



The herd on pasture at Slope Farms Photo by Ulla Kjarval

BEDSTRAW BE GONE: Improving pasture yield and eliminating weeds by rotational grazing and winter feeding

By Ken Jaffe

Bedstraw was invading about twenty acres of my pasture, and I thought I was fighting a losing battle. But I'll tell you what improved the pasture, pretty much eliminating the bedstraw and producing a lush pasture with lots of clover and grasses. And it was accomplished without using herbicides,

without plowing or bush hogging to eliminate the weeds, and without chemical fertilizers.

Bedstraw is an invasive weed regionally, out-competing the grasses, clover and other plants that have more nutrition and that cattle prefer to eat. I had rotationally grazed my cattle over these pastures for four seasons, moving the herd to a new paddock daily, but still the pastures were almost fifty percent bedstraw

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AN ISSUE OF ENFORCEMENT

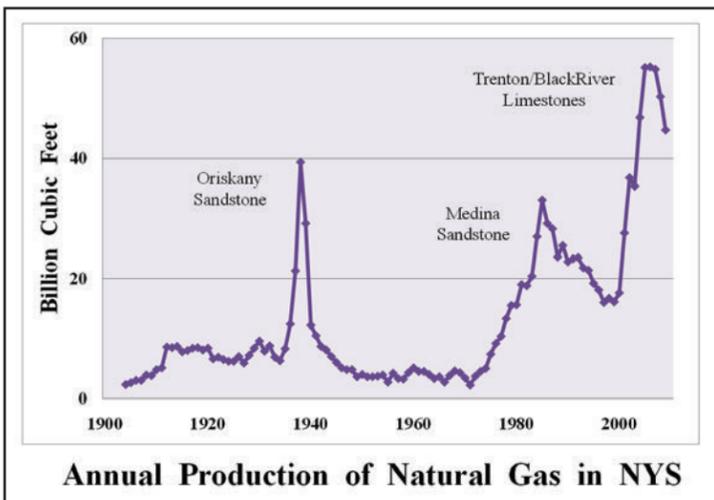
Can the DEC do its job?

By Brian Brock

If an energy company complies with the current Generic Environmental Impact Statement (GEIS), then it can drill a conventional oil or gas well without a lengthy State Environmental Quality Review. The Supplemental GEIS will extend these conditions to cover "horizontal drilling and high-volume fracturing to develop Marcellus Shale and other low-permeability gas reservoirs." Once it is finalized, can the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation (DEC) enforce both the GEIS and the SGEIS to protect our environment and our community?

In a word, no.

The history of gas production in New York State is a series of boom and busts, as new sources of gas are discovered and then drained. Production from the Oriskany Sandstone in the 1930s was followed by that from the Medina Sandstone from the 1970s to 1990s. Production from the current Trenton/Black River Limestones has started to decline. The coming boom from the Marcellus and Utica black shales



may be the largest yet, and will require outsized resources to regulate.

The DEC had a staff of 3,775 in the 2007/2008 fiscal year, but recent budget cuts will reduce that to under 3000 – down over twenty percent in less than three years. DEC Commissioner Pete Grannis was recently fired for a memo outlining the dire effects of these cuts.

Not all of the staff work on permits and oversight of the oil and gas industry. The DEC has eleven offices, one of which is Remediation and Materials Management. This office has three divisions, one of which is Mineral Resources (DMR). This division has two bureaus, one of which is Oil and Gas Regulation (BOGR) – one of the smallest in the DEC. It is the Permits Section of the BOGR that approves and oversees wells.

The Bureau of Oil and Gas Regulation is critically understaffed. For much of the

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KALE, ANYONE? The Trials and Tribulations of Selling Local

By Rebecca Morgan

I spent three seasons on an organic vegetable farm in Virginia when I was in my twenties. The farmer there frequently quipped, "Anyone can grow food. The hard part is selling it to the right person."

While "the right person" is not a static demographic across the board, for small-scale farms, it often means someone with money. Or at least someone who has enough money to spend \$7.00 a pound on tomatoes, and \$6.00 a pound on broccoli and \$20.00 for a four pound chicken. In other words, not your typical permanent resident of Delaware County.

And yes, you've heard it all before. The particular conundrum of sustainable farmers charging what the real price of real food costs, while the benefits of the real food stay primarily in the hands of those with real money, or at least extra money. Ironically, this is not the same population



Pauline Clum (L) and Sherrie Murphy of the Walton High School cafeteria

generally suffering from obesity, diabetes, and other food-associated health problems.

Here in Delaware County, numerous initiatives are underway to rebuild a vital farm and food system, and get youth, seniors, and just regular eaters engaged in eating locally and understanding why it's better for you. In Walton, we kicked off one local food initiative with the Walton Farm to School Project, which received funding from the Catskill Watershed Corporation to pay Walton

High School students to grow food for the Walton community. Our motto was "Grown Here to Eat Here." While the larger objectives were to get local food into the school cafeterias and teach students the process from Arugula to Zucchini of growing, harvesting and marketing organic produce, the focus of the 2010 season became selling our organic produce to the Big M. This was, as they say, a hard sell.

The Walton Farm to School Project de- See KALE, continued on Page 11

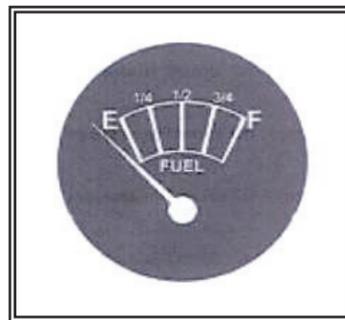
YOU'RE ALL INVITED...

By Eugene Marner

No one who has been paying attention for the past few years can fail to be aware that, as a nation and as a global civilization, we are in big trouble. Not only do we face the consequences of Peak Oil—which we hope we have at least partially explained to our readers in this newspaper—but at the same time, decades of financial fraud and outright theft have left us without the financial resources to in any way soften the blow. The world is now in the early stages of economic depression amidst a growing set of environmental disasters which will make all our lives much harder than anything most of us are accustomed to.

Being human, we tend to blame our problems on others: on other nations, on other people who we think are different from us, or on politicians who are

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The NEW Franklin Register

The Newsletter of the Franklin Citizens Commission on Peak Oil

Editorial Board

Ellen Curtis Carole Satrina Marner
Eugene Marner Hank Stahler

Brian Brock, associate editor
Marjorie B. Kellogg, editor

HAVE AN OPINION? WRITE TO US!

At: The New Franklin Register
P.O. Box 258
Franklin, NY 13775

or by email: thenewfranklinregister@gmail.com

What are we about?

The Franklin Citizens' Commission on Peak Oil was authorized on December 6th, 2005 by a Town Board Resolution. Our purpose is to assess the needs and resources of the Town of Franklin in the face of Peak Oil, and to report back to the Town Board and to the people of Franklin.

We are a group of Franklin residents who meet for one evening a month at a member's home. We begin with a pot luck supper before we get down to actual business. All are welcome to join us, to ask questions and help us answer them, to share thoughts and ideas

We have a number of projects that we hope to move from idea to action:

- Local food production network
- Skills and services exchange
- Goods exchange
- Ride sharing bulletin board and/or website
- Farm to School Program for school lunches
- Community Greenhouses
- Community Energy Production
- Community Health Network

In a nutshell, we propose to imagine a more energy efficient habit of living, and to put it to work here in Franklin, for a brighter, more sustainable future..

We hope you will join us!

For meeting times, location and directions, email us at thenewfranklinregister@gmail.com

You can also join our Peak Oil AwarenessYahoo Group.

It's POA_CNY@yahoo.com.

That is, Peak Oil Awareness_Central NewYork.

This group fosters discussion of local efforts, potential or ongoing, to deal with the effects of Peak Oil on our communities.

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Greetings, good friends! Just what you've been waiting for - the next installment of...

MURDER AT THE FARMERS' MARKET!

Previously on MFM.: Bodies and fingers, dirt and a yurt, theft, the bereft, tweezers, freezers, and not enough ice. Now the body is frozen, the fingers are pointing, another suicide, and one really smart dog. Jack adds twice.

Well, whadyaknow? There's Wilson. Another seven.

Lives in one of the Main Street mansions.

Alone since his wife died.

He used to teach geology at a culinary school downstate.

He sure hates that dog. Mrs. Wilson left the dog a trust fund and nothing to Wilson.

I remember walking down the street past his house when I heard a great crash. Out the front porch door comes the dog butt-first pulling on something for all he's worth. Here comes Wilson, cursing and spitting, one hand holding up his pants and the other gripping his belt in a struggling tug o' war with the dog.

Wilson maneuvers the dog to the unfenced edge of the porch where there's a cutoff rain barrel full of water.

He lets go.

The dog flies backward, buns over teacups, lands with a great splash right in the middle of the barrel. Drops the belt.

Wilson walks over, picks up the belt and laughing loudly, walks back into the house.

The dog climbs out of the barrel, shakes himself hard, trots back up onto the porch and over to Wilson's gardening boots, and lifts his leg.

Point, set, match.

I never laughed so hard in my life.

Jerry wasn't available to help when I took the body up to Coffin. It fit in the back of my truck okay but it was pretty heavy. Frozen stiff.

It was very dark when I got there. Coffin was vacuuming his little lawn.

In sunglasses.

Waters his garden in the rain, too.

Weirdo.

He started doing some kind of hootchie kootchie over the body.

I told him to knock it off.

He said to come back in a few days.

When I did, he wasn't there.

I found his handwritten autopsy in the kitchen area.

I'd read it later because, ugh, body parts all over the place. And whew! The smell of paint was really strong.

Why would you paint a yurt?

I had a single malt down by the river. Helps me think.

The scotch, not the river.

My sister has supposedly committed suicide.

Got the call today.

When I was twelve, she told me that if anything ever happened to her it probably wasn't true. She said nothing ever happened to her.

Something is very wrong here.

Not enough ice.

Life from the start is just a bunch of experiences. Acquaintances. Lined up.

Some you remember, some you don't.

It doesn't matter how you remember

them.

It matters less if you don't remember them at all.

They're there.

It's the stuff we're made of.

They turn up in the choices we make (or not).

Free will? If only. Maybe that's where the confusion and doubt come from. Like static, frostbite, flashbulb blindness, hot peppers or patchouli.

Enter observation. Awareness. Articulation.

We perceive stuff everyday. Most of it doesn't register with any sense.

Any sense.

So we scream for attention from the crib to the coffin, wigglin' around for a lot of nuthin'.

Details are there for the taking. Focus is available.

Isn't that what artists do? Observe more closely? Bring out the details? Bring things to our attention?

The enjoyment is in the details. Connections.

Big news and little news.

It's all about how you tell the story.

And serendipity. Fundamental serendipity. Fundamentalist serendipity.

Fun in the beginning and a pity at the end.

