



# OWL LIGHT NEWS



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Where Inspiration & Inquiry Converge

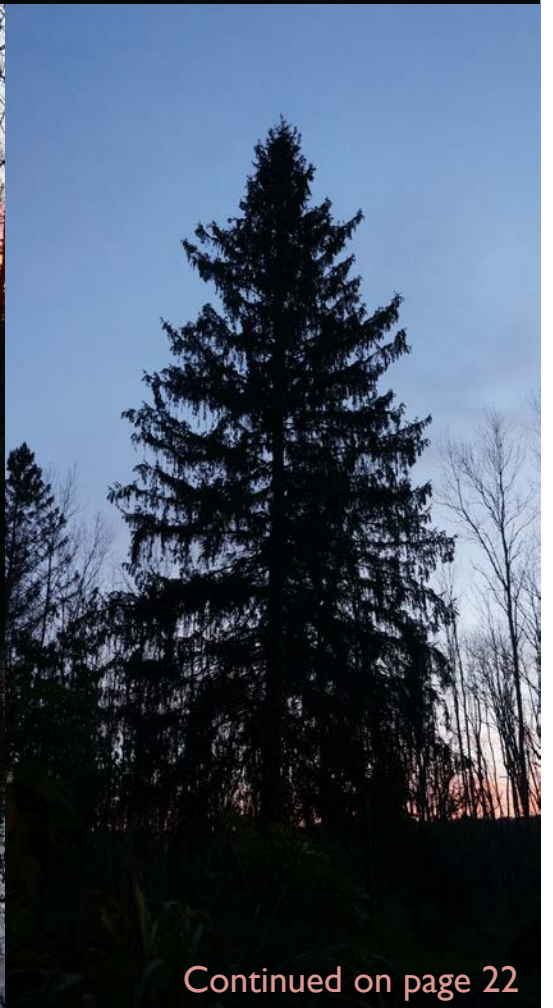
November 2021



## MOMENT IN TIME *D.E. BENTLEY*

We all have our favorite places to sit and reflect. One of mine is a stone chair constructed and settled into the bank of our pond, overlooking the small waterfall that feeds it.

Sometimes a picture is all that is needed to capture a moment in time. During a recent warm evening, as leaves drifted down from the walnut trees that border the northern banks, I settled there, camera in hand. The sun set in the west—silhouetting the remaining standing ash against the ever-changing curtain of night sky.



Continued on page 22

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The deadline for all submissions for our January 2022 issue is November 15.

Earlier is better: *Owl Light News* pages fill up FAST!

We look forward to hearing from you.



### Owl Light Renewals

*Owl Light News* renewal notices are emailed. Watch for email invoices as your renewal date nears.

Please let us know if your contact information or subscription status has changed so we can update our lists in a timely manner and keep the Owls coming. Thanks!



Where Inspiration & Inquiry Converge

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## FROM THE NEWSROOM

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**C**orrection: 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](http://owllightnews.com).

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## Keeping the *Owl Light* Bright for the Holidays and into the New Year

When Facebook and Instagram went down on October 4, 2021—after a two second lapse in sanity (oh, no, what am I going to do without that?!) — I rejoiced in a reprieve from social media gone mad. I do have some enjoyable connections, but marketing (a key part of the online experience) has never, will never, be something I am into; perhaps no one is really into it although I do see people who seem to really enjoy advertising (and are good at it). I abhor it. For that matter, I also hate shopping and consuming in general. The turn off is the whole concept of having to push what I see as art—mine and that of the many contributors who each month generously share their gifts with *Owl Light* readers.

Still, I know that part of keeping the *Owl Light* alive means keeping our current readers and advertisers while reaching out to new ones (i.e. marketing).

I recently offhandedly commented to someone that “the only way to stay small is to not get big.” What I meant by this (I think) was that, based on my experience with many past projects, there is always the potential for things we begin with good intent—things that we expect to take up a reasonable amount of time—to snowball (not to rush the season). The added “snow” just gets heavier and heavier until it melts (leaving, if one is lucky, a magic hat that offers proof that there really was a creative spark that brought that initial idea to life).

Speaking of snowballs, shortages and supply chain issues are gaining momentum and have become big news these days. This news comes in advance of the most wonderful spending-heavy time of the year. For many people, the months ahead are a stressful time. We either have (if we are lucky) family and friends to holiday with—accompanied by all of the familial and consumer expectations that accompany the season — or we are on our own (without a support network of family or friends) and susceptible, thus, to loneliness and depression (magnified by the apparent wealth of celebratory abundance—as shown on social media).

Despite an abundance of practical wisdom about how to focus more on our shared time with loved ones and less on the over-consumption that often accompanies seasonal festivities, change is challenging. Taking the time to make someone special a gift, or to share time with others—the most precious gift of all is time—takes planning in our increasingly complex culture (especially when one adds in the challenges of keeping everyone well as the COVID-19 epidemic continues).

Also in the news (although, perhaps, not as actively promoted in all media markets or shared as freely as the pre-holiday consumer shortages) is the *26th UN Climate Change Conference of the Parties (COP26)*, to be hosted by the UK in Glasgow on 31 October – 12 November 2021. According to this year’s planners, “The COP26 summit will bring parties together to accelerate action towards the goals of the Paris Agreement and the UN Framework Convention on Climate Change.” In his welcoming statement, Alok Sharma, the COP President-Designate stresses the need for participating countries (which now, again, thankfully include the US) to make big policy decisions related to: “phasing out polluting vehicles, making agriculture more sustainable, tackling deforestation and supporting developing countries with finance.”

A question that I believe to be crucially important to ask as we move toward a more sustainable world is: what do we really *need* to live? Clearly, this question needs to be considered and answered by each of us individually—with many legitimate albeit divergent responses. Given Americans’ high levels of consumption, less is a likely response for most of us. So many people have shared with me their desire to simplify. Simplification is easier when we live small (as someone who has many interests, requiring an abundance of space to house the associated paraphernalia, I do at times envy people who have successfully transitioned to less; I am still trying to simplify).

This commentary has, I fear, snowballed a bit, and perhaps veered into areas that have—despite the documented consequences of a status quo approach to energy use and environmental inaction— become political hotbeds. Nonetheless, it is crucial that we take a closer look at the impacts of living excessively; the holiday season seems like an ideal time to do so.

For us at the *Owl Light*, our desire to use less (and have more time to share with loved ones and explore creatively) begins with our move to a quarterly print magazine in 2022. This move means less paper and less energy spent getting the *Owl Light* to print readers, while maintaining the quality content that sets us apart. Our online site will be revised as well, to better reflect and support the positive regional and global changes we believe to be important.

This publication has become such a special and significant part of my life (and the lives of others) and I look forward to sharing the *Owl Light* with even more people as we move into 2022 (and for many years to come).

If you know of other (print or online) readers or *Owl*-minded businesses and organizations that might not know about us, please encourage them to explore and join in the *Owl* so that we can continue to shine light on all the important people, places, and activities that make life in rural New York State so special.

Simplify your gift giving by giving a gift subscription to the *Owl Light* to loved ones near and far.\*

Be well, one and all!  
We will see you in 2022!



D.E. Bentley  
Editor *Owl Light News*

\*We have subscribers as far away as California and Florida, and can send *Owl Lights* to anywhere in the US at our current subscription rate of \$25 annually. See page 23 for more information.

### Seeking Submissions for Feature Articles

Feature 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 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](mailto:editor@canadicepress.com)

REMINDER: 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.

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## FROM OUR READERS

OPINION from KURT STAUDTER

### Losing Faith in Government

“Question Authority!” attributed to Timothy Leary, or perhaps Socrates

Growing up in the 1960s in a culture that was at the same time coming unhinged and prospering beyond our wildest imaginations, we were beginning to see signs that people were losing faith in government. Perhaps it started with John F. Kennedy when he said, “Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country,” but it was rolling along two decades later when Ronnie Raygun said, “Government is not the solution to our problem. Government is the problem.” Popular culture picked up the mantra with the famous 2001 line by tax reformer Grover Norquist: “I don’t want to abolish government. I simply want to reduce it to the size where I can drag it into the bathroom and drown it in the bathtub.” That was the day civil society died, and I want it back!

Since then we’ve seen the Tea Party and now the insurrection at the capital in the beginning of the year, and it’s too early to forget our four year collective nightmare that just won’t go away. With the approval ratings of politicians lower than the worms that live on whale poop at the bottom of the ocean, we’ve seen unprecedented disrespect and even violence.

When I was a kid politicians were heroes, and even if you disagreed with their positions, you treated them with respect. To this day I feel this way about Peter Welch and Bernie Sanders, two of the most sensible people down in the DC circus, or state lawmakers like former speaker Mike Obuchowski and Senators Dick McCormick and Chris Pearson: These are heroes that deserve our respect and gratitude for their service.

It used to be that only dedicated public servants would find their way onto ballots. At the very least they were required to get a few signatures to show some recognition and support from the district, but that ended during the pandemic. The last election cycle in Vermont will be remembered as the “every-

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body’s welcome, come as you are election’, with the ballot full of protest candidates that were ignorant of even the most basic issues.

Do I have hope that we’ll get through these dark days of government contempt? Let’s just say that recent events don’t give me a lot of optimism. The refusals by Republicans in DC to even investigate the events of January 6 is outrageous, but when that political party works to actively prevent the committee from doing their work, that makes my blood boil. Closer to home, we have the Northeast Kingdom EB-5 scandal. Repeated requests for public records have been rejected every step of the way. This in no way inspires confidence in government. In both DC and Montpelier, without sunshine there is no truth.

At this point we’ve seen hundreds of people charged in the attack on the capital. So far judgments have been on the light side, lacking the seriousness of what happened. This wasn’t some tourists behaving badly, but a violent insurrection aimed at overturning an election. This cuts to the very bedrock of our democracy, and can in no way be minimized. One internet definition defines treason as “The crime of betraying one’s country, especially by attempting to kill the sovereign or overthrow the government.” Let’s be honest, isn’t this the very description of what happened on January 6? OK, they tried to kill the Vice President and Speaker of the House, check; and they tried to stop the work of congress, check: Yep, sounds like treason to me. Yet, the only way we find out is if

those in the White House that day are compelled to tell the truth. Avoiding telling their stories leaves us in the dark.

This week, “a deal” was brokered between one of the defendants in the EB-5 scandal, and state lawyers protecting former Governor Peter Shumlin and other administration officials from providing records and testifying in open court on who knew what and when about the bilking of foreign investors. There’s even proof of Governor Shumlin lying to potential Chinese investors that the projects were properly audited, but they weren’t. This story needs to see the light of day, and to let the criminal charges sunset because of the statute of limitations is just crazy. One would hope that our sprawling state government would have the safeguards in place to catch incompetent government inaction, but that doesn’t seem to be the case. Thankfully VT Digger has been a dog with a bone on this.

Maybe we live in a different time; perhaps I’m naive in my expectations, but even though I’m a dark pessimist I believe that it’s not too late to restore faith in our government. Our democracy is robust, and our leaders can’t follow the dog whistle of a vocal minority fed lies and misinformation. The midterm election is a fork in the road for this country: Will we return to a civil society where the rule of law and past traditions are honored in a democracy we can proudly turn over to our children; or are we headed for the same dumpster as the Roman Empire? 🐕

Kurt Staudter, Springfield, VT. Over the course of thirty years Kurt’s career working for National Grid and New England Power has given him a unique perspective on the Connecticut River. From operating the Bellows Falls Hydro Plant in the 1990s, to his job now in Substation Operations & Maintenance, every day his work takes him someplace along the river. He is an elected Executive Board Member of IBEW Local 486. A longtime activist and political columnist for the Vermont Standard, Kurt along with his wife Patti also ran the Vermont Brewers Association representing the growing number of craft breweries in the state for almost seven years. He has a Bachelors of Arts degree from the National Labor College, and participated with a fellowship in the Harvard Trade Union Program.



