



OWLIGHT



News

OwlLightNews.com

Where Inspiration & Inquiry Converge

October 2021



Stephen Lewandowski

The South side (formal entry) of Ephraim Cleveland's home, in Naples, NY

From Partridgefield, MA To Naples, NY 1789-1794

STEPHEN LEWANDOWSKI

At this time (2021) information is lacking as to how several groups of settlers from western Massachusetts made their way from Partridgefield, Massachusetts (now known as Hinsdale) to land they had purchased from the Phelps and Gorham Company in 1788, located at that time in Connecticut. At about this time, Phelps and Gorham opened what was America's first land office managed by General Israel Chapin in Canandaigua, NY, selling land acquired from the State of Massachusetts (April, 1788) and the Seneca Indians (July 8, 1788).

In stories about the trip, references are made to overland travel, travel by water and travel over frozen ground and water.

Travel by water would have entailed poling or rowing north up the Hudson River to its juncture with the Mohawk, poling or rowing west up the Mohawk with a portage at Little Falls to an overland "carry" of two miles to Wood Creek in the vicinity of what would later become Fort Stanwix and Rome, NY. Wood Creek would carry boats, goods and passengers to Oneida Lake. Paddling across Oneida Lake, travelers would exit to Oneida Creek and reach the Oswego River. The Oswego River would deliver them with many twists and turns to Genundewaga, a Seneca village near Seneca Lake. Jane Mills in her History of Naples, NY (c.1896) wrote, "...for several years the water route was considered the more feasible."

Traveling further west on Lake Ontario from the outflow of the Oswego River, small boats could have kept close to Ontario's shoreline until they reached either Irondequoit Bay sixty-five miles away, whose Irondequoit Creek could be navigated south about fifteen miles, with difficulty, to the vicinity of what became Mendon Center; or the Genesee River about five miles further west, whose flow, once the boats were carried around the falls in what became the City of Rochester, would have conveyed the travelers to the Honeoye/Hemlock Outlet and thence to Mendon within fifteen miles of Canandaigua Lake.

What land routes were available to settlers?

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JOIN THE OWL LIGHT CONVERSATION

We welcome commentary from our readers.

Many of our regular contributors include direct contact information with their BIO information, and are happy to hear from other members of the *Owl Light* community. You can also send emails (with the title of the article in the subject line) to editor@canadicepress.com.

As our slogan states, *Owl Light News* is where "Inspiration & Inquiry Converge." As such, we welcome creative content and ideas along with active inquiry and commentary around the things that matter in the more rural places we live in—"where trees outnumber people."

Letters to the editor and longer opinion pieces can be emailed to editor@canadicepress.com. We ask that letters be topical, with sound arguments focused on ideas and information that inspires discussion and fosters positive community growth. Open exchange and change requires a willingness on the part of many to share divergent thoughts and listen carefully; to explore the validity as well as the weaknesses in dissenting views. Short, concise letters under 500 words are more likely to be published.

The absolute deadline for all content for upcoming issues is the 1st day of the month prior to the date of publication (so December 1st for the January issue).

Earlier is better: *Owl Light News* pages fill up FAST!
We look forward to hearing from you.



Owl Light Renewals

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in a timely manner and keep the Owls coming. Thanks!



Where Inspiration & Inquiry Converge

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Thank you to ALL of the incredible contributors and behind the scenes folks who make the Owl the Owl!

FROM THE NEWSROOM

Owl light News is available as a digital subscription. The cost is \$15 a year (on its own) or \$25 a year for both print and digital. If you are a current print subscriber and want to read us online, simply email me at editor@canadicepress.com and let me know, and I will add you to the online list as part of your current subscription.

Correction: Let us know if you see something that we need to change to set the record straight.

Canadice Press is a print alternative/arts press. We publish *Owl Light News* and *Owl Light Literary*—a literary/arts journal (inaugural issue out in 2021). Community news content and our community calendar are available online (with no paywall or intrusive popups) at owllightnews.com.

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Reckoning with Time (and Changes) as Canadice Press moves into 2022

As the cooler temperatures and shorter days of autumn become unavoidably real, I always find myself reckoning with time and its inevitable passage. As passionately as spring announces rebirth and new things, fall emerges as a reminder that youth is, indeed, fleeting. When April again rolls around, the *Owl Light News* (and Canadice Press) will celebrate five years of being. I looked back on this journey recently as we camped and relaxed in Maine. It had been a while since we had taken a break and the time away offered opportunities to reflect on paths lesser traveled and experiences worth revisiting.

Despite a plethora of challenges, 2021 has been an exciting one for Canadice Press. Most notable is the publication of our first literary journal. The theme we chose for year one (with the second issue planned for 2023) is Turning Points, in recognition that life is ever evolving. This reality has been even more obvious for many as we all face the consequences of the global pandemic that has dominated (and continues to impact) our lives. That impact includes changes in how we spend our time, including our views on work. An October 23, 2021 *New York Times* opinion guest essay, “The Future of Work Should Mean Working Less” by Jonathan Malesic—with work-related resolutions from *New York Times* readers ([nytimes.com/interactive/2021/09/23/opinion/covid-return-to-work-rto.html](https://www.nytimes.com/interactive/2021/09/23/opinion/covid-return-to-work-rto.html))—touched on Americans’ relationships with work and explored how many people—in the wake of changes brought about by COVID-19—are envisioning a future that places less emphasis on our roles as workers while seeking to validate other aspects of our lives.

Back home, in front of the machine, I, too, am taking a closer look at how my work-a-day role (which these days is focused on Canadice Press) balances with other interests and pursuits. Print and online *Owl Light* readership has increased since 2019 and with every new subscription (and every new exciting contributor) the time spent putting (and keeping) it all together increases. We love print. Although it is exciting to explore and expand online opportunities, more than anything we want to continue creating something that can be taken in hand, that is physically real. People who like print want content that goes beyond the mainstream and also desire something substantive that they can hold, share, and return to. This love of the physical world relates to so much of what I enjoy and love doing (everything from writing and working bees to cutting cabochons and fabricating silver).



How, then, to give readers what they want (including colored print copy and engaging content) while reckoning with the shorter days and realities of time that the transition to fall brings into focus (not to mention the economic realities of print publication)? You can tell I have thought about this much as I’ve traverse mountain trails while listening to and marveling at the beauties of our natural world during our recent get away. Canadice Press is moving in new directions in 2022 as we redefine and fine-tune our path forward.

We will be continuing *Owl Light News* IN PRINT (and online) in 2022 with some exciting changes. First, we are going to full color and are transitioning to a magazine format beginning with the January 2022 issue. To make this possible, we will be changing from monthly (newsprint) publication to quarterly magazine (with issues out in Jan., April, July, And Oct.). We will offer many more pages in each issue including all the great contributors you currently look for and so much more. And did I mention full color! We are also putting in place some changes to our online site for 2022 that will make it more user-friendly for readers while facilitating easier online interactions as a reading and writing community.

To keep the focus on the content, we will place our sponsors (advertisers) back of book (similar to the model we used for *Turning Points*) and will continue limiting sponsorship to quality and sustainably-focused businesses and organizations that are independently owned / operated. These same select sponsors will also be the only advertisers on our updated online subscriber site (no pop ups!).

We have another literary journal planned in 2023 (an every-other-year serial). The new journal will feature a guest artist along with more great creative writing. Submissions for the 2023 journal will be accepted from May-August 2022 — theme TBD — with the journal out Summer 2023. We will post submission calls here and on social media.

Finally, Canadice Press is working toward publication of an environmental / nature themed children’s picture book (with subsequent titles to follow).

As we move toward a more sustainable model while maintaining print as a viable media in an increasingly virtual world, change is inevitable. We are a reader-supported press and, as such, depend on and appreciate the support from our subscribers. We welcome readers’ and contributors’ feedback and ideas as we move ahead with these changes. We also value and appreciate the generous support from sponsoring businesses and organizations (many of whom have been with us since our earliest issue in 2017) and hope we can continue to support the important work you do. We are a community—Where Inspiration and Inquiry Converge—and we look forward to continuing to serve as a forum for voices to be heard and ideas to be shared.

D.E. Bentley
Editor Owl Light News

NOTE: We will NOT be publishing a December 2021 issue of *Owl Light News*, to allow for a smooth transition into 2022 (and to give all contributors and Owl support folks some much-needed opportunity for renewal and shared time with family and friends). We will follow up in November with subscribers and sponsors to provide details and to answer any question you may have about our upcoming changes.

Seeking submissions for feature articles

Articles should reflect on rural life in New York State. They should be timely, and the original work of the author(s). Submitted pieces should be around 2000 words and include original images (photos or illustrations). Authors/artists will receive full credit (in print and online). We are also looking for reviews of local arts (visual, performing, literary...) as well as original short stories and poetry for Pen & Prose—our monthly literary arts section. We accept submission on a rolling basis. Please specify the type of submission in the subject line of the email (i.e. news story, feature story, press release, poetry, editorial, opinion, fiction etc.). Include your name and phone number in the email, as well as a word doc attachment of the submission. Feel free to contact us in advance with queries, if desired. All submissions will be considered on a case by case basis for publication in future issues (in print and/or online). Submissions to editor@canadicepress.com

Pathways to Democracy

We Stand for the Silent Ones: Water In (and for) a Changing World

DOUG GARNAR



From 1945-1990 the planet, in the words of John F. Kennedy, lived under the nuclear sword of Damocles. With the collapse of the Soviet Union, both American and Global Security seemed assured for the foreseeable future. Talk of a “Peace Dividend” along with the long-term triumph of “Liberal Democratic Capitalism” became the talk of the day.

Two decades later a growing list of “crises” became standard fare on “breaking news” TV headlines, newspaper headlines and social media/podcasts. Terrorist attacks; unprecedented waves of legal/illegal migration; economic downturns approaching the Great Depression of the 1930s; a COVID 19 virus changing everything from education/work to debates over the use of vaccinations/masks; protests against systemic racism took to the streets; an insurrection on January 6th whose reverberations are still felt; the displacement of democracies by authoritarian/Fascist regimes; finally, a planet hurtling into a world of global climate warming. Albrecht Durer’s late 15th Century woodprint, *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse (war, pestilence, famine and death)*, has now morphed into the 21st Century Eight Horsemen of the Apocalypse (pestilence, war, terrorism, racism, radical weather, drought, autocratic states, and massive inequality). T.S. Elliot’s famous 1939 quote “Things fall apart, the center cannot hold...” seems more relevant today than when first penned on the eve of WWII.

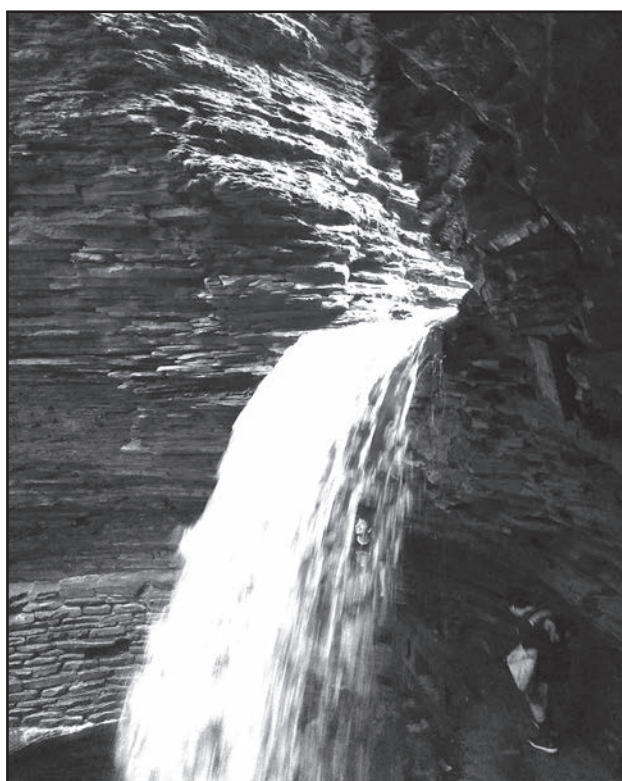
One might despair that any of these crises can be successfully resolved by a democracy let alone one that is characterized by toxic rhetoric; a failure to see any common good; and an unwillingness to prioritize and tackle our most pressing public policy issues. The problems of too much water, too little water or toxic water have a dramatic impact on all life and the quality of life.

Consider the following water issues since the end of the Cold War:

- Fires in the Western United States fueled by extreme drought and extraordinary high record temperatures have burned entire communities to the ground and consumed millions of acres of valuable forest land. Current forest fires in California alone have burned over 1.15 million acres of land and have destroyed hundreds of homes.
- Forty million people rely on the Colorado river to meet their personal needs and promote agriculture. Yet climate change is killing the river. Nevada, Utah, and California are the fastest growing states but are heavily dependent on the Colorado River. Lake Meade, the largest reservoir, was last filled to capacity in 1983 and has been in a steep descending decline.
- The Southeastern United States and the Atlantic coastline from Florida to New England have witnessed tropical storms, hurricanes, and tornados which have caused not only untimely human deaths but billions of dollars in

“We stand here for the silent ones, the ones that walk on four legs, the ones that fly, the creepy crawlers on the earth and the ones that live underneath it. All of the things that connect us, and the sacred water we are here to protect. The earth is calling us to make a stand.”

(WE ARE THE WATER PROTECTORS, Carole Linstrom & Mikchaela Goade)



costs to affected communities. Hurricane Ida devastated major swaths of Louisiana but as it made its way up to New York and New Jersey it dumped record levels of rain resulting in over 40 deaths and the specter of fish swimming in a closed down NYC subway system. Each such weather event now costs at least a billion plus dollars.

- Record snowfalls have left their imprint on American cities as we recently saw in Houston with an entire power grid shut down impacting close to 10 million people, killing over 160 people, and costing \$20 billion dollars. In my home country of Broome, a record 40-inch snowfall in 2017 shut much of the area down for close to a week and the NYS National Guard was called in to help clear roads.
- Unclean water containing unsafe levels of lead and other toxic metals as well as lethal bacteria has been responsible for death, and have short and long-term impacts on children (intellectual development is severely impacted by lead). The tragic case of Flint Michigan (2014-2019) saw thousands of young children suffer from lead poisoning when Michigan Governor Snyder made the decision to use the Flint River to meet the city’s water needs rather than continue to use the Detroit water system. A financial cost was the determining factor, and no assessment of the Flint River’s water quality was made. Former

Governor Snyder was indicted earlier this year (several felonies) for failing to have govt. officials assure the safety of the cheaper Flint River water. Compounding the problem was that Flint, whose former prosperity rested on the car industry, had fallen on hard economic times. Lead water pipes going back to the early 1900s had yet to be replaced.

