

FEBRUARY 2019

# HALIFAX NEWS

## A TEAM OF HORSES

My mom, Lynda Copeland, remembers with great fondness waking up on one of her first mornings sleeping in the old farmhouse on Hanson Road. This was back in 1960. She woke up that morning to the sound of harness bells jingling. It was like a dream, yet it was real. They were really there: workhorses with bells on their harness!

This is how it came about. Art, my dad, had noticed that a house a couple of miles down the road (Hatch School Road now) had gas pumps. So, he stopped in to buy gas. A rough and gruff fellow filled his tank. Taking a chance that the gentleman might be more bark than bite, Art commented that he was looking for someone to cut the tall grass in his field.

Clarence Canedy, the gentleman in question, said, tall grass, eh? And he figured he could do it.

What would that cost, to have that done?

Well, can't say exactly without seeing it, but \$2.50 an hour for me and \$2.50 an hour for my horses, came the answer.

Art had no idea how fast horses cut grass and was envisioning hundreds of dollars flying out the window, but he said, okay. And the next morning, with harness bells jingling, there was Clarence out in the upper field, cutting the grass with his team of big, beautiful workhorses and a scythe mower.

The bill came to \$17.50.

## EVENINGS WITH THE CANEDYS

The Canedys, who lived a couple miles away, supplied us with milk and butter and wonderful company. We went there often after dinner to sit and talk. Jake would shake a 5-gallon jar of fresh milk to make the butter. Hermie would play checkers with Heidi and Laurie (that's me). Verna and Jo would make blackberry upside-down cake with fresh whipped cream and carry on conversations. And Clarence would educate us. It is pretty certain we learned everything we know about Vermont, especially about its wildlife, from those evenings at the Canedys.

## CHICKEN TALES

We started coming to Vermont in the summers when I was 3, but it was a few years before my parents had the keen idea to put the old wooden chicken coops in the back field to use. The first year of the chickens, they picked out 3 chickens, each a different kind: a Rhode Island red for Julie, a black and white speckled Plymouth Rock for Heidi, a white Leghorn for Laurie. Each was named: Carlotta, Henrietta, and Matilda. Heidi thought we should tame ours, and she taught Henrietta to lay her eggs in her hand. Whether I ever got Matilda to lay eggs in my hand is lost to history or suppressed memory.

One day, Heidi and I were sitting in the chicken coop (yum!), Heidi holding Henrietta in her lap because an egg was about to arrive, and when the egg plopped out into her hand, it had no shell – just the membrane. We ran into the house with the hot squishy egg: “Mommy, Mommy, look! Look at this egg! It has no shell!” That night we all went to the Canedys' as usual, and Art asked Clarence about the egg with no shell.

Clarence asked us what we were doing with the eggshells. The egg *shells*? Putting them in the coffee, said Art. Indeed, having grown up in Texas where cowboys supposedly settle the campfire-brewed coffee grounds with eggshells, that is exactly what Art was doing with those eggshells. Clarence told us to give the eggshells back to the chickens. Chickens need calcium to make eggshells. Oh. So, that worked. Later that summer, my dad gave the chickens back to the person who had sold them to him in the first place.

Each summer, we 3 girls got those 3 hens of 3 colors and named them Carlotta, Henrietta, and Matilda. But one summer, Art got a stout chunk of wood and drove 2 nails into the top of it. One nail was straight up and the other nail had a 90-degree bend in it, so it could pivot like a gate to close up a little square space against the upright nail. Then he got Carlotta and his axe.

Oh, no.

We learned that chickens really do run around without their heads. We learned that the kids' job was to pull the feathers off the hot, wet dead chicken, and Lynda's job was to cook the chicken. That was the last summer of naming chickens.

Another summer, Floyd Canedy stopped by in June. Floyd was Clarence's brother. He had a little bit of a sense of humor. Floyd asked if we'd like 2 dozen young chickens. We fed those chickens until they started to crow. And the city folks' naiveté was a local joke for more than a year.

If you want to hear what Floyd Canedy sounded like, you should ask Wayne Courser. He did a pretty good imitation at the Halifax Historical Society meeting. Why didn't I have my voice recorder going?!

Another summer, late in August, Art was preparing dinner with his clever stump-and-nail setup, when that (nameless) chicken looked up at him. She must have figured out this would not end well for her. She pulled her head out from under the bent nail and ran hell for leather around the back of the house. My dad went into the house and a moment later passed through the kitchen with his long .22 rifle.

Lynda said, where are you going with that thing?

To shoot dinner, said Art. There it is – pointing out the window – halfway across the back pasture already!

Well, said Lynda, you better shoot it in the head. I won't eat any chicken full of broken bones.

H'm.

So, Art went out back where the chicken was now at least three-quarters of the way to the upper pond. He sighted along his gun barrel, aiming carefully at the fast-moving, itty-bitty target. And he popped it, right in the eye. We had chicken that night.

