



The Times of Halcott

Volume 44

Autumn

Editors: Innes Kasanof; Peg DiBenedetto; Judy DiBenedetto; Karen Rauter. Art: Nina Kasanof.

Young Tokyo Dignitaries Visit Halcott

Imagine you are ten years old, travel nearly across the world to try two weeks at summer camp...and find yourself in a house with a family in Halcott Center for a few days. On August 8, six children from cities and towns around Tokyo, Japan were "adopted" by three families in town. The children were taking part in a culture sharing exchange recently revived by the Tokyo-Frost Valley YMCA Partnership which provides year-round programming for Japanese families in the New York area at retreats during summer and winter at the camp in the Catskills Forest Preserve.

The boys: Sho, Toshi, Kei-shigero, and Kazuki stayed with Julian Rauter and parents and also with Robin and Alan White and their goats. The girls, Ayaka and Sakiko, bunked with Lucy Baer and her parents Alex and Willie on Elk Creek Road. A full agenda of

activities filled the weekend from climbing the wood shed and barbeques to bowling, and a lot of running around the green fields as well.

The boys requested some special foods: bacon, which was procured at the farmer's market and enjoyed with blueberry pancakes and Halcott maple syrup. And pizza, which is always plentiful at the bowling alley. The kids especially liked the juke box there, including AC/DC selections and Elvis, too. Over at the Baer's, there was a jam session with violin, piano, and a lot of made-up vocal songs that showed just how much fun kids can have even if they can't speak the same language! Sho played Jim Rauter's electric guitar with gusto. At home, he practices four hours a day and specializes in American rock and roll.

Sho, who was also the oldest of the boys, spoke English wonderfully, having spent three years living in Los Angeles. He was most helpful in trans-

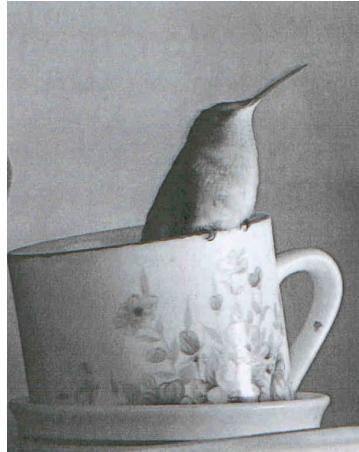
lating for some of the others, whose English skills increased as they overcame their jet lag and became more comfortable in their new home. The exchange was set up to provide some much-needed rest days before embarking on the summer camp experience and the children arrived back at camp raring to go, albeit with a few bug bites.

I caught a few glimpses of the children during their week at camp, and a good time was being had by all. There was talk of returning to Halcott next year. Anyone who is interested in being a host family can contact the program director, Kazumi Matsu-moto, who found his way around our town very well in setting up the exchange and looks forward to next year. His email is kmatsu-moto@frostvalley.org.



As I write this, the children are home again in Japan probably sleeping off the whole experience and remembering the bears, deer and raspberries they

experienced during their time here. We'll send any word we get on their impressions of Halcott as we hear from them, and look forward to a reunion next summer! **KR**



THIS YOUNG HUMMINGBIRD CHOSE THE NICEST TEA CUP IN THE KITCHEN CABINET!

Susan Benedetto got quite a shock when she left the kitchen door open so that her cat could come and go as cats do. She opened her

cabinet to get a cup for coffee and found the smallest visitor she'd ever had. The little hummer must have been drawn to the flowers on the teacup and was as surprised as Susan. He was startled frozen and didn't move until she had carefully guided him to the open door. The guest then departed quickly to find more lively flowers. **IK**

High Holy Days

Adele Siegel

*(Ed note: Each issue of the quarterly **Times of Halcott** gives us a chance to mention the seasonal doings of our community. Autumn marks the return to school, the change of leaf color, the beginning of cold. There are also deeper reasons to celebrate the season. We asked Adele Siegel of Judd Hill, Halcott, if*

she would describe what autumn means to Jews.)

Beginning on the evening of September 29th, Jews around the world will observe the holiest days of the year: Rosh Hashanah, the beginning of the New Year, and ten days later, Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement. These are known as the Days of Awe. They are a time for contemplation and prayer, repentance and atonement. As we recognize the fragility of our lives, we express our gratitude for the blessings of life and health and pray that in the year ahead we will be granted both.

The most dramatic moment in the Rosh Hashanah service is the sounding of the Shofar, the horn of the ram or ibex. This ancient instrument is sounded with ancient musical notes. As the congregation rises, the sound transports it back to the days of the Bible in the land of Israel when the shofar was sounded in the Holy Temple in the city of Jerusalem.

