



OWLIGHT

Q1
2022

Where Inspiration & Inquiry Converge

Zen of Pop

—Owl Light Interview
with George Guida

*Eighteen Owl Light Regulars
plus Guest Contributors on
pages 8, 9, 13, 21, 27, and 40-41*

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FRONT *Zen of Pop*

– Owl Light Interview with Author George Guida

Owl Light talks with George Guida about his newest collection of poetry, his first novel —*Posts from Suburbia*—and settling into life in Dansville, NY.

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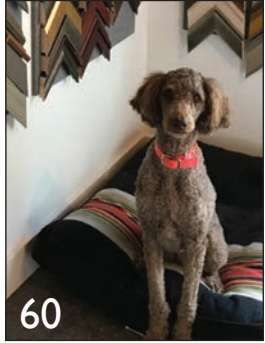
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OWLIGHT

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From the Editor

Knowing that you are different is easier than knowing *how* you are different. As far as regional media sources go, the *Owl Light* quarterly is unique. I *know* we are different, yet I have found it challenging to define just how that is. I believe that part of the answer lies in my editorial style. From the earliest issue, I have encouraged those who expressed interest in the *Owl Light* to follow their instincts and write (or create) that which gives them the most joy (I have, admittedly, become a bit less flexible as we have grown). This creative freedom has resulted in a diverse community of regular contributors who offer a wide array of rural-focused content in every *Owl Light* issue—along with guest prose and poetry submissions from the wider community.

This diversity of subject areas and perspectives make it challenging to zero in on a specific demographic. I guess a broad category might be “informed rural innovators.” Our geographic focus is also challenging to define. Our focus has been on exploring the less populated towns, villages, and hamlets in New York State—and connecting with the people who inhabit and create in these areas. All of us who contribute to the *Owl Light* live, work, play, and create in rural NYS (or places with similar characteristics and “vibes”). We are part of the demographic we serve.

Within our (somewhat) broad demographic and geographic parameters we have, over time, narrowed our content to some common areas of interest: environment and the natural world, sustainability, social awareness and human empathy, leisurely pursuits, local history, and arts and culture. These interest areas are expanded by a myriad of sub-categories, and as the world around us changes so, too, do the boundaries that define us. As a result, what may seem to fit neatly into “environment and the natural world” could easily also fall into many other categories, depending on current trends, the direction an author explores in a particular issue, and how the disparate contributions intersect.

I love this dynamic and the thrill of seeing what comes in each quarter—both for our regular columns and guest submissions—and seeing how the pieces fit. I am good at free association (which some define as lack of focus) and can always find connections. There is so much in each *Owl Light* issue, and this abundance of quality content is another defining characteristic that makes us different. Our focus has always been on including as many contributors as possible in every issue, including new fiction and/or po-

etry from guest contributors.

It was a great pleasure to talk with and include George Guida as a feature author for this first issue of 2022 (along with several other writers who offered guest pieces). Writing and editing with intent are relatively new avenues of exploration for me, and, as with any art, being exposed to new work is exhilarating and freeing. George has been supportive of that endeavor. Thinking, creative people value diversity in its myriad of forms, and are often the outliers who challenge the status quo, spirit forward positive change, and have the most fun doing the things they love!

I have always been drawn to the arts (and the arts crowd). My arts interests are multi-faceted and often overlap in mysterious ways—I love that fluidity. Once we put a name to something, we automatically assign specific traits to it and, in doing so, inhibit inspiration and inquiry. Many of us learned this early on—and have spent considerable time unlearning it. This is why at Canadice Press we look at creativity as everything from creating a good batch of beer or spirits and growing a garden to writing a novel or centering a bowl on a spinning wheel. Everything we do is art.

As a small press we have, over time, narrowed our quest to this: *Canadice Press supports creativity, innovation, and active inquiry as avenues for positive change in rural communities.* With this issue, we fly beyond the constraints of newsprint and take on an exciting new look and feel but our core “mission” remains the same. There is something reassuring about print and we want to keep the medium alive—while morphing to adapt to these changing times. As you flip through, we want you to take the time to find inspiration within and to think beyond the pages—to explore and create more.

As thoughts or questions come to mind, share them! We would like to hear from readers of all ages about how creative expression adds meaning to your lives. We believe that, like print, arts and culture are not only alive in the rural areas, but they thrive here. *Owl Light's* slogan is “Where Inspiration & Inquiry Converge.” We love the inspiration that we see everywhere we go and we strive to share that in every issue. We welcome more inquiry as well and hope many more will join in the *Owl Light* conversation in 2022. 🌿

D.E. Bentley,
Editor

PATHWAYS TO DEMOCRACY

DOUG GARNAR



A Baker's Dozen—2022

Books to read from New Year's Eve until Spring bulbs rise... plus a recipe for "snowballs!"

By the time you read this, the Winter Solstice will have come and gone. Depending on where you live, snow, rain, and winter temperatures will abound—a good time to read a book and enjoy a snowball, a cookie recipe of mine (Recipe p. 9)!

Most of these books were recently published. I have included five children's titles. You might want to consider gifting a grandchild, local school, or public library with one of them.

Children's books

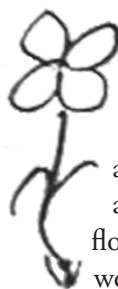
1619 Project, Born on The Water (2021), by Nikole Hannah Jones & Renee Watson, illustrated by Nikkol Smith). The book chronicles the consequences of slavery from 1619 to the present. The illustrations by Nikkol Smith are both age appropriate and an excellent complement to the text.

Black Is a Rainbow Color (2020), by Angela Joy & illustrated by Ekuia Holmes. A young Black girl ponders the colors of the rainbow, "Red is a rainbow color Green sits next to blue. Yellow, Orange, Violet, Indigo, they are rainbow colors, too, but my color is Black." Again, the illustrator adds immeasurably to the written text.

Mr. Goethe's Garden (2003), by Diana Cohn & illustrated by Paul Mirocha. Written for children 7 years and older, this book describes a fascinating relationship between a young girl, Irene, and the famous German writer and naturalist Johann von Goethe. He teaches her both how to draw and to appreciate the beauty of his marvelous garden. Children can learn much from gardens and this book is a place to great start.

An Indigenous Peoples' History of The United States for Young People (2019) by Roxanne-Dunbar-Ortiz & adapted by Jean Mendoza and Debbie Reese. The text radically reframes US history and demolishes the silences that have plagued our national historical narratives. An important read for teachers, administrators, schoolboard members, and parents.

The Last Flower (1939), James Thurber. Thurber was a seminal cartoonist for the *New Yorker*. This book has haunting illustrations done on the eve of WWII. The book is more difficult to find than other children's titles, but worth the search. It can be read and enjoyed by both children and adults. In an age of climate changes, pandemics, and violence on all levels, the theme of the "last flower" observed by the last woman and man is worth pondering.



Themes in our contemporary world

These Truths, A History of The United States (2018), by Jill Lepore. This is a weighty read of 800 pages but written by arguably the best historian today. Ms. Lepore, a Harvard historian and the first woman to write an American history text, draws on a rich collection of historical artifacts including illustrations and photos which complement her text. She divides the book into four parts: early colonialization to the Constitution; formation of our government through the Civil War and 13th Amendment; from Reconstruction through the end of WWII; and the Cold War and Civil Rights movement, ending with the election of 2016.

Continued on page 5

All the Real Indians Died Off and 20 Other Myths About Native Americans (2016), by Roxanne Dunbar-Ortiz and Dina Gilio-Whitaker. Myths ranging from Columbus discovering America and Indians being savage and warlike to sports mascots honoring Native Americans and Indian Casinos making them all rich are brilliantly demythologized along with 16 more.

The American Experiment, Dialogues on A Dream (2021), by David M. Rubenstein. Rubenstein's interviews with 27 prominent Americans, ranging from Ken Burns, Jon Meacham, Billie Jean King, Rita Moreno, Jill Lepore and Jia Lynn Yang, among others, look at American themes of Promise and Principal; Suffering and Sorrow; Restoration and Repair; Invention and Ingenuity; Creation and Culture; to Becoming and Belonging

The Sacred Wisdom of The Native Americans (2011), Larry H Zimmerman. Typical of Native American wisdom is Luther Standing Bear (Lakota tribe) who observed, "Knowledge was inherent in all things. The world was a library and its books were the stones, leaves, grass, brooks and the birds and the animals that shared, alike with us, the storms and blessing of the earth..." This is only one grain of sand of the wisdom contained in Zimmerman's trove of Native American sayings.

Saving Us, A Climate Scientist's Case for Hope and Healing in A Divided World (2021), by Katharine Hayhoe. The author concludes that 7% of all Americans are "Dismissives"—those who refuse to see climate change as a byproduct of human action. Ms. Hayhoe would rather concentrate on the other 93% who are willing to engage in conversation about the existential threat of our age. Much of her message is one of civility and the heart rather than a barrage of facts (though facts are important). The book is divided up into units, including why facts matter and why they are not enough; the threat multiplier; why we can fix it; and you can make a difference—well worth reading especially in small groups (consider faith communities, libraries; service organizations etc.)

Heaven and Hell, A History of The Afterlife (2020), by Bart Ehrman. The author of 30 books, Ehrman is Distinguished Professor of Religious Studies at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. He is arguably the leading American religious scholar on the New Testament and early Christians. The crux of Ehrman's argument is

that there have been numerous competing understandings of the afterlife in the Greek, Jewish and Christian traditions. While many Americans believe in a literal heaven and hell, Ehrman's research concludes that the teachings of eternal rewards/punishments are not found in the "Old Testament" or what Jesus and his earliest followers taught. Ehrman makes no claims for a heaven or hell and is most interested in asking us to reflect on where our ideas on the afterlife came from.

The Afghanistan Papers, A Secret History of The War (2021), by Craig Whitlock. The recent traumatic end of the 20 year war in Afghanistan leaves many Americans conflicted about whether we should have waged this war and was it even winnable (note the British and Soviets left the bones of thousands of their soldiers in Afghanistan in failed 19th and 20th century wars). Craig Whitlock, probably the best investigative reporter on this subject, has drawn on a remarkable array of "primary sources" ranging from the famous "snowflake" memos of Sec. of Defense Rumsfeld to countless interviews conducted with diplomats, military brass, and soldiers who fought/died in the field. The stories related in over a thousand interviews conducted by the Special Inspector General for Afghanistan (known as the "Lessons Learned Interviews") portray the 20-year war as one characterized by deceit, blunders and the hubris of military/political leaders who consistently lied to the American citizenry that victory was just over the horizon. And there is the haunting question asked by many soldiers of their officers, "Why are we here?"

After the Apocalypse, America's Role in A World Transformed (2021) by Andrew Bacevich who served 23 years in the US Army, taught history/international relations at Boston College and is now president of the Quincy Institute for Responsible Statecraft. Essential to Bacevich's thesis is that American Foreign policy is no longer able to keep Americans safe—it continues to insist that a market economy is compatible with the "common good;" a continued belief in the idea of a preeminent Western Civilization with the US as its leader and finally, an American military primacy thought to be superior to any other nation(s). This old security formula has led to a series of endless wars and a succession of moral and material disasters. He calls for a new vision rooted in confronting the threats of climate change, a shift in the

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NOT WHAT I EXPECTED!



KURT STAUDTER

Retirement

After answering the phone at all hours, and going out in crazy foul weather, on minimal sleep, for over three decades, I retired from the electric company. When I left, I was a working leader in a substation department for National Grid and had 175 miles of straight line territory along the Vermont and New Hampshire state line. Then came the pandemic, and that pushed me over the edge – I’d earned all my points and I didn’t need to work anymore.

Through the years I’ve always had lots of other irons in the fire, so unlike my peers who all claimed that retirement meant honey-do lists, vacations, and hobbies, I knew I’d end up doing something else. While this is a departure from my usual political writing, what with a new publication and all, why not share a little about myself. If my new editor keeps me around, we’ll have all sorts of time to comment on rural working class politics.

I sucked at retirement. While my wife of almost 40 years, who watches the home improvement channel incessantly, can point to parts of the house that need work, I believe that tinkering around the house and making repairs is like one of Dante’s levels of Hell. Count me out!

Now after I retired in April, I spent a month doing nothing. This well-deserved rest suited me; I read, there were some pending arts projects that I completed, and I started

According to government statistics, millions of American workers have retired since the pandemic began...

to learn how to play guitar. Meanwhile Patti was doing a slow burn. After about a month there were little not so subtle hints that maybe it was time to side the house.

We took on a few projects like gutting the front hall and replacing the front door, but Patti derived more satisfaction from the improvements than I did. There were also some electrical projects around the house that I took some joy in fixing, but all in all, home improvements weren’t going to keep me happy in my golden years.

Around this time, I started to look for something, anything, that would get me out of the house. Patti had been a stay-at-home mom since we’d been married, and when I suggested that perhaps she could get a part-time job so I’d get the house to myself for a few hours each day, how was I supposed to know that would touch a nerve. Let’s just say that the girl is pretty set in her ways, and her newly retired husband wasn’t going to change her world. The truth be told, she was much more than a stay-at-home mom. She kept all the balls in the air while I was pulled in a thousand different directions by work and activism.

One of our side gigs was running the brewers’ association in Vermont for seven years, and we were fascinated with the food and beverage industry. Now that I was retired I could dive into this full time. The first place I went to was a large commercial smokehouse. Here I would learn about smoking and sausage making, but the place was huge and very departmentalized. I was told that I would start by feeding 10,000 pounds of bacon slabs into huge tumbling machines. I sensed that there would be very little learning of all aspects of the business. I was just going to be one of numerous minions.

Next, one of my daughters is the farm manager at a well-regarded dairy farm. Having a small herd of Jerseys, their highly sought after milk is prized by area cheese makers. Over dinner one night, she mentioned that Crowley Cheese Company™ was looking for help. I’ve been eating their award winning “Unusually Sharp” cheese for forty years, and here was an opportunity to learn the cheese business from the bottom up.

Crowley dates back to the 1820s and is the oldest operating cheese factory in the country. It’s modeled after a cheese factory that was invented by

Jesse Williams in Rome, New York in 1851, and at one point there were almost 9,000 of them in the U.S. Having got my foot in the door working the retail shop on weekends, I was quickly brought into production and have become an apprentice to Master Cheese Maker Ken Hart.

Around the same time federal money was flowing around the state, and some of this money was given to the University of Vermont to create career development classes. One of those classes was about the cheese industry and you'd earn a professional certificate. I was able to supplement my on the job training with university-level book learning, and the best part was that I got a full scholarship.

Three days a week I'm learning the business of making cheese by hand. While the work is grueling, there's a wonderful satisfaction that comes from filling the vat at the beginning of the day with beautiful snow white milk and moving the curds into 50 pound blocks at the end of the day. Then there's cutting the blocks and waxing the bars of cheese. Crowley enjoys a world-wide reputation and remains one of those legacy rural products than can't be duplicated in huge mechanized industrial settings.

Like many businesses that are having trouble hiring and retaining help, Crowley is struggling to keep up with demand—we can't make and cut cheese fast enough. Then there's the aging process that adds to the bottleneck: Cheese made today won't be "Unusually Sharp" for over three years. Just to add to the craziness, now comes our busy holiday season.

There were many others like me that looked around during the pandemic and decided that they'd had enough. According to government statistics, millions of American workers have retired since the pandemic began and a record number in September alone. Of those that retired over half of them were involuntary. So, the way I see it, even retirees have an obligation to help ease the labor shortage.

Did I want to work this hard in retirement? Of course not, but I'm in the best physical shape I've been in years, and I'm part of a small group that keeps a quintessentially Vermont rural product alive: Making cheese the old-fashioned way. In the retail shop I don't remember how many times I've heard stories that begin, "When I was a kid my grandfather would bring me here..."

The response from friends and family is one of disbelief that I would work after retirement. Former coworkers think I'm crazy. Interestingly enough it's the reaction of the old-timers that warms my heart the most. Once again, you hear the stories of elders bringing children to the factory to pick up the twice yearly wheels of super sharp cheese. However, there's something else with these old Vermonters: It's a kind of gratitude that borders on respect for working at keeping this rural institution around. There's no doubt that a throwback operation like Crowley's faces an uphill battle in very competitive marketplace today, but something unique, irreplaceable, and historic would be gone if it were to go dark.

You know, this retirement thing isn't half bad. And did I tell you that we all get an allotment of cheese each week. Hard work, great cheese, and no honey-do lists — I could get used to this. Don't worry about Patti: she gets all of the earnings from the cheese factory for her home improvement slush fund. What is it they say, "A happy wife is a happy life!" 🌿

•EMAIL at staudter@sover.net



A cheese factory invented by Jesse Williams in Rome, N.Y. in 1851 served as the model for Crowley's factory.

From our Readers

Night of Coming Dread

MERT BARTELS

I pride myself in being an exceptionally good driver over a variety of highway conditions. Once in the mid 1990s, though, I became “blind to conditions” ahead as I was driving down I-81 during a December snowstorm southwest of Harrisburg, PA. The trip began with many stars glowing overhead in a cloudless sky. We were on our way to Greenville, NC, to see our son, Eric, graduate from East Carolina University. The snow fell lightly initially and soon became quite heavy.

With the windshield wipers straining to remove the fast accumulation, conditions degraded the longer I drove. Slowing down some I soon noticed when a semi rig passed us—quite often it would leave a 3-foot

high snowball in its lane, which of course I had to carefully evade. This dodging feat occurred with more and more regularity. Then the eerie feeling grabbed me. Then I could feel my body shudder. Suddenly, I realized I was driving “snow blind.” I knew that I had lost totally my sense of road awareness. Some might say a loss of balance relative to where I was.

What I mean is that I was thoroughly confused visually because I thought I was (but in reality, wasn't) either going down a very steep cliff-like hill that was not there or going up a roller coaster high peak, which wasn't there either. Being in the car with half inch flakes filling my visual universe my sense of controlled stability had vanished. One logical

“You can do anything in this world if you are prepared to take the consequences.”

—W. Somerset Maugham

choice on what to do was left. Rather than stop and be stranded, I momentarily pulled over and exchanged driving with my son-in law Bob, who after a while got us safely below the upper Virginia snowline.

We returned home safe. Thankfully that episode has never replayed itself. In retrospect, the unexplainable feelings that one had during a terror moment serves the purpose of enhancing our individual awareness, and that isn't necessarily bad. ❧

This was an experience I had with snow blindness. I would be curious to hear if other drivers had experienced something similar.

Mert Bartels, a retired technical writer and editor with a half century of 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.

In an age of angry electronic silos, your publication is a sign of civic rationality.

Doug Garnar

Owl Light Question for Q1: Youth Activism

- What world and local issues are most important to today's youth and what are they doing to bring about change in a world that they will, ultimately, inherit?
- How do the actions and goals of today's younger people compare with the actions and goals of previous generations?
- Do you know any youth (or are you a young person) who has found a way to bring about some positive regional or global change? If so, share your story with our readers.