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# Pathways to Democracy

## Historical Memories and The Reinvention of American Democracy

DOUG GARNAR



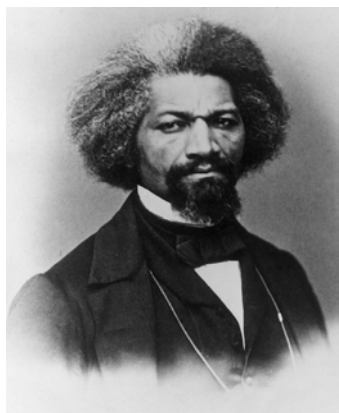
I ride my bike almost daily and one of my treks takes me to the Chenango Valley cemetery where thousands are buried. Tombstones and their epitaphs are but the one grain of sand in the memories of those buried here. Civil War, WW I and WW II vets are buried in their own sections. You can also see the graves of those, including children, who died in the Great Influenza of 1918-1919 and, more recently, the current COVID-19 pandemic. Recently I observed a person sitting in a new section of the cemetery looking at a very recent tombstone. The memories of those now past still shape and inform the living.

I have selected quotes (memories of people past) from seven individuals and a folk music group who I believe speak to us today as we wrestle with a democracy in turmoil. Other than President Eisenhower and Peter, Paul and Mary, most are not found in history books most might have read in K-12. This group is but a tip of the iceberg of our historical memory bank and I would encourage readers to think of others.



### Frederick Douglass (1817-1885)

—a former escaped slave and black abolitionist who became a prominent African-American voice of the 19th century.



Frederick Douglass  
(Public Domain)

What, to the American slave, is your 4th of July? I answer; a day that reveals to him, more than all other days in the year, the gross injustice and cruelty to which he is the constant victim. To him, your celebration is a sham; your boasted liberty, an unholy license; your national greatness, swelling vanity; your sounds of rejoicing are empty and heartless; your denunciation of tyrants, brass fronted impudence; your shouts of liberty and equality, hollow mockery; your prayers and hymns, your sermons and thanksgivings, with all your religious parade and solemnity, are, to Him, mere bombast, fraud, deception, impiety, and hypocrisy — a thin veil to cover up crimes which would disgrace a nation of savages. There is not a nation on the earth guilty of practices more shocking and bloody than are the people of the United States, at this very hour. (Rochester, NY, July 5, 1852)

“Some of the common denominators in these voices include: a respect for diversity on multiple levels; recognizing the need to hear voices that one does not normally hear or care to hear; the interconnectedness of all life; the importance of serving others; the dangers of uncontrolled power; finally, that the future whether it be a baby, a butterfly, bees—all life—is in the final analysis our responsibility.”

— Doug Garnar

### Chief Joseph (1840-1904)

—leader of the Nez Perce.



Photo of Joseph taken in November 1877 by O.S. Goff in Bismarck (Public Domain)

All men were made by the same Great Spirit Chief. They are all brothers. The Earth is the Mother of All people, and all people have equal rights to live upon it.

### Judge Learned Hand (1872-1961)

—known as the "10th Supreme Court Justice" since William Howard Taft prevented him from being appointed (due to Hand's support of Teddy Roosevelt in 1912 election).

Liberty lies in the hearts of men and women; when it dies there, no constitution, no law, no court can save it.

The spirit of liberty is the spirit which is not too sure that it is right.



Learned Hand  
—circa 1910  
Harvard U. Library  
(Public Domain)

### Dorothy Day (1891-1980)

—a Bohemian radical activist who became the leader of a Catholic social gospel movement

People say, what is the sense of our small effort? They cannot see that we must lay one brick at a time, take one step at a time. A pebble cast into a pond causes ripples that spread in all directions. Each one of our thoughts, words and deeds is like that. No one has a right to sit down and feel hopeless. There is too much work to do.

### Dwight D. Eisenhower (1890-1969)

—a five star Army General and 34th President of the US

Every gun that is made, every warship launched, every rocket fired signifies in the final sense, a theft from those who hunger and are not fed, those who are cold and are not clothed. This world in an arms race is not just spending money alone. It is spending the sweat of its laborers, the genius of its scientists and the hopes of its children (Speech, April 1953)

In the counsels of government, we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted power, whether sought or unsought by the military industrial complex. The potential for the disastrous rise of misguided power exists and will persist. —Eisenhower's 1961 Farewell Address to the nation.



### Shirley Chisholm (1924-80)

—first African-American woman elected to Congress and the first to run for President.

Service is the rent we pay for the privilege of living on this earth.

You don't make progress by standing on the sidelines, whimpering, and complaining. You make progress by implementing ideas.



Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm announcing her candidacy for presidential nomination. O'Halloran, Thomas J., photographer (Library of Congress—Public Domain)

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# Richmond History

## Settling in Michigan

JOY LEWIS



Hundreds of families left upstate New York bound for Michigan in the years 1820 to 1860. Many, many of those had lived for a time in Richmond. On the 1810 Honeoye (later to be Richmond) Census, 227 households were recorded; of those, twenty-seven entire families had moved to Michigan by 1820. Another sixty-six families saw at least one child or grandchild quit New York for Michigan. More than 150 individuals who had been recorded on the 1810 Richmond census were living in Michigan a decade later.

Richmond-ites populated nearly every Michigan county, with Oakland and Macomb being the most favored. The majority of these folks settled down to farming, just as they had done in New York, and many made a significant impact on the communities of Michigan Territory.

In northeastern Macomb County, Philip Cudworth suggested his new township be named in honor of his birthplace, Richmond, New York. Michigan's Richmond today is a township of wide-open farm country with a city – also called Richmond – of considerable size in her southeastern corner.



Orson Starr (1803)  
Photo courtesy of Joy Lewis

Three miles north of Detroit is the city of Royal Oak, home to the Orson Starr family. Orson and his father Vine operated a foundry in Richmond in the 1820s where they hand-forged livestock bells — bells, it was said, that could be heard for a distance of two miles.

In the early 1830s Orson, his wife, and their young son settled in Royal Oak. He built a brickyard and operated a foundry. The Starr Bell Factory was the first industry in Royal Oak. Orson's home today is listed on the Michigan State Register of Historic Sites.



Jackson, Michigan, in the south-central part of the state is known as the birthplace of the Republican Party. A convention of committed abolitionists met together July 6, 1854, in Jackson planning to assemble in the city's auditorium. It was, however, a blessedly hot day and the party, by common consent, adjourned to "Morgan's Forty" on the outskirts of town and convened "under the oaks."



Historic Markers at the commemorative park in Jackson Michigan. The markers recognize the accomplishments of an 1854 convention of abolitionists. Among those present was a former Richmond, NY resident, John Martin Norton, who later served as Michigan's state senator.

Among the delegates that day was John Martin Norton, a man with an impressive Richmond pedigree: grandson on his paternal side of John Norton and Sarah Whitmarsh, and on his maternal side, of Daniel Short and Hopestill Wheeler. John, after years in various Michigan state offices, was elected state senator in 1882. There is today in Jackson, at the northwest corner of Franklin and Second Streets, a commemorative park celebrating the delegates' accomplishments: "Destined in the throes of civil strife to abolish slavery, vindicate democracy, and perpetuate the Union."

Continued on page 16

LLCC Presents...

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# Bee Lines

## Late Harvest Woes and Winter Hive Needs

SAM HALL



There has been one common thread amongst beekeepers this fall of 2021. All of the beekeepers that I have talked with said the bees have not capped their honey or if they have it is only partially capped but not enough that they want to harvest it for extraction. My belief is the unusually wet weather we have had all summer is a factor. The bees will not cap honey until they can get the moisture content down to around 17%.

There are several things a beekeeper can do at this point. Looking ahead there seems to be some decent weather for working the bees later in this month of October. Perhaps letting some drier weather come in will let the bees get the moisture content to where they want it. If not, then pull a frame and do what I call the jerk test. Turn an uncapped side downward and give the frame a good shake even a violent one if you can. If the honey does not come out, then you can probably safely extract it. If, however, it comes out like rain do not extract it as the moisture content is probably so high that the honey might well ferment; it will not be mead but uneatable and undrinkable swill. The best test is to use a refractometer to test for moisture which is what I do. It takes out the guessing.

If you are forced to extract honey with a high moisture level, then there are a couple of things you can do to bring the moisture content lower. Place the honey container in the refrigerator without a cover on the container or in a small enclosed place like a closet with a dehumidifier. The frig and dehumidifier are dehydrators, that is they remove moisture.



Competition was steep on October 20, 2021 as a multitude of pollinators competed with the honeybees for the last of the season's bounty of pollen and nectar. Photos D.E. Bentley

For the first time I'm thinking of treating for winter Varroa with Hopguard 3, which is supposedly a mild treatment that can be used with honey supers on. Being old and old fashioned, I'm not going to treat with honey supers on. Maybe I could safely, but I won't. What I will be doing—with the help of some younger friends—is doing mite counts. I want to know the Varroa situation rather than simply treat prophylactically.

The golden rod flow reached its peak in my yard about two weeks ago. Most of the honey that I hope to extract when the rain stops is mainly from the golden rod flow. It is in many people's opinion the best honey for allergies. There are some late bloomers the bees are still working, but now the bees' main attractions are the wild asters—which fortunately are in great abundance in and near my yard. They have two colors, white and purple (at least it looks purple to me, some say it is blue). It is a strong flow. Some of the white asters that are out look a little different than the others. They are called White Wood Asters and the ones I have observed are in the woods though they supposedly prefer full sun.

Keeping bees during the pandemic has allowed me to stay focused on something other than the obvious. At 87, my circle of friends grows smaller quite often. The bees lift my spirits and help them soar with them. 🐝

---

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."



### Safe Clean Drinking Water Right at Home

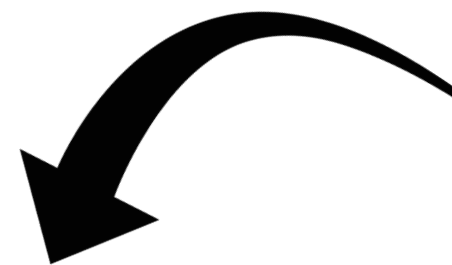
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# The Monthly Read

## What It Takes to Survive

A Review of *Behind the Beautiful Forevers*:

*Life, Death, and Hope in a Mumbai Undercity* by Katherine Boo

*Behind the Beautiful Forevers*  
288 pages  
Random House  
(2012)



MARY DRAKE

When the library app on my phone gave me the message: "The book you placed on hold is now available," I read the title: *Behind the Beautiful Forevers: Life, Death, and Hope in a Mumbai Undercity*. Confused, I thought, Huh. Why did I want to read that? Usually I read fiction, and frankly, the subject sounded a little heavy. But at the time I was riding in the car on a fifteen-hour road trip, so I decided to give it a try.

The book immediately pulled me in.

When author Katherine Boo fell in love with an Indian man who urged her "not to take [India] at face value," Katherine Boo, the blond-haired, blue-eyed, journalist with an ivy-league education, who had worked at *The New Yorker* and *The Washington Post*, decided to apply her investigative skills to get to know this poor but developing country. "I felt a shortage in nonfiction about India: of deeply reported accounts showing how ordinary low-income people—particularly women and children—were negotiating the age of global markets." So, she decided to "follow the inhabitants of a single, unexceptional slum over the course of several years to see who got ahead and who didn't, and why, as India prospered." She had studied poverty before, in the United States, and Mumbai is not the only modern city rife with blatant inequality. It is conspicuous in many cities around the world, including Nairobi, Santiago, New York and Washington, D.C. In fact, poverty is a universal problem, but the author doesn't view it so much as a moral dilemma as a practical one. Why don't poor people band together and agitate for change? Why don't they demand their fair share? (Isn't that what the Occupy movement in this country tried to do? If little change was accomplished, at least voices were heard.)

Part of the answer to why people don't band together for change seems to be the discouraging fact that human beings just can't get along. It's no different for the oppressed residents of the Annawadi, as the slum is called; maybe especially because they live in a slum with such hardship, peace remains an elusive dream. "Was there a soul in this enriching, unequal city [of Mumbai] who didn't blame his dissatisfaction on someone else? Wealthy citizens accused the slum-dwellers of making the city filthy and unlivable, . . . Slum-dwellers complained about the obstacles the rich and powerful erected to prevent them from sharing in new profit. Everyone, everywhere, complained about their neighbors."