After the service in the synagogue, at home, before the festive meal begins, there is a lovely custom of dipping slices of apple into honey and reciting the special prayer for a good and sweet year.

Yom Kippur, the most solemn day of the year, is a time of prayer and fasting, a time of seeking forgiveness for sins. The day is observed in a manner that

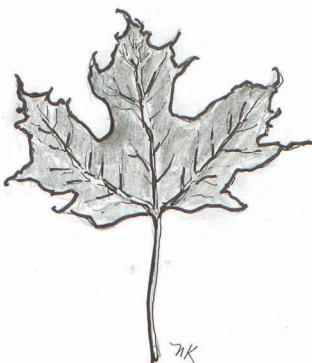
will remove the worshipper from every aspect of ordinary life. He neither eats, nor drinks, nor attends daily business. He reviews his past and ponders his future in the presence of the one and only Judge.

The fall holiday season concludes with the celebration of the Biblical festival of Succoth, the feast of Booths or Tabernacles. It is one of the three pilgrimage festivals described in the Book of Leviticus. It is an agricultural festival, the celebration of the harvest in the Land of Israel. It is, also, a historical festival, a reminder of the days in the desert after the Exodus when the ancient Hebrews wandered in the desert for forty years and dwelt in temporary structures. The holiday is celebrated by building succot, covered with greenery, and eating and sleeping there. An especially beautiful explanation is the idea of the desert period as simple but noble, when God and His people were intimately involved. It was a relationship expressed through the words of the prophet Jeremiah, "I remember the devotion of your youth, your love as a bride; how you followed Me in the wilderness in a land not sown."

LETTERS

Dear Innes,

I'm wondering if Peggy told you about my quilt that Ralph Darmstadt spent months gently repairing. I gave Peggy a check as



a donation to the Halcott Community Fund as a "Thank You" to Ralph. It's nice to know that the repair of the quilt was done by someone with a connection to the town. The quilt came full circle.

The quilt has a historic connection to Halcott. Laura Wileman of the Gordon family (our farm) made the quilt and gave it to me 30 years ago. It is of the log cabin design. I'm not sure if it was even older than 30 yrs and may have been a quilt from when the farm was a boarding farm. My family has been connected to the farm for 73 yrs, when my great uncle took my father, a city boy from Brooklyn, to the farm for his 10th birthday in 1935. After my parents were married in 1944, they continued to go to the farm with their family (my grandparents, aunt, sister, brother and I). I remember spending weekends and summers at the Gordons' farm, sleeping in BIG creaky old spring beds with handmade quilts.

The bathrooms were cold and there was always a BIG spider in the bathtub. There were electrical wires that went across the bedroom window, and my brother used to scare me and tell me that there was an old cemetery in the next field, and the wires were to keep the ghosts out. I was 5 yrs old, and I believed him.

I remember when the farm was a dairy farm and I used to get up early in the



morning and run down to the barn to watch Percy and Uncle Otie milk the cows. Percy nicknamed me "Toughy". My brother and I used to have milk fights squirting each other with the cows' utters. Of course, since I was younger and smaller, I always lost the milk fights and went home covered in dried milk.

I remember going berry picking up the path behind Gordons' house; not many of the berries made it back for the pies, because we ate them on our way home. On summer days, my mom used to take us for a walk to the Post Office/General store (Streeters) to get a fudgecicle. We used to stop at the spring on the side of the road to get a cold drink.

I remember Ida Gordon sitting in her rocking chair peeling potatoes all day for dinner. Laura used to call everyone to dinner with a bell. There were two long tables and everyone sat together. Fresh milk was always on the table in pitchers; meat, vegetables and buttery mashed potatoes were passed around the table. Pie for dessert.

Peggy Reynolds Dibenedetto and I have been friends since we were about 7 yrs old. We spent weekends together playing for hours, swimming in her pool, playing in the fields, ice skating on the pond and riding our horses. I got my first pony "Beauty" when I was 6 years old. Later, I got my palomino quarter horse "Champ". Peggy and I used to take long

rides on our horses together on the "back road". We once took a long ride over the mountain to the Swiss Ranch, a much longer ride than we anticipated.

I remember playing in the freshly stacked bales of hay, swinging on ropes in the hayloft and falling onto the hay. I remember swimming in the pond and floating on a big tractor tire. I would stand under the water flowing over the dam like a shower on hot summer days. Some nights, my family would go to the Acropolis Hotel for Greek dancing.

