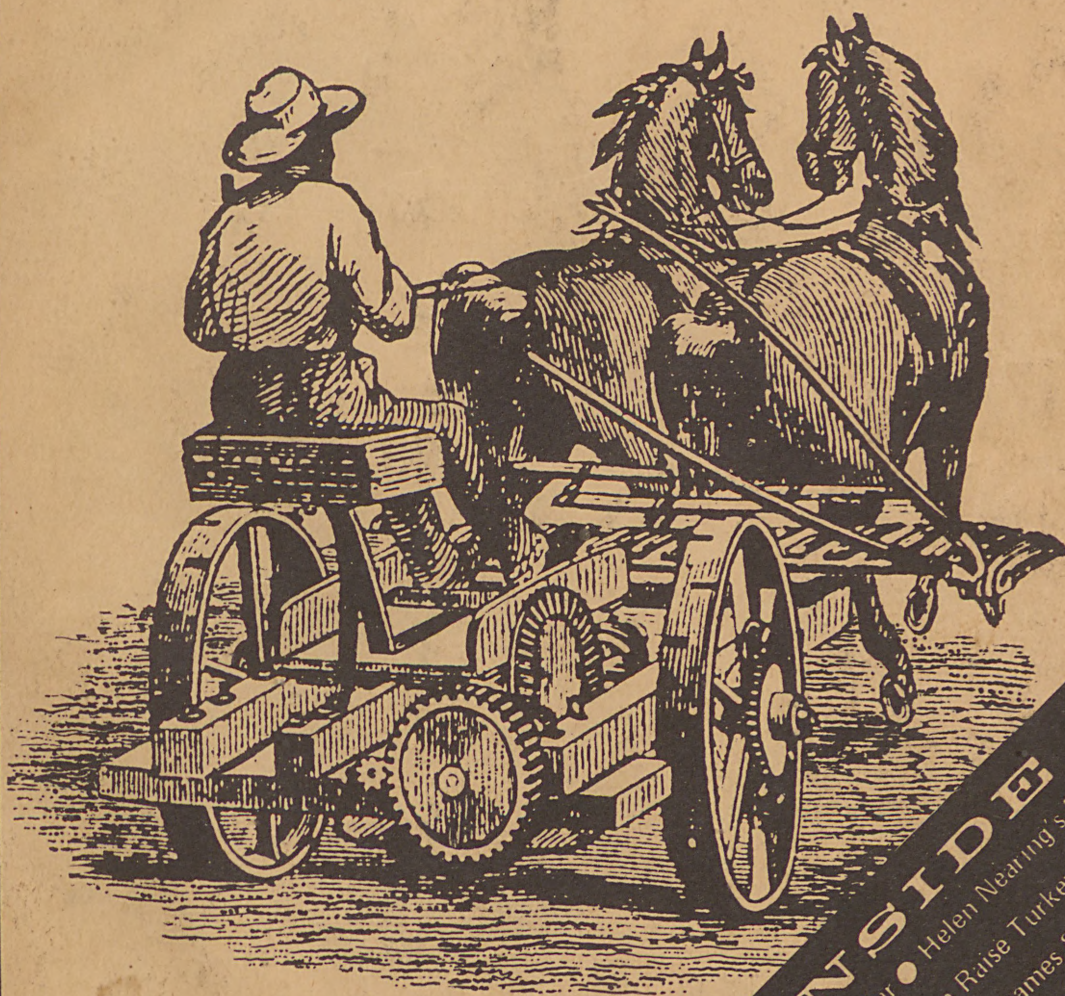


FARMSTEAD MAGAZINE

Maine Gardening & Small Farming

SPRING/SUMMER 1974



INSIDE

- Maine Planting Calendar
- The Grange
- How to Build Cold Frames & Greenhouses
- Work Horses
- Cash In On Your Woodlot
- How to Raise Bees
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- Helen Nearing's Rosehip Recipes
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Letters

Your new magazine is extremely timely and should offer genuine help to "new" farmers and gardeners. Hope you have all good luck and success.

Elinor B. Lundstrom
Harrison, Maine

Am rehabilitating an old farm in Canaan as a retirement home. Looks like your magazine has many articles of useful interest to me.

Al Slizys

I feel kind of funny sending this in with a Massachusetts address. I have bought a place up at Bass Harbor and will be moving up in June. From the looks of your ad this is really something I've been looking for — kind of an *Organic Gardening* written specifically for Maine.

Doug Wilcock

I am in the process of compiling a Directory of Maine Dairy Goat Breeders. The Directory will include: the goat owners names and full addresses; breeds of goats owned, designating whether they are Purebred, American, Recorded Grades, or unrecorded; it will also include herd or farm name and telephone numbers. All goat owners wishing to be listed should send the information as soon as possible.

Robert & Mary Hersey
Mac Mountain Farm
R.F.D. #1
So. Windham, Maine 04082

I was much interested to hear of your new venture as set forth in a recent *Maine Times*. Please send me a year's subscription. Good luck!

Frieda B. Williams
Mount Desert, Maine

We have our own two acre organic garden, which will supply us with vegetables this summer, and friends in Franklin harvest sea vegetables every full and new moon. Any other Maine organic grower who wishes to participate in creating a market for Maine's organic farmers and gardeners, please contact me at Stillwater Natural Foods Inn, 752 Stillwater Ave., Old Town, Maine 04468.

Gene Fialkoff

continued on p. 7

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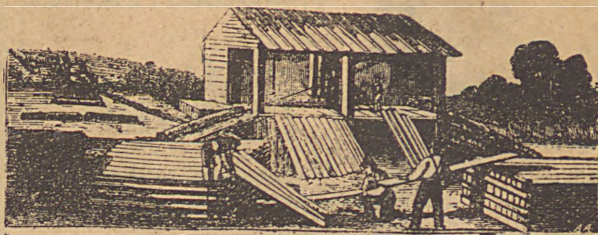
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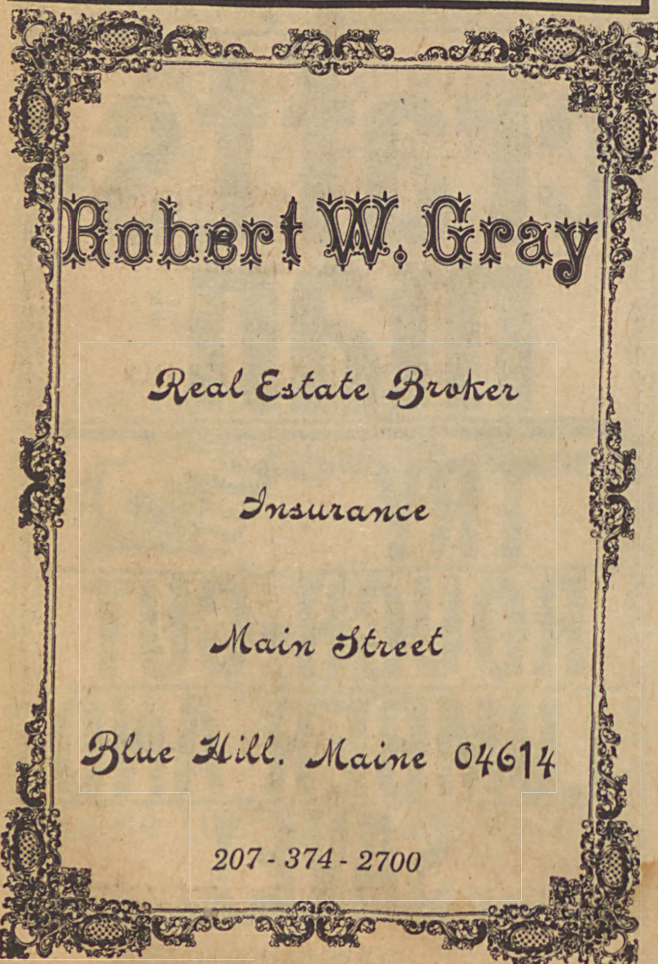
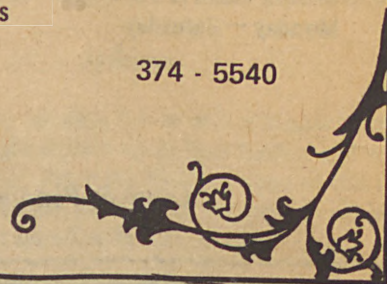
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The Maine Organic Farmers' and Gardeners' Association welcomes FARMSTEAD MAGAZINE to Maine as another source of information on organic methods, and wishes it the same success MOFGA is enjoying.

Mort Mather
President, MOFGA

Read about your plans for FARMSTEAD MAGAZINE and think they sound great! Want to wish you lots of luck and request that you let me know how I can get my first copy when its available. Again, good luck!

Ms. Barbara E. Dillon
Bernard, Maine

I read with a great deal of interest the article about FARMSTEAD MAGAZINE. The best of luck in what you are doing.

Erastus Corning, 2nd
Mayor, City of Albany

Success and rewards in your new venture. We look forward to your first issue.

Pat Chapman
Milbridge, Maine

Your magazine not only sounds appealing to people living in Maine, but to those that are contemplating and waiting to make the move to this beautiful state. Looking forward to receiving your magazine.

William Schwolow
Mt. Vernon, Maine

Congratulations! It is certainly good to see another magazine devoted to what I assume will be many of the same subjects covered by *The Mother Earth News*. We wish you all the best.

John Shuttleworth
Editor — Publisher,
The Mother Earth News.

I'm really excited about the possibilities your new magazine offers me. Will be moving to Maine soon. Meanwhile.....get it on!