Epiphanies or not, we do our damage and get composted.

Or cooked.

There, there.

Whoever did this knows by now that the body's gone and the finder is keeping it quiet. No one's come around looking for anyone either.

A message on my machine today was from Jerry. He'd been by the church and wanted to know when I was going to pick up the body.

I did that three days ago.

Uh-oh again.

They're on to us.

The seven had a meeting at Jerry's house.

Salsa, chips, and beer. Hooray.

We all sat down at his big dining room table.

I pulled one of the fingers out of my pocket and, being careful not to point it at anyone, set it on the table.

Silence.

Sally burst out crying.

I explained how I had found it in one of my sugarin' pails and how it couldn't belong to the dead guy.

Jeanie cursed out loud.

Steve said he wasn't going to be buying my maple syrup this year.

I pulled the second finger out of my pocket and set it on the table.

Danny burst out crying.

It dawned on everyone that there might be another body.

Wilson sobbed quietly into his hand. His dog went for the fingers.

I offered to report on the autopsy.

I think I'll run an ad in the local paper. Let's dog this puppy.

To be continued...

Your Neighbor's View...

FIVE REASONS WHY EXCESSIVE DOG BARKING SHOULD BE CONTROLLED

Dogs bark and most dogs bark in a normal every-now-and-then-way. This is not a problem. This is part of every day life.

There are some dogs that bark abnormally. They bark at the top of their lungs, non-stop for long periods of times, at any time during the day and night. This is a problem. Here is why:

- 1. It is bad for your health.** Excessive dog barking is not just an inconvenience, an unfortunate disruption of your peace and quiet. It is a medically recognized public health hazard. It puts stress on the mind and on the heart. The World Health Organization has identified 'noise' - irrespective of its source - as "a debilitating toxin with the potential to devastate human health." Excessive dog barking can make you sick.
- 2. It is bad for your work performance.** Excessive dog barking keeps you awake at night. Children who do not get enough sleep do not perform well at school (and get grumpy at home). Sleep-deprived adults do less well at their work, might even lose their job - and as we all know, new jobs are hard to come by.
- 3. It is bad for your neighborhood.** When dog owners refuse to take care of their barking dogs, tension builds up in the neighborhood. People start to file complaints, call each other names, send for the sheriff. A quiet, friendly neighborhood becomes an area that nobody enjoys living in anymore.
- 4. It is bad for property values.** Property in a barking zone becomes unsellable. Who wants to live in a noisy, unfriendly, stressful neighborhood that makes you sick? Property in a barking zone should be reassessed at a lower rate, a dramatically lower rate, at the rate of a house that will never sell.
- 5. It is bad for the dogs.** Dogs that bark excessively are unhappy dogs. They need food,

water, shelter, exercise, attention, whatever. So until they get what they need, they continue to bark.

The Town of Franklin has had an issue with barking dogs for years. More and more people are bothered by it, more and more people are complaining about it. Both the Town's Dog Control Officer and the Town's Health Officer have acknowledged the seriousness of this problem and have urged the Town Board to take action. So far, no action has been taken. What are they waiting for? They leave unaddressed an issue that is a recognized public health hazard, potentially undermining the school performance of children and the work performance of adults, creating great tension in neighborhoods, jeopardizing the value of our property while keeping dogs in questionable living conditions. This problem can no longer be ignored. It must be resolved, one way or another.

If it can be resolved without a dog ordinance, that is fine with me. However, I am not optimistic that the dog owners involved will take any action on a voluntary basis (as Mr. Taggart has gracefully suggested during the last Town

Board meeting). They have not done anything for six years - why would they voluntarily change their minds in year seven? However, the Town could offer a three month trial period, giving the owners a chance to create a satisfactory solution. If that does not work out, a dog ordinance would be the only other and totally justified alternative.

The people who are bothered by barking dogs are quiet, law abiding, tax paying Franklinites. They do not love rules and regulations, but they do long to have a normal private life, a normal professional life and to be able to sleep at night. These are not extravagant wishes, but they are unachievable while excessive dog barking intrudes constantly into every day life. It is literally impossible to live with. And it is unacceptable that just a few dog owners can terrorize a whole neighborhood with their 24/7 noise while enjoying the protection of an indecisive Town Board.

I urge the Town Board to take appropriate action to resolve this issue once and for all.

Sincerely,
Edmond Rinnooy Kan

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PEAK OIL FOCUS

ENERGY IN THE REAL WORLD

By John Weber

Let us first define 'renewable.'

Solar and wind are not renewable. The energy from the sun and from wind is available but not renewable. An oak tree is renewable. A horse is renewable. They reproduce themselves.

But - and a very important but - the human-made equipment used to capture solar or wind energy is not renewable. In fact, there is considerable fossil fuel energy embedded in this equipment. The glazing on any solar collector - solar thermal water, solar thermal air, and solar electric - requires energy to manufacture.

Aluminum comes from bauxite. It takes energy to refine the bauxite. When I was fourteen, I worked loading trucks in an aluminum extrusion plant. The ingots of aluminum would be heated, pushed through a die to be shaped, then cut and put on carts. We would move these carts into a small room heated to around 400 degrees F where they were annealed. Because this was Florida, we would be dripping with sweat when we went in to remove the carts. By the end of the day, our shirts were caked with our own salt.

Copper also requires considerable energy to process. I saw a documentary on the History Channel show "Modern Miracles" that followed the mining of copper and the production of products. Mining, refining with both energy and chemicals, drawing the wire, and winding the wire goes into making both alternators for wind machines and motors for solar.

There are unintended consequences to the manufacture of solar and wind equipment; including serious air and water pollution, the release of deadly chemicals into the environment and the misuse of humans in mining and processing applications. Besides these unintended consequences,

which are critical to a future humane and livable world, there is an accounting method that is important to making energy choices.

Any viable system must give more energy than it takes to generate it. This is known as Energy Returned on Energy Invested, or EROEI. When it costs more to pull oil from the ground than we get back, then it is over for that well. For any technology, this has to be a main consideration. Many have heard that it takes as much energy to make ethanol as it provides. This makes it a dead end street.

How many units of energy does it take to make a hot air solar collector or a hot water solar collector or a wind generator or a solar electric panel? For each of the components (aluminum, glass, insulation, wires, pumps, blowers, solar cells, etc.), the accumulated energy cost of the particular technology needs to be accounted for. This must be compared to life span energy output of the technology. It is important to realize we are talking about the energy output. The financial payback cost is actually secondary in this perspective. Perhaps these energy devices need an energy content label, like food has a calorie label.

If a system requires a 1000 units of energy to manufacture and it returns 50 units per year, then it takes 20 years to achieve energy payback. Most "renewable" systems are heavily underwritten by fossil fuels. And many of the auxiliary parts of various "renewable" technologies (the batteries, the high tech control systems) are the weak link for long-term use.

Energy conservation by insulating, weather

stripping, and cutting back are the first line of defense toward energy independence and self-reliance. It is important for the future of energy use to be clear on these matters. These technologies (solar air panels, solar electric panels, wind, etc.) can be looked at as transitional. This means they can help this generation, and maybe the next, ease down the slope to minimal fossil fuels. I am not saying don't use these devices. I am suggesting we use them wisely.

One approach to the use of solar and wind capturing equipment is to realize they can be constructed now while fossil fuel energy is available and relatively cheap. This is a way of creating a bank account of energy by using the existent energy to build equipment that can provide energy in the future. John Michael Greer explores this idea well in *The Long Descent*.

As fossil fuels become less available, judicious use of the remaining reserves becomes even more important. We must come to realize that fossil fuels (as well as concentrated sources of minerals) are a gift from the earth and previous to life. To mistakenly call solar or wind energy renewable and include the capturing mechanisms leads to both false hopes and perhaps poor allocation of limited fossil fuels and funds.

John Weber has studied human nature and our relationship with energy for more than thirty years. To read more of Weber's work, visit his blogs.

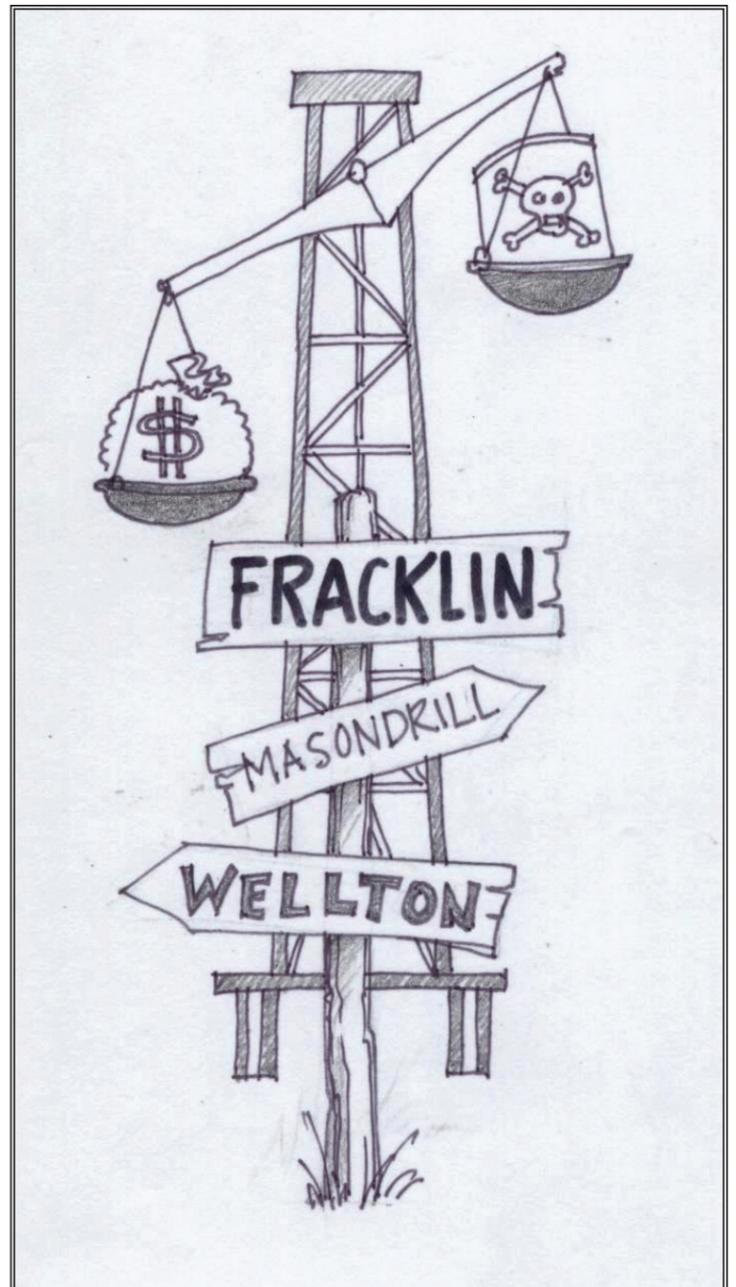
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AS DIRTY AS COAL

By Robert Howarth

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Natural gas is marketed as a clean fuel with less impact on global warming than oil or coal, as a transitional fuel to replace other fossil fuels until some distant future saved by renewable energy. Some argue that we have an obligation to develop Marcellus Shale gas, despite environmental concerns. I strongly disagree.