In 1964 Ida Gordon sold a piece of the farm property to my father, and Garold Johnson built our

house. Then, Ida Gordon sold the rest of the farm to my father. He made the farm a Hereford cow farm. My father made a maple house and I used to ride with him on the snowmobile to check the buckets of sap and then boil the sap to make sweet maple syrup.

My family would go on a summer outing, with my father hooking up the hay wagon to the tractor and placing the picnic table on the wagon. My mother always made big pans of lasagna and we would go up the mountain and have a picnic.

These are treasured family memories of my days spent in Halcott. The quilt is a patchwork metaphor of my memories. I hope to always have a con-

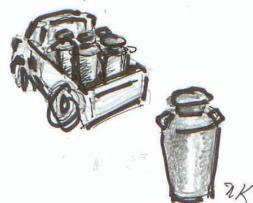
nection to Halcott and to be able to return to the farm and hike my history.

Keep in touch,
Tina L Nelkin
320 Fairhaven Blvd.
Woodbury, NY 11797

Dear Innes,

I wanted to write and ask if you would please put a memo in the *Times of Halcott* asking if anyone has a picture of the Halcott Center Creamery. I had taken one years after it had closed, however I am very interested in obtaining a copy of a picture when it was up and running. I have such fond memories of my sister and me going to the creamery with our Daddy, Carson Bouton, back in the early 1950s. I can picture Kathleen and me climbing up in the big green International truck on the cold winter's morning in our bulky snow suits and boots. We arrived at the Creamery, waited in line, and then drove up to the unloading area. Kathleen and I always stayed in the truck while Daddy unloaded the milk cans, but we could see the men in white clothes and hats working inside. These men emptied and washed the milk cans. I remember Amos Kelder with his jovial voice and laughter. Amos was truly a kind man with personality plus.

We then rode around the creamery and waited in line to pick up our



clean milk cans. It was always fascinating to watch the cans come out of the little door one by one bouncing down across the rollers. It was noisy, too! We eagerly looked for can #3 as each farm family had their own number. As Daddy loaded the cans back onto the truck, Kathleen and I



tried our best to help roll them back in place. We were more than likely a nuisance, but our Daddy was a very kind, gentle, and patient man and let us help in our own way. The next part of our morning adventure was to drive on down to the post office for the mail and visit with neighbors. Daddy always gave us pennies for the gum machine which was a treat!

I have enclosed a picture of the creamery that I took years ago. (The smudge at the top is my thumb!) Please take note of the building in back to the right of the Creamery. This is where the Creamery Manager and his family lived. Sincerely,
Marilyn Bouton Gallant, 2692 NE Highway 70 Lot #626, Arcadia, FL 34266
(863)494-7160.

Mexican Mission

Chris DiBenedetto

This summer, in the midst of milking cows and attempting to make some dry hay, my son Greg and I were able to do something really out of the ordinary. On the 25th of July we, along with

8 others from Catskill Mountain Christian Center and 15 from a church in Troy, traveled to Mexico for a 10-day missions trip. We flew into Mexico City and went south where we headquartered in a town called San Mateo Atenco. There, we met our host families and 50 others from area churches and prepared for the trip to the mountains. We left

Sunday after a wonderful church service on two buses and began the expected 14 hour drive to a small town called San Sebastian in the Oaxaca (pronounced *wah ha kah*) region of southern Mexico. In the last village before our climb into the mountains, one of the buses broke down. After several attempts to repair it had failed, three trucks were arranged to carry our tents, luggage and all the guys for the 3-hour remainder of the trip. These trucks had racks on the sides and looked similar to ones you might see at an auction yard. About one third of the way in, and after many stops to try and make the mountainous road passable for the bus, the bus driver said he wasn't going any further! So, we moved on to plan C...or D. The women now got off the bus and crammed into the trucks while the men waited for other vehicles. Even-

tually we were all able to continue the journey standing and holding on while the trucks and van maneuvered the steep, narrow and windy road with incredible drop offs to the bottom of the canyons. It was fairly dark on the way in so we really didn't 'appreciate' the dangerous drop offs along the edge of the road the way we would when we traveled the same roads to go back down at the end of our visit.

We all finally arrived in San Sebastian at different times about 11 hours later than expected. Hungry and tired, we were treated to a rice meal they had prepared for us. After eating we headed for the cement rooms to set up our sleeping bags and catch some rest.