Jim Fortini
Pembroke, Mass.

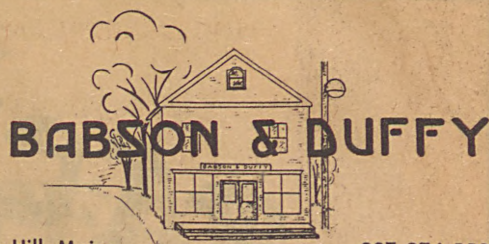
May seem odd, being in Baltimore and buying a Maine gardening guide, but we're soon to move to a farm near Waterville. This magazine will be a real help to us — we'll need regional information about the growing season, etc.

Good luck to you. Looking forward to seeing the magazine.

Alice Anne Brown
Baltimore, Maryland

We read of your forthcoming publication with great interest. We await your magazine with curiosity. We wish you success and joy in your endeavor.

Beth and John Kress
Franklin, Maine



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FARMSTEAD

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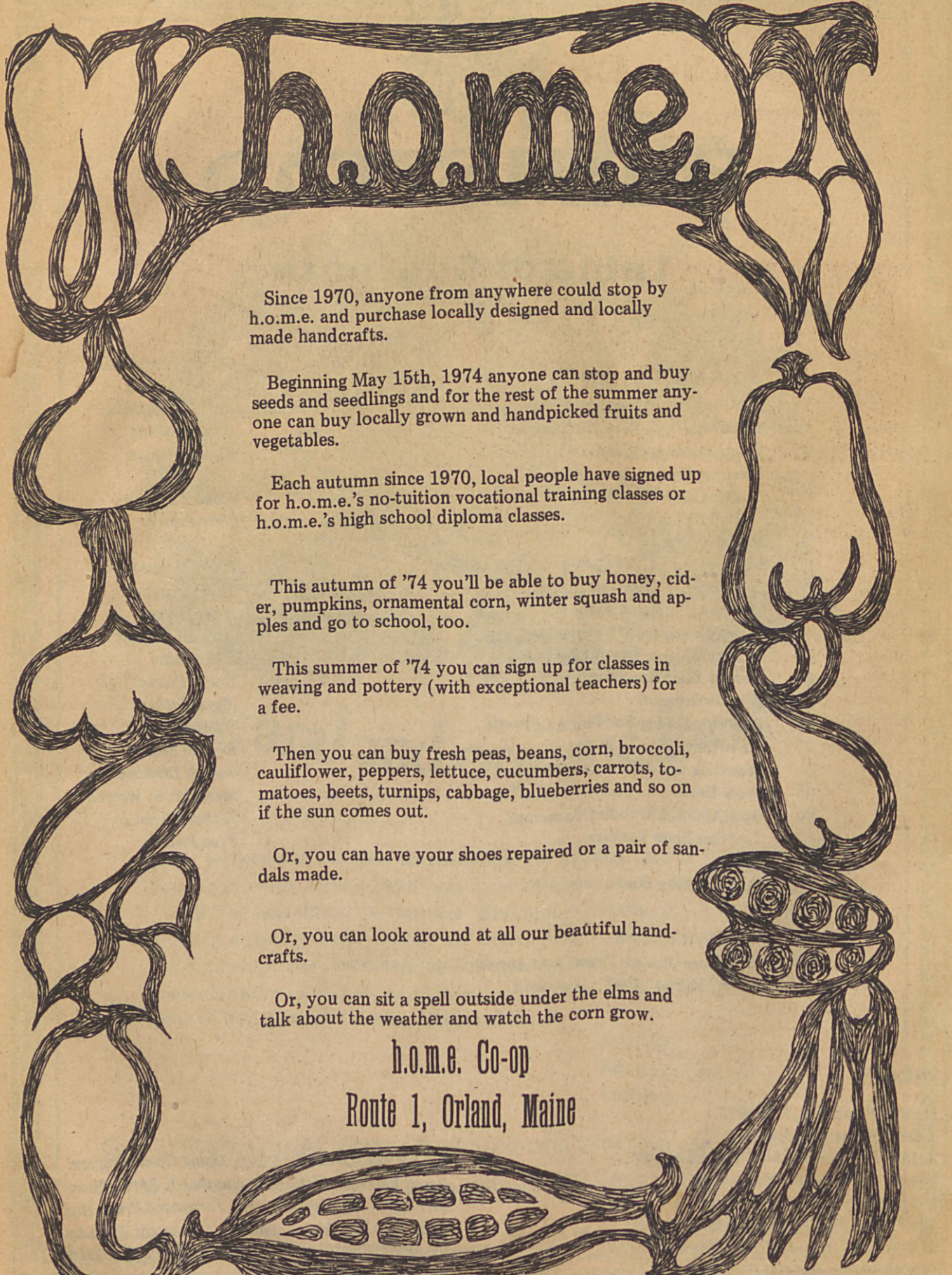
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With special thanks to Dick Brønson,

Carol McKeon and Nat Barrows

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h.o.m.e.

Since 1970, anyone from anywhere could stop by h.o.m.e. and purchase locally designed and locally made handcrafts.

Beginning May 15th, 1974 anyone can stop and buy seeds and seedlings and for the rest of the summer anyone can buy locally grown and handpicked fruits and vegetables.

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This summer of '74 you can sign up for classes in weaving and pottery (with exceptional teachers) for a fee.

Then you can buy fresh peas, beans, corn, broccoli, cauliflower, peppers, lettuce, cucumbers, carrots, tomatoes, beets, turnips, cabbage, blueberries and so on if the sun comes out.

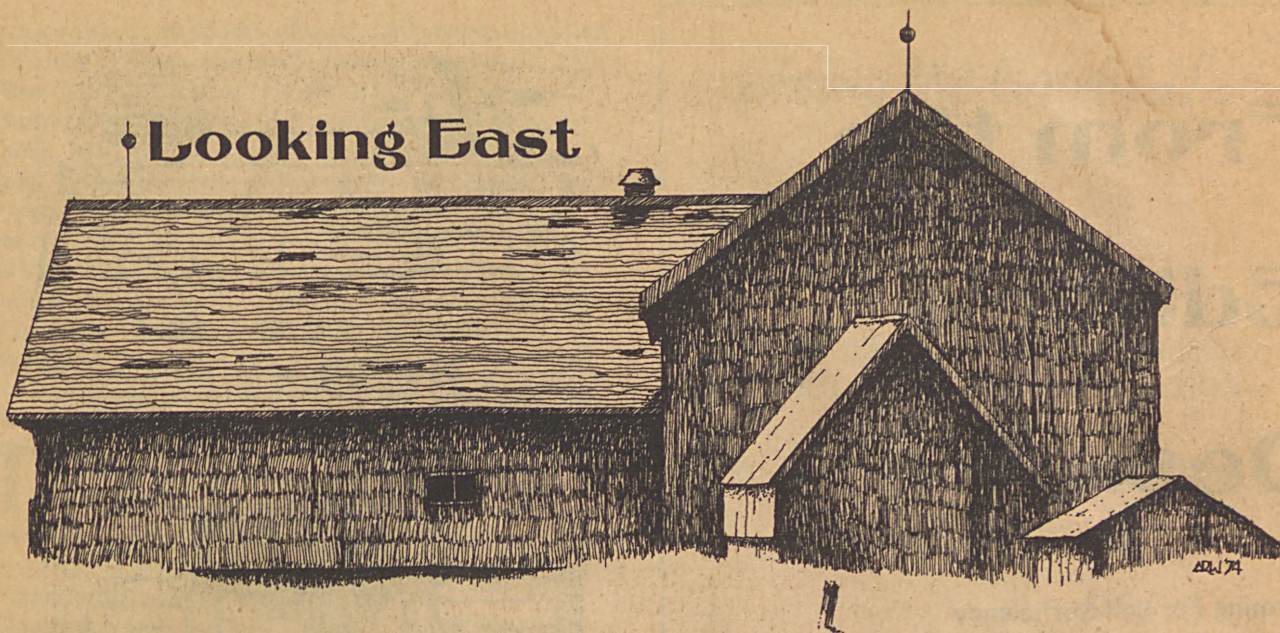
Or, you can have your shoes repaired or a pair of sandals made.

Or, you can look around at all our beautiful handcrafts.

Or, you can sit a spell outside under the elms and talk about the weather and watch the corn grow.

h.o.m.e. Co-op
Route 1, Orland, Maine

Looking East



by George Frangoulis

It was January 17, 1974. At 7:30 A.M. I hurried from my motel room through icy winds and swirling snow and entered the lobby of the Holiday Inn in Augusta.

"Hello," I said to the man behind the front desk. "It's cold as heck out there today."

"Seventeen below," was all the man said.

I shuddered at the thought of the cold. I had left my family four days before at our home on the coast in Blue Hill. When I had left on this trip, the temperature had been mild with sunny skies. Now it was seventeen below zero — the coldest it had been all winter — and our hundred and forty year old farm house was heated only with wood.

I bought the morning paper and went to the Billy Budd Room for breakfast. I had journeyed to Augusta with friend, Arthur, to introduce FARMSTEAD MAGAZINE. This was a dream come true for me. Here I was, launching my own magazine. Now it was the last day of the Annual Agricultural Trades Show, and I felt our exhibit at the show had been a success.

I looked up from the paper and saw Arthur coming across the dining room toward the table.

"Good morning," said Arthur, "cold today."

"Seventeen below," I answered.

We finished breakfast and headed for the Civic Center to face the fourth and final day of action. Response to FARMSTEAD had been good. We had spent every day talking with scores of interested gardeners and farmers who had braved the weather to attend the show.