Natural gas as a clean fuel is a myth. While less carbon dioxide is emitted from burning natural gas than oil or coal, emissions during combustion are only part of the concern. Natural gas is mostly methane, a greenhouse gas with 72 times more potential than carbon dioxide to warm our planet (per molecule, averaged over the 20 years following emission). I estimate that extraction, transport and combustion of Marcellus gas - together with leakage of methane - make this gas at least 60 percent more damaging for greenhouse warming than crude oil and similar in impact to coal.

The most recent method of hydrofracking is relatively new technology, massive in scope and far from clean in ways beyond greenhouse emissions. The landscape could be dotted with thousands of drilling pads, spaced as closely as one every forty acres. Compacted gravel would cover three to five acres for each. New pipelines and access roads crisscrossing the landscape would connect the pads. Ten or more wells per pad are expected. Every time a well is "fracked," 1200 truck trips will carry the needed water.

Drillers will inject several million gallons of water and tens of thousands of pounds of chemicals into each well. Some of this mixture will stay deep in the shale, but cumulatively, billions of gallons of waste fluids will surface.

Under current law, driller can use absolutely any chemical additive or waste, with no restrictions and no disclosure. Recent experi-

Continued on next page

INVITATION, continued from Page 1

not of the party we imagine represents us. While we squabble with each other, we fail to notice that Republicans and Democrats are two gangs of grifters serving the same corporate masters and bankers who have quite literally stolen the wealth of what was the prosperous middle and working class.

Our State and Federal governments are corrupt and bankrupt and can't help. It is time to stop looking down our noses at each other and begin to work together. Peak Oil will put an end to the global economy over the next few years and oblige us to look to resources closer to home. Food will not come from California but from Franklin, Walton, Sidney, and Delhi. Clothing will no longer arrive in containers from Thailand and Mexico, but will be sewn much nearer to home. We need to teach our children and grandchildren the craft skills and agricultural occupations that they will need in order to survive in a world that will become much simpler, much more local.

Of course, Franklin Local does not have the answers to our predicament, but we think that we recognize at least the broad outlines of the problem and want to provide a forum in which the citizens of Frank-

lin can plan and work together to deal with the wrenching changes we face. We are not helpless or without resources. Our soils and terrain are not particularly well-suited to field crops but they well support grazing animals and gardening. The Northeast of the United States and Canada contains one-third of the clean fresh water on Earth and we need to protect it. We can feed—and otherwise care for—ourselves and others but only if we turn our heads and hands to the task with the urgency it demands. We invite you to join with us in identifying the ideas and projects that we can do together to make sustainable living here a real possibility.

What does Franklin Local do?

Our most visible activities are this newspaper and the Farmers' Market which has operated on Sundays in Franklin for the past four summers. Franklin Local also serves as an umbrella organization for the Franklin Citizens' Commission on Peak Oil that was, in 2005, charged by the Town Board with identifying the strengths and vulnerabilities of the Town of Franklin in the face of Peak Oil.

Global oil production peaked in 2008. According to a recent Pentagon re-

port, we can expect sharp declines in production to start in 2012 with the shortfall of supply against demand likely to be as much as 10 million barrels a day by 2015. Since the world burns about 80 million barrels of oil a day, that is a loss of one-eighth of the resource that drives industrial society. If your filled gas tank will take you 200 miles and suddenly an eighth of that is gone, you're going to have to walk the last 25 miles. That's where our society is now. Get yourself some sturdy boots.

James Schlesinger, who was Secretary of Defense and Director of the CIA under Presidents Nixon and Ford, and served under Jimmy Carter as the first Secretary of Energy, recently said: "...we must expect to get along without what has been our critical energy source - for more than half a century. Can the political order face up to the challenge? There is no reason for optimism. We are likely to see pseudo-solutions, misleading alternatives and sheer sloganeering: 'energy independence,' 'getting off foreign oil' and the like."

I think Mr. Schlesinger is trying to tell us that the ball is in our court.

Please join with us, to move this important work forward.

DIRTY, continued from Page 4

ence in Pennsylvania indicated regular use of toxic, mutagenic and carcinogenic substances. Out of 24 wells sampled there, flow-back wastes from every one contained high levels of 4-nitroquinoline-1-oxide (according to the New York Department of Environmental Conservation). It is one of the most mutagenic compounds known. Flow-back wastes also contain toxic metals and high levels of radioactivity extracted from the shale, in addition to the materials used by drillers.

Industry tells us that surface and groundwater contaminations is unlikely, since gas is deep in the ground and drilling operations are designed to minimize leakage. Nonsense. The technology is new and understudies, but early evidence shows high levels on contamination in some drinking water wells and rivers in other states.

Accidents happen, and well casings and cementing can fail. The geology of our region is complex, and water and materials under high pressure can

move quickly to aquifers, rivers and lakes along fissures and fractures. Flow-back waters and associated chemical and radioactive wastes must be handled and stored at the surface, some in open pits and ponds unless government regulation prevents this. What will keep birds and wildlife away from it? What happens downstream if a heavy rain causes the toxic soup to overflow the dam? What happens to these wastes? Adequate treatment technologies and facilities do not exist.

What about government regulation and oversight? The DEC is understaffed and underfunded, and has no history with the scale and scope of exploitation now envisioned. Federal oversight is almost completely gone, due to congress exempting gas development from most environmental laws, including the Safe Drinking Water Act, in 2005.

We can be independent of fossil fuels within 20 years and rely on renewable green technologies, such as wind and solar. The constraints on this are

mostly political, not technical. We do not need to sacrifice a healthy environment to industrial gas development. Rather we need to mobilize and have our region provide some badly needed national leadership towards a sustainable energy future.

Robert Howarth is the David R. Atkinson Professor of Ecology and Environmental Biology at Cornell University. An internationally known expert on environmental issues and water quality, he has worked on the consequences of oil and gas development for more than thirty years.



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**A HOLIDAY NOTE:
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A DAY IN DELHI

SEPTEMBER 8, 2010 - DELHI, NEW YORK

By Diane Nixon

It didn't matter that there was a light September drizzle and that only a few hours earlier, we had been told that the scheduled meeting of the Delaware County Board of Supervisors had been cancelled. Gene Marner was there to organize the day. The call for speakers was well organized and there were quite a few.

Only one voice was raised in anger. Otherwise all spoke with great feeling and moderation. Each speaker offered stories, some read from 'fact-sheets' while others expressed personal disapproval of how this weighty issue was being handled by our representatives, not only here in Delaware County, but also in Albany.

We'd been anticipating the Rally for some time. There were a few umbrellas, a slicker or two, and a quantity of signs - home-made and printed. The sun came out, went back in, the crows made an ap-

pearance. Autumn smells, leaves, a little early this year. And lots of traffic; people going home. If they didn't know what this group was doing in Delhi's Town Square, the signs would clue them in: *NO DRILL/NO SPILL*; *FRACK WHO BENEFITS?*; *SAVE OUR WATER*, and others to do with health, families, farming, agriculture, tourism and the environment

The gathering - respectful but determined - wanted to make a point by showing up as a group. Well over 300 folks came from all parts of the county - Bovina, Hancock, Colchester, Tompkins, Masonville, etc. - and from Pennsylvania and Chenango too. Not a lot of smiling faces, except when greeting friends. Not too many young people, either. After all, this is serious business. We were there out of love for what we have here and the fear that we weren't going to be heard. On hand also, a fellow from the local Police Department, to

keep an eye on us. Let's hope that he listened too.

Peter Bracci - Supervisor from Delhi - was there. By the end of the afternoon's speeches, Mr. Bracci assured us he'd been listening. He also ventured to commit that 'fracking' would not be permitted in the Watershed. Several in the group commented that this was "not sufficient." Apart from thanking Mr. Bracci for being there, nothing additional was said. Can we hope that Mr. Bracci will convey to the other Supervisors the potential fall-out when their neighbors distrust not only the system but their elected officials as well?

The Rally's message: *we have a right to be here.* Democracy is at stake. We've still not been allowed to present the scientific documentation or share the knowledge and experiences of other communities who have been through this. We believe that no decisions should be made without giving all arguments a hearing. It's



Photos by Steve Dungan

not an us-or-them issue; we are *all* in this together.

It is, however, all about the money. The economy is dismal and rural communities are suffering. Gas money looks like a rescue. But the short term gain for some will threaten all of us, our ecosystem and our way of life. And, in this instance it's not about the dependence on foreign oil, it's about how to make the most money for the gas drilling companies and a few landowners.

The form of gas drill-

ing being proposed by the gas companies - hydrofracking - is not an acceptable risk for our health and the environment. It's shortsighted. If it's allowed to happen, the damage will be done at the expense of the general community, future generations and the environment.

Our water - the lifeblood of the Catskills - will be forever changed.

D.C. Nixon is a business owner with Robert Ashley. Both have lived in Meredith for 22 years.

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OPPONENTS OF GAS-DRILLING RALLY IN PROTEST



“FRACK THIS”

By Walter Putrycz

He's been retiring for the past two years but money's tight, so he keeps putting off renting the U-Haul. He's grown weary of all the pros and cons about gas leases, but not quite convinced, or we wouldn't be having this conversation.

"A deal like that," he says, "would solve all my money problems."

"And maybe even make you a rich man," I add sarcastically.

Bob (not his real name) has spent a lifetime bouncing around on tractors. When he's not mowing or planting corn, he's up to his elbows in grease, fixing old farm machinery. He's been bailing hay since he was eight and he's not embarrassed to smell like a dairy farmer. Bob loves the smell of methane in the morning. He just wants enough cash to retire so he can hunt elk in Montana where the air is clean, the sky is big, and it doesn't smell like Denmark.

"So, how bad can it be?"

Our conversation is like a rondo. I sense his stalling.

"Don't ask me, I'm only the piano player." I edge towards the door. "I'd say it's about as safe as smoking three packs a day in a combat zone. The odds ain't too good, Bobby, and what about your neighbors?"

"So what?" he says. "Some folks smoke a pack a day and live to be eighty, and there's probably a million vets sitting around drinking coffee and reminiscing about wars they fought in." He's not selfish or a fool. He knows the gas mongers are self-serving, powerful and corrupt, but Bob is an honest man, a moral man.

"My neighbors never once offered to pay my taxes." He stares at me.

I remind him that I've got to be at a demonstration in Delhi by five.