The following morning we awoke to magnificent mountain views. They were very lush, covered with different kinds of vegetation including banana trees, avocados, citrus and various grasses. They reminded me of California's central coast mountains only much higher. I believe the elevation where we were staying was about 7000 feet.

The next several days we spent ministering to the people of this remote village bringing them Jesus in many different ways. We set up a medical clinic and a hair cutting area and Greg even did a little plumbing work. We broke up into teams to go house to house to pray for people. Each night we hosted several activities for children and adults in the town square. We showed a movie one night and it was a big deal to the villagers because there was no movie theater any-

where in the region. We hosted singing, dancing, and games for the children, even soccer, VERY popular in Mexico. We were warmly received everywhere we went and it was exciting to offer them hope in the simplest but most powerful message – the message of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The trip to Mexico was an awesome opportunity. We are grateful we were able to take part in this ministry. I believe the trip was as life changing for those of us who went to serve as it was for those we served. Thank you, Lord! We sure appreciate the support from friends and neighbors and special thanks to Judy, Elena, and Don Hillriegel who kept farm things going while we were away.

Running all the Way

Anita Reibel

My name is Anita Reibel. My husband Harvey and I own a home on West Settlement Road here in Halcott Center. Residents of Halcott may see me from time to time running along the roads, training for different races I participate in. One which I recently participated in was the 2008 TREK USA Charity Relay for Kids. It took place this past May in New England. It began and ended in Boston, Massachusetts at the finish line of the prestigious Boston Marathon! It was a 10 day relay event and we ran through the six New England states for a total of almost 1400 miles. This was a fundraising event and we raised money for the DMSE Children's Fitness Foundation which funds non-profit programs that use running as a primary

means of promoting physical fitness in children. We were a group of 15 runners and together raised over \$50,000 towards this worthy cause. I am proud to say I was a participant! If anyone would like to see photos from the event, go to www.trekusa.org.

BULLETIN BOARD

Halcott Website Address Change: Please note that the address of our website has been changed. We are now:

www.townofhalcott.org

Go and have a look!

Zoning Update

The group formed to look into zoning for Halcott has almost finished their work. The last piece of the puzzle will be a survey of the community to find out people's opinions on the way individual parcels will be divided. The two choices are either 1) setting a size for all lots or 2) allowing lots within a development to vary in size, but setting a maximum number of lots based on the total size of the development. This second option although complicated to understand, provides the subdivider with a much larger set of possibilities in how he/she arranges the parcels of land. It can also be used to protect or enhance the natural features of the land. When you get your survey, please take a few minutes to complete the (only!) two questions and mail it back. The zoning commission's ultimate goal is to reflect as closely as possible the wishes of the town members, but in order to do this they need to hear from you.

SUPPORT OUR LIBRARY

BUY A RAFFLE TICKET

Two Chances To Win! First Prize Winner chooses:

A Painting by Nina Kasanof: "Halcott Center", a Mixed Watercolor Media, 12 ½ x 15 ½, matted and framed, or:

A Crazy Quilt Variation by Jackie Purdy: "Summer Garden", cotton, machine and hand sewn, 59" x 70" (twin size or full coverlet)

Tickets are available at the Library, \$1 each or 6 for \$5. Drawing is on Columbus Day weekend. You do not have to be present to win.

SUPPORT OUR HOSPITAL

Don't forget the annual Harvest Moon Ball sponsored by the Auxiliary will be held on Saturday evening, October 18th at Hanah Mountain Resort and Country Club. The Keene Roadman Hospital Citizen of the Year Award will be presented to **Bill Birns** who served on the Board of Directors of Margaretville Hospital during the very crucial period when the hospital teetered on the brink of closing and our association with Kingston Regional Healthcare System. A teacher of English in Margaretville Central School and Onteora Central School, Bill has, in his retirement, become an avidly read columnist for the **Catskill Mountain News**.

The committee for the Harvest Moon Ball is happy to announce that the proceeds from this event, as well as other Auxiliary fund-raisers, will be used for the purchase of a new ambulance with four-wheel drive to replace one 13 years

old without 4WD.

**You are welcome to give a contribution
even if you can't make the evening to
help this worthy cause.**

Dinner reservations are \$85.00 per person, raised for the first time in five years, because of our increased expenses. The Harvest Moon Ball will feature a cocktail hour with hors d'oeuvres and cash bar and buffet dinner. Music will be provided, as always, by the popular Wendy Nief and Nightlife. Save the date and join us on the 18th of October!

PASSAGES

August love abounded in the highlands of Halcott: two weddings separated by exactly one week and one valley.

