

## BASKETBALL COURTS NOW OPEN!



The public will get its first opportunity to experience the magnificent Hurleyville Arts Centre at a community event at 1 PM on September 10.

### WELCOME TO THE HURLEYVILLE ARTS CENTRE

The afternoon of September 10th is destined to become a milestone in the hamlet's history as the day the community will get its first opportunity to tour the new Hurleyville Arts Centre.

The public is invited as the Arts Centre, to be hereafter referred to as HC Arts, will open its doors for an informal gathering and a special preview of things to come. This special event begins at 1 PM, and guests will be free to mingle and enjoy light refreshments, as well as get a sneak peak at the cinema in action.

A series of live performances will commence at 1:45 PM sharp, and will include local speakers, talented young performers from Hurleyville's own Main Street Dance, a demonstration by New York City based Tango artists Diego Blanco and Ana Padron, and an innovative presentation by Heidi Latsky's internationally renowned dance company.

Ms. Latsky's company will present a segment of the popular new movement piece, "ON DISPLAY."

"Every day we see people 'on display' on magazine covers and billboards and we know we are not reflected in those images," she says. "It's time we own our truths, imperfections, and fierceness."

"ON DISPLAY" is a 'deconstructed art exhibit/fashion show—a commentary on the body as

**"All of us at HC Arts are excited to join with the community in a shared vision of art and play..."**

Erin Dudley  
HC Arts Program Director

spectacle and society's obsession with body image," she adds. "Members of the disability, performance, and fashion worlds are often stared at and objectified in their daily lives. 'ON DISPLAY' addresses our propensity to judge people according to what they look like."

Ms. Latsky, who the New York Times called "a choreographer and dancer of uncommon intelligence and fluidity..." has devised a performance piece that is part of a social media revolution (#meondisplay) and part of a larger movement, as well. There is more information available about this movement at <http://heidilatskydance.com/on-display/>.

The afternoon program at the Arts Centre will also feature remarks by HC Arts Artistic Director Janet Carrus and Sullivan County Historian John Conway.

"All of us at HC Arts are excited to join with the community in a shared vision of art and play," said Erin Dudley, HC Arts Program Director. "We hope everyone will be able to attend."



New York City dancers Ana Padron & Diego Blanco will perform "Tango For All" at the Hurleyville Arts Centre on September 10.

### A VISIT WITH MOBILEMEDIC

By Heather Gibson

The last time I was inside 266 Main St. it was still home to the Hurleyville Fire Department. Wow, what a change!

The business office for Mobilemedic is spacious and bright. I am led to the back office; the one with a view. I am warmly greeted by Albee. He tells me to make myself comfortable. His soft easy going voice quickly turns loud and serious when he receives a text alert that one of his drivers is going 78mph. He yells to his office manager, "Get on him! The last thing we need is an accident!"

He turns to me and gently explains, "Driving 78mph or driving 65mph is really only a difference of a few seconds and I'd rather they arrive safely!"

I realize at that moment that I am sitting in front of a gentle giant, a man who walks softly, but carries great power.

Albee Bockman didn't set out to be a leader. He always thought he'd follow in his father's footsteps. His father, David, was the town pharmacist. The pharmacy was located where Frankie & Johnny's parking lot is now. Albee lived above the pharmacy with his family until he was nineteen years old. After graduating from FCHS in 1968, he attended SCC, but soon after was drafted by the United States Air Force. He was assigned to Davis-Monthan Air Force Base near Tucson, AZ. He landed himself in a hospital medic training program. Bockman was a big fan of the show "Emergency," which was a weekly TV drama much like ER or Grey's Anatomy. He credits this show for throwing a little fuel on the fire which was already burning within. He was beginning to fall in love with emergency medicine.

Bockman originally went to court stenography school while working days as a medic. After three and a half years in the AF, he was honorably discharged. He had advanced medic training at base hospitals in Ohio, California, and Texas. He was in steno school in Phoenix, but then transferred back home when his father became ill. He attended the Stenotype Institute of NY in New York City. He then did what any hometown boy would do; he joined both the fire department and volunteer ambulance squad. He served as Captain of the ambulance squad for 10 years beginning in 1976. He was honored with lifetime membership by the fire department in 1997.

In 1989, he enrolled in the Nyack Hospital Paramedic Program. He attended night classes, and due to daily internships in Nyack and Jersey City, he resigned as court reporter at Sullivan



Albee Bockman is "always a Hurleyville boy!"

County Criminal Court in 1990. He never regretted that decision as he had a vision to advance the current EMS service in our county. There were no paramedics locally and there was no system in place to provide transport either.

To say there were just a few obstacles would be an understatement. Looking back on the days when his first office was in his home, no one would ever believe that a paramedic would win an approval to start a professional ambulance service right here in Sullivan County. Albee stood up to the naysayers and continued to work on his business plan. He became the county's first paramedic and he had his first Mobilemedic call on July 1st, 1991. His fly car was a Volkswagen station wagon. A few years later, he obtained his Certificate of Need and in 1994 he became fully certified by the regional council and the NYS Department of Health to operate an ambulance service at the paramedic level. From that day on, he's made it his priority to educate the public on the benefits of ALS and EMS.

He's mostly excited about the advancements in cardiac care. Mobilemedic has direct communication with the Cardiac Catheterization Lab at Orange Regional Medical Center, which is our closest trauma center. They now have the technology to send an EKG to the lab from the road, so when a patient gets to ORM, they are now able to bypass the ER and go straight to the lab. This is huge! This same concept is also happening at Catskill Regional Medical Center with stroke patients. Paramedics can now get on the phone with physicians and by the time the patient arrives the stroke center is ready for them and has already ordered a CAT scan, once again bypassing the ER for immediate diagnosis and treatment. By saving precious time, this is saving lives, not to mention improving the relationship between medic and physician.

Albee is justifiably proud of his twenty cardiac arrest revivals, where he's witnessed people happily return

home to their families instead of the tragic alternative.

While all of this EMS talk is an adrenaline rush, I think I found his work as County Coroner to be even more exciting. He not only orders an autopsy, but he actually attends the autopsy. He's finding that the largest number of deaths are due to cardiovascular disease. When he sits down with a family he now sees it as an opportunity to educate them and provide them with information that can ensure a better future for themselves.

