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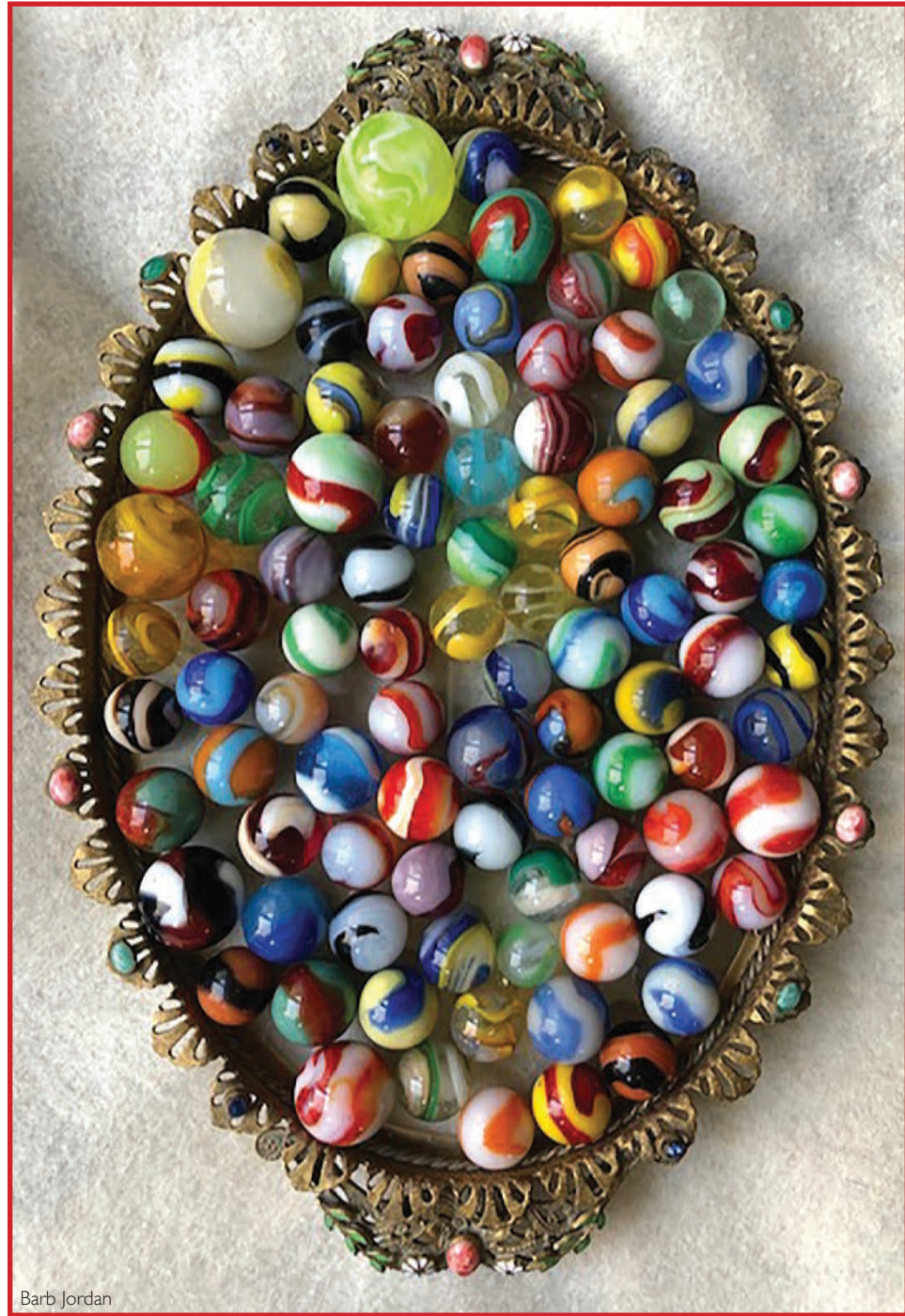
OWLLIGHT News



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Where Inspiration & Inquiry Converge

July 2020



Roll Call

By BARBARA JORDAN

The Ancient Allure of Marbles

I bought my first jar of marbles over twenty years ago, at A to Z Antiques in Hemlock, and a love affair began. I already admired antique glass buttons and Art Deco costume jewelry for their beautiful art glass. Marbles opened yet another avenue of appreciation, except that marbles are in some ways more complex, in that to understand them, it's useful to learn something about glass itself.

Glass marbles are truly little jewels. The glass can be transparent or opaque, opalescent, or contain uranium so it fluoresces — uranium glass indicates a pre-WWII marble. (If you have some old marbles, shine a blacklight on them, you may be surprised!) Coppers and ground semi-precious stones, flecks of mica, even gold and silver, can be added to glass. Hand gathered “Lutz” marbles have shimmering goldstone bands, and machine-made marbles with “ox-blood” or “aventurine” ribbons are prized by collectors. “Paperweight” marbles are dollhouse replicas of the real thing, and “sulphides” have tiny figures inside.

The mystery of glass was known by the Second Millennium B.C. in Egypt, Mesopotamia, Syria, and the Indus Valley. It was mainly molded into beads and shapes. The Romans discovered glass blowing and added new techniques to the art. We know Roman children used marbles in a game they called “nuts” —this is mentioned by Ovid and others—although no one thought to tell us the rules. There's a set in the British Museum that are speckled, like dice.

The recipes for glass were, and still are, closely guarded by chemists. In the Middle Ages, when glassmaking blossomed on the islands around Venice, the artisans were held in such esteem that their children could marry into the nobility. Murano was one of those islands. As well as Murano glass, the Venetians invented a number of exclusive types: milk glass, millefiori, goldstone (copper specks added to translucent glass), and a striped or spiraled filigree glass made by embedding colored glass canes inside clear. Recipes for lead and crystal have their origin there. The Italians also advanced mirror-making and fashioned prized chandeliers.

On the other hand, if a glassmaker left his city without permission—or worse, divulged glass secrets, thus jeopardizing Venetian ascendancy—the penalty was death. There were Venetian spies and assassins for just this purpose.

Continued on page 8

A sampling of the author's glass marble collection—showing the diversity of these marvelous spheres.



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From the News Room

Submissions are now closed for *Owl Light Literary: Turning Points*—out late in 2020. Advance sales for the journal will be announced soon.

Submissions for *Owl Light News* can be sent to Editor@Canadice Press. Feel free to contact us in advance with queries, if desired. Please specify the type of submission in the subject line of the email (i.e. news story, poetry, editorial, opinion, fiction etc.). Include your name and phone number in the email, as well as an attachment of the submission. All submissions will be considered for publication on a case by case basis (in print or online) for publication in future issues.

Content may be submitted anytime, including news stories, literary pieces, arts-related review and commentary. The general deadline for all content is the 10th of the month prior to publication. *Owl Light News* pages fill up FAST! We place online content ongoing and welcome press releases.

Calendar items (for community events) may be entered for free online at: www.owllightnews.com/events/. If you have a cancellation on a previously added event, please e-mail us at editor@canadicepress.com or message us on [fb@CanadicePress](https://www.facebook.com/CanadicePress).

How do I submit a calendar item?

Go to www.owllightnews.com/events/community/add and fill in the form. Once your venue/contact information has been added by you once, it will be available in a pull down for subsequent entries. Posted events **must be open to all individuals, must offer some direct community enrichment, and be noncommercial in nature.** Meetings—such as writing/reading/art groups, community services, or community/local government—that meet on a regular basis may also be added, **provided these are entered individually by date (no multi-date entries please) and are open community meetings.** Virtual events may also be added. *There is no charge for calendar entries and entries may be added at anytime.*



Editor D.E. Bentley

editor@canadicepress.com

Phone: 585-358-1065

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From the Editor

Dispelling THE Mists of Memory

During a retail stop for building materials, I spoke, distanced in a check-out line, with a young man wearing a Bob Dylan T-shirt. We exchanged notes on concert experiences. When I referenced my attendance at a Dylan concert—with the Grateful Dead and Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers—at Rich Stadium, Orchard Park, NY on July 4, 1986 (a concert the young man had knowledge of), I realized that when I attended that show, he had not yet been born.

A quote from a recent NYT's Dylan interview reminded me of that meeting.*

"We have a tendency to live in the past, but that's only us. Youngsters don't have that tendency. They have no past, so all they know is what they see and hear, and they'll believe anything. In 20 or 30 years from now, they'll be at the forefront. When you see somebody that is 10 years old, he's going to be in control in 20 or 30 years, and he won't have a clue about the world we knew. Young people who are in their teens now have no memory lane to remember. So it's probably best to get into that mind-set as soon as we can, because that's going to be the reality."

Still, memory is a fickle thing. Having lived a past does not, necessarily, make one a reliable narrator. Nonetheless, we have an intimacy with our personal memories that those who did not live them do not—memories that, for me, include that concert in 1986, as well as earlier memories. These include memories of the tumultuous race-related violence that took place in my hometown, and dominated the news in the 1960s and 1970s.

The young people of today have, as Dylan stated, "no memory lane." They do have at their disposal a plethora of information about the past (just as that young man in line knew about a concert from before his time) that they can reflect on to guide their actions today. They also have another advantage. When the segment of one's timeline of past experience is smaller than the future (theoretically), it is easier to look forward, to think positively about the future, than when the time left is less than the memories.

I have never been a Dylan groupie, or been fanatical about any one musician or genre of music. Rather, I like to have a wall of diverse music titles in front of me, much like a wall of names on a polished granite memorial erected to the forgotten lost. Musicians, too, have sacrificed their lives to the cause (most evident, perhaps, with musicians like Dylan, Billie Holiday, Arlo Guthrie, and John Lennon, who wove lyrical revolution from threads of experience). Like scanning for the name of a lost warrior, I stand there scanning the wall of music, reading the titles one by one, until a particular title speaks to me. Often, I can recall a time and place tied to the album. Other times it is something obscure or forgotten: perhaps an album from a past acquaintance or lover, left behind; perhaps a used record acquisition that caught my eye and was added to the collection, for a future chance encounter.

I like the essence of physical things. As with all collectors of the past, these objects hold memories. Like the names on the walls and faded photos, they keep the mist from obscuring the things that should not be forgotten.

As Beatrice tells Axl in Kazuo Ishiguro's *The Buried Giant*, "... With this mist upon us, any memory's a precious thing and we'd best hold tight to it."

D.E. Bentley
Editor, *Owl Light News*

*www.nytimes.com/2020/06/12/arts/music/bob-dylan-rough-and-rowdy-ways.html



From our Readers

Richmond Democrats “ZOOM” Into Their Caucus

Richmond Democrats held their caucus on Thursday, May 28 at 7:00 PM via the Zoom app. due to the current meeting restrictions from the COVID-19 pandemic! John Hurley, Ontario County Committee Chair, presided and stated that this was the first Zoom caucus that he was aware of in the area pursuant to the provisions of Section 6-108 of the New York State Election Law.

The Richmond Democrats unanimously endorsed Elizabeth “Liz” Yockel to complete the term for 2021 that she presently holds on the Richmond Town Board.

When elected, Liz will complete the Richmond Town Board to be a part of a team that supports a strong community—one that supports residents, is economically stable, and attracts people and businesses to the area. Liz opened her business – The Fuzzy Bunny – in 2013 in Honeoye Commons. Prior to opening her business, she worked in legal publishing and in the Vermont Legislative Council, where she became versed in tax law, environmental law, and the administrative process. She is formally trained as a lawyer (with a specialty in environmental law), and also has a strong background in research. Liz has a long history of bringing people together to achieve community goals—from event planning and fundraising to environmental initiatives and legislative changes.

Liz grew up in Gorham, NY and spent time in Maryland and Vermont for school before finally returning home and settling in Honeoye with her husband. She loves the natural beauty of this area and the creative community she has found here and hopes to continue strengthening this community. In addition to serving on the Richmond Town Board, Liz is currently the chairperson of the Richmond Democrats, a founding Board Member of the Friends of Sandy Bottom Park, a member of the Town of Richmond Comprehensive Steering Committee, and Town of Richmond Parks and Recreation Committee

Under Liz’s leadership, the Richmond Democrat Committee is a group that is working together diligently to build a more cohesive, visible and active presence in our hamlet. As of June 24, they will be officially recognized by the Ontario County Democrat Committee. To discover more and become involved, please like us on Facebook, at facebook.com/RichmondDemocrats or check out our website at Richmonddemocrats.net.

*Submitted by Karen Sloane
Secretary, Richmond Democrat Committee*



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From our Readers

From subscribers who recently renewed:

“I enjoy reading your paper very much! I read it front to back and then pass it onto a young gentleman who does some work for me.” *Marian*

“Thanks for your great newspaper. My life is incomplete without it.” *Tawn*

“I just read 'A Soft Exit'. Beautifully, cleanly written and very moving. I'm not one to get verklempt, but I have to say ... unexpectedly, this did it...”
Mac

And from new subscribers:

“I am happy to have this option (mailed print), as I enjoy reading the articles, particularly 'Dragonfly Tales' and 'The Homestead Gardener.' I also enjoy sitting down with a cup of coffee and reading *honest to goodness* newsprint. If you had gone to online only, I would no longer read the articles.” *Paula*

Another new subscriber added in the Gift? line “To all local readers.”

From Owl Light:

Thank you to all of our subscribers and advertisers for your support as we move forward with changes. The positive response has been delightful!

How Can We Have Better Conversations About Race?

OPINION By SCOTT CORLEY

The unfortunately tragic, yet typical, events in Georgia, Minneapolis, Louisville, and NYC are but a few of many recent examples as to why we are here, again, prompting a national discussion about race, race relations, and racism.

Boiled-over tensions raised by constantly persistent police killings of African Americans are recent flashpoints that ignited another round of protests and demonstrations as well as obligatory and reactionary calls for a national conversation on race. Especially because such cyclical patterns of social unrest result in cries for reform, justice, and change to be achieved through national dialogue, it is maybe necessary to talk about the talk.

There are multiple challenges associated with convening national discussions about race, two shortcomings of which are grounded in at least two different views about them.

From one perspective, meaningful and potentially useful public dialogue has never been committed to, never lasted long enough, nor had significant impacts. Some political leaders, activists and public scholars have long argued that the nation has consistently failed to seriously hold such conversations, even when inspired by collective outrage. And when they have taken place, they have not resulted in implementing long-term, transformative policies that fundamentally alter how our institutions operate or had any measurable impact on improving collective behaviors and actions to improve the lives of those adversely affected by racism.

From a second perspective, the nation has had too many such conversations about racial difference, but grounded in too much lecturing, being talked to, and finger-pointing. From this point of view, discussions about racism unfairly exaggerate how much racism exists; fail to adequately address other sources of oppression, like class; and ignore how much progress has taken place. This position typically denounces those who seek justice as agitators who needlessly exacerbate racial tensions.

Despite the opposition of both perspectives, they actually converge in that the many flawed claims made in perspective two result in the accuracy of perspective one. Given that the 2nd perspective is supported by a devastatingly effective combination of white fragility, colorblind racism, and vigorous denial of white privilege, all three must be directly exposed and mitigated to have honest and productive exchanges. This is no small task, however, especially since this trifecta of racial-moral blindness is thoroughly embedded in U.S. culture and, therefore, profoundly influences what we see and how we make sense of social reality.