On August 9th, Adina Johnson and Brian Enck were married in a lofty field surrounded by the majestic Halcott hills. Father of the bride, Tim Johnson, nattily dressed in a suit and tie, ferried guests to the ceremonial site, the newly refurbished "Bearpen Lodge" in a dandy hay wagon, outfitted with comfortable bench seats. Towed by his colossal orange Kubota farm tractor. After a suspenseful wait for the rite to begin, the bridal party unexpectedly appeared from the nearby trees, totally faking out the crowd (and the photographer, who tried in vain to encourage the flower girls toward the center aisle). Adina and Brian exchanged vows with beautiful daughter Aubrey taking it all in, safely enfolded in her mom's arms throughout much of the day.

Former resident of Halcott, Jill

Scott Barrett and her charming daughter Siana, arrived from California and provided artistic support, including the hay bale calligraphy that directed traffic to the wedding and the unique place card arrangement, which named every table a different peak of the Catskills, complete with geologic and geographic descriptions of each. Jill, an accomplished seamstress also stitched together several of the gowns in the wedding party (indeed, there were reports of needlework moments before the ceremony). Ben and Peat, brother and brother-in-law of the bride, flew in from Minnesota to direct and construct the absolutely amazing floral arrangements that graced each table and the interior of the Lodge. Most gorgeous were the water lilies placed upon the wedding pie table. Rumor has it that more than a few front yards up Johnson Hollow contributed to the beautiful bouquets.

The day was bright and warm and beautiful; a perfect metaphor for the new beginning of this sweet and wonderful family. **PD**

**Roses Love Sunshine,
Violets Love Dew
Carrie Bradley Neves**

On August 16, a beautiful Saturday, Claire DiBenedetto and Edward Norwick went to the mountaintop—or actually, to the hilltop where Claire grew up, and, in the company of a large group including family and friends, babies and butterflies, two loyal dogs (and the spirit of a third), and within earshot of a bevy of horses and cows chewing their cuds, I'm

sure, in approval, took their wedding vows.

The weather matched for drama the wells and swells of the emotions of the day. Almost precisely at the scheduled time for assembling at the altar, the blue skies darkened and clouds unleashed a cheerful, zealous rain; the company ran for the protection of the tent and the bride stayed hidden. But almost as quickly, the rain cleared and for the ceremony a sparkling, freshly washed, incandescent sunlight bathed the lawn and filled the gorgeous valley that sweeps down from Michael and Peggy DiBenedetto's round wooden house. Later the rain returned, making it a colorful affair of oversized umbrellas to get the cake from the kitchen to the tent—and then it cleared again in time for visiting and post-prandial strolling. It was a quintessential cinema and soundtrack of the changeable beauty of the Halcott Valley.

The bride wore simple pearls with a just-off-white dress shaped by delicate ribs of lace at the waist and just enough length to train slightly in the grass. She was perfectly, breathtakingly gorgeous. The groom was elegant in a black suit. Their one-year-old daughter, Simone, was an angel in a dress like spun maple sugar. The bride and groom were relaxed and happy and giddy, and that set the mood for all of us. With cousin Josh orchestrating the order of events gracefully, Claire walked down the aisle to the music of a solo violin [*Ed. note: provided by the talented but modest Carrie Bradley Ne-*

ves!] and joined Eddie at a pretty arbor topped with baskets of wildflowers. They exchanged promises before a rapt and moved crowd. Proud grandfather Ward Reynolds was in attendance, and from the airy perch of that circle of lawn, it was clear that Ruth Reynolds was there, too. A small flock of butterflies was released to share the skies with her when the couple was pronounced, and bride and groom walked through our midsts and out the other side as husband and wife.

The dinner that followed was dazzling and delicious: lasagnas by Peg, meatballs by Sybil, chicken parmigiana, chicken marsala, a rainbow of salads and mountains of antipasti. The tables were ablaze with bundles of flowers of countless variety from Innes's garden. The groom's mother, Carol, created a fabulous, flower-powered, multi-tiered cake and a picture-perfect party of pies for the pie lovers.

My husband, Marc, and I felt very lucky to have shared the magical day with Claire and Eddie and their families. There have been several weddings in the valley this summer, and the resonating chords of love and commitment give me a deep warm fuzzy feeling remembering our own wedding just over a year ago. And a solemn feeling, of the privilege to be a part of this valley, where family and tradition and continuity persevere in a wide-reaching neighborly embrace the likes of which I have rarely seen elsewhere—a most practical and most romantic place. Congratulations, all you newlyweds!



