laskski) Shaffer, living 7 decades, experienced a full challenging life in as many ways as I could possibly think of. Growing up on a farm in Sunderland among six sisters gave me life skills of common sense, to be fiercely independent, adventurous, filled with wonder and enjoyment. Mom and Dad

(Alice and Walter Laskski) raised our family with unending care, guidance, and providing all our needs.

I am grateful for the connection to all six sisters: Jane Konvelski, Arlene Lawson, Diane Kerby (dec.), Ruth Smith, Lois Krok, and Gloria Connelly. Together, we valued individualness and supported one another.

I moved from the farm to the Boston area, fell into a career and owned and managed a 2-family house. My steadfast jobs were stable compared to free time. The jobs with engineering companies gave me skills in detail, concentration and a sense of accomplishment to be the best I could.

College education at age 40 started me in a new direction of knowing the world and an appreciation

of nature. I thrived on many experiences starting with outdoor survival schools that confronted me with fears I didn't know I had. I vacationed in many natural wonders in the US as well as Europe, Central America, the USSR and Pamir Mountains in Uzbekistan. I challenged myself with many different sports (hiking, biking, tennis, softball, racquetball, skiing, sailing, rock climbing, rugby and more). Among the unusual was kayaking Glacier Bay, walked barefoot on hot coals and was hypnotized on stage. Along the way, I enjoyed writing and public speaking.

The last challenges involved living through health issues I never heard of and becoming more dependent. Gratitude goes to my neighbors in Hawley- the Mizula family who make the world a better place.

Reflecting on all these experiences: "Life just happened." I followed my own way without expectations. My life could not have been planned better.

Published in the *Recorder* on Oct. 15, 2019.

We have also been asked to indicate that Edward Richard Aubrey lived from 1938 to 2016.

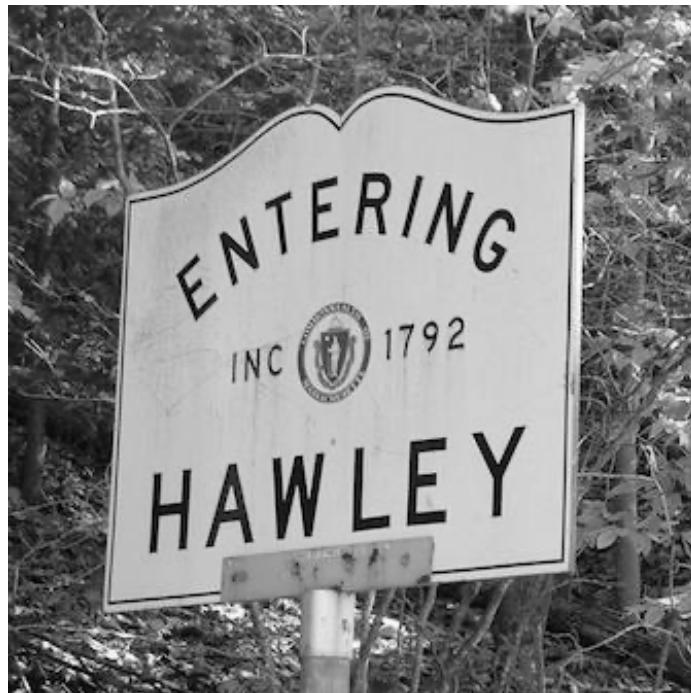
LAND TRANSFERS

Susan R. Lariviere to Adin Maynard and Llama Maynard, 120 West Hill Road, \$42,000.

Robert Skelton to Paul David Klemer and Robert Skelton, 0 East Road, \$8,000.

Editor's note: If we have missed a birth, marriage, passing, or a transfer of property in Hawley, please let us know so that we can publish a notice in our next issue.

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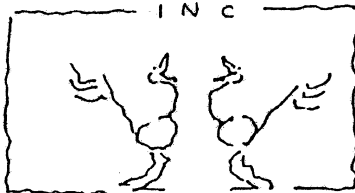
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The Hawley Grove

The Hawley Grove is a low building with a new kitchen, handicapped accessible bathrooms and ramp, and a large 1000 square foot hall adjacent to the kitchen. Doors lead out the back to a large field. The kitchen is predominantly for refrigerating, warming, and serving pre-prepared foods.