"These folks are vulnerable. They want to know how this could happen to their Mom or Dad," he says. Bockman explains to them in the most compassionate way, "Good can come from this. This is your Mom wanting you to know that it's time to check your own blood pressure, that it's time to ask yourself about your own health and consider the future."

Many families have walked away from that sit down and scheduled a doctor's appointment. Many of them found out they had issues they were unaware of. They've sent him numerous thank you notes. They tell him, "We couldn't save Mom, but you may have saved me."

"You know your body. If you feel something different going on, you need to call us right away," he says. "I'd rather show up and be sent home for nothing, than have you not call when it is something serious. Paramedics do wonderful work in the field and even though this is a country setting, we are just as advanced as any big city."

"We have a superb local emergency room here at CRMC, he adds. "The community should feel confident with the highly skilled nurses and physicians who work there. I've been on the trauma and stroke committee for several years and the improvements the last few years have been remarkable."

While the Mobilemedic business office is here in Hurleyville there are other locations in Liberty and Monticello. The main headquarters are in Ferndale. Due to the growing number of medics in the field there have been preliminary talks

about a cutting edge idea called Community Paramedicine. Basically, it sends paramedics into people's homes for preventative and follow-up care. The idea is that the paramedics are already out in the community, and this concept allows more space in ERs for things that can only be handled at the hospital. Too often patients go to the ER for things that can be managed in a doctor's office or in this case, their home.

While new advancements are exciting and so are success stories, there are just as many challenges.

"While all my patients are important, children have a long life ahead of them," Albee says. "I've seen some serious pediatric emergencies. They don't necessarily plague me, but I do harbor those moments and they keep me humble."

Forty six years in the field has taken a lot of time away from his own family.

"They've put up with me and my dream, but I'm proud to be a 'Hurleyville boy,'" he says. "My business is here, my home, and my friends. It means everything to me that I built this in the town I grew up in and I'm proud of what I will leave my family."

This year, he's celebrating twenty five years in business and has over seventy employees. Many of them have been with him since day one, but perhaps his favorite co-worker is his son, Justin. He has a skilled staff. He knows he will leave a good foundation of policies and procedures for the staff to carry on. He hopes his personal touches and things like bed side manner will be carried on too. When the time comes, he is comfortable knowing that Justin will be here to take over, but he doesn't see that coming any time soon.

When Albee looks out the office window, he often thinks about the future. I get the sense that it's hard for him to imagine retirement. He'll most likely be a board member for the regional council, he will still treat his hypothermia patients, and I imagine he will even find himself with a singing gig or two.

He joked that his wife wants him to travel, but he just can't seem to disconnect from the business.

"I'm the overnight supervisor. When called upon, I still fly."

He spent some time in Hawaii last month. "I was receiving text alerts there too," he laughed.

Even while enjoying a colorful sunset in one of the world's most beautiful locations, he couldn't wait to get back to Hurleyville. Once a "Hurleyville boy," always a "Hurleyville boy!"



The official ribbon cutting for the new community basketball courts was held on Saturday morning, September 3. An NBA Cares FIT Clinic immediately followed.

### NBA CARES HELPS WITH GRAND OPENING

It wasn't the reincarnation of the Hurleyville Eagles of the long defunct Catskill Mountain League, but basketball nonetheless returned to the hamlet on Saturday, September 3.

And the National Basketball Association helped with the festivities. The official ribbon cutting for the new community basketball courts, located just off Main Street adjacent to the Milk Train Rail Trail, featured local dignitaries, including (confirmed at press time) District 6 County Legislator Luis Alvarez, Fallsburg Town Supervisor Steve Vegliante, and Fallsburg Town Justice Amanda Ward.

Following the ribbon cutting, former NBA and St. John's University basketball star Felipe Lopez, who saw action with the Vancouver Grizzlies, the Washington Wizards, and the Minnesota Timberwolves in the NBA following a standout college career that ended with him in fourth place among all-time St. John's scorers, headlined a clinic sponsored by NBA Cares, the Town of Fallsburg Parks & Recreation Department and The Center for Discovery.

Lopez, who will forever be known for appearing on the cover of Sports Illus-

trated before he ever played a college game, had previously been chosen the national high school player of the year by Gatorade, USA Today, and Parade magazine, while a senior at New York City's Rice High School.

NBA Cares is the league's global community outreach initiative that addresses important social issues such as education, youth and family development, and health and wellness. The program's FIT Clinics help empower fans with health-related content and opportunities to "Be Active, Eat Healthy and Play Together."

The new basketball courts include a full court and a separate half court area, as well as a pickle ball court. Pickle ball, which is a racket sport that is played with a wiffle ball and combines elements of tennis, badminton and ping pong, was invented in the mid-1960s, but has enjoyed a meteoric rise in popularity in recent years among both children and adults.

There are plans in the works to convert the basketball courts into an ice hockey rink for community use in the winter months.

But for now, it's basketball!

### 'WHAT THE HILL' FEST IS A SUCCESS



Sullivan County Legislature Chairman Luis Alvarez, whose legislative district includes Hurleyville, was among more than 300 attendees at this year's What the Hill Festival. See more about the event and additional photos in the Hamlet Happenings column on page 2.

# The Inquiring Photographer

by Heather Gibson



Q. Are you looking forward to going back to school?



Madelyne Maxwell, Age 6, BCES

"I am looking forward to having fun in school. I get to learn and play inside and outside. And I like Friday fun days where they bring us a bouncy house."

"I want to do fun things. I don't know what the fun things are, but I've been in pre-K before, so I know because of pre-K."



Patrick Maxwell, Age 5, BCES

**Maureen:** "I'm looking forward to my senior year, tennis and my college Zoology class."

**Jacqueline:** "I'm looking forward to volleyball and I'm pretty hype for my Psychology class."



Maureen Maxwell, Age 17, FCHS

Jacqueline Maxwell, Age 15, FCHS



Allison Frunzi, Age 6, BCES

"No. I would rather not get up in the morning so early. I have just enjoyed my summer vacation and now it's about to end and that makes me sad and mad."

**Myla:** "At school there are fun things to do and I like writing."  
**Gregory:** "I look forward to basketball in the gym."  
**Mykala:** "We do a lot of activities outside for recess and I enjoy the toys in my classroom."  
**Machi:** "I like math and writing. I also have a pretty nice arm to throw a football."