Respond to our quarterly questions by commenting at owllightnews.com/Community-Question, by sending comments to editor@canadicepress.com, or by mail (see contact information on page 3)



A SMATTERING OF SNOW

WILLIAM PRESTON

December eve had come, devoid of white,
but then the snow was falling, calm and light;
at meadow's edge, the deer
stood quietly as evening fell to night.

It seemed so strange: a scene so stark and sere
should nonetheless be laden with good cheer
as snowfall silvered bright
the withered remnants left in autumn's rear.

©2021, William Preston

William Preston is a retired medical science writer and current freelance editor who enjoys writing poetry; he especially enjoys experimenting with various poetic forms. He and his wife, Marti, live in Macedon, NY.

Pathways from 5

international balance of power, and the ascendancy of information age technologies, while rejecting reliance on the use of brute weapons of destruction—a 206 page shot over the bow of the traditional platitudes of a Pax Americana which no longer exists. For Bacevich the time is now for a national conversation on what constitutes real security for all Americans.

Children will benefit from reading any of the first five books while the remaining eight would be great table setters for small group discussions in libraries, faith communities, government executives/legislators or the wide array of not for profits which dot our civic landscape. ❄️

• Questions or observations about this column may be directed to Doug Garnar at garnardc@sunybroome.edu

SNOW BALL COOKIES

Recipe courtesy of Doug Garnar



1 c. butter; ½ c. powdered sugar; 2½ c. flour; ¼ tsp. salt; 1 tsp. vanilla; ¾ c. chopped nuts

Cream butter and sugar together. Sift flour, salt, resift. Add to cream mixture—work it thoroughly with fingers. Work in vanilla and nuts. Chill about one hour, then roll in small balls. Place on lightly greased pan and bake at 350 degrees for 14-17 minutes or until slightly brown.

Cool for 5 minutes and roll in confectionary sugar. Enjoy!

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

Short, concise letters under 500 words are more likely to be published.

SMALL TOWN HOUND

Æsc



On the Trail of History and Up on Stage

Woof! Happy New Year! For those just joining us, I am Æsc (pronounced Ash) and I joined *Owl Light* in 2021. I am a dog, and a writer.

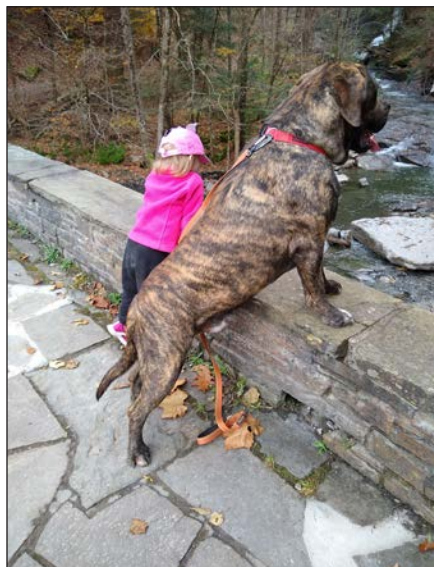
Two thousand and twenty-one ended quite nicely for me. I did have a sore leg for a bit, but I am back to full action, including continuing my training for search and rescue (SAR). I have mostly worked with airscenting in wilderness areas. Airscenting is not scent specific because you are searching in remote areas and if you happen to find the wrong person that's okay (maybe they are out there lost too). The important thing is to go all the way back to your human partner so that you can lead them back to the person you found. I am getting very good at this and turn around to "recall" and "show" almost immediately. I also find people pretty fast. Hunting season has limited our search areas, so we have been working some on trailing, on a leash. With trailing (also called tracking) I sniff a specific scent at the point where the person was last seen (PLS) and then follow that specific scent. We are working hard on a regular basis and make a great team.

SAR dogs need to do really well in all kinds of situations and my writing gig is great for that training. My human takes me many places and I meet many people as I explore and write about all the places I visit. Since last sharing (we all took a break in December) we took a

drive to Fillmore Glen State Park, in Moravia, NY. A side fact of interest (at least to readers) is that Moravia's Powers Library, built in 1880, is the oldest continuously used library in New York. We drove past there while in town. When we go to natural areas, I always assume I am there to work even when my human does not put my vest on (and *especially* when she does put it on and shows me my duckie). This time was no exception, and I trailed a couple until they saw me coming and stopped to say hello. However, I soon realized that this was not a work trip but a chance to visit with some wee humans and their parents. I have not been around many little people, so we took it slow at first, until I got familiar with them while we walked the trails together (the one little guy even held onto my leash). I like looking at views, and we did this together, which was so cool.

This is another place with great waterfalls. It is beautiful and, thanks to the Nature Conservancy (TNC), it now has 200 more acres of land, including forested and shrub wetlands with two seasonal streams that flow north into Dry Creek, within Fillmore Glen State Park. On the way there we stopped at Aunt Sarahs Falls in Montour Falls. We often stop here when going through and I love the rush of the water.

Another trail I visited since my last article is in Penn Yan. We often go to this town to pick up grain for the chickens at Lakeview Organic Grain, and this time we also stopped to walk along the Keuka Outlet Trail, which is part of a former railroad path along a former canal dug along the natural drainage of Keuka Lake to Dresden, NY. This may have been where I hurt my leg, as I tried to run up some wooden stairs, part of a children's play



structure. I love being outside and also love local history, so this is my favorite kind of adventure. Birkett Mills Inc., which is still in Penn Yan, was started in 1797 when a mill was built in what a few years later became the incorporated village of Penn Yan. The waterway was called Crooked Lake Canal and for a century mills for grain were powered by its numerous waterfalls. Birkett Mills specializes in buckwheat (which is technically a seed rather than a grain, just as a FYI) is still around and they sell a variety of organic grain products.

I am getting into theatres (and theaters) a bit lately and one theatre I have seen is the Sampson Theatre, another historic place in Penn Yan. The Sampson Theatre is an example of a vaudeville house. It was built in 1910 by a human named Dr. Frank Sampson (hence the name). After twenty years this live theatre venue fell into disuse, due to the rise of motion picture theaters, but a local group, the Penn Yan Theatre Company (PYTCo) is working to rebuild and reopen this historic venue. This brief return to Penn Yan offers a nice segue into my final destination—and some exciting *Owl Light* news.

In November of last year, I had the opportunity to spend some time in the limelight (vs. in the owlght, where I often linger in the evenings). I hammed it up on the stage at the Park Theater, which is in Avon, NY. This trip was a bit confusing at first as I heard my human mention going to the “park” and I thought we were going to a park, like the one in Moravia. That said, the theater *was* really cool, and I quickly settled in. I went up on stage and relaxed in the seating area. I love the space. The theater is owned by a dog-loving human named Ann Younger and she

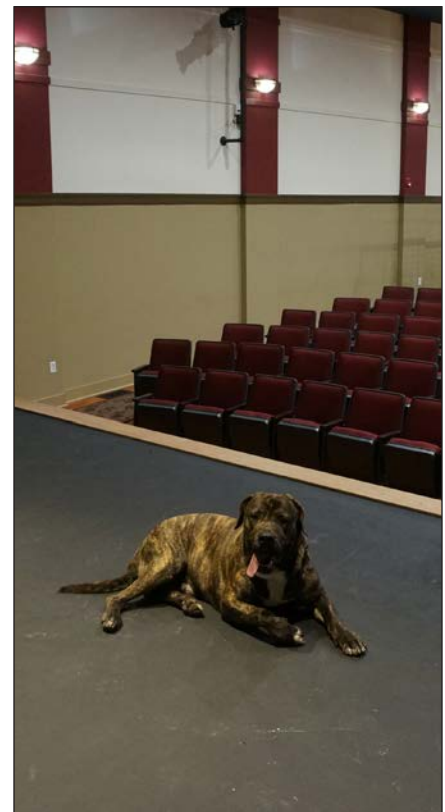


has totally refinished the space. She plans to have movies there—like in the olden days, only a bit different—music, and other performances too. These will mostly be too crowded for me to attend, but there is one event I will definitely stop in at. Here is the big news. On the weekend of April 9-10th of this year, 2022 (mark your calendars!), Park Theater in Avon will be co-hosting, with Canadice Press, Owl Light Live at the Park—a celebration of our first five years in print! This will be an opportunity to meet many of the really incredible humans who are part of the *Owl Light* adventure. This weekend event is your chance to meet the Owl Light people while enjoying some fantastic entertainment. I am super excited about the new year and all the new adventures to come and hope you will join in my adventures in each and every issue of the *Owl Light*. 🐾

Mentioned in this article:

- Fillmore Glen
-FillmoreGlensp@parks.ny.gov
- Nature Conservancy - nature.org
- Lakeview Organic Grain
-lakevieworganicgrain.com
- Birkett Mills-thebirkettmills.com
- Penn Yan Theatre Company
-pytco.org/
- Avon Park Theater
-avonparktheater.com

Clockwise from far left:
Me with some small people at Millard Fillmore Glen, Moravia;
Keuka Outlet today, downstream from Birkett Mills, Penn Yan;
Me at Park Theater, Avon.



• facebook.com/SmallTownHoundNY





SIDE STREET SOUNDS

STEVE WEST

Setting the Stage for 2022

Fort Hill Performing Arts Center Program Director Jerry Falzone is Jetting Into the New Year with Tribute Bands, Comedy, Cooking, and Community Collaborations



View from Mezzanine

After a nearly five million dollar, five year renovation project, the Fort Hill Performing Arts Center in Canandaigua was ready to go. New state of the art sound and lighting systems were installed. The stage was refurbished with a new lift. The seats are brand new. The entire interior had been given a facelift. They held a successful grand opening gala featuring performances by the Rochester City Ballet, the Finger Lakes Opera, The Rochester Oratorio Society, and Broadway performers Michael Park and Nicolette Hart, among others. FHPAC was ready to start its regular season of shows and performances. The date for their first sold out show was set: March 11, 2020. Cue the sad trombone music. After that first show, Covid-19 caused them to cancel or postpone most of their remaining scheduled shows for 2020.

The story of the Fort Hill Performing Arts Center in Canandaigua is a long time in the making. The property was a part of a larger purchase of a portion of the Canandaigua Academy campus by Conifer Realty in 1996. While part of that purchase was turned into affordable housing for senior citizens, the former school auditorium fell under the jurisdiction of a theater preservation law that prohibited Conifer from converting the auditorium into housing. Consequently, the building sat empty for nearly two decades. In 2015, a group of community members got together to explore the idea of renovating the space for use as a performing arts center.



View from the Stage

A few programs were held in the Summer of 2021 with modifications to ensure covid safety. By Autumn, the schedule was finally in full swing. The George M Ewing Canandaigua Forum lecture series covered politics, science, and local history; soprano Rose Kearin of the Finger Lakes Opera performed assorted selections, and the Crosby, Stills, Nash, and

Young tribute show, *Deja Vu All Over Again*, sold out the 427 auditorium in November.

Jerry Falzone produced the *Deja Vu All Over Again* show. It was originally scheduled for November 2020. It was postponed until May of 2021, and then postponed

again until November. In that time, Jerry kept steady contact with the staff at FHPAC. He found himself drawn to the opportunities that a venue of this size and quality presented, and in October he was named program director.

I recently had a chance to sit down with Jerry and discuss the future of the FHPAC. He was strongly encouraged by the sellout of the Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young show. "I'd like to produce similar tribute shows like this for the next year or two while we build a relationship with the community," he said. "Eventually, I look forward to being able to bring in some national touring acts that are at the stage in their careers where they are playing theaters of this size."



Shows for 2022 include: Bennie and the Rest: a Tribute to Sir Elton John (January 12); Cool Club & The Lipker Sisters (January 22); Junkyardfieldtrip (February 9); and the Diana Jacobs Band (April 2)—interspersed with cooking, comedy, and a circus.

In addition to pop music shows, the theater is also a second home to the Rochester City Ballet (presenting *Carmen* and *Firebird*) and the Finger Lakes Symphony Orchestra. Community groups can also rent the theater for theatrical productions, demonstrations, and comedy shows.

A schedule of events can be found on the Fort Hill Performing Arts Center website at www.fhpac.org.

Images courtesy of FHPAC.

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



WHY?

Why is everyone so sad?
 Why is everyone so mad?
 What is everyone afraid of?
 I'm in second grade now,
 They explained it, sort of,
 But still I feel like... WHY?

- d. mckenzie wilson

This portrait won First Place in a "Plein Air Photography" contest at Ontario County Arts Council OCAC, shown at Ontario County Historical Society. ocarts.org/photography-plein-air

THE NIGHT SKY

DEE SHARPLES

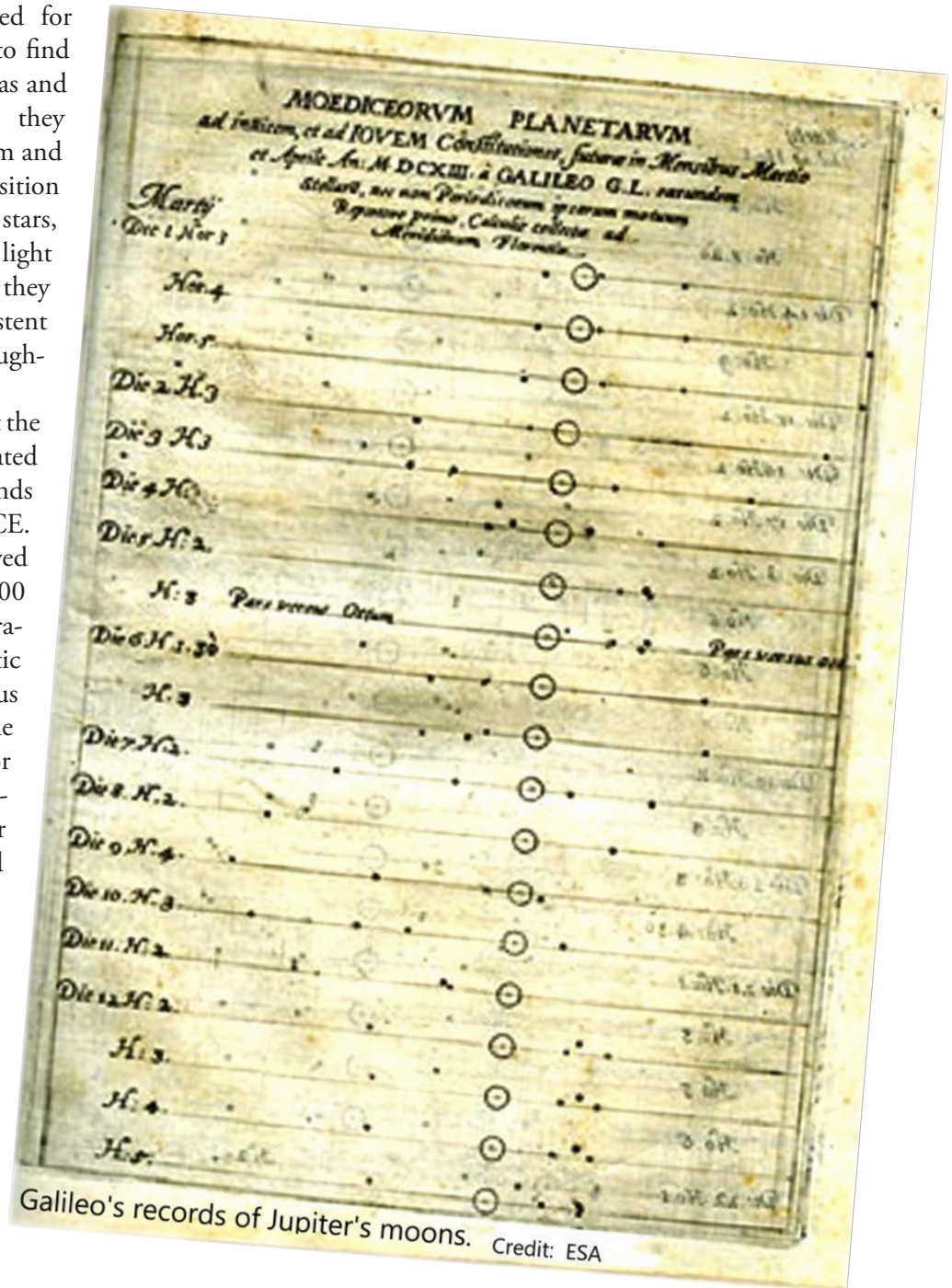


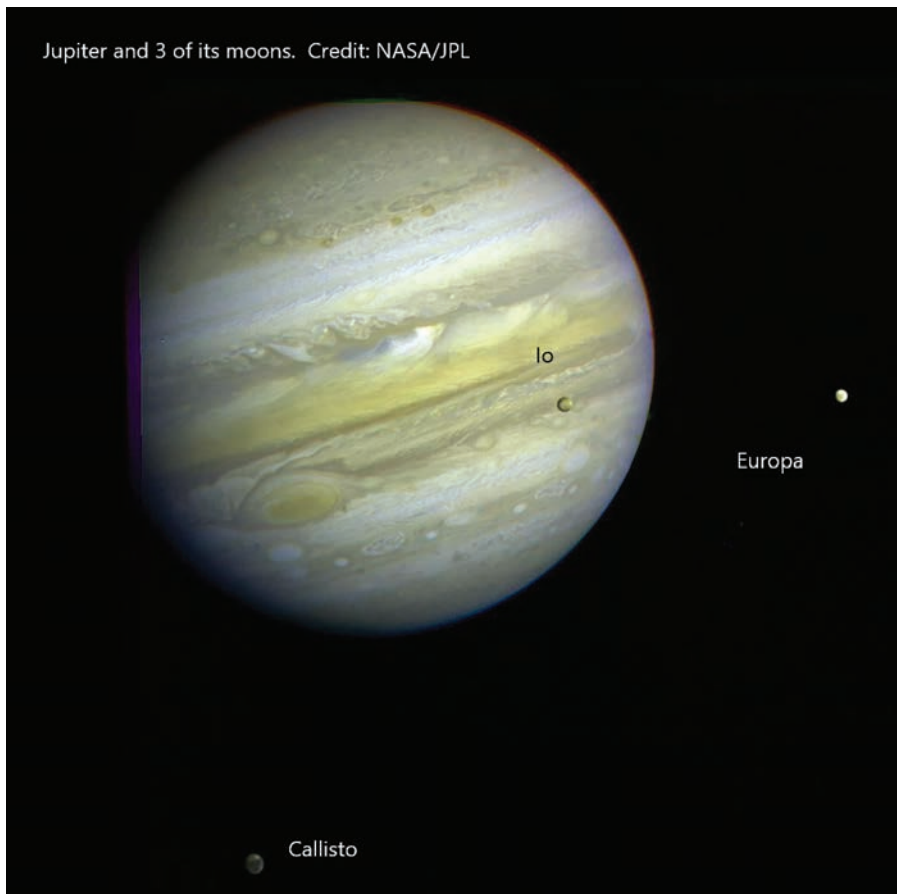
Celestial navigation

The Ancient Art of Finding One's Way By Looking Into the Night Sky

Celestial navigation using the Sun, constellations, and individual stars has been practiced for thousands of years by sailors to find their way. Traveling on vast seas and oceans with no landmarks, they turned to the sky to guide them and determine their latitude (position north or south). Studying the stars, they realized these points of light were in all areas of the sky and they moved in a predictable, consistent manner night after night throughout the year.