It is available to members of the Sons and Daughters of Hawley for social gatherings. To rent this facility, contact Serra Root, Treasurer, at 330 East Hawley Rd, Hawley, MA 01339, or call 413-339-5592, or e-mail robertroot@hughes.net. Rates are extremely reasonable.

You too can be listed here!!! *The Edge of Hawley* now reaches more than 216 readers, multiple times a year, with information designed to keep our community informed and close knit. If you would like to help sponsor *The Edge of Hawley* and promote the vitality of private enterprise in our community, contact S&D corresponding secretary, Pamela Shrimpton (413-339-4091) or pam@forgehollow.com for details.

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Links to Related Websites

SONS AND DAUGHTERS WEBSITE

<http://sites.google.com/site/sonsdaughtersofhawley/Home>

SONS & DAUGHTERS OF HAWLEY-HOME/ FACEBOOK

TOWN OF HAWLEY WEBSITE

www.townofhawley.com

MOHAWK & HAWLEMONT SCHOOLS WEBSITE

www.mohawkschools.org/

Membership Form

Sons & Daughters of Hawley, PO Box 206, Hawley, MA 01339

Annual membership dues:

Individual	\$10	_____
Family	\$12	_____
Contributing	\$15	_____
Sustaining	\$25	_____
Life Member	\$200	_____

Honorary free membership is provided for all persons over the age of 70 years who are related to Hawley by ancestry, birth, marriage, or residence.

I am in this category: _____
Life or Honorary Members _____

We would appreciate your additional contributions: _____
The Edge of Hawley would appreciate your direct support. _____

Gifts of Membership
Consider a gift membership for a family member. _____

Name _____

Address _____

City, State _____

Memorial or Contributor's Plaque

Honor your family: ____ plaques @ \$55 each _____

On pew ____ in vestibule ____

Inscription: 29 characters/line, 2 lines only

Building Fund Donation

I wish to support the restoration of the Meetinghouse. _____

I wish to support the renovation of the Hawley Grove. _____

I wish to support the building fund in general. _____

Enclosed is a check for Sons & Daughters in the amount of: _____

The Sons and Daughters of Hawley

Shippable Sale Items

BOOKS

<i>Hawley Massachusetts; The First Fifty Years, 1770-1820</i> by Harrison Parker	\$35.00
<i>Hawley Bicentennial Cookbook, 1792-1992</i> by The Sons and Daughters of Hawley	\$5.00
<i>Cottage Piety Exemplified</i> , a biography of Martha S. Taylor of Hawley published by Rev. Rufus Taylor (3 rd son)	\$11.00
Home to Hawley Scrapbook; a collection of works from various sources	\$7.50
<i>Tales of Hawley</i> , by Maida Riggs	\$5.00
<i>The 1989 Guide to Historical Sites in the Hawley State Forest</i> prepared by the Town of Hawley Historical Commission	\$7.50
<i>Pudding Hollow Cookbook</i> by Tinky "Dakota" Weisblat	\$30.00
<i>History of the Town of Hawley</i> by Williams Giles Atkins	\$9.00
<i>Town of Hawley Bicentennial Program Book 1792-1992</i> a summary of 200 years in Hawley	\$7.00
<i>Rediscovering Hawley's Old Town Common</i> by John Sears	\$5.00
<i>Hawley Story or My Memory Garden</i> , by Minnie Harris Billings	\$5.00

HISTORICAL MONOGRAPHS by Harrison Parker

Hawley's Loss of Land to Plainfield in 1803	\$4.00
Fullerville	\$4.00
East Hawley and its Center	\$4.00
The Old Hawley Town Common and Poverty Square	\$3.00

USEFUL ITEMS:

Meetinghouse Tree Ornament by Marion Ives	@ \$10.00 each	_____ pcs	\$ _____
Coffee Mug	@ \$6.00 each	_____ pcs	\$ _____
Meetinghouse, Grove or Old Town Common T-Shirts	@ \$12.00 each	_____ pcs	\$ _____
Meetinghouse, Grove Tote or Old Town Common Sling Bags	@ \$6.00 tote @ \$12.00 sling bag	_____ pcs	\$ _____

HAWLEY FINE NOTE PAPERS:

Meetinghouse	10 @ \$6.50	_____ sets	\$ _____
Charcoal Kiln	6 @ \$5.00	_____ sets	\$ _____

Please add 10% to the total sale price to cover shipping costs.

Enclosed is a check for Sons & Daughters in the total amount of: _____

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