



Notes from the vineyard

Amanda Conkol

We have been watching a new trend take over in the wine industry – the trend of convenience. From screw top bottles to stemless glasses, we are hearing that people don't want to fuss over their wine. While I personally am not a fan of either trend, we have received a number of questions around each item.

As the summer in northeast Ohio actually becomes *summer*, many winery guests are packing up picnics and heading to the beaches or local parks to enjoy the warmer weather. Unfortunately, wine drinkers have always had an issue with packing wine glasses. The glass stems are fragile so packing the glasses in a cooler or wine carrier allows the stem to possibly snap. This causes a problem when you arrive on your picnic and don't have a glass to drink from.

So a couple of years ago the concept of "O" glasses hit the wine market. These glasses are completely stemless with a flat bottom to allow wine drinkers to set their wine down without worrying about the glass breaking. This sturdier glass allows for picnickers to easily wrap their

glasses and gives them more room in their picnic baskets. At home, O glasses don't take up as much room on a shelf, easily fit into a dishwasher and are more versatile.

But with new trends new problems come up. Since you are no longer holding your wine glass by the stem, any time you hold the glass you are warming up your wine at a faster rate. In order to enjoy the wine to the fullest wine makers recommend limiting the contact you have with the bowl of the glass so if you are using an O glass, you will be picking it up, setting it down more frequently.

Also, the O glasses tend to reduce the ability to swirl your wine (or at least swirl your wine without spilling it too much). Wine drinkers swirl their wine to allow the wine to breathe and aerate it. However this has led to an increase in sales for wine aerating gadgets like the Vinturi where the wine drinker pours the wine into the aerator before the wine hits the glass.

So as with each trend there are some positives and negatives to the new market, it's up to each wine drinker to decide if they want to try it.

Amanda is the Co-Owner of Candlelight Winery located at 11325 Center Street, Garrettsville. For more information on winery dogs or the winery's anniversary, please visit www.candlelightwinery.com

Ask The Librarian

Carol Baker

"Before lying down my dog circles and circles. Why?" Many of the Newton Falls Public Library staff members own dogs and have noticed their pets exhibiting this same behavior.

We began our search by looking at some of the numerous library books about dogs, specifically dog behavior. Closely examining *Dogs*: a startling new understanding of canine origin, behavior, and evolution by Raymond Coppinger and Lorna Coppinger, *The truth about dogs*: an inquiry into the ancestry, social conventions, mental habits, and moral fiber of *Canis familiaris* by Stephen Budiansky and *Wild discovery guide to your dog*: understanding and caring for the wolf within, we found many interesting facts about why they do many of the things they do. Budiansky's book has a very readable chapter entitled Odd, but (Mostly) Normal Behavior. While very intriguing, it didn't address our patron's question.

Continuing the search online, we found there seems to be a general consensus of reasons on many of the websites. The behavior is possibly genetic, stemming from wild ancestors who circled their sleeping areas before lying down. It ensured grassy or snow covered areas were flattened and clear. It also gave an opportunity to examine the area to see if there were any dangerous things such as snakes or poisonous insects which needed driven away. As a pack animal, it also marked this sleeping area as theirs.

For answers to your questions, visit the Newton Falls Public Library, 204 S. Canal Street, Newton Falls or phone 330-872-1282. For information about all the free library programs or hours, also visit our website at www.newtonfalls.org.



Puppy Tails

Mialie T. Szymanski

*As the moon goes to bed,
the sun comes up
And here we meet a sleepy pup,
Who was walking through
G-ville one bright sunny day,
Then saw The Villager
and decided to stay.*

Doodle Dog peered out from under the desk now that all the frightening fireworks were done. A lady from the animal rescue society float had made sure that all the pawed participants from the fire department – Doodle Dog included! – were given yummy treats before they left the parade festivities, and the snack was all gone now, even the tiniest crumbs, as Doodle Dog had nibbled on it in between covering his ears from the loud noises and covering his eyes from the bright flashes. Doodle Dog never liked fireworks: they always made him think he was in the middle of a giant waterless thunderstorm that smelled smoky and like rotten eggs. He thought they must be really expensive too – he bet you could buy a whole lot of doggie biscuits for all that smoke and clatter!

The floppy-eared puppy lazily rolled over, his paws gently hitting the wooden underside of the desk. It was still dark out and kind of quiet now. Morning mist hadn't rolled in yet, the sky wasn't quite beginning to lighten, and the birds wouldn't start chirping for a little while. It was this time of the day that Doodle Dog liked best – a time when he happily floated in between his dreams and not-quite being awake. Doodle Dog sleepily thought of the one or two fireworks he had seen through the windows during the night, before he hid completely under the desk. It reminded him of a summertime dandelion, the blurry brilliant burst of color looking like the fuzzy wispy white that little kids loved to blow apart in hopes of making a wish come true.

As he dreamed, drifting in and out of sleepiness, Doodle Dog thought of wishes and dreams. He thought of his friend who had puffed out her birthday candles not too long ago, of a wayward eyelash tossed to the wind carrying a giant hope on a tiny curl, of a little girl with fingers crossed in innocent and absolute assurance for good luck, of a cheery balloon tied with a yellow ribbon sent floating to the sky with a simple message of safe return. Doodle Dog knew townspeople who wore extra-special socks and carried magical stones that looked like shimmering rocks. He knew shopkeepers who arranged their wares just perfectly so, or hung horseshoes above their doors upside-down, of course, to give the good luck a place to go. He knew of people who chase rainbows – and one certain little dog too! – or toss coins into water fountains with one, two, three throws. And he knew of sky-watchers who wait patiently for meteor showers or believe good fortune comes when the clock chimes a certain hour. He thought of all the hopes and wishes and dreams that must be hoped for and wished and dreamt every day, and of all the people in the town, in the country, in the world, who really needed a wish or a dream or a hope to come true right now.

Doodle Dog looked out the window, watching the sky turn to a softer blue, and he could still see the faintest shimmering of the stars that were about to tuck into their cloud blankets and go to bed. How many wishes had been made on that one little twinkling speck of space dust? Or on that one over there? How many children – and adults too – had sent sweet whisperings into that galaxy so far, far away? More than he could possibly count, Doodle Dog bet. How many four-legged friends, those who he knew and those he hadn't yet met – had looked up into that milky trail streaking across the universe just like the little floppy-eared puppy was doing and sent a wish or a dream or a hope or two? As he sleepily stretched his paws and again curled up on his comfy spot on the floor, Doodle Dog decided to add just one more.

Doodle Dog was sure everyone had some wish they needed and, as he dreamt, he hoped for everyone that whatever it was would come true.

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