Myla Peterkin, Age 8, BCES; Gregory Peterkin, Age 9, BCES; Mykala Hines, Age 6, BCES; Machi Hines, Age 9, BCES

"I'm excited for my senior year. I miss my friends, so I'm looking forward to seeing them. But, mostly, I'm looking forward to receiving my degree and seeing if I can get a job in my field of study."



Austin Halchak, Senior, Clarkson University

# Hamlet Happenings

by Kathleen Sullivan



More than 300 people visited the 2nd Annual "What the Hill?" Festival on Sunday, August 21st at the Hurleyville Firehouse.

The community event, hosted by the Columbia Hill Neighborhood Alliance (CHNA), celebrated our rural way of life and provided important information on the detrimental effects of large-scale, irresponsible development projects.

Visitors showed special interest in the revised plans for the Gan Eden project: 535 units (147 townhouses and 388 garden apartments) are now proposed to be built on 197 acres in the Town of Thompson and an adjacent 13 acre landlocked parcel in the Town of Fallsburg. The development threatens our environment in many ways including the integrity of nearby homeowner and town wells, storm water runoff, discharge of treated wastewater (160,000 gallons/day) into the East Branch of the Mongaup River and increased local traffic.

Fallsburg's Future provided information on the town's current moratorium on large developments and the tremendous number of pending projects in the Town of Fallsburg.

Other community groups represented at the festival included Hurleyville-Sullivan First, the Sullivan County Museum, the Basha Kill Area Association, the Diabetes Association, Sullivan Alliance for Sustainable Development and Energy Choice.

An array of products was available from local vendors and crafters. Sullivan County Historian John Conway was there to promote his latest book, "Muskrats, Milkmaids, and Mobsters: A Brief History of Hurleyville Volume 1".



There were many familiar faces among the 300 plus attendees.

A petting zoo, inflatable bounce houses, a merry-go-round ride and face painting provided lots of fun for youngsters. Everyone enjoyed the delicious refreshments served by Frankie and Johnny's Presents Nardi's, Lemon Love, Luigi's and Bill Latimer's Tasty Hot Dogs.

Visitors enjoyed musical performances by Little Sparrow, Eric B. Gordon, Darren Steele, Debbie Palmari and Vinnie Locasio, Mel and Vinnie, and the Rock Hill Ramblers. Unfortunately, the greatly anticipated performance by Al Defino and Friends had to be cancelled because of a sudden downpour.

CHNA would like to thank Perry Gips of PartyMaster, Mike Schapiro of Snow H Productions, the Hurleyville Fire Department, the Loch Sheldrake Fire Department, MobileMedic, The Center for Discovery and all the volunteers who helped make the festival a success.

Please visit [www.columbiahill.org](http://www.columbiahill.org) for more information on CHNA and the

Gan Eden project. You can also visit Columbia Hill Neighborhood Alliance on Facebook.

The volunteers in Hurleyville-Sullivan First continue to work on projects contributing to the revitalization of our hamlet. Volunteers are needed to help in the group's efforts:

- restoring St. Mary's Mission Church for use as a community center
- maintaining the barrels on Main Street, the planters at the Community Gateway, the firehouse and the "Hurleyville" signs and the gardens at Hurleyville Firemen's Park
- litter plucking.

Anyone interested in the future of Hurleyville is encouraged to join the group. Hurleyville-Sullivan First meets on the 3rd Thursday of each month at 7:00PM at the firehouse.

Please visit [www.hurleyvillen.com](http://www.hurleyvillen.com) for more information and to see the progress Hurleyville-Sullivan First is making.



The informational booth manned by the Columbia Hill Neighborhood Alliance was particularly busy during the festival.



The many activities for kids at this year's What The Hill Festival included this giant inflatable slide provided by Partymaster.

### HURLEYVILLE MARKET

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Market offerings include: Thanksgiving Farm, Tea and Herbs, Local Honey and Maple Syrup, Artisan Baked Goods and locally crafted gifts.

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### THE HURLEYVILLE SENTINEL

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# A PLAY THERE IS, MY LORD

## SCDW Stages Abridged Works of Shakespeare

You don't have to be a fan of Shakespeare, or even familiar with his plays to enjoy this inventive, fast-paced, hilarious comedy. One reviewer said: "If you like Shakespeare, you'll like this show. If you hate Shakespeare, you'll love this show!"

The Sullivan County Dramatic Workshop proudly presents "The Complete Works of William Shakespeare, Abridged", a play written by Adam Long, Daniel Singer and Jess Winfield. Five actors give an animated, sometimes zany, sometimes improvised, much shortened interpretation of the bard's most famous pieces.



Performances are at the Rivoli Theatre, 5243 Main Street, South Fallsburg, on Friday and Saturday, September 9, 10, 16, 17, at 8:00 PM and Sunday, September 11 & 18 at 2:00 PM. Tickets are \$18, \$14 for Seniors, Students, Veterans and Military. The Rivoli is an art-deco theatre, completely air-conditioned with a lighted parking lot

This show features the

local talents of Peter Walsh (Glen Spey), Shawn Bailey (Callicoon), Amber Schmidt and Mekayla Perneszi (Hurleyville) and Ed Berens (Smallwood) and is directed by Harold Tighe, produced by Lillian Tighe, with Dawn Perneszi as Stage Manager, Jenny Silverman as Properties Mistress, Harold Tighe is Set Designer. Ed Berens is Costume Designer and Jim Schmidt is Lighting and Technical Director.

Opening night only special - all tickets are half price! Box office opens one hour prior to curtain or get your tickets on-line at [www.scdw.net](http://www.scdw.net). More information: 845 436-5336.

# WOODSONGS COFFEEHOUSE RETURNS

## AT SULLIVAN COUNTY MUSEUM SEPTEMBER 17

The Woodsongs Coffeehouse, now in its ninth year of presenting great live music, returns to Hurleyville on Saturday, September 17.

On that evening, The Coffeehouse will present Rock-Americana artist MiZ, with the Americana band Little Sparrow opening and hosting the concert.

Mike MiZ is a soulful, singer/songwriter from Northeast Pennsylvania known as a skillful and well-rounded master of both acoustic and electric guitar. His sound is directly impacted by the coal mining region of PA and his songs evoke the rustic tones and imagery you would expect from the region and its cultural heritage.

MiZ has opened for America, The Wallflowers, Derek Trucks Band, Kenny Wayne Shepherd, Blues Traveler, Shawn Colvin, Lyle Lovett,



On Saturday, September 17th the Woodsongs Coffeehouse will present Rock-Americana artist MiZ at the Sullivan County Museum.

