Stonewall Farm to Change Hands

Farms in Cornwall have been passed along by one generation to the next in a kind of closed loop of tradition. When the Lorch family sold their farm operation to Chris Hopkins in 2006, the path was opened for new ways to farm and run a dairy herd. New traditions have taken root.

Chris developed Stonewall Farm in Cornwall Bridge as an organic operation selling raw milk and now he is ready to retire. He is presently negotiating with Sarah and Jeff Casel to sell the farm property on the west side of Route 7.

Cornwall voters have opened the way for the Casels to operate Stonewall. At a town meeting July 10 by unanimous vote, the voters approved the lease of 100 acres of town-owned land on the eastern side of Route 7, across from the farm buildings on the western side of the road. The town land, most of it uphill pasture, is critical to the success of the farm, which will support a herd of about 20 dairy cows.

The $200-a-year lease is for 30 years and is contingent on the Casels and Chris Hopkins reaching an agreement to sell the 20-acre farm property.

The Casels, who will move to Cornwall with their son, nine-month-old Hunter, have been farming at Appleton Farms in Ipswich, Mass., a non-profit operation for community-supported agriculture.

At the town meeting, First Selectman Gordon Ridgway noted that the Casels will continue the agricultural tradition of the Lorch farm, “a gateway to Cornwall from the south.”

The town’s 100 acres, as well as the 20 acres on the other side of the road, are protected by a state agricultural easement requiring that the property remain in use as a farm forever.

—Lisa L. Simont

The Empty Butterfly Net

I was eight when World War II started. We lived on Indian Mountain Road in Lakeville, in a house overlooking the long valley that runs south from the old iron pits. To the west was the mountain itself with an abandoned log cabin on top. In between were meadows, pastures, forest, rock ledges, a stream, a swamp, even a pond. All this, all summer long, was my playground and my laboratory. I wanted to be a naturalist or maybe a zookeeper when I grew up, whatever would keep me around animals of all descriptions, insects to elephants.

Back then the largest of these available to me were deer, and once I was lucky enough to see some from an upstairs window. They were far away across the valley, a doe and two fawns. I called my sister to bring up the binoculars and we took turns watching, excited.

We moved away after the war and when I got back here it was 1972 and deer had become a traffic hazard. The whole composition of wildlife seemed to have changed, almost turned upside down.

In the 1940s the only geese to be seen here were high overhead in Vs on the way to their winter homes on Chesapeake Bay after summering, presumably, in Canada. Crows had always been abundant but now ravens had appeared too. So had bald eagles and vultures and great blue herons.

In 1982 a yearling bear showed up in Canaan. Some idiot shot it, but more came. So did coyotes, moose, fishers, bobcats, and, very probably, mountain lions. (In 2011 one made it from South Dakota to the Wilbur Cross Parkway, where a car killed it.)

This has all been to the good, in my view. The more the merrier. What isn’t good is the disappearance of the smaller creatures I remember from my boyhood.

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My considerable collection of mounted insects had been assembled by swinging a butterfly net at random through the cloud of insects that rose in front of me as I walked through unmowed fields. Try that today.

I seldom see even a grasshopper now. Or an anthill. Or a salamander. Or a toad. Or a daddy-long-legs. Summer nights were once noisy with the one-note symphony made by a thousand musicians. When was the last time you even saw one cricket?

What happened to those elaborate webs with an elegant black and yellow orb weaver spider at the center that used to decorate our fields? Huge cecropia and phoenix and polyphemus and luna moths used to be drawn to the light from our porches. No more. I have seen exactly one, a luna, on our screens. Gardens were once alive with monarch and viceroys and mourning cloak butterflies, wood nymphs and sulfurs and fritillaries. Look them up on Google Images. That’s where they are now.

I have no proof of what happened to all these small things, just a suspicion. We happened, with our insecticides.

In the large scheme of things, humanity is best considered as a swarm of mindless cancer cells, multiplying out of control as they feed on their helpless host. Now that this earth is finally dying from our blind greed, we head blindly out to find a new planet into our mouths, even Mars is starting to look pretty good.

—Jerry Doolittle

Better Beach

Hammond Beach keeps getting better. In her second year as beach director, Marina Kotchoubey continues to bring us new, creative ideas. And if the Hammond park lot is any indicator, the families of Cornwall are making the most of it.

The biggest improvements this year are the brand-new plastic docks and raft. These first-class docks enable swim team practices and meets to be held completely at Hammond for the first time in decades. Marina has also added an ingenious sea-weed tarp in the lanes which keeps swimmers free from tangling with the annoying weeds.