*~ Laurel Copeland, Halifax, Vermont*



More snow falling on Hanson Road, Jan 29, 2019.....Hermie's fence, Butterfield Road, Jan 9th

**NEWSLETTER - Got a great Halifax story? Write it up and send it over!** Send your story to Joan at [JWCinVt@gmail.com](mailto:JWCinVt@gmail.com) (802.368.7733) and / or Laurel at [LaurelACopeland@gmail.com](mailto:LaurelACopeland@gmail.com).

**TOWN NEWS**

✂ **COMMUNITY CLUB** ✂ No meetings in the cold months for the Halifax Community Club. After mud season, meetings will continue. Some thoughts and ideas for fundraisers are being discussed via email. We need to start raising some funds to build back up the banking account after all the upgrades we have done to the Hall. We are very happy with all that has been done. The building heats up quicker and stays warmer now with all the insulation added. It really made a difference after insulation of the walls and floor.

I was so very happy during the last supper we had. We had several 'roasters' plugged in to keep things hot. Usually we could only plug in a few and still 'pop' circuits....NO circuits went off during the entire supper!! That was nothing short of a 'miracle' for me after all those years of struggling to keep food warm to serve. It will make each event involving food much easier.

The Hall is still used each Wed. for Tai Chi at 10 AM. If you are interested, just stop by and join in.

So far, the Hall is rented twice in February for private events.

The Halifax Senior Meal uses the Hall monthly on the third Friday of each month (\$3/senior requested). This is Halifax's 20th year of sponsoring Senior Meals. The very first one was March 2000. They continue to be well attended and enjoyed by locals and seniors from surrounding towns -- Jacksonville, Whitingham, Marlboro and Brattleboro. Sometimes a few come from Colrain, MA. The food is great, and the people are the best.

To rent our beautiful, newly insulated Halifax Community Hall, contact Joan Courser at (802) 368-7733 or [JWCinVT@gmail.com](mailto:JWCinVT@gmail.com). - Joan Courser

**SENIOR MEAL (CELEBRATING 20 YEARS IN HALIFAX)** – Friday, February 15 will be the next Senior meal in Halifax. We serve at 12 o'clock noon in the Community Hall at 20 Brook Road, West Halifax. Menu: fruit with cottage cheese, corn chowder, sandwiches - egg salad, ham, ham & cheese, and PB&J, then johnnycake and delicious and fancy Valentine cookies for dessert!!!! All are welcome. Let us know you are coming! It's much appreciated. Call to Joan at 802.368.7733.

**TAI CHI** at the Community Hall is offered Wednesdays at 10 AM. \$5 to defray heat cost. Tai chi contact: Seth 802-490-4294. Gentle Yoga is on hiatus; contact: [PenfieldChester@gmail.com](mailto:PenfieldChester@gmail.com).

**HALIFAX COMMUNITY CLUB** will not meet in January, February, or March 2019. The Halifax Community Club is a 501(c)3 charitable organization. Gifts are tax-deductible. Contact: [LaurelACopeland@gmail.com](mailto:LaurelACopeland@gmail.com) or 368-7097. HCC documents: <http://czresearch.com/halifax/>

## **FIRE DEPARTMENT NEWS**

On 1/18 five men and one truck responded to a mutual aid call to 'cover' the Wilmington station. While there 'covering' that station our men were called out to a propane smell on Man Road in Wilmington. Sometimes while 'covering' a station for a fire dept. you do have to respond to a call. They have to be prepared for anything.

On 1/19 five men and one truck responded to a mutual aid call to 'cover' Colrain, MA station.

On 1/22 four men and one truck responded to Rte. 112 in Halifax to a two-car motor vehicle accident.

On 1/23 seven men and one truck responded to a mutual aid call to set up a landing zone for Whitingham fire dept for an Albany life-flight helicopter.

On 1/24 two men and one truck responded to a mutual aid call on Thomson Hill road in Colrain, MA. to a fire in a trailer. Halifax Resident Rick Gay was driving by and saw smoke coming from a house trailer and stopped to investigate. Halifax's truck arrived shortly after Rick did even before the Colrain truck and investigated further. The fire started at the electric stove in the kitchen. The main fire was put out but the firemen took the exhaust hood from over the stove and found wood smoldering there which would likely have turned into another fire.

On 1/24 five firefighters and one truck responded to a 'cover' call from Guilford's station. They were turned back en route.

On 1/27 six men responded to a residence on Green River Road to assist the Whitingham rescue and Deerfield Valley ambulance with a woman fallen on the ice. The ambulance transported to Brattleboro hospital.

## **JOAN'S SIGHTINGS**

I haven't heard from you lately. Write to me!