So...I arrive in Delhi, it's late afternoon, lots of handsome looking folks are milling around with their cardboard signs: "NO FRACKING IN DELHI" - "FRACKING IS BAD" - "I HATE FRACKING". By the end of the hour, four hundred people are marching and mingling. Some are with small children while others brought their dogs. Me, I'm just trying to look serious while holding a piece of cardboard high over my shoulders. Scores of us begin to parade the sidewalk, bobbing up and down Main Street. Someone starts

to speak and the congregation listens thoughtfully. Many applaud. For some unknown reason, most of the county supervisors are absent. I remind myself not to miss the next election.

I try to get into the rhythm of the protest but my mind wanders back to 1968. Somewhere in Central Park, I'm elbowing with a small group of a hundred thousand demonstrators. Lots of college kids with clenched fists stretched high, chanting slogans about "baby killers". I'm listening to a speech advocating the destruction of a social class I was planning to join. I aim my Nikon at some guy holding a poster of Che Guevara. It feels (it felt) wrong. I snap out of my daydream and look around hoping that the good people of Treadwell have sent a delegation to "represent." What would the Buddha say? I'm relieved to see no one in an orange robe with a gas can. Another flashback and I'm on the phone with a NY Times reporter. "Everyone lies," he says, "the bad guys and the good guys." I feel bad. Later I will feel worse. I was part of that collective outrage, a disconnected soldier in civilian clothes pushing back against the almighty military complex. For me, it didn't feel right. I was still angry about other things. The "BAD WAR" ended not because of a collective moral outrage. It ended because we got tired and their money ran out.

After the war I waited for the "GOOD PEACE" and when it didn't come, I went scouting over the nearest horizon, looking for the Garden of Eden. It took a long time but I found my little paradise near a quiet stream in Delaware County, plenty of brook trout, sunshine, and clear water. Lately though, things haven't been safe in the garden. Battle lines are being drawn again, the poisoned floodwaters are rising, collateral drainage to your neighbor's well water be damned. The brookies will have to migrate to cleaner waters without me because I plan to stay. On this drizzly day in September, we fight for the hearts and minds of the good people of Eden, not just for pilgrims like me. No guns, no aging revolutionaries with political agendas, no long hairs shouting obscenities, just friends and neighbors speaking out against the greed and shortsighted policies of an out-of-control corporate machine. It feels good to be here, it feels right and I'm proud to be with you and not just among you.

The power is with the people.

WHAT YOU CAN DO:

Reprinted courtesy of Mary Handler

- *Get informed: www.un-naturalgas.org
- *Talk to friends and neighbors
- *Write letters to the editor
- *Attend town board meetings just to observe - no need to speak up right away. If asked, say you are curious if there's been any conversation about gas drilling
- *Create and use "privilege of the floor" at all possible levels of government
- * Connect with local grass-roots groups
- * Collect donations for your group
- * Volunteer to forward CDOG's e-newsletter
- * Volunteer to research gas leases for mapping
- * Circulate the statewide ban petition and mail it in
- *Schedule showings of informational movies at home - invite friends, neighbors
- *See where your club or church stands on the issue
- *Boycott or reduce your use of natural gas
- * Look for ways to use less electricity
- *Organize a fundraiser
- *Help with GasWatch
- *Wear buttons, give buttons out
- * Ask 3 people a day: "What do you think about the gas drilling that's coming to a place near us?"





FRANKLIN LOCAL

Local News
Local Events

Local Issues
Local Concerns



OUR PARK BEGINS TO SHINE!

By Kim Hyzer

(Photos by the author)

At last! Our park looks like a park! We thank all the people who helped us get it to this point. It was beautiful and nicely decorated for the monument dedication ceremony on Old Franklin Day.

The new monument lists names of Franklin residents who were killed in active duty in previous and present engagements. Family members and descendants of Cpl. Nicholas Uzenski, Seaman 1st Class Clayton McClintock, Pvt. Frederick North, Cpl. Frank Nolf, Staff Sgt. Winfred Bennett and Bugler Clark Kellogg were present. John Campbell was the Master of

Ceremonies. Children of Franklin lead us in *God Bless America*. The American Legion placed the wreaths, led the flag salute and the raising of the flag and gave a twenty-one gun salute. This flag was flown over the Capitol in honor of Cpl. Nicholas Uzenski, who gave his life in Afghanistan in January 2010. A Marine Corps Honor Guard and the Patriotic Guard were there to show their support along with an audience of nearly 300 people.

The fountain has been taken down for the winter. Some work needs to be done to stabilize it better in the spring. Behind the fountain and down the one side of that quadrant, Robert Johnson built a stone wall. A few weekends ago, the garden club worked behind that stone wall to loosen the soil, remove rocks and debris and amend the soil. Bulbs have been ordered and will be planted in that area this fall.



As the weather improves, the work progresses.



We thank all who have supported us with donations and volunteer work throughout the past three years. Of course, we are still gladly accepting any donations. We've almost matched our \$15,000 O'Connor Foundation grant. Your donation can be money, benches, labor, etc. Mail monetary donations to Chris Geertgens, PO Box 948, Franklin, NY 13775. These will be matched by the O'Connor grant.

If you have any questions, please call Kim Hyzer at 607-829-8820.



In the beginning, a daunting task lies ahead.

A Note from Jane Hebbard:

THE GARDEN CLUB AT THE PARK

The new Franklin park looked beautiful for Old Franklin Day and the dedication of the war memorial. The park's restored stone walls, new fountain and benches, and its recently planted grass were stunning. Our garden club contributed by loaning container plants to dress up the park for the day, and Jane Couch created a beautiful presentation board that highlights some planting suggestions for a sustainable park. (See sidebar below at left).

It was a great start for the park!

Our next steps will continue our commitment by finding soil amendments this fall, and by continuing to plan plantings for 2011. If anyone has a lead on composted manure or other soil amendments, please contact The Franklin Garden Club. More details will follow at our next meeting.

Meanwhile, thanks to all!



The dedication ceremony in the Park on Old Franklin Day

MEMORIES OF THE FARM:

DAIRYING IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

By Sonia DeFrances

Recently we have been buying our good raw milk from Franklin's Moo Juice Farm. Just stepping into the milk house and sniffing that familiar smell brought back my own childhood on a Delaware County farm. The Robinsons have a much more mechanized operation, but the hard work is still evident. Many readers will recall those days as well, but younger folks and newcomers might also enjoy a trip back to those earlier days on the farm.

Brooklyn from Germany in the 1920's. They scraped to make ends meet during the Depression, but when things began to look up economically, they started looking at farms to buy. My father's dream was to own his own land, and my brother, 17 at the time, was eager to become a farmer. He had just graduated from Newtown High School, whose three-year agriculture program included summer work on farms. He chose to work on a farm in North Harpersfield, and that was how my family found the farm on which we would live for 25

My parents had come to

which we would live for 25

See DAIRYING, continued on Page 12

Franklin Garden Club

Planting Suggestions for a Sustainable Park

Top soil amended with compost and manure
Mulch

Deer-resistant evergreens
Native plants
Low maintenance plants



Color schemes

Trees



Crabapples

Serviceberry

Tree Lilac

Bulbs



Spring bulbs

Alliums

Shrubs



Boxwood

Clethra

Mohican Viburnum

Quickfire Hydrangea

Mt. Airy Fothergilla

Diana Rose of Sharon

Perennials



Grasses



Landscape architect Jane Couch offers sustainable suggestions for next season's Park plantings.

LOCAL HERO: DON PERNICE

By Emily Mikulewicz

Don Pernice is a unique, creative and independent member of our community. He faces life with an open mind and an inventiveness that would leave most of us who are grappling with issues of oil depletion and sustainability shaking our heads in wonder and admiration. He has a well deserved reputation for practical knowledge of craft, engineering and agriculture, to say nothing of a personal relationship with the countryside which has been, with the exception of a stint in the marine corps, his life-long home.

Pernice created Delaware Produce in 1972, a distribution company that delivers fresh produce to stores, schools and hospitals year round. He also deals in firewood. His travel directions for my visit ended with "When you see a big pile of wood, that's my place." Said pile was bigger than a house, and I soon learned it was one of the "small" piles. It was being cut up for firewood, having aged and dried for a year and a half. The "big" piles were a couple hundred yards away, massive collections of tall trees delivered by loggers. The color of the wood says those piles are of different ages, none yet achieving the greyness that indicates suitability for burning.

Pernice culls the unique trees to save: those with large burls, and those suitable for building. These he cuts in his sawmill. And uses. He has built a substantial house to replace one destroyed by fire, and is siding it with wonderful slabs of wood sporting bark on their attractively curved edges.

Pernice's father was a dairy farmer who stopped shipping milk in 1959. His farm supported thirty cows very well, but when government regulations demanded a collection tank, he realized the only way

to finance it was with thirty more cows and the renting of land to support them. He quit. At that point, Don developed a healthy skepticism of rules and regulations, and it serves and motivates him still.

He built his house in accord with local building codes, but has created many inventive solutions to their requirements. He produces all his home electric power with solar panels and a windmill. Extra electricity is stored in a bank of golf cart batteries - off the shelf technology - less expensive than batteries made for the purpose but just as effective. He pointed out that he could have had government aid for a solar system. The government pays half of the cost, but the required system costs \$40,000. Pernice's system cost a total of \$10,000, all his own, saving him \$10,000.

He has a friendly and deeply knowledgeable relationship with his part of Delaware County. He is familiar with the history of roads and houses in the area, and quotes a history of the county written in 1800. He has an almost personal rapport with the ancient cemetery abutting his property. It is the resting place of veterans of the French and Indian, Revolutionary, and Civil wars. He invites visitors to park off the road on his property for safety, and walk into the cemetery from there.

Don raised his three children after his wife died tragically young. He used to grow 40 acres of vegetables, but current plans include a green house porch on the house, with curved wood arches that he will design and fabricate. This will provide farming enough with an outside vegetable garden for a man who in retirement will still be designing a life of his own.

Local author Emily Mikulewicz's most recent book is *CARRYING ON*, available at Amazon.com

Town Budget

The budget for the Town of Franklin for 2011 is \$1.22 million, resulting in an increase in the property tax levy of 3.8 percent.

Much of this increase results from mandatory increases in insurance premiums (\$23,976), contribution

to the New York State retirement system (\$12,120), and the fire protection district levy (\$6,328). The Board also chose to increase two salaries: for Town Clerk (\$1,200) and Highway Supervisor (\$1,500), and two expenses for Town Court (\$500) and Treadwell Water District (\$650).

An increase in the bud-

get of \$12,800 yields a one percent increase in the tax levy, unless offset by an increase in revenue.