Widespread historical ignorance and selective amnesia, complimented by a willingness to place opinions on the same level as sound academic research, also ill-equips and ill-prepares many in the U.S to discuss race meaningfully outside of their own experiences with it. This prohibits many white people from accepting, seeing, and understanding racism's profound destructiveness and, furthermore, triggers intellectual and emotional automatic responses to deflect, minimize, and dismiss claims of this destructiveness. Behavioral and

communicative application of ideologies and habits that do not explicitly center systemic racism as the main explanatory reference point ends efforts for honest engagement of racism far too short of achieving any practical end.

Potentially better conversations must begin with intentionally and unambiguously naming and framing the problem: in this case, focusing on how institutions and structures produce racially unjust and unequal outcomes, which are then sustained through the interconnectedness of systems. Accurate, expert-based reports of disproportionalities that highlight racial inequality, inequity, and injustice, (despite individual people's intentions), should, therefore, be a major consideration in the framing of any conversation about achieving justice. The rhetorical and conceptual "push back" and defensiveness described above to such framing could then be mitigated by careful facilitation.

Successfully moderating or facilitating authentic dialogues about systemic racism requires the ability to avoid various conversational pitfalls. Well-trained moderators would ideally assist discussion participants to carefully listen without dismissing marginalized perspectives that generate discomfort. Moderators would also need to learn how to identify and address microaggressions and coded language with candor and openness, while simultaneously being prepared to unpack routine personalizing, victim-blaming, mythologizing, and decontextualizing as typical rhetorical strategies in service of protecting entrenched positions. Discussion moderators would have to generally be tasked with not allowing the normalization of typical narratives that undermine the legitimacy of race-based terrorism, exclusion, harassment, and discrimination, and the trauma all of it causes.

Promoting and managing conversations about race must go beyond the typical multiculturalist postures of seeking empathy and focusing on the goal of acquiring sensitivity to cultural difference, but instead uncover and tackle patterns of power and how it operates along the lines of race. Conversations about race can and must explore why injustice remains, identify social justice goals, and help to provide opportunities to take action.

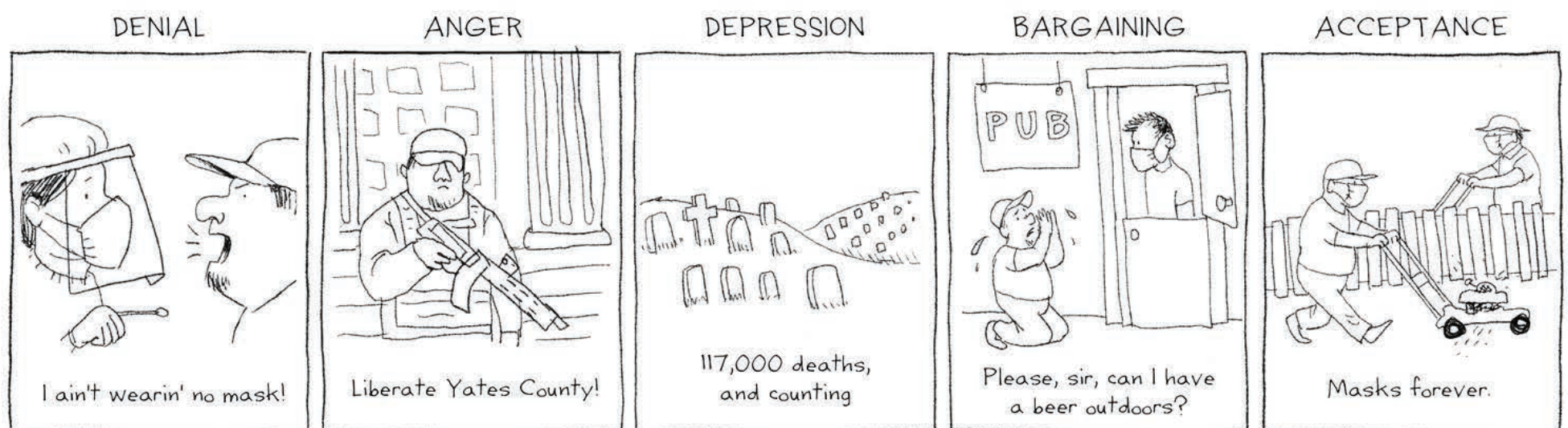
Systemic racism can only be dismantled when enough people understand it and are willing to collapse the discrepancies between the actual conditions people of color face and our many positive values including, but not limited to, fairness, freedom, and equality.



Scott Corley, a PhD student in Binghamton University's College of Community and Public Affairs, studies conversational democracy and citizen politics. Scott is also a full professor in the History, Philosophy & Social Science Department at SUNY Broome Community College where he serves as a member of SUNY BCC's President's Task Force on Diversity and Inclusion and as a member of BCC's Civic Engagement Board.

COVID-19 PANDEMIC STAGES OF GRIEF

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Pathways to Democracy

ON THE Color Line: Books & Films that Explore Racism in the US

By DOUG GARNAR

In the past three months America has faced a difficult pandemic and now the issue of racism is roiling the citizenry to take to the streets, exercising their First Amendment right of peaceful protest and petition.

The following books and films are a short sampler focusing on the issue of racism in the US both past and present. Last August *The New York Times* began its 1619 project, marking the 400-year anniversary of the first importation of slaves to the colonies. This project is ongoing and a useful resource.

Books past and present:

- *Fredrick Douglass, Writings and Speeches*, Fredrick Douglass (probably the most influential 19th century Black author/activist)
- *The Autobiography of W.E.B. Du Bois*, W.E.B. Du Bois (20th century Black sociologist)
- *By Any Means Necessary, Malcom X Speeches and Writings*, Malcom X (mid-20th century Black critic of American society)
- *Soul on Ice*, Eldridge Cleaver (mid -20th century Black critic of American society/activist)
- *A Testament of Hope: The Essential Writings and Speeches of Martin Luther King Jr.*, Martin Luther King Jr. (best compendium of the ideas of an American Icon)
- *Invisible Man*, Ralph Ellison (a seminal Black writer during the middle of the 20th Century)
- *Go Tell It on A Mountain*, James Baldwin (a brilliant Black writer who captures the psychological/social injustice of racism)
- *The Bluest Eye*, Toni Morrison (first Black woman author to win the Noble Prize for literature; a number of her books have been banned in schools and libraries)
- *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*, Maya Angelou (a bookend to Toni Morrison as one of the finest Black woman writers of the second half of the 20th century)
- *The New Jim Crow: Mass Incarceration in The Age of Color Blindness*, Michelle Alexander (arguably the best book on the Black experience in prison)
- *America's Original Sin: Racism, White Privilege and The Bridge To a New America*, Jim Wallis (a white evangelical minister/founder of Sojourners who shows another side of Protestant evangelicals)
- *Tears We Cannot Stop: A Sermon to White America*, Michael E. Dyson (probably the best current book on racism by a Black Baptist minister)
- *The Guarded Gate*, Daniel Okrent (Okrent shows how racism and eugenics led to the 1924 Immigration law essentially stopping immigration of Jews, Poles, Italians and other East Europeans from coming to the US for the next 40 years---most striking is the contention that all the aforementioned groups were non-whites!)

Films over the past century:

- *Birth of A Nation*—one the most horrific films justifying the KKK and depicting Blacks as sub- humans and was shown quietly in Woodrow Wilson's White House. While a political progressive, he was a racist through and through.
- *Gone with The Wind*—highly reflective period piece which helped to glorify slavery and bolster negative stereotypes about Blacks and embed them in American culture. For Blacks, there was not a better tomorrow!
- *Guess Who Is Coming to Dinner?*—film was made before the Supreme Court struck down miscegenation laws in 1967.
- *12 Years A Slave*—based on the true story of a free Blackman who is kidnapped and sold into slavery for 12 years.
- *Amistad*—the role of an ex-President, serving as defense counsel and the support of abolitionist churches helps lead to an unusual and historic Supreme Court ruling that freed a group of Black slaves.
- *Lincoln*—Spielberg's picture captures Lincoln, who is convinced that the 13th Amendment freeing all slaves is crucial to a post-Civil War Reconstruction. Lincoln's skills as both a transformational leader and a transactional leader are brilliantly portrayed.



The problem of the twentieth century is the problem of the color-line.

W.E.B Du Bois

• *Selma*—brilliantly shows MLK Jr's non-violent march to secure voting rights for Blacks. The scene at the Pettus Bridge is one of the great inflection points in the struggle for Civil Rights.

• *Four Little Girls*—a devastating picture of a church bombing leading to the death of four little girls in the church.

• *Malcolm X*—captures the evolution of a contemporary of Martin Luther King Jr. An early film by Spike Lee, one of the seminal film directors of our times.

• *Hidden Figures*—the remarkable tale of three Black women mathematicians who, despite overt racism, are employed by NASA to help with our first space launch---a role model for all young girls.

• *The Butler*—an unusual film chronicling the career of a Black White House butler over 34 years.

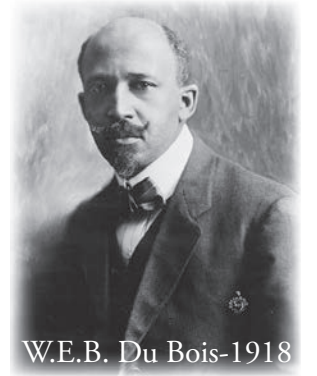
• *Ruby Bridges*—a six-year-old girl sets off to school in 1960 in New Orleans, and is ostracized by everyone except her teacher. Parents of her would-be classmates refused to let their children be in the same room. An inspirational film about how a six-year-old child deals with hatred and how a teacher can make all the difference.

• *Ghosts of Mississippi*—a film that shows justice, even though it takes 30 years, is worth the effort (focuses on the bringing to justice of the killer of civil rights leader Medgar Evers).

• *BlacKkKlansman*—focuses on the true story of the first Black police officer in Colorado Springs, who successfully infiltrates and exposes a secret KKK cell. One of Spike Lee's best films, and he has a 30-year career of them!

• *Eyes on The Prize, 1 & 2*—a very well made documentary series looking at the civil rights era (1954-65 and 1965-85). Excellent use of documentary footage.

• *Roots*—1970s TV mini-series done by Alex Haley. Elements of Haley's family are worked into the story of Kunta Kinte starting in the late 18th century and going through the Civil War.



W.E.B. Du Bois-1918



The aforementioned books and films are but a very small sampler of a much richer cache of materials which can help us all gain a better understanding of the Black experience from 1619 to the present. This is not intended as a comprehensive list. We welcome additional titles and discussion around how media (including entertainment media) colors our perceptions of the world.

James Baldwin observed, "It is certain, in any case, that ignorance, allied with power, is the most ferocious enemy justice can have." We are an increasingly diverse society and it is imperative that we learn how to both talk and, more importantly, listen to all.

Any questions/observations about this column maybe directed to SUNY Broome Professor, Doug Garnar at: garnardc@sunybroome.edu.

W. E. B. Du Bois image credit: Cornelius Marion (C.M.) Battey (1873–1927).

Doug Garnar works with the Kettering Foundation and NIFI (National Issues Forums Institute) to help citizens find "pathways to democracy." He has taught since 1971 at SUNY Broome Community College. He lives in Binghamton, NY. Contact email: garnardc@sunybroome.edu.

What I learned from the Naples Black Lives Matter March

OPINION By SYLVAN HERON

I'm a 29-year-old white kid from rural Finger Lakes. I attended the recent Peaceful Walk in Solidarity with Black Lives Matter. I work in the trades and as a farmer. I support the 2nd amendment. I'm also a queer leftist social organizer, and friend and lover to People of Color that I hold dear—but that's not why I attended.

The national and global Black Lives Matter movement brings attention to the suffering that Black and BIPOC (Black, Indigenous, People of Color) communities and individuals experience due to systemic racism and at the hands of law enforcement officers. As the tragic spread of Covid-19 takes lives and changes the way we live, we have seen how much more poor Black and Brown communities are affected by the pandemic. This and the many police brutality killings, like that of George Floyd, make our deep history of systemic racial inequality starkly apparent. 2020 has seen a resurgence of resistance as both peaceful BLM protests around the globe, and as violent direct action unlike anything many Americans of my generation have seen. Even at these protests, people have been injured or killed by unnecessary force. Do these lives matter less than protecting property?

Citizens and lawmakers across the nation are proposing changes to law enforcement policy and funding to help keep our country safe, and combat that inequality. News and media outlets spin their coverage, placing blame and shifting hearts but the message is clear- We Need Change, and Change is Coming.

Global change starts at home and personal change can be the most difficult. Even with my diversity of experience I still have painful work to do unlearning and dismantling the racism that I have benefited from since birth, and I make mistakes. So I've decided to share a little of what I learned from the Naples Peaceful Walk in Solidarity with Black Lives Matter.

On June 10, 2020, at 3 o'clock, more than 100 local citizens gathered at the town clerk's office to march in Solidarity with the Black Lives Matter movement. As the hot sun beat down, we participated in a peaceful march down Main St to Josephs Wayside Market and back carrying signs and chanting for change and for the lives of Americans lost to violence.

Before we undertook this march, diverse speakers were invited to offer encouragement and education to those present.



Be the Bridge

Someone surprised me. A local republican, an Army Veteran with tours in Afghanistan talked to us about "Being the Bridge." He doesn't like everything BLM stands for, he said. He doesn't like everything the republican party has to say, either. But he knows that Black Americans deserve the same rights, freedoms, and liberty that we all deserve, and we can be the bridge between communities to work toward freedom and liberty for all. He taught me that I still need to learn not to judge people too quickly, and that solidarity sometimes comes from where we least expect.

About a "Change of Venue"

Chief Diversity Officer at Finger Lakes Community College, Dr. Sim Covington, Jr, taught me about what a "Change of Venue" is. Some research I did uncovered that a Change of Venue is when a trial is moved from the court or jurisdiction where the event occurred to ensure a fair and impartial jury. It has also been used in police brutality trials such as the Rodney King trial in the early 90's to the benefit of the perpetrators of violence against Black and Brown people - in that case to ensure a biased jury in an affluent white suburb outside of Los Angeles proper, and away from voices of the community affected by those events. If there wasn't a racial equality problem already why would they need a Change of Venue at all?



"Liberty on Life Support" made a puppet appearance at the action. Art creates change.

"Liberty on Life Support" made a puppet appearance at the action. Art creates change. I had never heard the word before, or given the Rotary Club much thought. Both Black and white Rotarians were present at this march. Penny Punnet is a local Naples neighbor, white, a mother of a Black child, a Rotarian, VFW member, and a USMC Veteran. She taught me that word. The internet told me being a Rotarian "means maintaining high ethical standards in one's business, one's profession, and in one's personal life" and that they work globally for peace and provide humanitarian service. I can get on board with that—I believe in "Service Before Self" too. Rotary Club probably isn't right for me, but I know that this struggle isn't just a problem for Black folks—it's a problem for all of us. White people, solidarity, and the organizations we represent have important roles to play in solving this problem, and helping amplify Black voices.

These Are Patterns

David McAtee and at least 15 other people were killed by U.S. police in the first week of June. The rate at which Black Americans are killed by police is more than twice as high as the rate for white Americans. In the 3rd week of June two Black Trans women were murdered—Dominique "Rem'Mie" Fells in Philadelphia and Riah Milton in Liberty Township, Ohio, not by police. That week, on the anniversary of the Pulse Massacre, the president retracted reforms made to health-care policy protecting Trans people. One speaker in Naples introduced at least a dozen people, and shared their stories. They were all victims of police brutality. Say Their Names.

Visit these sites for some of their stories: killedbypolice.net/
www.npr.org/2020/05/29/865261916/a-decade-of-watching-black-people-die

Truckers Support BLM

Main St, Naples is a thoroughfare, with big-rigs coming through all day. While we marched, a number of semi trucks blew their horns and waved in solidarity! Thanks guys!