Mumbai is India's largest city, but most people aren't familiar with the slum. Annawadi was built next to the Mumbai international airport on ground that was previously a swamp; 3000 people are squat-

"...maybe the hope Katherine Boo is speaking of is just the hope that after reading this book, we might care more about the suffering of others, and that caring is the first step in changing our world." – Mary Drake

ting on land that actually belongs to the Airports Authority of India, which is constantly threatening to bulldoze down the 335 huts. Ironically, Annawadi is encircled by five luxury hotels. "Everything around us is roses," one person in the book says, "and we're the shit in between." Boo has personalized this poignant narrative by focusing on particular slum residents, tracing the struggles, frustrations, and sufferings of their everyday lives. Because the people that Boo interviewed are real, the book is classified as a biography, although the heartbreaking events of the story often make it read like a novel.

In order to get to know India and its people, the author extensively interviewed, video-taped, audio-taped and photographed her Annawadi subjects. As if that wasn't enough, she went above and beyond, tracking down "more than three thousand public records, many of them obtained after years of petitioning government agencies." What she discovered was the indifference of government agencies to the experiences of its poorest citizens. Her interview subjects were mostly children since, as the saying goes, *out of the mouths of babes oft times come gems*. She considered that they haven't yet learned to judge what they see or filter out what they say; they make more reliable witnesses because they are so literal. But children are also the most vulnerable victims of poverty. In Annawadi, they struggle to survive just as hard as, and sometimes in place of, the adults in their lives.

The book initially introduces us to Abdul, a young boy who doesn't know how old he is since his parents aren't good with numbers. "For nearly all the waking hours of nearly all the years [Abdul] could remember, he'd been buying and selling to recyclers the things that richer people threw away." As a trash dealer, he is one step up on the social ladder above trash scavengers. He's also the main wage earner in his family of eleven since his father is debilitated by tuberculosis. When misfortune later befalls Abdul and his family, his mother will pay to have a false birth certificate made for him so that he will be sent to a detention center for minors, rather than the truly awful prison for adults.

Adults are also featured in the book, though they often aren't very likable: people such as Asha, the middle-aged mother of three, wife of an alcoholic,

and aspiring slumlord. In Annawadi, "Slumlord was an unofficial position, but residents knew who held it—the person chosen by local politicians and police officers to run the settlement according to the authorities' interests." When people live crowded this close, disputes are bound to arise, especially when there are differences of caste, ethnicity and religion. Hindus are suspicious of Muslims. People who've come from the north of India don't like those from the interior. Neighbors resent other neighbors who have more money. And no one seems to like the untouchables or the eunuchs. In this mix, the slumlord is viewed as a "canny mediator" who can resolve arguments, for a fee of course. "And when she had real control over the slum," Asha thinks, "she could create problems in order to fix them," a tactic she has learned from elected officials.

The unusual and somewhat confusing title of the book, *Behind the Beautiful Forevers*, becomes clear during the course of reading when we learn of a wall that separates and hides Annawadi from the view of the wealthy tourists who arrive daily at the international airport to enjoy the luxuries and entertainments of Mumbai. Running the length of the wall are advertisements for Italianate floor tiles which claim that they remain "beautiful forever." And behind the "beautiful forever" ads lies the miserable squalor of Annawadi. But the subtitle also claims this is a story of *Life, Death and Hope in a Mumbai Undercity*. Certainly, there is life that abounds in the slum, and several heart-wrenching deaths also occur during the narrative. But hope? That's a little harder to find, unless it's just the continued survival of the slum dwellers. Or perhaps hope can be found in the ultimate vindication of Abdul, his father and sister when they are cleared of the crime for which they've been falsely accused, but this only occurs after they suffer terribly. Or maybe the hope Katherine Boo is speaking of is just the hope that after reading this book, we might care more about the suffering of others, and that caring is the first step in changing our world. ✎

Mary Drake is a novelist and freelance writer living in western New York. Visit her online at [marydrake.online](http://marydrake.online) to learn more about her books.

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# THIRD TRANSITIONAL SHIFT

POETRY from MERTON BARTELS

Third Transitional Shift

Summer and fall do it again  
The change seems seamless  
Summer gives the warm rays  
While fall exhibits cooler days  
Chilled summer days mostly rare  
Steamy and hot, fall usually not

Our eyes covered from the glare  
As humidity makes us sweat unwantedly  
Longer shadows from slanted rays  
Provides chilled nights nature's way  
While days hot and cold interchange  
As Virgo hands off always to Libro

Note the autumnal equinox marks  
The zodiac quartered rotation  
With no helpful human intervention  
Seasons take their pecking position  
Repeating the cycle centuries old  
To verify who has absolute control

Mert Bartels, a retired technical writer and editor with a half century experience, is a member of Macedon's Wayne Writers Guild. He specializes in 600 word essays, people characterization poems and observations of NYS. He also enjoys creating duologues.

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## Where the Path Leads

— YA FANTASY by MARY DRAKE (marydrake.online)

### Chapter 20: Coming Clean

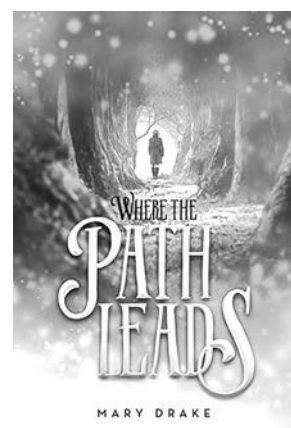
In the last chapter, Emily is aided in the forest by an unexpected companion. Now she is so grateful that she decides to tell him her story in the hope that he can help her even more on her quest.



but also watching Oderic as he came to the old willow tree overhanging the river. Taking some of the dead branches, he peeled off the dried inner part, then crumbled and rolled it in his small brown hands, first twisting it together and then pulling it apart. Crumbly pieces of bark fell out, but what remained looked like a fluffy bundle of threads.

"Good tinder," he said, holding the bundle up for her inspection. "Now, we'll combine it with our kindling." He nodded in the direction of their pile of sticks and leaves.

Continued online...[owllightnews.com/where-the-path-leads-chapter\\_\\_\\_\\_\\_](http://owllightnews.com/where-the-path-leads-chapter_____).



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

# Side Street Sounds

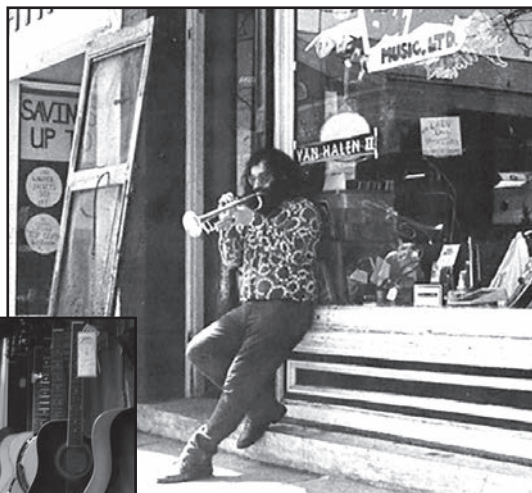
## Do You Know a Musician with GAS

STEVE WEST

**D**o you know a musician with GAS? No, I'm not talking about a gastrointestinal condition. I'm talking about Gear Acquisition Syndrome. GAS is the musicians' urge to acquire instruments and equipment, regardless of any actual need or even ability to play said instruments. Ask any musician that's been around for a while, and they'll know about GAS. It's not uncommon for musicians to start collecting instruments, and before they know it, their collection is out of control. I didn't set out to be a collector. It just sort of happened.

One day I was taking an inventory and it hit me. I have GAS. I have about 16 guitars, a dozen harmonicas, 3 ukuleles, 2 mandolins, 2 accordions, a banjo, a banjo uke, a bass guitar, a washtub bass, a mountain dulcimer, a piano, an electric keyboard, and a trombone. Not to mention an assortment of hand percussion and a few kazoos. I think if I looked for it, I could probably even find my flutophone from 3rd grade. Some of the instruments are more valuable than others. I use a fair number of them when I perform. Others I rarely, if ever play. If you have GAS, it can be difficult to go by a music store without stopping in. Even if you don't need anything more than new strings or a handful of guitar picks, being surrounded by new instruments is exciting and comforting.

Some of the best finds come from auctions and estate sales. Used and antique instruments often carry a great story with them. Collectors with GAS often enjoy telling others how they found a particular instrument as much as they do the instrument itself. For example, one of my accordions is from the Castiglione Accordion Company. I found it at an auction years ago, and was excited to buy it because my grandfather was born in the Castiglione region of Sicily. Unfortunately, this particular auction was before the days of having Google on your phone. I later learned that the instrument came from the Castiglione Accordion Company of Flint, Michigan; a city I'm quite certain my grandfather never saw.



Above: Al Bruno (AKA Buzzo) in front of his store (1979) Photographer? Left: Buzzo playing two trumpets in 2017 D.E. Bentley



For more current gear, our region is blessed with a number of well stocked music stores. If you find yourself suffering from an acute case of GAS, you may want to check out one of these locally owned businesses.

### Buzzo Music LTD.

Al "Buzzo" Bruno has been a mainstay in Geneseo since the early 1970s. The store offers a large selection of guitars, ukuleles, and percussion instruments. They also carry a selection of school band instruments. There is also a huge selection of records, CDs, and even some cassette tapes and 8 tracks. Buzzo is known for his huge personality. It is not unusual to find him in a bathrobe playing his trumpet on Main Street. Shopping at Buzzo's is an experience that really can't adequately be described.

### Livonia Music Supply

A wide variety of musical equipment, including school band instruments and sheet music. Owner, Bob Litolff specializes in expert repair of vintage guitars and amplifiers. He often takes trade-ins or buys customers' equipment outright. The store also offers guitar and bass lessons.



Chaapel runs the store and also handles most of the instrument repairs at Mobile Music. Photograph courtesy of Denise Chaapel

### Mobile Music

Located on Main Street in Canandaigua, Mobile Music carries plenty of guitars and ukuleles, as well as school band instruments. Owner Tim Chaapel handles most of the instrument repairs himself. Mobile Music offers music lessons. During the initial Covid shutdown of

2020, they were able to extend their music lessons to online sessions, a service they continue to offer in some circumstances.

### FLX Music Supply

They recently (re)opened in Naples—after moving from Wayland and changing their name (previously the Wayland Music Store). They currently serve over 30 schools in the Southern Tier, supplying instruments and supplies. The retail store offers guitars, drums, and other instruments, as well as sound equipment.

Continued on page 12

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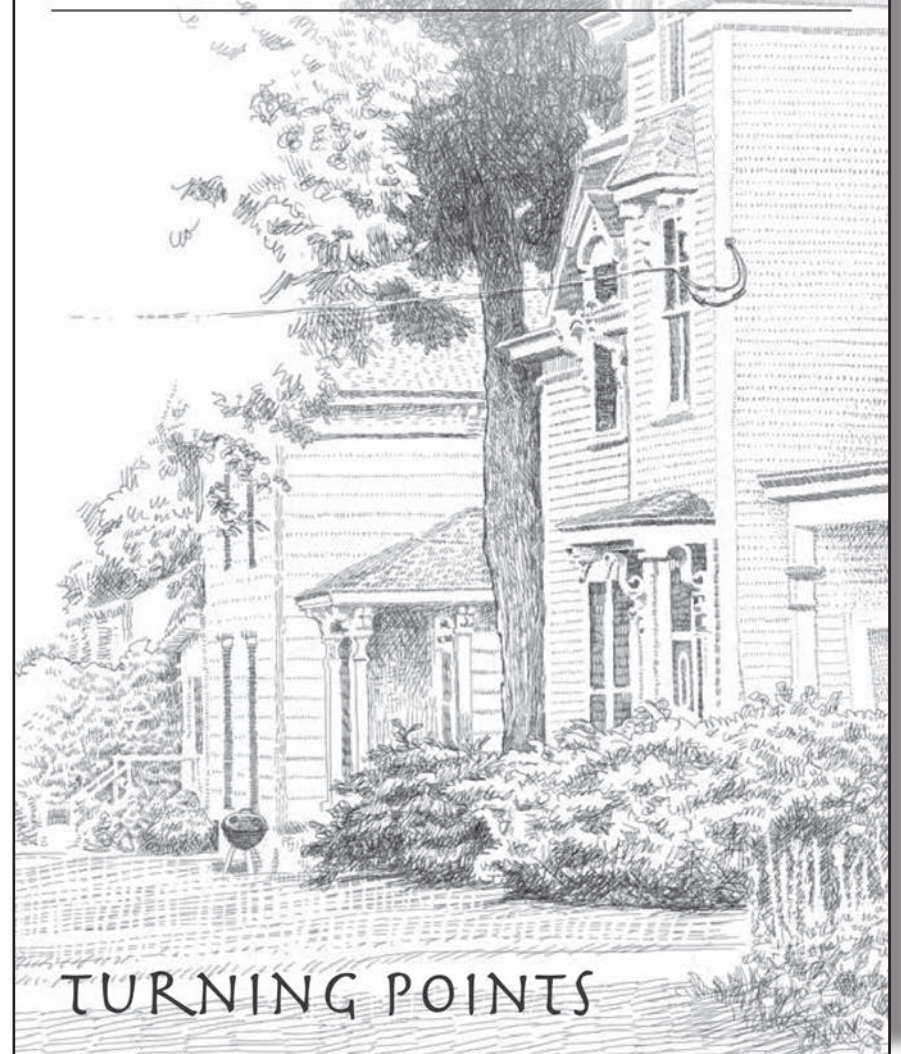
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- November 6 – Mr. Mustard
- December 11 – John Dady & Friends (see display ad p.6)

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Refreshments are available.