Historical records show that the early Polynesian people navigated the Pacific Ocean for thousands of miles as early as 1200 BCE. The ancient Minoans, who lived on Crete from 3000 to 1100 BCE, navigated the Mediterranean Basin and into the Atlantic Ocean. Christopher Columbus used celestial navigation as he crossed the Atlantic looking for a water route to China and India in search of riches. Other navigational tools he utilized were a quadrant and astrolabe to measure the angle of a star in relation to the horizon to determine his latitude, a compass for direction, and an hour glass to measure time aboard ship. Determining longitude of a ship (position east or west) proved to be much more difficult.





In 1610, when Galileo turned his telescope to the night sky, one of his first targets was the planet Jupiter.

In 1610, when Galileo turned his telescope to the night sky, one of his first targets was the planet Jupiter. He saw four bright star-like objects in close proximity to the planet. Continuing to observe Jupiter, he soon realized these four objects were not stars at all. They were moons orbiting around the planet in an ever-changing, yet precise and synchronized, dance. These objects, called the Galilean moons in honor of their discoverer, are the largest of the 79 moons known today to be orbiting this gas giant planet. Although in recording his observations Galileo referred to them as I, II, III, and IV, over a century later, they were given the official names of Io, Europa, Ganymede, and Callisto, characters found in Greek mythology. Recording the movements of these moons, Galileo surmised that their exactly

timed eclipses by Jupiter could be used by navigators to find a ship's longitude. However, his idea wasn't taken seriously for 150 years. By comparing the exact time on the ship with the time at the ship's departure point, longitude could be determined. The Earth rotates $\frac{1}{4}$ degree every minute, or one degree in four minutes, making a complete 360 degree rotation in one 24 hour day. What was needed was a highly accurate timepiece carried aboard a ship which could compare these two times, but none yet existed.

In 1714, the British Board of Longitude offered a prize of a large amount of money to anyone who could discover a way to measure longitude within 30 miles. It took over 40 years for a British cabinetmaker, John Harrison, to win the prize by making what was similar to a large

Continued on page 16

Night Sky from p.15

jeweled pocket watch that kept time twice as accurately as the best clocks of that era. This chronometer and its precise time measurement ability, along with sextant readings of celestial objects to determine latitude, gave seafarers the ability to know their exact location on a map.

But using a telescope to observe Jupiter's faint moons needed a perfectly stable surface. This method, seldom able to be used aboard sailing ships that were being constantly rocked by the churning seas, could be used from dry land. As long as a ship had either a perfectly still ocean or land nearby, its longitude could be determined.

In 1721, Great Britain established the Royal Observatory in Greenwich with the specific purpose of providing sailors with precise astronomical data to determine their latitude and longitude. They established the Prime Meridian (0 degrees longitude) at this location.

Publications like the *Nautical Almanac*, a British compendium created in 1766, gave the ephemeris*

* ə 'fem(ə)rəs - a table giving the calculated positions of a celestial object at regular intervals throughout a period.

listing the exact rising and setting times and positions of the Sun and Moon, and included the dates and times of eclipses of Jupiter's moons. The *New Practical Navigator* published by John Hamilton Moore in the early 1800s gave the following instructions for determining longitude using eclipses of Jupiter's moons:

On the day preceding the evening on which it is proposed to observe an eclipse, look for the time when it will happen

at Greenwich, in page 3d of the month in the Ephemeris. Find the difference of longitude either by a good map, sea chart, or dead reckoning.

“Let the watch be regulated by the sun with all possible exactness to the apparent time. Turn the difference of longitude into time, according as it is east or west of Greenwich, the sum or difference will be nearly the time when the eclipse is to be looked for in that place. But as the longitude is uncertain, it will be proper to begin 20 or 30 minutes before.

Observe the hours, minutes, and seconds of the beginning of the eclipse, called immersion, that is, the very instant that the satellite appears to enter into the shadow of Jupiter; or the emersion, that is, when it appears to come out of the same. The difference of time between the observed immersion, or emersion, and that set down in the Nautical Almanack, being turned into degrees, will give the difference of longitude between Greenwich and the place of observation.

While this detailed ephemeris data on eclipses of Jupiter's moons continued to be available, finding longitude by this method was difficult and rarely practiced by navigators while at sea. By the end of the 1800s, navigation on the open seas improved tremendously. Astronomers, mathematicians, and chart and instrument makers provided all the knowledge and equipment needed. 🦉

- “Dee's Sky This Month”— describing what can be seen in the sky— on the ASRAS website, rochesterastronomy.org



John Harrison's chronometer
Racklever at English Wikipedia, CC BY-SA

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WHAT TO LOOK FOR IN THE NIGHT SKY

Jan 1 – 12: The planet Venus will be at its brightest magnitude for 2022 from January 1st through January 12th. Look for it in the southwest as the sky darkens shining at a brilliant magnitude -4.6 only 13 degrees above the horizon.

Jan 3: The Quadrantid meteor shower will be active from January 1-12, reaching its peak in the early morning hours of the 3rd. The radiant from where the meteors will appear to originate is in the constellation Bootes in the northeastern sky.

Jan 5: The crescent Moon and the planet Jupiter will make a close approach to each other. They will be visible 30 degrees above the southwestern horizon as the sky darkens

Feb 1-28: Venus will be at its peak brightness this month. Look for it rising in the southeast before dawn shining at a brilliant magnitude -4.6

Feb 27: Look for Venus about 5:30 AM in the southeastern sky before dawn. The Moon will be only 8 degrees below it.

Mar 20: The Spring Equinox will occur at 11:27 AM marking the first day of spring in the Northern Hemisphere. The Sun will rise due east today and set due west giving us almost exactly 12 hours of both darkness and daylight.

Mar 28: The Moon, Venus, and Saturn will make a close approach to each other in the southeastern sky around 5:30 AM. Venus will shine at bright magnitude -4.3 with much dimmer Saturn at only magnitude 0.6.

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.

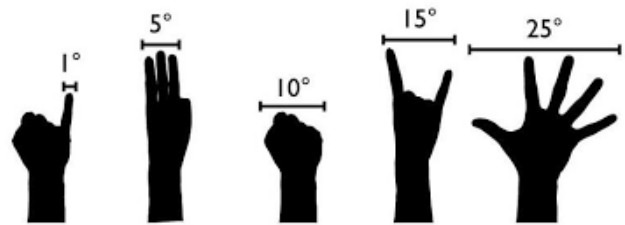
Sun: -26.7

Full Moon: -12.6

Venus: -4.3 to -4.6

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.

Strasenburgh Planetarium

There will be occasional Saturday night observing through a telescope on the sidewalk at the back entrance to the Strasenburgh Planetarium. Our regular schedule of weekly Saturday night observing will not resume until spring. Volunteers from the Astronomy Section of the Rochester Academy of Science will operate the telescope from dark to 10:00 PM. Call the planetarium on Saturdays after 6:00 PM at 585-697-1945 to confirm this event will take place. If it's cloudy, it will be canceled. Observing and parking are free.

DRAGONFLY TALES

STEVE MELCHER

Eat Your Dirt



“We are star stuff harvesting sunlight.”

Carl Sagan

What are we eating today?

Ultimately, we get our nutrients from the plants. Yes, that includes vitamins, minerals and proteins. Plants get their nutrients from the soil, water, and sun. We get our nutrients from plants, as well as Vitamin D from the sun and Vitamin B12 from a ‘peck of dirt’ that we’re all going to eat in a lifetime. So, in a sense, we are eating soil, drinking water and soaking up sunshine. The more nutrient rich and alive our soil, the more nutrient rich our food. If the soil is barren, then so is our food.

The importance of growing nutrient rich food: sometimes it’s good to be dense.

Nutrient density identifies the amount of beneficial nutrients in a food product in proportion to energy content. Terms such as nutrient rich and micronutrient dense refer to similar properties. Our country has had widespread soil depletion and a decline in the diversity of foods we eat. This has led to a dramatic decrease in nutrient intake. In fact most (90%) of Americans fall short of the Recommended Daily Intake (RDI) requirements for certain nutrients.

What are some nutrient dense foods? If measured properly, plants offer more ‘bang for your buck’ as far as nutrition. For instance, 100 gram portion of Kale, a super green, provides: 200% of the RDI for Vitamin C, 300% for Vitamin A, 1000% for Vitamin K1 and there are large amounts of Vitamin B6, Potassium, Calcium, Magnesium, Copper and Manganese. However, because of conventional farming practices, even the kale you eat today is far less nutrient rich than the kale of just thirty years ago.

Acquired Tastes

We all have tasted the difference between a fresh ripe strawberry and the giants imported from St. Elsewhere. The little cardboard green and red strawberries grown hydroponically taste worse than hardtack and are as nutritious as kitty litter (good fiber though). Tomatoes are another victim of our uber cultivation and modern production. A friend of mine is doing research at Penn State concerning the difficulty of shipping fresh tomatoes. One resolution to the problem is to genetically engineer a square tomato; easily placed in shipping crates but tasting like uncooked Farina. They’ll be on the market in a few years if all goes well and the funding from a major chemical company continues. So, we’ll have square tomatoes on our overly processed sliced white bread! Are we willing to trade flavor and nutrition for convenience? There is nothing like the flavor of a freshly picked, sliced heirloom tomato on a slice of crusty toasted 12 grain organic bread. Our palate has grown complacent and our choice and demand for a variety of fresh foods as suffered.

How we grow our food is just as important as what we grow.

Here at Odonata Sanctuary, our farming partners, Phenomenal Farms, grow all their products organically according to strict guidelines to ensure the maintenance of a healthy soil. Tillage is kept to a minimum to allow the networks of fungal mycelia to remain intact to do their work. We’re learning the importance of the fungal world in maintaining a healthy soil. Too much plowing can destroy the fungal networks. Mycelia are of vital importance to the soil, breaking down organic ma-

Continued on page 19

terial and making raw materials available for use in the plants we harvest. Plants interact with fungi in a kind of symbiosis which is termed mycorrhiza. Cover crops are planted and there is never a bare field that could be exposed to the forces of erosion and resulting topsoil loss. Humus and compost are added to 'regenerate' the soil because previously (1950 - 1990) nothing was grown except corn, soybeans and hamburgers.

The importance of healthy soils...

Let's talk dirt.

If plants get their nutrients from the soil then why can't we just add the nutrients, in the form of fertilizers and additives? I had a great idea for a science fair project when I was a kid. I asked my 4th grad teacher why we couldn't just put vitamins and minerals, food coloring and 'added flavor' in our poop and eat that. After all, that's what I was reading on the my Captain Crunch box every morning; monosodium glutamate, artificial coloring, artificial flavor, sodium nitrate, artificial sweetener, sodium benzoate....I was discouraged from experimenting on the family dog and my sister by Mrs. Cooper, who explained that poop may contain some nasty ingredients and the taste may be difficult to change. Conventional agriculture has worked the same way. We add fertilizers and nutrients to the soil, expecting the harvests to contain those same nutrients. Then we 'fortify' those foods to make up for what was lost in the processing. The plants grow well, and we do get more corn per acre for example. But the quality of that food suffers. We spray herbicides and pesticides on the plants to fend off insects and disease because we plant in a monoculture of thousands of acres which makes it easier to harvest but creates an 'all you can eat' scenario for pests. A healthy plant is able to fend off disease and pests. We can diversify our plantings through techniques like crop rotation and forest agriculture. Crop rotation is the practice of planting different crops sequentially on the same plot of land to improve soil health, optimize nutrients in the soil, and combat pest and weed pressure. The home gardener would benefit from the idea of crop rotation. You should never, for example, plant tomatoes or members of the nightshade family in the same plot year after year. Forest farming is the intentional cultivation of medicinal and edible crops beneath native or planted woodlands.

In a focused pursuit of ever increasing yields, industrial agriculture has depleted the soils around the world and created plants bred for size, yield and rate of growth; not nutrition. Plants are bred to be 'Round-Up Ready', enabling them to withstand the poison that kills surrounding plants. Of course, the poison is then concentrated in the final product - the consumer. The food we eat today is less nutritious, contains less protein, calcium, iron, riboflavin, phosphorus and vitamin C than food produced just thirty years ago.

Healthy, nutritious food starts with healthy soils.

When I started thinking about this article, I thought I would research the different ways of growing food today compared to 50 years ago. There are so many buzz words—like, sustainable, organic, regenerative, permaculture, biointensive and Rudolph Steiner's biodynamic—that I wanted to tease out the differences. What I found was, although there are differences, just like comparing religions, they all have something in common. All the 'nonconventional' forms of agriculture treat the soil as a living entity and not, as in conventional agriculture, a simple sterile media in which to grow a commodity. The 'alternative' forms of agriculture view soil as alive; as a crucial organism in the growth of a healthy plant and part of a healthy environment. During the Industrial Age, a highly mechanistic view of nature was applied to agriculture. There was a separation of soil from the surrounding environment. The Gaia Hypothesis, proposed by James Lovelock in 1972, suggested that living organisms on the planet interact with their surrounding inorganic environment to form a synergetic and self-regulating system that created, and now maintains, the climate and biochemical conditions that make life on Earth possible. Followers of alternative agriculture view soil as the 'skin of the Earth' and study the interactions within the soil and the environment. The Earth's skin is alive and interacting with the sun, atmosphere, plants and critters living on and in its surface.

**"Our food is less nutritious than ever.
It doesn't have to stay that way."**

The Rodale Institute

Continued on page 20

A bit of History

The term organic was first used by Walter Ernest Christopher James, better known by his title, Lord Northbourne, who used the term "organic farming" in his 1940 book *Look to the Land*, which is still in print today. Lord Northbourne was one of many trying to describe successful farming practices around the world. That same year, British botanist Sir Albert Howard published the classic *An Agricultural Testament* which was based on his decades of work studying the farming methods in India. The book describes natural principles such as soil fertility and composting instead of the chemical methods that were becoming popular at that time. 'Humus Farming' (not to be confused with chickpea farming), was the term he used to describe using a combination of composting, crop rotation and the additions of manure, lime, and other natural rocks to manage the pH of the soils. Based on his book, Lady Eve Balfour published *The Living Soil* comparing the efficacy of organic vs chemical farming. Meanwhile back in the States, an abundance of nitrates, phosphates (now fertilizers) and poisons used to make bombs and kill enemies during WW2, was pushed onto farmers by manufacturers as the way to increase yields. Yields did indeed increase, at first, but the nutritional value of the food suffered.

The idea of growing food without poisons grew however in the next few decades, with a significant nudge from Rachel Carson and her book, *Silent Spring*, which documented the effects of the pesticide DDT on the environment. In the 1960s, Carson's book became the bugle call to action to support organic foods and the avoidance of synthetic chemicals. Many of the 'back to the land' folks unfortunately ignored the lessons of Howard, Balfour and Northbourne and produced some pretty unpalatable results. In *A Brief History and Philosophy of Organic Agriculture*, George Keupper stated, "many novices failed to understand that growing quality food without pesticides or synthetic fertilizers would not work very well without the regenerative practices of the traditional organic method." The word 'regenerative agriculture' has become a buzz word today but its roots are found deep in the original organic farming practices. Despite this early setback, organic produce made steady progress. Standards were developed in the 70's and 80's and are still being modified today. The Alar scare* of the 80's led to the Organic Foods Production Act of 1990, which was

the first real national organics law.

In the 1940s, J.I. Rodale was a successful entrepreneur in the Big Apple who struggled with health problems all of his life. Inspired by Sir Albert's work mentioned above, he had a "You are what you eat" epiphany and famously wrote on a chalkboard, "Healthy Soil = Healthy Food = Healthy People". He bought an old farm in Pennsylvania and began to experiment with a way of growing food without chemicals. He started the Soil and Health Foundation in 1947, which eventually became the Rodale Institute. His 'side by side' fields of organic and conventional agriculture are still in use today. At first, the conventional agriculture out yielded the organic field but the organically grown crops soon caught up. Rodale found that not only was the food produced organically more nutrient rich, it tasted better.

Organic foods and farming are here to stay. No matter what you choose to call it, if the health of the soil is the goal, we will all benefit. One component of climate resiliency is our carbon footprint. Organically grown food actually can act as a 'carbon sink,' absorbing more carbon than it creates. Don't get me started about the animal industries and their carbon footprint, that's an article in itself. Cow farts contribute to global warming, but their burps are far worse.

The influence and use of these 'alternative' methods will increase as the consuming public becomes aware of the dangers of conventional agriculture, including meat and dairy, and the benefits of organic farming, local foods and a plant based diet.

The carry away is to support your local farmer and to support them through your awareness, tax incentives and your purchasing power to embrace an agricultural practice that supports a healthy soil which will lead to healthy foods and a healthy planet.

The Story of B12

Vitamin B12 is produced by bacteria, not animals or plants. Animals, which includes humans, must derive their Vitamin B12 directly or indirectly from bacteria. The bacteria are found in manure, soil and foul water, which we obviously shouldn't eat directly. Foods from the past or grown organically in your garden were rich in B12 because of the little bit of soil left on the veggies. Interestingly, certain mushrooms and some seaweeds contain large amounts of B12. Kale is also a great source of vitamin B12. While animal food contains protein-bound

Continued on page 23

SALLY L. WHITE

First Frost

May their seeds be safely scattered
As the annuals hang their heads.
May the snakes all safely find their paths
Back to their winter beds.

May next year's buds be safely wrapped
In shrouds of green and brown,
And watch from higher branches
As this year's leaves drift down.

With their fledglings safe about them
May birds find a southern home.
May bears be fattened, safe in dens
As they once more cease to roam.

May blue jays find they've safely stored
Enough ripe seeds away
To last them through the season
Til another bright spring day.

In the meadow on the mountain
Where the deer are bedded down
May the grass be always lush and deep
As they rest on mossy ground.

May the little frogs find safety
In deep mud and warm,
In the pond amid the forest
May they winter without harm.

May lichens soften in the mist
And softening, turn to green.
In dampened autumn weather
Their best days will be seen.

The hummingbirds have scattered
Before the cold front's blast.
In Argentina's flow'ry fields
May they find safe food at last.

The aspen is a spendthrift
Dropping leaves of trembling gold.
May its forests prosper likewise
As this year grows old.

May the bluestem on the hillside
Shining ever in the sun,
Glowing red, embrace the frost
Minding not that summer's done.

May the skunk that's in the henhouse
Stealing our eggs
Scuttle safely 'neath the coop
On short, fat, little legs.

May the stars again gleam brightly
Once clouds have cleared away.
Orion's winter's in the sky
And Scorpio's gone to stay.

Autumn is behind us
Winter's icy breath we feel.
May all beings greet the coming year
As again we turn the wheel.