"What is FARMSTEAD MAGAZINE all about?" we were asked.

"FARMSTEAD is a brand-new gardening magazine,"

George Frangoulis is publisher of FARMSTEAD MAGAZINE. He raises goats, chickens and organic fruits and vegetables on his farmstead in Blue Hill.

we answered. "It is for Maine's green-thumbers and small farmers who wish to raise all or part of the family's food. FARMSTEAD also includes information on raising livestock, bees and poultry.... on building cold frames and greenhouses.... on managing your woodlot.... on gathering wild edibles.... on favorite Downeast recipes."

At this point, many people asked to sign up for a subscription.

"But wait," we responded, "there's more to tell you."

"FARMSTEAD," we continued, "is a magazine for all of Maine's gardeners and farmsteaders. We have articles on young families who have recently moved to Maine. We have articles on the Grange and the important role this organization has played in the state for one hundred years.

"What's more, FARMSTEAD discusses new gardening methods as well as "the good old ways" of farming. We even have interviews with old time Maine natives, retelling folk tales, keeping them alive for all to enjoy.

"We hope that FARMSTEAD will become a means for readers to exchange ideas on a variety of subjects. We want people, young and old, to use the magazine as a source of information, and a way to swap, sell and trade goods and services."

Our description of the magazine was as comprehensive as we could make it given the short time we were able to talk with each visitor to our booth.

Apparently, our message was well received. People sought us out to sign up. When we left Augusta that night, we had the names of nearly a thousand interested readers.

We returned to Blue Hill, weary but reinforced in our enthusiasm for FARMSTEAD.

I was welcomed to a warm home filled with the delicious aroma of a pork roast cooking in the old wood stove.

"Did it get very cold here?" I asked Gregory, our twelve year old.

"Seventeen below, Dad," he answered in his usual laconic manner.

From the Editor's Desk

Farming For Self-Sufficiency

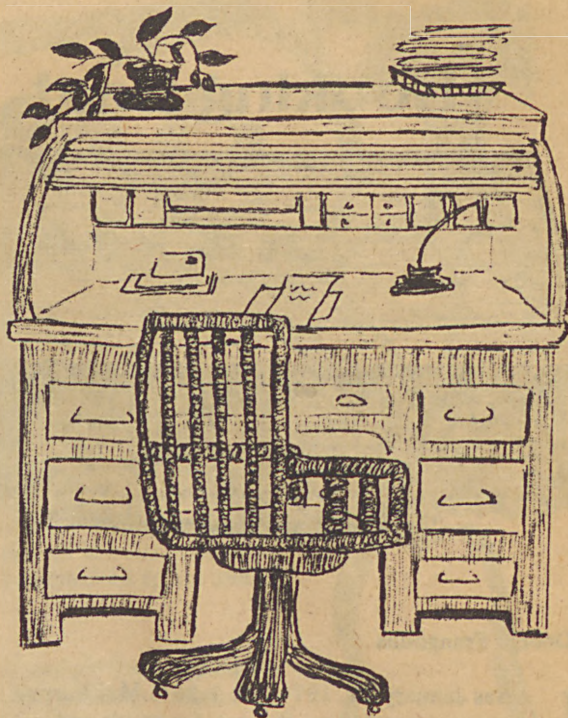
by Leland Witting

Our days of surplus are drawing to an end. The cheap food and merchandise which made our country's conspicuous consumption the envy and disgrace of the world are no longer cheap, the result of diminishing resources such as oil and gas and naturally fertile soil. And as the prices of trivial and necessary goods go up, as inflation erodes the real incomes of American families, a reevaluation of who we are and what we need is taking place. For too many years now, too many of us have defined ourselves through what we own. The definitions have faltered with the economy, and we've begun to see the fallacy of equating material wealth with personal truth.

We ought to be known for what we do, not for what we have, and as the costs of services have risen even faster than the costs of goods, people have turned from specialization to the doing of many jobs for themselves. One of these jobs is gardening, and it's not an easy job by any means. But as a growing percentage of land owners take on the duties of a garden, they're finding returns far beyond the inexpensive corn, carrots and beans they'd planted. They are discovering, in fact, that they can play a role in the creation cycle of nature, the wheel of birth, growth and return to the earth of which we, too, are a part. They are discovering that if you take from the soil without giving fertilizer and compost in return, the balances are destroyed and new life suffers the results.

A garden is in no small way an allegory for human existence, and the practiced gardener can learn much from his gardening endeavours. He discovers that growing healthy plants is a far more preferable approach to gardening than waging chemical warfare on the insects that attack unhealthy plants. He discovers the analogies of weather and fate, and the options open to him under adverse circumstances. He learns that diligence early in the season will increase the chances for a successful harvest before the first frost of fall.

There is much a gardener can learn from his garden, and there is much he can learn from other gardeners as well.



The need for exchanges of experience and observation has been true throughout history, and is no less true today. Here, we hope, is where FARMSTEAD can play a modest role. Through these pages we shall encourage farmers and gardeners of Maine, young and old, to share with one another what they have learned from the care of growing plants and animals, to share with one another the joys and problems of our common Maine environment. If we can do just this, we will have done very well indeed.

History repeats itself, as inevitably as the turning of the seasons. Maine a hundred years ago was a community of self-sufficient farms, providing families nearly all that they needed in the way of food, fuel, clothing and shelter, with a little left over to sell. Of the more than 55,000 farms in 1860, nearly half contained less than 50 acres each, including woodland. The total estimated value of land and buildings averaged \$1400, total estimated value of farm implements and machinery averaged \$60 per farm. Yet, with the assistance of work horses and oxen, those farms produced amongst themselves hay, wheat, rye, oats, Indian corn, barley, buckwheat, clover, beef, lamb, pork, milk, butter, cheese, wool, maple syrup, maple sugar, hops, honey, all manner of vegetables and even small quantities of flax and silk. According to the University of Maine Bulletin "Farming in Maine, 1860-1940", the average Maine farmer in 1860 "had a horse or a yoke of oxen or both, three milch cows, three other cattle, eight sheep and a hog. He raised five bushels of wheat, two of rye, four of beans, 15 of barley, 28 of corn, 54 of oats, 114 of potatoes, 17 tons of hay and apples worth (then) about \$10. He also

Leland Witting is editor of FARMSTEAD MAGAZINE. He raises goats, chickens and organic fruits and vegetables on his farmstead in Castine.

produced about 26 pounds of wool, 210 pounds of butter, 32 pounds of cheese and meat products (then) worth \$50."

Bear in mind, too, that this was self-sufficient but not intensive farming, and inefficient planting for a cash crop as well. With careful, intensive organic gardening today, a family of four can easily provide itself with a year's supply of vegetables on less than an acre of garden — and do so year after year. At least one Maine gardener, with an acre and a tenth under cultivation, provides for his family of four and still has enough additional to sell \$3000 worth at his roadside stand. Even allowing for an apple orchard, grazing land for a horse and milk goats, and woodland enough for walking and cutting firewood, a Maine farmstead can do very well on 15 to 20 acres of land.

Today, with the high costs of shipping wheat and feed grains from Texas and the midwest, Maine farmers are again considering the advantages of growing their own. Small farmers with limited resources are looking at work horses as a reasonably priced alternative to expensive, gas-guzzling machinery.

Numbers of people who'd gardened for years but had scoffed at raising chickens and sheep are turning with disgust from what the supermarket has to offer. And prices aren't the only reason. An item in the *Bangor Daily News*, March 23, 1974, reported that "twenty-two million chickens contaminated with a recognized cancer-causing pesticide will be placed on the market unless the Environmental Protection Agency bars the sale within the next few days... The chickens represent 14 percent of the nation's eight-week supply." (It was later reported that eight million of those chickens were ordered destroyed). The next day's *New York Times* reported that "The Agriculture Department wants to put more fatty parts of animals, including hog jowls and cattle briskets, into the consumer food chain by letting processors use more such trimmings in hamburger and hot dogs. A proposal announced Wednesday would let manufacturers use more of the fatty trimmings from cattle and hog carcasses so long as they included 'visible lean' streaks or bits of red meat." Anyone who keeps up with the small news items in the back of the paper knows that this sort of agricultural contamination is not an unusual story. Yet people are only now beginning to relate it to the high incidence of arteriosclerosis and cancer which characterizes America's health.

A farmstead's agricultural alternatives have other spin-offs, as well. Consider the production of methane gas from chicken, goat and horse manure. Such a project hardly seemed worthwhile a year ago. Today the price of gasoline and propane make it extremely interesting to the organic farmer, who is composting animal wastes anyway and throwing the methane away. Happily, the technology has already been developed to a great extent. For example, a group called Earth Move, PO Box 252, Winchester, Mass. 01890, offers a kit to convert your car to run on methane for only \$35.

The wheel turns, and for reasons of health — physical, economic, and spiritual — people are turning to Maine once again as a home for small, self-sufficient farms. For us, at least, the opportunity for building a lifestyle on this basis presents exciting challenge and irresistible appeal. Through FARMSTEAD, we look forward to sharing that challenge and love of the land with you.

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It's becoming common these days to leave the city or suburb and big company job for a farmstead in the country. We know lots of people who have done it. But our friends in Connecticut thought our plan was wonderful, courageous, and they envied us. The more they raved about us, the more we wondered if we were a little crazy. There were so many unknowns; and with three children in school, we needed some security. We'd been commuting about twelve times a year to our 3½ acre place in Maine. We wanted to farm, but we had no experience. Our first step was to trade in the executive station wagon for a Ford pick-up truck. How proud we were, sitting high on the bouncy seat on our way to a Xerox farewell dinner!