Mask requirements will coincide with CDC COVID-19 guidelines.

# Making Lemonade

## Thankful Ancestry

BARB STAHL



How can it be approaching holiday time already? Soon it will be Thanksgiving Day and time to think about everything we are thankful for.....and I can quickly answer that one – family and friends! Covid has certainly brought out the appreciation for those wonderful folks in my life who got me through the tough times. Then I wondered about what to write about, and once again Tarzan came to the rescue. “Why not take some of your own advice from your October article? You were all excited about finding your four-greats-grandfather’s grave with your son and daughter-in-law.”

“Tarzan,” I responded, “you are brilliant you know,” and of course he answered, “I know.”

The three of us did take my advice and went to our Revolutionary War soldier ancestor’s grave at the Richmond Center Cemetery. It took us some looking around to find it. We had gone several years before and tried to remember where we had seen it. My son finally spotted it, and we understood why we had difficulty. The original marker had either fallen over or gotten broken, so it was placed lying on the ground over where his body would be buried below. Therefore, the new marker was facing the opposite direction from where we had been looking, and now his grave had a handsome new gravestone erected by the American Legion.

Andrew Palmes had an extremely interesting, and long, history in the Revolutionary War. My great-grandfather, Hermon W. DeLong, Sr., had recorded it as he sat at his great-grandfather’s feet as a young child. Fortunately, he was one of the early writers in the family, so he carefully recorded Andrew’s stories.

Andrew had a twin brother, Samuel, and they were born May 6, 1755, in New London, Connecticut. In 1775, at age nineteen years of age, he and his brother were in the craft of shoemaking. As the news of the battle of Lexington became known, Andrew



Andrew Palmes original marker had either fallen over or gotten broken, so it was placed lying on the ground facing the opposite direction from when we had previously visited.

hastily joined a New London company and marched away to Boston. During the next eight-months of that enlistment, the Battle of Bunker Hill was won. He then re-enlisted for another year with 1776 ending his land service.

Following a time of illness, he once again re-enlisted, and this time from New London into the sea service with the promise of a Sergeant’s “berth,” under Lieutenant Holt of the Marines (the Navy had not yet been formed). This assignment was risky indeed, cruising principally among the West India islands. Ultimately, their little sixteen-gun privateer

experience was rudely cut short in the Caribbean in 1778, when a British fleet overtook them. There is a great deal more to his story, but ultimately, he and two other captives jumped ship near Cuba and swam to its shores. One of the men did not make it. A hard to believe story happens in Cuba when they finally reach a plantation and get help.

How did he get to western New York state? After the war he returned to New London, was married, and had a family. His grown daughters married and moved with their husbands to western New York. He ended up living with one of them in the Allen’s Hill area for the rest of his life, which ended at age 90 in 1846.

That is an extremely shortened version of my four-greats-grandfather’s account as recorded by my great-grandfather. His is a very detailed account of his Revolutionary War time activities. If anyone is interested in the entire transcript, I would be happy to e-mail a pdf of it. Please request that at my e-mail address below.

Here’s to a very Happy Thanksgiving to everyone! I am constantly reminded how fortunate and thankful I am to have such a supportive family and many friends who have stood by me during this difficult year. And, it is with great pride and interest to know that my ancestor, Andrew Palmes, served in the Revolutionary War.

“Well, Tarzan, what will I write about next time? Shall I go find houses I have lived in, or churches I have attended over the years? And, yes, I do remember, you don’t want to ride with me!”

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](mailto:makinglemonadeOwl@gmail.com)

## Side Street from page 10 Northfield Music

Northfield’s Joe Chiappone is perhaps best known as the lead guitarist for Prime Time Funk. His store in Schoen Place in Pittsford carries a wide variety of electric and acoustic instruments, as well as wind instruments and keyboards. Lessons are available for most instruments.



Northfield Music’s storefront

As you move into the larger cities in New York State the list of stores grows considerably, to include major chain stores and several specialty stores. Whether you are just starting out on your musical journey, or if you have full blown GAS, you can surely find something to satisfy your needs at one of the many fine locally owned music stores in our region. Just be careful. Buying guitars can become addictive.



Steve West is one of the many musicians with GAS: some instruments from his eclectic collection (Steve West).

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

# Small Town Hound

## Closer to Home

Æsc

Sometimes after away time it is nice to just spend time closer to home. Lately, most of my time has been spent hanging with the humans and Winnie at our Canadice home. Us dogs have a large fenced area where we can safely run and play, which we sometimes take advantage of. What we really live for are our daily walks to various venues in the immediate vicinity of our home. Although this is not as exciting as travel by truck, there is something reassuring about being here with the humans.



42.7178° N, 77.5691° W

Canadice is a most wonderful place for canine kind to live.

My time outside by the pond with the humans includes their continuing exploitation of me with the floating blue bone. Don't get me wrong, I love this game, but their attempts to get me more into the water when they know that I would likely, given my size and muscle mass, sink rather than swim is quite annoying. Nonetheless I love the challenge of trying to get the floating bone.

My time near the water has been slowed down a bit with a recent vet visit. It all started with me getting some kind of sleepy pill and hanging out in the waiting room with my human (bliss!) and ended with me waking up in the waiting room feeling a bit less than complete (I am still trying to figure out what went missing; all my closest peeps and pups are still around and that is all that matters to me). Due to that visit, my humans are not doing the game for a bit and I am not allowed to ditch romp during our daily walks.



We did take one noteworthy road trip recently—in addition to the travel to the vets—we drove and spent some time with our friend Len. This was especially important for Winnie, as Len is where Winnie stays when the humans and I travel without her. I love this time too. It always includes some special treats (yes, he does

spoil us terribly!) and a walk or two. This visit we walked by a local waterfall and just took in the scents and sights of fall. I overheat in super warm weather and this cooler fall air is most rejuvenating. Although I had to stay in the shallows, it was still delightful being out there.



Continued on page 17

# The Light Lens

## Going, Going, Gone

T. TOURIS



Final bid, \$42. Yes! Score! A not much needed, not so shiny power washer. Now I can keep all those pallets of landscape pavers stacked around the yard looking brand new. Those same pavers were also won at auction, for 25 cents apiece.



The COVID-19 epidemic has brought a different sickness into my home. During the lockdown, I developed a very dangerous habit of watching online auctions. In the past I dabbled on eBay or occasionally used Craigslist to search for bargains, but then I discovered a site with a seemingly unbounded number of estate and consignment auctions. Little did I know that on this site also lurked an insidious mind virus.

### It works something like this:

First it latches onto your cheapskate neurons, drawing them in with the promise of 25 cent pavers. From there, it spreads to your creative neurons, sending them into a frenzied activity of trying to figure out what you're going to do with all those pavers. Then perversely, the process loops back on itself, sending you back to the auctions to look for cheap retaining wall block or other materials needed for you grand plans. Before you know it, you're scanning the auctions for a kit for a pole barn to house all of your ill-advised gotten gains.

So, to all you minimalist, life decluttering dreamers out there, I warn you: do what you need to avoid exposure to this terrible disease. Because, faster than you can say "Marie Kondo", they'll be checking you into a tiny house with padded walls. 🦉

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.



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## Historical Memories from page 5

### Greta Thunberg (teenager, born in 2003)

—A climate activist who has challenged the powers to be beginning in 2018 by creating a movement, “Fridays for the Future” also called School Strike for Climate.

We can’t save the world by playing by the rules. Because the rules have to be changed.

Humanity is at a crossroads. We must decide which path we want to take. How do we want future living conditions for all living species to be like?



Leonhard Lenz  
— Own work, CC0

### Peter, Paul and Mary

—folk song group

Listen to the song “Don’t Laugh at me,” 1999

Available for listening at: [youtube.com/watch?v=XBVMO3O7VDc](https://youtube.com/watch?v=XBVMO3O7VDc)

Some of the common denominators in these voices include: a respect for diversity on multiple levels; recognizing the need to hear voices that one does not normally hear or care to hear; the interconnectedness of all life; the importance of serving others; the dangers of uncontrolled power; finally, that the future whether it be a baby, a butterfly, bees—all life—is in the final analysis our responsibility. Democracy on its best days is process for solving problems but is also guided by a set norms and values found in our great faith traditions, human reason, and science. 🦋

Questions or observations about this column may be sent to  
Doug Garnar at [garnardc@sunybroome.edu](mailto: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](mailto:garnardc@sunybroome.edu)

## Going to Mars! What on Earth For?

Sunday, November 7th

George M. Ewing Canandaigua Forum

with Dava Newman,  
MIT Astronautics Professor  
&  
former NASA Administrator



On Sunday, November 7, 2021, the George M. Ewing Canandaigua Forum presents Dava Newman, MIT Professor of Astronautics and Aeronautics, Director of MIT’s Media Lab, co-inventor of ground-breaking spacesuit designs for astronauts, and former Deputy Director of NASA. Dr. Newman will present *Going to Mars! What on Earth For?* on the utility and importance of a human-led mission to Mars. The Red Planet has not only held the imagination of earthlings for ages, it may hold the key for the successful exploration and understanding of our entire solar system.

*Going to Mars! What on Earth For?* is at 4:00 p.m. at Canandaigua’s Fort Hill Performing Arts Center, located on Fort Hill Avenue at the corner of North Main Street.

“My teaching and research mantra is: L-A-D-I,” says Dr. Newman. “For Love, Act, Discover and Innovate. That’s my passion for science and exploration for all of my teaching and research: to love, act, discover, and innovate to attempt to leave Earth better off than how we find it today.”

Dr. Newman’s multi-disciplinary research has focused on the mechanics and energetic requirements of human performance (movement and work) across the continuum of gravity from microgravity (0 G) to lunar and Martian gravity levels (1/6 G and 3/8 G, respectively) to hypergravity greater than 1 G. In other words, making it possible for astronauts to work efficiently in gravitational environments different than Earth’s. With NASA, Newman was the principal investigator on four spaceflight missions on the Shuttle, MIR, and ISS. Known for her second skin BioSuit™ planetary spacesuit, her inventions are now being applied to “soft suits/exoskeletons” to enhance locomotion on Earth. A recent project is “Earth Speaks” – an open source platform of curated space data that applies AI, natural language and supercomputer visualizations to help accelerate actions to help regenerate Earth’s oceans, land and climate. She has published over 300 scholarly works, and as a professor has supervised 90 graduate students and mentored more than 200 undergraduates.

And in 2002-2003, she circumnavigated the globe with her life partner, Guillermo Trotti, sailing more than 36,000 nautical miles!

Friend of the Forum, New York-based journalist and writer, Michael Winship, will moderate what promises to be a “fantastic voyage” with Dava Newman. As always, audience questions will be collected for Dr. Newman’s responses.

Individual tickets are priced at \$25. FHPAC offers excellent seating both on its main floor and in a mezzanine. Visit [FHPAC.org](http://FHPAC.org) or call 585-412-6043 for ticket information and purchases. Visit the Ewing Forum website at [gmeforum.org](http://gmeforum.org) or call 585-313-8443 for a link to tickets and more information on each program.