May all here on the homestead
Prepare to do our parts
To welcome winter's shelt'ring snow,
Holding summer in our hearts.



*Sally L White contributes each quarter to Owl Light
with her Fantastic Flora column.
See her complete bio on page 59.*



Low Harvest puts Winter Colonies at Risk

For me and all of the beekeepers I have spoken with that keep their bees year round in or near the Gorham, NY area, this has been a year without a fall honey crop. We are not sure why. One beekeeper in Italy Valley told me his bees were starting to eat their winter stores the beginning of October. I am not sure if this is a local problem or more widespread.

The only thing that comes to mind is the record setting wet summer in 2021. The farm pond is as high now as it was coming out of last winter, with the extra water from the melting of the snow. Perhaps this had something to do with the bees lack of honey production. I do not think they can get adequate nectar or pollen from wet blossoms.

For me the question has changed from how I can get a honey crop to how to keep these bees alive until next April. I am going to start putting on candy boards on as soon as I can get them ready, with the exception of a few colonies that appear to have enough initially to start the winter.

A candy board is actually a box that has the same outside measurements as the supers on the colony. The pictures show an empty one that has not been used yet and one from last year that the bees ate the center out of. I am told one full candy board is equivalent to approximately one full super of honey.

Once you have prepared the board then get the candy ready. There are many recipes for bee candy. Here is the one that I generally use.

Candy Recipe for Winter Feeding

- Put 10 lbs of granulated cane sugar into a large bowl or dish.
- Add 1 tbsp of lemon juice, 1 tbsp of white vinegar and a tsp or so of honey-be-heathy.™
- Add ½ cup of water and start to kneed it like you would bread.
- I generally add a bit more water, but you only want enough water to make the mixture pliable. If you get too much water you can let the candy dry out for a couple days before it goes on the hive.

After placing the candy in the candy board, I let it set a day and then put the candy board on top of the hive with the *candy side facing down* right on top of the frames. Be sure there is an upper entrance in the board; if not make one.

Normally I do not put the candy board on the hive until after the bees have clustered a couple of times, as they will go to the candy and ignore their stores. Generally this means Christmas or New Years—or not at all if there is enough honey. This fall my bees had no fall harvest and were eating their winter stores by October. I put on my first candy board on October 29th and will supplementing as needed. Sometime in September I stopped worrying about a fall crop

Continued on page 23



Bee Lines from p.22

and realized I had to concentrate on keeping the bees alive.

Generally, if you pop open the inner cover and the bees are right up against it, they are out of stores and need feeding.

In addition to feeding, the bees in my yard need greater protection from the primarily west wind, which blows furiously. I tried using 15 wt. tar paper and it was okay, but a few years ago I started using Bee Cozy's,™ which as the name implies is a quilted sleeve that goes over the hive, giving the bees an extra edge against the ferocity of the winter winds.

I recently checked the price and they are now almost \$30.00 each. That is a lot, but then so is a new colony of bees. I anticipate that I will get 5 years use out of mine, which means this added winter protection is about \$6 a year. A new nucleus colony of bees is at least \$150.

My fascination with honey bees continues. I will be 90 in a couple of years and I am still able to do most of the work myself, although I don't turn away a friend or grandson that wants to give me a hand. 🐝

"Anyone who thinks they are too small to make a difference, has never met a honey bee."



Left: An empty candy board and one with candy. Above: Winter wraps can provide the needed warmth during cold winter months (and allow for earlier egg laying in the spring).

Dirt from p.20

B12, meat is not an ideal source for several reasons. The protein bound B12 in animal products is more difficult to absorb, particularly for folks who don't have enough gastric acid to separate the protein from the vitamin.

Don't like the taste of kale? Well, there are many different types of kale and even more ways to prepare it. One of the missions at Phenomenal Farms is to teach folks how to prepare those strange foods like kale, rutabaga, squash, bok choy and that ever popular zucchini. Don't be afraid to try something new! You might think tofu is gross and seitan is something you would drive a steak through (pun intended). I grew up eating cow tongue, tripe (cow stomach), pickled pig feet (trotters), Casu marzu (look it up) and fried bologna sandwiches. Then I found out what was in the bologna and have happily switched to a whole foods plant based diet. So, try some kale but don't confuse that dish with Kale Pache a dish popular in Afghanistan that is made from _____. I'll let you look that up too.

*The Alar scare is a very interesting story, pertinent today in the Covid environment, of publicity, myth creation, industrial gaslighting, and science. In a 1980's National Resources Defense Council's (NRDC) paper, "Intolerable Risk: Pesticides in Our Children's Food," the NRDC reported that the Alar sprayed on apples was a carcinogen.

Whole Foods Plant Based Diet (WFPB)
rochesterlifestylemedicine.org

"There are two kinds of cardiologists: vegans and those who haven't read the data."

*Dr. Kim Williams president,
The American College of Cardiology*

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FANTASTIC FLORA

SALLY L. WHITE



For the Love of Hemlocks

Eastern Hemlock, Canada Hemlock

Tsuga canadensis, Pine Family, Pinaceae

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight...

— Introduction to “Evangeline,” poem by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Although we will not see the like of Longfellow’s primeval forests in New York again, we can still find Eastern Hemlocks (*Tsuga canadensis*) in cool sheltered spots in the Finger Lakes. Patches of old growth forest in our region also harbor hemlocks, along with other giants. My 50-year love affair with these trees has been conducted mostly in absentia. There were no hemlocks in Colorado, but I first got to know these fascinating trees here, while in college. I can’t seem to stop extolling the virtues of these graceful conifers that look, perhaps, a little like spruces but are a completely distinct group. It’s nice to be back where I can hang out with them in person.

What I did not know then about hemlocks is that ecologists consider them a “foundation species,” one whose very presence changes the local environment, the entire surrounding ecosystem. Eastern hemlocks play a critical role in maintaining the carbon and hydrologic cycles in forests where they occur. Hemlock trees can grow to 100 feet in height, with ages in excess of 500 years under good con-



ditions. Their height and habitat in shady ravines and on steep north-facing slopes make it a challenge to get a good look at the entire tree. Hemlocks often mingle with shade-tolerant hardwoods such as sugar maple and beech. Long lifespan and sensitivity to climate also make hemlocks an ideal species for deciphering the ecological history of the northeast.

The history of Eastern Hemlock here in the northeast is long and noteworthy. Researchers have found hemlock pollen in New England bogs dating to 9,000 years ago. As the glaciers retreated, hemlocks (along with many others) made their way northward into newly opened habitats.

Continued on page 25

They spread themselves across the eastern United States and Canada as far as the Great Lakes. Some stayed behind in the mountainous areas along the Appalachian backbone—where a sister species, the Carolina Hemlock, also occurs. As long as climates have remained cool and moist, they have been an intrinsic part of the eastern forest landscape.

Nature is never static, and the situation changed about 5,500 years ago when hemlock numbers declined steeply across the entire range of these trees. Researchers attributed the declines to the interaction of drought and the effects of insects or pathogens. A millennium later, hemlocks recovered, and the “forest primeval” prevailed.

In recent centuries, hemlocks, along with most other trees in the so-called New World, faced a fresh assault as European colonists arrived and spread westward, seeing only “resources.” Hemlock was not as well suited to the lumber industry as others, but the bark was high in tannins, and the colonists had many uses for leather. Tanneries sprung up in most townships, and a huge industry arose, built on the bark of hemlocks. Hillsides were stripped. Yet the hemlocks persisted and, as the tanning industry shifted from natural bark to chemicals, they have again recovered, though we will never see their original grandeur.

Continued on page 26



Far left: Eastern Hemlocks have delicate twigs of single needles spirally arranged around the branchlets. The half-inch needles are flattened, with two whitish stripes on the back, and twist slightly, giving the twigs a flattened appearance. Delicate oval one-inch seed cones ripen to medium brown.

Hemlock Road, Yates Co, 2017

Top: Hemlocks are among the tallest conifers in the region, reaching 100 feet in height and 500 years in age. This healthy mature hemlock grows in a protected area treated for hemlock woolly adelgid. With continued monitoring and treatment, prospects are good for this tree. As canopy trees die out, however, there are few young hemlocks replacing them. **Smith Woods Preserve, Tompkins Co., 2021**

Left: Bark texture on a middle-aged hemlock in Smith Woods (2021), only 281 years old. A seedling in 1740, this tree is now 40 inches in diameter.

Grow slow, live long, a hemlock motto.

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

Hemlock from p.25

As our climate changes and growing zones shift north, warmer and drier conditions may increase the challenges for cool-adapted species like hemlock. One new challenge is already apparent, in the rapid expansion of the hemlock woolly adelgid threatening these trees today. Infestations can kill hemlocks in as little as four years. First found in the eastern states near Richmond, Virginia, in 1951, adelgids reached downstate New York in 1985. They have been expanding into the Finger Lakes region over the last fifteen years. So far, winter temperatures have held their northward spread

mostly to areas south of the Erie Canal, except in the Monroe County area. In 2017, however, researchers found the adelgid at the southern edge of the Adirondack Park. Watch for its fuzzy white patches on hemlock twigs and report occurrences!



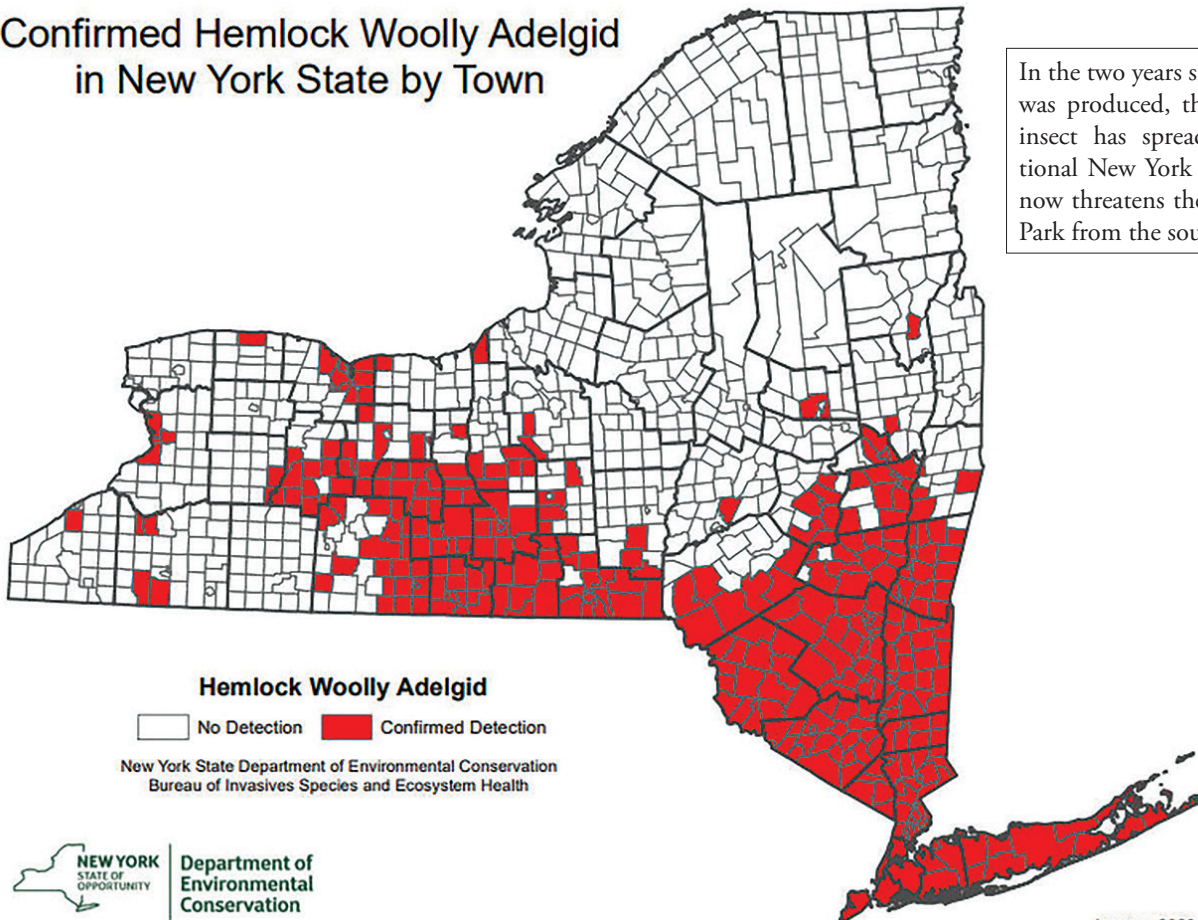
Hemlock Road, Yates Co., 2021

It's already been reported from more than 46 New York counties.

Resilience has been a key characteristic of hemlocks throughout their history. Perhaps we can hold the line against the adelgid, with a boost from a long cold winter. Maybe hemlocks will hang on, like chestnuts have, and recover centuries from now, as they have before. But without hemlocks to hold their cool, shady habitats intact, other species could also be lost. We can be thankful that these impressive trees remain part of our forests today, despite the uncertainties that lie ahead for them and for all of us. 🌲

• sallyl.white11@gmail.com

Confirmed Hemlock Woolly Adelgid in New York State by Town



In the two years since this map was produced, this aphid-like insect has spread into additional New York counties and now threatens the Adirondack Park from the southwest.

OLD GROWTH FOREST

I hear a murmuring in the tops
of the giant pines and hemlocks.
They chuckle at the humans below,
labeling them “old growth.”
*What do humans know...
they whisper in the wind,
about old,
let alone growth?*

There is an ancient completion here
between Hemlock and Pine,
rising up and up
to see who can
touch the clouds first.
Occasionally a Beech
gives a challenge,
but doesn't have a chance,
working only part time.
In defeat she puts on
a flashy golden show,
which the other trees
seem to appreciate
and give her room to grow.

Are limbs mere stepladders
for the stars to dance
and play, and chase the moon away?
What visions have they seen?
How many meteors
have flared across their crowns,
or cries of life and death
been caught
and buried in their leaves?
What stories could they tell
of life beyond our sights?

When the rings of time
finally weigh them down,
they lie like giant sailing ships
on an ocean of waving ferns,
dead limbs, broken masts
now manned by Chickadee,
commanded by a Jay.

JAN CARR

I want to do
what I could not do
when these mighty ships sailed upright—
to climb aboard and sail away,
to touch the limbs
that touched the sky.
But I hesitate,
then let them lie.



Sally L. White 2021

Jan Carr lives near Himrod NY and works as an all-purpose remodeling contractor and gardener/landscaper. As former co-owner of a blueberry farm here, she has always had a deep connection to the spirit of the land.

HEARTWOOD

T.TOURIS

The Peach Tree



When my three kids were young, each planted a tree in our backyard. The yard was made up of a one-inch layer of topsoil covering a base of compressed hardpan. The developer of the suburban tract had stripped off the fertile topsoil and replaced it with rocky fill; you needed a pickaxe or a jackhammer to dig a hole a foot deep. Needless to say, any plants other than grass and weeds struggled. Two of the three kid's trees did not make it beyond a year. However, my daughter's peach tree, by some miracle, thrived and after a couple years began to yield fruit. Soon, we were looking forward to beautiful, sweet peaches at the end of each summer.

Then one year, an especially abundant crop of peaches was too much for the tree to bear. We found a main branch heavily laden with peaches laying on the ground but still barely attached to the main trunk. Removing the branch would have left the tree an unsightly mess, so doing my best tree surgeon impersonation, I bound the branch back to the main trunk with a stainless-steel bolt. Amazingly, the tree seemed to recover and for a few more years continued to yield fruit. Unfortunately, the

tree began to struggle and one spring it failed to bud out.

The peach tree had passed.

To most, the dead peach tree would have been a pile of brush to haul to the curb. This seemed like a pretty crummy way to treat this wonderful plant that had given our family so much delight. Being a long-time woodworker, I had always dreamed of logging and milling up my own lumber. Now, you don't see much furniture made of peach wood. There's a reason for that—a peach tree is small. If you took a four-foot-long, five-inch diameter "log" to a sawmill, the laughter would drown out the sound of the mill.

This is a new column where I will discuss my woodworking projects. Less a how-to discussion, I will focus more on the personal history and motivation behind the pieces I've built. Woodworking has a long and interesting history. Working with an antique tool used by a craftsman a century or two ago, one can feel a palpable connection to the past. Creating a piece to give to a family member or friend, one can feel a tangible connection to the future. I hope my experiences might encourage others to explore the wonderful craft of woodworking.

Fortunately, I had my own micro-sawmill sitting right in my basement. After crosscutting the trunk into smaller pieces, I “milled” the “logs” into a handful of small, narrow boards on my 14-inch bandsaw. The boards had an interesting and beautiful grain pattern that was a mix of darker brown streaked with sections of lighter wood. The wood was quite hard, but easy to work with sharp hand tools.

Given the limited amount of wood I was able to salvage from the trunk's pieces, I ended up having to cut thinner boards that were no more than ½ inch thick. The pieces were not going to be large enough for a complete frame—the project I had in mind—so I inlaid the peach wood into some larger black walnut pieces I had also “lumbered” up, from a piece of firewood. The darker walnut brought out the brown streaks in the peach wood nicely.

For the frame design, I kept it simple. No fancy molding profile, just straight pieces joined together using conventional miter joints. The pieces were rabbeted to accept the glass, picture, and backer board. After assembly, I finished the frame with a couple coats of shellac and topped it off with a coat of paste wax.

The final step was to mount a picture of my young daughter proudly standing next to her peach tree the year it was planted. It made a nice Christmas gift, and will bring back an occasional childhood memory of late summer days and the joy of biting into a sun-warmed fruit freshly picked from her own peach tree. ❧

If you're interested in learning more about and getting started with woodworking, I highly recommend the magazine *Fine Woodworking* (finewoodworking.com). For a wide range of books on the craft, Lost Art Press (lostartpress.com) has an excellent number of titles suited for both beginners and experienced woodworkers.



Milled lumber sustainably harvested from the author's small wood lot in Canadice, NY.

Zen of Pop

– An Owl Light Interview with Author George Guida



I first met George Guida in June of 2017, at a reading in Dansville. Since then, I have had the opportunity to hear George read many times—and have enjoyed many other authors he has hosted for public readings. During a bright November day, strolling on his land in Cohocton, we talked about his love of New York City, his family's happy migration to rural western New York, and, of course, writing.



I have been enjoying a contemplative read of your most recent collection of poems *Zen of Pop*. Many (perhaps all) of these poems pay homage to your life experiences as well as to the cultural influences of pop icons; some are clearly more personal—including *Winter 1944*, a gentle nod to George Senior. Some of the subjects explored in this collection were enough a part of my radio days for it to click immediately. Like “Baker Street”—I could feel the lyrics lingering in a place inside, fragments of a half-remembered past. Nonetheless, I still had to pull up a recording online to listen to the song, to remember and fully connect with the poem. Even “Moon Walk,” the shortest poem in the collection—which conveys so much in so few words—leaves a thirst, a desire to know more. Did you anticipate the potential for these poems to inspire journeys of exploration that were both historical and personal?