- The Susquehanna River, which begins in Cooperstown and ends in the Chesapeake, carries a massive volume of pollutants which it picks up in its meandering 444 miles. Both Pennsylvania and New York committed to a plan to clean up the river; nothing has been done. Dollars are need for other things (maybe a new football stadium for the Buffalo Bills!). There is little political gain from such projects.
- Finally, two once in 500-year floods hit Broome County in 2006 and again in 2011. Billion-dollar price tags for each, the stench of garbage for days, and even a house floating down the Susquehanna graced these catastrophes. The Johnson City-Binghamton Joint Sewage/Waste treatment plant was severely damaged, and its repair now exceed \$300 million dollars. Water sewage rates are expected to increase by 50%. And a debate as to whether the plant should be privatized continues to roil Binghamton politics.
- Current flood alerts have become commonplace on the local weather reports for Broome County and this past July a record 8 plus inches of rain fell on Broome County.

In the proverbial words of Lenin, “What is to be done?” The increasing negative consequences of climate change cannot be flipped off like a light switch.

There are things that citizens can do at the local level. Among them are:

- Conduct a “water audit” of your community (flood walls; old water/sewer pipes in need of replacement; condition of wetlands; how reliable is your county communications network; potential toxic waste contamination of underground water from abandoned gas stations etc.)
- Find out what proactive plans your county govt. has in place to avert/mitigate water problems like flooding.

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Etched in Stone – Exploring New York’s Buried Past

Symbolism in Funerary Art



DAVID PIERCE

Funerary Art

Cemeteries of the Finger Lakes Region are outdoor historical museums. In many rural communities, they are the only repository of early American public art. The intricate stonework and etchings on gravestones of early pioneer days is commonly referred to as Funerary Art. The word "funerary" generally means "of or pertaining to a funeral or burial." Worldwide, some of the best-known examples of Funerary Art are the Taj Mahal, King Tut's Tomb and the Egyptian pyramids. In our region, there are numerous examples of Funerary Art in many of the well over 1,000 Finger Lakes Region cemeteries. In the many years that I have studied and enjoyed the intricate etchings of many beautiful and captivating Early American gravestones, I had never realized that these works of art have the descriptive name Funerary Art. Funerary Art is defined as any work of art forming, or placed in, a repository for the remains of the dead. The term encompasses a wide variety of forms, and serves many cultural functions. Funerary Art can play a role in burial rites, serve as an article for use by the dead in the afterlife, or can serve to celebrate the life and accomplishments of the dead. This art can also function as a reminder of the mortality of humankind, as an expression of cultural values and roles, and help to appease the spirits of the dead, maintaining their benevolence and preventing their unwelcome intrusion into the lives of the living.

MOTIVATION

Inevitably, the day-to-day lives of our ancestors fade over time along with the cemeteries and gravestones that mark their final resting places. Older burial grounds become neglected, forgotten and many, for better or worse, fall into ruin; some disappear forever. Sharing New York's buried past helps preserve the rich histories of brave men and women who have gone before us. Lives of great expectation, long lives and short lives, lives of joy and sorrow, lives of triumph and tragedy, lives of gain and loss...are all shared and preserved when descendants honor their ancestors through recognition, research, and reverence.

Cemeteries of the Bristol Valley

My search for Funerary Art is focused on three cemeteries in the Bristol valley.

Bristol Center Cemetery, Bristol, NY

Bristol Center Cemetery was featured in my August 2021 *Owl Light News* article. Established in 1802, this truly historic Cemetery graces the sloping hillside between State Route 64 and County Road 32 in the heart of Bristol Center, New York. The last names of Gooding, Wilder and other Revolutionary-era pioneers appear on the gravestones of this age-old sacred graveyard. Standing among the final resting places of over four hundred souls, one is mindfully transported back to an early 18th Century New England rural Cemetery. Designs and concepts of the Cemetery were brought to the Bristol Hills by the optimistic and courageous New England pioneers who made Bristol their new home.

Wilder Cemetery, South Bristol, NY

Established in 1801, Wilder Cemetery sits on a knoll of approximately one acre, off the east side of NY Route 64. There are approximately 70 burials sites there. The cemetery is not visible from the road, however, there is a sign for the adjacent Founders Cemetery marking the entrance. The last names of Wilder, Hatch, Allen, Parish, and Brown, and other pioneer families, appear on the gravestones of this age-old heirloom burial ground. The cemetery was the town cemetery for Mud Creek, a community founded by Gamaliel Wilder in 1788. Gamaliel was born in Connecticut in 1743. He established the first grist mill on Mud Creek in 1790. The burials appear to be the descendants of Gamaliel Wilder. The town has vanished, the only remnants being an old barn and the Wilder Cemetery. Currently, the cemetery lacks definition and grave sites are not easily identified. Fortunately, a split rail fence borders the burial ground. A recent visitor from Wisconsin remarked that "Perhaps someday, a civic minded group will adopt this cemetery. It seems that a group effort could clean up the cemetery, knock down the weeds, perhaps even clean up and/or restore the stones."

Fairview Cemetery, Naples, NY

Fairview Cemetery, also known as Old Square Cemetery, in the Village of Naples, NY, is located behind the town park on the west side of Main Street at the intersection of NY Routes 21 and 245. There are over 300 burials in this cemetery. The northwest corner of the cemetery appears empty and is said to be the potter's field where society's unfortunates received anonymous burials. With burials dating back as far as 1801, Fairview is truly a pioneer cemetery. The grounds are well maintained, and the stone walls and cast-iron gates give visitors a feeling of mysterious connection to the early days of the village.

Funerary Art from Cemeteries in the Bristol Valley



An angel, as a messenger of God, and as a guardian of the deceased, is depicted escorting a departed soul to heaven. The boat is considered a romantic symbol, a symbol of a journey. The boat also symbolizes safety and refuge.

A sheaf of wheat on a tombstone is often used to denote someone who has lived a long and fruitful life of more than seventy years. The deceased in this grave lived to age 77. The wheat also denotes immortality and resurrection because of its use as a harvested grain. The scythe represents Death, the Divine harvest. The vine at the base represents friendship, fidelity, and immortality.



Continued on page 6

Dragonfly Tales

October at Odonata Sanctuary Pumpkins, Pianos, and Other Things that Fly



STEVE MELCHER

Here at Odonata Sanctuary in the Finger Lakes, in the Northern Hemisphere, October means days are flush with falling leaves, frosty windowpanes and anticipation of future forays into the forests foraging for fungi. Well, that was fun. The tenth month, October, shares its root with octopus and octagon from the Latin octo and the Greek okto, meaning 'eight'. Well wait, octo means eight, not ten (December). The original Roman (Latin) calendar had only ten months and October had been the eighth. The numerical name stuck, like September, November and December (7, 9, 10) even after egomaniacs Julius and Augustus Caesar named months after themselves, expanding the calendar from ten months to twelve by adding July and August.

Let's get back to October, the eighth month, now the tenth month. One of the three missions at Odonata Sanctuary is to foster experimentation with agricultural techniques. Part of that exploration involves growing and harvesting pumpkins. I love words, so when I typed 'pumpkin' I thought what a strange word that includes: 'pump': a device used for moving fluids and gasses, and kin: one's family and relations. There must be some other explanation than describing your cousin as the one who carries the water in a carved out gourd? The name may come from Latin/Greek origin with a root word 'pepon' meaning



Budday and Archie, the Beagle Boys, search out pumpkins at Odonata Sanctuary. Photo by Steve Melcher

ripe gourd. Another, more believable, derivation for the word pumpkin is that it comes from the same source as the words woodchuck, squash, Massachusetts and mosquito. Pumpkins, like potatoes and tomatoes, are native to the Americas. This orange round delight was introduced to the early settlers as pōhpukun meaning 'grows forth round' The pumpkin is a type of 'squash'. Both 'squash' and pumpkin come from the Wampanoag people of present day Massachusetts.

We have grown pumpkins for over twenty years here at the sanctuary with varying results. The largest, 'Mamasutra: the Pumpkin Goddess', weighed in at over 300 pounds. This is nothing compared to the record set in Belgium (of all places) at 2,624.6 pounds. To our surprise, Mamasutra turned out to have a hole in a section hidden by corn stalks in its big beautiful rind where a raccoon had set up house-keeping complete with hot tub, cable and wifi.

This year, having an unusual abundance of retired tires, we planted the seeds in the Goodyears hoping to have a good year of cucurbits. When the fruit develops large enough, we protect the golden treasure by surrounding it with yet another tire.

We have experimented with roasting pumpkin seeds as well as preparing Korean Ssam and Ssambap recipes using the young leaves. We use the pumpkin meat for pies, breads and muffins but also in our dog and potbellied pig food as a veterinarian recommended to aid to digestion. There are all kinds of recipes from all over the world for all parts of this wonderful member of the cucurbit family.

One unusual use for this fruit 'that grows forth-round' is to be deployed as a projectile. While the Agriculture department of the college where I taught in Delaware participated in this 'science' activity, I strongly disapproved. My mother always taught me to clear my plate, appreciate the food I had, and share with others and not to play with my food. However, the World Championship Punkin Chunkin contest has grown from an informal competition between several men in 1986 (I was there protesting amongst flying pumpkin missiles) to a nationally televised event. I believe the record is now held by some engineer from New Hampshire who claims the laudable distinction of 'throwing' a wonderful food source just short of a mile - 4,694.68 feet (1,430.94 m)! This is an interesting way amateur and professional engineers, and folks who just like to smash things, can get together and design ways to throw a pumpkin using machines. They are actually divided into classes that include Trebuchet (currently the record holder), Human Powered, Adult Torsion, and Centrifugal Human Powered. Throwing pumpkins or any other food is even worse than throwing pianos. I like to see a piano fly before it makes its way to a landfill, but can't we think of another way to test our engineering skills? We may have an abundance of pumpkins this year at Odonata Sanctuary, but our neighbors don't have to be concerned about flying fruit from afar. Charlotte the pig loves them of course, but so do the geese, goats, donkeys and peafowl! Whatever pumpkin product are not used by our families and farm friends, dogs, and critters, is sent to nearby food shelters.

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Continued on page 12

Bee Lines

Unwanted Pests and Honey Bee Winter Survival

SAM HALL



It is now September and my honey supers are not full and capped, which is not too unusual considering that I have harvested honey twice since late June. The golden rod flow is in full swing. It looks like the next several days will be rain free and allow the bees to really work the blossoms. Last year we also had a real flow from the wild asters which comes on toward the end of or after the golden rod flow is nearly over. It is nowhere near the amount of the golden rod flow but significant.

Golden rod honey crystalizes far quicker than other honeys but as you know simply put the jar in warm water for a while to re-liquify it. Many people feel that golden rod honey is the best honey for allergies. I don't know because I have no allergies except when it comes to stupidity.

A few weeks ago, I spotted a grey paper like nest near the pond where my honey bees go to drink. The builders and occupiers of the nest were white faced hornets. I don't like to kill anything but in the case of white faced hornets I make an exception. One of their favorite foods are honey bees. They can actually decimate a colony in a short time.

A few years ago, I got stung several times in my left arm by white faced hornets when I disturbed one of their nests, which was in supposedly an empty nuc box I was going to use. Not sure how many stings I got, but my left arm sustained most of the stings. I developed a red band near that shoulder. I consulted a doctor and learned that I had blood poisoning from the stings. It required no treatment and the band disappeared in a few days.

The Hornets' presence posed a threat to both me and my honey bees. I purchased a can of spray that was supposed to do the job. After three or four treatments I ran out of spray and they weren't all gone. So, I bought a second canister of spray and that did not do it.



The grey paper nest of the white-faced hornet (also called bald-faced hornet and white-faced yellowjacket – *Dolichovespula maculata*). Despite its name it is not a true hornet (a title specific to wasps in the genus *Vespa*).

It was with great reluctance I finally burned the nest and now they are gone.

Bottom line, if you have any white faced hornets nesting near your hives you need to get rid of them.

In western New York, when it comes to beekeeping and some other things there really are only two seasons, summer and winter. Unfortunately, I spend a lot of the summer getting ready for winter, both in regard to beekeeping and myself. It is now time to make a final decision on what Varroa mite treatment you're going to use, just before winter makes treatment almost impossible as the bees will be in winter cluster. I currently plan on using Hoggard 3 for my



white-face hornet

fall treatment for Varroa. You want your bees to go into winter as Varroa free as possible. Hoggard 3 is made from hops and can be used with honey supers on. Daytime temperatures should be 50 or above.

Our beekeeping community came to my aid when I hurt my back early in the summer and for a while had trouble lifting myself let alone a honey super. I had offers of help from beekeepers both nearby and further away. This banding together of beekeepers was more evident in a recent development.

On Labor Day, I received a call from a beekeeper who had gotten two colonies this past spring and one had become extremely aggressive. They had stung his family and his neighbors. He had found a place about three miles away that he could move the bees to that did not have nearby people. I could tell by talking with him that he was torn and had even considered killing the bees. Moving an existing colony that has developed all summer is a difficult task. He did not know how to move them and did not have the equipment to do so anyway. He had the colony in five medium supers. I was quickly able to recruit two much younger beekeepers. They used my truck and equipment to accomplish the job. The bees are now safe.

There are times I wish I understood my fascination with honey bees but I don't. When I pull a frame of bees out of a hive and hold it up in the sunlight, I still have the same sense of awe that I did as a child, for the past several years as an adult, and now as an elderly beekeeper. 🐝

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." Samhall@Rochester.rr.com

50th Ontario County Dairy Princess Crowned

Canandaigua, NY: The Ontario County Dairy Princess Program is excited to introduce their newly crowned 2021-2022 Ontario County Dairy Princess Allison Fellows. In the fall, Allison will be a Senior at Bloomfield High School and enjoys promoting the dairy industry. This is Allison's third year on the dairy promotion court. This year's court includes Dairy Ambassadors Alaina Davies, Alexa Davies, Grace Maslyn, Olivia Maslyn, Emily Pellett, and Junior Dairy Ambassador Julie Rogers.