The 2021-22 Canandaigua Forum season will conclude on:

January 30, 2022 – The 10,000 Light Year View: Climate Change, the Human Future & the Possibilities of Extraterrestrial Life with University of Rochester astrophysicist Adam Frank. Author of three remarkable books on the stars, cosmology, and the intersection of religious and scientific debate, Dr. Frank describes himself as an “evangelist for science”. He’s also a ton of fun! Moderator: Evan Dawson.

The Forum’s 10th Anniversary Season is made possible with the generous support of principal underwriters Canandaigua National Bank & Trust Company, Wegmans and the Ewing Family, as well as significant contributions from the Forum’s many individual sponsors.

*A Note on the Pandemic: All attendees must wear a mask throughout each program to help ensure the health and safety of the audience, and are asked to forego attending the event if feeling ill. The Forum will be in adherence with whatever CDC and NYS-DOH COVID guidelines are in effect at the time of the event. If it becomes necessary to once again impose more stringent social distancing inside the auditorium, ticket holders choosing not to attend an event will receive a full refund of the ticket price.*

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# The Night Sky

## Leonid Meteor Shower and a Planetary Lineup

DEE SHARPLES



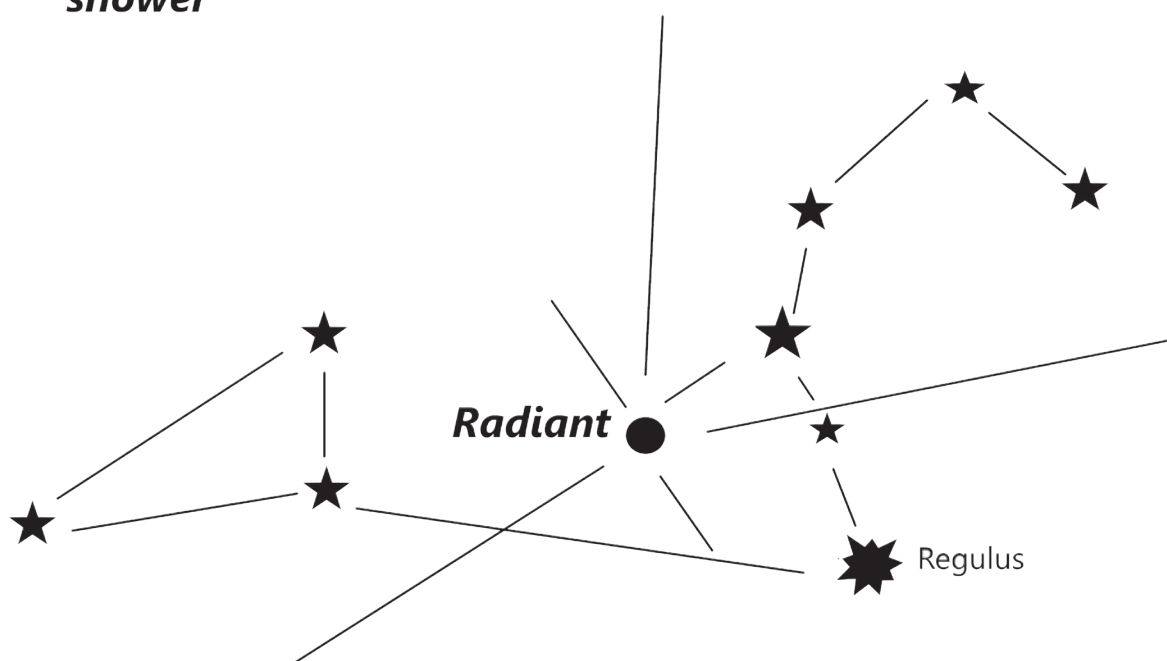
Twenty years ago in November 2001, 'the stars were aligned' with perfect conditions to observe the Leonid meteor shower. We enthusiastically set the alarm clock to wake up at 4:00AM. It was a Sunday morning, so no work that day. The sky was predicted to be clear - there would be no moon to brighten the dark sky. The temperature was unusually warm for late fall, and I had recently become interested in piggy-back photography. Walking outside to the backyard on what felt like a balmy summer morning, I opened my roll-off observatory and secured my 35mm film camera to the top of my telescope.

As I started to take random shots of the sky in all directions hoping I would catch a meteor streaking across the star-sprinkled background, I could hear my husband call out, "There's one! There's another one!" I soon realized I was actually missing the best part of the experience on the off-chance I would catch a picture of a Leonid meteor with my piggy-back camera setup. I quickly abandoned that plan and began to watch the show the way a meteor shower is intended to be enjoyed . . . by just looking up.

Although conditions this year aren't going to be as perfect as they were in 2001, it's still worth checking out the annual Leonid meteor shower. It peaks in the very early morning hours on November 17th. The constellation Leo the Lion, from where the meteors will appear to originate, will be in the southeast around 3:00AM. Unfortunately, this year on the 17th, an almost full moon will be in the sky and wash out all but the brightest meteors. However, this shower is active from November 6th to the 30th - chances are you'll spot a sporadic meteor any time during that timeframe. But your best chance to see the most meteors will be on November 16th, the morning before the peak. The moon will set at 4:10AM giving you at least an hour of darkness to look for meteors.

This meteor shower is created by the dust and debris left behind by Comet 55/P Tempel-Tuttle when it visits our solar system every 33 years. These tiny fragments traveling at 44 miles per second, burn up in Earth's atmosphere as our planet plows through this debris field once a year as we orbit the sun. Dress warm, relax in a lawn chair, and let your eyes wander the sky in all directions. If you spot a meteor, you'll be able to confirm it's a Leonid by tracing its path back to Leo, whose lion's head is represented by stars forming a backwards question mark.

### Leonid meteor shower



Illus. Dee Sharples

On November 7th, the first Sunday of the month, we turn our clocks back one hour to Standard Time. You'll be able to observe the night sky earlier, which gives you the opportunity to share it with children.

A lineup of planets just after sunset is a highlight in late November and a fun place to start. The planet Venus, dazzling at magnitude -4.7, can be found within 30 minutes after sunset very low above the southwestern horizon. Left of Venus, you can find the ringed planet Saturn about 20 degrees above the horizon, looking like a yellowish star at magnitude 0.6. Next in line and higher yet, is the gas giant Jupiter, shining brightly at magnitude -2.4.

The Winter Solstice occurs this year on Tuesday, December 21st, at 10:59 AM and is the shortest day of the year with only 8 hours, 59 minutes, 10 seconds of daylight in Rochester, NY. After this, the days will start getting longer but only by a few seconds at first. Check out the website <https://www.timeanddate.com> for sunrise and sunset times specific to your area. Click on the tabs: Sun and Moon; Sun Calculator; and fill in the rectangle box with the name of your town or city. You'll notice that the length of day varies by location. 🦉

### Magnitude

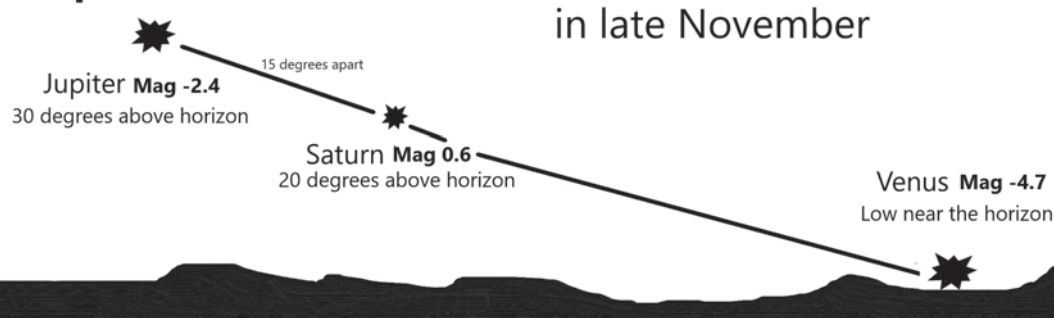
Magnitude measures the apparent brightness of a celestial object and is expressed by a decimal. An object with a negative number like our Sun is brighter.

- Sun: -26.7
- Full Moon: -12.6
- Venus: -4.7
- Jupiter: -2.4
- Saturn: 0.6
- 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.

### Lineup of 3 planets



Illus. Dee Sharples

### Looking SW after sunset in late November

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](http://rochesterastronomy.org).

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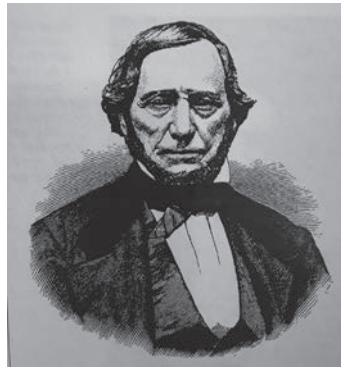
## Michigan from page 6

In the years preceding the Civil War several families in Richmond were dedicated abolitionists; some participated in the activities of the Underground Railroad. A few of these families had a son or a daughter who had moved to Michigan and there perpetuated the legacy of anti-slavery work. Fitch Reed and his sister Almira Gilbert, children of Wheeler Reed, both settled in Lenawee County where they and their spouses helped to shuttle black men and women to freedom in Canada. Another Richmond-born couple active in the underground work in Michigan were Samuel and Abigail Crooks. The Crooks' home in Kalamazoo County was a busy "depot for fugitives" as they were funneled from mid-west escape routes to British ships crossing Lake Michigan.

There were three families from Richmond who made new homes for themselves in Troy (Oakland County), Michigan, and who were profiled in the local historical publication: *Troy – A City From the Corners* (Troy Historical Society; Loraine Campbell, Ed.; 2004).

Hulda Bissell was the daughter of Daniel and Theoda Bissell. Her father was recognized by General Washington himself, presented with the Badge of Honor (only one of three such awards given to Revolutionary veterans), in recognition of his successful spy mission against the British encamped in New York City. Hulda's husband, Alva Butler, left New York "in the fall of 1822, in company with four other young men. [He] walked to Buffalo with a pack on

his back and then took a ship to Detroit." Settling in Troy, Hulda and Alva built a log cabin "on an Indian path. Mrs. Butler always baked extra bread and left one loaf on the table so that the Native Americans could help themselves."



William Poppleton  
Photo courtesy of Joy Lewis

out westward with their two young children – seven-year-old Orrin, and five-year-old Sally. They arrived in Troy in mid-December and shortly afterward daughter Carrie was born. William served in various town offices, including Commissioner of Highways, Assessor, and Supervisor. Mrs. Poppleton, it was said, "opened her home for [Troy's] first recorded Fourth of July celebration in 1826. After a fusillade of all the firearms they could muster, the Declaration of Independence and Washington's Farewell Address were read out loud. A dinner of pork and beans and pumpkin pie was followed by a base-ball game."

The Samuel Poppleton family arrived in Richmond in 1812; their son William was seventeen. A few years later he married Zada Crooks, youngest daughter of David and Eunice (Knox) Crooks. In the fall of 1825 Will and Zada set

Jesse Stout and his wife Olivia Abbey had strong ties to Richmond. Olivia, born in Richmond in 1805, was the daughter of John and Elizabeth (Baker) Abbey. When she was about seven, the family of her future husband came to town. Jesse was one of twelve children born to David and Theodosia Stout. When the young people were in their early twenties, they married. A year or so later, in the winter of 1829, their first child was born; they named him Byron.

The baby wasn't very old when Jesse and Olivia set out for Michigan. On their homestead farm in Troy they raised four children. Eldest son Byron graduated from the University of Michigan in 1851. He studied law and became a prominent banker. He served in the Michigan State Legislature in 1854 and 1856. In 1860 he was nominated for Governor and in 1890 he was elected to the U.S. House of Representatives.