Leon Russell, Railroad Earth and many more. Since 2010 Mike has played in cities all over the world, spanning from Berlin to New York to Los Angeles to Austin, Texas, and everywhere in between. He has played onstage with artists such as America, Umphrey's McGee, members of The Band, String Cheese

Incident, New Riders of the Purple Sage, Jackie Greene and many more.

He is now endorsing Framus/Warwick guitars and won the Tri-State Indie "Acoustic Artist of the Year" award two years in a row, in 2011 and 2012. More information is available on his website at: [mikemizmusic.com](http://mikemizmusic.com)

The concert will be held at the Sullivan County Museum, 265 Main Street, Hurleyville, and is co-sponsored by the Sullivan County Historical Society. Admission is \$8 per person. Doors open at 6:30 PM and the show begins at 7.

This project is made possible with funding from a Sullivan County Arts and Heritage Grant, funded by the Sullivan County Legislature and administered by the Delaware Valley Arts Alliance.

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HOW A DEPRESSION-ERA BOY FROM QUEENS OVERCAME A LIFE THREATENING ILLNESS TO LIVE AN ADVENTUROUS LIFE AS A GLOBETROTTING EXECUTIVE AND HELP FOSTER THE POST-WORLD WAR II ECONOMIC BOOM

## WALTER'S WAY

BY WALTER J. SCHERR

SILVER WINNER - 2016 AXIOM BUSINESS BOOK AWARDS

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# THE BECOMING OF PENNY ROYAL

BY BRIDGE MORRIS AND NORWOOD  
— ILLUSTRATED BY CAROL SMITH

The staff of The Hurleyville Sentinel presents the first installment of a strange tale culled to keep you in suspense. We hope you enjoy this serialized story of a most unusual 19th century Hurleyville family.



## PART ONE – ABOUT A GIRL

The horizon disappeared and reappeared with each flash of near-blinding lightning, a deep, agitated thunder providing the perfect soundtrack to accompany the angry storm outside. Penny sat gallantly close to the old creaky window, the clouded glass through which she looked doing its best to withstand the violent assault of wind and rain against it.

“One, one thousand, two, one thousand,” Penny counted out loud, softly, but just loud enough to hear her words over the sound of the storm. She noticed the sadness in her own voice and wondered when, if ever, she’d sound happy again.

A low rumbling followed by a loud crack rattled every window in the old farmhouse, and all of her eight siblings looked around the fire-lit room for one another’s reactions, some with fear and mild panic, others in amazement. The wind howled through the cracks in the wall, outing rifts along the house no one had noticed were there before. The room was melancholy and all-too-quiet compared with the usual family bickering that occurred, but from the ceiling, rain dripped into a pot

next to the fireplace, creating a most relieving rhythmic sound to break up the awful silence.

Two days prior, Penny’s parents had broken the news that Grandma Lyra had fallen asleep and never woke up. For two whole days they sat in that gathering room in respectful observance of her passing, and for Penny the silence was almost more maddening than the news she’d been forced to hear. The storm outside seemed like the first noise of any kind they’d heard in days, and she welcomed it.

Of all her family members, siblings and parents included, Penny had the heaviest of hearts after receiving the news. She had spent more time at her grandmother’s house than her own, reveling in the summers she spent helping Lyra with simple chores, listening to her endless stories, and learning about things she’d never encounter elsewhere. Grandma Lyra was simply fun, something other people didn’t seem to be, and she was Penny’s very best friend, despite the seventy-two year age gap between them. Now, with Lyra gone at the very old age of 81,

she’d left Penny alone at the tender age of 9, experiencing the heart-wrenching feeling of loneliness for the first time.

Most of Penny’s siblings were much older and were always wary of Lyra. They weren’t necessarily happy that she was dead, more like relieved. To them, Lyra was a lunatic, a moonstruck-nuts old lady who was always gathering strange things like herbs, little creatures, and “magic stones” that she kept around the house. They all called her a crazy old witch, which hurt Penny as if the insult had been dealt to her directly. They didn’t understand Lyra the way she did.

Penny’s parents came into the gathering room, her father with an old trunk in hand.

“This was left on the porch of your grandmother’s cottage,” he began, “and it had a note in her handwriting instructing us to open it on the evening after her death, but we felt we all needed a day to grieve before doing so.”

TO BE OPENED ON THE EVE OF MY DEATH. It felt so good to see Lyra’s handwriting, and Penny jumped over the legs and dress skirts of her siblings on the floor to snatch the note off the trunk as her father placed it on the ground. She tucked it away inside her sleeve and then, unable to control herself, undid the latches and flung the trunk open.

Inside were nine boxes, each with the name of a grandchild in the room. As a swarm of hands competed to be the first to grab their box,

Penny shamelessly pushed her brothers and sisters out of the way to get to the PENNY box at the very bottom, running to the privacy of the kitchen when she finally snagged it. It was amazing how, within seconds, days of silence turned into an evening of commotion, and with the noise from the storm and her now-bickering siblings, she needed to get away to have her moment. Nowhere in their old creaky farmhouse would do.

She thought about the loft. It would be damp and chilly in the barn, but much quieter than here. She ran upstairs and grabbed her favorite quilt, the one Lyra had made for her as a baby. She usually dragged it along the floor behind her but now, even in her haste to get into the barn and open the box, Penny stopped to fold it neatly.

Penny stole a candle & matches from the kitchen, tucking half a loaf of bread and an apple under her arm before running out into the storm. She passed right by her still-quarreling family, faintly hearing the end of a “your box is bigger than mine” argument before closing the door behind her. They hadn’t even noticed she’d snuck out, which was nothing new for Penny. Oftentimes, being the youngest of nine, her absence went unnoticed.

Halfway across the patch of high grass that was now more marsh than anything, a ground-shaking crack of thunder jolted her to the core, almost causing her to turn back. But she pressed on, thinking of nothing but

the contents of that box, and as she walked past bursts of illuminated sky, she thought of a man with a grey beard hurling bolts from the black clouds, recalling the Greek myths Lyra used to translate from Latin for her. Oh, how Penny loathed Latin, but she endured it because a familiarity with the language was necessary to understand Lyra’s stories about all the fantastic beings and creatures that once roamed the Earth. She giggled out loud at the thought of this crazed lightning thrower in the sky, the first time she’d laughed since receiving the news. It was incredible how the anticipation of this box, this connection to Lyra, restored her entire mood. This box, this one last thing Lyra would ever gift her, was alive until opened, and it ignited something inside of her as electric as the lightning outside.