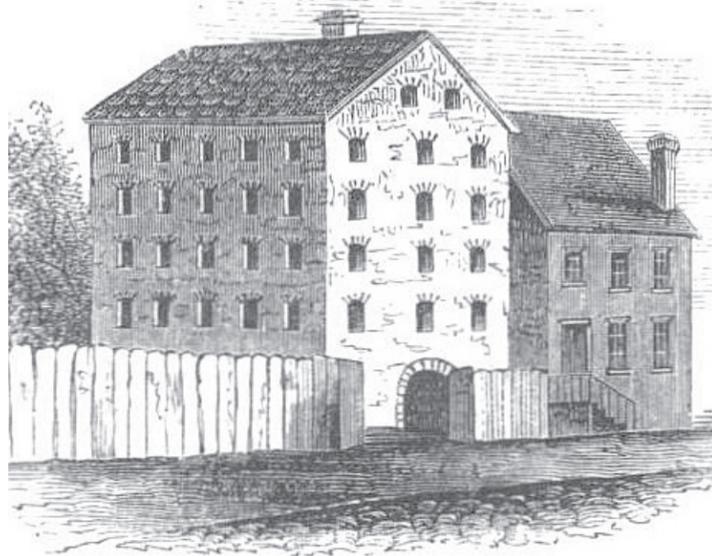
At the annual budget review, this budget was passed unanimously after the public hearing on Wednesday the 3rd of November at the town garage.

- Brian Brock

FRANKLIN'S REVOLUTIONARY WAR LEGACY

By Carla Nordstrom

Last September, I went into the basement of the Franklin Free Library with Linda Burkhart, the librarian, looking for documents to illustrate local history for a children's program. We found a handwritten letter stuffed into a folder which Linda took back to her desk to read. A little later, she pointed out a passage that she thought would be useful for the program: "It is, said he, with feelings of sadness that I view the



time as fast approaching, when those that were active in that war, will have passed away..."

The letter, written by William B. Hanford of Walton, NY, recounted his father Levi's experiences as a prisoner of war during the American Revolution. Addressed to the *Journal of Commerce* and dated January 16th 1852, the letter responded to an advertisement placed by David Barter to find a Revolutionary War hero who was incarcerated in the Old Sugar House on Liberty Street in New York. The old prison had just been torn down and a few canes had been made from one of the beams. Mr. Barter was offering the cane to a hero "for a support in his declining years."

The letter is nine pages on lined paper. For the most part, the spelling is contemporary, except where 'ss' is written as 'fs' in words such as "sicknefs." The handwriting is neat and readable, with a few cross-outs and additions which suggest that it may have been a draft. A search for the original letter has not produced any results.

What really stands out is the story the letter relates. It tells of Levi Hanford's birth "in the town of Norwalk, Connecticut, in the great year of fifty nine, as it used to be termed, (the year in which the British took Canada)." It describes Levi's capture by the Tories in 1777, "on the 13th of March, a very dark and stormy night," and explains his release, fourteen months later, after a sergeant named Wally who had "taken a great dislike to me;" tried to silence Hanford when his name was called for a prisoner exchange.

I first became interested in the incarceration of patriot soldiers during the American Revolutionary War after reading *Forgotten Patriots*, by Edwin G. Burrows. When I read the Hanford letter, I recognized the description of "the provisions of pork and sea biscuits." During the war, New York City was occupied by the British in 1776 after the Battle of Brooklyn. At first, patriot prisoners of war were detained in large buildings such as the Old Sugar House and the North Dutch Church, but as

prison space became limited, the British decommissioned and disabled troop transport ships and anchored them in Wallabout Bay, currently the site of the Brooklyn Navy Yards. Prisoners were confined on these hulks.

Conditions in the prisons and on the ships were deplorable. They were overcrowded, with limited food supplies, bad air, and foul sanitary conditions. Men passed diseases among themselves and starved from lack of food or potable water. Levi Hanford contracted small pox

and survived a stay in the Small Pox Hospital. He was fortunate in that he recovered. Many of the prisoners died in captivity. On the prison ships, the dead bodies were thrown overboard into the bay.

The Hanford letter may be the most comprehensive description of what life was like for Revolutionary War prisoners incarcerated in New York. It describes the food they ate: "The biscuit was such as had been wet with sea water and damaged, full of worms and mouldy." It tells of conditions on one of the hulks, the Good Intent: "The scenes of starvation and suffering that followed, cannot be described, everything was eaten that could appease hunger." It also relates Ethan Allen's response to how the soldiers were treated and how Levi Hanford learned that General Burgoyne had been captured.

The Delaware County Historical Society has a small collection of papers from Levi Hanford, including a letter that he wrote to his family from prison in June of 1777. The original letter from David Barter awarding Hanford the hero's cane - as well as the cane itself - are also in the museum.

William Hanford's letter was published in the *New York Times* on November 16, 1852 and has been quoted in a few books, including *A Narrative of the Life and Adventures of Levi Hanford, a Soldier of the Revolution*. Levi Hanford was reunited with his family in Connecticut in 1778. He later moved to Walton where he died in 1854 at the age of 93. He is buried on Dunk Hill Road adjacent to the old Hanford farm.

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UpState Arts

By Christopher Lloyd Wright

Masonville resident Tommy Klehr is an artist still finding his voice as a painter, a struggle so many artists face during their creative lives. To be completely comfortable with one's work, even to say it's "perfect," means that there's nothing more to be done, no room left for growth. "Perfect" art is stagnant, with limited potential for interpretation. Tommy Klehr's painting is not "perfect," which is why it is so appealing and interesting to look at.

Klehr was inspired to be a self-taught painter at an age when most men would rather spend their money on a fancy new sport car. To be an artist in today's world is not as romantic as some may lead you to believe. There is a strong inner sense of reward, but before

that, being an artist is like taking on a second job with little, and often no, pay. Inspiration is hard to come by, and for the most part, a totally uncontrollable aspect of an artist's life.

Klehr is an experimenter, without boundaries or limits, in his quest to find his true style as an artist. He has worked in a Jackson Pollock style of painting: free flowing and full of "happy mistakes," drips and splatters of colorful paint layered on the surface. Painting this way is energizing and fun, and usually the viewer has the same feelings viewing the work as the painter did creating it. Klehr has painted his ceiling tiles in this fashion, giving each room a beautiful range and combination of colors and an individual sense of energy. **See KLEHR, cont'd on Page 13**

He has also done figurative work that is reminiscent of Outsider Art, a style largely made up of self-taught artists. When asked what inspires him, he says, "Music. The particular essence of a song can translate into a painting." For instance, Klehr has "painted" a *Phish* album, using each song as inspiration for an individual work. But most of his best work to date is expressionistic in style, with broad energetic brush strokes and the use of vibrant color. Klehr's style is rough yet precise in composition. He constructs a painting as a choreographer would a dance: the figure and the surrounding objects move together to conduct the viewer across the surface of the painting.

To be an artist is not only to draw or paint realistically. Art that offers up impressions and expressions of mood, place and life can be appreciated because of the depth with which the painter mirrors his own existence. And being of an artistic mind does not always mean working as an artist. It can also mean being open and receptive, not only to ideas that reinforce one's existing views but to new ideas that challenge them. How one handles such challenges depends on how one defines life. Tommy has chosen to pick up a brush. Others put

Library Director.

One day, alone at home, I literally stumbled into a mountain of ridiculously stacked books (we ran out of shelf space decades ago), piled way too high in a corner of our living room floor. I was struck on the head by one of those classic fifty pound "coffee table" numbers and rendered temporarily unconscious. I was being crushed and suffocated by the very books I'd been buying in outrageous numbers, exhibiting all the signs of a true book addict. Linda, just in the nick of time, found me turning blue and said, "If you buy one more book and bring it into the house instead of using the library, I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!"

Well, I'm still alive, practically doubling the circulation of the library, and saving tons of money too!

With undying gratitude to the Franklin Free Library.....and Linda,

Elliot

For anyone who might need similar help, please go to:

The Franklin Free Library
334 Main Street
Franklin, N.Y. 13775
Tel. 607-829-2941

Hours: Tues. 9 AM - 12 PM /
1 PM - 5 PM / 7 PM - 9 PM
Thurs. 9:30 AM - 5:30 PM
Sat. 9 AM - 5 PM

On line at: www.franklinfreelibrary.org

THE FLATLANDER DIARIES: WINTER, 2010

By Sunny Hill

It's a small world

Ever run into a stranger in a strange land, only to discover you have some historical connection? It seems to happen so often here in the Catskills that people have attributed a metaphysical component to these seemingly random encounters.

Laws of attraction: One of my favorite questions to ask people is: "How did you come to choose Franklin?" Many Flatlanders originate from Long Island, Brooklyn, Jersey, Egypt, England, Greece, Italy, Holland, Venezuela, France and Bali. Many discovered Franklin while visiting friends here. A surprising number of folks had no previous connection, but felt such a strong pull to the land, they purchased a home the very first visit. I am beginning to wonder if we choose the land or if the land chooses us.

Could the Catskills have some kind of spiritual vortex, like Sedona, Arizona? My guests often report better sleep, more vivid dreams, seeing spirits in the forests and generally feeling like they are in a sanctuary.

I had only been in Delaware County twice previously. First was on a random trip to discover where Route 206 went. The second was to visit a friend's home, which I never found. The third trip was to look at property. I fell in love with the second home I saw. The land pulled at my heartstrings. I was tearful going up the drive. I wasted no time in securing the home. On closing day, I celebrated at "Danny's" only to run into a High School classmate. I thought to myself, "What a small world."

Did I choose the land or did it choose me? If it choose me, I had to ask, "Why do you want me?" The thought returned to me that the land wanted a caretaker, a steward, someone who would cherish the life here and in return, offered multiple friendships. In-

deed the wildlife and plant life as well as the energy of the land seems to have extended a welcoming hand. I joined the Catskill Forest Association to advance my knowledge of Forest care.

When the student is ready, the teacher arrives - It seems that when you need help, help also arrives, be it a plumber (or a neighbor who is handy with propane and flux), an auto mechanic, a yoga teacher, the proverbial "cup of sugar" or just friendly conversation. My friends back in the Flatlands often ask, "Don't you get lonely up there?" You would think the Catskills was the Mojave desert. I tell them that here, you can say hello to someone you just met, and three or five hours later, you are saying good-bye. It seems easier to make friends here.

At present, I am wondering just how to "give back" to all those that have helped me settle into my new rural lifestyle. Maybe once my garden produces some veggies, I will have something to share. We often don't know what impact we have on others. Are Flatlanders just a nuisance to the locals, or do we have something of value to contribute as well? Apart from buying up real estate, paying into the tax rolls, Flatlanders are rehabilitating old barns, restoring old homes, contributing to cultural events with time, money and talent. Flatlanders patronize local shops, farms and restaurants. Besides, Flatlanders are future "locals," given enough time.

Well, you should be reading this around Winter Vacation. Many of you will be stoking the wood burning stove to stave off the cold. Some will retreat to warmer climates. Wherever you are, keep warm, stay open.