I am still enjoying the birds at my feeders. Still have my Chickadees, Nuthatch -- two white-breasted and a red-breasted. Downy Woodpecker and a Hairy Woodpecker. Several Sparrows -- most of them disappeared for a while but have returned, probably because of snow on the ground. Enjoying the four Cardinals that come each day, five or six Blue Jays, 15 to 20 Mourning Doves, once in a while a few Evening Grosbeaks, one Red-bellied Woodpecker, a few Titmice, some Starlings, very few Goldfinches but no Purple Finch or

Common Redpolls. At the start of fall and winter, I had so many Juncos -- but don't see any now. Wayne and I both think we have seen Blackbirds...seems early for them and way too cold!!!!!!

Send your animal sightings to me at: [jwcinvt@gmail.com](mailto:jwcinvt@gmail.com)

- Joan Courser

## OWL STORY

One day a couple of weeks ago while walking home from the Community Hall, I saw something sitting in front of the fire station near the road but not on the road. I could not make out what it was but knew it was not there when I walked out to the Hall. As I got closer, I could see it was an Owl.

A Triple T Trucking garbage truck was parked at Barbara Brown's across from the fire station. As I neared the garbage truck, the owl flew. It was injured and could only make it to the yellow line on the blacktop road. I stopped, and the TTT driver said he saw the owl on a back road and saw it was injured so stopped to help it. It had been riding in the very rear of the garbage truck with him for several miles but decided to leave when he got to the village, which is where I saw him. The owl flew again and landed under one of the large pine trees in front of the church. The man got an old towel from Joe Brown and walked towards the owl very, very slowly and talked gently and quietly to the owl. He was able to wrap it in the towel and gently put it in a cardboard box.

He had already contacted a bird rehabilitator, Dr. Svec in Dummerston, and was taking the Owl there for help. Its wings were fine, but something was wrong with its tail. I give that garbage truck driver lots and lots of credit for what he did for that Owl. He is just a nice, nice person.

I can't wait to see him again to hear how things went with the injured Barred Owl and the end of the OWL STORY. I AM HOPING FOR A HAPPY ENDING.

## RESCUE 05358!?

Laurel reported a rare in-house sighting of a wild animal. She lifted the lid to build a fire in her mother's wood stove and shrieked when the interior of the fire box moved and showed a furry coat! It was a sooty, frightened



grey squirrel. Her mom called in help. Frank Maltese brought gloves and ideas and tried to extract the animal as it moved around within the stove, eventually settling into a narrow air space on the far side of the cook-box. Finally, Frank and Laurel put half an apple in the firebox and left the house to try to lure the squirrel out. Later, as Laurel and her mom were finishing up at Senior Meal, Frank dropped by to report having successfully grabbed the squirrel by the scruff of the neck, cuddled it in his arms to transport it to the back door, and released it to the company of a waiting companion squirrel. The pair were spotted a few days later dashing around the yard on Hanson Road. Owls? Squirrels? Maybe we should start a new column, *Rescue 05358!*

# The Vermont Phoenix

February 1989  
- 30 years ago -

## Halifax resident tries ad campaign for paving

By BERNICE BARNETT

HALIFAX — One issue that seems to be sure to command a great deal of discussion at Town Meeting is the paving of the Green River Road. It is the main traveled road into Brattleboro from Halifax.

Two years ago it was voted to pave at a rate of one mile a year until approximately six miles of it to the Guilford line were completed.

This week residents of Halifax received through the mail a letter titled, *How-High-Can-Halifax-Taxes-Go?* Citing the \$52,00 increase in the budget, the letter asked, "Can paving the road best be deferred?" The letter also quoted information from a Vermont Highway Department pamphlet about the merits of gravel roads.

The letter also called attention to the new Town Plan, not yet accepted, saying, "Halifax's new Town Plan is concerned about development. Yet paving invites it. . . How much development can Halifax stand?" It further outlines the Green River corridor as one of the finest pristine scenic corridors left in Vermont. "Do we want to keep it, or help destroy it?" The letter asks.

The letter was signed, Concerned Taxpayers, Halifax.

Proponents of paving the road have placed signs along the roadway, much like the Burma Shave signs of the past.

The first sign says, "If you wish this road be paved" — the second sign says, "You must vote yes to have it saved" — The third sign

says, "Town Meeting, Tuesday, March 7."

Merle Eggert, a resident of the Green River Road and proprietor of Dawn 'til Dusk, claimed some of the credit for the signs. He said, "It's

predominately to make people aware of Town Meeting and the issue of paving the road. It's for the working man that has to commute to work."

Also since the town voted to pave

the road until it was completed, "They should continue to do it," he said, "I'm making other signs to place beside the road going the other way and I'm not telling what they will say. It will be a surprise."



And the outcome, on March 7, 1989? No vote for paving in 1989.

## Halifax won't pave Green River Road

News from  
Bygone Days

~ C. Lancaster, Halifax  
Historical Society

Newsletter  
P O Box 27  
West Halifax VT 05358



WINDSWEPT IN JANUARY!



# Halifax News

FEBRUARY 2019

Old mill abutments on Butterfield Road

Editor / photos [LaurelACopeland@gmail.com](mailto:LaurelACopeland@gmail.com). Color e-mail version available.