The history of a particular place is not confined to that place; the flow of new inhabitants and subsequent generations is ever constant, as residents come and go. Many of Richmond's earliest settlers remained in town, or at least in Ontario County, with descendants who live in the area today. But there were others who sent their "shoots" across Lake Erie's wide expanse to take root in the fertile soil of Michigan. ❧

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Joy Lewis has served as Town of Richmond Historian since 2013. She offers reflections on the history of Richmond, NY in every issue of the *Owl Light*. • 585-229-1128  
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## Small Town Hound from page 13

I spend a bunch of time outside and my humans have been pretty good about us wearing regular collars or having treatments applied for fleas and, especially, ticks. These beastly little pests seemed less an issue earlier in the summer, but, while I was relaxing with my human in the waiting room, she found two of them on me, already engorged (I was changing treatments and had a bit of a lapse in that respect but, jeeez). My human removed these and tests showed that I have chronic Lyme disease. Lyme disease is caused by infection with the bacterium *Borrelia burgdorferi*. Although only 5-10% of infected animals are expected to show clinical signs of Lyme disease (which can include sore muscles, fatigue, and not wanting to eat—can't imagine that ever being a problem with me; I love dinnertime). Lyme disease is serious, and I encourage all humans out there to be super responsible in keeping your canine kind (and your people) protected and well. I have switched to an oral preventative treatment. I am also being treated with Doxycycline. I currently have no lameness or other symptoms, so paws crossed.

Overall, I am enjoying this most delightful fall. I love chasing blowing leaves although I have to be careful about this. The other day, while jogging along with my human to catch up with the others (I always stop to drink and fall behind on our walks),



I reached for a blowing leaf and did a nose plant on the asphalt. Speaking of fall, did you know that dogs only see two colors: blue (like my bone) and yellow. The rest of our world is more monochromatic bland (at least as far as humans have been able to figure out). So, it has been pretty cool lately to see the maple, walnuts, and black cherries that grow in our area brighten the hillsides with specks of yellow. We have a ginkgo by the pond that is almost all yellow right now and that really, really stands out. Fall is a great time to stay closer to home, but if you are one of my dedicated readers who like to hear about my adventures in New York State (and beyond) fear not; my main human travel companion has promised that once I heal up a bit more (and she catches up on some fall projects) we will be out there exploring more and I will be sharing it here, in every issue of the *Owl Light*. ❧

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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:  
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# On Being Thankful

SEASONAL REFLECTIONS from WENDY SCHREINER

## November – The Month in Which Thanksgiving is Celebrated, a Time of Great Bounty and of Being Thankful

Thanksgiving is a time for family, friends, traditions, and gathering around the dinner table and, for many, fall football season! Watching parades are a big draw too. We can thank President Abraham Lincoln, who in 1863, proclaimed a national day of “Thanksgiving and Praise to our beneficent Father who dwelleth in the Heavens” to be celebrated on the last Thursday in November. On June 28, 1870, President Ulysses S. Grant signed into law the Holidays Act that made Thanksgiving a yearly appointed holiday in Washington, DC. In October of 1621, the “First Thanksgiving” was celebrated by the Pilgrims after their first harvest in the New World. It was a three-day long feast as recounted by attendee Edward Winslow. Fifty-three Pilgrims and ninety Wampanoag attended.

Being born in Buffalo, I am of course a diehard Buffalo Bills fan. This year, “my” team plays on Thanksgiving evening at 8:20 pm vs. the New Orleans Saints. So, there will be a lot of yelling at the television set, I mean cheering for the Bills on this year’s Thanksgiving night. Yes, to me fall means football. I even recently painted a canvas that states this in lovely autumn hues with a nice brown and white football front and center of my artwork.

Every year, I take the easy way out and offer to bring a quick and simple dish of green bean casserole; I make it even simpler by preparing it in a crockpot. It’s easy to transport it like this too. Off to mom’s house it goes. If it’s a good year, sometimes, I make cookies as an extra surprise. I’ve attempted my paternal grandmother’s pecan tassies and even her prized turkey cut out cookies

with the cinnamon drop eyes. They don’t come close to hers, but at least I try sometimes. My grandmother would count out a certain amount of cookies per family and place them in tins. Then she would proudly hand them out on the holiday. Turkey cut outs for Thanksgiving and pecan tassies for Christmas. Yes, indeed we were all so thankful for these homemade treats as Grandma Stella Wasner’s baking was just amazing! My sister-in-law Jen usually makes her famous pumpkin roll, which is oh so yummy. My mom makes a couple pies. My sister-in-law Susan brings her marshmallow and sweet potato dish that is just so delicious. My mother prepares the turkey and stuffing, gravy and mashed potatoes. One of my brothers helps her lift the turkey in to the oven. Don’t forget the cranberry sauce. Sometimes it is left in the fridge. OOPS! And be sure to watch those brown-n-serve rolls, so they don’t get black on the bottom. They don’t need a lot of time in the oven!! Sometimes, there’s another vegetable like corn. I mean, doesn’t almost everyone love corn?! I think there’s usually some kind of squash. And be sure to have whipped cream, or in our house cool whip, for the pies. My older brother Wally enjoys more cool whip than the amount of pie. Sorry brother, I had to write that! He’s thin, he loves desserts and he won’t mind!! Speaking of desserts, my younger brother Ed makes award winning grape pies! Others, like my husband Dave and our two shih tzu’s Daisy Mae and Paisley Rae, just bring their appetite. So yes, we all bring something savory to our Thanksgiving meal and we all enjoy the delicious Thanksgiving feast and the company and are definitely thankful and blessed! 🍂



Abraham Lincoln  
(Public Domain)

Wendy Schreiner resides in Warsaw, NY with her husband Dave and two adorable shih tzus Daisy Mae and Paisley Rae. She is a freelance writer for Warsaw’s Country Courier and is a substitute teacher at Warsaw Central School District. She also facilitates Warsaw’s Write Connection writing club at the Warsaw Public Library which is in its 10th year.

## Lafayette memorial rededicated in Geneva



On Oct. 2, 2021, members of the Seneca Chapter NSDAR, based in Geneva, NY, joined by State Regent Patrice Birner, rededicated a memorial to Gen. Lafayette.\*

The boulder and marker had been placed in 1922 by Seneca Chapter members to commemorate the 1825 visit of the General to Geneva on his farewell tour of America.

State Regent Birner and Chapter Regent Jackson placed a wreath at the ceremony.

Daughters of the American Revolution continue in service to our communities and our country and honoring our heritage.

*\*As posted on nydar.org, "The DAR is a nonprofit, nonpolitical woman’s volunteer service organization. Any woman eighteen years and older regardless of religion, color, or race who can trace her ancestry to a participant in the American Revolutionary War is welcome to join our membership."*

*\*\*Marquis de Lafayette was a French general who served Washington during the Revolutionary War.*

Top: The dedication on October 2, 2021 in Geneva.

Left: The 1825 visit of the General to Geneva on his farewell tour of America.

Photos provided by the Seneca Chapter NSDAR



# Fantastic Flora

## Patience Pays Off For These Late Blooming Grasses

— Big Bluestem, *Andropogon gerardii*; Yellow Indiangrass, *Sorghastrum nutans*; and Switchgrass, *Panicum virgatum*— the Grass Family, Poaceae



SALLY L. WHITE

As I learned about and lived with grasses over many years, I developed several serious prejudices. All plants are interesting, of course! But some have earned my deep distrust and even hatred. Others, I'm happy to say, have my sincere admiration. The three species above are my favorite grasses. They once dominated vast areas of tallgrass prairie in the central part of this country.

The grass family is among the largest families of flowering plants. With 12,000 species, and about 400 right here in New York, grasses encompass incredible variety. Beyond introduced species like corn and wheat and the invasive reed grass (*Phragmites*) that's taking over along roadsides and in wet areas, we can also find about 200 native species here. Some, if I see them, will be old friends, but many will be new.

Kentucky bluegrass is familiar to most, valued for its service in lawns. A cool-season grass that takes advantage of early season moisture to start growth, it's also a sod-former. It spreads via underground stems, a handy habit that enables it to be planted in sheets and fill your entire lawn. Without mowing, it flowers about May and sets seeds by July. Nice and normal, maybe even well behaved.

Some grasses choose another strategy: patience. Only in the height of summer do the grasses we call "warm-season grasses" start to come into their own. Most are bunchgrasses that, in contrast to sod-formers, form clumps that grow slowly in size rather than expanding laterally across the landscape.



Big bluestem

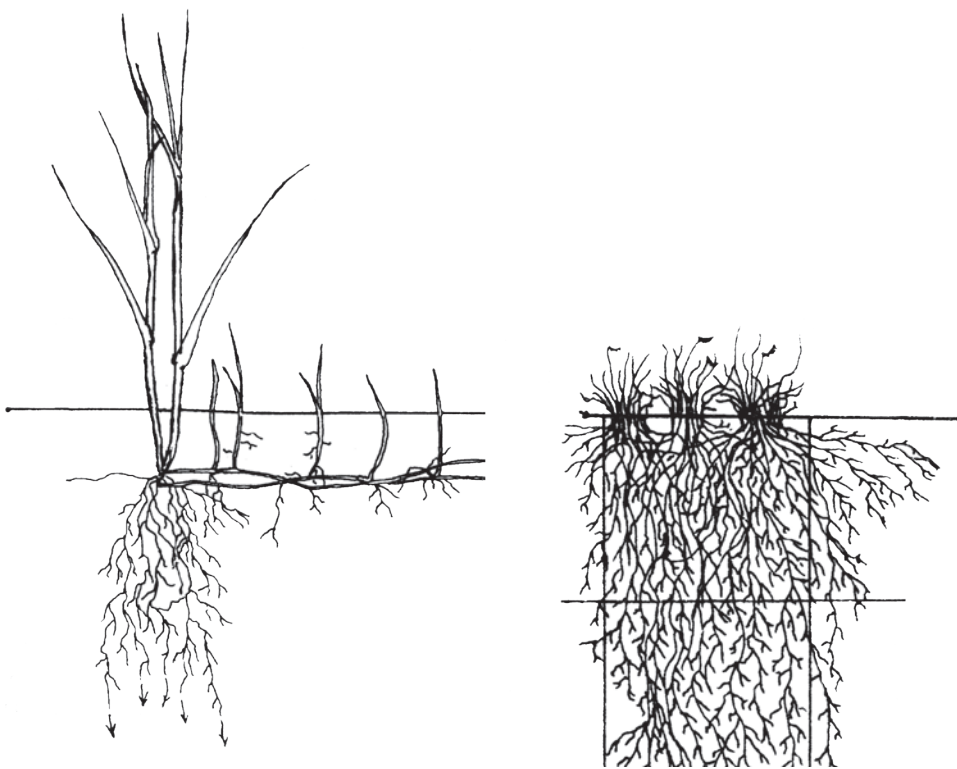
Indiangrass

Switchgrass

Three bunchgrasses: Big bluestem, with its distinctive turkeyfoot seedhead, grows six to eight feet tall; Indiangrass fills the meadows at Rush Oak Openings in Monroe County (Image below) ; Switchgrass is a shorter grass, also colorful.

**"But I need to remember that the grief is the settlers' as well. They too will never walk in a tallgrass prairie where sunflowers dance with goldfinches."**

Robin Wall Kimmerer



Sod-forming grasses (left), like bluegrass, "knit" the soil into a tight sod with underground stems called rhizomes. Bunchgrasses (right) occur in clumps and spread more slowly. S. L. White, after J.E. Weaver. Not to scale.

These three bunchgrasses are among the most beautiful grasses in our landscapes. They are native here, as they are in the tallgrass prairies of the Midwest, though less abundant. There they can cover substantial areas and grow tall enough to hide the herds of American buffalo (okay, bison) that used to share their habitat. Now, along with the buffalo, they occur only in a few preserves and protected spots plows didn't reach. Prairie has not been a favored ecosystem in American history; some report that only about one percent of an original 240 million acres remains. Most has been converted to corn, wheat, and other agriculture, as a drive across Iowa and Kansas will reveal.



Beyond their intrinsic values, native species offer a variety of what we call "ecosystem services." Gardening for wildlife? Their robust size makes them good nesting and escape cover for small mammals and birds, which also readily consume the seed; deer use them for forage. Want pollinators? Native tallgrass species serve as larval hosts for butterflies, especially several kinds of skippers. Towering structure and graceful swaying stems add diversity and texture to the landscape and physical support for native wildflowers in these plant communities.

For humans, we can point to the economic roles these three species have. They are used along roadsides for erosion control and provide good forage for livestock as well as deer and bison. Nurseries and landscapers have discovered their value even in formal plantings. Tallgrasses are essential for prairie restoration projects, as we try to recover what we once tried to eliminate.