As she turned the handle, a gust of wind slammed the door against the porch wall, hitting Penny right in the face with a generous splattering of ice cold rainwater. What little light that had lit up the windows from inside went out completely; the wind blew out every candle in the old farm house all at once. There was no time for Penny to shut the door. She was sure someone would come to check up on her and see what happened, so she ran to the barn and climbed the ladder to the loft overlooking the cattle in the hay below.

From up top Penny could hear unrest amongst the cows. The storm had them

all worked up, or maybe, Penny thought, they could sense Lyra’s death. Lyra always made sure Penny was respectful when it came to animals, because, as she’d say, they can see, hear, and understand things we can’t (especially cats!). The summer storm was quieting down and Penny lit the candle, grateful she’d thought to steal it from the kitchen. The cool rain and warm air of the barn created a thick, foggy mist that sent the light bouncing in all directions. Penny pulled the quilt over her head and set the apple and bread on the floor, but not before taking a bite. This apple was special. It came from El’s Orchard, the name Penny had given to her grandmother’s sprawling rows of apple trees, “El” the nickname she’d always called her grandmother. Apples were especially important to El because she’d tended to apples & grapes in her orchards growing up in France, according to old stories she shared. Penny had never been particularly keen on apples before, but this bite was ceremonial, and she could not remember ever tasting an apple so sweet.

From the weight of the box, wrapped in burlap with her name stitched across the front, Penny could guess that there was a book inside. All summer long, Lyra and Penny would spend every night sitting fireside next to the steaming cauldron, enjoying tales from Russian, Greek, and Roman mythology and, farmer’s tales from England. They even read some texts on science & phi-

losophy, which Penny thought the lesser of, but Lyra assured were important to understand and to be open to in order to stay balanced.

“A mapmaker knows the maps,” Lyra once said to Penny, not more than a month before her passing. “A stargazer knows the stars. And a farmer knows the farm. But we will watch them all and connect the dots. For all three affect one another.” Penny could still hear Lyra’s voice in her head and she feared for an instant that she might forget it one day.

Her grandmother had wrapped the book in moss, bound by a leather strap with a red wax seal. One half of the seal had a waxing crescent moon with moonbeams emanating out of it, and the other half a lion’s head with a star on its forehead. There was no writing on the front, back, or spine of the book, which Penny thought odd. She set the book down to catch her breath before opening it. As she breathed in long and deep, a light flashed, so bright that all of the farm could be seen, followed by a loud boom. The wind picked up and the rain started to come in through the small opening of the window above her, but before Penny could move, the book had drops of rainwater on the cover. She quickly wiped the water away, and when she did it appeared there were symbols on the book - not letters, not pictures, but symbols. She had never seen these before, or at least she thought she never did.

There was something familiar in the way the symbols were laid out, but she couldn’t put her finger on it. Unable to suspend her curiosity any longer, Penny peeled off the wax and unstrapped the leather. Even with all the commotion of the storm and the intensity of the barn overloading her senses, she could detect a strong smell upon opening the book her grandmother had left.

Page one was in Latin. Penny had not been properly trained in Latin, and barely knew any except for the basics, enough to understand the tales of ancient Greek mythology. Penny flicked through the pages and some contained only words, others pictures of plants and stars.

While rummaging through the book, a handwritten note in her grandmother’s penmanship fell onto the wet floor. Finally, she thought. A language I can read. The note seemed strange, though. It wasn’t in the refined handwriting El always used for notes, nor did it have a drop-cap adorned with hand-drawn vines to begin the letter. Instead, it was scribbled and rushed.

The message read: To my dearest Penny Royal...

Learn more about Penny’s unusual family, what her grandmother wrote to Penny, and what it all means in the next installment of *The Becoming of Penny Royal* in the October edition of *The Hurleyville Sentinel*.

## SPOTLIGHT ON A HURLEYVILLE TREASURE

By Alyce Barr and Kathleen Sullivan

### “ROSE BARR”

Born in Brooklyn in 1913, Rose Barr and her family lived first in Omaha and then Chicago, moving to Hurleyville when she was eight years old. She had already completed the third grade, but was enrolled in the same grade when she entered the Hurleyville School. Rose remembered “...but it was obvious that I didn’t belong there so they put me right into fourth grade.”

Rose’s class was the first to graduate from the Hurleyville High School in 1930. She passionately remembered her high school teachers – who inspired her own teaching. In a 2007 Story Corps interview with her daughter, Alyce Barr, Rose, then 94 years old recounted, “I loved high school! That was exciting. We did things! We went on trips. We went to Albany; we went to Philadelphia. We went to Washington DC... We traveled on the bus. We shared passage with Livingston Manor which was also a small school... My junior year was very special because we had a young teacher who had graduated from Middlebury, Vermont and he allowed us to debate and I remember getting into politics at that time. My English teacher was positively inspirational, from North Carolina, she taught poetry and read poetry like I had never heard it read. And the science department, not good. But for social studies and English, I was very fortunate.”

Rose explained how she learned to read and decided to become a teacher. “My mother was a great one for education and she would teach me those letters (reading them from the cast iron

stove) over and over until I knew them. And that was the beginning of learning and teaching.” After practicing with her mother, four year-old Rose would put her doll in a chair and teach her the same letters.

After attending Normal School (Teaching College) at New Paltz, majoring in junior high, and student teaching in Middletown, Rose started teaching students in grades 1-8 at the Pleasant Valley School. She taught at Pleasant Valley from 1935-1941, and proudly remembered her work there, “I started out with 16 kids and I wasn’t scared. I don’t know, maybe I was too stupid to be scared. I just assumed, well, I’ll do it. The age group, the range was such that the children who were brighter actually would sit and listen... and they learned from the higher grades. And the first grade, some of the older children actually helped me.”

Recollecting how she supported her student and built community, Rose explained, “Christmas... I always went to the local dry goods store. The boys would get shirts; I gave them pajamas, underwear. This was the normal thing... Then we had surplus food. In the outer room I had a little kerosene stove and we took turns. We had hot soup, we had cocoa, crackers, cheese, and the other, flour and shortening. I sent home with the children.”