Before we knew it, we had sold our house and were heading north on the Maine turnpike. George drove the biggest U-Haul "Adventure in Moving" truck with our sons, Christopher and Gregory, and our nervous Labrador, Rascal. I followed in the pick-up with daughter, Kathryn, the poodle, Becky and her two nursing pups in front; a new little goat, Christina, in back with (but away from) the plants, trees and suitcases; and tied to the top of the camper were four mattresses which flapped for ten hours. With money in the bank, new truck, new rototiller, new chain saw, a good supply of warm clothes, blankets and flannel sheets, we were ready to try this new life.

We arrived at our small farm in Blue Hill, a very tired group. The box with the little puppies was placed next to the wood stove, and when everyone had been fed, we crawled into our sleeping bags. From that day on, our lives exploded with activity. By the end of June, we already had three goats, two pigs and 100 chickens. Our only indoor modern convenience was electricity. We pumped water by hand, cooked and heated with wood and the two-burner Coleman, and used a two-holer back house.

The events of the next four months were enough to test any man's or woman's fortitude and sanity. We had rain and mud in the house, water filling the new foundation holes for the barn restoration, black flies biting, slugs eating whole sections of the garden, unpacking what it took six months to pack, more planting and weeding, caring for the animals, and through it all, a continuous stream of visitors. Our emotions were in high gear. Selling our first house had caused a lot of anxiety because so much depended on it. We *had* to move in time to grow a garden or "all would be lost". What we probably needed was a time to recuperate — a vacation. Most of the time, we were too busy to worry whether we were doing the right thing, or whether we'd be ready for winter. Some days, though, we were depressed and overwhelmed with all the work that needed to be done. Physically we were healthy, but our muscles were out of condition. Our hands and arms ached the first two months from hammering, pumping the pump, lugging water, and even from milking the goat. A glass of wine, a trip to the nearby pond to cool off, and a welcome bed at night were our reliefs.

Karen Frangoulis, from Blue Hill, Maine, enjoys cooking, baking and cheese making.

Our first day of living in Maine began with the birth of a new goat. Our neighbor came over about seven A.M. to say she'd received a phone call from Dennis King in Penobscot. The message was, "Come immediately — Diane is kidding!" We had bought a five-year-old French Alpine doe the year before and brought her to our friend, Ron King, to care for and have bred. The timing was perfect. What a wonderful way to begin our farm life! We woke up the children, dressed quickly and climbed into the truck.

When we arrived half an hour later, Diane had kidded out one buck. This was the goat that looked like she was going to have triplets, but instead she was just fat and so was her

OUR FIRST YEAR FARMING IN MAINE

by Karen Frangoulis

baby. A doe is so much more desirable and profitable than a buck, "But isn't he beautiful!", we all kept saying. It was my job to teach this little kid to drink from a pan, so into the small stall I went with Diane and her awkward, wet and somewhat bloody newborn. At least I hadn't had to help with the actual birth. The vet in Connecticut had warned me, "Most vets will not come for a goat! Just be sure the head and two feet come out together first." And one book says to push the fetus back in and ease it into the proper position. I'm afraid I wouldn't even know *what* was coming out! Our baby goat, later named "Theseus" by Gregory, was onto his feet in no time and showing his lovely colors of white and brown with a black streak down his back and on his feet. Soon we transferred Theseus to a box to keep him from nursing. We offered him the warm, sticky colostrum which he sucked from our fingers and lapped from the pan.

It helps to read books, but nothing compares with the living experience. The little goat was brought home with us the first day and his mother the second day. The third day was awful. Theseus refused to take any milk, and by evening he was pitifully thin. Here we were in a strange situation, the stores closed, and we needed a bottle and nipple. We even tried putting the kid back with his mother, but neither one responded — so quickly they'd become

strangers. Finally, our neighbor made phone calls and located a bottle and nipple. By this time, I was sure the little fellow wouldn't last another night without food, and he was even fighting against sucking the bottle. When George saw my brimming eyes, he put the kid across my lap and with a determined look, handed me the bottle saying, "Try once more." Instinctually I began to rock him gently, and Theseus finally sucked from the bottle ravenously. Such a relief! After two weeks of the bottle he accepted the pan method once again. In two month's time a powdered dairy substitute was slowly introduced into the milk. In three months, he was on a regular diet of chow, water and greens. We were all too fond of our



baby goat. Whenever we tried to discuss Whether or Not to Slaughter Theseus, people ran from the room in tears. So we've kept him for breeding.

Late in July, we saw in the newspaper, "French Alpine doe, freshened in June, for sale." The milk we were getting from our doe was delicious and we knew, with more of the same, we could be making our own goat cheese and cottage cheese. So off we went in the truck to buy our fourth goat. The wisdom of this move became the object of lots of questioning the following month. This new goat, named Nancy, was not the easy-going, mild-mannered milking doe we expected. She was greedy, bossy, strong willed and impatient. When I tried to milk her she jumped around on the stanchion like a Spanish dancer. Milking her was a battle every time, even with her hind legs held or tied. I came away from the barn shaking with anger and exhaustion, and literally crying over spilt milk. The extra milk was hardly worth all this mental anguish. Before drying her up, I took her to the vet and he found signs of mastitis. Once she was treated for this she was much better, and has given us good, rich milk six more months.

Goats are my favorite, but chickens are fun too and easy to care for. You can't beat a home grown chicken dinner! We started with about 35 chickens, two months old. These stayed in a fenced in yard behind

the barn with a small house to roost in. We then bought five laying hens from a man in Winterport. These looked huge to us. But they went happily into one section of the barn and layed their eggs in the boxes most of the time. Once, Greg saw a hen disappear under a floor board; he lifted it and discovered 15 eggs, all (fortunately) still fresh.

The last day of June, George came home with 77 cute, yellow, fluffy, day old chicks. These were the weaker or less desirable ones called "culls" which only cost \$5. I wasn't so sure I wanted another responsibility, but I took an immediate interest in the baby chicks. The same day, a family of five good friends arrived from Pennsylvania to visit for a week and receive their new puppy. And it rained and was cloudy all week! The house was bustling with six active children, puppies and chicks. That same week a boy appeared, with a kitten under his arm. "He's a month old. Do you want him?" he asked. "Of course!", we answered.

Our brooder for the chicks was simply a cut-off cardboard box suspended (with a 100 watt bulb and metal reflector in the middle) over a larger, open-topped box. We could lower or raise this according to the temperature in the room. Chick feed was supplied continuously on clean paper plates and they were given water in a borrowed plastic water feeder. Since chicks are born at various times of the year, it's good if you can share brooder and feeders with another farmer. An old remedy we used which is supposed to prevent parasites is a teaspoon of vinegar in each gallon of drinking water for the chickens.

Unfortunately, late June chicks have to survive the extreme heat of summer when they're so young and vulnerable. We moved our chicks from one place to another, but the worst day in July, three died of suffocation. And both the carpenters in the family, George and Greg, were off on a trip. "Chris, you and I have *got* to build something!", I said. It was over 95° and humid. The two of us, with tempers flaring, hammered away with the sun beating down on us for over an hour. We tried to connect six off-sized old house screens from the local dump. With no plan of action, we kept running for another tool or board or nail, and when we got three sides together, the first one fell off. At last, it held together and the chicks were moved to their outdoor cage.

That day I almost wanted to give up. As if building the cage and enduring the heat were not enough, the chicks found a way out of their cage and in turn, were found by our kitten and poodle. Three were eaten before we discovered the problem. I reinforced the cage and, while I was busy doing this, five eggs (our supper) boiled dry on the Coleman stove and exploded all over the kitchen! In spite of our amateur methods, about half of the 77 chicks survived and at two months were moved into the pen behind the barn with the others. We slaughtered all but three hens in the fall, and these three began laying eggs the middle of December.

But despite the problems and work involved, fresh milk, eggs, cheese and meat make animals worth the time and expense. And what you get from a garden costs even less in time and money. Our first summer, we didn't spend the time we should have in the garden. We used no fertilizer or mulch and actually didn't use the rototiller that often.

continued on p. 16

The two crops we expected to do well in Maine — peas and potatoes — didn't. Slugs ate the broccoli, cabbage, basil, squash flowers and eggplant before they even had a chance. Our friends and neighbors gave us many things from their gardens. Raccoons ate all the corn and completely ignored a wonderful trap we baited with an ear of corn rolled in honey. And our 90 tomato plants did poorly.

But that is the worst part of the story of the garden; many things grew beautifully. Greens and root vegetables were strong and healthy. We filled our root cellar with carrots, turnips and a two-month supply of potatoes. Our pantry shelves held pickled beets, canned peaches, five varieties of pickles, and blueberry and strawberry jams. The rest went into the freezer — mustard greens, chard, green beans, peas, corn, kohlrabi, pea pods, zucchini, rhubarb, broccoli, brussel sprouts, blueberries and cranberries. We bought strawberries and peaches locally.

Dennis King worked the better part of the summer with George rebuilding the barn. And since he and his three year old son, Andy, had meals with us, Dennis often arrived in the morning carrying a grocery bag full of surplus from his garden — Chinese cabbage, zucchini, cucumbers or whatever. He and his brother, Ron, grew up on a farm in Michigan, so we were getting continuous education and encouragement from them. As George says, "Dennis is our backwoods guru." Together we enjoyed many a meal of mussels in June and more-vegetable-than-meat dinners. Dennis and his family were sadly missed when they moved to Arkansas in October, but the barn was standing straight and strong by then and we were far more confident than we'd been the beginning of the summer.