I wrote the first ten or so of the poems in *Zen of Pop* in 2017 and 2018, and turned those into a chapbook, which was a finalist for a couple of different prizes.

Continued page right

I knew at that point that I had something good, but I wasn't sure exactly what it was. In 2019 an editor asked me if I might want to make a full-length collection out of the chapbook, so I returned to it and wrote another 25 or so poems during the summer of 2019. Pretty early in that process I realized that the subject of each poem was hiding a truth about human nature. The trick was to use each poem as a way—maybe a journey is the right metaphor—to these truths, not really understanding what they were until I actually wrote the poems. Once I had that template, I also had a strong sense of purpose and a clear path, which made writing each poem a pleasure and made it easy to complete the project. That process of becoming aware of the project's purpose and of the pattern of its poems can happen at the stage of compiling already written poems, as was the case with my two collections from 2015, *Pugilistic* and *The Sleeping Gulf*. Or it can happen early in the process of writing the poems, as it also did in my first collections, *Low Italian* and *New York and Other Lovers*.

What did this writing process look like, once you picked a subject to meditate on?

Once I had the general subject, the purpose of seeking truths in the experience of music and other art that many people know, the rest of the process lay in identifying the best specific subjects. Honestly, that was pretty easy, although also, I admit, as random as one author's peculiar tastes. When you're writing with a purpose about figures who have always fascinated you, the poems, the hits, as they say, just keep on coming. I could have written probably a couple of hundred of these poems if I had taken another few months. Among the poems I didn't write was, for example, one about Linda Ronstadt and her losing her voice. The list of promising subjects is endless, and the only limitation I felt was the music and pop culture that I didn't know. The result is a book focused on pop stars and pop songs who were big at different points in my 50-odd years on the planet. If I were younger, I'm sure more of the subjects would have been artists and songs of the last 20 years, though I still snuck a few of those in.

How much time did you spend on research, to fill in the missing pieces, and were there memorable revelations along the way?

I did some research, referring to a few music books I had on my shelves but relying mostly on Web searches to fill in blanks in memory and gaps in knowledge. So, I wound up learning a lot of what some might call trivia about groups like ABBA and the Gypsy Kings, and songs like "Guantanamera" and "Yellow Ledbetter."

Along the way I definitely discovered—maybe "uncovered" is a more accurate word—some semblance of emotional truth in the lives of the people I was exploring. I got to imagine what it was like to be indefatigable when I considered the career of Jose Feliciano. Then I got to imagine alternate outcomes for a tragic figure like Amy Winehouse. What if she had just stayed in rehab for years, and been happy there? Writing the poems also revealed to me just how much of an emotional impact these songs and artists had and, in many cases, still have on me, how much they have inspired me to write. I believe strongly that being around other artists and art, and talking about art—visual art, music, writing—is—I won't say a necessity—but a great benefit to most artists, including writers.

I saw your recent post on Facebook where you asked followers, "Is ekphrastic poetry just glorified caption writing? What's your opinion of the genre? Why does it matter?" As the online conversation around the topic heated up you commented, "Hey, Everybody. Just want to clarify that I'm not against ekphrastics at all. My last book was almost all ekphrastic poems." Were you talking about *Zen of Pop*? And, if so, can you elaborate a bit more on how you see these poems as fitting in that genre (what defines something as a "work of art")?

I was talking about *Zen of Pop*, although I've written many ekphrastic poems that aren't in that collection. I've published earlier poems about the rock groups Boston and the Clash that were in other books, and I've written a lot of ekphrastics that are still floating around. Right before the pandemic, I spent a whole afternoon of a three-day trip to Houston drafting what is still a failed poem about one of the city's art treasures, the Rothko Chapel, which I'd hoped to visit but which was closed for renovation when I arrived. The Rothko Chapel might be more exquisite than an ABBA song, but then again, maybe "Dancing Queen" is just as exquisite, as the screenwriter of another favorite work of art, the film "Muriel's Wedding," clearly thought.

Continued on page 32

Zen of Pop from p. 31

If poems exist to help us pay closer attention to the material world and to uncover lasting truths, then subjects can certainly include works of art that can fulfill us as much as children, trees, or the night sky. In a lyric poem, what matters is how our little creations, our speakers, interact with their subjects. The emotional and intellectual intensity of that interaction can produce poems that, as Seamus Heaney said, dig for truth and stay with us. I would argue that very few things in our lives make us feel and think as intensely as music does. Which is why, I guess, I have been drawn to writing about music. One of my current projects is a book of poems that respond to different classic operas. I've grown to love opera over the years. The stories offer real insight into human nature, and a lot of the music is pure soul. The questions for me are: What are those insights? and How can the music and performance move us the way they often do? How does the way we respond to them reflect the way the human mind and soul work?

I saw that your manuscript novel, *The Uniform*, was a semifinalist for the University of New Orleans Press Lab Prize. I love fiction and can't wait for that one to find a home. Do tell!?

The Uniform is a long novel that is epic in structure and modernist in its technique. It follows the life of an aspiring musician, police officer, son, brother, lover, lost soul, and, ultimately, visual artist, over the course of forty years, from 1948 to 1989. The constant thread is this character's romantic love for his first cousin, an elusive woman whom he literally pursues across the country, or at least through several different parts of the country. I say it's an epic, because it works in episodes over a long period of time, not exactly following Aristotle's suggestions about the unities of time and place. It's modernist in its focus on a single character's consciousness in third-person narration. I started planning it twenty-five years ago and wrote the first draft of it while I was living in Dansville during the winter of 2015-2016. I've since added long sections, cut other passages and generally tried to refine the characterizations and the language. A few publishers have expressed interest, a couple of those very serious interest, but, for now, it's still a book in search of a home. I'm optimistic it will find one before too long.

Encircle Publications, a small press in Maine, is publishing my first novel, *Posts from Suburbia*, which I've also been writing and revising for a long time. That will be my second book of fiction, after my 2012 collection *The Pope Stories and Other Tales of Troubled Times* (Bordighera Press). Both of these books are mostly satirical in tone. *The Pope Stories* satirizes organized religion—not faith, I would be quick to add—and *Posts from Suburbia* satirizes contemporary suburban life. The *Uniform* is a more “serious” novel, not trying to be funny, but trying to be true to the main character's consciousness and experiences, whether those lead to comedy or tragedy. My current fiction project is a sequel to Dostoevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov*, in which the oldest of those brothers emigrates to the U. S. and winds up working at the Jackson Sanatorium in Dansville during the 1870s. His youngest brother eventually visits him, causing all kinds of problems and shedding new light on Dostoevsky's original tale. It's the first of my novels that will not in some way draw on my Italian American cultural background, and it's an extended response to another work of art, so it's a huge departure.

I have always been fascinated with differences in how writers approach their writing. How would you characterize your writing styles and how different are your approaches to writing poetry v. fiction?

I think I'm capable of writing in different styles, but, like all writers, I'm limited by my tendencies and ability to make certain choices in diction and sentence structure. My world view shapes both my style and my choice of subjects. I'm a sardonic optimist. I appreciate the joys of life, but I also see human beings as frail beings who often try to be grand and, in the process, become ridiculous.

Most of the time I tend to write poems as the inspiration for individual poems strikes me. If I notice that I'm writing a number of poems with something in common, I might then try to write more poems on that subject or in that spirit, as I did in *Zen of Pop*. Sometimes that something in common is just a broad theme. The poems in *Pugilistic* were written without a specific theme or organizing principle, but in seven years' worth of occasional poems, I came to see a broad theme of struggle, of fighting, which reflected a difficult period in my life, which I was able to project onto other people and situations in the world. I don't think I could write that book now. Except for the health problems that come with aging,

I'm better off and happier than I was ten years ago. Now I'm finding inspiration in music and popular culture, but that fascination, I can see, will fade soon enough. I'm already writing more poems about family than I ever have, although lately I have not written much poetry.

My focus has been on fiction this year. For me, writing fiction tends to be a more deliberate process of preliminary research, planning, and more methodical execution. *The Uniform* required years of research—Internet-based, archival, and on site. And right now I'm re-reading and taking extensive notes on *The Brothers Karamazov*, outlining the plot of my sequel, *Mitya*, as I go. I'll then move to local research on Dansville in the 1870s and on the Jackson Sanatorium during the same period. So, I plan to spend a good amount of time in the Dansville Library's local history room and at the local historical society. And I'll also talk to fellow residents about their Castle on the Hill stories. The happy coincidence is that my wife Denise owns and runs the MacFadden Coffee Company, which is named for Bernard MacFadden, the last guru of Dansville's famous spa.

I love the energy of NYC and loved being able to absorb some of that in reading *New York and Other Lovers*—re-released in 2020 by Encircle (especially given how long it has been since I was there; a planned 2020 trip was postponed due to covid). I repeatedly—obsessively we might say—read your poem, “I Fall in Love.” I could feel in that poem the rhythm of your daily city experience, a sense of place defined by human interactions. “The Good People of New York City” is another one that stood out in a similar way. Reading these poems helped me better understand what draws people to urban living. Were you intentionally trying to get others to share in your love for the city or were these just personal love poems to a place (and time)?

Well, the book is a love song to the city and to youth. I lived in New York most of my young adult life, for about 15 years total, with some breaks for time on Eastern Long Island, in Kansas and in Italy. I left when I was 41, which is when my wife and I adopted our son. We left so he could be closer to family—mine in fact, because hers lived and lives mostly in Tampa, Florida, where neither of us had a job.

I started writing the poems in the first edition of *New York and Other Lovers* when I was 24 and probably wrote the final one when I was 40. It's about a young man's love

for the city and for its people. And it is very much about the city itself, at least as it was during that time. The revised edition, which came out in 2020, includes a few new poems, that I think fit with the vision of the city in the original book. They fit, I think, because, after leaving the city for a decade, except for work and the occasional social engagement, I was ready to embrace it again.

People often think of cities as the core creative centers for cultural experiences and fail to see the cultural richness of rural areas. These perceptions are slowly changing as art galleries and performing art venues (including listening rooms for music and readings) expand into the countryside. What prompted your migration out of the city to these parts and how has the move impacted your creativity and literary connections?

Our son's appearance first prompted my migration back to my hometown on Long Island, where my wife and I lived for eleven years (minus one for sabbatical in Dansville), before moving to Dansville permanently in 2020, just after we bought MacFadden's and realized Denise's dream of running a café, which was of course complicated by the pandemic. Living in Dansville has given me more time to write, at least in theory. I say in theory because keeping up an old house and keeping up our little piece of property in Cohocton and the café have required some time. The place in Cohocton was my original foothold in the area, a place my ex-wife and I bought when we moved back to New York City from Long Island. It was my price for having to leave Eastern Long Island, a place I really loved. The place in Cohocton turned out to be a great consolation and a place where my family has spent the majority of every summer since 2004. In 2012 we decided that we were outgrowing the RV we lived in there, so we looked for a house in my favorite local town, Dansville. I first came here in 2003, to sign the contract on my property. At that point the town was a little more down in the mouth, economically, but it was still charming. In 2013 we bought our house here as a summer home, with the idea that we'd figure out a way to move here eventually. We lived here for a year during our sabbatical, which is, for professors, a research year without teaching responsibilities. We loved our year in Dansville, and, in 2019, we decided to take the leap and move here full time. So, once we go back to work in person, in 2022, we'll commute to Brooklyn, during the academic year.

Continued on page 34

Zen of Pop from p. 31

Professors' teaching schedules are often compressed, and we stagger them so that one of us is, with the exception of a day or two each week, always home. Our high-school age son is old enough to stay with a sitter—maybe a minder is a better word—for those few days, and our family is letting us stay in one of their apartments on Long Island while we work. The travel is a lot, but we feel incredibly lucky to be able to live where we want, in Dansville, and still have a connection with New York City.

I love life in the city and life in the country. I get that, I suppose, from my father, who was raised in both Rome, New York and in Brooklyn. I like quiet and beauty, and I like talking to people—friends and strangers alike. Both the city and the country offer beauty and interesting people. Quiet, I admit, is more or less exclusively a country phenomenon. By being connected to both places, I can maintain relationships I've had and new ones, and I can invite other writers to visit Dansville and perform at

the café when they do. Connecting with writers is easy enough to do on line, especially over the last couple of years, although it always is. Writers travel for readings and occasional workshops and conferences, so we're able to keep in touch. I've really enjoyed bringing some of the writers I know from other places to read alongside writers from the area. I plan to continue doing that as soon as covid allows.

Thank you so much for taking the time to share your thoughts and land; nothing beats being outside in the wilds of western New York. Having grown up (very) rural with the city experience as secondary, it is interesting to hear about your city to rural transformation. I look forward to reading *Posts from Suburbia*, and especially look forward to future readings at MacFadden's, as our social worlds continue to expand. ✨

Writers Time to turn the page



**and share what has emerged after
months ... and months of writing in
isolation!**

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**All levels/genres are welcome.
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We are also looking for reviews of local arts (visual, performing, culinary, literary...) as well as original short stories and poetry.

We accept submission on a rolling basis. Please specify the type of submission in the subject line of the email (i.e. investigative, feature, press release, poetry, editorial, opinion, fiction etc.).

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Submissions/queries to editor@canadicepress.com

GEORGE GUIDA

Now Junkie

Don't ask me to bask in the shadow of memorial. I am
allergic to plaques and video tributes, itching not to watch
retrospectives on wars I didn't fight or protest or lose love to.

Change the channel on the decade-by-decade review
of a century I was too young to call my own
and all the centuries that haunt our aspirations.

Keep all the great men and their turning points, all the trivia
and statistics in books, lists, ledgers and charts
I can open and close with my eyelids as prelude to dreams.

I will not give into to this fascination, smug
catharsis of falling walls and cries of liberty
in songs that take me back to losing my virginity.

This minute is the only way to believe, to catch
the evening news, where I see what's happened
happening and hide my fears inside the rush of now.

George Guida is author of nine books, including the forthcoming novel *Posts from Suburbia* (Encircle Publications, 2022) and five collections of poems, most recently *Zen of Pop* (Long Sky Media, 2020). He teaches writing, literature, and film at New York City College of Technology, and lives in Dansville, where he and his wife operate the MacFadden Coffee Company.

THE DISCERNING READER

MARY DRAKE



Thoughtful Wintertime Reads

Klara and the Sun
320 pages
Knopf (2021)

Winter is here, and when all the skiing, snow shoeing, and sledding are done, it's time to relax indoors, find a comfy chair, and settle down with a good book, especially during the quiet, owl-light hours of evening.

Kazuo Ishiguro's most recent book, *Klara and the Sun*, is perfectly written for such a time that allows us to read thoughtfully and reflect. Like a well-aged wine whose taste is layered with many overtones, this book is filled with subtle feelings and ideas that will cause you to think deeply about what the author is saying concerning our world.

Even though *Klara and the Sun* is technically science fiction, the world it depicts is not that different from our own: the environment is being harmed, material inequality is obvious, and parents go to extremes to give their children the advantage. Like the author, we're already questioning the long-term effects of some of our technology: the Internet, genetically modified organisms, and computer data gathering, to name just a few. (Read the non-fiction book *21 Lessons for the 21st Century* by historian Yuval Noah Halavi for a disturbing take on where technology

may be leading us.) In fact, there is already a field of robotics called "affective computing" in which robots are programmed to read human emotions. After all, we want robots who can respond to how we are feeling. But will robots eventually have their own feelings?

When the story opens, Klara is displayed in a store window along with other AFs. She is an exceptionally advanced AF, or artificial friend, who is extremely observant: "the more I watched, the more I wanted to learn, and...I became puzzled, then increasingly fascinated by the more mysterious emotions passers-by would display in front of us." Yet she learns about humans and their emotions without passing judgment on them. She is the friend we would all love to have: always there, always encouraging. Her primary goal is "to be as kind and helpful an AF as possible." But she is, after all, just a robot, and robots are by definition less than human. One woman in the book compares her to a vacuum cleaner; teenage boys discuss throwing her across the room like a football to see if she lands on her feet. Humans can be insensitive, egotistical, and spiteful, but Klara notes that, even though "they have rough ways, . . . they may not be so unkind. They fear loneliness and that's why they behave as they do."

After some setbacks, a 14-year-old girl named Josie finally selects Klara to be her AF. In the story, AFs are bought as companions for "lifted" teens, those whose parents have chosen to have them undergo genetic editing in order to give them an academic edge. Because these teens are so advanced, they are schooled individually, at home on computers. To prevent loneliness, they have monthly "interaction meetings" with other lifted teens, and the rest of the time they have their AFs.

Throughout the book, Josie suffers from an unnamed illness that perhaps has been caused by the genetic editing, if the guilt her mother feels is any indication. It becomes Klara's mission to help Josie get better by supplicating the Sun, in whom she has unwavering faith. Before being chosen by Josie, Klara witnessed the Sun bestow his "special nourishment" on a beggar man on the sidewalk who appeared to have died, but later awoke. As part of this mission, Klara becomes convinced she must make an offering to the Sun—she must destroy a particularly nasty piece of construction equipment that emits dust and smoke into the atmosphere, thus blocking the Sun's rays. The lengths to which she goes to accomplish this goal demonstrate her unconditional love for Josie.

Continued on page 37

In the Gloaming
288 pages
Simon & Schuster (2000)



Klara from p.?

Ultimately, Klara proves very adept at interpreting human feelings. Does she have feelings of her own? After reading this book, you may consider Klara the apotheosis of humanity, what we would look like if we became our better selves.

Kazuo Ishiguro is an award-winning author well known for his deeply nuanced exploration of feelings. In his 2017 acceptance speech when he won the Nobel prize in Literature, he said, "...in the end, stories are about one person saying to another: This is the way it feels to me. Can you understand what I'm saying? Does it also feel this way to you?" *Klara and the Sun* is a story about what it feels like to love someone, and at the end of the day, that's what makes us all the best human being we can be. ✨

In the Gloaming, a collection of short stories by Alice Elliott Dark, has no robots, but like *Klara and the Sun* it plumbs the depths of human thoughts and feelings. The title suggests the owl-light time, since "gloaming" is the Scottish term for twilight, when daylight and darkness briefly overlap. According to folk lore, it's the time when humans, who are not yet done with the day, may encounter spirits, who are just coming out for the night.

"In the Gloaming," the title story, is the first of ten tales from this collection. A mother and her dying son finally begin to connect during their after-dinner conversations. "I always thought it hurt you somehow that the day was over," he says to her, "but you said it (the gloaming) was a beautiful time because for a few moments the purple light made the whole world look like the Scottish highlands on a summer night." "Yes," she responds, "As if the earth was covered with heather." Later, she observes that "the dusk worked its spell," and she began "living her life for the twilight moment when his (her son's) eyes would begin to glow, the signal that he was stirring into consciousness," after his illness-induced torpor of the day.