Continued on back

# Crafting Your Own Cuisine

EILEEN PERKINS

## RECIPE

This was a well-loved muffin, at our bakery, for several years. If scaled down to mini muffin size, they'll make a happy addition to a Thanksgiving dinner's breadbasket. Does the chocolate sounds too much like dessert to you? Substitute walnuts for the chips-but really, the flavor and sweetness of chips contrast delightfully with the pumpkin and spices. This freezes well and also makes a delicious cake when iced with cream cheese frosting.

### Gingery Pumpkin Chocolate Chip Muffins

(Makes about 2½ dozen standard-sized muffins or about 10 standard-sized muffins and four dozen minis)

#### Ingredients

- 14 oz. (3c + 2 Tbsp.) unbleached all purposed flour
- 15 oz. white granulated sugar (2c+2 Tbsp.)
- 1 c oil, neutral flavored, like canola or grapeseed
- 4 eggs, large
- ½ tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. baking soda
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. powdered ginger
- ¾ tsp. cinnamon
- 15 oz can pumpkin puree (about 1 ¾ c.) If using fresh baked pumpkin, or other winter squash like butternut, subtract 1 Tbsp. squash and add 1 Tbsp. water)
- 1 cup dark or semi-sweet chocolate chips plus extra for tops
- Grease for pans (do not use butter)

#### Preparation

(Preheat oven 350°) and generously grease or line muffin pans with cupcake papers.

#### Procedure

1. Wisk together flour, salt, baking soda, baking powder, ginger, and cinnamon.
2. In a separate larger bowl, combine sugar, oil and eggs and beat on medium speed for 1 minute. Add pumpkin, beating until combined.
3. Slowly add dry ingredients to the sugar mixture and beat on medium speed until just smooth.
4. Fold in chocolate chips.
5. Divide into muffin pans and adorn with extra chips.
6. Bake until a toothpick comes out with a couple loose crumbs when stuck in the center- check at 14 minutes for minis and 24 minutes for regular size .
7. Remove carefully from muffin pans and cool on wire racks.✂



Eileen Perkins 2021

## COOKBOOK REVIEW

*Good Food* by Sina Mizrahi

Reviewed by EILEEN PERKINS

At this time of year, we find all manner of cooking magazines touting “must have” recipes for memorable holiday celebrations. The book, *Good Food*, doesn't push exclusivity. The author refers to herself as a “home cook and not a chef” and yet, her cooking skill is considerable, as her inspiring cooking blog *Gather a Table* demonstrates. But what hooked me into this cookbook was an insight she offered in the Introduction, an awareness that might unravel all the hype of foodyism and genuinely enrich our holidays if we allow it ...

Continued on page 20

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

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# Dragonfly Tales

## Fall Cleanup: Leaf it Be

STEVE MELCHER



**M**y brother is probably one of the only people I know who broke an arm while raking leaves. Tired of raking leaves into a pile only to have another batch fall the next day he took nature into his own hands and decided to be proactive about when those leaves fall. While raking leaves before they fall from the tree seemed like a good idea, unfortunately his balance on the branches at 20 feet in a sugar maple was not the best.

As the younger brother, my turn came a few years later to rake the leaves. I didn't bother climbing trees. We only had three trees that we raked the leaves from under, the rest we let pile and decompose in situ. I would pile the leaves on a tarp and drag them to the road for later municipal pick up. My brother had the unfortunate habit of gleefully driving his English Ford Anglia through my newly neatly placed pile. I can still see the smile on his face through the tiny windshield as he drove past me while I tried to swipe him with the rake still in my hands. His joy of creating colorful havoc made it necessary for me to re-pile the leaves for pickup. I had the clever idea of strategically placing cinder blocks under the newly formed hill of leaf litter to thwart my brother's next attempt. But as many of my 'tricks' seem to backfire so did this one as my sister and three of her bike riding friends decided to take a drive through the waist high patch of plant flotsam at a recklessly high speed. All the girls survived the ordeal with only two experiencing a good deal of air time and imminent hard landing beyond the leafy pile. So why rake leaves?

Some trees have adapted a unique way of dealing with the changing seasons like the ones we have here in the beautiful Finger Lakes region of New York. Since water expands when it freezes and leaves from woody plants are between 77 and 91% water, they would be destroyed every year by this powerful property of physics. Deciduous trees shed their leaves every season as opposed to 'evergreen' trees like pine and spruce. The evergreen plants have developed short stubby wax covered leaves (needles) and the water within their cells moves to spaces between the cells and is concentrated with sugar to lower the freezing point. The splendor of autumn in our area is brought about by a breakdown of the green sugar producing machine in the plants that contains chlorophyll. When the green chlorophyll breaks down because of changes in the length of daylight and temperature, the leaves stop producing sugar and the green color fades away. This leaves the leaf with the yellow, oranges, browns, purples, and reds, most of which were always there, to come out from behind the curtain of green. This colorful phenomenon is brought on by changes in temperature and available light. A plant needs light, carbon dioxide, water, and minerals to produce sugars through photosynthesis. When one of those needed ingredients, light in this case, becomes less available the tree shuts down the factory and 'lays off' the leaves. The processes induced by photoperiodism which leads to the aging and death of a leaf is called senescence. The nutrients are pulled from the leaves, changed into other forms and drawn into the

stems and roots of the tree and stored there for the winter. All that is left of the leaf is a cell wall and depleted protoplasm. At the base of each are special cells. The parenchyma cells, which are very soft are found on the leaf side of the twig. The suberin covered cells, which are waxy and impermeable, are formed on the tree side to act as a protective seal after the leaf falls off and produces what is called a leaf scar. A layer of cells called the abscissa layer forms between the petiole and stem. Eventually, the veins of the leaf, the vascular bundles, are all that hold the leaf to the tree. The vascular bundles break, or are torn by the wind, and the leaf falls, leaving the bundle scar, and a bud for next year's growth. Bundle scars are the broken ends of the vascular bundles passing from the stem into the leaves. They are identified as small dots, discolorations, or raised bumps on the surface of the leaf scar. Abscission is the term used to describe the loss of leaves, fruits or flowers from plant. A wonderful example of 'overnight' abscission here at Odonata Sanctuary is shown by our lone Ginkgo tree (*Biloba* sp.). The Ginkgo was planted 40 plus years ago by the Taylors, one of many 'study specimens' seeded throughout the estate. Ginkgos exhibit the strange phenomena of dropping all of their leaves in one afternoon! I have footage of the leaves raining down from the tree into a beautiful golden carpet surrounding the trunk all in the space of two hours. The Ginkgo can be fully leafed in the morning and be completely denuded by early afternoon.

Continued on back

## Cookbook Review from page 19

My kitchen as a newlywed was the first one I ever cooked in...I simply didn't know how to cook. One July afternoon, I made my first meal. It was unremarkable at best, but it brought my husband and me to the table, and I felt for the first time the power of food as a backdrop of connection...

Those words "food as a backdrop of connection" have resonance for me, and I suspect it is a reason why so many of us are captivated, or even obsessed, by cookbooks and you tube videos featuring the craft. We sure do enjoy our culinary delights, yes, but does that explain the inordinate amount of time and energy we are preoccupied by it, I wonder. Might it be a fundamental yearning for connection that drives us?

*Good Food*, is full of tantalizing recipes, utilizing both common and exotic ingredients. It is also illustrated by the author's own well composed and beautiful photographs. On the book's cover, Mizrahi volunteers that this collection is "inspired by my Middle Eastern roots and the places I've called home." Judging from the diversity of her offering, it appears she has lived among many cultures. This makes the book somewhat difficult to categorize, and lends it charm. Its pages seem to exude gratitude (even beyond the two full pages of her "With Gratitude" section). With our holidays nearly upon us it seems timely to mention this here.



Of her cooking style she says:

I believe in bright, beautiful foods with bold flavors. You will see heavy-handed use of chili peppers harissa, garlic, lemon juice, fresh herbs, olive oil and spices. I hope it pushed you out of your comfort zone to try things that may be less familiar to you. It's these robust Middle Eastern flavors that bring punch and excitement to the reassuring familiarity of home-cooked foods...

I appreciate a concept that brings zest to what might otherwise be uninspired, repetitive use of ingredients. (Sometimes flavors from a winter root cellar crave imaginative use, don't they?) Mizrahi provides formulas for some "flavor bombs" (explosively flavorful condiments, as I understand them) which, refrigerated, retain freshness for weeks and in some cases months.

I enjoyed her personality too. You might glimpse it here as she introduces her formula for Pickled Red Onions:

Everyone you know is making pickled onions. I'm just here to remind you that they are the easiest way to add welcomed sharpness, pungency, and texture to your food.

During winter, we enter a time of less daylight. Consider letting this book add some brightness to your days, through the food you craft in your own kitchen. A new publication, I found a copy in my local public library, so perhaps you might too. 🦉

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# Spooky ©

## Owl Light Puzzle 19 – By GEORGE URICH

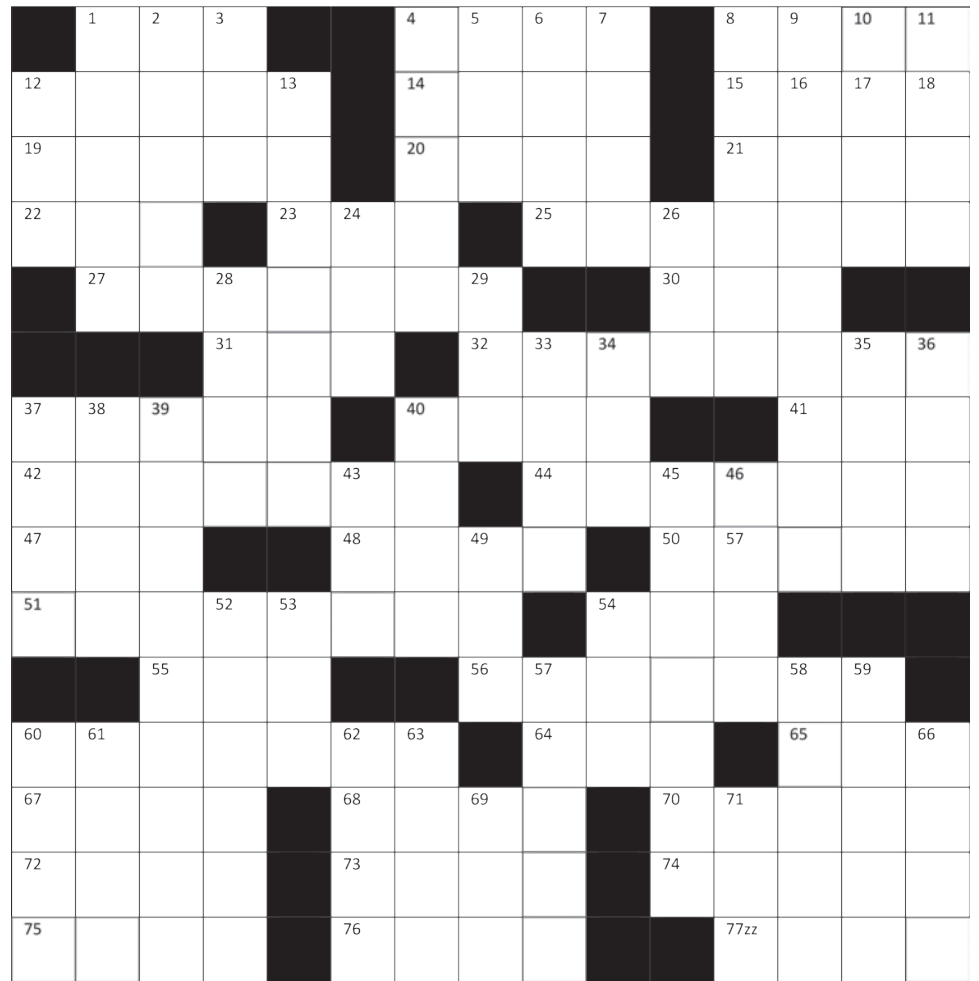
### ACROSS

- 1 Halloween decoration
- 4 What one is standing on when looking into the Grand Canyon
- 8 Ratio term
- 12 Old MacDonald reframe
- 14 \_\_\_\_\_ Rooter
- 15 Cross Country equipment
- 19 Eva \_\_\_\_\_ of Argentina
- 20 Taking in
- 21 what a tenant pays
- 22 \_\_\_\_\_ Lanka
- 23 Provider of home security
- 25 Volcano in Martinique
- 27 What a sequel to Nightmare on Elm Street, might be titled, \_\_\_\_\_ Elm Street
- 30 Feminine form of the name Ray
- 31 Funny in Texts
- 32 What most churches have
- 37 Grave robber who is said to eat people
- 40 An equal
- 41 Metal in the rough
- 42 Breakfast item
- 44 Multi \_\_\_\_\_ bread
- 47 Tennis star, \_\_\_\_\_ mi Osaka
- 48 Unadulterated
- 50 Comment of disappointment
- 51 Causing repulsion or horror
- 54 Swap, \_\_\_\_\_ de
- 55 It gathers security information for the US
- 56 "Hell hath no fury like that of a woman \_\_\_\_\_"
- 60 Transylvanian Count
- 64 TV pioneer
- 65 Allow