This special 50th celebration was held at the 4-H Camp Bristol Hills. Several former princesses were in attendance to help celebrate 50 years of Dairy Promotion in Ontario County. A zoom meeting was set up so past princesses unable to attend could also enjoy the pageant.

Molly Mueller, 2019-2020 Ontario County Dairy Princess, was the emcee. Holly Niefergold, 2021-2022 New York State Alternate Dairy Princess was able to attend and gave a short message about ADA Northeast Promotions and wished the Dairy Princess and court a good year promoting dairy. Senator Pam Helming did a video thanking the 2020-2021 Ontario County Dairy Princess, Cara Walker, and court for doing a great job promoting dairy in Ontario County during the pandemic.

The court is excited about promoting dairy and dairy products at many events in 2021-2022. If you would like to have the Dairy Princess and court at an event, please contact Ontario County Chairperson Lori Weykman at lweykman1@gmail.com.

Ontario County Dairy Princess Program is made possible through the support of ADA Northeast, the local planning and management organization funded by dairy farmer check-off dollars, local dairy farms, and agri-businesses.



2021-2022 Ontario County Dairy Princess Court. Left to right front row: Ambassador, Emily Pellett; 2021-2022 Dairy Princess, Allison Fellows; Jr. Dairy Ambassador, Julie Rogers. Back row: Ambassador, Olivia Maslyn; Ambassador, Alexa Davies; 2020-2021 Dairy Princess, Cara Walker; Ambassador, Alaina Davies; and Ambassador, Grace Maslyn.

Partridgefield to Naples from front

Iroquois trails abounded in central and western New York, but these were mostly footpaths. The 1779 Colonial invasion led by General Sullivan against the Cayuga and Seneca as part of the Revolutionary War had demonstrated that an army of over two thousand men with their supplies, baggage, and heavy weapons could embark north from the upper Susquehanna River valley, following Indian trails, avoiding swamps and heavy woods, to reach first Seneca Lake, then sweep west destroying villages and crops all the way to the Genesee River. But by ten years later, little existed of this route.

A main Native American thoroughfare stretched from Albany on the Hudson west to Seneca villages on the Genesee River and beyond to what became Buffalo. Once again, it was a footpath but more heavily traveled on its east end and probably convertible to wagon traffic.

The Parish family of twelve embarked in two ox-drawn sleds (the wheels were carried in the cart) in January of 1790 on the northern, mostly land route. Their sleds were loaded with provisions, clothing, and household goods unobtainable in the wilderness. Out of Massachusetts on frozen cart/sled roads and north along the Hudson River to the settlement at Albany, then west over a well-established trail as far as Utica (about 160 miles from Partridgefield) then on a footpath to Fort Stanwix. After Stanwix, the trail was narrow and the travelers were lucky when the ground was frozen.

Oxen could cover fifteen miles in a day, conditions permitting. Their sleds could be converted to two-wheeled carts. Wind-fallen trees would delay their travel by a day to clear them. In the seventy mile stretch between Fort Stanwix and Genundesaga (Geneva) there were no settlements, few houses and less provisions. They found ten settler families at Genundesaga who provided them with shelter, food and ferried them across Seneca Lake. It took them at least two days in bad weather to reach Canandaigua (four weeks away from Stanwix) and two more days to walk with their sleds the twenty mile length of the frozen lake to Naples Creek where they found Kiandaga, a small Seneca village. The third day after their arrival, they began to build a 16' by 18' log house in the flats, with split basswood floors and oak shakes for a roof held in place by poles. The houses consisted of one large room on the ground floor with a second floor sleeping area. A large fireplace against one wall was used for heat and cooking.

The second group of forty settlers including the Clark, Cleveland and Watkins families arrived in April of that year. This group had rowed flat-bottomed boats up the Hudson to the the Mohawk River, portaged around Little Falls, continued up the Mohawk until they reached the two-mile portage to Wood Creek. From there they paddled downstream on Wood Creek to the Oswego, Seneca, and Clyde Rivers, stopping at a small settlement at Lyons and finally up Ganargua Creek to the stream flowing out of Canandaigua Lake. In April, the water route would be open of ice all the way to Naples, but timing was all important. Too little flow meant

obstacles all the way; too much flow meant hard paddling. They began immediately to construct log houses and huts on arrival.

The resident Seneca likely shared and traded their provisions with the people who would soon supplant them. Phelps and Gorham's agreement with the Seneca had stipulated that hunting and fishing rights for the Seneca would remain for twenty years. But the Seneca were expected to move west of the Genesee River to Squawkie Hill. Along with log houses, the settlers adopted the Seneca practice of burning out a hollow in the top of an oak round, but added their own springpole to lighten the wooden pestle. Corn grinding was shared in turns, between settlers and Senecas.

Between their 1790 arrival and 1793, when Benjamin Clark's sawmill was built of mill irons from Providence, RI and nails from Massachusetts, they lived in several log houses. Only after Grimes Creek was diverted to power the sawmill were boards sawed that could become frame houses such as that of Ephraim Cleveland in 1794 (shown on the front page). Cleveland's western front room was always available for meetings and religious services.* ✂

**The home (at the corner of Rt. 245 & Main Street, Naples) now serves as part of the Naples, NY Historical Society. See the back page for a supplemental article about Ephraim Cleveland and more images of this beautifully preserved historic home.*

Sources:

- Orsamus Turner's *History of the Settlement of Phelps and Gorham's Purchase (Rochester 1851)*
- Seymour H. Sutton's *unpublished Annals of Naples, 1853*
- Janes Mills' *unpublished History of Naples, NY, c. 1896*
- Marge Elder's "Winter Journey" in *Rochester Museum and Science Center Focus 3, (#4, 1987), pp. 18-23*
- Charles Milliken, *History of Ontario County, 1911*



Stephen Lewandowski has published fifteen large and small books of poetry, and his poems and essays have appeared in regional and national environmental and literary journals and anthologies. He is co-cordinator with Scott Williams of the Sea of Coffee Open Mic. at the Dalai Java coffeeshop in Canandaigua on third Sunday afternoons. His most recent book of poems is *Hard Work in Low Places* from Tiger Bark Press of Rochester, NY (June, 2021). He is currently working on a Journal of the Pandemic Year.

ELECTRONIC WASTE COLLECTION EVENT

Saturday, October 16, 2021
8:00 am to 2:00 pm

Geneva School Bus Garage
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The event is limited to 500 residents who pre-register

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The Monthly Read

A Watery World

A Review of *After the Flood* by *Kassandra Montag*

MARY DRAKE

Humans are fascinated with catastrophe. From movies like *The Matrix* and *Hunger Games* to books such as *Leave the World Behind*, by Rumaan Alam, and *Station Eleven*, by Emily St. John Mandel, we can't stop imagining what disaster would look like and how we would handle it. So, if you're among the many readers who love post-apocalyptic novels, then consider reading *After the Flood*, by Kassandra Montag.

This is Montag's debut novel and, for a first-time novelist, the world she creates is so completely imagined and thoroughly described it's almost as if she's been there. We've all heard how climate change is causing the polar ice caps to melt and the sea level to rise, but in this world 100 years in the future, the seas have overrun 95 percent of the Earth's landmasses. "From the water we came and to the water we will return," says one of the book's characters, "our lungs always hungering for air, but our hearts beating like waves."

So, with water everywhere, all that's left are a few mountaintops poking out of the sea. Those who have survived have migrated there to create towns out of salvaged materials. Civilization is gone, along with books and medicine. In this watery world, many people live on boats and survive by fishing. Laws are no longer enforced, so raiding groups like those aboard the Black Lily now plunder other ships and towns; they seize not only goods but also people. The slave trade is active and there are breeding ships where young girls are forced to re-populate the planet. Everyone wants to be in charge, yet many just want land where they can live securely.

The story begins when the strong-minded main character Myra is abandoned by her husband, who leaves on a boat and takes their five-year-old daughter Rowena with him. Pregnant with their second child, soon Myra also must leave her home in Nebraska to live on the water. She gives birth to her second child, Pearl, aboard the boat, and manages to eke out a meager living by catching fish and trading for necessities.

It's a dangerous life; Myra and Pearl are alone and exposed to violence from strangers, raiders, and

storms. So, Montag has set the scene for Myra's harrowing adventure of trying to recover her stolen first child. Myra discovers accidentally that Row has been taken to Greenland. Even though she prides herself on being self-sufficient and resourceful, Myra recognizes that her small boat can't make it in the rough northern seas. She decides to join the small crew of the Sedna, a cobbled-together ship whose captain, Abran, is trying to redeem his unsavory past by leading the crew to land that is safe where they can establish a democratic community.

The novel is both a great action-adventure and a love story, since Myra gets herself into and out of many tight places and takes two lovers during her time aboard Sedna. She isn't at all queasy about slitting the throats of those trying to harm her, nor does she mind manipulating her lovers to get what she wants. She convinces Abran to sail north, telling him there's safety at the Valley, in Greenland. What she doesn't tell him is that she wants to go there because of Row, nor does she tell him that the Valley has had an outbreak of the Black Plague.

But even though Myra is manipulative and often violent, it is through her that the author explores what it means to be a mother. The book begins with Myra's observation that Children think we make them, but we don't. They exist somewhere else, before us, before time. They come into the world and make us. They make us by breaking us first. It's a sentiment many parents can understand. Readers get to know Myra in great detail through all her musings, and we come to care about her and her fate, even though she frequently exposes others to danger in order to get her way. But it's all for a good purpose—to find her lost daughter. Myra even wonders if she's being fair to seven-year-old Pearl, dragging her along on this quest. Because of the dangerous world that Pearl has grown up in, she is far from a normal child, as shown by the fact that her favorite toy in this watery world is snakes. (They do, however, eventually prove useful.)

Myra also questions what it means to live in community, especially when she joins Sedna. At first, she's been living on her own so long that it is hard

for her to care about others. But the crew seems to have it all together; everything is running smoothly, until the captain begins drinking, quarrels and love intrigues develop, food runs low, and without antibiotics even small wounds can get infected and become life threatening. Raiders are also a constant concern. Who knows what is the best course of action and whom they should listen to?

Because this watery world is so unstructured and dangerous, almost everyone in it has experienced the death of a loved one. Grief, and how to live with it, is a recurrent theme throughout the book.

When I think of those days, of losing the people I've loved, I think of how my loneliness deepened, like being lowered into a well, water rising around me as I clawed at the stone walls, reaching for sunlight. How you get used to being at the bottom of a well. How you wouldn't recognize a rope if it was thrown down to you.

Although Montag has written poetry and short stories, this is her first novel, and it is so well imagined and graphically written that it has been optioned for television. It has been called "swashbuckling" and "gripping," as well as "impossible to put down." However, some readers might consider that there's a little too much of Myra's deep thoughts about life, loss, and motherhood, that her musings slow down the pace of the novel. Sometimes, we just want to get on with the story. Plus you have to wonder how all these internal feelings will translate to television's visual rendering. The entire novel is a delicate dance between action/adventure and a character study; if you like the former, you might find yourself skimming over the latter.

Without directly addressing the topic of global warming, Montag offers a vision of how the world might go and how human nature would affect our ability to cope. *After the Flood* is alternately thought provoking and exciting. 🦉

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.

After the Flood
448 pages
HarperCollins
(2019)



Where the Path Leads — YA FANTASY by MARY DRAKE (marydrake.online) Chapter 19: *Very Small People*



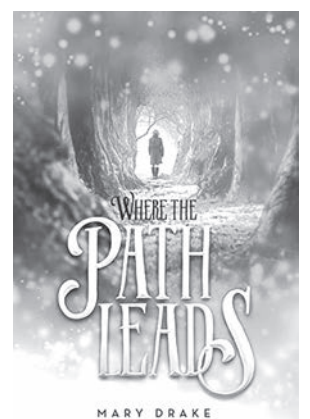
After nearly drowning in the river due to the trickery of the bergfolk, Emily falls asleep under an oak tree, only to be awoken in the dark by a dangerous scavenging animal. Her surprising rescue leads to an encounter with an unlikely source of help

Even though it wasn't very cold, Emily lay shivering on the mossy bed beneath the oak tree most of the night, whether from the dampness of her clothes or from uneasiness, or both, she wasn't sure. A slight breeze murmured eerily through the leaves, and she kept hearing unfamiliar sounds nearby—scratching, hooting, baying, and once, the scream of an animal that was surely being killed.

She continued to turn over in her mind the task she'd taken on and how she would accomplish it. How was she to find the abyss? What was to stop her from just leaving? But she pictured Sophia locked away on the third floor of the manor house. The Seneschal was counting on her not forgetting her friend.

And she wouldn't.

Continued online...owllightnews.com/where-the-path-leads-chapter_____.



Available as an ebook on Amazon and soon to be released in print.

Side Street Sounds

Change in the Musical Season

STEVE WEST

Autumn has never been my favorite season. The days are shorter, the nights are colder, and it always feels just a little bit like Mother Nature is thumbing her nose at me for all the things I intended to get done around the house while the weather was nice but never quite got around to doing. There is one thing that I look forward to: the change of musical seasons.

Concerts in the park usually wrap up by Labor Day. Lakeside venues may manage to keep their bandstands open into September if the weather allows. By October, all but the hardiest of venues usually move music indoors. With that move, live music goes through a subtle change. The sound quality is often better, and the chances of being overpowered by a loud motorcycle or boat passing by are a lot slimmer. Indoor crowds tend to be better listeners. They are generally more receptive to music they haven't heard before so it's a better environment for original music. The frequency with which "Freebird" is hollered toward the stage decreases dramatically inside.

Don't get me wrong. I love the summer music season. There's something about playing in the fresh air and sunshine that can't be matched indoors. People are happy to be out and about, and their attitude is usually pretty happy. In this part of the country, we tend to know that our warm, sunny days are limited, so we make the most of them while we can. A picnic in the park, or dropping anchor near the shore while you listen to live music is a real treat. For musicians though, it's not always as satisfying to play in that environment because they tend to stick to the classic pop and rock songs they've played a thousand times to keep the crowd happy. It's fun, but it's not always very intimate. Indoor venues allow for more dynamics. A good performer can control the energy in a room better by changing the volume and tempo of the music they play.