Rose was a fierce advocate for her students, regardless of their family income or needs. She described her interaction with a local official. “Then the major difficulty I had was for the children to get help who were on assistance, welfare, and she was not the county welfare supervisor, she was just the local town of Fallsburg welfare supervi-



Rose Barr (seated) holding her great-grandson Elias Isadore (Izzy) Katz while her granddaughter Magdalena Barr-DiChiara looks on.

sor and she came and told me that assistance would no longer be forthcoming because the mother was having affairs. And I said, I’m not interested in the mother; these children need welfare and if you stop their assistance I’m going right to the county supervisor and see about it. And I didn’t have any trouble; the assistance went on.”

Like her own high school teachers, Rose took her students on trips, so they could see the world beyond their rural community. “We went to Albany. I remember one child was afraid to get on the elevator. He had never been in an elevator. We went to Kingston to see the Huguenot houses and also the first Senate house. That was an undertaking. I took my car and I had another parent, but we made it.”

Teacherous daily winter travel on icy roads, made Rose seek employment in her

home town, Hurleyville. The Hurleyville School had a quota system that allowed only one Jewish teacher at a time then, so Rose was able to transfer to Hurleyville after the only Jewish teacher in the school moved to a new teaching position in Pearl River. In those days, there were no teachers’ unions and like every other teacher, Rose had to confidentially negotiate her contract with the local school board. (No one knew their colleagues’ salaries.) Though it was not required to maintain certification, Rose continued her education, studying at New Paltz and Teachers College, earning her Bachelors and Master’s Degrees. (Her first degree was a three-year normal school diploma.) She continued to teach in Hurleyville and, when it closed, the Ben Cosor School for a total of thirty-five years.

Rose met her soon-to-be

husband, Reuben Barr, at the Ganz farm in Divine Corners and they married a month later. (Flo Ganz was Reuben’s sister.) Rose took about a ten-year break from teaching, and from Hurleyville, living with Reuben in Brooklyn, and, very briefly, in New Jersey. During those years, Rose gave birth to her daughters, Iris and Alyce, and worked in her husband’s business. Rose, Reuben and daughters, moved to Hurleyville in 1957, living first in a rented house on Main Street, across from Tessie Cohen’s Bungalows, Rooms, and Apartments (now Hall’s Bungalows). In 1960, they bought their own home on Little Pond Road where Rose lived until the last year of her life.

Rose worked from childhood on, first in her parents’ candy and souvenir shop (with barber chair and pool table in the back). As Rose told it, hers was the first to have indoor plumbing, a great improvement over the outhouse and the Sears catalog! Waking early every morning before school, she delivered the original Hurleyville Sentinel. After her father’s untimely death when Rose was a freshman in college, she began working with her mother, eventually at Tessie Cohen’s Bungalows, Rooms and Apartments. Rose explained that she worried about her mother and wanted Tessie, a young widow, to feel financially independent, so at age 19, Rose decided to turn over all her income to Tessie, enabling Tessie, to handle the family finances. As a young teacher, Rose worked summers in local businesses, like Perk’s store, where she was a bookkeeper. Always good with

figures, Rose balanced her checkbook to the penny – into her late nineties.

A lifelong member of the Democratic Party, Rose remembered every election she voted in, starting with FDR. After retiring from teaching – and also well into her nineties, she served as an election clerk, greeting voters at the old Hurleyville Fire House. She deeply enjoyed the work and, of course, the conversation – catching up with everyone, noting who voted and who was missing.

A beloved neighbor, Rose experienced Hurleyville as an ever-evolving community. She recalled the train stop, called Luzon Station, to distinguish Hurleyville from Hurley (near Kingston), and remembered sadly how the town ebbed when the railroad pulled out. Rose told of a Hurleyville with two movie theaters, bakeries, butcher shops, a photo studio, hardware stores, drug stores and so much more! She was saddened to see the town shrink as big box stores brought about the closure of local stores – and was so excited to see Hurleyville coming back. She provided family with regular updates about the upcoming opening of the Wild Turkey Bakery (now the Hurleyville Market). The Hurleyville Arts Centre and the Hurleyville Maker’s Lab reminded her of the Hurleyville of her youth – with a modern spin. Rose embraced modernity, often chiding her family and friends with the date spelled out, e.g. “It’s two – oh – one – five,” suggesting they get with the program of the day!

Rose loved Hurleyville. Though she much enjoyed travel and visiting family in the city, Rose delighted in coming home. An avid bird watcher, she would take her

binoculars and sit on her back porch trying to identify every visitor to her bird feeder, consulting field guides as needed. Rose noted the changes of each season, cherishing spring. She found joy in every blooming flower – taking time to describe them in detail to her daughters and grandchildren, Magdalena, Hannah and Julian.

In the last decades of her life, Rose began to sum up her beliefs, some of which she referred to as her “life philosophies.”

“Everybody can learn from everybody. Everybody has something to contribute.

“Never underestimate the ability of a child. They will surprise you and if you get them to aim high, they will aim high. And that’s an important lesson.

“When I walk on Little Pond Road, I try to listen and think...how do you express the sound that you don’t hear or the sound of

the pond? I’m fascinated as I walk on my little driveway. There actually are patterns on the driveway. Awareness...awareness is what I’m learning.

“Happiness is an attitude.”

Rose is truly a Hurleyville treasure. Rose’s lifelong love of learning inspired her daughter, Alyce Barr, to pursue a career in education. Her love of learning certainly inspired everyone who knew her.

Rose Barr’s family and the Fallsburg Central School District have arranged for a scholarship in her name. The scholarship will help to keep her love of learning and teaching alive, providing support for a future teacher from the Fallsburg High School. Contributions can be made to the Rose Barr Memorial Scholarship Fund for Future Teachers, Fallsburg Central School District, Post Office Box 124, Fallsburg, NY 12733.

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# From the Firehouse

By Jack Halchak, Past Chief H.F.D.



Greetings from the Hurleyville Firehouse. We are always looking for help to fight fire or support those that do fight the devil fire. We even provide free training. Stop by any Monday night and see what we are all about.

Sunday, August 7th was the Hurleyville Fire Department's annual family picnic attended by over one hundred members and their families. The picnic also serves as our awards event for the previous year (2015). A great effort is made to get our senior members out and the widows of our fallen brothers are all invited. We started with lunch at 11:00 and dinner at 5:00. There were various activities all day long.