And when you travel to Florida, Egypt, England, Greece, Italy, Holland, Venezuela, France or Bali, don't be surprised when you ask someone where they are from and they say... "Franklin!"

I SHOULDN'T BE ALIVE, or HOW THE FRANKLIN FREE LIBRARY SAVED MY LIFE

Hello. My name is Elliot and I'm a recovering bibliomaniac. If it wasn't for the Franklin Free Library...well, I'll get back to that.

Anyway, we all know, or should know, how much the Franklin Free Library contributes to this very lucky community. In addition to access to practically every hard and soft copy in-and-out-of print book, there is also the ability to order books on line, a vast audio CD and cassette tape collection, pod cast and soon-to-be E-book capability, an extensive up-to-the-minute magazine rack, four computers (even a lap-top) with internet access, WiFi, two copy machines, a scanner, the only public fax machine in town, a real live, in-house professional information retrieval specialist (who is also an expert in genealogical research), library volunteers who give their blood, sweat, and tears, exceptional summer cultural events, year-round travelogue slide shows and lectures by our local globe-trotting community members, social gatherings for the fun of it, the world-renowned Old Franklin Day Library Book Sale, and (gasp!) of course, the annual visit by Santa, just to mention a few of its services.

But back to me personally, and my wife Linda, who, coincidentally, is also the



We repair
and re-
size rings.

KALE, continued from Page 1 delivered boxes of organic produce every week to the Big M, often less than five hours after harvest. But due to a series of factors, the food did not exactly fly off the shelves. While the owner and managers at the Big M were generally supportive, the challenges grew. First, we had to engage in some aggressive advocacy strategies to get decent shelf space. When our requests for better placement didn't pan out (we were selling a local, organic product, grown by the hard-working youth of our community as cheaply as we could - what's not to love??), our crew showed up unannounced in the Big M parking lot to meet with the owner directly. He put it this way: "If you can get your product here every week in reliable quantities, we'll give you prime real estate. But if it looks like shit, it's over."

What we delivered was beautiful. Fresh and vibrant, newly-washed, the produce practically sang opera. However supermarket policies dictate that the newer product sits in the cooler until the older product sells out. While logical on some level, it often meant that our produce on the shelves was

older, drying and wilting. More raspy Johnny Cash than glorious Maria Callas.

Also, we had more swiss chard and kale than the Walton population was willing to purchase, and our other more palatable crops (cucumbers, beans, squash and zucchini) just couldn't compete with the box truck prices, no matter how low we were willing to go. So we gave boxes of high quality, organic produce to the

We were selling a local organic product, grown by the hard-working youth of our community as cheaply as we could - what's not to love?

food pantry on Friday afternoons. "Grown Here to Eat Here" was our motto, after all, and since our project was subsidized by grant money, we could afford to essentially give it away. Local? Yes. Economically viable? No.

We also experienced significant marketing challenges. Our efforts to introduce Waltonians to the multiple benefits of kale (in the form of pamphlets, reci-

pes, Hail to Kale signs, etc.) often resulted in damp, unreadable shredded paper over the produce. The Big M simply did not have the staff, the time, or the ability (desire?) to effectively laminate all of our signs, so much of what we brought in was packaged up in plastic (it will last longer this way, we were told) and sold alongside the produce from Chile and California with no distinction.

Ultimately, we moved a few thousand pounds and dollars worth of produce through the Big M. We had a small, but devoted following, and for that we are enormously grateful. We still had the fall school cafeterias to feed.

However, lo and behold, kale isn't such a hit with 9th graders either. We did get salad, spinach, radishes, swiss chard, peppers, tomatoes, and yes, kale into the cafeteria, but with the recent rains, our field got flooded and we lost everything.

All is not lost. The students learned a great deal and the ball was set in motion to ensure that high quality food gets to those with limited resources. It just ain't easy.

Kale, anyone?



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We have several homes lined up for the Holiday House Tour and are looking for more. People love to look at houses, especially when decorated for the season! Would you like to open yours? Houses are open from 2 pm - 7 pm. You decide how much of your house you allow people to see. If you would be interested in having your house open or in hosting a different activity for the day, please call Kim at 829-8820.

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THE GARDEN GATE

By Penelope R. King

COVER CROPS AND HOW THEY WORK FOR US

The cold temperatures of late fall are here. Leaves are falling fast, frosts are getting harder and harder and it is taking longer for it to warm in the day, even if the sun is shining. Most of your vegetables are harvested. Cole crops may still be producing, parsley is still growing and root crops are still in the ground, but all the warm weather plants have been hit: squash, pumpkins, tomatoes, peppers, etc. You should have pulled your onions and garlic, have dried them on the ground for a few days and braided them for use later in winter. Now is the time to plant garlic for next year's harvest, but put it in a corner somewhere, for if you have cleaned out most of your vegetables, it is time to think about putting in a **cover crop**.

There are three main ways to improve your soil: mulch with biodegradable mulches, dig organic soil amendments (compost, rotted manure, peat, grass clippings, etc) into the soil and plant a cover crop (also called green manure). All

our thin, clay soils and all the other jobs facing us, cover cropping is the easiest. At least the planting part; you will have to turn the crop into the bed later and that takes some elbow grease.

Cover crops have been used for over a century to improve soil by bulking up organic matter, preventing erosion, suppressing weeds and breaking up subsoils. Also, many plants release sugars and other substances through their roots. They pump energy down into the soil - much deeper than you could dig or till - as much as six feet for rye. That action creates soft, friable soil, crumbly and rich. These little solar engines also carry colonies of helpful microorganisms as the roots dig deep, which helps your soil's health. And as every organic gardener knows, soil health creates healthy plants that can withstand adverse conditions and produce healthy vegetables for us to eat. No chemical fertilizer or pesticide or herbicide will do as much for you, never mind the cost of buying those products, many of which are made from oil!

Legumes are my favorite cover crop: they fix nitrogen in the soil, making it that much richer. Some

have their advantages, but with them need to be planted in early spring in areas where you plan to plant warm weather crops. You will turn them into the soil before you put out your vegetable seedlings. These include alfalfa, alsike clover, red clover and sweet clover. Non-legumes to plant in early spring include annual rye grass (*secale cereale*), buckwheat, oats, rape and winter rye.

But it's fall now, and the cover crops for us in zone 4 are limited. You can use white clover, red clover and annual rye grass, but I think rye is your best bet right now. Make sure you turn it in early in spring before the stalks get woody. If you have trouble finding it, try Johnny's Selected Seeds.

Clear out your beds first, removing all crop residues and raking the soil to get out clumps. Then sow your seed using a crank operated seed broadcaster, or by hand if you can spread it evenly and fairly thinly. If you can't sow your seed just before a rain, mulch the seeded area with straw and water, as you would a new lawn. After sowing, tamp the seed in with the back of a rake to make sure the seed is in good contact with the soil. Then water, or let the rain do it. One pound of seed will cover 1,000 square feet.

You can use cover crops as living

mulches if you plant in rows. Work the cover crop into your soil, or as it dies back, leave it and hand-pull enough of the dead plants to leave room for the spring seedlings. The dead cover crop will act as mulch for your garden that summer.

If you are planning a new vegetable garden, use cover crops for a year before your first planting to enrich and loosen your soil. These cover crops will also force out many weeds, as they will germinate before weed seeds get a chance.

Turning under a cover crop isn't hard unless you have a huge garden. In general, you need to dig in the crop about a month before planting in the spring. You can use a rotary tiller, but you will lose some of the benefit. Instead, try pulling up the crop and leaving it on the surface of the soil, or turn it in by hand (and digging fork or shovel). Or bury it under a heavy layer of chopped leaves to kill it. Or let chickens in if you have them, or chop up the plants, leave some and rake the rest up and put it in your compost pile. Keep in mind that it will be easier to turn under an annual cover crop than a perennial one.

Penny King has had her own organic gardening business here in the Catskills for 27 years.

DAIRYING, continued from Page 1
years.

Moving to the farm in 1944 from Brooklyn was quite a change! I was seven years old at the time. The biggest difference was the absence of electricity. In the house, that meant we used kerosene lamps after dark, but in the barn it meant the milking machines and lights were powered by Delco batteries. All I remember about them was a big bank of ugly glass "things" situated in the milk house. Within a year, rural electrification came in, making life much easier.

The whole milking process was much more labor-intensive then. Milking machines (Hinman brand) sat on the floor under the cow. If she was in a bad mood, one good kick would knock the container over and dump the white stuff in the gutter. Later, we had Surge milkers, which hung from a belt around the cow's body. Not so easy to kick off.

All milkers involved attaching suction cups to the cows' teats. Once the milk was out of the cow, it was carried to cans which stood at the end of the barn. Barn cats hovered around, waiting for a pan of milk, their only food except for the vermin they controlled around the farm. On top of the cans were metal strainers into which the milk was poured. The strainers used squares of white flannel to catch impurities. Frugal farm wives washed these after one use and sewed them together to make flannel bed sheets. Also, with a thought to the farmer's wife, some feed companies sold their product in bags made of a heavy calico cotton. Ladies sewed the fabric into aprons, house dresses and so forth. Today, of course,

feed is delivered in bulk. No more feedbags.

Full milk cans from the night milking were lowered into a spring-fed cooling vat and, along with the morning's milk, were collected by truck and taken to nearby creameries. Our farm was about a half-mile from the main road and in those days, the school bus would not come up the dirt road to pick up one child, so I had to get to the corner to meet the bus. Often, the milk truck was ready to go at the right time and I was able to catch a ride with the driver. To thank him, my parents gave him a carton of cigarettes each June when school was out. Imagine that scene today! Letting a child ride in a truck (no seat belts) with a strange man and rewarding him with cigarettes! Some time in the 50's, we got a bulk tank and the milk was emptied into it. No more hauling those heavy cans out of the vat. Moo Juice Farm has pipeline milkers, which take the milk straight from the cow to the cooling tank.

Like today, our cows were tested for tuberculosis and the milk was tested for bacteria and

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butterfat content.. Once a month or so, the milk tester would come for the evening milking and stay overnight at the farmhouse, to test the morning milk. It was always a special time, to have an overnight guest. I don't know if it was special for the milk tester. He probably had his favorite farms where the cuisine was good. My mother was an excellent cook, so he probably liked staying at our house.

Of course, many other aspects of farming have changed as well. Farming is still "a good life, but a hard living." We are fortunate to live where we can still see where our food comes from.

Sonia DeFrances was born in Brooklyn, raised in North Harpersfield, graduated from Jefferson Central School and SUNY Oneonta. Now retired from teaching, she likes to grow vegetables and knit.



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KLEHR, con't from Pg. 10
pencil to paper or pluck a guitar. There are also those who don't consider themselves artistic but are open-minded and act as a catalyst in their community.