In August, a gardening friend and her family visited from Connecticut. They brought us a miniature garden of herbs, endured a week of rain as they camped in the driveway, helped pick and shell peas, and suggested we put in a second planting of greens. This George did and it resulted in a bounteous reward for our table. In a few weeks, we had a huge supply of leaf lettuce, Romaine, mustard greens (which add real zip to a potato salad), kale, turnip tops, collard greens and radishes (extra good cooked and served with melted butter). Our easiest company meal consisted of a dark green, healthy salad and a hearty Portuguese Kale Soup. Late into November these greens would be covered with frost in the early morning and standing crisp and perky by noon.

When blueberry season arrived, Christopher and I, armed with rakes and baskets, went into the fields to earn some money. Work begins early in Maine, so we were up 6 a.m. to do the chores and pack lunches. We worked in areas hilly, rocky and rugged, yet strips were evenly marked with string for each raker. I soon learned how out of condition I really was. Christopher, at 12½ years of age, was bringing in more berries and carrying twice as much up the mountain as I. After a week and a half, I earned enough to pay for my rake and basket and the rest went to Gregory for babysitting. I resigned, but Chris worked through the month earning enough to buy himself a new 10 speed bike.

As winter approached, we spent many days cutting, hauling and stacking our wood. Huge pieces are burned in the old wood furnace we bought; the rest is split by George and neatly placed in the wood shed by the boys.

We burn this in the cook stove and the parlor stove. In November it was time to slaughter the pigs, named "Sooner" and "Later". "Doing in" the 50 chickens had been traumatic and enough to learn for one year, so we made arrangements to take the pigs to Lester Shute in Brooks. Then we worried how to get the pigs from their pen to the truck. We spent hours the next day building an elaborate run from the pig pen gate, through the barn, up a ramp and into the truck. Leftover building supplies, insulation, three old trunks, ladders, big pieces of nailed lumber — all were used. Then the moment arrived. Children and adults were given instructions and stationed at crucial points all along the run with food to use as a lure. George opened the gate and we all held our breath. In about two minute's time, the pigs simply trotted together from their pen, through the long run, and up onto the truck without even looking from side to side. We couldn't believe it!

Once the sides of pork were ready to collect, a week of wonderful preparations began and everyone helped. We did the butchering by following a diagram in a cookbook, then took the hams and bacon to Newton Grindle to be cured and smoked. The boys spent several hours grinding lean scraps of pork for sausage. The heads of the pigs simmered for hours on the stove and from them we made scrapple and head cheese (like a cold cut). For two days, we kept our canning pot over the fire with all the leftover cut-up fat, which rendered a year's supply of lard and "cracklin's" with which we made a crunchy cornbread called "Cracklin Bread". We ate well that week with pork liver, pork chops, a loin roast and a sausage pizza! Now we know the security of an old fashioned, full larder. It's been a pretty mild winter, with a few stimulating below zero snaps. And there is time to do the quiet things. We can appreciate our progress and now we're eager to get out in that soil and plant for a new season.



PORTUGUESE KALE SOUP

1 cup dried beans	spicy sausage (hot Italian style)
2 onions, cut up	kale (1 lb. or a dishpan-full)
1 tbsp. salt	1 tbsp. vinegar
½ tsp. pepper	3 medium cubed potatoes

Soak beans overnight and drain. In a huge pot, put beans, 10 cups water and all ingredients except potatoes. Cut up sausage and kale. Bring to a boil and cook slowly 2 hours. Add potatoes and 1 cup of water and cook ½ hour. If you like a creamy broth, thicken the soup with 2 tbsp. flour.

Helen Nearing's Rose Hip Recipes



Wild rose bushes that grow large hips, haws or rose apples in the Fall are rife all over Maine. The vitamin C content of the fruit after the flowers are gone is way above that of citrus and it also contains numerous other vitamins, making the orange-red apples nutritious as well as ornamental.

Twenty-two years ago when we first came to Maine, we found splendid great high bushes down by the shore of Penobscot Bay, growing a few feet from the salt spray. We transplanted some to the meadow in front of our house and now have some thirty vigorous five-foot-high bushes of the Rose Rugosa variety that produce rose hips over two inches in diameter. We pick bushels during August, September and October.

We use them in various ways: for juice, for tea, for sauce, for jam, for soup, and recently we have worked out a novel recipe for rose hip ice cream. We prepare about a peck at a time, nipping off the top and bottom of the hips, and criss-crossing them with a sharp knife.

Rose Hip Juice

Have plenty of boiling water ready on the stove, with sterilized bottles or jars also steaming hot. (We use old orange juice bottles or Mason jars, putting a silver knife in the bottle to prevent cracking when filling.) Pour about two cups of boiling water into the hot bottles. Ladle in two big tablespoons of honey. Stir till well-dissolved. Pour in a cup and a half of the prepared hips. Fill to the tops of the bottles with boiling water. Cover and seal. When they cool, put them in the cellar. There's no processing necessary. After the juice is mature (in a year), bring a bottle up from the cellar, and drink the delicate amber juice, reserving the berries in a refrigerator until you have accumulated two or three quarts to make the following products.

Rose Hip Sauce

Put the hips in a blender with the minimum of water, and whirl. When smooth, work through a sieve. This thick pulp residue or mash has many uses. The best might be for *salad dressing*, mixed with lemon juice, oil and a touch of salt.

Rose Hip Soup

Thicken the rose hip sauce with a few tablespoons of finely ground corn meal or corn starch or potato flour or powdered milk or ground nuts. Flavor to taste with some ground cardamon seed, or nutmeg, or maple syrup, or all three. Add a sprinkle of sunflower seeds and raisins. It is a very rich and nourishing soup; you'll find it almost impossible to eat seconds. For Scandinavians it is almost a national soup, eaten cold or heated.

Rose Hip Jam

Boil cup for cup of sugar and the sauce until it thickens, adding grated raw green apple or grated raw potato for thickening, and at the very end some lemon juice.

Rose Hip Ice Cream

The sauce may also be used to make ice cream, a new invention of mine. (Do you know anyone else who makes rose hip ice cream?) I use much the same flavorings as for the soup, but chunk the nuts instead of grinding them fine. I add a dash of vanilla, a tablespoon or two of corn oil, and enough maple syrup to really sweeten. Turn the mixture into low pans (I have also tried separate little biscuit pans) and put in freezer.

Rose Hip Tea

I haven't yet mentioned what I do with the pulp left behind in the sieve when I make the original sauce. Drop it by big spoonfuls onto waxed paper set in flat shallow cookie sheets or pie plates. Keep on the back of the stove (if you cook with wood) and in a few days the small pulp patties will be dried out and brittle. Crumble them in your hand and put in a tin or glass canister and use with mint, camomile, clover or other herb as a tea. We have even ground the seeds for their vitamin E content, added the powder to cornmeal when baking, or used in any tea.

From ornamental bush, to flower, to food, roses are delightful and useful creations. Try them in any and every form.

Helen K. Nearing

THE MAINE PLANTING CALENDAR



April



May

by Eliot Coleman

April is the tell-tale month. When the snow melts, any poor or sloppy work done hastily last fall and hidden under winter's blanket is revealed, including the tools that were left out and could never be found. Resolve now not to let that happen again. April also shows up poor planning. Are all the seeds ready, was the order sufficient, is the equipment repaired, are the fertilizers on hand? April exposes poor farming too. Those wet spots in the field you should have drained. The brown stream running from the manure pile is fertility down the drain. Good farming means attention to all details.

Get all the tools in shape if not done already. Sharpen the harrows, put a new handle on that hoe, etc. Check the garden fence for rabbit holes.

Clean out the root cellars. Old decaying and spoiled fruits and vegetables are better on the compost heap.

Dig a large hole for those new fruit trees and water them well. Remember to remove the nametag that is wired to the trunk. The new growth can strangle on that wire.

If not done last fall, dress the asparagus bed between the rows with compost or manure or rock weed covered with a hay mulch. Get those hardy, early crops (onions, peas, parsley, spinach, et al) in as early as possible but don't work the soil if too wet. Grab a handful of soil and if it sticks together it is too wet.

Take advantage of the good weather and put in long hours of work whenever the weather is favorable. Bring the early potatoes up to sprout. Set them single layer in a warm spot but not in direct sunlight.

Remember to open the cold frame on sunny days. The temperature can quickly rise over 100° inside and those vegetables don't want to be cooked yet.

The parsnips, Jerusalem artichokes, and carrots that were planted last year and left to winter over in the ground should now be gracing the dinner table. Try parsnips baked whole in a covered dish with a touch of butter and honey.

The chives in the perennial garden are up and are at their flavorful best in the spring. The spinach planted last September to winter over is almost ready to eat.

The two busiest and most important months are May and October, seed time and harvest time. May is a capricious month. May tantalizes with a touch of summer warmth followed by a white frost. If there are tender crops out and up during May, keep protectors handy. Watch those calm, clear nights the week before the full moon. If the sky is clear and the temperature is 42° to 44° or lower at bed-time a frost is likely.

In May the fields take on an emerald color again, but don't turn the stock out on to the new green grass without giving a little hay first.

In May there are too many things to do. Disorganization is always more evident under pressure. Make a list of work in order of importance and hold to it. Early rising and good planning cannot be beaten.

If you grow tall peas be sure to brush them. Brush is better and cheaper than wire. Birch tops or the fanlike spruce branches (minus the needles) are best. Cut to length, sharpen the ends and set between the double pea rows. Drive stakes every so often in the row for better support.