- 67 Welsh girls name meaning snow
- 68 Not black not white
- 70 Unlawful act
- 72 What one may appreciate at the racetrack
- 73 Tourist aide
- 74 What one might do on a cruise, \_\_\_\_\_ deck
- 75 Miami Florida county
- 76 Possible exam for a career in science
- 77 Type of camping

### DOWN

- 1 Unearthly, uncanny, frightening
- 2 Strange and frightening
- 3 Prefix for studies of life
- 4 Playground rebuttal
- 5 Cowboy Rogers
- 6 Part of a list or collection
- 7 Opposite of least
- 8 Middle East nation
- 9 Haunted house items
- 10 Part of a fork
- 11 Prefix referring to bone, \_\_\_\_\_ o
- 12 Type of salt used in bath \_\_\_\_\_ om
- 13 Mexican diner hooked
- 24 FedEx competitor
- 26 Movie, "The Devil Wears \_\_\_\_\_ da"
- 28 Chemical compound used for water treatment, leather tanning, making pickles crisp and more
- 29 Christmas season, \_\_\_\_\_ l
- 33 Desert region in Israel, \_\_\_\_\_ v
- 34 "To \_\_\_\_\_ is human"
- 35 type of rug
- 36 \_\_\_\_\_ Foxx
- 37 Metal disc giving out a resonant note when struck
- 38 Sea fog of the coast of England



- 39 Two words, Central plains Indian and what rain makes a desert
- 40 Fruit, related to peaches and cherries
- 43 Military address
- 45 Flying around pilons
- 46 One name fashion model
- 49 Notes after Dos and before Mis
- 52 Get away
- 53 German word for pig
- 54 Tick \_\_\_\_\_ k
- 57 Underground room in a church used as a burial place

- 58 Type of font
- 59 Subject of an exorcism
- 60 What you need to be to be in 57 Down
- 61 \_\_\_\_\_ Hayworth
- 62 Airport monitors designations for NYC destinations
- 63 Rifles, pistols, stens etc
- 66 A type of worm
- 69 Motorist's friend
- 70 "I smell a \_\_\_\_\_"



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](mailto:gurich@frontier.com)

Kevin W.

LivoniaHoneoye

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### Moment from front

Fall is often a time of reflection. I had never thought before to take the time (I rarely take time to sit at all; a failing for sure) to explore and preserve the myriad of views visible from my stone throne. This particular evening—with the sky afire with ribbons of flames—it was impossible to not linger there for a bit.

The auditory sounds were as vivid as the colors that rested on the water's surface. A bull frog echoed out a final fall call for companionship and solidarity while the songs of tree frogs and the squeak of bats drifted down from the upper canopies of the Norway spruce. A distant den of foxes called out along with a barking domestic dog. Æsc —rippling his way along the shoreline—was oblivious to the fox calls and to a rustling sound rising up from the nearby brush.

The barred and screech owls that often linger among the spruce and shout across the facing hills were silent—my memories painting into being ethereal wing shadows and echoing calls. Towering trees, decades in the making, also held vestiges of these lost moments, accumulated wisdom captured in the annual fall of leaves. History converges here, now, and continues on. Other mortals have been equally captivated by this place and their reflections, too, have sculpted the landscape and summoned my owllight reverie. 🦉



Left: The stone seat—a perfect place for quiet contemplation (and to absorb the warmth of the afternoon sun before it fades into owllight and diminishes to darkness).

Above: Æsc loves walking the shores, although has yet to take an actual swim.

Images by D.E. Bentley

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2021 • Issue No. 1

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## Owl at Home

Most of us have already packed up our picnic baskets and stowed away our boats to

head back to ... wherever winter finds us.

Perhaps, like us, you live in the Finger Lakes year-round.

Maybe you head further south for the winter.

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Solution to Owl Light Puzzle 19 (found on page 21)

1	W	E	B		4	A	R	I	M		8	I	S	T	11	O						
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19	P	E	R	O	N		20	E	Y	E	S		21	R	E	N	T					
22	S	R	I		23	A	D	T		25	M	T	26	P	E	L	E	E				
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\* Posted events must be open to all individuals and must offer some direct community enrichment (we review before posting goes live).

## Grasses from page 18

By late July, clumps of big bluestem send up flowering shoots six or eight feet tall that produce distinctive “turkey-foot” seedheads in August. After cool-season grasses are giving it up and seed has scattered, big bluestem ripens into terra cotta masses that reveal its presence even from a distance. The Indiangrass we saw in Monroe County, equally tall, had turned golden bronze with autumn and was highlighted by the rosy copper of little bluestem with its sparkling silver fluff. What a treat to walk among grasses that towered overhead!

While working on this article, I finally realized why I haven't thought much about grasses here in New York. In Colorado, grasses dominate in many habitats; here they are often thrust into the background as trees become the focus of attention. To visit one of these remnant prairies (or here in New York, oak savannas) is like traveling two centuries back in time; it will change our perspective and perhaps give us new appreciation for tallgrasses and their rare ecosystem. 🌿



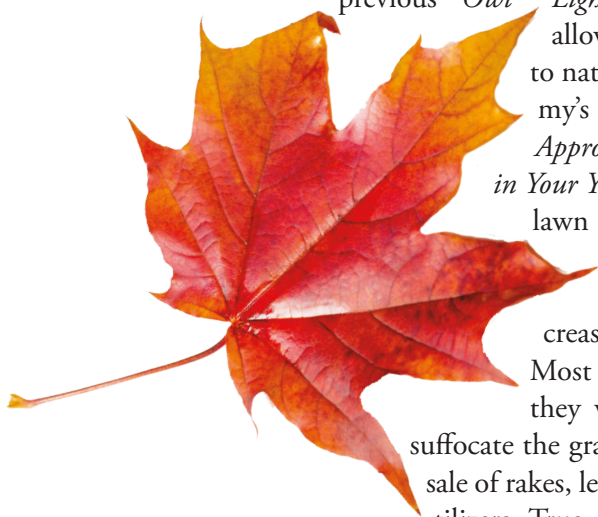
Sally L White is a lifelong naturalist and writer. After 40 years in Colorado, she's getting reacquainted with New York's native flora, exploring one plant at a time and sharing special stories of each. Once a place of youthful memories, the Keuka Lake area is again her home.

All three of these tallgrasses are attractive accents in gardens, but their size dictates giving them adequate space. They can replace exotic ornamentals like Chinese silvergrass and fountain grass and are beginning to be more widely used. Here, prairie switchgrass dominates landscaping at the Geneva Lakefront near the Ramada Inn.

## Leaf it Be from page 20

### Leaf it Be or Leave the Leaves Lay Where They Fall in the Autumn

I guess the simple answer why we rake leaves is to show off our green lawns. In previous *Owl Light* issues, we discussed the value of allowing some of your lawn to return to nature as proposed in Douglas Tallamy's book *Nature's Best Hope: A New Approach to Conservation That Starts in Your Yard*. So, if you insist on having a lawn and enjoy raking leaves, why not



reduce the area of your unnatural but much loved lawn and increase your area dedicated to nature. Most folks rake their leaves because they were told that the leaves would suffocate the grass. This myth has resulted in the sale of rakes, leaf bags, weed killers and lawn fertilizers. True, if you have a ton of leaves that become matted and covered with snow your lawn could develop snow mold that attacks your grass. There are alternatives to raking that are better for your lawn and the environment. If the leaves are nice and dry you can get out the riding mower (I'm still surprised at the number of riding mowers I see on postage stamp yards) and mow the leaves into tiny nutrient packets that will save on the spring lawn fertilizer application bill. This technique, according to research at Michigan State, not only does your lawn no harm but actually impedes weed growth and adds valuable organic matter. You can also put a bag attachment on your mulching mower and spread the shredded leaves on the landscape and in vegetable beds.

The physical layer of fallen leaves provides an additional layer of organic materials that provides food, shelter, bedding and nesting material for a plethora of wildlife. According to National Wildlife Federation Naturalist, David Mizejewski, “Fallen leaves offer a double benefit. Leaves form a natural mulch that helps suppress weeds and at the same time fertilize the soil as it breaks down. Why spend money on mulch and fertilizer when you can make your own?” Mulching with a mower, instead of bagging, cleans up and feeds your lawn at the same time.

### FYI

Senescence not only occurs in plants. Senescence is the inevitable fate of almost all multicellular organisms. Environmental factors such as overexposure to ultraviolet radiation can accelerate skin aging and calorie restriction can extend lifespan. I say ‘almost all’ because there is the strange case of the never aging Hydra (Hydra sp). These tiny water creatures are constantly regenerating injured tissue and seem to be immortal hermaphrodites.

### THE CHEMISTRY OF AUTUMN LEAF COLOURS

**CHLOROPHYLL**  
A type of chlorophyll  
Chlorophyll gives plant leaves their green colour. Plants require warm temperatures and sunlight to produce chlorophyll. In autumn, the amount produced begins to decrease, and existing chlorophyll is slowly broken down, demonstrating the green colour of the leaves.

**CAROTENOIDS & FLAVONOIDS**  
LUTEIN  
A type of carotenoid  
Carotenoids and flavonoid pigments are always present in leaves, but as chlorophyll is broken down in the autumn their colours come to the fore. Xanthophylls, a subclass of carotenoids, are responsible for the yellows of autumn leaves. One of the major xanthophylls, lutein, is also the compound that contributes towards the yellow colour of egg yolks.

**CAROTENOIDS**  
B-CAROTENE  
A type of carotenoid  
Carotenoids also contribute orange colours. Beta-carotene is one of the most common carotenoids in plants, and absorbs green and blue light strongly, reflecting red and yellow light and causing its orange appearance. It is also responsible for the orange colouration of carrots. Carotenoids in leaves start degrading at the same time as chlorophyll, but they do so at a much slower rate: some fallen leaves can still contain measurable amounts.

**ANTHOCYANINS & CAROTENOIDS**  
ANTHOCYANIN  
General structure  
Anthocyanin synthesis is kick-started by the onset of autumn. As sugar concentration in the leaves increases, sunlight initiates anthocyanin production. The purpose they serve isn't clear; it is suspected that they may play a light protective role. It was previously thought they might delay leaf fall, but this has been discounted.

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### Leaf Peepers: Oh Those Colors!

**Red:** The red color in leaves is due to anthocyanin. Unlike other leaf colors such as orange and yellow that are always present in the leaves (but hidden by the dominant green color most of the year), anthocyanin is produced by the tree when the chlorophyll breaks down and the green color goes away. Brilliant red colored leaves can be found in the Fall in red maples and scarlet oaks.

**Orange:** The orange color seen in leaves is due to carotene. This wonderful color is what makes our sugar maple tree so special and sets the hillsides of the Finger Lakes ablaze in the fall. Carotene is also the same chemical responsible for giving carrots their unique orange color.

**Yellow:** The yellow color seen in the leaves of trees such as ash, beech, birch, oaks and aspen, comes from xanthophyll, a yellow pigment that occurs widely in nature. The brilliant yellow color goes on full display throughout the Finger Lakes. In addition to being present in trees, xanthophyll is also found in squash (think pumpkins!), and corn.

### FMI

The Process of Leaf Color Change [harvardforest.fas.harvard.edu/leaves/process](http://harvardforest.fas.harvard.edu/leaves/process)

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.