The holy grail for musicians is a good listening room. No TVs showing the game. No dart boards or pool tables. People aren't there to get drunk and try to hook up (well, not just for that anyway.) They're there specifically for the music.

I recently posed the question on social media, "What are your favorite listening rooms in the area?" The responses were varied, but a few venues got multiple mentions.

75 Stutson Street in Rochester is a multi-use facility that features live music several times a week. It has two performance stages to accommodate different types of shows. Shows are listed on their website at 75stutsonstreet.com.

Iron Smoke Distillery in Fairport is in the former American Can Company factory. Founded in 2011 by guitarist Tommy Brunett, the whiskey is the main attraction, but the performance stage is often the site of great rock shows. Shows are listed at ironsmokedistillery.com



Fanatics in Lima owner Jim Shelly has developed his venue as a great, intimate room to hear national touring blues artists. Shows often sell out quickly as seating capacity is limited. If you like to be close to the performers, this is the place to go for a show. The lineup can be found on Fanatics Facebook page: facebook.com/fanaticspubandpizzalevents

Abilene in Rochester leans toward Americana and Folk musicians. They often feature national acts, but you're just as likely to find great local musicians performing there. Their lineup is at abilenebarandlounge.com

The Record Archive Back Room Lounge is a unique venue. Located inside the legendary record store in Rochester, they feature local performers in an intimate setting. The calendar can be found at recordarchive.com

The Little Theater Cafe has long been a place where local musicians can go to reach a listening audience. Jazz, blues, folk, pop, singer/songwriter and country musicians can all be found performing there in an intimate setting. Check out thelittle.org for more information.

A couple other area options are **Noble Shepherd Brewery** in Bloomfield, —which offers regular weekend music (with seating inside and out) and food truck options (information at nobleshepherdbrewery.com/events) and **Eaglecrest Vineyards** in Hemlock—an airy and roomy venue with room to dance (events at eaglecrestvineyards.com/events-calendar).

This is by no means a complete list of the great listening rooms in our area. Ultimately, what makes a great listening room is the audience. If the love of music is strong, then the music will find a place to be heard. Keep looking and you may find your own favorite place. If you do, send it along so I can share it with others.

On a side note, I sincerely hoped that I had mentioned Covid for the last time in this column months ago. When most of the pandemic related restrictions were rolled back last June, the local music scene came alive. As of this writing, the Delta variant of the virus is a growing concern. It wouldn't surprise me if restrictions are reinstated in some form. In the meantime, please remember that many venues are still struggling with the consequences of last season's restrictions. Labor shortages have only added to the difficulties. If you venture out to see live music, please take precautions, and be patient. Everyone is doing the best they can to keep live, local music alive. 🍷

Steve West gigs (online performances and Live shows) and other info. can be found at: stevestmusic.com/

We all love what we do — and we love sharing it with you — but the time we spend in the Owl Light is so much more rewarding if we know that it is a shared journey.

- Do you follow Side Street Sounds, look forward to history from Joy Lewis and David Pierce, or watch for the newest additions to Pen & Prose?
- Would you like to learn more or join a conversation about something found in the Owl Light?
- Is there something you would like to see more of?

If so, you can respond directly to many contributors, email message us at editor@canadicepress.com or follow Canadice Press on Facebook or Instagram.

We look forward to hearing from you...and you...and you too!

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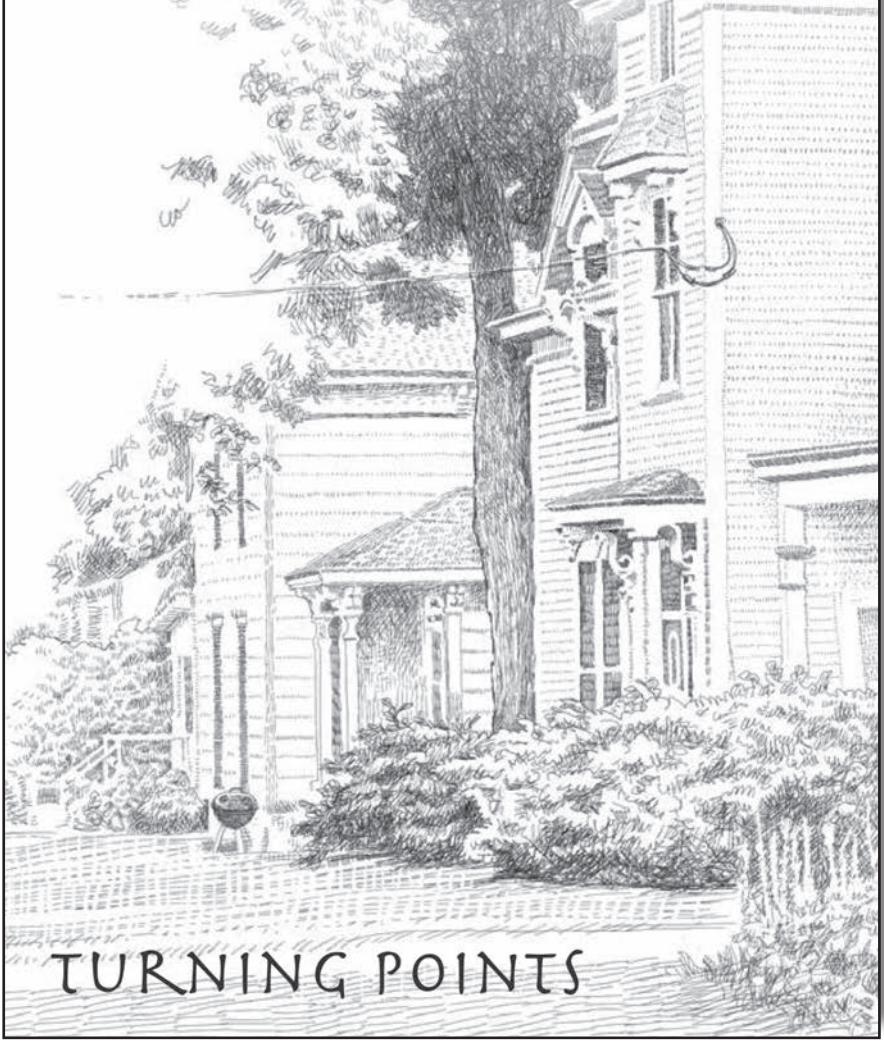
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The Light Lens

The Thrill is Gone

T. TOURIS

We met about a year and a half ago. You were so cute in the beginning, attentively checking on me and feeding me every day. Then after that first week, things really heated up. The house was filled with the constant aromas of freshly baked breads, bagels and pizza doughs. You said you'd take care of me forever after you popped that killer loaf of sourdough-rye out of the oven.

Now, here I sit; next to the long-forgotten tub of miso. You don't even look at me anymore. Was it that last batch of baguettes? I know they didn't quite live up to your standards for crumb and crust, but you hadn't fed me in a month, what did you expect? My yeast nearly died after I saw you putting that loaf of Wegmans Italian bread in the cupboard the other day. And now you've heaped on more humiliation by placing that newly canned jar of hot and spicy pickles beside me. Don't worry about it, I won't say anything to them. They'll understand a year down the road, after they've been sitting there for months only half-eaten.

After Note: Yesterday, we made two sourdough loaves, a batch of bagels and a dozen soft pretzels! It almost seemed like old times.



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.

Dragonfly from page 6

Another strange use for the pumpkin

The Story of the Jack-O-Lantern

I thought the term Jack-O-Lantern came from the same source as 'Jack of All Trades' or the inventor of the lawn chair: Paddy O'Furniture, but it turns out the tradition was brought over by our friends the Irish, much like Ground Hog Day was brought over by our German brethren. As with any spinning of an Irish yarn, this one goes on and on, but I'll relay a short version. 'Stingy Jack', as he was known to locals (some say he was of Scottish ancestry), made a deal with the devil to have a drink with him. Of course, Jack was too stingy to pay for his drink so he persuaded the Devil to turn himself into a silver piece that Jack could use to pay for their drinks. Irish tales seem to always involve the Devil, money and drinking. Jack decided to keep the money and put it into his pocket next to an Irish Cross, which of course as everyone knows, prevented the Devil from changing from spare change back to Beelzebub. Tired of the complaining coming from his pocket, Jack eventually freed the Devil with the condition that he would not bother Jack for one year, and that, should Jack die, the Devil would not claim his soul. A year later, Jack tricked the Devil again into climbing a tree to pick some fruit. When the Devil was picking the fruit, Jack carved the sign of the cross into the tree's bark so that, as everyone knows, the Devil could not come down. Jack made another deal with the Devil to let him down only if he promised not to bother him for ten more years. Pour me another Guinness and I'll finish the story. It does go on and on but

eventually Jack dies but God won't let the scoundrel into heaven and sends him to Hell. The Devil, upset with Jack and concerned he might start a revolt and literally raise Hell (those Irish) won't let Jack in either. The Devil sent Jack into the dark night with only a hot burning sulfurous coal to light his way. Too hot to hold, Clever Jack put the burning coal in a carved out turnip. Wanting to have his

hands free to drink at the local pub (he couldn't get into heaven or hell but was allowed in the local pub), he put the glowing turnip on his head to light his way. In Ireland and Scotland, folks carved scary faces into turnips or later potatoes. When they moved to the New World, they found the perfect substitute in our friend the pumpkin. Today we still carve those frightening faces into cucurbits to scare away Stingy Jack and other evil spirits on All Hallows Eve, a night when the thin veil between the living and the dead temporarily dissolves.

Find yourself a pumpkin!

What better way to socially distance and support your local farmer than to make a trip to a local pumpkin patch? Before we grew our own, one of our favorite family activities was to search through a local farmer's pumpkin patch for the perfect pumpkin. We have a plethora of pictures to prove it. Take the family on an outing to carve out some fun. 🍂



FYI

- Most folks assume that because octopus, like cactus, ends in us that it comes from the Latin and the plural would be octopi like cacti. Actually, it's from the Greek and therefore, the plural should be octopode, but octopuses is acceptable.
- Even though the pumpkin is native to southwestern US and northern Mexico, most pumpkins are now grown in India and China (so shop local).
- A pumpkin, from a botanist's perspective, is a fruit because it's a product of the seed-bearing structure of flowering plants. Vegetables, on the other hand, are the edible portion of plants such as leaves, stems, roots, bulbs, flowers, and tubers.
- Yes, they do throw pianos as well as drop them. MIT has the tradition of dropping a piano off the roof of Baker House, a dorm for students. While at Harvard, I was part of a 'team of experts' that was charged with issuing a death certificate for said piano making sure it was 'not stolen, nonworking, and irreparable'.

BTW (By the Way) we are taking piano donations here at Odonata Sanctuary. You can find a sanctuary for that huge old upright or spinet taking up space in the living room. What we don't play in the barn or piano shed we set out in our "Tchaikovsky Trail" which includes pianos and piano parts located in the woods near Twinkie Land.

Steve Melcher is the primary caretaker, hoof trimmer & poop scooper at Odonata Sanctuary, Mendon. His studies included using members of the Order "Odonata," as bio-indicators of freshwater ecosystems. He has written/coauthored in journals, magazines, and books re: environmental literacy and ecological issues. Steve now works with environmental and educational organizations whose goal is to have "no child left inside". Learn more: fb @ Odonata Sanctuary.

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Small Town Hound

The Maine Thing

Æsc



The humans were moving things around; something was up, and Winnie and I were both trying to figure it out. When stuff started getting piled into the truck, we crowded near the window and peered out. Then came the moment when they piled us both in. I jostled for space while looking out the back window as the scent of home faded into the distance. Our first stop was our friend Len's house and we all piled out. When it was time to get back in the truck, I was surprised to discover that Winnie would stay behind. I didn't know where we were going, but I stretched out on the back seat and settled in for a long drive.

I am, as you know, a small town hound, accustomed to rural realms. So, you can imagine my surprise when our first stop—after a stop along the highway—was Cambridge, Mass. After a walk in a park, we went inside. I did great around all the people and was happy to meet some new human friends, but there was NO WAY I was going into a box that moves. After a try or two to convince me to go in, my humans gave up and we headed up...and up...and up...and up...to the sixteenth floor. What a view!

We went to a place to sleep called a hotel. Basically, it was a big building full of sleeping rooms. I thought it was lovely and only barked once, when I heard some crazy people talking and laughing outside the door early in the morning. Still, it was nice to head out of city areas and the next morning we went to a brunch at a lovely house in New Hampshire where there were many people milling about and guinea hens joining in. The best part was that the human child I met in Watkins Glen was there too and I really, really like her. There was also a senior poodle named Phoebe who I visited with a bit.

With all the visiting, I fell fast asleep and was delighted to wake up in an even more remote place than where we live—Schoodic Peninsula—a perfect place for leap dog. After settling into our campsite, the humans cooked chicken over the fire and shared some with me. I was having a hard time keeping my eyes open but also had a tough time adjusting to the many noises around me, especially the late night arrivals. Despite not getting much sleep, I was excited to venture out. Our day's travels included a walk to the ocean. I had never been to the ocean and it was really great standing and walking on the rocks, feeling the ocean mist after walking there on a trail. I wanted to go back to that spot, and we got the chance. The second time we went to Schoodic Point we traveled by bus. There were so many new experiences and this one was fine (once

44.3667° N, 68.0581° W



I realized that I could sit on the seats; I took up two of them, of course). My size is often the first thing people notice about me, along with my brindle coloration. I am quite the conversation starter. One man at Schoodic Point commented, "Wow, he needs his own zip code." Another called me Brutus. I like it better when people notice how sweet I am and how smart I am instead of my size, but I have gotten accustomed to the comments.

Much of the time was just me with my two humans. My most favorite day was when we hiked up the Giant Slide to Parkman Mountain and Bald Peak. The trail was all rocks and water. Sometimes I had to go onto and over big rocks and sometimes I had to crawl under. I took my time and figured out the best way without losing the trail I was on. I had picked up a scent at the trail head and I held onto this until we crested Parkman Mountain. I led my humans all the way to this nice couple, who were sitting concealed behind some rocks.