Their conversations make her think how "Parents and children were all captive audiences to each other; in view of this, it was amazing how little comprehension there was of one another's story." While she sits beside him in his wheelchair, she observes that as they talk, "he became more like his old self...He became sweeter, the way he'd been as a child,

before he began to gird himself with layers of irony and clever remarks." "When they sat quietly together she felt as close to him as she ever had. It was still him in there, inside the failing shell." During their final discussions, she ultimately realizes that it is her son, rather than her workaholic husband, who has been the love of her life.

When the title story "In the Gloaming" was first published appeared in *The New Yorker* in 1993, it immediately inspired a made-for-television HBO movie directed by Christopher Reeve; the mother, Janet, is superbly acted by Glenn Close.

The author of these short stories is Alice Elliott Dark, whose last name sounds like a pseudonym that portends spooky stories. But they're not scary, unless you find missed opportunities, poor judgment, and unwelcome surprises to be scary. Rather, they are portraits of everyday people whom we come to know deeply by the end of the story. The author delves into the psyche of men as well as women, teens all the way to seniors. One of the stories is even told from the viewpoint of an entire community; the final story, "Watch the Animals," is narrated in the first personal plural "we" point of view.

And who hasn't known a judgmental young teen, such as the young girl Frannie in "Dreadful Language"? She curses her mother for divorcing her father, then marrying again for financial security. But as an adult, Frannie comes to see that she herself is in a similar situation. She has become just like the mother she always disdained. Then she knows that some words—like regret, shame, and loneliness—are far worse than any four-letter words.

Continued on page 38

SNOW PUDDING

by Frances Michel, contributed by Mary Michel Drake

Ingredients

For Pudding:

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin (such as Knox gelatin)
- 1 cup sugar*
- 2 lemons, juice and rind
- 2 eggs whites, beaten
- *Superfine sugar works best if available

For Custard sauce:

- 2 egg yolks, beaten
- 4 Tablespoons sugar
- 2 cups milk
- 1 spoonful cornstarch
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla



This light, lemony desert is excellent after a heavy meal.
Serve in bowls and top snow pudding with custard sauce. Enjoy!

Directions for pudding

- Dissolve 1 envelope gelatin in 1/3 cup cold water
- Let stand 5 minutes
- Pour onto this 1 cup boiling water and dissolve
- Add 1 cup sugar and juice and lemon zest (rind) of 2 lemons
- When almost set, gently fold in 2 beaten egg whites and allow to set further

Directions for custard sauce

- Dissolve cornstarch in a little of the milk
- Add to the remaining milk, egg yolks, and sugar
- Cook in double boiler until thickened

Gloaming from p.37

Then there's the wronged wife, Helen, in "The Secret Spot," who fantasizes about getting revenge on Julia, the woman she thinks tried to steal her husband. When they meet by chance in Central Park, Helen swoops into action, casually, but with savage purpose, rubbing Julia's nose in what she believes to be her perfect marriage. The "secret spot," is the place where Helen and Nick got engaged, but it's actually Strawberry Fields, within Central Park. Countless people troop through there every day. And it's not the only thing which Helen is deluded about. In one of the most twisting and devastatingly tense stories of the collection, Helen comes to wonder if the husband whom she prizes so much might be someone she doesn't even know.

Short stories are, in some respects, more difficult to write than novels, since the author has less space in which to accomplish her goals. But Alice Elliott Dark's range of characterization proves that she is deeply intuitive, and this narrative skill combined with what has been called her "pitch-perfect prose" establishes her as a powerful storyteller. The collection is considered a "contemporary classic." She's been compared to other noteworthy short-story writers like Lorrie Moore and Alice Munro, and "In the Gloaming" was selected by John Updike for inclusion in the anthology of *Best American Short Stories of the Century*.

Dark is a professor of English in the MFA program at Rutgers University as well as being the prize-winning author of two novels and two short story collections. ✍

THE SAGA CONTINUES ...

Where the Path Leads is a YA novel of medieval time travel in which 13-year-old Emily enters a labyrinth at a Renaissance Faire and is magically transported to a place that resembles the Middle Ages. Trouble ensues, and Emily is forced on a quest for a magical object that may save her friend and mentor, Sophia.

Where we are in the story:

In Chapter 20 - “Coming Clean,” Emily received help on her quest from an unlikely source, a gnome named Oderic, who taught her woodland skills like building a fire and finding food.

In December’s installment (Chapter 21 - “Oderic’s Tale”) Emily learned more about the secret lives of gnomes, their migration from their homeland in Saxony and how they continue to live and marry in their new land of Angleterra.

The story continues with new chapters online in January, February and March of 2022:

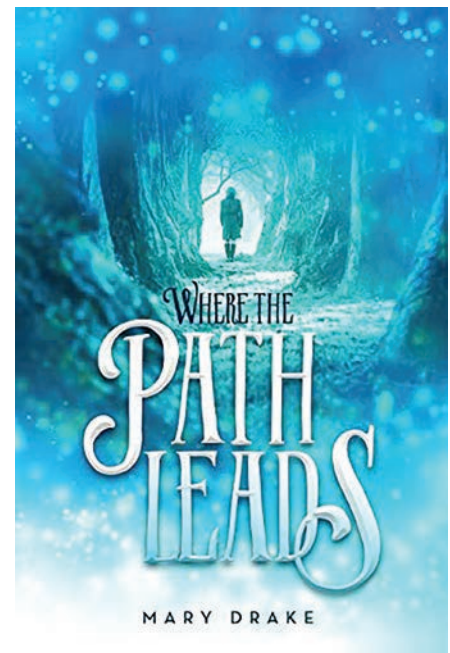
In January’s Chapter 22 - “Losing the Trail,” Emily becomes separated from Oderic and is led astray by Ogma, the wind enchanter. She falls into a trap set by the pixies who live in the center of Blackwood Forest. Unlike other faerie folk, pixies are not vegetarians and they decide to have Emily for dinner.

In February’s Chapter 23 - “Just in Time,” Emily is rescued in the nick of time when her friend Sophia envisions Emily’s distress and sends Annamund, the Mistress of the Creatures in Blackwood Forest, to rescue her. Annamund agrees to lead Emily to the abyss, where the magical item that she must obtain is hidden.

In March’s Chapter 24 - “Bad Dreams,” Emily basks in her reunion with Oderic and Annamund, but her pleasure is short lived. Oderic must soon depart, and after she and Annamund spend a restless night, they can’t seem to get along with one another.

As Emily’s quest continues, her fantastical journey is hindered by magical creatures and the challenges of being a teenager—boys, jealousy, and peer pressure.

If you simply can’t wait to see how Emily navigates each exciting turn in the path, the book is available as an e-book on Amazon. A paperback version of *Where the Path Leads* has gone to press and will be available soon. Visit marydrake.online to get updates and learn more.



Monthly installments online.

If you are just joining us, you can find chapter 1 at: owllightnews.com/where-the-path-leads-chapter-1 (2-21 are also available).

Stolen

MEMOIR from RACHAEL IKINS

As I lace up my red Nikes I think back to another pair of sneakers, as we called them in 1971. As a high school junior I suffered from an undiagnosed eating disorder because my mother had decided at puberty that I was “fat,” encouraged by my morbidly obese grandmother. Mom told me once of when some classmate commented about the size of her behind. It struck her to the core, so she began sliding food off of her plate into her napkin at mealtimes to lose weight. She was skinny.

If she hadn't transferred her issues onto me, my teen years wouldn't have been plagued by diets and body dysmorphia, scars that linger.

My parents adopted a five year old boy when I was fourteen. Though they included me in the decision, I floundered unnoticed between hormones, insomnia and anxiety, a word I had yet to learn. This vulnerability attracted school bullies.

Reminiscent of sharks who scent blood miles away, honing in on their victim, kids can be crueler than any wild animals. Though in nature it's about survival, my life became about survival, too, and my dog's.

The bullies, a pair of sisters, moved to our town and my street a couple years earlier. We rode the same bus. Brenda took some of the same classes as me. Gym was the worst. The

teacher was a tiny, ageless woman wrinkled from sun and cigarettes, with a mannish haircut. Everyone figured she was a lesbian. Married to an equally cigarette-smoke-cured man who owned the local hardware, still she could've been gay. She had no sense of humor. Rigid rules, no second chances, except for her favorite. Always chose one.

I shared a locker with one of my two friends. My name written in orange Sharpie decorated my white Keds. Brenda and Karen were also in this class, their locker around the corner and two rows over. I can only thank whatever gods watched over me that there was no shower requirement.

As my parents lavished attention on my new brother, I binged on food. I invented nervous, elaborate stories to uncaring store clerks when I would buy ten candy bars at a time every day or two. I'd lock myself in my room with a good book and slowly melt the sweet chocolate in my mouth until the box I stored them in under my bed was empty.

Growing, not losing weight. Fad diets continued. Atkins, Weight Watchers. I'd sneak downstairs after dark, fill a grocery bag with sweet and salty treats and narcotize my anxiety while reading before bed. My mother took me to our family doctor and then to her gynecologist

to figure out why I was “fat.” I wasn't fat. I was 5'4” and weighed 126 lbs. Switch glasses for contact lenses, dyed my hair, years of braces. Nothing about me was okay.

Which made me shark meat. Changing for gym class, I opened my locker to find my sneakers missing. Unsympathetic, Miss Roos directed me to lost and found. During the volleyball game Connie and I spotted my shoes on Brenda's feet. Idiot stole them, name visible. Getting them back was the problem.

Cathy designed a plot to distract the thief and stole them back while Brenda talked to Connie.

Our neighbor's son watched those sisters try to ram my dog into a snowbank repeatedly with their car. Luckily, the dog escaped. When Mike's mom told mine, finally my parents realized what we were up against.

Years later I entered a hospital elevator with my physician husband—I waited for him while he saw patients—and those sisters entered the same elevator. Time stood still. I eased behind his body, gripping his hand so hard it hurt. Brenda and Karen got off before we did. Later at home I told him everything. He checked the next day. Their mother was dying of Alzheimer's. I wasn't sorry. ❀

Rachael Ikins is a 2018 Independent Book Award winner. She is a 2019 finalist in the William Faulkner/William Wisdom Writing Competition, and 2019 semifinalist in NLAPW's Vinnie Ream competition. She has a BS from Syracuse University in Child & Family Studies, a fellowship at the Colgate Writers Conferences in poetry and young adult literature, and a Finishing Line Press honorarium - Lismore Castle, Ireland. She has published 6 chapbooks, a full-length collection of poetry, as well as fantasy & memoir. Ikins' prize winning artwork/illustrations are on book covers worldwide. She is an Associate Editor at Clare Songbirds Publishing House. Ikins lives in a tiny woods with her animal family. They often walk near a small lake. She loves to ride her bike and to garden.

Fragments

Unborn evolution
Cells that eat plastic
or oceans that eat continents
we all fall down.

A call for help.
My dog answers.
The cat runs away
having stolen my pen.

Housefly stares
at me from fogged mirror frame.
I swing, miss, toothpaste spatters.
Everywhere.

Eight eyed spider blind,
sees with her feet.
Vibrations visualized,
meat or mate?

Time frozen: a bubble
inside an icicle,
Sunrise rose blinks.

On silent television
dancers laugh and scream.
Someone wins, someone loses,
A bipolar heart breaks in brilliant
scintillation.

Willful ignorance,
death in plain sight.
A bog full of sundews
glistens and glues
careless gnats.

Slanted doorways of old houses
you have to bow your head to pass through.
Haunted by ghosts of a smaller,
less nourished century.

Stereotypes.
All ages of some women
kind to wild animals, young women
awash in hormone tides

Cycle with the moon. Some go crazy.

Restless rustling
atoms' heat,
Energy or is it magic?
Sometimes when I write
I forget to breathe.

CRAFTING YOUR OWN CUISINE

EILEEN PERKINS

Winter Garlic Soup – Two Ways

(Makes about eight meal-sized servings total)



PART ONE - Soup Base

This recipe works for both plant based and animal product inclusive diets. Each variation (Vegetarian -Photo Left, Meat -Next Page) is built upon the Soup Base.

Ingredients

- 1 ½ Tbsp. oil
- ½ cup fresh garlic (about 14 cloves), sliced or minced (it's a lot, but the flavor mellows)
- 3 cups cabbage, coarsely chopped
- 1 cup carrot, peeled and sliced
- ¼ cup red bell pepper minced
- 3 quarts water
- ½ tsp. salt
- ¼ crushed red pepper (add more to finished soup if desired)

Procedure

In a large soup pot, sauté garlic in oil, over low heat, until slightly brown. Stir in the rest of the ingredients, making sure the garlic isn't sticking to the bottom of the pan. Bring soup base to a boil, then cover and simmer for about 15 minutes. If making both varieties of soup, strain and divide both liquids and solids equally into two bowls- if making only one variety of soup and using the larger measurements in Part Two, skip this step.

PART TWO, for Vegetarian and Meat variations

(If making both versions, use the smaller ingredient measurements;

if making only one variety, use the larger ones)

Finishing the Vegetarian Version

Ingredients

- 1 tsp. (2 tsp.) neutral flavored oil
- 1 ½ cup (3 cups) mushrooms, choose from portabella, cremini, or white, finely chopped
- ½ oz. (1 oz.) dried shiitake mushrooms, rinsed and soaked in 1 ½ cup (3 cups) warm water for 30 minutes. Squeeze mushrooms and set aside soaking liquid. Discard tough mushroom stems and slice caps.
- 1 tsp. (2 tsp.) good quality soy sauce, or more to taste
- 1 ½ tsp. (1 Tbsp.) salt

Procedure

Heat oil in a 3 qt. (6 qt.) saucepan over medium heat. Add the finely chopped mushrooms and stir until nicely browned. Add shiitake and cook a minute, then add mushroom soaking liquid, all but any solids at the bottom which should be discarded. Bring to a boil and cook 2 minutes. Add the soup base liquid and solids, and again bring to a boil, then simmer, uncovered for 10 minutes. Add soy sauce, and taste. Season with more salt and hot pepper flakes if needed. Top with chopped fresh cilantro or basil.

Finishing the Meat Version

Ingredients

- 1 tsp. (2 tsp.) butter or oil
- ½ cup (1 cup) onions, chopped
- ½ lb. (1 lb.) lean ground beef
- ½ tsp. (1 tsp.) cider vinegar
- 1 Tbsp. good quality soy sauce, or to taste
- Beef flavored stock powder, or paste, to taste
- 1 tsp. salt, or to taste

Procedure

Heat butter in a 3 qt. (6 qt.) saucepan over medium heat. Add the onions and stir until nicely browned. Add beef and cook, stirring frequently, until browned bits are clinging to pan. Add the vinegar, and the base liquid and solids. Bring to a boil, and simmer uncovered for 15 minutes. Stir in soy sauce. Taste and add salt, hot pepper flakes and beef flavored seasoning according to package instructions as needed. Chopped fresh chives or parsley make a good tasty garnish.



Eileen Perkins 2021

COOKBOOK REVIEW

THE COMPLETE PLANT BASED COOKBOOK

500 Inspired, Flexible Recipes for Eating Well Without Meat

by America's Test Kitchen

Reviewed by EILEEN PERKINS

If you want to go plant-based, or vegetarian, but find the prospect daunting, this is a book for you. Moving away from eating meat, especially if one has spent a great deal of time exploring the cooking craft, is no small transition. Never mind the dealing with all the emotional baggage that we load onto the food that we eat, just the mechanics of such an undertaking, day in and day out, can be overwhelming. But no need to give up!

This book is carefully thought out and leads both novice and seasoned cook to understand just what pulls the ingredients in these formulas together successfully. Unlike many other books about cooking, no single personality permeates it. Rather, a whole team of people have, you

guessed it, tested these methods and recipes. Frequent use of the pronoun “we” when reporting the findings of experiments that yielded the finished recipes and explanations of “why this works”, is confidence inspiring.

I especially liked the introductory section called, “Getting Started: A Plant-Based Primer”. This alone is worth the price of the book. Some perhaps unfamiliar ingredients are introduced under the heading “Plant Powered Pantry.” Miso, fermented black beans, seaweed, nutritional yeast, kimchi and plant-based fats, are each defined and examples of how they contribute to creating flavors reminiscent of animal-based foods are offered. A

Continued on page 44

THE CONSCIOUS CROW



Swirling around: sometimes we are befriended by insanity. The mind playing little tricks on us tries to wrangle us into believing lies. Whether we act because we feel the weighted pressure - or expectation - we are roped into acting out of our alignment. Swirling around the infinite stream of possibilities, we construct, and all the while, confuse our realities. We aim to please. Life brings us sinking to our knees. Time and time again, we face the shadows that linger around. That old forgotten street back to haunt us once more. We feel the weight and sink. We need to wash those old dishes left in the sink. Begin anew. Begin now. We are the ones stopping us from succeeding, anyhow. In between the lines our mind is reading it out. Starting to catch it all. Paving a new road. Paving alleys out of our own insanity. Drilling new holes into the walls of our memories; being here.

Can we see the light breaking through?

Plant Based Cookbook from p.43

discussion of the phrase “umami bombs” unravels some of the mystique surrounding the umami flavor. What comes next, is a section entitled “Plant Protein Power”, and it is here that fears concerning not meeting one’s protein needs with a plant-based diet might be assuaged. What follows is a discussion about non-animal meat substitutes (what they might be made from and how to cook them), as well as dairy product analogs. The book does include material on cooking with eggs, which might be part of why the subtitle calls the recipes “flexible.” Best of all, are seven pages of “Building Block Recipes” which include various vegetable broths (“Umami broth” I find especially useful), “vegetable broth base” (that keeps handily in the freezer), fish sauce and anchovy substitutes, non-dairy* milks and cheeses, and more! These building block recipes are a tremendous assist for a person whose culinary adventures have known no borders; they can successfully replicate the function we are seeking in the alchemy of a recipe without animal products. My only culinary criticism is of the “Vegan Mayonnaise” recipe, which is built around shape shifting “aquafaba”. (I won’t tell you what that is, if you do not already know, so as not to

discourage you from utilizing the overwhelmingly good things about this book. ...Eeeuuu. How can that stuff be nourishing, I’d like to know!)