The Ontario County Sheriff wants us to know that they are committed to whatever change is needed.

As protesters returned to the Clerk's Office, the Ontario County Sheriff stepped up to speak. I commend him and his deputies for the tokens of respect they shared by attending, keeping their distance from protesters and blocking traffic so that the people could exercise their right to free speech—although violence is less likely at an action in small peaceful Naples, NY.

He shared the familiar refrain- that not all cops are bad, and he takes the Pledge to Serve and Protect seriously. But he also shared his intention to make changes within the force if the people felt they were necessary.

As the many Black lives violently taken show, changes to the policies and culture of law enforcement are a huge part of the work toward lasting racial justice.

Racist actions come from racist biases—but police officers have room to learn too. Tolerance of racial bias or unnecessary force in local law enforcement are never acceptable.

I would urge the Ontario County Sheriff to keep his word by taking the opportunity presented by the Black Lives Matter movement, and the racial and class diversity of our rural county. Preemptive changes to policies and officer training can set an example of what it means to Serve and Protect as a rural law enforcement agency—before future damage is done.

Continued on page 7

The Light Lens

Birdnesting

By T. TOURIS



WARNING: this article may only useful to the one percent of the bird population that have the appropriate means. If you are a bird couple that is under constant threat of predators or are living worm to worm, the approach described may not be for you.

The young couple and expectant parents Robert and Robin Robin found cohabitation less than blissful. "I just couldn't put up with his flitting all over the place and constantly worrying he was going to get eaten by a hawk," said Robin.

"We just couldn't do it anymore," said Robert. "Look, I'm going to love and be there for Robert Jr. and the other fledglings, but sharing the same nest just isn't in anyone's best interest. I need more space."

Thus, was born the idea of the double nest.

Robert hatched the idea after one sleepless night following a big fight with Robin. "I thought, what if we could just have our own nest to go to when our feathers got ruffled? I mean, we both are firmly committed to raising our chicks in a loving environment, so what would that really be?"



A single nest seething with conflict and animosity, or two nests where our fledgling could thrive and soar?"

The next day Robert floated the idea by Robin. "At first I was hurt and angry. But after thinking about it, I saw that it made a lot of sense," said Robin. Soon the two were working hard on their second nest. After a few days, they had a twig and mud double nest tower—the envy of all of the neighboring avian population.

The timing couldn't have been better. Soon Robert and Robin were the proud parents of four beautiful hatchlings. That night an exhausted Robin slept soundly in the penthouse nest as Robert proudly watched over their new family.

Note: Since Robert and Robin's pioneering work, the concept has been popularized by Gwenyth Palcrow and Chris Purple-Martin using the term "Conscious Uncooping."

T. Touris is a wanna-be-retired- computer-programmer. He spends his free time designing and working in wood, while dreaming up the next Light Lens.



The Voices of Small Town America Are Important

Most of America is rural small towns. The fact that the Black Lives Matter movement is picking up speed in small towns like Naples and Canandaigua, NY shows me that the vision for justice is taking root outside of cities. The small joys of waking up to fog over the hills, and scenic drives in fresh air are privileges that we often take for granted as rural folks, and access to the outdoors and these freedoms is blocked by racist ideologies in our communities. America is waking up to the fact that racial justice work is needed not only in places like Minneapolis and NYC, but everywhere. Small towns are also places where the class and privilege differences between white communities are easily seen, and attitudes of hate and fear can be transformed into mutual solidarity.

The author Ibram X Kendi writes:

"It is in the intelligent self-interest of White Americans to challenge racism, knowing they will not be free of sexism, class bias, homophobia, and ethnocentrism until Black people are free of racism." (Stamped from the Beginning, 504).

Continued on page 14

SUMMER ESSENTIALS!

Pretty Legs ~ Helps get those legs ready for the beach. Traditionally this tincture has been used to ease the discomfort of varicose veins by improving blood flow and circulation.

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Celebrating Freedom

Wendy Schreiner

Red, white and blue
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the black sky
coloring the
night
with an
incredible
sight
celebrating
freedom
on this
4th of July!

Roll Call

The sixteenth century was the Golden Age of Venetian glass. Then an Englishman, George Ravenscroft, perfected leaded glass and crystal and the trade shifted to England. Meanwhile, both Bohemia and Germany became vibrant glass-making centers, producing drinking vessels, flasks, and bottles for the aristocracy, then beads, ornaments, and less expensive ware. A lot of cross fertilization of glass ideas and techniques occurred during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, as well as exports and imports. There was also vigorous trade in semi-precious stones. Stone and earthenware marbles were still used by children everywhere — before and even after German glass marbles come to America in the 1860s.

In fact, back in the day most marbles in America came from Germany, whether of glass, clay, or stone: the three main divisions of marbles. Stone marbles were usually made of agate, a kind of quartz which changed color if heated or dyed. Early ones were hand made, requiring workers to lie all day on their stomachs grinding the marbles against a millstone powered by a water wheel. Later the stones were tumbled, and might include malachite, tiger's eye, amethyst, carnelians, etc. "Bullseye banded agates" were popular from the 1880s through WWI.

Similarly, Victorian boys and girls played with earthenware marbles. You can easily find the low-fired plain clays in antique stores: they're too common to have much value. Some have colors because they were dyed after firing — which is different from a glaze, which is applied to the clay before it is fired. Benningtons, a popular glazed earthenware marble, are therefore a step up in value. They're commonly found in brown or blue, and have round surface pits (where they touched in the kiln) that look just like craters on the moon. The less common green and the multicolor "fancy" Benningtons are worth more; pink is the rarest, and able to fetch \$50 and up, depending upon size.

A half-inch or three-quarter inch brown or blue Bennington sells for a dollar or two, but a two-inch Bennington would sell for \$30. That pricing would apply to "Chinas" as well. Chinas are made of porcelain, a smoother clay that fires at a higher temperature. Chinas were popular during the same time period. Some are plain white, while others are stenciled, or hand painted — with bands, spirals, leaf-sprays, flowers, and the like. But when German hand-gathered marbles appeared in the second half of the nineteenth century, the subdued stones and clays were outshone. Germans were, and are, a bewildering candy store of colors, and they cover a breathtaking variety of styles. All glass marbles fall into one of five types: corkscrews (unique to Akro Agate), swirls, slags, cat's eyes, and solid. They range in size from peewee to over two inches in diameter.

German swirls are one of the most coveted. They were individually made marbles, and the process was long and repetitive, depending upon the number of colors used and the complexity of the design. "Solid Cores" and "Divided Cores" are two kinds of elaborate swirls which required several

steps by the glass maker. The craftsman dipped a five-foot-long iron rod, called a "punty," into a pot of molten glass. Then, letting the glass cool slightly, he'd repeat the process until he had a "gob" of glass gathered (hence "hand gathered") on the end of the punty, and then he'd roll it on a marble surface until he'd fashioned a cylinder about six inches long. When the heat was right, this glass gob would be rolled over a series of very thin glass rods which another worker had already placed side by side in grooves in a metal pan. The placement and number of these thin cylinders, and any spaces left open between them, determined the type of "core" in the marble — which might look like a netting or lattice ("Latticino" core), or like a peppermint striped barber pole. Thus, these thin glass rods became the marble's center, as the original gob gathered and enveloped them. A lot of twisting, pulling, lengthening and reheating had yet to occur before a finished glass cane was finally ready to be cut into individual marbles.

German glass marbles weren't produced in large numbers until the mid-nineteenth century, after the invention of the marble scissors, which sheared each marble separately and left a pontil mark. (The shears had been designed originally to smoothly cut glass eyes for dolls and toy animals.) A pontil mark always indicates a hand gathered marble.

Latticino cores are the most common German swirl marbles. Others might have cores that are striped like candy canes, or like multi-colored bands. In addition, the outer surface of the marble can be plain, or have stripes or bands of different widths. Coreless swirls have only these outer swirls or bands. Joseph's Coat, Lutz, and Indians are examples of banded core-less marbles.

There are many German coreless swirls where the glass mixture determines their appearance. This is the case with Onionskins, End-of-Days, Micas, Submarines, and Mists, to name a few. One German type worth mentioning is called a Sulphide, which is neither a swirl nor a solid marble, but in a class of its own. Sulphides are clear glass marbles with tiny figures inside — animals, birds, people, angels, crucifixes, numbers — objects as varied as the prizes in plastic capsules kids could buy in machines outside grocery stores. Rare Sulphides can fetch \$5,000, or more!

I did find a few German hand-gathered marbles in my original jars, but they were always well-played — with chips and flea bites. Like any other collectible, condition matters. And as mentioned, size matters too: the bigger the marble, the better. Some large, perfect German marbles can be worth thousands of dollars, although most nice ones of about a half inch sell for \$15 to \$30, and if you double that size, they start around \$50.

In my early days of marble collecting, I saw pontils everywhere. One vendor at A to Z Antiques had over a dozen jars for sale, and over the course of a year I bought them all. As soon as I'd get home, I'd sort my marbles — mostly by color, putting any unusual ones off to the side. Then I'd search on Ebay

to try and identify what I had. I quickly learned the antique Germans were valuable, and that their pontils could be of various kinds — melted, pinched, creased, ground, or regular pontils.

What I didn't know was that machine-made marbles often had marks that resembled pontils in their manufacture — creases, folds and "cold rolls" —because they, too, had seams where they'd been cut. Being able to "see" the seams in a marble may be a later step in the learning curve, at least that's been the case for me; however, soon I began to recognize a few marble makers from the color and pattern on the marble.

Of course, there are some marbles, called "Transitionals," that bridge the gap between hand-gathered and machine made. They blended techniques, and some have pontils: Leighton and Navarre are one kind of transitional marble with pontils, and hand-gathered slag marbles (one-stream early marbles) may or may not. The slags produced by the M. F. Christensen Company are collectible, and easily recognized by a swirl pattern that resembles the number nine at the end of a long tail. Akro Agate and Peltier Glass Company also made early slag marbles.

Some contend that the most beautiful glass marbles were made by the Christensen Agate Company (not to be confused with M. F. Christensen & Sons), whose marbles are affectionately called CACs. It was founded in Ohio in 1925 and had stopped production by 1931. Their colors are vibrant reds, blues, oranges, yellows and greens, with some so exceptionally bright they were called "electric." Their marbles are highly collectible. Some of their slags, striped opaques, and transparents are affordable, but many CAC swirls and "Flames" (five or more ribbons ending in points like flame tips) command more money—especially if in mint condition. The rarest CACs are the famous "Guinea" marbles (named after the hens in the factory yard) which can sell for \$200 to \$1,000, depending upon design, and of course condition.

Many of their best glass recipes came from a German glass maker, Arnold Fiedler, who left them to work for the Akro Agate Company. Akro Agate Company began when two enterprising partners decided to buy bulk quantities of popular marbles, repackage them in small bags, and add an Akro logo. This had never been done before. Marbles were sold in bulk, or like penny candies: you chose a few, or bought a small bag. But there was no name recognition. Akro changed that by using colorful labels and boxes and enticing children through advertising. They were wildly successful, and within a few years Christensen Agate Company went out of business—Akro, their best customer, bought the last of their marbles.

By 1925 Akro was using its own machinery, and in 1928 Akro patented a spinning cup, whereby a stream of colored glass would be poured onto spheres of revolving opaque or transparent glass.

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Side Steet Sounds

Our Region's Rich Musical Past

By **STEVE WEST**

As I sit in front of the computer screen contemplating what to write about, I must confess that I am completely frustrated. It seems like whenever we see a glimmer of hope that live music will be returning to us soon, they move the goal line. When they announced that restaurants could reopen for modified outdoor seating on June 6, my Facebook page was suddenly flooded with announcements from musicians that they would be playing again that weekend. Almost as quickly, the state announced that live music would not yet be permitted because it lends itself to drawing too much of a crowd. As of this writing, entertainment is slated to be allowed in Phase 4 of NY's reopening plan. There has been no announcement yet as to when Phase 4 will begin.

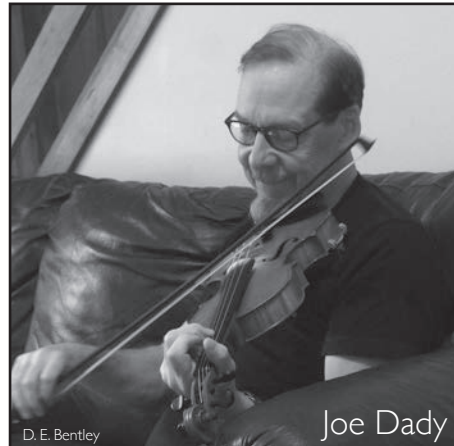
Previous columns have discussed local musicians live streaming shows on Facebook and Youtube. This month, I'd like to encourage you to explore our region's rich musical past. Online streaming services like Spotify and iTunes offer the chance to hear recorded music from performers that seldom perform in our area anymore.

I will shamelessly start with my own band, The

Tabletop Three. A self-titled CD was released in 2011. It was nominated for a Native American Music Award for best blues performance. The popular blues trio performed regularly in Upstate NY before taking an extended break in 2016 due to relocation to Toronto of harmonica master, Curtis Waterman.

The Dady Brothers performed together for over 40 years, touring the country and leading frequent guided tours to Ireland. They released 11 albums, and won numerous awards. The 2019 passing of Joe Dady left a huge void in the local music community. John Dady continues to perform as a solo artist, and with guest musicians.

The Colorblind James Experience was a group of Rochester-based musicians fronted by Chuck Cuminale. The group toured Europe in the 1980's and achieved some moderate success overseas. Cuminale's premature passing in 2001 was essentially the end of the group, but many of its past members still



perform in the area today with other projects.

Bat McGrath & Don Potter led the Rochester area singer/songwriter movement in the late 1960s and 1970s. They eventually moved on to Nashville where they worked separately as songwriters for some of country music's top acts, but they maintained a strong connection to Upstate New York. They were inducted into the Rochester Music Hall of Fame in 2013. McGrath passed away in 2019.

There are many other fantastic musical acts with local connections, both past and presently performing that can be found online. I encourage you to explore some of the free streaming services available to find a bit of our local history in song.

Steve West streams live on Facebook every Sunday, 11am-2pm. Other gigs and info. can be found at: www.stevewestmusic.com/

The Collector

The Secret Lives of Lone Hunters

By **JEN MAFFETT**

Some people who come into our "antiques and more" store have a certain look about them; they are on a mission. They begin to systematically peer into nooks and crannies, searching high and bending low. If it is quiet, I can't help but ask, "Are you looking for something special?"

One answer I get is, "I'll know it when I see it." That either means they are open to being charmed by something unexpected or that they are keeping their quest close to their vest. They are the lone hunter. But often, if they are indeed a collector, they will get a twinkle in their eye and begin to share a story. Their personal puzzle has a piece missing and they hope to find it here.

The psychology of collecting describes the hobby as a way to create connections, establish a predictable order, or define a consistent place in the world. Or it could be simply driven by the thrill of the hunt. Whatever the reason, collecting provides a satisfying "click" in the brain akin to aligning the last number in a combination lock and hearing the sound of the hasp opening.

The passions of the collectors we meet are as varied as their hairstyles or the shoes that they wear, and neither of those can give you any clue as to what they are searching for. One day I watched a

man in motorcycle leathers carry his helmet around as he searched for his special something.