When is it safe to plant corn? The gambler will only lose the seed and a little time and can always plant again. One old method was to wait until a nearby oak tree had leaves as big as a mouse's ear. The story goes that the Indians had a sure-fire way of telling when the soil was warm enough. The squaws would grab a young brave, pull down his loincloth and set him with his bare behind on the cornfield. The readiness of the soil for corn planting could then be deduced in relation to the loudness of his screams.

Make the garden work as hard as you do. Don't allot space to radishes, early lettuce, turnips, spinach, etc. Interplant them between where the late planted crops (corn, beans, tomatoes, squash) will go. Corn, as an example, doesn't fully shade the ground until about forty days after planting. By then the lettuce that was interplanted earlier is either harvested or, if not, it will appreciate the shade. Logically this requires extra compost or rotted manure on the area to be double-cropped, but nowhere near as much as two separate areas would require.

A COMMONSENSE CALENDAR FOR GARDENING FROM APRIL THROUGH SEPTEMBER



June



July

June is the midsummer month with long sunny days. The crops planted early in good soil now begin to grow apace. If the planting is behind there is still time, but resolve now that the preparation will be better for next year. Earliest varieties of sweet corn can still be planted up to the end of the month and have time to ripen a tasty fall crop. Bush beans can always be planted to fill any gaps in the garden.

Keep ahead of the weeds. June weather brings weeds along rapidly. There is only one answer to the weed problem — a sharp hoe! Whether horse-drawn, tractor-powered or hand held it is all the same. No weed, no matter how noxious, can stand being chopped off every few days. And keep the hoe sharp! A file should hang in the tool shed next to the hoes. Every day the hoe should be filed to a keen edge. A sharp hoe means less work and more efficient weeding. Always weed after a rain — not before. When weeds are hoed off and allowed to wilt under the scorching sun there is very little danger of their growing again.

Take special care of any late plantings in hot, dry weather. On light land the soil should be rolled after sowing seeds in order to conserve moisture. The cool weather crops (peas, lettuce, etc.) should be mulched to keep the soil cool and moist.

Thin the fruit on heavily set apple trees, especially dwarfs, and stick the rejects in the compost heap.

This is a good time to do something about those muddy garden paths. Decide where permanent paths are wanted and take a trip to the nearby sawmill for a load of sawdust. It makes nice, soft, mud free garden paths and new layers can be added whenever necessary.

Eliot Coleman lives in Harborside where he and his wife grow gourmet fruits and vegetables for sale at The Vegetable Garden. He is also the director of the Small Farm Research Association.

July is the month for the garden competitor. If you do not have peas and knee-high corn by the 4th and neighbors do, more effort is needed next year. The tradition started with the early American colonists striving for peas by the king's birthday (George, we think) which was on the 4th of June. When chilly New England was settled, and kings were out of favor, the 4th of July was a more reasonable target.

"Make hay while the sun shines". That just about sums it up. "Make" because good hay does not happen by chance. The farmer must work diligently and keep an eye on the weather. The better the hay, the sounder the stock. No farmer was ever sorry for having an excess of good hay. It will bring a good price in winter when money is dear. Be sure to clean up the fields. Good hay won't want to be mixed with the old thatch from the year before. When the down hay gets rained on, all is not lost. It can still be of use bringing considerable fertility to the garden as a mulch or by way of the compost heap.

Do not neglect the weeding. Weeds do not stop growing just because there is other work to do. Weeds are easy to defeat for the farmer who doesn't get behind on the job. None should be allowed to go to seed. An abundance of weeds is a sign of careless farming, since they can evaporate a considerable quantity of water per day per acre, just when you need it most.

Newly planted fruit trees should be carefully tended. If it wasn't done earlier, the trees should be mulched heavily to ensure that the soil around the trees does not get too dry. Any organic matter makes an excellent mulch but flat stones or old boards will also do. Check on the spring grafts. The stock should not be allowed to send out any competing shoots.

Keep an eye on the progress of the summer's work to date. Make sure your efforts are effective. Hard work alone is not always the way. A man may work hard and accomplish little if he does not plan well and follow an orderly system.



August

By early August there are many empty spots in the garden. Do not let land lie idle. Replace one crop with another. As soon as a crop matures it should be harvested, compost spread, and the land replanted. A number of flats of plants kept in readiness by starting seeds every fortnight or so are invaluable for transplanting into the empty spots. Kale, lettuce, early maturing cabbages, endive, escarole — all have time to produce a crop. Do not let them dry out. Mid-summer transplants must never be neglected.

Carrots, beets, rutabagas, fall radishes can all be planted in early August and in most years will repay the effort. Never stop planting. You may teach the experts a trick or two. Chinese cabbage should be planted now to mature in the cool fall weather. "Wintertime" chinese cabbage (Stoke's seeds) produces large green heads that will store in the cellar as long as head cabbage.

It can't be over-emphasized that diligent application of these principles can double the yield. Doubling the yield per acre can almost halve the expense per acre. A garden empty and neglected from August on is wasting half its potential productiveness. Keep ahead of all those little jobs — the broken tool handle, the missing rake tooth, the sagging gate, the leaking roof. Repair them well as soon as noticed. Be on top of your work.

Do not let weeds take over the asparagus bed. It may not be feeding you now but it will feed you all the better next spring with good care.

Cut herbs for drying just before they flower. Tie in bunches and hang to dry in a light, airy spot in the shade.

If it wasn't done before, make sure now that the root cellars are cleaned and ready.



September

In early September frost can catch you unaware. Be ready for it. The week before the full moon is the most likely time. You can pull tomato plants out by the roots and hang them in a sunny room. They will continue ripening nicely. Unblemished green tomatoes can be wrapped in newspaper and put away in a bottom drawer to ripen slowly for a month or two.

The planting schedule is still not completed. Clean up the land where you plan to put tomatoes next year. Spread compost or rotted manure and plant spinach in between where next year's tomato rows will be. With any luck the small spinaches will winter over and provide lots of early greens. The crop will be off and gone before the tomatoes need the space.

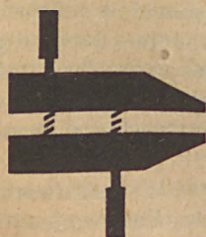
The middle of the month is also the time to plant a few last flats of Boston lettuce. When they are large enough, transplant these into a prepared cold frame, cover for the winter, and the lettuce should survive to provide early salads when the warmth of spring brings it quickly along.

If the month is dry it is a good opportunity for digging drainage ditches, deepening wells and other work that would be hampered by excess water.

Every waste from the garden should either be turned under or hauled to the compost heap. Diligence in searching out and conserving every available scrap of organic matter is repaid in the lush, flavorful produce from a composted garden.

Sit down and make out a list of work to do before winter sets in. Divide the list into two sections: 1) Work that must be done. 2) Work that ought to be done. Plan to accomplish both lists but begin on the first.

Don't forget to clean up and prepare the cellar. Leave the vents open on cold nights (close during the day) to cool down the temperature.



Scott Dickerson, Woodworker

Schoolhouse # 3

Brooksville, Maine 04617

207/326 - 4778

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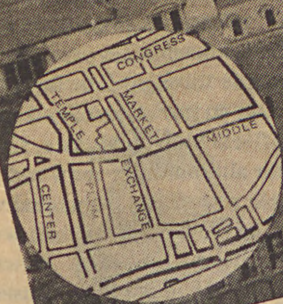
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GROWING UNDER GLASS

The Green Machine

by Robert Hohner

Today we're observing a resurgence of interest in gardening. We garden for a variety of reasons, but be they economic or aesthetic, they serve to give us purpose to "get our hands dirty". As one works in a garden it becomes apparent that dealing with nature is not an easy task. She sends rain when you may want drier conditions and it invariably becomes dry when rain is desired. Insects and wind and the greatest scourge of them all, frost, also harass the gardener.

Gardeners, however, are fairly resourceful people, and often invent means to protect their plants from the fickleness of Mother Nature. Roughly four hundred years ago gardeners took a large step towards controlling the environment in which they grew their bounty. Wealthy gardeners built orangeries in which they protected their valued orange tree seedlings. These buildings were extensions of the manor and did little to represent its offspring, the modern greenhouse. They were open on the sunny side and the heating systems were merely open ducts from the house. From this was born the conservatory. The conservatory was not necessarily, as the Parker Brothers game "Clue" would lead us to believe, where Professor Plum did it with the candlestick. It was designed to provide a habitable place for beautiful and exotic plants and flowers. Their heating system was unique in that it used cast iron pipes wound throughout the room. Hot water flowed to and from boilers on the principle that hot water rises and cold water sinks.

The modern greenhouse is, in many ways, as different from the orangery as the Indian's maize is from today's strains of sweet corn. Greenhouses are really limited by your own imagination, and they come in all shapes and sizes. However, for simplicity's sake we will classify them into two groups, lean-to and free standing. The lean-to greenhouse generally has two or three sides, and is sup-

ported by resting against the house or other supportive building. The free standing greenhouse, as the name implies, is an entity unto itself.