The first award presented was the "Community Service Award." It is for service in support of the fire department in any way possible. Sometimes it is for something that was done that was a great help for an event or for a number of years of continuous support. This year it was presented to Sports Nuts of Rock Hill. Owner Andy Concors and his staff have supported the fire department for many years in both the annual ice fishing contest and the bass fishing contest.



Past Chief Chris Gibson (left) presents Fireman of the Year to John Jaycox (right).

The fire department recognizes members for years of service by presenting "years of service pins." These pins are presented in five year intervals. John Jaycox and Rosemarie Froehlich received pins for ten years, Past Chief Jim Kaufman for 25 years and my dad, past president Jack Halchak Jr., for 55 years of service.

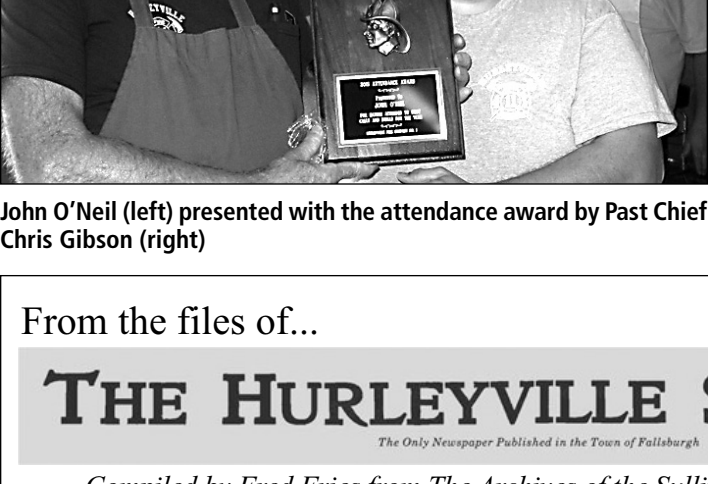
The attendance award was presented to John O'Neil. It is in recognition of being there for everything: fires, drills, meetings, parades, events and more. John is currently President of the department and, as you can guess, very active.

Chris Gibson, the immediate

Past Chief, was recognized and honored for his years as Chief. Chris has been a line officer most of his fire career, stating as a 2nd lieutenant and rising through the ranks to Chief of the department. He was presented with a beautiful plaque honoring his achievements.

The most prestigious award is "Fireman of the Year" This award recognizes an individual that has given his or her all to the fire department. There is a plaque on the wall in the firehouse where the awardee's name goes for all to see as part of our history. The 2015 "Fireman of the Year" was John Jaycox. John is currently the treasurer of the department and just received his ten year pin. He has chaired many of the fund raising events and dinners for the fire department for many years. Most recently, he chaired our family picnic and was head cook at the Bar-B-Q pit. John is a doer and not afraid to get his hands dirty. Congratulations John!

Saturday, August 27th the fire department will be traveling to Hortonville to march in the Annual Hortonville Firemen's Field Day parade. And now back to getting the firetruck ready for inspection at the parade.



John O'Neil (left) presented with the attendance award by Past Chief Chris Gibson (right)



Posing in front of the Fallsburg Central School Hall of Fame case are Mr. Jack Leshner, the first inductee into the Hall three years ago and colleague of Mr. Neiderman, FCSD School Superintendent Dr. Ivan Katz, and Mr. Neiderman holding his HOF plaque. (photo by Larry Schafman)

## FALLSBURG HIGH SCHOOL WELCOMES HALL OF FAMER ANDREW NEIDERMAN

On the evening of August 5, 2016, dozens of Andrew Neiderman's former students, their families and teaching colleagues welcomed him back to Fallsburg High School, his alma mater and the place where he taught from the early 1960s to the late 1980s. Mr. Neiderman set out at that time for California to fulfill his childhood dream of becoming a writer.

In a reception in the high school library, Mr. Neiderman greeted students he hadn't seen for 30 to 50 years. Several brought their grown children to meet the man who taught them how to write, encouraged them to act and sing, and do stage set up and design in the many theater productions he directed at Fallsburg. There was much warm hugging and reminiscing with several teaching colleagues eager to catch up on old times and share stories of children and grandchildren.

There was a \$10 admission charge for the event, with the proceeds going entirely to the Samuel Beytin Fallsburg Central School Community Scholarship Fund. The first 100 attendees to the event received copies of V.C. An-

drews' books written by Mr. Neiderman. He has recently published his 46th Neiderman thriller and is recognized as one of the world's most successful ghost writers as V.C. Andrews. He spoke with each person and wrote a short personal message in each book given to guests.

Before leaving the book signing and social part of the evening, Mr. Neiderman accompanied FCSD Superintendent Dr. Ivan Katz and others to the Fallsburg High School Lobby to see his photo and plaque inscription in the Fallsburg Hall of Fame Display. He was unable to attend his induction in June at the High School Graduation ceremonies. At that time, retired social studies teacher Jay Kasofsky received the Hall of Fame Plaque in his absence, and thanked the school district for the award bestowed on his worthy colleague.

Mr. Neiderman was very pleased with the honor and enjoyed having photos taken with Dr. Katz, with his colleague Jack Leshner, who preceded him as first elected member of the Hall, and with his wife Diane, also a graduate of Fallsburg Central High School.

# SUMMER SCHOOL LEARNING IS PROJECT BASED

## A SUMMER AT FALLSBURG SCHOOLS

The Summer School Program at Fallsburg Central School District this year involved some 200 junior high and elementary school students in project-based learning.

The five day a week for six weeks program provided a special opportunity for the instructor and the students. Summer School Program Director Ms. Tammy Slick explains that project-based learning is student driven, and students gain a deeper understanding of material by investigating questions, proposing hypotheses and possible explanations.

Students work collaboratively to discuss and challenge each other's ideas, which leads to further inquiry. Students engage in problem solving and critical thinking skills with each other and are fully engaged to find meaningful solutions to their questions.

Fallsburg High School General Science teacher Mrs. Megan Ollive taught two of the classes, including a seventh grade and an eighth grade class on organic gardening. The classes revolve around each student choosing a vegetable plant and tending it in an organic garden in a fenced-in space outside the building at Benjamin Cosor Elementary School. The seedlings and young plants were donated by Cornell

Cooperative Extension and Sullivan Renaissance a few weeks before summer school began so the children would have something to work from rather than starting from seeds.