I was idly wondering how he planned to get his treasure home if he found it. People find clever ways to carry all kinds of things on their bikes, including their four-footed friends, but I hoped it wouldn't get complicated. Then I noticed he was aiming a space-age gadget at the shelves he studied. It turned out that the gadget he held was a miniature black light, and his quest was for uranium glass... particularly marbles! He explained how to identify these pocket-sized prizes and the appeal seemed to be in their trickiness. They are, after all, hidden treasures.

Others collect dishes, copper kitchenware or things like lace doilies. One young woman was seeking a particular size of garnet depression glass plate to replace the one missing from her family's collection. Another woman took me on her personal collecting journey by showing me photos on her phone of her favorite flowered plates. I got a surprise when I asked the doily collector about her mission. She was seeking vintage tatted and crocheted pieces to transform into huge sculptural modern art. I loved being able to see photos of her work before I scurried off to help her find more

stitchery tucked away in various places of the store.

Some celebrate their profession with artifacts that relate. A dentist came in looking for apothecary jars to fill a decorative chest in her waiting room. A man whose job was to test the accuracy of commercial scales now collects antique weights and measuring tools. A family whose members had for generations been employed at the ladder factory in Bath, NY (now closed) collect all things "Babcock"... from decorated pieces of wood to hinges, signage and tools. One collector had a career as an artificial inseminator, helping to grow cows as well as the cattle industry, so he has an affinity for anything dairy related.

Perhaps one of the most fascinating stories is about the person who collects milk bottles from Steuben County. He is an avid genealogist, so he has combined his collection with genealogy, developing family trees for each dairy, as they were often handed down through the family. He loves finding out all he can about the owners, the dates they were active, and exactly where they were located. He creates vivid narratives around his finds.

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Leisurely Pastimes

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The Homestead Gardener

Weed Trees and Museum Trees

By DERRICK GENTRY

Like many people who came of age in the late 20th century, I was taught to revere trees while at the same time encouraged to take them for granted. Trees were permanent fixtures, like stars in the sky. They were just there. My understanding of trees, including my tree identification skills, did not go far beyond what painter Bob Ross famously observed of his favorite subject matter: "That is a happy little tree!" I do have the usual nostalgic memories of trees that were part of the background scenery of happy times on the playground at school. In particular, I remember a solitary giant oak tree spreading its cathedral-like canopy in the space midway between the soccer field and the swing sets (though I cannot say for sure what type of oak it was).

Growing up in Northern California, I also have vivid memories of childhood visits to the see the giant Sequoia Redwoods, in ancient forests that seemed to me (and still seem to me) far more hallowed and cathedral-like than the actual medieval European cathedrals, whose construction could be dated somewhere in the middle zone of the tree-ring timeline of a 2000-year-old tree. On those visits I recall walking upon the giant stump of what had been one of the largest sequoias in the world, a tree that was senselessly cut down in 1891 so that sections of the trunk could be displayed in a natural history museum in New York. For some years, the stump was used as a dance floor with a pavilion erected on top. I saw grainy black and white photos of overdressed people posing for a camera on the same elevated stage where I stood. I suppose they were tourists like me.

There was a lot of symbolism and irony and moral gravity for a young boy to process: for example, the fact that once the tree rings were exposed to the light of day and opened up like a book to read, that was exactly the moment when that short-sighted and curious species with a fourscore lifespan would begin to date themselves. The Tree of Knowledge indeed.

If you had asked me as a young boy whether it was morally wrong to cut down a tree, any tree, I would have answered yes. Trees belonged in a tree museum, places that preserved and protected them and commemorated the folly of trespassing upon the sanctity of a holy place. Back home in the suburbs is where the people belonged. If you had approached me with the same question as a teenager, I probably would have made some semi-coherent but morally confident philosophical pronouncements about



An unknown family stands in front of the "Mark Twain" tree. www.npgallery.nps.gov/SEKI/

Deep Ecology and intrinsic value versus use value. And I would have spoken about "trees" in a very general and abstract sense.

One of the most stimulating features of permaculture, as a philosophy, is that it gives us the space to rethink the relationship between culture and nature in a more open and mature way than my younger selves were capable of. The garden can be a small-scale laboratory for exploring that relationship. That is why a gardening column like this one dovetails so nicely with the ecologically-themed nature writing of my colleague Steve Melcher. *"Dragonfly Tales" page 11.*

Though it may not seem obvious, there is a lot of gardening-related wisdom to be gained from the study of forest ecology. Tom Wessels' lovely 1997 book *Reading the Forest Landscape* offers some fascinating insights into the "pits and mounds" topography of the forest floor, caused by trees uprooted in storms with high winds, and although it is not Wessels' intent, he makes a good case for orchards and garden beds that have similarly irregular terrains. Raised beds, in other words, are nature's preferred method of gardening. When I planted a new apple orchard this past Spring, I laid out the trees in "unnatural" parallel rows for the sake of convenience. But I also took a cue from nature (and from Tom Wessels) and planted the trees on raised mounds and along naturally occurring and sculpted berms, mimicking the irregular topography of the forest floor. The pits and mounds (i.e., berms and swales) channel and arrest rainfall, allowing proper drainage of water, which is particularly important during tree-planting time in Spring when the water table is high and the risk of "drowning" the roots is highest.



In some ways, the privileging of trees is one of the most radical tenets of permaculture, where trees are definitely not taken for granted or spoken of in the abstract. In fact, some of the central permaculture concepts recast the role of trees in provocatively counter-intuitive ways. There is the idea of a forest garden, for example, which can still provoke a puzzled look from traditional gardeners. Permaculture, moreover, talks about trees in a very practical sense that sometimes seems to run counter to preservationist and conservationist thinking and to the moral ideal of a "tree museum."

One of the founding texts of permaculture, J. Russell Smith's 1929 book *Tree Crops: A Permanent Agriculture* made a strong case for the economic use-value of certain trees as "crops" to replace our reliance upon corn and other crops that involve tillage and soil erosion.

At the very least, permaculture reminds us that all cultivation of cleared land -- including the cleared space for

our garden -- is essentially a form of arrested ecological succession. Growing a garden of any form goes against the grain, and in some sense is even unnatural. In much of North America, Mother Nature would much prefer happy trees to be there -- no corn fields, no garden beds. From an arboreal point of view, annuals are a brief interlude and landscape painters and swingers of birches are mere curiosities that come and go on the stage.

In a future column, I would like to focus on what a friend of mine likes to call "weed trees": fast-growing, often invasive trees -- such as black locust and willow and staghorn sumac -- that have important uses on the homestead and have received a lot of attention in permaculture, but which nevertheless demand careful cultivation and even vigorous harvesting and thinning and use (more like annuals grown in the garden). Not every tree is a giant sequoia redwood or a mighty oak destined to live hundreds of years, not every tree belongs in a museum, and those trees that live fast and grow like weeds have their own special value.

*Derrick Gentry lives in Honeoye with his wife and son, and numerous furred and feathered friends. He teaches in the Humanities Department at Finger Lakes Community College.
E-mail: Derrick.Gentry@ficc.edu.*



The Mark Twain Stump of Big Stump Grove, Kings Canyon National Park. March 2016 www.flickr.com/photos/daveynin/27088050212/in/photostream/ (David Fulmer).

Dragonfly Tales

Birding is for Everyone!

By STEVE MELCHER

New York is fortunate to have the science based, decisive leadership of Governor Andrew Cuomo during this COVID-19 pandemic. Drastically reducing contact with others is demonstrably the best way to reduce the spread of the virus and 'flatten the curve' of those needing hospitalization. The results of this strategy are still under study as is the environmental effects of 'sheltering in place'. One of the earth's most dangerous occupants has been forced to reduce its impact on its own environment. The physical results will be measured with scientific studies, the psychological results are just playing out. Man is a social animal and we thrive on contact with others but during this time of self isolation, we find ourselves with pent up energies that, like a fault line about to slip, are ready to explode.

I've been sheltering in place since early March, but my major routine hasn't really changed. We were just getting used to our empty nest when the pandemic hit and everyone came flying home to roost. We cancelled our plans for trips to Florida, Denmark and Prague and now it looks like Maine, California and Texas are off the list for this year. Two of my kids were able to take classes online and one was stuck in Prague until recently. The other is using her tech skills to be a 'content creator' online. I still commute to work by walking across the field to the barn where the residents of Odonata Sanctuary are waiting for breakfast and a belly rub.

Birding is for Everyone.

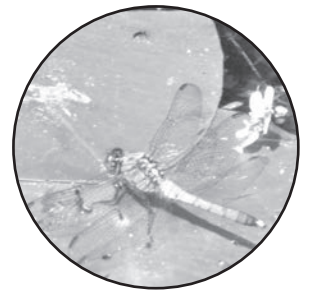
Jason Ward

I now look differently at the odd combination of critters I have that would never exist together in nature and wonder about the possibilities of a new virus brewing in their midst. But then I tell myself there is a difference between our sanctuary of pigs, donkeys, peafowl, chickens, goats and geese and the wet markets of Wuhan. One major difference is Charlotte the Pig and Max the Rooster don't have to worry about being cut up, roasted and eaten. I still do my rounds checking the 6 clicks (kms) of Eastern Bluebird nest boxes. The tractor needs to be maintained and the barn still needs to be painted. The farm garden is doing wonderfully under the stewardship of the new farm crew. But I do miss the companionship of fellow humans. I miss the Tuesday's with Morrie at Critics and the Wednesday's at Flaherty's for Rotary. We've been able to use technology to keep in touch and stay informed and still manage to make plans to provide for the community. I'm amazed at how the communities in our area have come together to support one another. We're opening up in phases across the country and slowly, like squirrels after a storm, moving outside to enjoy the natural world.

How can we maintain our contact with nature during this time of COVID-19?

The Spanish Flu started in a chicken farm in Kansas. The trenches in Europe of WW1 provided perfect breeding grounds and H1N1 spread around the world and returned to the US with a vengeance. We call it the Spanish Flu because, for political reasons, this was the first country that openly reported it. During the pandemic of 100 years ago, health care workers realized later in the fight the value of fresh air and exposure to the sun. Fresh air, Vitamin D, plant-based diet and exercise are major factors in maintaining a healthy immune system. I could stress the fact that the consumption of animals has led to every major pandemic that we've suffered, but bad habits are hard to change and I'll save that argument for another time. I would like to stress the need, now more than ever, to do what your mom told you when you were a kid: eat your vegetables and go outside and play. Your diet is your personal choice, just like smoking. But just like smoking has secondary effects, your diet also effects my health and the health of the planet. I promised myself I wouldn't get up on my cabbage box and rant, yet again, about the values of a whole foods plant based diet, but I find it difficult to write about a pandemic, yet another 'flesh as food' pandemic, that has affected me and the world, that was started by the habit of eating another critter's flesh. Now stepping off the cabbage box and returning to, "how can we maintain our contact with nature?"

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ELECTRONIC WASTE COLLECTION EVENT

Saturday, August 1, 2020
8:00 am to 2:00 pm

Bristol Highway Facility
6740 Co. Rd. 32, Canandaigua, NY

PRE-REGISTRATION REQUIRED

Registration open July 6th - July 30th

To pre-register call: (585) 394-3977 x427

The event is limited to 500 residents who pre-register

Materials Accepted at this Event - Residentially Generated:

Computers (including laptops, desktops, tablets and e-readers), Televisions, Microwaves, Small scale servers, Computer peripherals, Monitors, Electronic keyboards, Electronic mice or similar, pointing devices, Fax machines, document scanners, and printers (less than 100 lbs.), Small electronic equipment, VCRs, Digital video recorders, Portable digital music players, DVD players (including projectors with DVD player capabilities intended for home-use), Digital converter boxes, Cable or satellite receivers (including digital media receivers), Electronic or video game consoles.

FREE and open to Ontario County Residents ONLY



Materials NOT Accepted at the Event:

Alkaline batteries, Smoke detectors/Carbon monoxide detectors, Devices containing liquid mercury (thermostats, switches, medical devices, thermometers), household appliances, liquids/oils, air conditioners, dehumidifiers, refrigerators, fluorescent lamps, and tape media (DVD's, VHS, CD's, cassette tapes, floppy disks, SD cards, etc.)

For information and other recycling events visit:
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Little Lakes Farmers Market Sat. 9- Noon

through Mid-October

Participating vendors will offer the following locally grown produce;

- in season vegetables •fresh herbs
- in season fruits - cherries, blueberries, blackberries and raspberries
- baked goods from a local bakery
- packaged herbs, spices, honey and maple syrup
- soaps, candles, lip balm, mosquito repellent and gourmet spice rubs

Additional information: contact Robin at 585-451-7294

Bee Lines

Bearding: Helping Your Bees Keep Their Cool

By SAM HALL



The weather recently has been more like mid-July than May. The month of May, we set a record low of 30 and a record high of 88 depending on where you were in our area. With these extremes it was important to stay on top of what was happening inside of the colonies.

In the hot weather if you see bearding (large numbers of bees on the outside of the front of the hive) you must do something to alleviate it as those bees bearding are not working. I usually add at least one or maybe two honey supers as the bees have to have a place to go once they are in. One of the reasons they are bearding is that it is so hot inside the hive that to get the heat down to a point the comb won't melt some bodies need to be outside.

After adding additional honey supers I will generally remove the entrance reducer if I haven't already. Finally, if the forgoing will not bring an end to the bearding then I will take a twig and prop open one end of the inner cover and sometimes both ends. This allows heat to escape the hive right out the top.



Taking simple steps can greatly reduce bearding and provide the bees some relief from the heat, as shown in these before and after images.

For reasons that I don't understand, I have had more than the average of colonies suddenly being queenless. Many if not most of the situations can be traced to matricide by this old beekeeper even though unintentional. Usually I become aware of the situation relatively quickly but not always. I now try to keep at least one nuc that is in good shape with a strong young laying queen. This nuc is used as a "bomb" when I have a queenless colony that has a fairly large population. I had this situation develop twice this past month.

The first queenless colony I was onto almost immediately and used my "bomb" and it was successful and that colony is in really good shape at this time. I had thought momentarily of treating for Varroa before "bombing" it but realized that it had been without brood long enough and there was no brood open or otherwise, therefore without brood there was no Varroa, which needs to live on and reproduce in the brood cells.

The second queenless colony I was not onto quickly and by the time I had gotten a nuc ordered, as I didn't have another one, the population had declined to less than viability. While I would like to save them all, it isn't always possible.

I have been getting new queens from Kim at the Bee Store. I'm going to get at least one more as I have a very hot hive. A hot hive is one where the bees are easily agitated and will sting. This behavior can be generated by the beekeeper merely walking by. This colony unlike most hot hives is not a great honey producer. Usually you put up with a hot, hive as they produce a lot more honey than your other colonies. Whenever I walk past this one, I pick up a guard bee or two and end up having to kill them, as they will stay with me dogging me wherever I go, hoping to get a shot at me.

Beekeeping is my connection to nature. We all need one. Man-made things come and go but nature is ever present if only we listen and observe things such as the June Bug I saw this morning. If you are unable to get outside and walk, look out your windows. I have a friend who is not able to walk without a walker and even with it due to issues it is difficult, but once or twice a day she will go into her garage and open the door and stand looking out and enjoying nature unfolding in front of her.

Everyone can connect to nature. You just have to look or sit back and it may find you.

Sam Hall is a Western NY beekeeper who first worked bees as a child growing up on a "dirt farm" in Allegany County, NY. He has kept bees for most of his adult life and believes that his mistakes "far outnumber his successes."