The lean-to is perhaps the more popular of the two, as it is generally less expensive to build and easier to heat. Before we go any further, it is important to note that greenhouses are by no means inexpensive. If you plan to purchase a greenhouse through your favorite gardening book you can expect to pay anywhere from \$75 to \$10,000. The wide range reflects individual taste, size of the house, whether you prefer aluminum or redwood frame; glass, fiberglass, or plastic; automatic or manual ventilation; etc. Aluminum frames last much longer than wooden frames and require little or no maintenance. However, aluminum houses are more costly than wooden houses. Should you decide to purchase or build a wooden frame greenhouse consider using redwood, cypress, or cedar as these materials tend to resist rot better than most available wood. For the greenhouse hobbyist, glass is probably the better bet and is usually found in most greenhouse kits. However, should you decide to build or design your own, fiberglass may decrease your costs considerably. When and if you decide to use fiberglass, buy top quality material such as FILON which is guaranteed for five to twenty years depending on the grade. This is important, as poor grades tend to cloud up and prevent essential light from getting to your plants. Plastic greenhouses are becoming popular and with good reason — they are fairly inexpensive, and installation and repairs are very easy to facilitate. As with fiberglass, the right plastic is essential. Use only that material which is designed for greenhouse use, a good example being MONSANTO 602 plastic. Ordinary plastic will not shield out harmful ultraviolet rays and your plants may become scorched. Plastic has one major drawback in that it deteriorates rapidly. Generally its lifetime is two to three years and replacement is then necessary. When buying plastic, purchase four to six mil thickness. You will need the protection it affords in harsh sun, heavy snow and high wind.

Rob and Pam Hohner live in Brooksville and raise flowers and seedlings commercially in their two greenhouses.

Continued on p. 24

Build Your Coldframe

by Kate Pearce

It never fails to cause a stir when you arrive at a friend's house in April with a basket overflowing with deep green home-grown lettuce. It is one of the nicest gifts you can give to someone, and yourself, all winter long. We have grown loose leaf lettuce, spinach, dill, kale, celery and parsley in our 4½' X 9½' solar and manure heated coldframe for four winters now, in Deer Isle, Maine. We figured if the Nearings could do it in Vermont, we'd have less trouble here; so far so good.



The first step is to locate a good place for your "greenhouse". Ours is at the top of a fairly steep southernly slope — literally dug into the hillside. The other determining factor is to locate some window sash. Ours is composed of three three-by-four foot sash having two large panes of glass each. Ideally, you could make your own sash using cedar and doubleweight glass. Or better still, use some .037" clear fiberglass sheeting sold by the roll (at Sears, Wards, etc.) for a near-permanent non-breakable glass. We have discovered that breaks and cracks in glass can be mended by patching with a silicone sealer as a binder between the two layers of glass.

After locating the sash, we next framed up a unit 4½ X 9½ feet to hold the sash and keep the walls of the hole from caving in on the plants. We used old seashore-scrounged lumber, and stapled worn out congoleum carpet to the outside of the bottomless box as an earth barrier. Cedar or locust framing would be excellent. A person could be so elaborate as to pour a concrete unit or use cement block construction. The method used depends entirely on available cash, materials and farsightedness. In April 1970, the first item determined our methods.

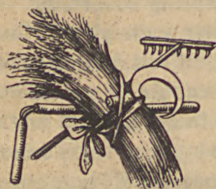
Another important consideration is to schedule the excavating phase of the project to coincide with the arrival of a strong-armed houseguest. Three-plus feet under is deeper than you think! Our excavation was about 4' X 10' X 3½' deep; with the longer side running east to west. Into this hole we lowered our structure. We leveled it up, back filled with some (relatively) sandy soil, fastened the sash, and were ready to go. The whole operation took about a week to accomplish.

The depth of the entire coldframe is a critical factor. It should be deep enough so that the side walls provide some insulation, hold ample animal or vegetable manure and still be above the spring watertable. Our greens bed is usually about 18" below the glass, which, in turn, sits flush with the hillside. If soil drainage is a problem on your land, a drain pipe could be provided off one corner of the hole. The cold frame is filled first with a layer of gravel or stone, then a layer of fresh animal dressing (6-18", depending on type), a 4-6" layer of garden soil (a loam-sand-compost mix is best) and finally the transplants. This method is only a suggestion of what worked for us — there are several variables. For example, one year as the weather was turning cold, we managed a 6" layer of hen dressing on one side while dead leaves were filling the other side. We covered both sides with about 4" of soil and transplanted our greens. Both did equally well through a not-too-cold winter (1971-2). It took us a couple of years to get the bed level up, as both dressing and good soil were scarce. As a result, the January and spring thaws would find us madly siphoning the ground water out of the cold frame. Even spending some time completely under 6" of standing water didn't really do damage to our plants! As you can see, there is a lot of room for variation with this system.

Kate Pearce is a Deer Isle farmsteader, who, with her husband Fred, raises goats and turkeys as well as winter vegetables.

Preparation of the seed bed for subsequent years requires a slightly different approach. During the hottest days of July or August we replace the sash. The temperature inside will go way over 100°F, sprouting and killing all weeds and bugs inside. Before transplanting, shovel the top layers of dry fine soil and rotted dressing onto a tarp outside the frame. Fill with the hot manure, a layer planting soil, and transplant the greenery.

Our farm diary from last summer and fall serves as a representative cold frame management guide. Here on the coast of Eastern Maine, we seed our winter greens the end of August — the 26th last year. They flourish in the warm days and cool nights of September. In northern Maine I would advise planting during the first weeks of August. Light frosts do not seem to harm the thin-veined greens. A frost September 22nd did no damage to our greens; they still looked healthy. On October 7th, I transplanted fifty of the 2-3" plants to the coldframe. Leaving the sash off, but covering with an old sheet as a sun shield, I watered them only as they needed it, for a few days, until they "took". After that, we pretty much ignored them, and three or four replacements were brought up from the garden. During the crisp days of November the dead maple leaves nearly filled the 18" space above the lettuce, providing some insulation against the nightly frosts (the reduction in sunlight did not seem to have any adverse effect.) Around November 25th, I cleared out the leaves, put in a saucer of stale beer to catch kale-munching slugs, and placed the sash over. The only winter care is to throw a black plastic covered quilt over the glass when the temperatures go below zero and to shovel the snow off the glass when the weather tempers somewhat after each snowstorm.



Our November and December this year were quite mild. We were picking lettuce liberally through New Year's. But I can always count on a small salad every week or so even in a less temperate holiday season.

Once March rolls around, the increasing temperatures and hours of daylight really bring the lettuce along. By April we have salads several times a week; and by May we are hard put to keep up with it and start giving it away. During the winter days I pick just the outside leaves. By spring I am pulling out entire plants to make way for the remaining neighbors. We usually have ample lettuce to hold us until the outside garden variety is ready for harvest in mid June.

We have been so pleased with our little coldframe that we are toying with the idea of making a "grow hole". A "grow hole" is an extended version of a coldframe. Some are big enough to grow trees in. Like our coldframe they are mostly underground, and rely on solar heat for growing the vegetables. We feel we get enough sun here to try it and will report back when we get the project together.

Happy gardening.

Accessories such as automatic ventilation and humidifiers, artificial lighting, foundations, internal plumbing, etc., all add to the ease of running your greenhouse. You may desire some, all, or none of these features, but keep them in mind when you build your greenhouse. While you may not want automatic ventilation now you may want it in the future, and you would do well to design your greenhouse to be flexible enough to accept these features

The major consideration of greenhouse building, after allowing for proper light transmission, is heating. This is where the lean-to greenhouse shines. You can easily heat it by small electric space heaters, or even better, by merely extending your present hot air or hot water system to this extra room. Small room humidifiers maintain proper moisture in the air. When the sun's heat builds up in the greenhouse on a bright winter day, you may open the door from the greenhouse to the house, itself, thus cutting down on the cost of heating your home.

Free standing greenhouses seem to give greater freedom of design and choice. Your building can range from the traditional peaked-roof type to the air-inflated quonset type. Some require a foundation and some do not, and all require some type of self-contained heating system. Building materials are the same as for the lean-to house, but the free standing house will generally run higher in cost than the lean-to. An advantage of the free standing type is that they can usually be added to as your interest and space needs grow. You also have a choice, as you do with lean-to types, of building "glass to ground" (glass all the way to the ground level), or glass to a fixed point above the ground (usually three feet). For the few extra dollars, the glass to ground feature is better. You will find as your interest grows that even space under benches can be used to grow your plants.

Heating a free standing greenhouse is more costly, initially, than heating the lean-to type. Electric heating, while cheap to install, is generally considered uneconomical to run at this time, although the future may hold some promise for this type of heat. This leaves us with oil and gas. Oil works fine and has proven to be an efficient method of heating a greenhouse. It gives the greenhouse the two most important criteria for effective heating: efficiency and consistency. If your heating is not consistently efficient, your greenhouse will not be able to do what you expect of it. Oil does have one major drawback other than its lack of availability. The fumes given off can be harmful to your plants if not properly vented. Gas heat is probably the most efficient method to use. Burners manufactured by such companies as Modine leave little residue, and give the added benefit of dispersing carbon dioxide and water vapor into the surrounding air. Heating systems are as varied as the greenhouses themselves, but it is important to note that if your greenhouse needs 100,000 BTU to keep it adequately heated, you would be better off with a slightly larger system, such as 125,000 BTU. This takes pressure off the heating equipment in really cold weather.

Humidity control is generally taken care of by proper ventilation and prudent watering. Too much water is dangerous in the greenhouse. Fortunately, green-

houses tend to contain warm dry air, and thus water must be constantly added to the surroundings. This can be done by merely wetting down benches, walks, walls, and misting plants, leaves, etc. However, unless the plant requires *excessive* moisture, a good rule of thumb is to run the greenhouse on the dry side. Perhaps ventilation is the most important aspect of greenhouse gardening next to heat. Stagnant air is a major cause of disease problems and delayed growth habit. A fan or open window goes a long way towards producing healthy plants. Automatic ventilating systems take the worry out of proper air circulation in the greenhouse when you are not at home.