Continued on page 16

Halloween Day

Wendy Schreiner

Jack-o-lanterns
light the way
for trick-or-treaters
on Halloween Day
scary skeletons
witches
and ghosts BOO
all spookily
dressed
to try to
scare you
other costumes
cute and fun
like a ladybug or bumble bee
on a little one



It's SPOOKY how far some Bills' fans will go to celebrate their team! Here, Scarecrows dressed in their finest Bills' attire. Photo by Wendy Schreiner

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Pathways from page 4

What resources can citizens draw upon?

Consider the following:

- Most counties have mandated environmental councils—find out when they meet, who is on them and what are the current issues being dealt with.
- Become acquainted with local planning boards and find out what regulations they have regarding land use and water.
- Use your right to make comments at public meetings regarding water issues. I could have taught a mini course focusing on the issues of one public hearing (where over 30 participants used Zoom to question Binghamton City Council members regarding the Binghamton-Johnson City Sewage/Waste treatment plant reconstruction/privatization audit).
- Explore local parks at all levels and if possible, help to create “Friends of your local Park.” Parks on their best days serve as mini-sustainable ecosystems and can help forge a community of like-minded citizens.
- Community gardens can also help to create opportunities for citizens to work together to create sustainable ecosystems like the aforementioned parks. In Broome County, VINES (Volunteers Improving Neighborhood Environments, a not for profit) has created over 20 community gardens usually on abandoned land.
- Resources that can help citizens include the following 501 C3s: Sierra Club, Rachel



“The time will soon be here when my grandchild will long for the cry of loon, the flash of the salmon, the whisper of the spruce needles or the screech of an eagle. But he will not make friends with any of these creatures and when his heart aches will longingly curse me. Have I done everything to keep the air fresh? Have I cared enough about the water? Have I left the eagle to soar in freedom? Have I done everything I could to earn my grandchildren's fondness?”

(a Cree prophecy, Chief Dan George Teleil-Waututh)

Carson Council, Natural Resources Defense Council, World Business Council for Sustainable Development, Green America, Nature Conservancy, Earth Policy Institute, National Geographic, and the Smithsonian. This is the tip of the “Green Iceberg!”

Many of the water problems I have alluded to will also require support from state and federal Government agencies. Keeping elected officials at these levels informed and getting financial support is important. But Democracy begins in one's community. Many water issues will not be solved by hyper partisanship, but by citizens engaged in community problem solv-

ing. In the great religious traditions water has always played a significant role. We might do well to draw on these sources to assist in making our communities worthy of sustaining all life to its fullest. 🌿

Question / observations about this column may be directed to Doug Garnar at garnardc@sunybroome.edu

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. garnardc@sunybroome.edu

NATURE AND GARDENING

Farm Markets Offer Up Local Food & Artisan Goods

Canandaigua Farmers' Market (Saturdays)
Corner of Mill and Beeman Street (covered pavilion),
June 5 - October 30, 9AM - 12PM
Contact: 585-406-4771 or brhowell79@gmail.com
Website: www.canandaiguafarmersmarket.com

Geneva Farmers' Market (Saturdays Only)
Finger Lakes Welcome Center
35 Lakefront Dr, Geneva, NY 14456
Season: June 12 - October 9, 8AM - 1:30PM
Contact: Liz Toner at ejt@geneva.ny.us cityofgenevany.com [facebook.com/people/Geneva-Farmers-Market/](https://www.facebook.com/people/Geneva-Farmers-Market/)

Farmington Farmers' Market (Fridays)
Post Office Plaza, 1560 State Route 332, Farmington
June 4 - August 27, 3PM - 6PM
Contact: farmingtonfarmmarket@gmail.com
[facebook.com/farmingtonfarmmarket/](https://www.facebook.com/farmingtonfarmmarket/)

Naples Valley Farmers' Market
Hanggi's Tree Farm 7976 State Route 21, Naples
Fridays, June 18 - September 24, 2021, 4- 7 PM
Contact: NaplesValleyFarmersMarket@gmail.com or
607-423-7239 [Facebook.com/NaplesValleyFarmersMarket](https://www.facebook.com/NaplesValleyFarmersMarket)

Victor Farmers' Market (Wednesdays)
60 East Main Street (village Hall Parking Lot), Victor
June 2 - October 27, 3 - 6PM
Contact: amber@thewoodlandelf.com

Little Lakes Farm Market,
4705 S. Main St., Hemlock NY 14466
Saturday's from 10AM – 1PM, June 5 - Oct. 16

Penn Yann Farmers' Market Opening June 12
Saturday mornings from 8 AM until 12:30 PM.
To apply as a vendor, or with questions, contact market president, Rivka Davis,
607-243-5234 or organic87@frontiernet.net.

If you would like your market listed, please email relevant information to: editor@canadicepress.com. Our last listing for 2021 will be in the October issue.



Please Take it Slow on our Rural Roads

The Night Sky

Earlier Viewing and Orionid Meteor Shower

DEE SHARPLES



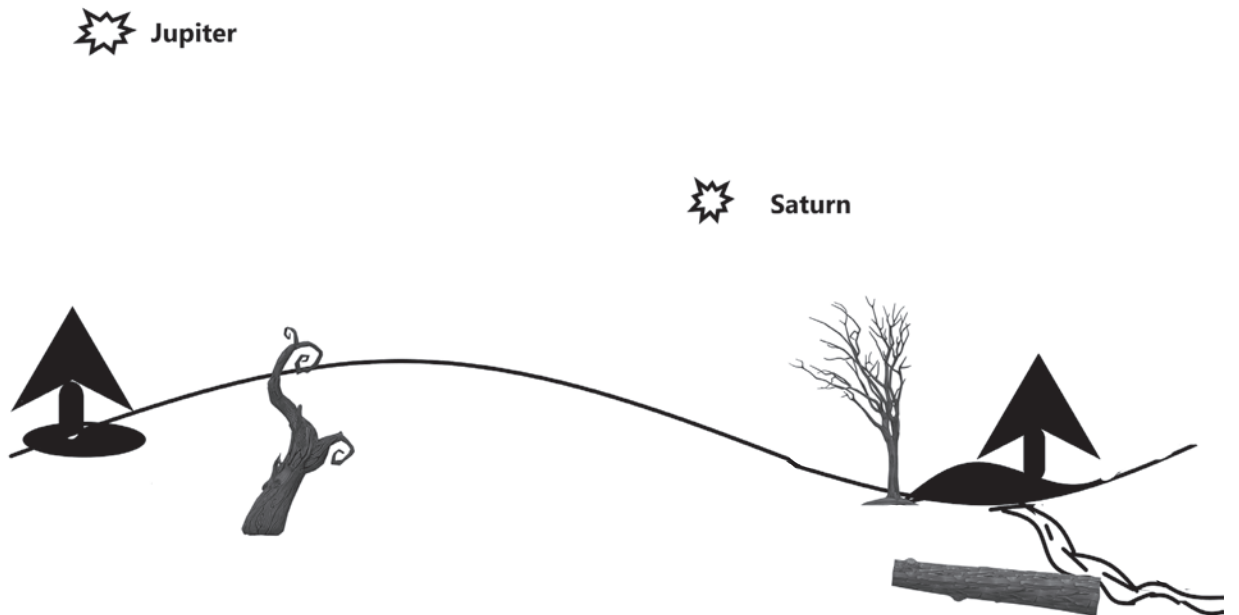
Darkness is arriving earlier in October, a welcome event for people who are not fans of waiting until after 10:00 PM to observe the night sky like we need to do in the summer months. Shortly after the Sun sets, the brightest stars begin to appear in the night sky.

The planet Venus is still in the evening sky shortly after sunset shining at a brilliant magnitude -4.4 , but it's hugging the horizon and will be difficult to spot unless you have a very flat, unobstructed view to the southwest.

The planets Saturn and Jupiter will be the "stars" of the night sky all month. Saturn rises first and can be seen as a yellowish, magnitude 0.5 star-like object after the sky darkens. It will be low in the southern sky. Jupiter follows, much brighter at magnitude -2.6 and a little higher in the southeast. By midnight they will have traveled toward the southwest.

Last month, the planet Mercury could be seen very low in the west in the evening sky. It's the planet closest to the sun and revolves around it in only 88 days as compared to Earth which takes 365 days. Because of its fast trek around the sun, it will now become a morning object in the last two weeks in October. It rises in the east an hour before the sun and on October 31st will be an easily spotted naked-eye object at a bright magnitude -0.8 . Since sunrise is later in October than it was in the summer, it will offer you a more convenient time to spot it. You'll need a flat, unobstructed view to the east since it will lie very close to the horizon.

Saturn and Jupiter Looking south after sunset



Illus. Dee Sharples

The Orionid Meteor Shower peaks in the early morning hours of October 21st, but it will be active from October 2nd to November 7th. However, at the peak of the shower a full moon will be in the sky and wash out all but the brightest meteors.

This meteor shower was created and is replenished by the dust and debris left behind by Comet Halley as it travels in a highly elliptical orbit around the sun, returning to our solar system every 76 years. The next time the comet can be seen from Earth will be in the year 2061.

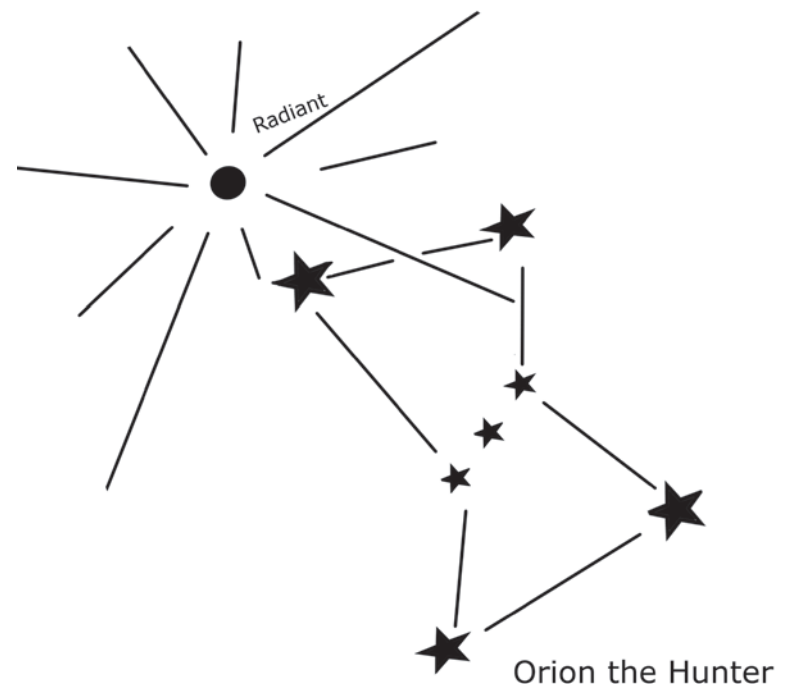
If it's clear, go outside between 5:00 and 6:00 A.M., bring a chair or blanket, and dress warmly as you may be out there for a while. Look southwest toward the radiant (the area of the sky from where the meteors will appear to originate). It will lie in the constellation Orion the Hunter.

The maximum rate for this shower can be 20 per hour at the peak. But because of the interference from a full moon this year, your best chance to see the meteors, although in a diminished number, is a clear morning when the moon is not in the sky. On October 13th, a week before the peak, the moon will have already set and that gives you a better opportunity to spot them. Find an observing site away from city lights or other light pollution and allow your eyes to adjust to the dark for at least 15 minutes. Let your eyes casually roam the sky and count how many meteors streak by with bright trails of light.

Orionid Meteor Shower

Looking southwest, 5:00-6:00 AM

Late October



Illus. Dee Sharples

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: -4.4
- Jupiter: -2.6
- Mercury: -0.8
- Saturn: 0.5
- Dimmest star visible with the unaided eye: 6.0 to 6.5

How to measure degrees in the sky
A simple "ruler" is to hold your arm straight out, close one eye, 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. Hold three fingers up to the sky – the width of your three fingers measures 5° . The width of your little finger held at arm's length will measure 1° . You can also use this method to measure how far apart two objects are from each other in the sky.

Observing the night sky can be an almost meditative experience and a way to connect with the beauty of our universe. 🦉

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.

I CHOOSE ME

FICTION from MYKELAH AMES

She thought he was different. She thought he could be a real possibility. All he became was a liability. Another mistake meant to fill her life with heart-break. An easy way to cause herself even more pain. A punishment. She knows she deserves more but can't help but want him to be the one.

Mistakes made in anger, never to be forgotten or forgiven. Her heart slowly crumbling in his palm like crushed Graham crackers.

Desperate for a hint into his thoughts, she offers him hers. Twisted miscommunications turn her whispers of hope into a memory. Flashbacks of ex's from yesteryear call his name, distrust and lies from the past bleeding into his mind.

Just like that. Judgment has been passed. Weeks go by and she still doesn't have any answers. Lots more questions.

No more good morning texts. Say a tearful goodbye to staying up till the sunrise talking. Rip away the newly discovered comfort of falling asleep to his quiet mutterings to himself.

Confused and hurting she attempts to once more raise walls around her tender heart. Only to find a five foot nine inch sized hole in them.

Disbelief. Terror. Self-hatred.

Afraid of being left behind, scared of losing his interest. She needed a little extra attention, simple communication.

Irritated and world weary. Past trauma colored his tone. No. He wouldn't give her this. Didn't need or want anyone to check up on who he's with. She needed to trust him.

He left.

No messages. No phone calls. No explanation.

Avoidance became the name of the game. Delete the messages, they only make her daydream of what if. Stop hanging with their friends. Can't handle running into him. Must protect self.

Slowly Avoidance became friends with another A.

Anger.

Fury is more like it. As her heart healed her brain seethed. How dare he! A mere man hold such power over her.

Confidence arrived by stretch limo as extravagant as ever. Self-love and Self-worth arrived with their sister. Together they reminded her of who she was.

Reborn she reappeared. No more hiding. The happy smile she wore like a shield became real.

Then it happened.

The inevitable collision.

Confidence fled the scene of the crime, leaving her unwanted frenemies Insecurity and Anxiety.

Trembling with nervousness, she ran behind her reinforced walls. Recited mantras to remind herself she had moved on.

He had to be feeling the same. No need to make things awkward.

They could be friends right?

Unaffected. Give the man an Oscar the way he acted that moment. Nothing happened, nothing is wrong. Unbothered. A secret flame that never existed.