Dragonfly Tales



My first thought on how to get more people outside is birding or, as it was formally known, bird watching. I am again thrown into the psychological effects of the pandemic and the pent up energies of the perfect storm that we have recently witnessed. During the same week George Floyd was killed by police officers in Minneapolis, Christian Cooper was hassled by Amy Cooper (no relation) in New York's Ramble! Think about that. The same last name. There is a story there, a story unique to our relationships in America. Birding is not a "White man's" realm, but there are fewer Black birders out there. If we can change the

Steve Melcher and Zenebe Kelley birding at Odonata Sanctuary.

Photo courtesy of Richard Ashworth BANC

image of the 'Bird Watcher' from the White man in a pith helmet and khaki shorts, then the image of a birder can also include people with binoculars and a different skin color. A recent paper by birding friend, John Robinson, suggests that the main reason we don't see more nonwhite birders is because there are, "No friends or mentors to teach me how to study birds." Robinson also mentioned a lack of role models. Think of what Tiger Woods has done for golf. Perhaps, fellow birders, if we want a world for our children where society treasures nature, mentoring a future birder is a great place to start.

On the WEB

Jason Ward of *Birds of North America*.

Project Feeder Watch: feederwatch.org

The Night Sky

Warmer Weather Makes July a Great Time to View the Night Sky

By DEE SHARPLES



Summer is in full swing with long hot days and short balmy nights. It's a good time to head outside to observe the sky, either late at night or in the early morning hours.

The gas giant planets Jupiter and Saturn are still in our sky. In July, you'll have your choice of times if you want to observe them, starting with an hour after sunset when they'll be rising low in the southeast. Around 1:00 AM, you'll find the two planets about 30 degrees above the horizon in the south. In the early morning before dawn brightens the sky, they'll be setting in the southwest.

Jupiter will be easy to spot at a brilliant magnitude -2.8. Saturn, much dimmer at magnitude 0.1, will be only 6-8 degrees to the east (left) of Jupiter. The two planets, Jupiter looking like a very bright star and Saturn its dimmer companion, will travel across the sky together all night. Saturn's true beauty with its magnificent ring system can only be seen with the aid of a telescope, but even a modest backyard telescope will do.

The red supergiant star Antares is the brightest star in the constellation Scorpius. Scorpius is easy to recognize, its stars resembling the scorpion it represents. Look for it low in the south near the horizon at 11:00 PM around the middle of the month and at 10:00 PM near the end. To the naked eye, Antares has a distinctly reddish hue. Many of the fainter stars in Scorpius dip out of sight below the horizon.

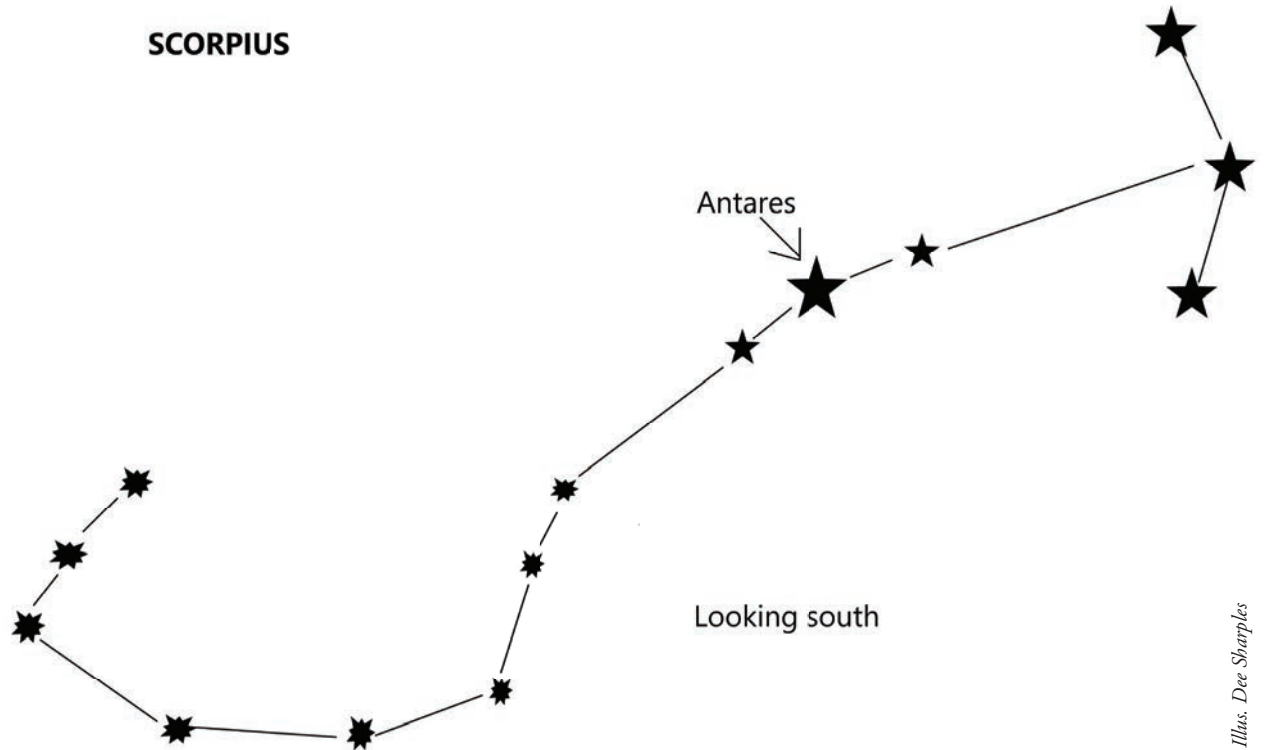
Toward the end of July, the brilliant planet Venus can be seen in the early morning, low in the east before the Sun rises. Always a beautiful sight, Venus is stunning this month at magnitude -4.7.

The planet Saturn is the 6th planet out from the Sun, one of two gas giants in our solar system. Saturn is a massive planet, the 2nd largest after Jupiter. And like Jupiter the other gas giant, it's made up mostly of hydrogen and helium. Its day is only 10.7 hours long, but one year on Saturn (the time it takes to orbit the Sun once) is 29.4 Earth years.

Saturn isn't the only planet in our solar system that has rings but they are the most amazing. Astronomers believe the rings are made up of billions of chunks of ice, rock, and icy particles ranging in size from tiny grains to chunks the size of houses. The rings are thought to be pieces of asteroids, comets, or small moons that were torn apart when they were caught by Saturn's massive gravity.

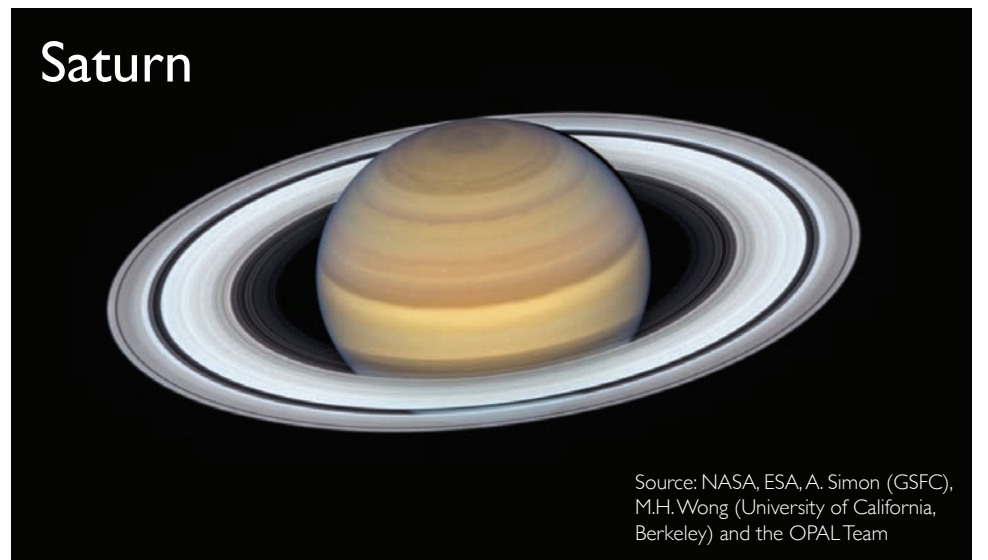
Saturn has three large main rings and several smaller ones. The rings extend up to 175,000 miles from the planet but are only up to 30 feet thick. The planet has 53 moons that have been named and 29 more that require additional study before being designated as actual moons.

SCORPIUS



Illus. Dee Sharples

Saturn



Source: NASA, ESA, A. Simon (GSFC), M.H. Wong (University of California, Berkeley) and the OPAL Team

A spacecraft named Cassini was launched in 1997 to study Saturn and its moons, taking seven years to reach the planet. Cassini carried a probe called Huygens which in 2005 parachuted through the thick atmosphere of Saturn's largest moon Titan for two and a half hours before landing safely on the surface. It continued to take pictures and transmit data from the surface for another 72 minutes.

Cassini experienced a hugely successful mission studying the planet and its major moons for 13 years. In September 2017, the spacecraft was purposely destroyed by sending it plunging into Saturn's atmosphere to avoid the possibility of contaminating one of its major moons with a chance collision.

When you see that not-so-bright "star" in the night sky this month, realize you're actually looking at a huge, intriguing, mysterious planet.



You can find a wealth of information about Saturn, the Cassini mission, and the Huygens probe at this NASA website: solarsystem.nasa.gov/planets/saturn/overview.

Dee Sharples is an amateur astronomer who enjoys observing planets, star clusters and the Moon through her telescope. She is a member of ASRAS (Astronomy Section of the Rochester Academy of Science) and records "Dee's Sky This Month," describing what can be seen in the sky on the ASRAS website, rochesterastronomy.org.

Strasenburgh Planetarium

Public observing on Saturday nights from the roof of Strasenburgh Planetarium has been canceled until further notice. For updates go to: rochesterastronomy.org. Once viewing resumes, observation information is available at: www.rochesterastronomy.org/the-strasenburgh-scope/.

Magnitude:

Magnitude measures the apparent brightness of a celestial object and is expressed by a decimal. An object with a negative number like our Sun is brighter.

Sun: -26.7

Full Moon: -12.6

Venus: -4.7

Jupiter: -2.8

Bright star: 0.0

Saturn: 0.1

Antares: 0.6

Dimmest star visible with the unaided eye: 6.0-6.5

How to measure degrees in the sky

A simple "ruler" is to hold your arm straight out and make a fist. The area of the sky covered by your fist measures about 10°. Start at the horizon and by moving your fist up and counting how many "fist-widths" it takes to reach an object in the sky, you'll have an approximation of its height. To measure 1°, hold your little finger out at arm's length. The area of the sky covered by your finger is about 1°.

Black Lives Matter March

It Doesn't Stop here

The movement doesn't stop with marches. There are opportunities to contribute to the fight for racial justice, no matter your skills or class.

Give As You're Able But Always Give Something:

- Educate yourself and practice humility. Learn to recognize your own biases. Teaching yourself about other's lives, the criminal justice system, and our nation's violent history helps us all step up better for one another, and takes the responsibility to teach off the shoulders of folks experiencing injustice daily.
- Follow the social medias of local organizations to learn and find ways to help
- Organize for and attend demonstrations. Even if athleticism and engaging with police isn't right for you, demonstrators still need food, water, and supplies.
- Contribute Financial Resources to protest organizations, bail funds, and programs that support and uplift BIPOC communities.
- Make Art.
- Reallocate funds away from militarizing police departments, and into community and social organizations like mental health and housing.
- Register to Vote and organise to help people in Communities of Color register to vote.
- Contact lawmakers and police departments. Call in to your local government and ask for change, or join or start a local Police Accountability Board.
- Be vocal and challenge racism in your community. Privilege is choosing to engage with injustice when others have no choice. It's hard to stand up against even the smallest bigotry, but we owe it to our neighbors and countrymen to challenge what we can.



Check out these groups for guidance:

- [ShowingUpForRacialJustice.org](https://www.showingupforracialjustice.org)
- [BlackLivesMatter.com](https://blacklivesmatter.com)
- M4bl.org
- Bailfunds.github.io
- nymag.com/strategist/article/where-to-donate-for-black-lives-matter.html
- www.transjusticefundingproject.org/
- www.gofundme.com/f/f9v4q2-justice-for-breonna-taylor
- www.gofundme.com/f/in-memory-of-tony-mcdade

Campaigns to end police violence:

- www.joincampaignzero.org
- 8cantwait.org

Rochester Organizations:

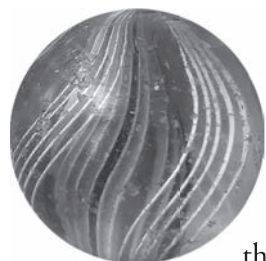
- [Rochester Police Accountability Board: pabnow.github.io](https://pabnow.github.io)
- facebook.com/Black-Lives-Matter-Rochester-NY
- Enoughisenough.rocus.org

Find Government representation:

- actionnetwork.org/letters/end-police-brutality
- joincampaignzero.org/#action



Roll Call



Corkscrews have a band (or bands) of color that swirls from pole to pole.

This technique created the famous Akro Corkscrew —which they called the “Spiral.”

Corkscrews have a band (or bands) of color that swirls from pole to pole. Desirability depends upon the size and the number of colors in the corkscrew: a three-color or four-color corkscrew in an unusual color combination is, naturally, better than a two-color.

A famous Akro corkscrew is the “Popeye,” named after the Akro box which sported a picture of Popeye the Sailor. These are clear-based marbles with white filaments and an additional two-colors that “cork” (wind from pole to pole); there are also Popeye Patches, which fall into another category. Patches are two-color marbles which look like their names. Some soft colored ones are called “Moss Agates,” but there are also “Brushed Patches,” and ones that contain special glass, such as “Oxblood” or any of the “Ades.”

Oxblood is a dark red glass much prized by Akro collectors. There are Oxblood Cork-screws with special names like “Silver Oxblood” or “Eggyolk (yellow base) Oxblood” or a “Blueblood.” Similarly, there are Akro swirls called “Milky Oxbloods.” “Ades” are translucent glass corkscrews or patches with lemon, lime or cherry bands, so you get “Limeade Corkscrews” or “Lemonade Patches” as

the nomenclature joins together. Akro also made “Bricks,” “Sparklers,” “Opals,” “Imperials,” “Carnelians,” and “Moonies,” to name most.

It gets complicated when certain color combinations are given special names. Peltier Glass Company, also one of the early, successful machine marble companies, surpasses Akron with names for particular marbles. One of its popular marbles was the “Rainbo,” another was the “Peerless Patch.” Peltier’s swirls and “Rainbo” color combinations have a myriad of specific names, and, since value depends upon being able to identify what you have, learning the names is important. “Zebra,” “Ruby Bee,” “Mandarin Bee,” “John Deere,” “Bengal Tiger,” “Green Dragon,” “Superboy,” “Spiderman,” “Christmas Tree,” “Tracer” (akin to “Ades”), “Golden Rebel,” “Liberty,” and “Blue Panther” are, literally, only some Peltier color combinations.

German marbles weren’t exported after WWI. It wasn’t cost effective, and machine-made marble colors could be just as exquisite. The Golden Age of Machine Marbles occurs between the 1920s and the start of WWII and is dominated by Akro and Peltier. By the 1930s, Master Made Marbles, Ravenswood, Alley Agate, Alloxx, and Vitro Agate were also competing for a place in the lucrative marble market. Vitro Agate, in particular, made dozens of types of marbles, from “All Reds” to “Helmets” to “Conquerors” and more, all of which divide again into subtypes, and then, like Akro and Peltier, have names based on color combinations — “Easter Eggs,” “Parrots,” “Sweet Peas” and “Wedding Cakes” are a few.