Riley Loomis is the new swim instructor and team coach who gets in the water with swim students of all ages from noon to 5 P.M. every weekday. She is a no-nonsense instructor who loves kids, loves swimming, and loves helping swimmers improve their butterfly. With lessons five days a week there’s no excuse for lousy butterfly.

But it’s not all racing strokes at Hammond. Marina has added paddle board classes and late-night picnics with music provided by bands like the Joint Chiefs to round out the summer R&R.

For details about any Hammond Beach program contact Marina at mkotchoubey@gmail.com or 917-280-4677. It’s not too late to visit the town hall to get your resident beach pass ($10 single/$20 family) so you can enjoy all the things that keep getting better at Hammond Beach.

—Rachel Matsudaira

Gnawing Invaders

In desperation I imploring my Facebook friends to help. An army of cute chipmunks invaded my garden, ate my crocus and tulip bulbs, hosta, echinacea, and astilbe. The “cute” ceases to be cute when the adjective defines rodents that make lunch out of carefully nurtured plants.

I felt alone in my misery but quickly discovered friends from Cornwall and across the nation were also attempting to stave off chipmunk invasions. Everyone was looking for comfort from fellow victims; they wanted to share their experiences waging war against the adversary.

Some have embarked on a “chimpmunk relocation project.” A Sisyphian task we know. At our house, no matter what, they keep coming. They sit in the driveway to welcome us home; run across our path when we walk to the door; sit on the front step and laugh when we come out in the morning (yes, I am sure it is a laugh); and most disrespectfully they sit on their haunches delicately picking violas and petunias all the while glancing over their shoulders as if to say, “Don’t bother me. I’m eating.”

Irene Hurlburt told me that she has cats that ask, “Who’s a chipmunk?” Mark from Colebrook reported that a friend brought him garter snakes. Problem solved. Others recommended commercial deterrents like Repels or offered homemade recipes like Lori Welles’ mixture of Lysol, Epsom salt and water; a sure thing she guarantees. Even Lori’s enthusiastic dogs can’t catch the speedy critters. Joan Hinshman’s whippets are so obsessed with chippies that they dig up her gardens trying to follow them down their holes. Coco from Kalamazoo said that her grandfather’s choice of remedies was used kitty litter. Hot pepper and mothballs have also been suggested. From western Mass., Stein writes that a rat trap is the quickest and kindest approach. A Philadelphian, Beth, contributed that “possums provide a helpful defense since they enjoy small rodents as a tasty supper.”

The Facebook discussion quickly turned to the management of other invading rodents: mice, voles, squirrels. Friends from Wellesley described an effective and disturbing solution to a squirrel problem—the Tube Trap. To protect the faint of heart, please research this on your own. Others recommended a “death bucket,” a pail filled with water, sprinkled with sunflower seed, and set up with a diving board (plank). You know the rest. And while I am talking about swimming, some advisors have described a strategy of taking victims of a Have-a-Heart to the river for swimming lessons. Mmmmm.

Then there is the matter of woodchucks. My diminutive grandmother was seen running across the back lawn, wielding a wooden spoon at woodchucks, but to no avail. Lisa Simont offered Doc and his .22 rifle for assistance in woodchuck control. Ellen, from the Cape, has tried a slingshot.

And what about the moral issues? Once you catch a woodchuck what do you do with it? John Bevans, referring to the dictum—“eat what you kill”—directed me to a New York Times recipe for “Woodchuck au Vin.” Seriously? Seriously. From a different point of view, Carolyn from New Hampshire advises that the way to cook woodchuck is to put it in the oven with a brick. Once it is done, throw out the woodchuck and eat the brick.

From across the border, Shannon from Calgary wrote that she has taken baby voles to a no-kill shelter. Really? I confess that I step on ants, swat flies, and trap mice. But Andrea from Santa Cruz wonders what the chipmunks and their rodent friends have to say. Where do we draw the line?

Nature’s design? Joe Brien informed me that the habitat for predators is being destroyed, thus upsetting the natural order. When I launch my campaign to rid my property of gnawing invaders am I violating Mother Nature’s version of the Prime Directive, not to interfere with the internal development of alien nations? Pat from Oregon advised, “There are times…”

—Molly Hinshman

Congratulations

Jenna M. Fankhanel and Stephen J. McKay

Land Transfers

Michael S. Soule and Anne H. Soule to Neil Frauenglass, 1.77 acres of land with all improvements thereon at 46 Scoville Road and 5.67 acres of vacant land for $285,000.
Happy Trails

On a warm day a few weeks ago, a van rolled into Cornwall Village and pulled up on Jewell Street near the iconic red barn overlooking the Coltsfoot Valley. Out popped six young men and women, all volunteer members of the Connecticut Forest and Park Association’s summer trail crew. With tools in hand, the group proceeded down a short path to the banks of Furnace Brook, where over a two-day period they constructed a 50-foot wooden bridge that facilitates improved hiker access to the Mohawk Trail.