Shattered in seconds. Each brick carefully placed fell back to the ground. Once again a man shaped hole stood. Once more a mask slid in place. It was like the before. They played, they laughed even joked. Both of them ignoring the gaping elephant watching them, shell-shocked.

Alone for mere moments. Silence ensues.

Unprepared for the strength of her feelings she's forced to make a tactical retreat.

How is it so easy for him?

Licking her wounds in darkness, a new acquaintance appears. Bringing explosive flashes of light and a quick wit. A hint of sunshine finding its way back into her life.

Sunshine.

Sunshine heals her sore soul, helps her remember how to shine. Even in the dark. Glowing brightly Sunshine helps rebuild once more all the while putting things into perspective.

Let him go. He walked away. He made no effort. Let him go. Don't hurt yourself waiting for the impossible.

Nothing is ever impossible.

Rising from the ashes he reappeared. Burning with jealousy. He blew a hole through the wall as if it was her heart. Stood there chuckling gleefully.

Soft brown hair and baby blue eyes surrounded by the rubble of her emotions.

False promises fall from his lips. Love drunk on his words and the hope in her chest. Her brain screams denial to deaf ears. Eager to be hurt once more she takes a step forward.

Sunshine blinds him forcing him to flee. Helpless to stop herself she foolishly chases after him.

Instant rebuff and rejection. He lashes out causing her to fall to the ground. It's her fault they aren't working. It's her fault she demands too much. He's too old to chase her, to put forth any effort at all.

Tears cling wetly to her lashes as she struggled to simply understand.

Anger yanks her to her feet, steam rising off of the pair. Pain comes to stand silently behind them lending her quiet strength.

Desperately he clutched at the last piece of her he had. Unwilling to release her.

Continued on page 20

Maine Thing from page 13

I loved the challenge of the walk and the trailing. We also met another woman with a dog (she was not who I was trailing). She loved me up and took a picture of my humans and me. We also took some shorter walks while camping—including to a place called Blueberry Hill—and spent some nice time just relaxing by the fire. We also went out to eat nearby, at a place with a patio called the Pickled Wrinkle. This was another place we took the bus to. I love my humans and they love me. How do I know this? Because they found great things to do where dogs were allowed.

The days after the camping were divided between some in-the-shade-truck-quiet-time for me (while my humans watched some other dogs and humans work) and afternoons and evenings spent together. We had traveled from Acadia Park to Bowdoin, Maine, where we stayed in this open floor plan house where I had room to play (inside and outside). When my humans were finally free (I did a great job, but seeing the other dogs work when I could not was tough) we took walks to places called preserves. These were easier walks and my humans spent time stopping to look and listen to the wild things all around us. There were frogs and mushrooms and all sorts of trees and plants. We also went to a place called Morse's Coastal Kitchen that was next to Trinken Brewing Co. We grabbed some seafood chowder and other eats then sat in the beer garden listening to someone named Buck T. Edwards. I did not settle in too well there, but my humans had a nice time.

I loved the water best, and our final day was spent quietly enjoying time on beaches and rocks overlooking the ocean. We went to a place called Georgetown and shared lobster rolls. Then we went to a place called Popham where we walked along a sandy beach. There were dogs of all shapes and sizes (and their humans too) just enjoying their walks and playing at the edge of the water. I always wanted



to stay more when it was time to leave. My humans would use their open-the-other-door-trick or wave my toy squirrel or a treat to get me back in the truck.

I knew it was time to go home when the humans, again, started packing everything up. After a final round of ball playing, we started a long drive back to retrieve Winnie. I was so glad to see her, and she was glad to see me too. We played a little and I groomed her some, the way I do when I want to show her how much I care. It looked like she had put on a little weight, so I think our friend gave her many treats, so she did not feel sad when we were gone. It is good to be back home, but I look forward to my next adventure. 🐾

Æsc is the "Small Town Hound—Finding Creative Venues and Adventures in NYS." He lives with his two humans and his canine companion Winnie in Canadice, NY. When not writing, his favorite pastime is finding people. He loves hearing from his fans: smalltownhound@canadicepress.com. facebook.com/SmallTownHoundNY

The Lovely Bride by Phebe Bray Baldwin (1844-1922)

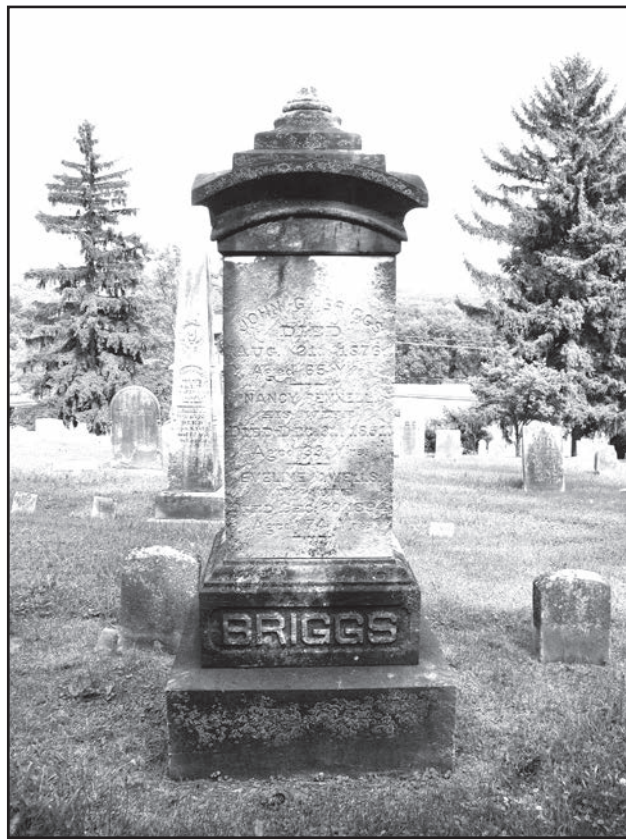
The eldest child of Garrett Bray and his wife Phebe Wilcox, Phebe – author of this piece – was born in Richmond in 1844. She had three younger sisters – Lucina, Isabel, and Libby – and three younger brothers – Washington Irving, Marcus, and Ralph. The Bray farm was on East Lake Road, near the head of the lake (a bit south of the intersection of present-day Wesley Road). When she was twelve she met the “new Mrs. Briggs” – Eveline Wells, the second wife of neighbor John G. Briggs. It was an event that Phebe never forgot, and her friendship with Mrs. Briggs made a lasting impression. In her later years Phebe, now Mrs. Charles Baldwin, wrote of her girlhood experiences in a memoir she called “The Honeoye Girls.” This excerpt from that work has been edited for clarity.

Father’s farm joined Esquire John Briggs on the north. Mr. Briggs’ large white house was the only painted house in the vicinity. Squire Briggs, as he was called, was the great man of the neighborhood, owning three different farms, but the farm next to Father’s was the home farm, at the head of the lake. The next building north was the schoolhouse [at the corner of Wesley Road].

In 1856 I was twelve when Mr. Briggs was about to remarry. He was a widower with five children [from sixteen down to four]: Nancy, Annette, Arty, Fannie, and Jedediah. One day it was reported that he was to be married the next week to Eveline M. Wells of New York City, the sister of Gideon Pitts’ wife of Honeoye. A week or two after we got the news, we learned that the bride had come to dwell in the white house on the hill. My sister Cina and I were wondering when we might get to meet her.

The schoolhouse we attended was close to a ravine, which had very steep banks, then farther up the creek there was a lovely waterfall called “Alum Falls” because it tasted like alum and was frothy white. One day, just as school closed for noon, we saw a party of ladies coming down from the falls and we knew the bride was one of them. I drew near the schoolhouse fence, at the point where it was so low we could easily climb over, and the very first lady to come down the hill was Mrs. Briggs...She came right up to me and held out her hand which grasped mine so timidly tendered, and when she kissed me and asked me to come and see her, my heart went out to her in a love that years never quenched.

To this day I can see her just as she looked then. She was thirty-five years old, small, a brunette, with the loveliest soft black eyes, and such a gentle voice. She was dressed in black silk with a gold watch at her belt held by a tiny gold chain around her neck. I had never seen so grand a lady, a woman so gracious.



Monument of John and Eveline Briggs
Photo courtesy of Joy Lewis

After that I got to meet her rather often and get to know her better. Our family was so far from the stores that sometimes Mother would get out of flour or sugar and send us to borrow of Mrs. Briggs. Cina and I loved to go to Mrs. Briggs’, but we were so bashful we would sit on our chairs like mutes, nodding yes or no, and never getting up courage to ask for what Mother wanted. Everything in the house seemed so lovely to our childish eyes. After a time, Mrs. Briggs would ask us what we needed.

As time passed and we visited more often, our timidity wore away and she sometimes asked me to come and help with dishes and other household chores when she was expecting company. When Nancy went away to Mt. Holyoke to school, Mrs. Briggs asked Mother if she could spare me to stay with her right along to help out. I would be able to continue in school, during the times that school was in session. So for three years I lived with her and every day I loved her more, if that was possible.

Mr. Briggs kept a few swarms of bees, just enough to keep them in honey. One day when he was away, the bees swarmed and Arty — the oldest boy who was about twelve at this time — said he could put them in the hive. I was busy and Mrs. Briggs was afraid of bees, so we paid no attention, till Arty ran in the house screaming that a bee had stung him on the nose. He needn’t have told us where the sting occurred, since his nose was pretty red and swollen.



Briggs Gull Photo courtesy of Joy Lewis

We poulticed his nose with soda and vinegar, but for days he was a laughable sight and we could say that now he nose more about bees.

Cina and I had both made up our minds to be school teachers and we studied hard. But the teacher hired for the winter term when I was fifteen was a poor stick. Mrs. Briggs suggested that I study at home – at her home, that is, as I was living there still. I could take the same hours for study as I spent at school and recite to either her or Nancy who was back at home. So I did.

On winter mornings I got up at four o’clock to do the washing. By nine o’clock the clothes were all hung on the line. I also helped prepare the noon dinner, did the dishes, and helped get supper. I studied each day and recited all my lessons in the evening and worked arithmetic problems. This I did for twenty-six weeks. On the first of April, Father took me to see Mr. Wilson, who was the School Commissioner for Ontario County. He gave me the tests I needed, then granted me a Teacher’s Permit for the Barkley District, which had been promised to me if I qualified.

Dear Mrs. Briggs – who can say just how far her influence extended in the formation of my character. I know that next to Mother I most prized her precepts and her loving council.



Edited and submitted by Joy Lewis

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

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• historian@townofrichmond.org

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Fantastic Flora

Barking Up the Right Tree: Getting to Know the Dogwoods

Flowering Dogwood, *Cornus Florida*; Pagoda Dogwood, *Cornus alternifolia*; Gray Dogwood, *Cornus racemosa*; Red-osier Dogwood (*Cornus sericea*) – the Dogwood Family, Cornaceae



SALLY L. WHITE

Dogwoods here in New York include ten species plus a few hybrids and subspecies, and only two of them are exotic! (Some have been shuffled out of *Cornus* into other genera by some authors.) Most of our dogwoods are shrubs or small understory trees, and many of them occur in wet, if not swampy, habitats. They are excellent providers—not only cover for wildlife, but browse for deer and small mammals, and fruits that serve as important winter food for birds.

To top all that off, most dogwoods are desirable landscape plants; their attractive foliage and colorful fruits (especially in fall) make them irresistible additions to native gardens.

How did we luck into having so many species of dogwoods? Well, we all know the Finger Lakes region is a great place to live, and apparently the dogwoods agree. We are squarely in the area where several species overlap, giving us a nice variety, a few of which we discuss here. Maps show that some, like red-osier, prefer northern climates and reach their southern limits here, while flowering dogwood seems to prefer warmer areas and is more often seen in states to the south. Gray dogwood and pagoda dogwood are the in-betweens, sharing the middle ground, although the maps make it clear that gray dogwood finds our mountain areas less hospitable and skirts the heavily forested areas of the Allegheny Plateau, Catskill Mountains, and Adirondacks.

Similar partitioning occurs across the planet, with other species of dogwoods native to Asia, Europe, and North America. In all, there are more than sixty species in this ancient lineage, whose ancestors date to 73 million years ago, long before the extinction of dinosaurs. Those earliest fossils were described in 2016 from Vancouver, British Columbia, but younger fossil dogwoods have been identified from North Dakota, from Japan, and from England and Europe. Until the Vancouver discovery, researchers had theorized that dogwoods must have migrated here from Asia or Europe, but now conclude they may have originated in North America after all. Stay tuned; the story continues to evolve.

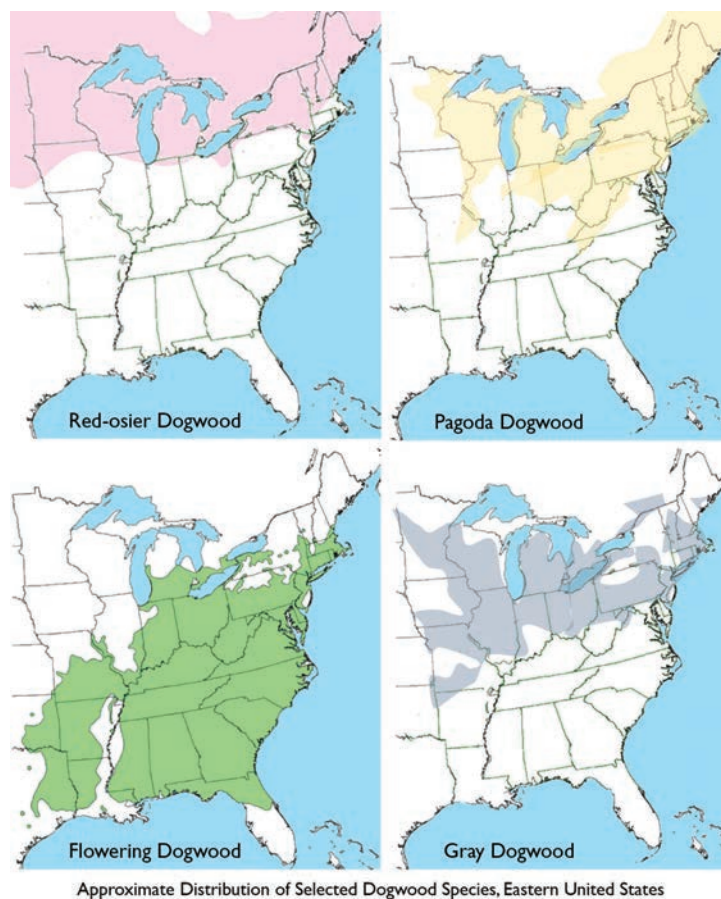
Although there are always exceptions in nature, I'm learning that our dogwoods have a "look" of their own. They tend to have opposite leaves that are oval or slightly elongated and have smooth edges. Several pairs of arching veins sometimes give the leaves a "pleated" look. Ours are always woody, with the exception of Canada bunchberry (*Cornus canadensis*), which is abundant in Colorado, although I've not seen it here yet.