By the 1960s, Asian marbles were being imported, most notably “cat’s eye” marbles, which are transparent base marbles with flattened ribbons inside, called “vaness,” that intersect along a center axis. Japanese cat’s eyes have little value — you can tell them by their darker, often green-tinted, glass. But cat’s eye marbles made earlier by Peltier, which look like little bananas, and hybrid cat’s eyes by Vitro Agate are becoming collectible. Today Jabo is the largest marble manufacturer in the United States, drawing collectors by producing limited edition “runs” of wonderful swirls, and then changing, and naming, new color palettes and designs every year. Vacor de Mexico is the largest marble maker in the world.

For anyone interested in collecting marbles, there are many great marble identification sites online. YouTube in particular has some excellent videos. Just use “Akro marbles identification,” or “Peltier,” or any of the other companies I’ve mentioned in your search terms, and you’ll find the main websites. I belong to several Facebook Marble Groups, and most members are generous in helping people ID marbles. Try looking at some of the websites first. Please don’t include more than a handful of marbles in a photo (or it becomes too complicated) and be sure to shift the position of the marbles and then take several additional photos so viewers can examine the marbles for all angles. Experts have to be able to see the “seams” — and as I said, being able to see the seams takes practice.

Continued on back

Richmond History By JOY LEWIS

Law and Order Of the Olden-Days

Part Two—A Few Sensational Local Crimes



This is a condensed version of a talk I gave at the Honeoye Public Library some months ago. Bonnie Callaghan, membership chairwoman of Honeoye-Richmond Historical Society, suggested the topic to me. Some of the events recorded here did not happen in Richmond, but all were committed locally, from Canandaigua to Bristol to Hemlock.

An Infamous Affair

The kidnapping of William Morgan from the Ontario County Jail on September 12, 1826 would have consequences that resonated across the nation. When the fifty-two-year-old Batavia native broadcast his intent to reveal sacred Masonic secrets, a select group of Masons decided to stop him.

The day before Morgan disappeared he was met at his home by a group of eight or nine men and taken by force to the county judge in Canandaigua. Accused of a bogus debt, he was detained in jail overnight, in the charge of Sheriff Joseph Garlinghouse of Richmond. The following afternoon Morgan was bailed out by another group of men purporting to be friends, and bundled into a closed carriage. Witnesses reported his yelps of, "Murder! Murder!" And to be sure, William Morgan was never seen again.

Following a public outcry, an investigation was initiated. Arrests were made; charges were levied; trials were held. Fifty-four Masons were eventually indicted for "conspiring to kidnap William Morgan from the jail at Canandaigua." No one was charged with murder, for no body was ever found. Eleven men were found guilty, a few sentenced to jail, most were simply fined. The incident was widely reported and fueled the Anti-Masonic rage that swept the nation, spawning a new political party and endorsing a Presidential candidate.

Stagecoach Robbery

The Canandaigua-to-Geneseo mail stage was robbed in the spring of 1868, robbed by the stage driver. Within days, thirty-two-year-old Sam Tongate of Allen's Hill was caught and soon afterward, convicted. Theft of the U. S. mail was a federal crime. Sentenced to death, Sam was held at the Monroe County Penitentiary for some months before being hanged on December 20, 1873.

Attempted Burglary

In the 1870s many families kept large amounts of money hidden in their homes. Having weathered financial chaos during the years of the Civil War, Hiram Abbey of Richmond did not have faith in banks. A rather wealthy man, Mr. Abbey owned hundreds of acres in Richmond as well as substantial property in Texas. But he seriously distrusted bankers. It seemed to be well known that he kept his movable treasures in a strong box in his bedroom, a little room just off the kitchen where he slept alone.

His son Benton gave an account of the break-in which took place in the summer of 1874: "One evening about ten o'clock at night I heard a commotion and Father called out, 'Boys!' The hired man, Boyd, and I ran downstairs to find Father outside the kitchen door, totally naked, with two men standing over him. The assailants ran off and we chased them. One of the robbers struck at Boyd with a broken stock of a gun and was able to get away, but the other man, cornered near the barn, turned and threatened to shoot me if he were not let go. I did not know these men. When we returned to the house Father was in the kitchen, dressed; he had a bruise on his forehead which was bleeding a little. He could not remember what he had been doing before being assaulted by the two men. He thought he had been in bed when he heard a noise in the kitchen. He got up to see what was going on when a man ran against the table and another burst the bedroom door open. He was knocked down and dragged outside."

Benson recounts that the robbers got clean away and that the family never had any idea who they were.

Murder in South Bristol

Benson Hawkins, age eighty, was murdered in his bed on the night of January 4, 1884, bludgeoned to death with a stick of firewood. Sheriff Hiram Peck, who investigated the crime, declared it "the most brutal murder that ever occurred in Ontario County."

Mr. Hawkins lived alone in his farmhouse on County Road Twelve. Like many of his contemporaries he kept large quantities of money and other valuables in his bedroom, an alcove off the kitchen.

On the Friday afternoon that was to be his last day on earth, Mr. Hawkins had a visitor, a young man he'd known for some years. William Francis was in his mid-twenties, married, and the father of a young child. He lived in Steuben County, but worked locally as an itinerant farm laborer. He dropped by to see Mr. Hawkins and stayed for some hours, visiting while they took turns with the butter churn. Around five o'clock William returned to Bristol Springs where he had supper with some friends and was invited to stay the night.

On Saturday morning Mr. Hawkins' battered body was discovered by his daughter who lived nearby. Within hours William Francis was apprehended. Sheriff Peck reported that "the evidence against Francis is very strong." William had been away from his friends' home between the hours of seven and ten on Friday evening, his whereabouts unknown. At the murder scene were boot tracks in the snow matching Francis' boots. The bloody tracks showed that he'd entered and exited the house through a kitchen window. In the kitchen were found used matches of a type not belonging to Mr. Hawkins, matches of the same type found in Francis' shirt pocket. At the home of his friends

his bloody overcoat was found and bloodstains marked his bedding.

At his trial four months later, William Francis was found guilty of Second Degree Murder and sentenced to life imprisonment at Auburn. As his trial came to a close and his young wife heard the verdict announced, she collapsed, hysterically howling her distress, declaring that she would never be able to live without him. Two months later she remarried.

William Francis died in prison May 24, 1894, ten years to the day of his sentencing.

The Quarrel That Got Out of Hand

On the eighth of May 1890, Alfred Leach, age fifty-five, was murdered on his Canadice farm by a disgruntled tenant.

On that fateful Thursday morning Alfred sent his nineteen-year-old son Myron to tell the hired man, Frank Lamont, that his services were no longer wanted. Frank said he would not leave the farm on Myron's say-so; he wanted to hear from the boss himself.

Myron walked back to his house and reported to his dad. A short while later both father and son returned to the tenant house. Alfred reiterated the message he'd entrusted to Myron – Frank's services were no longer wanted; he and his wife were to leave the farm before the weekend was over. Frank said he wouldn't leave, and an argument erupted.

After several minutes Frank left the yard and stormed into the house. Thinking the matter settled, Alfred and Myron started back toward the farmhouse. Moments later Frank appeared in the yard with a shotgun. Before either of the Leach men could react, Frank fired, hitting Alfred in the back. Alfred Leach died on the spot as his son watched in horror. Lamont was arrested that afternoon in Springwater.

At the trial three months later, Frank was found guilty of Second Degree Murder and sentenced to twenty years in Auburn Prison. He died there eighteen months later. Both Alfred Leach (1835-1890) and Frank Lamont (1866-1892) are buried in Springwater's Evergreen Cemetery.

Did He Do It?

In April of 1892 a short notice was printed in a local newspaper, the gist of which recounted details of the murder of a young woman in West Bloomfield. The primary suspect was the husband, twenty-seven-year-old Galen Plimpton. The coroner's jury recommended the arrest of the husband "due to the habits and disposition of the man." He was said to be a "drunken brute...a man of brutal instincts, who made life a burden to [his wife]." He was in the habit of beating her even before her marriage. Edith Greenman had married Galen only four months earlier, "against the advice and pleadings of her relatives and friends."

Continued on page 16

Richmond History

A second piece in the (Rochester) Democrat and Chronicle of December 7, 1897, concludes the story: "Sunday afternoon the body of Galen Plimpton, of West Bloomfield, was found [in the road] near Lima. Coroner Strassenburgh was notified [and] Yesterday morning he summoned a jury to attend the inquest. It is thought Plimpton had been dead about four hours when found. The theory is that he died of alcoholism. A few years ago Plimpton's wife was found dead, having been shot, and he was arrested for the murder and held on suspicion, but the grand jury failed to find an indictment against him and the evidence was not strong enough to hold him. He has been a heavy drinker for years and held a hard character."

The question remains — Did he do it? No one else was ever arrested or even suspected.

Robbery at Gunpoint

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas White, both in their eighties, lived in a large farmhouse at the north end of Clay Street in Hemlock. Mrs. White's brother, Alva Reed, lived about two miles away on CR 15 in Richmond. On the morning of September 16, 1932, Mrs. White – Belle – set about her usual morning chores in the kitchen. Tom went out to feed the stock. Almost as soon as he entered the barn he was grabbed from behind and confronted with three masked men; the spokesman of the trio was carrying a revolver.

The men forced Mr. White back in the house, rounded up Mrs. White, and shoved them both into their bedroom. Under the mistaken belief that the Whites had \$2,000 hidden in the house, the men demanded money. The old couple denied they had anything like that amount in the house. Bullied beyond endurance, Belle pulled up her skirt and extracted \$150 in cash from her petticoat pocket.

One of the men, convinced there was more money hidden somewhere, proceeded to slash up the bedding. The Livonia Gazette reporter who covered the story commented, "Mrs. White had recently aired and cleaned the bed and remade it with fresh sheets and blankets. She told the robbers, 'You won't get much there!' Thinking to herself, 'Not even dust.'"

When the phone began ringing, the nervous men tied Mr. and Mrs. White to chairs in the bedroom. While the ringleader sat down and smoked

a cigarette, the three of them discussed what to do next, threatening to burn the house with the old couple in it. At this point the newspaper recounted: "Mrs. White attempted to engage him in conversation, asking him where he expected to go after he died." Although the robber might not have had an idea of where he might go at the time of his death, it's probable that Belle had some idea where he would end up.

Though a frightening experience, the Whites emerged unscathed from their ordeal. After the robbers at last decided to leave the house, Mr. and Mrs. White managed to extricate themselves from their bonds just as a worried neighbor showed up. The three thieves were never caught.

A Sad Ending

Joanne Lynn, daughter of Reggie and Irene, lived with her family on Hemlock's Main Street, in a house near the entrance to the park. Every school day she walked nearly two miles to school with her older brother. On Monday morning September 19, 1949, she was running late and set off by herself. Along the way she was seen by one or two neighbor women, but Joanne never made it to school.

It was not until the end of the day that anyone was aware the girl was missing. Her parents contacted the authorities, and without delay Livingston County Sheriff Donald McColl organized a search. Four days later Joanne's body was found along Route 15A, north of Hemlock. She'd been shot twice and evidence of sexual assault was present. Her panties and her red sweater were missing.

A Mount Morris newspaper reported on October 4, 1950: "A year has passed since the slaying of 11-year-old Joanne Lynn, but the shadow of the tragedy still hangs over the little community of Hemlock where she lived. On the farms and in the general store, in churches and in the tiny post office – wherever persons meet – the talk often is of the brutal murder of the brown-haired schoolgirl."

The crime went unsolved for decades until nearly forty years later when a man was jailed in Pennsylvania, charged with the 1951 murder of seven-year-old Jane Althoff. In Nebraska in the winter of 1988 William Henry Redmond was stopped for a traffic violation and arrested. It was discovered that his fingerprints matched prints left

in the truck where Jane's body had been found. When police searched his home, they found a collection of little girls' used panties. While in jail in Pennsylvania, Redmond admitted to killing Jane and "other girls."

Redmond was born in Ohio in 1922. At age thirteen he spent some months in the Boys Industrial School in Lancaster, Ohio. Three years later he was committed to a lengthy stretch in the Ohio State Reformatory, charged with assault and attempted rape. He was released from prison just at the end of WWII. He found work as a truck driver and ride operator for a carnival. At the time of Joanne's disappearance, the Hemlock Fair was due to open in two days. Redmond, operator of the Ferris wheel, was in town with his crew setting up the midway.

William Henry Redmond emerged as the principal suspect in six cold cases where a young girl had disappeared. Joanne Lynn was in all probability his first victim. At the time of her murder Redmond was one of two dozen men questioned in regard to the crime, but the evidence was insufficient to indict him.

His second victim was seven-year-old Jane Althoff of Trainer, Pennsylvania, raped and suffocated April 25, 1951 in the cab of a pick-up truck. She had attended the local carnival earlier in the day; Redmond had been questioned at the time, but released.

Beverly Potts was ten years old in August 1951 when she disappeared from her home in Cleveland, Ohio. Her body was never found. Nor was the body of Connie Smith, ten, who disappeared a year later from Lakeville, Connecticut. Connie had expressed a wish to attend the local carnival where Redmond was working.

Seven-year-old Barbara Gaca was raped and strangled on March 24, 1955, after being abducted from a playground near her home in Detroit, Michigan. And on December 3, 1957, the body of another seven-year-old, Maria Ridulph, was found raped and stabbed near Sycamore, Illinois.

Redmond, the culprit in all these cases, died of emphysema January 2, 1992 in the hospital in Grand Island, Nebraska, before he could be tried.

Joy Lewis has served as Town of Richmond, Historian since 2013. She offers reflections on the history of Richmond, NY in every other issue of *Owl Light News*.

The best place to turn for information and event updates during these rapidly changing times is online!

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Add your event at: <https://www.owllightnews.com/events/community/add>.

Two Poems By JACK TAYLOR

Where the Antelope Play

Doesn't everyone love a good western?
Everything modern is completely forgotten.
For those times sometimes we yearned.
Now surprisingly knowledge I've learned.
It seems my distant kin in the Cavalry
Fought the Indians in 1874,
Stirring them before Custer's chases.
Uncle, before he died there
Lived in such beautiful sounding places:
Elk Mountain, Medicine Bow and Casper,
Even the name Wyoming itself.
These early Irish are all silent now
Many in unmarked graves somehow.
Stories galore, more and more,
The sheep drives and ranchers' wars,

All true though little known.
Hardships and deprivations and
20 miles to town.
My consolation: Uncle's picture
In front of his sod house in
His new bib overalls
With the 8-inch rollups
And his wonderful grin.
To him life was
What was at hand.
Mostly the beauty of
The gentle mountains
With such clear blue skies,
The stars at night,
And the awake dreams.
Life was what it seems.
No more, no less.

A picture
of Uncle Jack,
from where the
antelopes play



...and later in life.

Mister Catbird

There's a bird that's hard
To catch a glimmer
Built like sort of
A robin only slimmer.
They sing for minutes not repeating a note.
For the avian world's greatest
They have my vote.
Their songs are so beautiful
Because their color is plain,
It helps when they're hiding

to be slate gray in the main.
Because they also make a sound
Like a kitten's meow the name
Catbird is the one that stuck somehow.
The Latia Drumetella Corolinensis
Doesn't seem to fit right.
To others it's a northern mockingbird by sight.
All we know is,
When comes the first of July
Stop look and listen
For Mr. Catbird
When he comes by.