For Cornwall residents and others, completion of this project means that it is now easier and safer to walk from Cornwall Village up and over Coltsfoot Mountain, through a combination of state and private lands, and down Dark Entry Road into Cornwall Bridge. (For hikers heading in the other direction, the Mohawk Trail travels from the Village up through the Cathedral Pines and the side of Mohawk Ski Area before crossing Route 4, Lake Road, and Music Mountain Road on its way to Falls Village.)

Some Cornwallians know the Mohawk Trail by its former name: the Appalachian Trail. For years, the “AT” followed a 15-mile route on the east side of the Housatonic River that brought it smack in the middle of Cornwall Village. In the mid-80s, the trail was rerouted so as to run entirely on the western side of the Housatonic. The “old” section of the Appalachian Trail then took on a new life as the Mohawk Trail.

The trail construction project was the result of local support and cooperation. Over a two-year period, discussions involving the Connecticut Forest and Park Association (CFPA), Coltsfoot Valley Association, Cornwall’s Inland Wetlands Commission, and several village property owners enabled the new bridge, as well as a rerouting of the trail path away from marsh-like areas that over the years had produced many a soaked hiking boot.

The project involved no funds from Cornwall’s coffers. Construction materials and other expenses were paid for by CFPA, grant funding from Connecticut’s Recreational Trails Program and by private contributions. As for the volunteers, they are college students from around the state who are part of an organized effort to introduce young people to the world of trail stewardship, conservation, and recreation management in a very hands-on, field-oriented experience.

Eric Hammerling, who heads the nonprofit CFPA, visited the project site during construction and offered the following: “Without the support of the local community, particularly members of the Coltsfoot Valley Association, these trail improvements would not have been possible. That is the case across the 825-mile Blue-Blazed Hiking Trail System—local landowners, volunteers, and supporters make the trails happen!”

More information about CFPA and the Mohawk Trail, including online trail maps, is available by visiting ctwoodlands.org.

A request to those heading out for a hike from Cornwall Village:
• Please park in approved areas near town hall and walk to the trailhead. Stay on the designated trail path and respect the property rights of landowners adjacent to the trail. Pack out what you pack in. Don’t make fires or camp. Bring drinking water, wear proper shoes, and dress appropriately for the weather and for ticks.

—Dan Hubbard

Tomatoes and Peaches

I can’t think of any other words besides happy and peaceful to describe this moment.

I’ll use this August morning as sustenance when sad and stressed become the norm.

The words that elude me are legible on the raindrops on the maple leaves, on the line of pine trees on the ridge of Yelping Hill, and just beyond them, on the pale blue and white pages of sky and cloud hovering above the Hollow.

—Sally Van Doren

Letters to the Chronicle

WANT A PIECE OF THE BRIDGE?

The Cornwall Association is undertaking an exciting project that will harness the talent and skills of Cornwall’s artistic community by using the floorboards from the West Cornwall Covered Bridge.

As I am sure you know, the State DOT will begin renovations on the covered bridge on September 4. One of the first steps will be the removal of the present 2-inch thick oak floorboards. Unfortunately they will be replaced with a laminated product that will be installed longitudinally and eliminate the clickity-clack that bridge crosses have always enjoyed. Rep. Brian Ohler has arranged for the Cornwall Association to get the old floorboards; there are 209 of them.

While we recognize that the floorboards may not be historically significant (they were installed back in the ‘70s), we feel they still mean a lot to community members, and they are good solid 2-inch thick white oak boards. The Cornwall Association thought it would be fun to take Cornwall’s commitment to recycling to a new level by reusing the boards. We plan to offer the boards for sale, at a minimal price, to community members who might want to use them in their own homes or outdoor living areas. We will also offer them, free of charge, to any artist or craftsperson who is willing to make something with the floorboards. The item they make would then be displayed and (hopefully) sold at our Newcomers’ Tea; proceeds would be split between the creating artist/craftsperson and a local charity (TBD).

If you are interested in purchasing a board or creating a piece for the Newcomers’ Tea, please contact Peter Denny at pds614demp@gmail.com.