Flowering Dogwood (*Cornus florida*)

Most showy of our local species is this small tree, especially in spring when clusters of small flowers surrounded by four large white bracts appear. The bracts look like petals and are notched on the outer edge. (The notch helps distinguish them from the similar, but nonnative, Japanese or Korean dogwood, also known as Kousa Dogwood, which is widely available but has pointed bracts and flowers later.) Sources say (I'm not kidding) you can tell this one by its bark, which resembles alligator hide. Red berries brighten its autumn look and support migrating songbirds.



Roadside flowering dogwood tree in full bloom with showy bracts, landscape color amid spring green. Clustered fruits will be bright red (but not fused). May 2021.



Pagoda, or Green-osier Dogwood (*Cornus alternifolia*)

Two clues help us recognize this species. Unlike most dogwoods, the leaves (or twigs) alternate on the stem (one per node). The branches are arranged in horizontal layers, giving these small trees a distinct open look. The leaves sometimes cluster at the ends of the greenish twigs.

This species is shade tolerant and can be found under deciduous trees and mature forests. These trees may occur along the margins of wet areas, but they prefer moist, well drained soil. In fall, the leaves of pagoda dogwood turn yellow or reddish; fruits are blue on this one.



Above: Flower clusters of pagoda dogwood are similar to those of the other species discussed here. June 2021



Left: Pagoda dogwood with distinctive blue-black fruits. September 2021

Gray Dogwood (*Cornus racemosa*)

Most abundant, at least in my surroundings, is this shrubby dogwood, found in open habitats that trees are reluctant to invade. In sunny spots like moist meadows, gray dogwood can form expanses,



Where it occurs, usually on wet soils, Gray Dogwood is abundant and attractive. Late season color adds a distinct look to fall landscapes. Note opposite leaves and twigs. August 2021

but we also spot it in smaller numbers along roads and woodland edges where light is available. Its purplish-red fall color and pink-stemmed white berries make it a highlight in late summer landscapes, although animals may quickly eat the white berries. A similar eastern species, silky dogwood (*C. amomum*), has blue fruits.

Continued on page 19

Crafting Your Own Cuisine

EILEEN PERKINS

RECIPE

As temperatures head downward, and projects sitting on the back burner since summer's hectic pace kicked in, are calling to us, substantial soups and stews are an appealing way to simplify mealtime. Served with a crust or two (or three!) of delicious bread, all that is missing is a smile. This chowder is truly a meal in a bowl, and once the bacon is cooked, and the vegetables are prepped, it goes together fast.

Manhattan Style Clam and Bacon Chowder

Makes 8-10 servings

Ingredients

1-1¼ lb. bacon, thick cut preferred, chopped
4 cups onion, diced
2 cups celery with tops, chopped
1½ cups carrot, diced or sliced
1 cup or more potato, diced
3½ cups water
(3) 8oz. bottles clam juice
(4) 6.5 oz. cans chopped clams in juice

¾ cups fresh peeled and diced tomatoes with juice, or a 28 oz. can
1 bay leaf
1 ½ tsp. thyme
2-4 tsp. chives
½-1 tsp. smoked paprika
2 tsp. lemon juice
⅛ tsp. chipotle pepper, or to taste
1 ½ tsp. salt, or to taste
black pepper

Procedure

- Fry bacon in large pot until nearly cooked. Drain and set aside, reserving bacon grease if you want to use some in the soup.
- Return 1 ½ Tbsp. of bacon grease (butter or oil may be substituted) to the pot and cook onion until lightly brown.
- Add carrot, celery, potato and water, cover and cook on medium heat until potatoes are nearly done.
- Add bacon and rest of ingredients to the pot, bringing to a gentle boil.
- Turn heat to low and simmer covered for about 30-40 minutes.
- Taste and correct seasoning. Chopped parsley is a nice finishing touch. 🌿



COOKBOOK REVIEW

Honey & Oats-Everyday Favorites Baked with Whole Grains and Natural Sweetener
by Jennifer Katzinger

Reviewed by EILEEN PERKINS

A quest for solid formulas utilizing flours other than modern wheat led me to appreciating this promising source. Its author is the founder and original owner of a successful vegan and gluten free bakery in Seattle, Washington, called "Flying Apron". I've heard of it, and when I saw this book waiting for attention on the shelf of a local thrift store, I snapped it up, imaging perhaps using it as a door prize during one of my cooking programs. Now that I have examined the book's contents, I see that it is indeed a good prize, but for me!

Teff, one of our family's new favorite flours, is utilized in this book (snickerdoodles, yes!), as are gluten free oats, buckwheat and tapioca. Spelt, an ancient variety of wheat, is said to be "mild, nutritious, and easy to bake with" and lots of the recipes in this collection use it, as well barley and the ancient grains kamut and einkorn. And yes, good old whole wheat recipes are to be found here too.

The subject of natural sweeteners is touched upon as might be expected, given the book's title. Honey and maple syrup are mainstays for many of us in our neck of the woods and having them turn up in these recipes seems to make a lot of sense, because they are potentially healthful choices. Sucanat and coconut palm sugar are lesser known, so it is helpful to see them used here. One intriguing recipe I discovered is for "Maple-sweetened chocolate", which the author uses as an ingredient in some of her desserts. I think I am going to add that chocolate to my pantry, since we are trying to get away from cane sugar and chocolate chips are often white sugar laden.

This seems to be a knowledgeable collection of recipes, from a professional baker, but I think it's the diversity of ingredients that set it apart and make me glad to own it. "Honey & Oats" can be found in some public library systems, and since it was published back in 2014, it can easily be purchased both used and new.

Web Finds...

thebigmansworld.com/almond-flour-peanut-butter-cookies/ will lead you to a very satisfying no-grain peanut butter chocolate chip studded cookie recipe. When made to specifications, it is said that each sweet contains 5 gr of protein, which is a good reason for eating this cookie, as if its delicious qualities weren't enough! This is a new favorite at our house.

From You Tube: *How to Cook Smarter (Spend Less Money)*-The recipes presented on this channel seem timely, are simple and made from easy to find, inexpensive ingredients. They also contain no refined sugar, or hype. In addition, this channel provides plenty of gluten free recipes, many utilizing oats, which is a great grain and undervalued as a flour in our culture, I think, perhaps in part due to its relatively cheap price (to make oat flour, simply grind rolled oats to powder in a food processor until the consistency of flour)

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.

Flora from page 18

Red-osier Dogwood (*Cornus sericea*)

This dogwood is a shrub distinguished by its red stems and preference for very wet soils. Tolerant of flooding, it often occurs along riparian areas and in wetlands.

Its range extends west across Canada and down the Rocky Mountains to Colorado, where it's one of only two dogwood species present. In winter, its bright red stems provide eye-catching contrast in snowy landscapes; fruits are white.

In all, the Dogwood Family is worth getting to know, whether out on the trail or in your home landscape! If you have a wet spot, they can add color, and your local wildlife will be appreciative. 🌿



Photographs for Fantastic Flora courtesy of Hadi Soetrisno (QKA Light Photography) and Sally L. White unless noted otherwise.

Sally L White is a lifelong naturalist and writer. After 40 years in Colorado, she's getting reacquainted with New York's native flora, exploring one plant at a time and sharing special stories of each. Once a place of youthful memories, the Keuka Lake area is again her home.

Making Lemonade

October's Bright Blue Weather

BARB STAHL

**“O SUNS and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather.”**

Are you getting out and about again? Or has the delta variant made you very cautious to be with groups of people like it has me? October makes me think about the olden days...and “October's bright blue weather,” fits that category extremely well. Every year my father gathered the family around the table, or in the living room to hear his booming poetry-loving voice recite Helen Hunt Jackson's poem, “October's Bright Blue Weather.” I don't remember an October when he was alive, nor do my children, when we didn't hear him recite that. Now, of course, we remind each other of it every year with love and humor!

As a young girl I can remember my family going long distances (it seemed that way to me anyway) for Sunday dinner at a restaurant. I really couldn't see the point of all that driving for a meal that we could have had much closer to home.

When he had grandchildren, Dad would take our threesome out for rides and they could tell him to “turn right,” or “turn left,” or “go straight,” and he would follow their every direction. One time they ended up at the Pennsylvania border and he parked so the front seat of the car was in Pennsylvania and the back seat was in New York State. Another year, in a blinding snowstorm he took my son to see Punxsutawney Phil in Pennsylvania. All so memorable, and who does that sort of thing now? Maybe we have returned to some of those things we happily did in the “olden” days..... Perhaps the last year-plus dodging covid has returned us to some of those old-time activities!

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: makinglemonadeOwl@gmail.com

I CHOOSE ME from page 16

Sadly unable to love her the way she needed.
This was it. The end.

A wordless scream escaped her. She released it all. All of the pain, all of the anger hurled back at him. She gave him back every emotion, every feeling he made her feel.

Hit return to sender.
Empty and alone.
Never alone.

Sunshine and Confidence gently helped her to her feet. Stood by her side as she braved a look at him.

Crumpled on the ground, he lay on his back clinging to the small piece of her heart. Eyes staring but not seeing the sky. He was finally feeling what she had been so willing to endure. For him. For his attention and just a taste of his affection.

Confidence raised her chin and gently pushed her forward. Gamely she squared her shoulders walking hesitantly then confidently toward the destroyed man.

One last time she stared at his baby blues she had loved. On the wind she heard the deep timbre of his voice but it didn't cause a shiver this time.

Carefully she pried his hands off the bruised, nearly crushed piece of her heart. Finally once again she was whole.

Bruised but whole.
Without a backward glance she turned and walked away.



**Here's what I'm thinking of doing in October,
and I will be sure to take my smartphone to record my findings by photo.**

- Take day trips to a variety of places such as cemeteries to see my ancestor's graves.
- Look at houses where I have lived and take photos of each one.
- Go to an outdoor ice cream parlor and sit on a bench to eat a dish of vanilla-caramel ice cream.
- Drive by schools I have attended.
- Take a walk at a favorite spot from my past.
- Visit the old country church of my early childhood.
- Have a hamburger and fries outside in the park next to that restaurant we used to go to.
- Park by one of the Finger Lakes public areas, unpack my folding chair, and enjoy the view.
- Go to a scenic outlook and sit down with a book.
- Or... Just drive around the Bristol Hills and take in the beautiful scenery.

I feel very fortunate to live in western New York and the Finger Lakes area. Where better to enjoy “October's bright blue weather”? Tarzan just read this, and he thinks these are terrible ideas! He wants me to tell you that he can see enough trees from the living room window and probably you can too! And he also wants you to know that he absolutely hates riding in cars anywhere, and who would even think of going to Pennsylvania to see a woodchuck? But, he might consider the ice cream trip, if we went to that excellent place near us...just forget the caramel!

**O suns and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.”**

October's Bright Blue Weather by Helen Hunt Jackson (1830-1885)

O SUNS and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather;

When loud the bumble-bee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless vagrant,
And Golden-Rod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

When Gentians roll their fringes tight
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing;

When springs run low, and on the brooks,
In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting;

When comrades seek sweet country haunts,
By twos and twos together,
And count like misers, hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

O suns and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

*Jackson, Helen. Poems. Boston:
Roberts Brothers, 1893.*

She left him and the memories where they fell. Instead choosing to heal herself rather than continue to be hurt.

Confidence and Sunshine proudly walked beside her. As they made their way back home to rebuild and heal again. A blacked out vehicle stopped beside them. Curious the trio stopped and stared.

Slowly a window rolled down and a stunningly beautiful woman dressed in head to toe leather leaned out. A vengeful smile playing on her face, a cigarette dangling precariously from her full lips.

“Who are you?” She asked the beauty.

“Me? I'm everyone's worst nightmare. I teach the lessons nobody wants to learn.” Pulling the cigarette from her lips she flicked the ashes off the end looking around speculatively.

“Though it looks like I'm too late, for you anyway.” The beauty flicked her gaze backwards. She refused to look back.

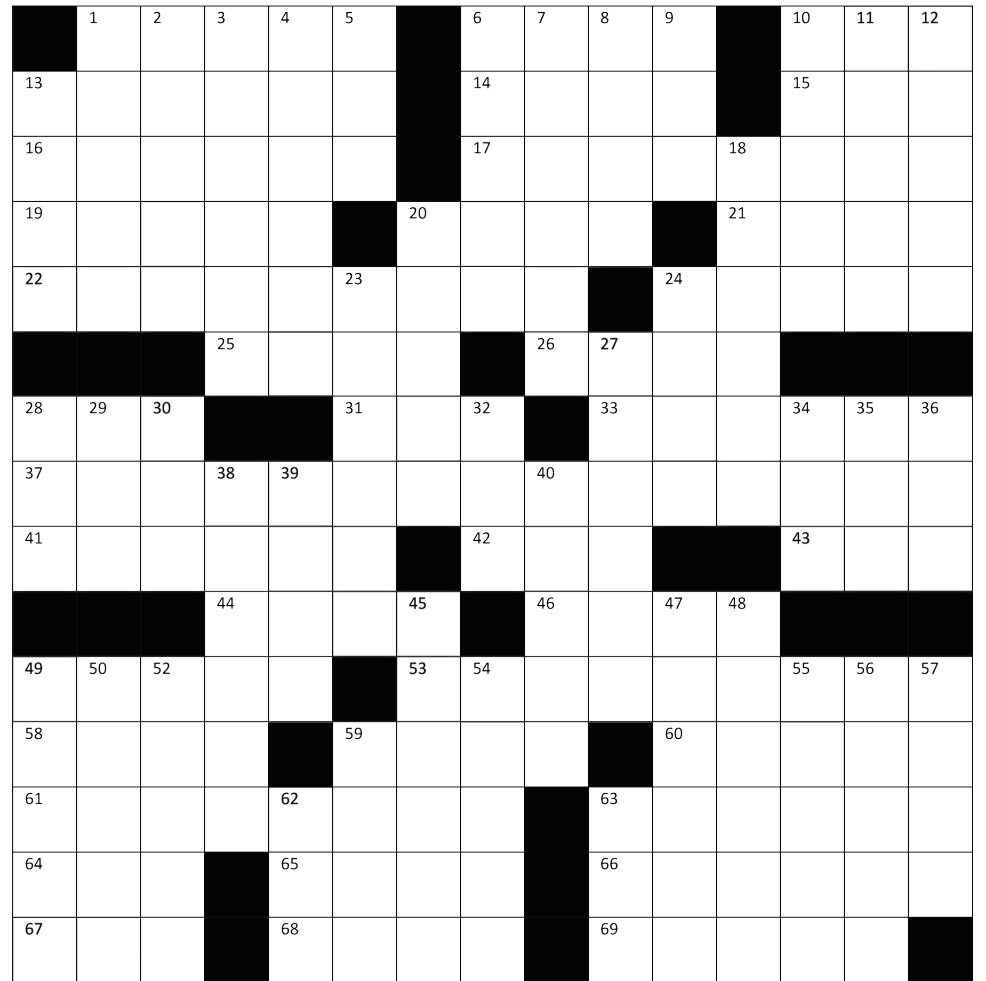
“Who are you?” She demanded again. This time the leather clad beauty bared her teeth in a shark's imitation of a smile offering her hand.