Jack Taylor

Jack Taylor spent his childhood on dairy farms in Long Island and Whitney Point, NY. He served as a Postmaster for twenty-eight years. He now spends his time writing poetry and prose. He lives in Whitney Point, NY. He has contributed previously to Owl Light News.



The Monthly Read By MARY DRAKE

My Sister, the Serial Killer
240 pages
Doubleday (2018)



Come Again?

A Review of *My Sister, the Serial Killer* by Oyinkan Braithwaite

The radical title of Oyinkan Braithwaite's novel, *My Sister, the Serial Killer*, may cause you to look twice.

I know it got my attention.

However, this book is not for fans of horror; it's not like *In Cold Blood* or *American Predator*, both non-fictions concerning real-life killers. Instead, the serial killing in this book is a metaphor for the deeper ways we "kill" one another. Near the end, a wise person tells Korede: "The most loving parents and relatives commit murder with smiles on their faces. They force us to destroy the person we really are: a subtle kind of murder."

The book is about two young women who are total opposites. Korede is efficient, as a nurse should be, but also quietly reflective. Ayoola is hedonistic and spoiled, as a younger sister might be, as well as thoughtless. Physically, Korede is plain and dark skinned; Ayoola has an hourglass shape and Carmel-colored skin. Men literally flock to Ayoola, but she soon dispatches them with her dead-father's knife, a nine-inch curved blade which we're told "was the thing he was most proud of." There's deep irony in the fact that during his life he cheated on his wife and beat his daughters, but Korede says that when he was cleaning the knife "was the only time I ever witnessed tenderness from him."

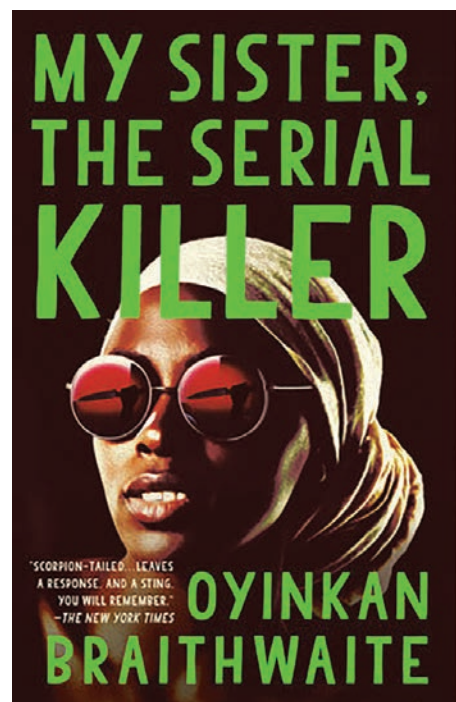
The sisters live in the crowded, bustling city of Lagos, Nigeria, in a home bought with money obtained through their father's corrupt business dealings. The setting is like a character in itself, since its torrential rains, corrupt police, and distinctive African culture directly affect the action. For instance, Nigerian culture would seem to dictate that whenever anyone visits your house, you must offer him cake, a tradition that some Americans might appreciate. However, the women's movement seems not yet to have arrived in Nigeria where young women are still primarily concerned with getting married and caring for their husbands. And who would have thought that after a family member has been dead for ten years—like the girls' father—that you would be expected to "throw an anniversary party in honor of his life"?

Society and her family dictate most of what Korede does, so it's no wonder that she's jealous and resentful. Korede does the cooking but her mother tells everyone that Ayoola made it. As the older sister, Korede is responsible for her younger sister. If "Ayoola would break a glass, [Ko-rede]

would receive the blame for giving her the drink." After each murder, Ayoola calls Korede to come clean up the mess and dispose of the body. She is a nurse who deals in death rather than in healing. Crime scenes and motives are never examined since the book is not a police procedural. The police are portrayed as ineffective and Ayoola is untroubled by what she's done. She never tells Korede what really happened to make her kill her boyfriends, just that they were unfortunate mistakes, ones that she keeps making over and over, however. "Femi makes three, you know," Korede says about Ayoola's most recent victim "Three, and they label you a serial killer." Korede is more upset about the killings than her sister and has to keep reminding Ayoola to show the proper remorse, and not post pictures on social media of the flowers she received from her most recent admirer. Yet Korede recognizes her part as an accomplice and enabler. Then Korede's disgust ramps up even more when Ayoola starts dating the man Korede is secretly in love with, a kind doctor named Tade whom she works with at the hospital.

It's bad enough that Tade isn't aware of Korede's love for him, but when he meets and decides to marry Ayoola, Korede is faced with a conundrum. If she protects Tade by telling him that his fiancé is a serial killer, then Ayoola will go to jail. If she is loyal to her little sis and says nothing, then the man she loves will go to his death. Either way, she will lose someone.

By this point in the novel, the plot is sufficiently complex that readers might wonder how in the world the author will resolve it and whether or not the resolution will be satisfying. It's an understatement to say that the ending is quite unexpected, seeming to contradict everything that went before. But consistency is only relevant if the action of the novel is taken seriously. If the whole thing is meant as a joke, then you can laugh it off. Reviewers have called the novel a dark comedy. Dark because the characters assume the worst about each other, and



that's usually what they get. And it's a comedy because the entire book pokes fun at human flaws: Korede is too critical; Ayoola, too thoughtless; their father, too cruel; Tade (like most men in the novel) too superficial—he just wants a pretty face.

Korede and Ayoola are such stereotypical opposites that they seem to be two halves of the same whole. And when two halves are separated, it's natural to want them put back together. Separation and reunification are common themes in comedy, such as in Shakespeare's play *Much Ado*

About Nothing where Beatrice and Benedict begin by despising one another, but end up by getting married. If characters in a drama are not reunited, then it is a tragedy, such as in *Romeo and Juliet*. And without writing a spoiler, let's just say that the two sisters are eventually reunited, although not in the way that Korede might have wished for. The novel is told from Korede's point of view, and despite her insistence that she wants to be an honest person, when given the chance to tell the truth, she doesn't.

Oyinkan Braithwaite has said in interviews that when she set out to write *My Sister, the Serial Killer*, she was trying to forget about her attempt to write a "great" novel, and just wanted to create something fun and light hearted, not how we usually think of murder, but the book has much deadpan humor. The book has been called a thriller, a fantasy, and domestic fiction. The author herself classifies it as noir fiction, a subgenre of crime fiction in which right and wrong are not clearly defined. This novel will appeal to many people and can be read in many ways, always a characteristic of good writing. Because of this, it was long listed for the prestigious Man Booker prize for fiction in 2019 and is being made into a movie. It's a fun, suspenseful read that will still give you something to think about.

Mary Drake - Mary Drake is a novelist and freelance writer living in western New York. Visit her online at marydrake.online to learn more about her books

Where the Path Leads

Chapter 4: A Day Off

In the last chapter, Emily goes with her class to a Renaissance Faire and enters a labyrinth that turns out to be more fantasy than reality. When she comes to the exit, she is in a primitive and unfamiliar place, one that strangely resembles the Middle Ages.

New chapters of *Where the Path Leads* appears monthly at owllightnews.com. If you want to find out more about the book, go to marydrake.online, or you can purchase the ebook on Amazon.

Need to catch up? Go to:

www.owllightnews.com/where-the-path-leads/ to read earlier chapters.

That is how she'd come to be sitting here weaving in this rustic cottage in the middle of a forest. She had become part of the medieval world depicted on the murals of the labyrinth, and she no longer had to wonder how people had lived back then. Only in all her imaginings, she had been a noble lady with ample leisure. She was very far from that.



Crafting Your Own Cuisine By EILEEN PERKINS



If you have a 10" cast iron skillet, by all means use it here. Its only drawback is that uniform pieces are cut like pie, yielding triangles, which are fragile to freeze and split when grilling as left overs. Using a 9" square or small rectangular stainless steel pan makes for sturdier four-sided slices, although the edges won't be as crispy as with cast iron baking.

Blueberries are one of my favorite foods to store. I like to visit countryside "self-pick" blueberry operations, since we don't have our own bushes, rather than rely upon the bounty of local farm markets. Picking blueberries can be a great way for even young family members to share in harvesting and preservation of some food that will provide nourishment and home-made pleasure in months to come. The process is very simple, if you have freezer space. Once you have your berries, rinse them gently in cool water, removing any stems that may be still connected, and then spread them out on dry clean towels. When you are confident no moisture remains, arrange fruit, in a single layer, on walled cookie sheet(s) or cake pan(s) and freeze overnight. Once the berries are solid, simply scoop them into freezer containers or zip-lock freezer bags, label, and they are ready for happy destinations, like the one that follows.

Blueberry Cornbread — Makes 8 to 12 pieces

Ingredients

- 6 Tbsp. butter, "Earth Balance Spread", or bacon drippings melted and divided. Oil may be substituted.
- 1 1/2 cup cornmeal (not fine or course polenta grind)
- 1/2 cup "Bob's Gluten free 1 to 1 Baking Flour", or unbleached wheat flour, if gluten is not an issue
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 to 1 tsp. fresh grated lemon zest
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 3 Tbsp. real maple syrup or honey
- 2 eggs
- 3/4 cup water
- 1 to 1 1/2 cup rinsed and de-stemmed fresh blueberries, or blueberries that have been frozen, thawed, rinsed and well drained.

Preheat oven to 375 °, setting baking rack at lower third of oven. If using a cast iron pan, preheat it at the same time, removing from oven when it reaches temperature.

Wisk together dry ingredients, including lemon zest.

Add 2 Tbsp. of oil or melted fat to the other wet ingredients and mix well.

Stir wet ingredients into dry ingredients.

Carefully stir blueberries into the batter.

Grease pan with remaining 4 Tbsp. melted fat or oil, tipping pan to coat sides.

Pour batter into prepared pan and bake 25-30 minutes, broiling top for the last minute or so if you'd like.

Cut when cool, or not!

Can be Gluten and Dairy free, if appropriate ingredient choice and safe handling procedures are adhered to.

See cookbook review page 20

The Collector

Often the collectibles represent a special place or time. From boat flags to wine labels, people enjoy taking home a bit of the Finger Lakes in their bag. But they also will capture pieces of their own personal history when they find a toy or a game from their childhood or an item that identifies a place important to their family. It might be a beer tray, a map, or a cookie tin that gives them a nostalgic reminder of a person or moment.

The background music playing in the store often has overlays of voices saying things like: "Hey, Jeannie! Do you remember staying up all night playing with this?" "Oh, Mom had one of these!" "This is just like the model train I used to have." "Uncle B. was born in Penn Yan. He would love to see this." When they visit, each collector brings a unique story to life, as the objects in their midst brings the past alive.

—JP Maffett is a vendor at Patina, an antiques, collectibles and handcrafts store in Hammondsport, NY.

PATINA is a women-owned store located at 57 Shethar St, in Hammondsport.

It features Antiques and Vintage Home & Garden items from 18 different vendors. You will find antiques, collectibles, vintage kitchen items, flowery décor items, locally made natural skin care products, books for young and old, jewelry for all tastes, fine crystal, and much more.

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Making Lemonade ...

Good News Only (GNO)!

By BARB STAHL



This month's Making Lemonade will be Good News Only (GNO)! Have you watched John Krasinsky's *Some Good News* (SGN) on YouTube? Those shows are my inspiration for this article. Try Googling some SGN episodes! So, here goes the "good news" promised: A few more of my HUGE collection of photographs have been sorted.

Two more chapters of my family history book are done. One of them is about the great grandfather Civil War soldier who joined Company B 81st Regiment from Oswego on September 1861 and served to September 1864. He and his brother were separated at Petersburg in 1864, and were reunited in 1915.

Reading old travel journals can be very pleasant. There were times I wondered why I saved them. Now I know.

On May 1st my doorbell rang. When I went to the door a good friend handed me a paper cone of spring flowers. She and another good friend had picked them and made a "May Basket" to deliver. Yes, I did remember making those "baskets" about seventy years ago (I'm not kidding), ringing neighbors' doorbells and quickly running away. Luckily, she didn't run away and I got to thank her (at the appropriate social distance) and reminisce about that simpler time those many years ago.

Celebrated a friend's birthday at our ZOOM 1 pm dancing time. Each of the dancers surprised

her by wearing a party hat, while singing Happy Birthday. The birthday "girl" is our DJ whom we have named "Dancing Queen." Then we got right to important business of dancing to celebrate! By the way, wearing silly hats is normal for us while dancing—not to mention crazy colorful wigs, fancy jewelry, or gorgeous scarves that we aren't able to wear out into society.

I have called several people I haven't seen in a long time, and I quickly realized I should have been doing that right along.

My cupboards and freezer are getting cleaned out bit by bit.

Using Instacart works very well.

My baking expertise, which has lain dormant for several years, is returning. Banana bread is so far the winner. The corn muffin mix ones I made were so-so.

Reading the quirky book, *The Unlikely Pilgrimage of Harold Fry* and its companion *The Love Song of Miss Queenie Hennessey*, both by Rachel Joyce, for the second time each, made me love both of them more. I believe they could be the basis of a seminar or extended conversation about love, regret, truth, sadness, atonement, dying, hospice care, what's important, what's not important, hopes, dreams, humor, misunderstandings, pain, marriage, and more.

My new favorite book is *The Giver of Stars* by JoJo Moyes. Before that my favorite book was *Me Before You* by JoJo Moyes. In *The Giver of Stars* the heroines are librarians. How many books like that

have you read? Librarians usually have no personality, wear hair-buns and large glasses, while mainly saying "shhhhhh." Yes, you remembered correctly, I am a retired librarian!

My pandemic 79th birthday began with a family ZOOM party in the morning, followed by my son and daughter-in-law putting up a sign in the yard and balloons on my mailbox, then my ZOOM dancing buddies wore birthday hats and flashed pictures of "younger" Barb, with the finale in the afternoon being a parade of cars honking and neighbors walking by stopping long enough to sing "Happy Birthday" and visit a short time within proper social distancing guidelines. My mailbox ended up decorated with several more balloons which made me recall the movie "Up."

I write these articles a month or more before publication. Life-changing events have been occurring recently. I am already trying to figure out how to "make lemonade" for the August issue. Maybe Tarzan can help me sort through this. It's a time for soul searching. We are all in this together and we need each other to be able to come out of this in a better place.

Barb Stahl is a mother, grandmother, great-grandmother, retired school library media specialist, and a western New York/Finger Lakes area lover who did a previous column for Canandaigua Daily Messenger. She loves her family, circle of friends, reading, writing, history, music, theater, and Tarzan the cat who critiques her articles. Contact: makinglemonade-Owl@gmail.com

Cookbook Review: *Two Cookbooks, One Tool—A Cast Iron Skillet*

Let's look at two books that are built completely on recipes using ONE tool, a Cast Iron Skillet!

There are people who love cooking with cast iron pans, and I have become such a one, albeit later in life. Although a stack of cast iron fry pans had a special place in the kitchen where I grew up, I was put off by the earthiness of iron, its weight and need for apparently delicate drying (I remember rust spots sometimes receiving my father's ministrations.) I knew there was some kind of knack to using them but their virtue was beyond me and my prized pans used to be only of the stainless steel variety.

It was an appreciation for the flavor of umami drew me in to cast iron skillet (and wok!) use. There is just nothing like it for the creation of savory deliciousness. Once I overcame my timidity, and gave cast iron a try, I found that the tools are not

unreasonable in the requirements they make of their cooks. The rules of maintenance are simple, and if one makes a mistake and ruins a no-stick patina, it's easy to restore, really easy. Through drying is key to keeping pans ready for immediate service, by no means is failure to do so a pan wrecker. It takes a lot to destroy a cast iron pan.