—Joanne Wojtusiak

PLEASE BEAR WITH US

Due to the increase in bear sightings and calls for them, here is a reminder: Keep all of your garbage inside your closed garage or in an otherwise secure location. The transfer station is open four days a week, take your garbage there.

Bears love garbage.

Bears also love bird food—seeds and hummingbird nectar. If you must feed the birds, take all feeders inside in the afternoon. And keep all food in a secure location.

Bears are here to stay and the population is ever increasing with some sows giving birth to two or three cubs a year.

—Brad Hedden, Animal Control

More Congratulations!

We’ve just found out about additional Cornwall students who graduated from high school this spring. Pia Labalme graduated from Hotchkiss School and is going to the University of Michigan. Annika Elwell graduated from Millbrook School and is going to Elon University. Ella Hampson graduated from Cheshire Academy and is going to University of Tampa. And Sky Trapella graduated from Marvelwood School and will be attending Green Mountain College.

Best wishes for the future to all our graduates!

—The Editors

CVFD Count

6 motor vehicle accidents
2 power lines down
3 false alarms
13 emergency medical calls

Cornwall Briefs

• The Bend Project: It gets its name from a spot just south of the Covered Bridge where the Housy bends a bit. (Get it?) The HVA has a grant and a plan that includes building a ramp for the launching of canoes and kayaks and for the CVFD vehicles’ access to draw water, locating a port-o-potty in the area, and providing room for some additional parking. There will be a vote on the project at a town meeting on Friday, August 24, at 7:30 p.m. in the town hall. If accepted,
Dog Days

If one human year is seven dog years, every day to us is seven days to a dog, and every hour to us is seven hours to a dog. If you leave Buster alone for five hours that’s 35 hours to him. That’s why he’s so happy to see you come home. Valuable info, right? So don’t leave your dog alone too long, and send us a check already.

Motherhouse Events: Big Little Kids’ Dance with Still, the Homegrown Band, Saturday, August 11, at 4 p.m. at town hall, followed by a finger-food potluck.

Conwall Historical Society
Open Mic for Conwall’s singer-songwriters and friends, Saturday, August 11, from 7 to 9 p.m. at town hall.
Homecoming Concert by Lorraine and Bennett Hammond, Sunday, August 12, at 2 p.m. at town hall, followed by a jam session for interested musicians.

Lost Art Workshop at Hughes Library: Free family workshops at 35 Lower River Road. Best for ages 8 and older. Saturday, August 11, drop in between 1 and 4 p.m. and whistle a fishing lure. On Sunday August 26, drop in between 1 and 4 p.m. and create Blockheads (robot creatures made from wooden chunks). Information and registration at lostartworkshops@gmail.com.

Art in Cornwall
The Souterrain Gallery in West Cornwall is hosting an opening reception on Saturday, August 11, from 4 to 6 p.m. for Madeline Stenson’s “Young, Fresh, Contemporary Art.” The exhibit runs through September 8. The 59th annual Rose Algrant Art Show will be held at the Trinity Retreat Center from August 10 through 12. It opens August 10 at 5 p.m. (See insert.) At the Toll House Gallery in West Cornwall, the works of Donald Bracken, Lennart Swede Ahrstrom, Scott Zuckerman, and Susan Rand continue to be showcased.
The Cornwall Library continues with the exhibit “Everyday” by Brendan O’Connell through August 18.
The Cornwall Library will hold a Labor Day Art Sale. Items for sale consist of artwork donated by the library’s friends. Opening reception Friday, August 31, from 5 to 8 p.m. The sale runs Saturday, September 1, and Sunday, September 2, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. each day.

At the Cornwall Library
August 11 at 5 p.m. “A Random Stroll through Detective Fiction, Continued.” Jim Fishman will continue his discussion of detective fiction, focusing on the “golden years” between the wars and beyond, including American writers.
Adam Van Doren will discuss his book “Stones of Yale” on August 18 at 5 p.m. Books will be available for sale and signing.

Sting the Lyme Away: “Apitherapy for Chronic Lyme Disease: How Honey Bee Venom Kills the Bacteria that Causes Lyme Disease and How to Treat Yourself at Home.” Sunday, August 19, 2 to 4 p.m. at town hall. Speakers include Lari Manz, Stella DeLuca, and Jim Prentice. For more information, call Jim Prentice at 672-6101.
Cornwall Park and Recreation: Senior Luncheon on Tuesday, August 14, at noon at the UCC Parish House. Please RSVP to Jenn Markow at 860-480-0600 or email pccornwall@gmail.com.

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