“I'm Karma. Nice to meet you.” 🦋

Mykelah Ames thrives on new: new experiences, new information, and new people signing her up. Whether it's a weekend camping with friends and her horse Buddy or curling up at home with a good book, she believes that all experiences are something to learn and grow from. Her inspiration comes from processing her experiences. It's something she believes everyone can relate to.

Anatomy 101©

Owl Light Puzzle 18 – By GEORGE URICH



ACROSS

- 1 Musician, Miles _____
- 6 Part of a skeleton.
- 10 Where one gets Med. care
- 13 “Familiarity _____ contempt”
- 14 Two person you may find in an OR
- 15 Head attachment
- 16 English nobleman’s after thought
- 17 What you would find at a campground with a sign “No RVs
- 19 Brand of gasoline
- 20 Nigerian guitarist known as, _____
- 21 Spanish boy’s name meaning “belligerent”
- 22 Becoming smaller
- 24 Inflammation of eye lids
- 25 Most PHD exams
- 26 Retired fleet, Abbr.
- 28 Plus
- 31 Dutch airline
- 33 Song by Matt Rowland
- 37 Two bodily organs associated with digestion
- *41 Pilot’s
- 42 Ending for many Polish surnames
- 43 Informal name for a person holding or seeking office
- 44 Mass of fish eggs
- 46 _____ itself
- 49 Bagnold and city in Oklahoma
- 53 Muscles that run along the back of your thigh
- 58 Periodic table symbols for two metals
- 59 Those who have served
- 60 Big ado

- 61 Surgical tool used to control bleeding
- 63 List of errors in a printed work discovered after printing
- 64 Green prefix
- 65 Owing, in _____ars
- 66 Vital bodily organ
- 67 Stage of sleep, Abbr.
- 68 Mona _____
- 69 Icy

DOWN

- 1 _____ queen
- 2 FAA output, _____ules
- 3 Hook and loop fasteners
- 4 A person who may have lost a wallet
- 5 It takes care of retirees, Abbr.
- 6 Very complex organ
- 7 where turtles dry their shells
- 8 Backwards letter sequence
- 9 NY Summer hours
- 10 _____David Thoreau
- 11 Fat herring with undeveloped roe
- 12 Puts you within ranges
- 13 Lands End competitor, LL _____
- 18 Culinary encouragement, _____e
- 20 Jack and Jills attempt, _____ pail of water
- 23 Request of a napper who has an appointment
- 24 WW2 major battle French city
- 27 Fabrics with a glossy appearance
- 28 Tailless simian
- 29 Natalie’s father
- 30 Genetic material
- 32 Possible adv. degree.
- 34 Short sleep
- 35 Same as 64 across

- 36 FedEx competitor
- 38 Prefix related to the heart
- 39 Mexican rivers
- 40 Reads a text quickly to get a general idea of meaning
- 45 Large scissors
- 47 Two words, Singer _____tis Redding, and French _____s
- 48 Two words, dance craze of the 60s, _____g and another word for impolitely without the vowels
- 49 Old fashioned _____anesthetic
- 50 Mother’s sister daughter

- 52 Where a fetus may be found?
- 54 Where Her Ladyship may be at 3:00 pm
- 55 Person living in what was once Persia
- 56 Well known
- 57 Not black not white
- 59 Symbols for two New England states
- 62 Actor _____ Minio
- 63 What Electrocardiogram is commonly called



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. Email George at gurich@frontier.com

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Arched columns signify a heavenly entrance. The arch also represents the victory of life; or victory in death. The urn is a popular symbol of mourning; an ancient Greek symbol for mourning, the body as a vessel of the soul, originating as a repository for the ashes of the dead in ancient times.



These morning glories, on a 17-year old's grave, represents resurrection, mourning, youth, farewell, brevity of life, departure, mortality; beginning of life. The morning glory is also a symbol of strength and hope in the face of adversity.



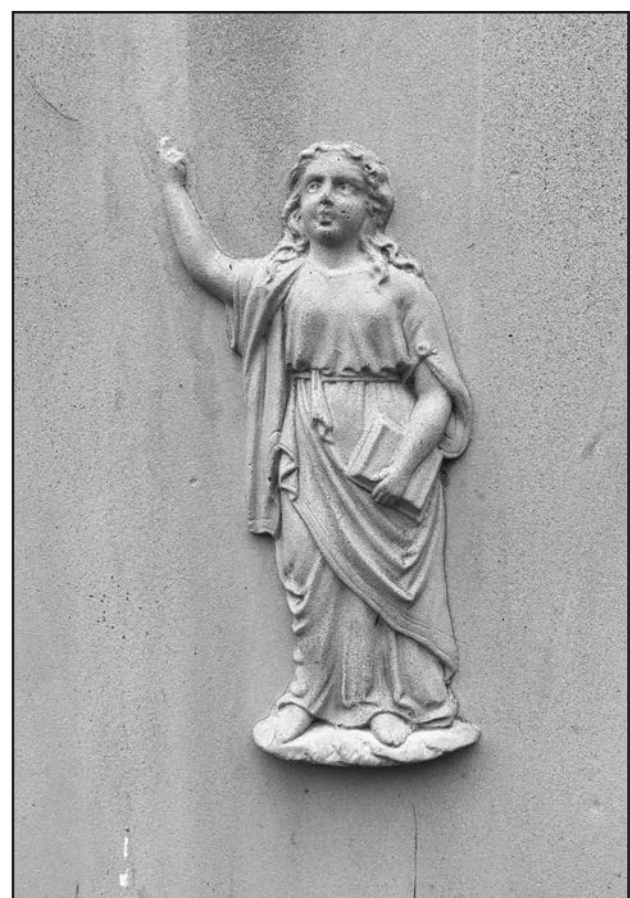
The arms of this cross are stylized with 3 points at the ends to represent the Holy Trinity. The cross points are also said to represent faith, wisdom and charity. The urn is a popular symbol of mourning.



Nature's lament, a symbol of sorrow, the weeping willow is heavily symbolic of grief, sorrow and mourning. The weeping willow is also symbolic of fertility and new life. The tree's ability to grow and survive is a powerful symbol of how one can thrive even beyond the mortal life.



A hand with the index finger pointing upward symbolizes the hope of heaven, while a hand with forefinger pointing down represents God reaching down for the soul. Seen as an important symbol of life, hands carved into gravestones represent the deceased's relationships with other human beings and with God. Cemetery hands tend to be shown doing one of four things: blessing, clasping, pointing, or praying.



Angels represent the connection between heaven and earth. Cemetery angels are commonly depicted holding books. The angel holding the closed Book of Life symbolizes the end of mortal life. This angel, with an upheld arm, is summoning the deceased to follow her to heaven.

These artforms are but a few illustrations of captivating Funerary Art in the Bristol Valley. I encourage anyone with an interest in local history and Early American public art to take some time, on a quiet day, to stroll through an area cemetery. Search out and enjoy creative specimens of Funerary Art. Allow your mind to wander as you stroll through history itself. The experience will be a treasure hunt like no other. Beyond just the names and dates of deceased pioneers, the discovery of artistic engravings on their gravestones provides a spiritual message from the past to ponder. Each work of art has a cryptic message to share with the living. Cultural American public art, etched in stone, serves to further honor and preserve the memories of those who rest. ✨

David and his wife Colleen live in the Town of Canandaigua. David has enjoyed exploring his family history for many years, documenting people, place and events as far back as 1590. He is a certified member of the General Society of Mayflower Descendants, having documented his ancestry back 10 generations to Francis Cooke and Peter Browne, two of the original passengers on the Mayflower voyage of 1620. He is currently researching a third path back to Mayflower passenger George Soule, who was an indentured servant of the Winthrop Family. Many of his ancestors lived in historic Ontario County communities for well over 200 years, providing a fitting backdrop for his research on the inhabitants of this magnificent region of New York State.



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Owl at Home

It won't be long before you are packing up picnic baskets and stowing away boats to head back to ... wherever fall and winter finds you. Perhaps, like us, you live in the Finger Lakes year-round. Maybe you head further south for the winter. Wherever you go, the Owl can go too! Read us in print or online this winter.

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Solution to Owl Light Puzzle 18 (found on page 21)

1	D	A	V	I	S	6	B	O	N	E	10	H	M	12	
13	B	R	E	E	D	S	14	R	N	M	D	15	E	A	R
16	E	A	R	L	P	S	17	A	L	L	T	E	N	T	S
19	A	M	O	C	O	20	F	I	O	K	21	A	R	I	O
22	N	A	R	R	O	W	I	N	G	24	S	T	Y	E	S
25	O	R	A	L	26	S	S	T	S	27	T	S			
28	A	N	D	30	K	L	M	32	A	L	O	N	E	D	
37	P	A	N	C	R	E	A	S	S	T	O	M	A	C	H
41	E	T	A	A	I	M	42	S	K	I	43	P	O	L	
44	R	O	E	45	S	I	N	O	F	48					
49	E	N	I	D	S	53	H	A	M	S	55	T	R	I	N
58	T	I	N	I	59	V	E	T	S	60	F	U	R	O	R
61	H	E	M	O	62	S	T	A	T	63	E	R	R	A	T
64	E	C	O	65	A	R	R	E	66	K	I	D	N	E	Y
67	R	E	M	68	L	I	S	A	69	G	E	L	I	D	

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

* Posted events must be open to all individuals and must offer some direct community enrichment (we review before posting goes live).

Ephraim Cleveland in History

STEPHEN LEWANDOWSKI

Search engines make it possible to do research on historic figures, and even some who are just of genealogical interest, so easily. I hate to think of the hours of searching records that used to be necessary to learn more about a figure like Ephraim Cleveland (1737-1817), who was born in Canterbury, Connecticut and died in Naples, NY. You would have had to go to Connecticut for many of those records.

Now, we can retrieve records, and opinions and uncertainties, right to our screens. I found these various death dates for Cleveland: 1813, 1817, 1820, 1822, and 1827. Find a Grave says he's buried in Naples' Fairview Cemetery and died in 1820.

Despite these differences, some facts appear consistently in many records. Ephraim Cleveland was the son of Timothy and Dorothy Cleveland in Canterbury, CT. He enlisted in 1758 as a teenager to fight on the English side in the French and Indian War. He was captured by Indians, lost his hair from torture, was slated to be burned at the stake with his friend, Mark Watkins, but their lives were redeemed by an Indian woman who had lost a son. They must have learned the Indians' language in their three years of captivity. It is remarked that Cleveland wore an eel-skin cap for the rest of his life to protect his skull. They escaped and returned to Connecticut where Cleveland married Mary Griffin on March 6, 1766

When the Revolutionary War began, Ephraim enlisted on July 1, 1775 as a Lieutenant in the 16th Massachusetts Regiment and served during the Siege of Boston. In August 1776 he was detached to Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Knowlton's Rangers of Durkee's Connecticut Regiment 20th Continental. He would have been in his mid-30s. They fought the British in Harlem, but all the Rangers were captured in November, 1776. After they were paroled, Cleveland fought at Mifflin, PA, Trenton and Princeton, NJ and Saratoga, NY as a Lieutenant, and later was promoted to Captain.

When Cleveland mustered out in 1779, he returned home to Hardwick, MA. Exactly how he became part of the group of early settlers from Partridgefield (now Hinsdale) MA in the Berkshires is not known (it may have been an association with the Watkins Family) but he arrived with them to occupy what became the Town and Village of Naples, NY in April or May of 1790. The Town had been purchased after some confusion over its exact location from the Phelps and Gorham Company, which had purchased the pre-emption rights from Massachusetts. Naples' first name was Watkinstown.

These early settlers lived in log houses for years and were heavily dependent on stores of food provided by the Seneca still resident. The first frame houses, including Cleveland's, were built in 1794 and 1795. He was employed as a surveyor marking off lots for other settlers and also laid out preliminary roads to Canandaigua and Rushville. During this period Cleveland served as a Justice of the Peace, an overseer of the poor, and a member of the Legislature. His wife Mary died, he re-married to Martha Bushnell, and his daughter Olive was one of the village's first teachers.

The building of these houses by early settlers has to be seen in the context of what else was happening nearby. President George Washington had sent Timothy Pickering to conduct treaty negotiations with the Seneca in Canandaigua, and the treaty was signed in November, 1794 and soon approved by the U.S. Senate. This treaty provided the settlers with greater security and peace-of-mind concerning their acquisition of what had been Seneca land.

Cleveland died in 1820 at roughly 80 years of age and was buried in Fairview Cemetery behind the Congregational Church in Naples. The burial ground enclosed in cast iron fencing is still there, but not the church. ❧



Top: a detail of the stencil room upstairs, created by Stephen Clarke in 1828.
Above: The heating/cooking fireplace in the downstairs west room of Ephraim Cleveland's home.

All photos courtesy of Stephen Lewandowski

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