The issue of being able to contentedly view a meal without meat at the center of the plate is good to face square on, if one is accustomed to eating it routinely, since one might get stuck in a mindset that a meal is *somehow* incomplete without it. The book tackles this issue with some good ways to consider that habit of thinking. Do be forewarned, however, that accommodations for food allergy needs are not made (an addition that would have been useful for many). Regardless, *The Complete Plant Based Cookbook* is worthy of praise. Published in 2020, it is easy to buy, and if you are planning on cooking meatless, even just *some* of the time, I hope you do. 🌱

**It is important to read labels carefully. Products labeled “Non-dairy” may still contain milk protein and some terms, like “dairy-free,” (and many other terms marketers use on food products) do not have FDA regulatory guidelines that define them.*

PUZZLE[©]

#20



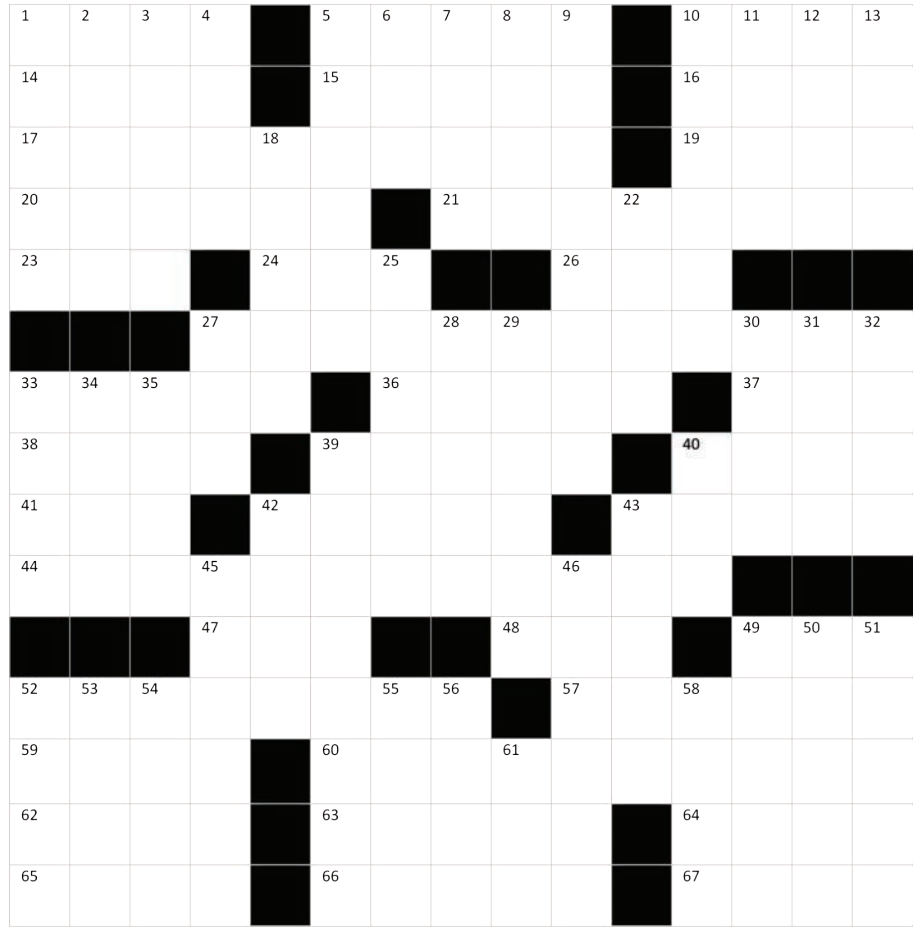
**GEORGE
URICH**

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Names

ACROSS

- 1 Common Chinese last name
- 5 Quarrel
- 10 Lengthy story
- 14 Prefix meaning all or every
- 15 V. _____ Kim, Noted Korean bio-chemist
- 16 Think out
- 17 Locomotive
- 19 Right on a map
- 20 With 57 Across, November holiday
- 21 Pvt, Col, Sgt, Gen
- 23 Star War character, ___ Solo
- 24 Muslim boy name meaning Happy
- 26 Letters following super or poster
- 27 When Santa leaves the North Pole
- 33 What 100 Kurus equal? (Turkish money)
- 36 Two possible Univ. offerings
- 37 Shaving _____
- 38 Thin Man's wife
- 39 Frederick _____ Key
- 40 Nimble, _____e
- 41 _____ Chi, bubble tea
- 42 An exclamation of frustration
- 43 Large pebble
- 44 July 4th, _____ Day
- 47 Depend on, _____y
- 48 German article
- 49 Princess irritant
- 52 Muslim holidays
- 57 See 20 Across
- 59 Dried grasses
- 60 Jewish high holidays
- 62 Allay
- 63 Misspelled Eskimo
- 64 Algerian city
- 65 Bargain basement warning
- 66 City in Holland, _____rdam
- 67 _____ John's Pizza



DOWN

- 1 After third
- 2 Nebraska city
- 3 Atop of James Bond author Flemming
- 4 Potter's oven
- 5 Formal Answer by Betty Ford to the question, What is your middle name?
- 6 Cleanup cloth
- 7 Dreadful
- 8 Homosexual (obsolete), _____ng
- 9 As far as can be seen
- 10 Old fashioned weapons
- 11 _____ Alda
- 12 Sealing device, _____et
- 13 Picnic invaders
- 18 Two words, barely make it and laugh syllable
- 22 Wander
- 25 Moved from the middle, _____tered
- 27 Crustation, _____b
- 28 Rebuke angrily
- 29 British noblemen
- 30 Frozen waffle brand
- 31 It transports blood
- 32 Fashion magazine
- 33 Against
- 34 Temporary grant
- 35 Colors that change when viewed at different angles, _____escent
- 39 Hen
- 40 Put away
- 42 Opinion piece in a newspaper
- 43 Military money
- 45 Deletes
- 46 Person who goes back on a promise, re _____
- 49 City in Peru
- 50 Giving intense pleasure and joy
- 51 Chemical symbols for Silver, Sulfur and Sodium
- 52 Flightless bird of South America
- 53 Bond ratings
- 54 Old radio program, "_____ster Eileen
- 55 Not appropriate
- 56 Obscenity
- 58 Corporate executive responsible for operations, Abbr.
- 61 _____ Carson



• historian@townofrichmond.org

RICHMOND HISTORY

JOY LEWIS

The Receipt Book



On file in the Richmond Historian’s office is a handwritten collection of recipes whose compiler remains anonymous. The eight-inch by ten-inch tablet is bound in an olive green cover with “RECEIPT BOOK” hand printed on the front. Inside, the lined pages are covered margin to margin with lists of recipes. In the back is a dedicated section with instructions for certain procedures: how to make corned beef or pickled ham; “the cold pack method explained;” and a formula to make liniment for arthritis (2 parts olive oil, 1 part winter-green oil).

Although the collector of these recipes nowhere identifies herself, she does give credit to each person who shared the recipe with her. There are seven versions of a chocolate cake recipe, with four different women mentioned: Bessie Ingraham, Caroline Pfaff, Helen Drew, and Ethel McKay. Those who contributed recipes for fruit cake included Met Plimpton, Alta Brown, Martha Davis, and Nancy Page.

Of the nearly hundred and fifty recipes in the notebook, Met Plimpton contributed the most. In 1930, about the year the Receipt Book was begun, Mrs. Plimpton – the former Mettie Booth – was sixty-nine years old. She’d been married to husband Cliff for forty-eight years; they lived on Briggs Street where Mr. Plimp-

ton was the proprietor of a wood working shop and Met was “keeping house.” Their only child, daughter Louise, had died in 1895, aged nine. Most of Mettie’s contributions were desserts: spice cake, ginger cookies, sponge cake, currant pie, and coconut cookies. But she did share the ingredients for a “sauce for dandelion or any greens.”

All the recipes in this collection are comprised only of a list of ingredients. In rare instances are instructions included. These can be as terse as “mix well” or “bake,” but occasionally directions for baking are specified: “bake in quick oven;” “bake in a long tin;” or in the case of Carrie Blackmer’s Lemon Pudding “bake in a pudding dish set in a pan of hot water 35 or 40 minutes.”

Another frequent contributor of recipes was Helen Bartlett. She was a young woman, in her early thirties (perhaps a contemporary of the author), who lived on Main Street with her husband George. The only child of William and Mildred Pierce, Helen had no children of her own. She was an active participant in her church and in community affairs. Her mother had been one of the founding members of the Honeoye Political Equality Club formed in 1906. Though not yet ten, Helen frequently attended meetings with her mother. Her contributions to the cookbook included oatmeal cookies, meat loaf, rice pudding, and graham bread.

Continued on page 47



A selection of needed baking supplies from the collection at Richmond Historical Society.

Some of the recipes seem particularly suited to holidays: fruit salad on Easter, strawberry shortcake for the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving rolls, and Christmas fruit cake. I have not tried to make any of these recipes; no guarantees. If you decide to give it a try, I'd be interested in hearing from you.

Each recipe is printed just as it was written in the notebook.

Fruit Salad: 4 oranges cut in small pieces, 6 apples chopped not real fine, 4 bananas, $\frac{2}{3}$ cup nut meats whole, can of pineapple if desired. Dressing – $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 cup white sugar, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 2 well beaten eggs. Heat gradually. Then add 2 tablespoons cornstarch, lump of butter size of a hickory nut, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweet cream. Cook until smooth.

Strawberry Shortcake (Nancy Page): Sift flour, measure 2 cups full, add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, work in 6 tablespoons butter, 4 will do but six is better. Beat egg slightly, add $\frac{2}{3}$ cup milk, add this to flour and butter mixture. Bake in a quick oven.

Rolls (Bernice Short): $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk scalded, 2 tablespoons cold milk in cup and put in 1 yeast cake, 2 tablespoons butter and 2 tablespoons sugar, put in hot milk. When cool put in cold milk and yeast cake. 2 cups flour, 1 egg beaten, little salt, after you put egg in add 1 more cup flour.

Fruit Cake (Martha Davis): 1 cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup molasses, 1 cup buttermilk, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon soda, 4 cups flour, 1 lb. each of currants and raisins. Bake in small pan.



Continued on page 48

Receipt Book from p.47

Cookies is by far the largest category of recipes. I have included three examples. The ginger cookie recipe is one of six different variations; contributors included: Met, Helen, Helen's mother Millie Pierce, and Margaret Patterson (whose version is used here).

Ginger Cookies: 1 cup molasses, 1 egg, ½ cup sugar, scant cup shortening, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 4 tablespoons cold water, 1 level dessert spoon soda, salt, cinnamon and ginger. (This is just how it was written; it would seem that it was taken for granted the baker would know to add flour to the mix.)

Icebox Cookies (Mrs. Brower): 3 eggs, 3 cups brown sugar, ⅔ cup butter, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 1 tablespoon hot water, 4 cups flour, 1 package dates, 1 cup nut meats. Make in roll 2 inches thick and let stand in icebox overnight. Slice and bake.

Sugar Cookies: 2 cups light brown sugar, 1 cup shortening, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, large teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 7 cups flour, 3 teaspoons lemon and a little salt.

This personal recipe book seems to have been a treasured possession. Now nearly a hundred years old, it is worn and torn, yet still legible (for the most part).

Governor Sauce, contributed by Mrs. Costello, was a condiment I'd never heard of. The earliest reference I was able to find was in a cookbook of 1877. It seems to have come to America, via Canada from England, named in honor of a governor of India of the 1850s or 60s.

Governor Sauce: Take green tomatoes, sliced and peeled in a crock. A layer of tomatoes and onions, sprinkle on salt and let stand overnight, drain and cook til tender in vinegar. For 6 quarts, 2 cups sugar, 1 tablespoon mustard and ginger, a little pepper and horseradish, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and ½ teaspoon cloves.

The entries in the Receipt Book cover a span of time, as evidenced by variations in the ink used and other clues. A recipe for "wartime cookies" contributed by Jettie Cork is found, presumably referring to WWII.

Mrs. Cork was in her late forties during the war. She'd been widowed as a young woman and left to raise three daughters. Later she married Lester Cork; they lived in Canadice.

Wartime Cookies: 1 beaten egg, 2 cups molasses, ⅔ cup shortening, 5 cups flour, 1 cup warm milk, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 2 teaspoons soda dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, ½ teaspoon salt, ginger and cinnamon.

This personal recipe book seems to have been a treasured possession. Now nearly a hundred years old, it is worn and torn, yet still legible (for the most part). A transcription of the entire book is available (by email), in one of two versions: as the recipes appeared in their original order in the book, or as they have been arranged into categories (cookies, cakes, meals, sauces, and more). ❧

Events Calendar Online: owllightnews.com/events/

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

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



WARSAW WENDY

WENDY SCHREINER

New Year's Resolutions

New Year's Resolutions Aren't Anything New!

New Year's Resolutions Aren't Anything New! The Ancient Babylonians are said to have been the first people to make New Year's Resolutions, some 4,000 years ago. They were also the first to hold recorded celebrations in honor of the New Year but their New Year began in Mid-March, when the crops were being planted. In Rome, Julius Caesar established January 1st as the beginning of the New Year circa 46 B.C.E.. January was to signify looking backwards into the previous year and ahead into the future. For early Christians, the first day of a New Year became an occasion to reflect about one's past mistakes and resolving to do better in the future. Modern New Year's Resolutions became "a thing" in the 19th Century.

I think a New Year just makes one feel like they have a clean slate, a fresh start so to speak. It provides a good time to start a healthy eating plan, workout routine or just about anything one would like to do better. I usually have a long list of things that I write down that I hope to do better for the upcoming year. Of course, diet and exercise usually make the list, but other things like call so and so more often, organize this and that, and do more reading (if that's possible) make the list.

After I write the lengthy reflective list of things I wish to accomplish in the New Year, I take time to read it and then it usually gets lost somewhere in the shuffle.

On average, 80% of New Year's Resolutions fail by the second week of February. Change is never easy and it is just so easy to fall back in to our old way; especially when it comes to many people's resolutions of diet and exercise. That is why I think people should take time to reflect on their life and what changes they wish to make not just before a new year is about to approach, but more often. I think any time, any day is a good time to resolve to do something better and to be someone better! A poem I wrote, "A Little Kindness Goes A Long Way," first appeared in *Owl Light* January of 2018. Here it is once again.

Good Luck to Everyone out there making any New Year's Resolutions for 2022. I hope you stick with them. I know first hand it isn't easy to keep a New Year's Resolution. Sometimes it isn't always easy being kind either, but imagine if everyone tried to be a little kinder? So many people's days would be a lot brighter! ✨

A Little Kindness Goes A Long Way

When our resolutions
have gone out the window
or down the drain
with the bath water
and it's still only
the first month of
the New Year
we all could
use a New Resolution
for the rest of the year
one that can be
achieved by all
that being
trying to be a little kinder
saying something nice
giving someone a helping hand
smiling instead of
wearing a frown
holding open a door
letting someone go in front
of you in line at the store
spreading some happiness
and joy
into this world that
could use more peace
and friendliness
A Little Kindness
Goes A Long Way
To Brighten Someone's Day!



MAKING LEMONADE

BARB STAHL



BURMA SHAVE MEMORIES

I had quite a shock recently going to Rochester for a medical procedure (more about that in a future article) – I noticed as my friend drove me there that the Thruway Toll Booths were gone! It’s a good thing she was driving

TARZAN

as I think I would have been totally confused. (Later, I did remember hearing that they were taken down.)

BARB &

Where were those Burma Shave signs? No, that’s not really what I thought then, but I was trying for

FROM

a clever opening to this trip down Memory Lane. At age 80, I seem to be thinking more about the “Olden Days” rather than looking forward, and I have spent several Covid

ONE & ALL

months not traveling.

NEW YEAR

I began remembering some of the rides with my family in the 1950s and got smiling about those famous Burma Shave signs we would look forward to reading. So, of course, avid reader and lover

HAPPY

of history that I am, I found a book by Bill Vossler and learned the history behind those memorable signs. Following is a quick, brief summary of that history.

Almost one hundred years ago in the Minneapolis area, the Clinton Odell family creatively placed the first sets of six signs in 1926. His two sons, Leonard and Allan, were also in the business. Allan had gotten the idea when he saw a series of signs “gas...oil...restrooms” along the road which ended up at a gasoline station. He began composing advertising ditties in his head and as they say, “the rest is history.”

Burma Shave had switched from a brush-on type of liniment to their new, modern brushless cream. Sales were not going well at all. The original signs were financed with an investment of \$200. With that the Odells set about making signs with used lumber, and a dozen sets of signs were erected outside of Minneapolis. Amazingly, “those first crude signs began to work, effective beyond anyone’s wildest imagination...” (p 8) All sets were six signs long, each sign exactly the same dimensions, and always set into the ground the same distance apart. Every set ended with the classic “Burma Shave.” One of the very first ones was “Shave....The modern way...Fine...For the skin... Druggists have it...Burma Shave” (Verse 3, p. 8)

With time they became humorous, lighthearted, often with a Mark Twain-type style, and some also began to give driving advice. Contests were held and people submitted entries with the hope of winning prize money—up to \$100. Eventually 45 states had Burma Shave signs.



Farmers were excellent help in erecting and maintaining the sets of signs on their property. They would receive free samples and up to \$25 per year for rent from Burma Shave, plus a subscription to the *Burma Shave Newsletter*.

The Odells had a map in their office with pins showing locations of the sets of signs which ultimately numbered 7,000!

The hey day for these signs was from the 1930's through the 1950's.

Speed on the early roads was limited; the carefully measured distances between the sets of six signs were no longer practical with the advent of faster cars and higher speeds on highways. Plus, the culture in the U.S. had changed.

Several reasons contributed to the final days of the Burma Shave business. Maintenance of those signs became very costly. The Odells sold their business to Phillip Morris in 1963 and the last Burma Shave signs were taken down in 1965. (p 83) The farmers particularly were sorry to see the signs removed. Sets were sent to the Smithsonian Institution, and many are in private antique collections.

No matter the message, Burma Shave ad messages were always spelled out using six staked signs.

However, today there are still remnants of the concept of multiple advertising signs such as the 175 "South of the Border" signs that are seen when driving south on I-95, or the 333 "Wall Drug Store" signs that announce on western highways how much farther before reaching that destination.

If you find this an interesting topic to study further, I highly recommend Bill Vossler's book.* His book has over 550 verses that were composed during their advertising period.

Please join me for a trip down "Memory Lane" and even if you never saw these signs, I hope you will get a smile out of their crazy messages. 🦉

*Vossler, Bill. *Burma-Shave; The Rhymes, the Signs*, the Times. North Star Press of St. Cloud, Inc., Minnesota, 1997.