As an artistically minded man, Tommy is concerned with our local art communities, and has started a small yet quickly growing collection of work created by artists from our general area. He is passionate about supporting his community in other ways as well, buying most of his groceries at his local Masonville General Store, making weekly visits to area farmer markets and of course attending all the gallery openings and art exhibits that he can.

If you or someone you know is having an art opening, show or event, send details to clwrightgallery@yahoo.com.

And by the way, readers are strongly advised to check out one of our local area gems, Golden Artists Colors. They are an employee owned and operated company manufacturing artists' paints and distributing them worldwide. They're located just outside the town of New Berlin. For more info and a tour, visit www.golden-paints.com.

To see work by Christopher Lloyd Wright, visit Facebook and search for CLWRIGHT.



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PET TALK

By Joan Puritz, DVM

Here's my first question from a reader:

"My long coat Chihuahua's eyes run clear almost constantly. He doesn't have inverted eyelashes or any other problem, but his tears cause that common unsightly stain. Why do some dogs' eyes run? And, is wiping them away with warm water on a soft cloth the only solution? He doesn't like having his face washed, and so it's a bit of a battle we could both do without. Thank you, we love your column!"

- Jean Weil

Runny eyes, or *epiphora*, is most frequently noted at the medial canthus (inner part of the eyelid) and can result in staining of the fur and skin below the eye. This creates tear tracks onto the face. Staining from extreme *epiphora* can cause the hair below and around the eye to turn reddish brown or almost black (this is more common in dogs than other pets).

It is important to determine whether *epiphora* is due to excessive tearing from some sort of irritant or painful ocular condition,

or whether it is secondary to decreased drainage of tears. A thorough ocular examination, with assessment of the eyelids and globe under magnification, Schirmer tear testing (STT), fluorescein staining, and cannulation/flushing of the lacrimal *puncta* (where the tear duct is) may all be necessary to identify the cause.

Once it is determined that there is no abnormalities, you can try some of the many over-the-counter products that are sold at pet stores and at dog shows to decrease staining of the facial hairs. Some of these products do not list their contents, so their routine use cannot be recommended. Others contain antibiotics (for instance, Angel Eyes™ contains beef liver extract and tylosin tartrate) that should not be used chronically. Products that contain bleaching agents or peroxide should also be avoided near the eye. Over-the-counter eye irrigating solutions are safe to use (e.g., Clear Eyes™, Dacriose™, or generic products). Several veterinary products are available, such as *i-med* and Optixcare Eye Cleaner by Aventix.

On a daily basis, the affected area can be cleaned with eye irrigating solution or lid wipes marketed for use in people, and then patted dry with cotton or absorbent pads

(e.g., make-up pads). The hair immediately near the medial canthus and below the eye can be clipped as short as possible to discourage matting and the accumulation of moisture and bacteria that lead to tear staining. In extreme cases when there is an actual irritation or infection of the skin under the eye, antibiotic eye ointment and/or oral antibiotics may be used. I hope I have helped, Jean. Good luck, and thanks for reading!

I received another letter about cats and their heat cycles. Cats are induced ovulators. This means that they don't release eggs from their ovaries unless they mate, and basically in the spring and summer, they go in and out of heat until bred, until the weather gets cold, or until they're spayed. Many veterinarians recommend waiting till they are out of heat to have them spayed because it is less dangerous.

But a cat can get bred twice a year during its fertile years, and produce 1 to 6 kittens in a litter. This is a lot of kittens in a cat's lifetime. One cat could have up to 124 kittens in its life! With the overpopulation of cats at an all time high, it's always hard to find good homes for all these kittens. My best advice is to get your cat spayed when it's between 6 and 9

months old to avoid this problem. If you want a kitten, go to the shelters, where they have been checked over, vaccinated and sometimes spayed at an early age of 9 weeks old.

Thanks for reading! I look forward to hearing from you all this winter.



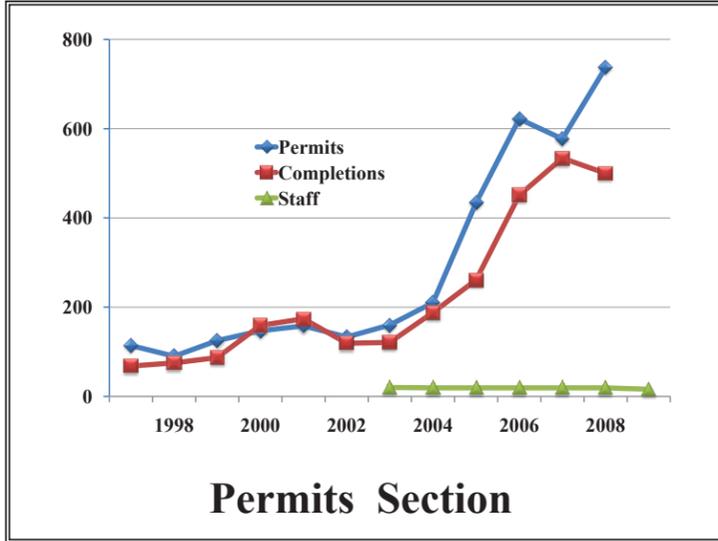
Joan Puritz, DVM

If you have a question about dogs or cats, or even other creatures, send them by email to Dr. Puritz at thenewfranklinregister@gmail.com. She will answer them in future columns. No question is too complex or too silly!

ENFORCEMENT, continued from Page 1

1990s, it was approving permits for 100 to 200 wells annually with a staff of 20 [see figure below]. Then, in the late 1990s, gas was discovered in the Trenton and Black River Groups south of the Finger Lakes and the annual number of permits began to climb. In 2008, BOGR approved 740 permits for drilling with a staff of 19. This year, their staff is down to 16.

From the late 1990s to the early 2000s, the number of permits gradually increased from 100 to 200 each year. In that time, annual inspections increased from 2,000 to 3,500 [see figure at right]. Despite the rapidly increasing number of permits and completions since 2003, all



BOGR can manage is 2,500 annual inspections.

Permitting future wells is not the only responsibility of BOGR. It oversees approximately 75,000 existing wells. Inactive wells account for an estimated 60,000 of these, of which only half have been located. Of the 30,000 in the database, over 5,000 are orphaned, unplugged, and in need of attention, with more being discovered each year. BOGR manages to plug 100 to 200 abandoned wells each year. Then there are the 15,000 active wells and the hundreds of new wells being drilled each year.

How can they manage all this with only 2,500 site visits each year? The GEIS does not require a single site visit to most active wells. The only two required visits are to the site before the permit is issued and then, after the well has been plugged and the site reclaimed. Only if the drilling is through a primary or principle aquifer (sands and gravels in river valleys) is

an inspector required to oversee cementing of the surface casing after drilling reaches below the aquifer. Otherwise, all the GEIS mandates is that BOGR reviews the submitted paperwork.

But was a staff of 20 adequate even in the less-busy 1990s?

Again, the answer is no.

New York is the only state that makes no attempt to verify the production of oil and gas from wells. Instead, it accepts reports from energy companies at face value. In a 2005 audit (2005-S-54), the state Comptroller faulted the BOGR for not testing accuracy of meters, not spot-checking by reading meters, and not auditing company records - not even for wells on the tens of thousands of acres in state forests, where royalties are paid to the state. A second audit (2009-F-1) found that other than requiring periodic tests of meters on state

lands, there has been little progress. What is the DEC's record of ensuring safe drilling in New York State? It is hard to tell, but it's not nearly as good as has been claimed. A search of the DEC Spills Database for the 30 years of its existence found hundreds of reports connected to drilling. There may be many more because a letter of agreement between the DEC and

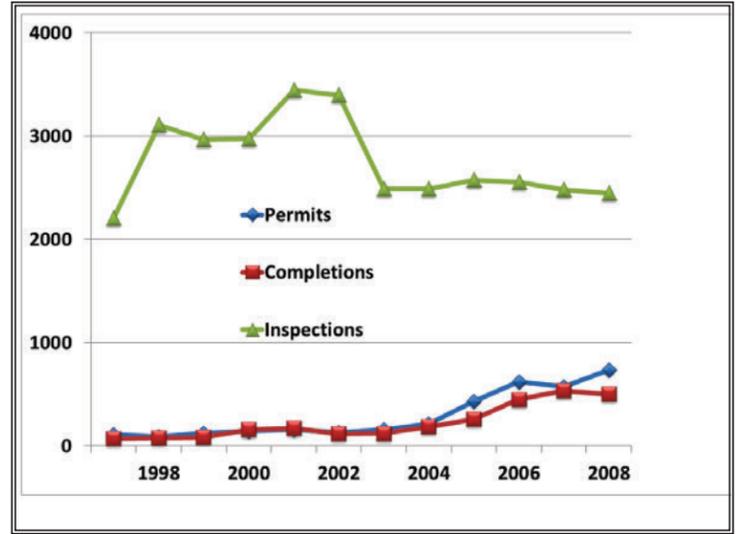
the Department of Mineral Resources makes the DMR the lead agency concerning oil and gas spills. And their records are not available. Industry and the DEC claim that there is no proven pollution of aquifers by drilling, but this is deceptive because neither has done testing both before and after drilling. It is just as true to say there is no proof that the 75,000 wells have not polluted. What is more, this high-volume fracking has not yet been attempted in New York.

The responsibility for regulating the oil and gas industry falls almost entirely on the BOGR. The same law that created the DMR preempts almost all powers from local governments. Our town and village boards are left only with oversight of wear on local roads and of property taxes on well sites. Should an energy company lease an acre or two within the Village of Franklin, our local governments could do nothing to prevent drilling there.

What can the federal government do to regulate the oil and gas industry?

Not much.

The industry has successfully lobbied Congress to exempt it from almost every federal environmental law. For example, after a federal judge required the Department of Environmen-



tal Protection to enforce the section of the 1974 Safe Drinking Water Act (SDWA) that covers underground injection (including fracking), the Energy Policy Act of 2005 was passed containing an exemption for fracking - the notorious Halliburton loophole.

Besides the SDWA, the oil and gas industry is exempt from parts of the Clean Air Act (1963/1990), the National Environmental Policy Act (1970), the Resource Conservation & Recovery Act (1976), the Comprehensive Environmental Response Act (1980), and the Compensation, & Liability Act; Emergency Planning and Right to Know, Superfund Act (1986). There is virtually nothing left to protect us.

What can be done? To finance a robust DMR, permit fees could be increased and a severance tax on all gas and oil production could be legislated. The SGEIS could set out a schedule of site inspections and document reviews for each well and specify the work load of each inspector. Local government could challenge the preemption of their zoning powers - as was successfully done for mining. Exemptions from Federal laws could be repealed so that the same laws that regulate all other industries regulate oil and gas.