The Times of the Halcott Methodist Church Autumn, 2008 *Pattie Kelder, Correspondent*

Celebrate in Song!

A special Sunday morning, service, October 5, 2008, 10:30 a.m. at the church. An opportunity for friends and neighbors to gather and make a joyful noise. The more the merrier! Do come!

Halcott Girls Wed

We've had a rash of weddings! Halcott's pastor just officiated at the wedding of his and Kay's own daughter, Kerry (DeVito) and Mark Castellani. Congratulations also are extended to hometown newlyweds Gloria (German) and Arthur Sadowski, Adina (Risdal) and Brian Enck, and Claire (DiBenedetto) and Eddie Norwick.

"A threefold cord is not quickly broken." Ec. 4: 12b May Jesus join hands with each couple and bind them together in a lifetime of love.

Downright Neighborly of You

I'm happy to report that readers of this column are listening. Recent responses include a sizable contribution to the food pantry, a donation which matched the proceeds of the Halcott Fair bake sale and two dozen health kits for disaster victims. It's a privilege to witness the caring actions of Halcott for its neighbors. Keep up the good work. And remember: "God loves a cheerful giver." (2 Cor. 9:7b) "Love your neighbor as yourself." (Mt. 19:19b)

Bamboo Adieu

(or Much Ado About Something)

Prompted by an earlier *Times of Halcott* column on the topic, we've been researching how to get rid of the bamboo along the back property line of the church. Conversations with folks from

Soil and Water, Cooperative Extension and others have revealed that ongoing research continues to yield new findings. These include:

- Japanese knotweed (bamboo) propagates through roots, cuttings and seeds.
- Bamboo doesn't like shade and prefers level ground to steep slopes.
- In parts of England, this pest has become so well established that it grows through asphalt pavement and concrete foundations.
- Eradication requires ongoing vigilance for the long haul: 2 or more years with herbicide and 3-5 years by mechanical means.
- Disposal of cuttings is not easy, but is critical to success.

Mechanical Removal Options

- Mow, mow, mow – or cut the stalks every 3 weeks until defeated.
- If growing in loose gravel, try to pull or dig it up.
- Cover with black plastic, keeping edges tight to the ground. The bamboo will try to grow anyway, so stomp the black plastic down every 3 weeks to break the growing stalks. Also reseal the perimeter. If using landscape plastic, holes can later be dug through it for planting trees that can shade out the weed in a few years

Herbicide Use

Herbicides are restricted near water and tend to be non-selective. Always read all directions. It's a good idea to wear disposable plastic gloves. Don't apply when outdoor temperatures exceed 85 degrees, the point at which plants begin to shut down in order to conserve water. If spraying, test for wind drift with a plant mister filled with tap water.

Call the manufacturer's toll free number for additional information.

- Bamboo instructions on Round Up Weed and Grass Killer Super Concentrate explain how to kill the roots by cutting the stalks off near the ground and filling the open reservoirs with herbicide. Don't overlook any of the stalks! (Aqua Master is another brand name to investigate.)
- The generic glyphosate concentrate, mixed according to woody plant specifications, is cheaper and less labor intensive as it can be sprayed on the plants. I'm told it works best near the end of the growing season in late September or October. Another school of thought recommends cutting the bamboo earlier in the season so that second growth is sprayed in the fall. Cutting is thought to weaken the roots, . Spray lightly thereby improving the outcome from spraying – no need for leaves to drip.

Steps for Effective Disposal

- **Lay stalks out in the sun** for a day or so on a gravel driveway, an asphalt area or a plastic tarp where they can't grow.
- **Dry the stalks out.** (Optional: place them

on pallets to dry from below as well as from above.) Flowers, stems, and leaves will wilt within a day. Roots and crowns take longer to dry.

- **Burn the stalks**, including any roots and flowers. Let nothing escape! Research on composting is being conducted but this is not considered to be a viable alternative to burning at this time.

Why Bother?

Yes, the weed is insidious and the task is daunting. But consider this: Japanese knotweed is the invader. It doesn't belong here. The native species can't compete. We were appointed to be caretakers of the land in Genesis 2:15, so it's our job to help out.

There are different ways to mount the offensive. Some may opt for eradication. Others may have to settle for containment within tightly controlled perimeters. If nothing else, the flowers can be gathered and burned to slow the rate of expansion. Once you have the upper hand, consider restoring the area by planting native shade trees, grass or daylilies in place of the bamboo to discourage its return.