Using the Internet and reference materials, each student learned about the history of the plant; about climate, soils and weather impacts; advantages of organic versus non-organic gardening methods; adaptation to environment; how different cultures cultivated and used the plant for food and other purposes; and what nutritional and medicinal values the plants offer.

Some students shared that they did not think their plant was going to grow at all, and they were so happy when they saw the first sign of a blossom and a sprout. One student was so proud to show a tiny eggplant on a vine after three weeks in class. Another was practically cradling a budding cayenne pepper, a plant he

chose specifically because he likes spicy foods.

Some of the vegetables, such as leaf lettuce, have been enjoyed by the classes as part of lunch. The students found it was awesome to put the greens on their sandwiches and enjoy fresh picked flavor. One enterprising girl wanted to know how different planting techniques would affect sunflower seeds so she had five seeds in five containers with different soil treatments to measure growth.

Besides learning so much about the earth and climate, students also shared nutritional information with their families. Some of them are involved in shopping and cooking and are excited to be using more vegetables at home and telling their siblings about how good they are for them. Project-based learning certainly has had immediate and practical value for these young people.



Mrs. Megan Ollive's seventh grade Organic Garden class pose at their garden: left to right: Donald Cole III, Tylinn Brink, Mrs. Megan Ollive, Joshua Espinoza, Zaire Foreman, Carmen Garcia, John Rysz, Encarnacion, Natalya Campos, Abigail Begbie. (photo by Larry Schafman)

# From the files of...

## THE HURLEYVILLE SENTINEL.

The Only Newspaper Published in the Town of Fallsburg

Compiled by Fred Fries from The Archives of the Sullivan County Historical Society

### SEPTEMBER 13, 1916 News of the Week

George Calhoun, formerly superintendent of highways for the Town of Fallsburg and who supervised the building of the stone road from Fallsburg Station to the Thompson town line as well as the stone road from Centerville to Glen Wild, has been engaged by Superintendent Wm. Nelson to operate the steam roller on the macadam extension which will be constructed on the Sackett Lake Road this fall, work which will be begun in the near future.

### SEPTEMBER 13, 1916 News of the Week

Clarence Baker is preparing to open an electrical supply house in Hurleyville and is prepared to install Western Electric stationary lighting plants. Now that we have electricity, Hurleyville is in need of just such a man as Mr. Baker, who can always be found and can be relied upon to do the right thing and we trust that the people will give him the patronage that such a business needs

### SEPTEMBER 13, 1916 News of the Week

Yesterday afternoon about two o'clock the barn of Charles Spitzer's farm near Divine Corners caught fire and was completely destroyed with about 40 tons of hay and farming implements, involving a total loss of \$2,000, there being but \$600 insurance on the building. It is not known how the fire started as there was no one in the building and Mr. Spitzer had just gone to Divine Corners and was on his return when he saw the smoke. It was with difficulty that the home was saved although there was plenty of water.

### SEPTEMBER 27, 1916 News of the Week

Centerville Station is to be the scene of the first Jewish newspaper to be published in this section if not this side of New York. We wish the new venture success.

### SEPTEMBER 27, 1916 Notice

The 1917 Chevrolet is

### SEPTEMBER 13, 1916 News of the Week

now ready for delivery. Many improvements, among them being a heavier model cone clutch, full honeycomb radiator, electric lights and starter complete for \$525 delivered, including speedometer. The cheapest electrically equipped car in the world.

### SEPTEMBER 27, 1916 Local and Personal Items

Mr. Decker, who conducted a hardware store in Hurleyville several years ago but who moved to Poughkeepsie, selling his business to E G Pierson, was in town last week calling on friends.

### SEPTEMBER 27, 1916 Local and Personal Items

We understand Asa Kortright and Mrs. Walter Lawrence were united in marriage this week and she has moved her family from Hurleyville and joined his family at Divine Corners.

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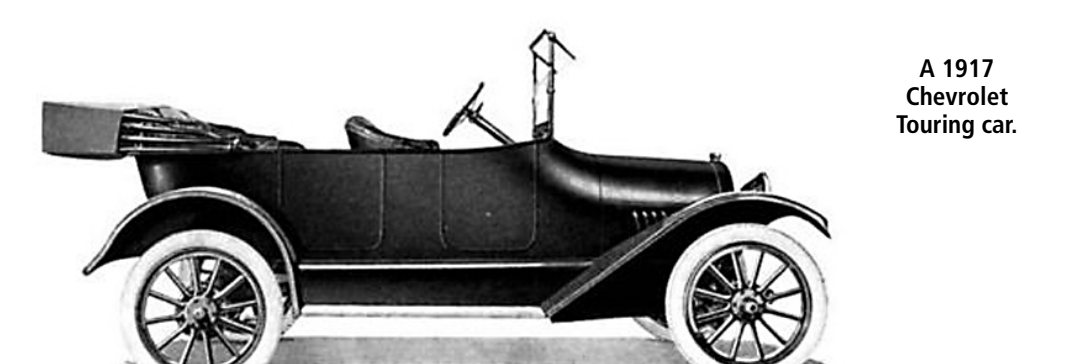
HAVE YOU WONDERED WHAT THE BIG ARTS CENTRE BUILDING IN HURLEYVILLE IS ALL ABOUT? COME FIND OUT & WELCOME THE NEWEST ADDITION TO YOUR COMMUNITY. JOIN US FOR A MEET AND GREET WITH REFRESHMENTS AND LIVE PERFORMANCES. SEE YOU THERE!

## A REBUS is a puzzle in which words or phrases are represented by combinations of pictures and letters

### Can you solve these rebuses?

|                            |                 |                                |
|----------------------------|-----------------|--------------------------------|
| 1<br>another one thing     | 2<br>heart      | 3<br>thought But thought       |
| 4<br>LEAST                 | 5<br>MILLION    | 6<br>FOOLISH                   |
| 7<br>historyhistoryhistory | 8<br>musically  | 9<br>end                       |
| 10<br>RIBAN                | 11<br>LITTLE    | 12<br>ecapace                  |
| 13<br>ECNALG               | 14<br>LOVE HATE | 15<br>ALL THINGS<br>all things |

Send your answers to info@hurleyvillemakerslab.org The person who solves all the rebuses wins a prize



A 1917 Chevrolet Touring car.