Brian Brock is a geologist and associate editor of this newspaper. He lives in Franklin

RECENT REAL PROPERTY SALES IN TOWN OF FRANKLIN

DATE	ADDRESS	ACRES	CLASSIFICATION	ASSESS.	PRICE	SELLER	BUYER
1/12/10	Herklotz Rd	139.5	Dairy Farm	\$249,000	\$90,000+	Herklotz, Debbie	Herklotz, Herman P.
2/22/10	Chamberlain Hill Rd	116.7	Private Forest	404,028*		Heartwood Forest	Gutchess Management
4/15/10	4030 E Handsome Bk Rd	18.06	1 Family Residence	102,000	129,000	Bruno, Alfred L.	Auger-Dominguez,
4/16/10	12187 State Hgwy 357	123.19	1 Family Residence	206,000	235,251	Moccia, Debra M.	Farm Credit East ACA
4/30/10	7806 State Hgwy 357	1.5	1 Family Residence	64,000	68,000	Hefferman, Nancy	Morrell, Danielle
5/10/10	4716 W Planter Bk Rd	4.6	1 Family Residence	90,000	158,510	Armstrong, Aaron S.	Frazier, Clifton J.
5/18/10	Beebe Rd	67.4	Vacant Farmland	35,000	70,000*	Backus, Ronald	Rubinov, Shalom
5/20/10	505 Pomeroy Rd	82.2	Rural Residence	370,000	465,000	Vogel, John J.	Samantha Frank Trust
5/24/10	County Hgwy 14	1.3	Rural Vacant, <10 ac	3,000	3,000	Huyck, Eugene T.	Walter, Christian
6/08/10	148 Main St	0.76	1 Family Residence	77,000	96,500	Banks, Matthew	Brown, Jeffery T.
6/15/10	4104 East Brook Rd	155.38	Rural Residence	145,000	200,000	Scolieri, Paul	Apple Mansion Estate
6/18/10	750 Church St.	0.6	1 Family Residence	65,000	27,000	Lucas, Leora	Fairchilds, Mark F.
6/21/10	870 Sherman Hill Rd	9	Manufactured Housing	49,000	60,000	Arenella, Robert	Mileto, James M.
6/24/10	51 Main St	0.13	1 Family Residence	65,000	85,000	Mitchell, Douglas	Kivalov, Sergey N.
6/29/10	5433 State Hgwy 28S	7.35	1 Family Residence	122,000		Schmitt, Werner H.	Fleury, Amy L.
6/30/10	3445 Merrickville Rd	11.5	1 Family Residence	85,000	80,000	Burch, Rebecca	Martanis, John G. III
7/07/10	Leland Hull Rd	77.48	Rural Vacant, >10 ac	55,000	103,000	Jakowenko, George	Graham, Douglas S.
7/19/10	Oak Hill Rd	151.6	Rural Vacant, >10 ac	161,000	226,000	Chlystun, Jeanette	Beritto, Frank
7/20/10	County Hgwy 21	38.08	Vacant w/Improve.	75,000	107,000	Batalion, Nathan B.	Wang, Gary
7/22/10	688 Main St.	7.72	1 Family Residence	148,000	175,000	Harker, James J.	Williams, Joseph R.
7/28/10	636 Main St.	1.58	1 Family Residence	65,000	10,000	Holistic Skin & Spa	Stanton, Shannon R.
7/28/10	509 Grange Hall Rd	31.6	Manufactur'd Housing	37,000	15,000	Delaware County	Marren, Peter
8/06/10	County Hgwy 21	9.05	Rural Vacant, <10 ac	25,000	27,500	Batalion, Nathan B.	Mondore, Richard
8/08/10	304 Case Hill Rd	1	2 Family Residence	102,000	149,500	Lewis R. Ackley Tr.	Bartow, Neishia M.
8/18/10	1995 Rich Rd	75.4	Manufactur'd Housing	75,000	28,700	Marschilok, Beverly	Guy, Karl G.
8/23/10	6901Dunk Hill Rd	3	1 Family Residence	40,000	40,000	Meyer, John M.	Scanlan-Yerly, S.

BEDSTRAW, continued from Page 1

in places. These fields had patchy growth overall, with poor yield and small amounts of high protein legumes like clover which take nitrogen from the air and 'fix' it into the soil, without chemical fertilizers.

I searched for solutions online at extension and agricultural university sites. I spoke with Extension folks who were really nice and tried to be helpful. The consensus was that this is a very difficult problem. My soil was tested acidic. The Extension suggested that bedstraw might be controlled with a mix of repeated spraying of herbicides, plowing and re-seeding with a pasture mix, and amending the soil with lime and fertilizer.

None of this was attractive to me. It seemed like a lot of chemicals, a lot of diesel fuel to run machinery, and a lot of work. And expensive. I'm committed to letting my cattle do most of the work---harvesting their own food by grazing, fertilizing the fields with their manure, and re-seeding the fields with grasses that get tramped into the ground while they graze. I'm also committed to selling beef from cattle that graze fields without chemicals. And the more time my tractor spends sitting, rather than burning diesel, the better.

So, out of stubbornness, laziness and desperation, I tried an experiment that worked, better than I hoped. It involved feeding the cattle big round bales in these pastures during the winter, and regularly moving the site of the feeding.

Here are the details:

The twenty acres in question sloped gently toward my pond. I had it fenced into four rectangular paddocks--identical in size, slope, soil and amount of bedstraw. Trees at the end of the paddock provided a windbreak. I fed thirty-five cows for about a month in the winter on each of these four paddocks. I used round metal feeders to hold the round bales and moved the feeders every few days to keep the nearby soil from being too damaged. The cattle spread lots of their manure over these paddocks, and stomped it into the ground. The pasture looked pretty bad after the winter was over.

Then I tried an additional experiment to see if seeding made a difference. I did nothing more to one of the four paddocks. In March, I "frost seeded"

three of the paddocks with a pasture mix of timothy (a grass), and white and red clover (legumes). This meant using a tractor attachment that spread seed and pushed it into the ground with a heavy roller. The cattle also pushed the seed into the soil.

In the spring, when the grass grew, all the pastures were transformed. Seeding did not make a difference. They were all lush---thick with grass and impressive amounts of clover. And the bedstraw was almost gone. You could find it, but you had to look. I've had experienced neighbors, who knew these fields, look at the pastures with amazement at the change. They were unable to tell which had been seeded. My yield, in terms of grazing time, has more than doubled on these pastures.

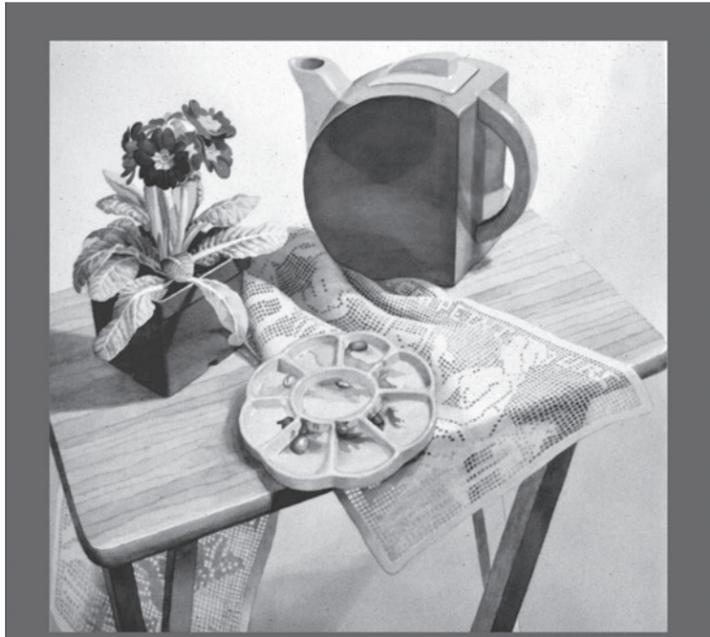
This was two winters ago. Last winter, I tried the same approach on another twenty acres of patchy, low yield pasture but without the bedstraw problem. The growth this summer has been much better, again almost double my grazing time on those fields.

It turns out there are lots of seeds lying dormant but still fertile in the soil, waiting for favorable soil conditions to spout and grow. Winter feeding created soil conditions that favored grass and clover over bedstraw. The cattle spread manure onto the pasture and stomped it into the ground along with bale waste, which contains carbon and nitrogen. Moving the ring feeders regularly spread the manure uniformly and prevented soil damage.

Will this work for everyone? I cannot really say. But on my farm, winter feeding improved both the yield and plant mix of my pastures. And we did this without needing to spend money or use diesel fuel to spray herbicides, plow, seed, or use chemical fertilizers.

The cattle did the work.

Ken Jaffe raises grass fed beef in Meredith, marketing to individuals, restaurants, schools, and stores regionally and in NYC. He previously practiced family medicine for 25 years. He describes sustainable farming as "applied public health."



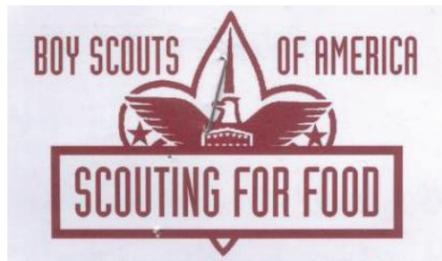
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HELP MAKE THE HOLIDAYS HAPPIER FOR ALL!



BRING YOUR DONATIONS OF NON-PERISHABLE FOOD AND GOOD USED CLOTHING TO THE FARMERS' HOLIDAY MARKET DECEMBER 11TH, 2 PM-6 PM AT THE FRANKLIN FIRE HALL BOY SCOUT TROOP 8 WILL HAVE A BOX THERE TO RECEIVE YOUR GENEROUS GIFTS TO THE NEEDY IN OUR AREA

PLEASE, NO GLASS, FROZEN FOODS OR PERISHABLES

FROM JUDY'S CAFE:

And the winner is...

The raffle of the original painting done by Doug Jamieson for this year's Franklin Farmers Market poster was won by Ken Langlieb. Congratulations!

Despite several very rainy Sundays, the Market had a happy, successful season. Our vendors sold every sort of farm produce: plants, berries, fine meats, vegetables, poultry, eggs, cheese, bread and pastries, honey, maple syrup, tilapia, wool products, hand-made wooden cutting boards, blacksmith-made iron objets d'art, posters, and of course, raffle tickets. The Beehive offered brunch snacks. The Franklin Free Library raised money with a sale of baked goods.

The coffee tent sold hundreds of cups of hot and iced coffee at what became Judy's Café. Visitors lounged, sipped, nibbled on fabulous Fokish cinnamon rolls, and shared laughs, political discussions, stories, lies and even a little gossip.

But even though our season is over, we are not done yet. We will hold a winter Holiday Market at the Franklin Firehouse on Sat. Dec. 11th. It will feature local produce, holiday gifts and crafts, music, and fun.

Hope to see you there!

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We know you know we know. You know we know you know we know. Will the person who murdered Tommy Tomato please contact me at their earliest convenience?

Thank you.
Jack

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