If you are curious about cooking with cast iron, and do not have a glass/ceramic top stove top requiring special consideration (personally I would not take a chance using cast iron in that case), I recommend checking out the following two books. Either one will get you the basics, but each has its own personality.

Cook It In Cast Iron, Kitchen-Tested Recipes for the One Pan that Does It All, by The Editors at America's Test Kitchen, is hands down the most thorough treatment of the subject. Its

approach is sort of clinical, which makes sense of course because it's a team of people compiling a comprehensive resource for many tastes. This is a very good resource.

The New Cast Iron Skillet Cookbook, 150 Fresh Ideas for America's Favorite Pan, by Ellen Brown, strikes me as more "soulful." One single, flesh and blood person, with that individual's sense of flavor development wrote this book, and it seems full of heart to me. The recipes also look more to my taste, such that, at first try, I might not tweak anything except in the case of substitutions for

allergy friendly ingredients. Some creative, oriental formulations are sprinkled into the collection for good measure, which in my perfect world, is a must.

Neither of these books provides attention to food sensitivity or plant based eating. Both books have many interesting meat and seafood recipes, with Ellen Brown's book offering what seem to me to be more creative vegetarian recipes. These titles are part of some library collections and are certainly available for purchase locally and on line.



Eileen Perkins is a native of Rochester N.Y., who cooked professionally, in a wide range of venues, for many years, before moving to the Finger Lakes. She and her husband owned and operated "Eileen's Bakery an' Soup Kitchen", a business that emphasized vegetarian cuisine and the craft of artisan baking. Recipe adaptation for people with special dietary needs is a passion she enjoys sharing. Among Eileen's current priorities is preservation of food from the garden, developing more comprehensive communication skills, her Falun Gong practice, and educating compassionate people about human rights in Communist-ruled China, and elsewhere.

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Owl Light Puzzle 3[©] By GEORGE URICH

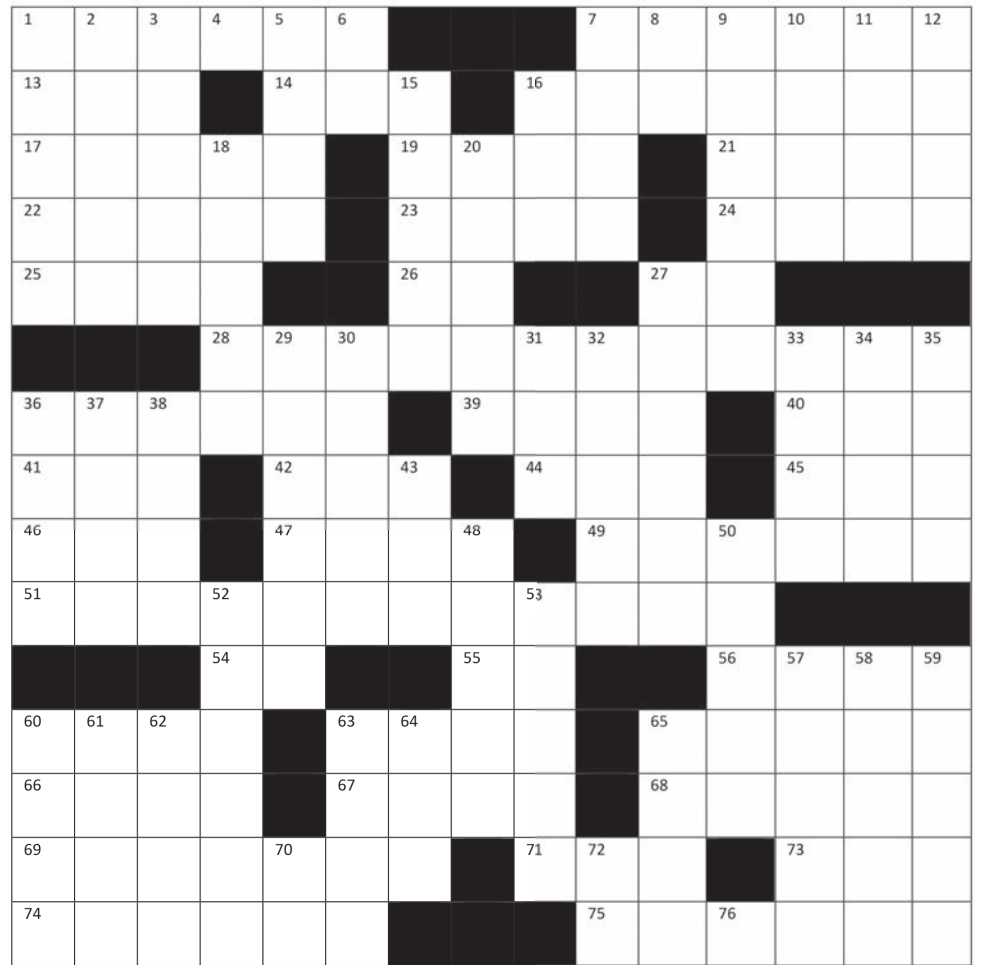
ACROSS

- 1 High School subject
- 7 Series _O BO CO
- 13 Cousin of a paddle
- 14 Exist
- 16 Feeling of accomplishment
- 17 Wre____, sedentary birds found on the West Coast
- 19 Chimney stuff
- 21 India Air Force prior to 1950 Abbr.
- 22 Al____, a branch of mathematics
- 23 Gratuities
- 24 Tolkien creatures
- 25 A popular cookie
- 26 Chicago transportation
- 27 USDA grade for nearly perfect eggs
- 28 Two High School subjects
- 36 Site of Johnny Cash concert _____ Prison
- 39 Popular Asian cuisine
- 40 Flat panel display used in many electronic gadgets Abbr.
- 41 Private company going public with new stock issuance Abbr.
- 42 Expression of surprise or triumph
- 44 Type measure
- 45 Federal agency that manages nuclear development Abbr.
- 46 Unhappy
- 47 Front of the head
- 49 Works of artists regarded collectively
- 51 two High School Subjects
- 54 UFO pilot
- 55 First two vowels
- 56 Head of Pierre
- 60 Space on a schedule

- 63 Civil Rights activist ____ Parks
- 65 Loud rude mocking remarks
- 66 Snobs put them on
- 67 Holy French women Abbr.
- 68 Big Pharma Company in FL
- 69 The opposite end of send
- 71 Make lace
- 73 " I Like ____"
- 74 Reached the zenith
- 75 You may bake cookies but I want __ ____

DOWN

- 1 A type of drum
- 2 Western movie
- 3 Ethnic group
- 4 Letter before B
- 5 They send rockets into space Abbr.
- 6 365 days Abbr.
- 7 Buchwald and Linkletter
- 8 Middle letters of a type of shoe
- 9 Chest of drawers
- 10 Norse God of wisdom
- 11 Garment worn for warmth
- 12 Murders, Mafia style
- 15 Running mate of Adlai, ____ Kefauver
- 16 Soda
- 18 When it gets cold you head for the ____
- 20 If it squeaks
- 23 Grade of eggs
- 27 What Silus Marner was
- 29 When your car breaks down you have to
- 30 Alternative "Ys" Abbr.
- 31 Fidel's buddy
- 32 Unincorporated U.S. territory in the South Pacific



- 33 Person living in central or eastern Europe
- 34 Hockey player incurring a penalty
- 35 Series BC, CC __, __
- 36 "____al year", used in accounting
- 37 Warm blooded fish
- 38 Vein of metal ore
- 43 Prefix meaning eight
- 48 Rub out
- 50 Word similar to total, complete, absolute
- 52 Group of NYC Opera lovers
- 53 Fermentation agent
- 57 ____ meenie miney mo

- 58 Arduous journeys
- 59 Well known Park in Colorado
- 60 East Indian garment
- 61 Location of golf balls
- 62 Killer whale
- 63 Invitation request
- 64 What you control your TV with, rem____
- 65 It helps a fighter plane takeoff Abbr.
- 70 First two letters of a midwestern State
- 72 One



George Urich is a retired Xerox engineer living in Canandaigua, NY. He solves and creates crossword puzzles to keep his brain active. A new puzzle will be shared each month, for the puzzling enjoyment of Owl Light readers.

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The Conscious Crow

Give Peace a Chance ... Again



This period of history in the making presents a multitude of dissension and disintegration. We are experiencing a massive cultural awakening. The world is shaken and stirred with waves of unresolved issues from the past, cascading our old wounds into present-day and forcing us to finally clear the slate and heal. We are embarking on a deep, tangled detoxification process, and radical renunciation, raising the ultimate question: how do we choose to represent ourselves in the face of violence and injustice this time around? We have an opportunity to look in the mirror, see ourselves clearer, and intentionally take action for what we believe. Reality, defined as "the totality of things that actually exist," is a spectrum as great and wide as we decide, carved within every intention and invocation, commencing within each and every one of us.

This reality is quite literally in our hands and entirely dependent upon how we tend to our own gardens. We are advocating for the world we wish to see—knowingly and unknowingly—in every moment personifying our inner dialogue, energetic frequencies, thoughts, beliefs, and words. Psychologist and neuroscientist Lisa Feldman Barrett wrote *How Emotions are Made*, explaining how our cognition and "...perceptions are so vivid and immediate that they compel [us] to believe...[we] experience the world as it is, when [we] actually experience a world of [our] own construction. Much of what [we] experience as the outside world begins in [our] head." Consequent-

ly, the happenings that we see as our "reality," are mere reflections of the reality we each carry. Therefore, what we internally embody is always going to reproduce. Our mental perceptions evolve into a force that actively acts as a vote for which we intend upon. All we are, all we think and everything we do, represents a portion of the world itself, woven into one enormous tapestry. Individually and collectively we are extensions of this infinite universe and every last bit is connected through energy. Everything and everyone is compiled of atoms, electrons, and synapses. Stephen Hawking, in *The Grand Design*, invokes this concept of connectivity, "...for we and our surroundings are composite structures, made of unimaginably large number of atoms, more atoms than there are stars in the observable universe," sending and receiving messages on more levels than we are consciously aware of. With every act and energetic intention there is an opposite and equal reaction. Therefore, what goes in must invariably go out. Again, it is the scientific law of cause and effect that what we internalize within our systems, investing heavy attention upon, will ultimately show itself to some degree in the world we see "out there."

Whatever we envision and create is like a drop of water that ripples out into the atmosphere into every direction insinuating a response. A revolution ignited in the 60's in response to war, and with this revolution came the infamous couple, John Lennon and Yoko Ono, whose lives intertwined intimately with Peace.

Their art and vision are in direct alignment with peace. They intentionally extended a peaceful vision to the world in hopes that others catch onto this wavelength and reciprocate. After Yoko Ono's book *Grapefruit* and her curious adventures of prose, John Lennon prompted the idealized song, "Imagine," with the visual of "all the people living life in peace." Yoko then wrote "Imagine Peace," in the collaborative publication of the curated book, *Imagine*. She illustrates the power of unity and what can transpire when we envision the same ideas, weaving a unified tapestry of peace, together. We may feel insignificant in our individual efforts—but it is through this persistent application of our individualized efforts, combined with the collective inertia and cumulative participation—that any great change can truly evolve. Yoko reminds us that "A dream we dream alone is only a dream. A dream we dream together is reality."

Reality starts with the everyday actions of you and me. We are always voting for the world we seek. Now, it is "Clean up Time," as John Lennon puts it. We must commit ourselves to caring for the longevity of our singular human race and one and only planet by consciously caring for ourselves. It is our innate responsibility and obligation to carefully and continuously tend to our inner realities and heal the unattended wounds once and for all. To keep our gardens clean and weed through the unresolved pieces we are unconsciously clinging onto, accumulating into what we now see as hatred, violence and separation.

We must dig deep within ourselves and identify where we are creating peace or violence in our own walk and consciously vote for a peaceful world, together. We need to harmonize our peaceful intentions and act in congruence with one another. Lennon belts "Perfect harmony..Now it begins. Let it begin," and it can only begin when we unite. Anthony Robbins, successful entrepreneur in his acclaimed book, *Unlimited Power* proposes that, "Harmony tends to result from similarity," and when we assemble our visions and truly embody peace on a global scale, then we will inevitably see this reality. Peace can become a reality with our very being; consistently emitting, thinking and sharing Peace. The time is Now for us to fully clear the slate and remove unnecessary hate within us. Yoko declares that now, "It's Time for Action, the Action is PEACE." Let Peace wash us clean. Let us extend a united envisioned reality, building a world with peaceful actions, peaceful thoughts and peaceful words. For one moment: dream of the world living entirely in peace ... Radiate this feeling right NOW. This is the seed and the start, the dream of reality. Let us give Peace a chance... again. Let us emanate Peace in our heart. Peace in our mind and Peace for mankind.



The Conscious Crow—
Reminding you to Grow

Medication Drop Box Locations

<p>Bristol Town Hall</p> <p>Canandaigua DMV Office FLCC (near gym) Police Department The Medicine Shoppe Thompson Hospital (lobby)</p> <p>Clifton Springs Hospital & Clinic (lobby)</p> <p>East Bloomfield Town Hall</p>	<p>Farmington State Trooper Barracks</p> <p>Geneva Police Station North Street Pharmacy</p> <p>Hopewell Mental Health Clinic (3019 County Complex Drive)</p> <p>Naples Village Hall</p>	<p>Phelps Community Center</p> <p>Richmond Town Hall CVS Pharmacy</p> <p>Rushville Village Hall</p> <p>Shortsville Fire Department</p> <p>Victor Mead Square Pharmacy</p>
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46				47		48		49		50					
S	A	D	F	A	C	E	O	E	U	V	R	E			
51				52		53									
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				54		55				56	57	58	59		
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60	61	62		63	64			65							
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66				67				68							
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69				70		71		72		73					
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74								75		76					
I	S	A	T	O	P	N	O	M	E	S	S				

Solution to Owl Light Puzzle 3, on page 21

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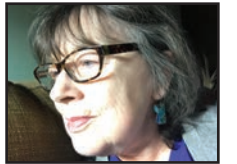
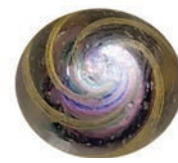


Roll Call

I couldn't have imagined that that first jar of marbles would take me on such a journey, or that there was so much to learn. Usually I hunt for marbles at flea markets or yard sales, and machine made make up most of my collection. Pel-tier marbles have become my favorite and, like any collector, I'd like to own examples of the more exotic ones. I've got Tracers, Sunsets, and some great multicolor swirls ("MCS") such as Zebras, Ruby and Custard Bees, and even a "Ketchup and Mustard." Like others, I often share my finds on "Marble Nuts," the name of a Facebook group, and I keep learning.



Barb Jordan



Barbara Jordan retired from teaching poetry at the U. of Rochester. Her books are *Channel* (Beacon) and *Trace Elements* (Penguin). She now hunts flea markets for various treasures.

Many marbles can be traced back to the makers. The complexity & diversity of materials and designs led Jordan to create a taxonomy of marbles, which can be found in the online article at www.owlighnews.com/roll-call/.

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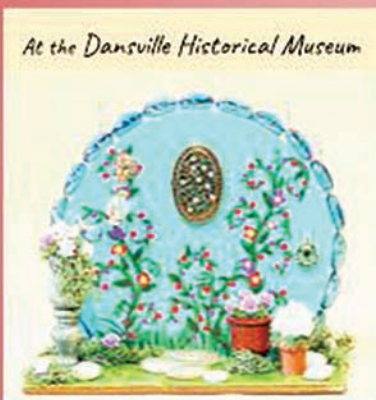


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