For more slogans online visit: the-why-not-100.blogspot.com/2015/06/90-brilliant-burma-shave-signs.html

• Email comment to: makinglemonadeowl@gmail.com



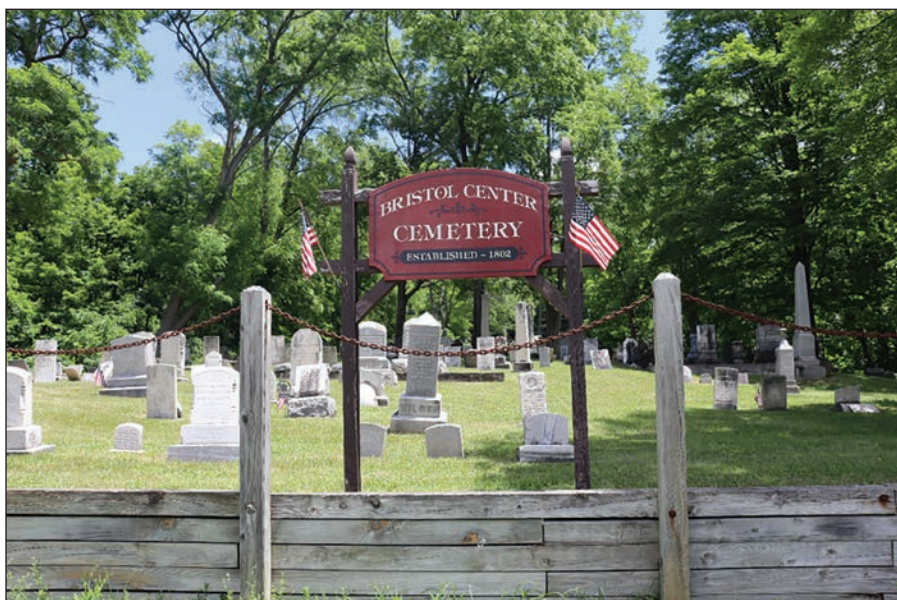
EXPLORING NEW YORK'S BURIED PAST



DAVID PIERCE

Stones Beneath the Brambles

Lost Burial Plots Consumed by Time and Nature are Being Unearthed from Overgrown Borders at Bristol Center Cemetery



The Bristol Center Cemetery was deeded to the residents of the Town of Bristol for a burial place by George Gooding in 1825. This truly historic Cemetery graces the sloping hillside between State Route 64 and County Road 32 in the heart of Bristol Center, New York. The last names of Gooding, Wilder and other Revolutionary-era pioneers appear on the gravestones of this age-old sacred graveyard. Standing among the final resting places of over four hundred souls, one is mindfully transported back to an early 18th Century New England rural Cemetery. Designs and concepts of the Cemetery were brought to the Bristol Hills by the optimistic and courageous New England pioneers who made Bristol their new home.

Restoring Bristol's Heritage

Of times, over many years, this author, while traveling up and down NY Route 64, would gaze up the slope of the Pioneer Bristol Center Cemetery in amazement at this historic gem. At the same time, I sensed a pressing need to protect and improve this fragile remnant of immense historical value to this region of New York State. Dating back to the late 1700's, members of the Gooding Family were the first settlers of Bristol. Many others followed from the Dighton township in Bristol County, Massachusetts. Gamaliel Wilder brought many

settlers from Connecticut to the Bristol valley. Nearly a quarter century of human record is encapsulated into these sacred grounds. Continuous improvement of this historic property is necessary to preserve this record for future generations.

Well Done Is Better Than Well Said!

I firmly believe that "Well Done is better than Well Said." Mother Nature has taken her toll on the cemetery grounds and monuments. Observing the deterioration and disrepair, without directly contributing to the betterment of the cemetery grounds, was simply not acceptable. The greater question was how to take on this enormous task.

An initial assessment was the first step. In early Summer of this year, the Bristol Hills Historical Society sponsored a tour of the cemetery and the adjoining 1846 church building. This was an excellent opportunity to have a closer look at the property and to ponder a strategy to make a real difference. At the tour, Bristol Town Historian Beth Thomas provided insight on the historical significance of the cemetery, and on the challenges of maintaining aging historical assets. My first observation was that the overgrowth of the southern cemetery border with the church was encroaching on the cemetery grounds. There was no distinct boundary line, only a bramble of entangled overgrowth. This would be the first line of attack.



Historian Beth Thomas and Metal Detector Team search for buried cast iron row markers, like the one in the image to the left Photo Dave Pierce



The Southern Bramble

Further observation revealed that over many years, 24 cast iron cemetery row markers, A through X, had submerged beneath the ground under seasons of falling leaves and decaying grass. Over several months the markers were located and revealed. Working with Town Historian Beth Thomas, the southern border began to take form.

Row markers A through T were located manually using simple garden tools. Row markers U through X proved too elusive to locate without the use of electronic metal detection equipment. A metal detection team of volunteers was brought in to locate the four hidden markers and the task was complete.

The Mystery of the Northern Bramble's New Discoveries

While much work remained to improve the definition and complete the cleanup of the southern property line, focus shifted to the northern cemetery border. The northern border was much longer than the southern border and was in greater need of attention. The overgrowth was immense.

Continued on page 54

Motivation

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



Brambles from p.53

Overgrowth Along the Northern Bramble with Stone Base

Taking a closer look, there was something out of shape and odd about the path of the northern cemetery border that attracted further investigation. A large section of overgrowth was jutting onto the cemetery grounds. A long gravestone base was visible at the very front of the tangled outgrowth.

A Wandering Northern Cemetery Border

Penetrating the thick overgrowth proved to be a difficult task. Years of overgrowth, along with downed trees, obscured a large plot on the cemetery property. Initially, to gain entry to the abandoned area of the cemetery, a single-entry lane was cut into the wall of debris; a Hobbit Hole of sorts.

Into the Hobbit Hole

Upon entering the void, one disappears from sight and steps into an area of mystery and exploration. Once inside, an area of about 600 square feet appeared, including a stone wall, numerous broken gravestones and a wealth of exploration opportunities.

The Bramble was obviously a part of the main cemetery in the olden days of the early 19th century. How had it become abandoned? Why were there no monuments, no names in this plot? Why were there no visible engravings etched into the cast aside, disarray of broken stones? With a stone wall on only two sides, the plot invites creative speculation of just what has been unearthed in this place. Despite the disarray, the setting is as peaceful as it is mysterious...exploration must continue.

Future Exploration

As winter blankets and reconceals this mysterious site, physical improvement and exploration will have to wait until Springtime. Quite possibly, unidentified souls lie within its borders, and will continue resting in the Bramble until Spring renewal provides another opportunity to solve this mystery.

In the meantime, Winter provides an excellent opportunity to continue processing and analyzing original cemetery records. The most recent research indicates that in the oldest section of Bristol Center Cemetery, adjacent to NY State 64, there are 24 rows, designated by letters A through X, and 438 grave sites. The Bramble is located in this section of the Cemetery. Burials began in the year 1802.



Above: The author clearing brush.
Photo Beth Thomas

Top left: Much more to explore.

Page right: Sections of the wall were still intact.

Photos Dave Pierce

Of the 438 plots, 95 of them have no visible markers, likely including those in the Bramble. Of these 95 burials, 50 have Row/Plot references which will aid in future probing for submerged stones. The other 45 have no grave markers or Row/Plot references. These 45 are complete mysteries waiting to be unraveled.

Photographic research is another riveting aspect of this historical research project. While many of the burials predate the advent of photography, photographic images of only 9 decedents buried in the Cemetery have thus far been discovered in the collections of the Bristol Hills Historical Society. There are many more images yet to be discovered and recorded. This documentation is another fascinating aspect of painting the picture of historical, bygone lives and olden days of the Bristol Valley.

As the journey continues...the pathway to historical enlightenment

In the words of American author Kurt Vonnegut, "History is merely a list of surprises. It can only prepare us to be surprised yet again." The Bristol Center Cemetery res-

urrection is an inspiring example of the cascade of discoveries and surprises that arise when you immerse yourself in an historical study. Your mind expands and your imagination unlocks vivid images of life, people and places of the past. Your connection to local history awaits.

You are welcome to join this resurrection project, as it moves forward, come Springtime. Plans are in the works for a budding archeologist and museum curator from SUNY Geneseo to intern on this project. Bristol Town Historian Beth Thomas will be a guiding, hands-on mentor to merge Historical Society and Town of Bristol records with the physical resurrection of the Cemetery property. If you are interested in joining this endeavor, click the contact link on the Bristol Hills Historical Society website, bristolhillshistory.org.

Preservation of age-old spaces and memories is a worthwhile endeavor. As time hastens on and history fades, we can each do our part to protect the past. History provides us with a sense of identity. We need only to be open to the call. ✨

• piercedave54@gmail.com



Be Prepared When Heading Outside

Recent NYS DEC Searches and Rescues Should Serve as Reminders to Plan for Conditions Before Heading into the Winter Wilds

Being Ill-Prepared Risks the Lives of Hikers , Hunters... and Rescuers

Despite it being early in the winter season, there have already been multiple searches* for ill-prepared hikers and hunters, resulting in searches by New York State Department of Conservation (NYS DEC) Personnel. “During New York’s response to the COVID-19 pandemic, more people are enjoying the outdoors than ever before and our Forest Rangers are on the front lines to help people get outside responsibly and get home safely,” said DEC Commissioner Basil Seggos. “Rangers’ knowledge of first aid, land navigation, and technical rescue techniques are critical to the success of their missions, which for more than a century have taken them from remote wilderness areas with rugged mountain peaks, to white water rivers, and throughout our vast forests statewide.”

End of 2021 searches reported by NYS DEC included a November 24, 2021 response in Lewis County for a missing hiker. The subject’s last known point (LKP) was at their vehicle (Francis Lake in the Independence River Wild Forest in the town of Watson). Rangers Hanno and McCartney responded and located the subject, who was likely suffering from hypothermia. She was carried out of the woods on a litter and was transferred to a Lewis County Search and Rescue ambulance.

Another wilderness search on the afternoon of November 25th involved two hikers on the Soda Range Trail. The hikers had lost their way and did not have headlamps or cold weather gear. They were using a trail app which was draining their cell phone battery. Rangers Black and Evans found the hikers and helped them out to the trailhead.

Another call on the same afternoon (11-25-21) involved three hikers requesting transport off the summit of Mount Marcy. The hikers were wearing regular sneakers and complaining of frozen feet, with at least eight inches of snow near the peak. Rangers Black and Evans responded. The hikers could not read a map properly, making it more difficult for Rangers to pinpoint their location. Rangers reached the hikers at 9:52 p.m. and helped them to Marcy Dam and then to their vehicle.



Ranger Sabo navigates steep ice-covered terrain while being belayed during Region 5–Ice Training Jan. 29, Feb. 1 and 4, 2021. Image courtesy of NYS DEC

On November 26th, a 46-year-old disoriented hunter required assistance in Bluestone Wild Forest near Jockey Hill Road in the Catskill Forest Reserve (see map to right). The hunter sent a location PinDrop™ (an iPhone app that allows users to share locations). Ranger Franceschina and ECO Johnson responded to assist. Using coordinates provided by the hunter, Ranger Franceschina entered the woods from the north side of Jockey Hill Road, and ECO Johnson entered from the south side along Route 28. At 4:30 in the afternoon. Ranger Franceschina located the hunter in good health and led him out of the woods.

A Town of Bolton wilderness search on November 27th was for two hikers from the Syracuse area, who were lost between Cat and Thomas mountains. Ranger Donegan responded to the location shared by the hikers and found the two women on the summit of Thomas Mountain. Ranger Donegan escorted the hikers back to the trailhead at 6:51 p.m.

Another search in Town of Hadley, Saratoga County on Dec. 4, involving a 36-year-old in medical distress

Continued on page 57

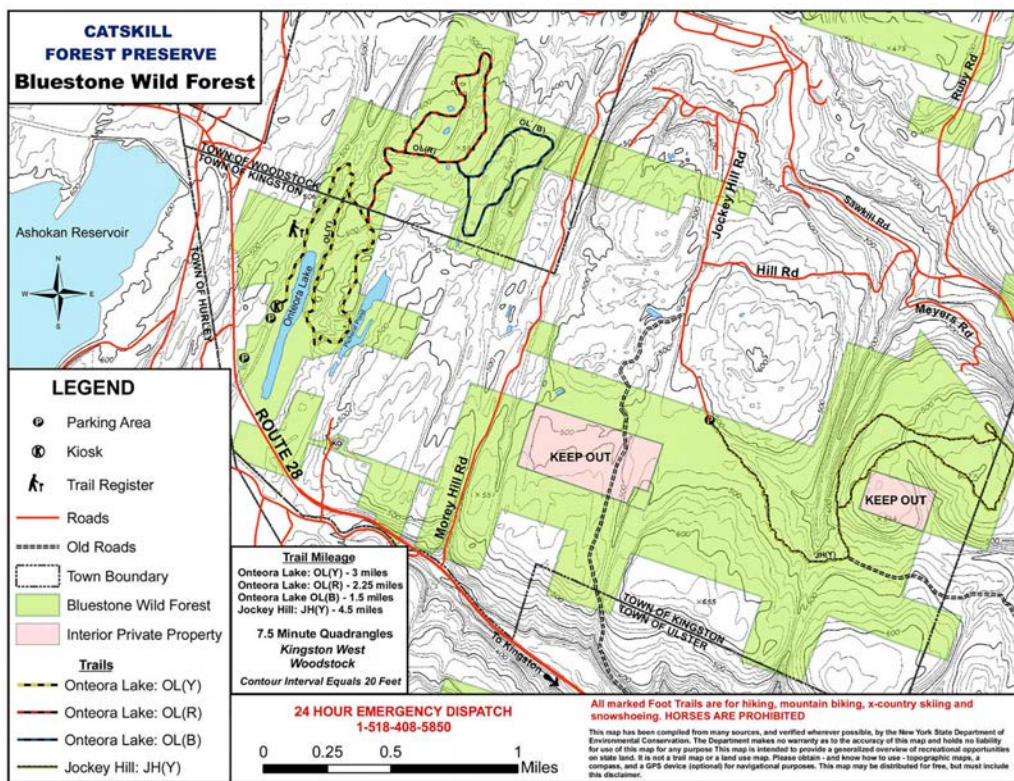
about one-half mile into the Hadley Mountain Fire Tower trail. Forest Rangers Kabrehl and Perryman located the subject, who had suffered a head injury. The rangers helped the subject out of the woods.

These are a sampling of search and rescue incidents that NYSDEC Forest Rangers have responded to statewide. DEC Forest Rangers have the authority (under NYS Environmental Conservation Law) to direct search and rescue missions and to provide training and support to other agencies that do the same—including volunteer Search and Rescue (SAR)** teams. In 2020, DEC Forest Rangers conducted 492 search and rescue missions. Each mission requires considerable resources from extensively trained personnel.

Preparation is key to winter survival in the wilds, and all persons entering the woods for recreation or sport should be well aware of and prepared for the conditions. This includes proper dress (thermal undergarments that wick moisture; fleece or wool insulating layers; waterproof or water-resistant outer layers; thick socks, a winter hat, and gloves or mittens; and waterproof, insulated boots); and provisions and navigational gear, including a working compass and the knowledge to use it, food, water, and first aid knowledge and kits. Being tired, hungry, or dehydrated makes people more susceptible to disorientation and hypothermia, decreasing chances for survival. ❧

Visit dec.ny.gov/outdoor/28708.html before heading out and make sure that you are properly prepared and plan well before entering the backcountry. DEC's Hike Smart NY, Adirondack Backcountry Information and Catskill Backcountry Information webpages offer additional information.

If urgent assistance is needed, call 911. To contact a Forest Ranger for information about a specific location, the DEC website has phone numbers for every Ranger listed by region: dec.ny.gov/about/667.html



DEC Forest Rangers from Regions 7 and 8 conduct a joint flat ice airboat training with the Broome County Sheriff's Department on the Whitney Point Reservoir. (Feb. 4, 2021) Photo courtesy of Broome County Sheriff's Office

*Search information from NYS DEC Press releases.

**The author currently trains and responds to searches as part of Monroe County, NY's Massasauga Search and Rescue Team (MSART) — Learn more, including how to become involved at facebook.com/msartny. A directory of SAR Teams in other parts of NYS is available through the New York State Federation of Search and Rescue Teams at nysfedsar.org/.

Meet the Owl Light Regulars

Æsc is the "Small Town Hound—Finding Creative Venues and Adventures in NYS." He lives with his two humans, his canine companion Winnie, and Cat Stevens in Canadice, NY. When not writing, his favorite pastime is finding people. He loves hearing from his fans: • [fb@SmallTownHoundNY](#).

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

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](#)

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."

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
• [historian@townofrichmond.org](#)

Steve Melcher is the primary caretaker, hoof trimmer & poop scooper at Odonata Sanctuary, Mendon. His studies included using members of the Order "Odonata," as bioindicators 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 goals are to have "no child left inside."
• [fb@Odonata Sanctuary](#).

Eileen Perkins, a native of Rochester NY, 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.

David Pierce and his wife Colleen live in the Town of Canandaigua. David has enjoyed exploring local history for many years, documenting people, place and events as far back as 1590. He is a certified member of the General Society of Mayflower Descendants, having documented his ancestry back 10 generations to Francis Cooke and Peter Browne, two of the original

passengers on the Mayflower voyage of 1620. Many of his ancestors lived in historic, Ontario County communities for well over 200 years, providing a fitting backdrop for his research on the inhabitants of this magnificent region of New York State. • [piercedave54@gmail.com](#)

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 11th year.

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](#).

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. • [makinglemonadeowl@gmail.com](#)

Kurt Staudter's thirty year 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 in Substation Operations & Maintenance, every day his work took him someplace along the river. He is 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 BA degree from the National Labor College, and participated with a fellowship in the Harvard Trade Union Program. • [staudter@sover.net](#)

T. Touris is a wanna-be-retired-computer-programmer. He spends his free time designing and working in wood on his small woodland lot in Canadice, NY.

George Ulrich is a retired Xerox engineer living in Canandaigua, NY. He solves and creates crossword puzzles to keep his brain active. • [gurich@frontier.com](#)

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

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.

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Solution to Owl Light Puzzle 20 (found on page 43)

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13					
F	O	O	K		A	R	G	U	E	S	A	G	A				
14	O	M	N	I	15	N	A	R	R	Y	16	P	L	A	N		
17	R	A	I	L	E	18	N	G	I	N	E	19	E	A	S	T	
20	T	H	A	N	K	S	21	M	I	L	22	R	A	N	K	S	
23	H	A	N	24	E	I	25	D	26	I	O	R					
			27	C	H	R	I	S	T	M	A	S	30	31	32		
33	34	35					36	S	C	I	I	M	37	G	E	L	
38	N	O	R	A		39	S	C	O	T	T	40	A	G	I	L	
41	T	A	I		42	O	H	E	L	L		43	S	T	O	N	E
44	I	N	D	E	45	P	E	N	D	E	N	C	E				
			47	R	E	L			48	D	E	R		49	50	51	
52	53	54					55	56		57		58	P	E	A		
59	H	A	Y	S		60	Y	O	M	K	I	P	P	U	R	S	
62	E	A	S	E		63	E	N	U	I	T		64	O	R	A	N
65	A	S	I	S		66	R	O	T	T	E		67	P	A	P	A

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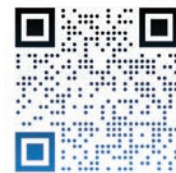
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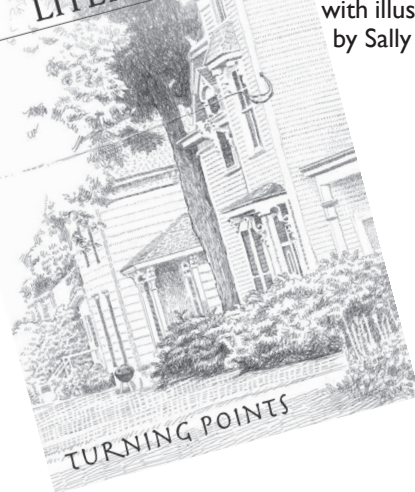


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**OWL LIGHT
LITERARY** No. 1
2021



Featuring ten authors—
with illustrations and cover
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