Assuming that you now have an idea of what you want as a greenhouse, you have the problem of site location. Actually this is not a problem as you keep in mind that the majority of plants require some degree of sunlight. A good southern exposure is a must for successful greenhouse management. If possible, try to run your greenhouse from east to west to obtain maximum sunlight and minimum shading. Place the building on a well drained spot where puddles of water are not likely to occur. A foundation with a concrete floor may aid in sealing off some of the damp, cold conditions. If possible, try to build in a spot where the north and northwest winds are blocked or partially blocked. This wise choice of location will pay big dividends in a greatly reduced fuel bill and will keep your greenhouse from being exposed to extreme weather conditions. A close proximity to your house may help to fulfill some of these needs and give you the added bonus of not having to walk too far to get your water, should you decide not to put in a plumbing system.

Should you decide to build a greenhouse of your own, you will find yourself doing two things, copying a design that you like, and saving yourself money. We have built a small greenhouse out of wood and plastic and it has done well by us. Your greenhouse should be wide enough to facilitate at least one bench and a walkway. The roof should have enough of a slope to effectively allow snow and rain to slide off. You will find that the larger your greenhouse is, the easier it is to maintain a constant temperature and avoid extreme conditions. A greenhouse which heats quickly may not be as good as you might imagine. In the early morning the sun may over-warm the greenhouse before you get a chance to ventilate, and thus may cook your plants. The same is true in cooling down, as a small house will cool more rapidly — possibly subjecting your plants to severe temperature loss. There is less chance of this happening in a larger house. If you build your own and use plastic, you can save fuel costs by using a double layer of plastic with a "dead air" space between the two sheets. This forms a terrific insulation.

In summing up, if you plan ahead before you spend your money and keep in mind that flexibility is a positive virtue, you will be pleasantly surprised at how joyful greenhouse growing can be.

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MAINE ALBUM

Those of you who have enjoyed the Foxfire Books may be glad to know that FARMSTEAD and Maine high school students are working on a similar project in Maine. Here, as a sampling, is an interview with Gerald Butler of Blue Hill. Mr. Butler is 70 years old. He is a part-time fisherman and was a part-time lobsterman. The interview was taped by his granddaughter, Lisa Billings, and transcribed by Pat Lymburner. Steve Matthews took the photograph. Lisa, Pat and Steve are students at George Stevens Academy in Blue Hill.



THE BEAR IN THE PIG PEN

This story concerns one David Carter, my great-great grandfather, who mov'd from Long Island in 1796 with his brother James an' settled near the Sand Point, which was called Carter's Point at that time, but now is Jim Henderson's Sand Point. They both had large families an' lived there all their lives an' died an' are buried there.

"They farmed an' fished an' raised sheep an' took their grain to the gristmill at the falls at South Blue Hill to be groun'. Durin' the summer the bears be'n botherin' the sheep an' grandfather Carter had be'n up nights watchin' for 'em but hadn't found 'em. One Sat'day mornin' he told his wife that he thought they'd go visitin' over to his father's on the neck. Well, he said he gues't he wouldn't go but his brother an' his brother's wife an' a few o' the children rowed across. Durin' the night t'wards mornin' he heard this commotion out in the pig pen; well, he got up an' got his old flint-lock musket an' sneaked out and there was a bear after the pig. So he shot the bear and as soon as it got daylight he went down to the shore an' built a big

fire to let 'em know that something that was unusual had happened. Well, they came rowin' over an' they had a great big bear, an' so they skinned the bear out an' mired the pig an' his father an' mother went back to the neck on the South Blue Hill side to a farm now owned by Izza Candage, the last lot in Blue Hill. They gave all the neighbors bear meat an' sent some over to his father."

THE BEAR HUNT

This is a short story 'bout how the Osgoods got their name o' bein' Bear. All o' ye who knew Harold Osgood, which his name was called, know he always went by the name of Bear. Well, several years ago, Dan'l Osgood, Harold's great-great grandfather, an' Mr. Lord thought they'd go bear huntin'. Well, they went up back o' Blue Hill Mountain an' tramped quite a ways an' they didn't see many signs, but at last Mr. Lord, he sar this cub bear up a tree so he cut the tree down an' git the bear, a li'l male bear, an' so he started to down it up in his coat. Bo't that time the ole she-bear showed up. She put chase to us an' he passed the cub to Dan'l Osgood an' he started runnin'. Well, they both o' 'em started runnin' quite hard an' the ole

bear was comin' after 'um an' he run 'bout half-mile before he dropt the bear an' went home. After that, the Osgoods some of 'em was called, Bear. My son's wife's father, they called him Cub, an' Harold, they called him Bear. Well, when Harold lived the second house below me he had a sign out with Osgood on it and a bear on each side o' it on his lawn. Soon after that Mr. Osgood had a gristmill down somewhere near back o' where Eric Dodge lives now down on the mill stream. He looked out o' the mill one mornin' an' a big bull moose was out thar, right by the brook. So he hustled up to his house, which was the house below me, an' got his musket an' went down an' shot the moose. Well, the record o' this is in the journal that Byron Dalin wrote years ago which Ronald Howard has parts thar of. Well, all the Osgoods had moose meat for several days afterwards."

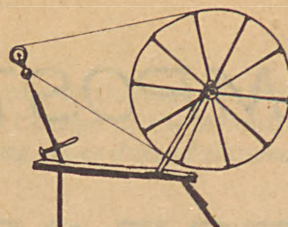
THE GOAT'S EYE

"**T**here was a man in this town he was a little odd. He worked over one o' the summer residents down on Parker's Point. He told this summer lady that he was goin' blind an' he been to Bangor an' been to Doc Morton an' Doc Morton told 'em that he could have a goat's eye grafted in but t'would cost two thousand dollars. Well, this summer lady was quite concerned 'bout it, an' she come up to see the woman that this man worked for an' she said she'd be able to pay half of it if they would pay the other half. Well, this woman says, how did you know that he's got to have a goat's eye? Well, says the summer lady, he said he went to Doc Morton's an' he told 'em he'd graft it in. Well, this woman, you know she says, I don't know where he went to see Doc Morton, because Doc Morton's been dead for five years.

Well, the same person, he went to work over to the poultry place, Lipman's over to Belfast. Well, he claimed he got some kind of disease over there that affected his lungs, an' he come home an' he tried to collect insurance on it. Well I don't think he got very much, but the family o' him was on the town o' Blue Hill. So they sent 'em to Bangor to see if they could find anything was the matter with 'em. Well, two carpenters were workin' down in the Taco restaurant at the time an' he came down an' they says, how'd you make out in Bangor? Oh, he says, they took my liver out an' painted it. One of 'em says, what they paint it, red or green? Oh, he says, I don't know, but they hooked a thing on to me like a vacuum cleaner an' they got a cup full o' chicken feathers out o' one lung. Oh, he says, I'm ready to die, I'm ready anytime."

THE SEA COOK

"**W**hen I was a young boy of fifteen or sixteen years, Cap'n Nevell Kane came in here with *Anella Grant*—twas coal for Mr. Enoch Grindle. They'd unload it down at Chase Granite Wharf. Well, us boys used to go down there an' he'd done invite us 'board for cookies an' tea. Well, we was 'board one day an' he says that damn cook a mine ain't no good; says he can see bottom at 40 fathom. Well, Mr. Emerson, that's Gordon Emerson's father, says where'd your cook come from, Cap'n Kane? Christ, he says, he came from Southwest Harbor, but he b'longs in Hell."



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COMPOSTING AT THE COLLEGE OF THE ATLANTIC

by Cheli Johnson

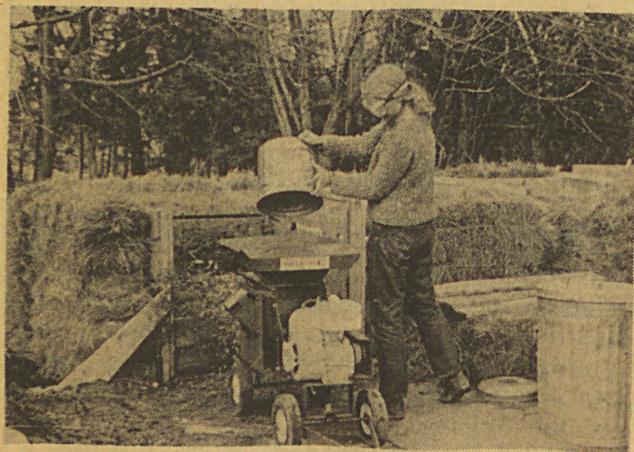
What is compost? A very rich soil conditioner that is the backbone of every good organic garden. A nice thing about it is that it's easily made from materials you won't have to look too far to find. It will also give you a use for materials that might previously have gone down the garbage disposal, been burned or taken to the dump.

How does it work? You are simply harnessing the bacteria and fungi that are already busy at work on the forest floor, in salt marshes, and in your soil. If you invite them to your pile by providing them with the proper materials and conditions, they will cooperate by leaving you with a pile of lovely rich humus.

Now, how do you go about setting up your own system? First you will need a bin, something to contain the materials in. Look around for it, you may have something in your backyard to use. It is important that whatever you chose allows air to enter. The microorganisms that do the decomposing are aerobic, which means they are dependent on air.

People build their bins with snow fence, hollow con-

Cheli Johnson is a student at the College of the Atlantic, Bar Harbor, Maine, where she majors in Human Ecology. In the photos, she and Dave Winship demonstrate composting at the College.



1. Kitchen garbage is dumped into shredder.

crete blocks or chicken wire on a wood frame. For larger bins, try saplings built up log cabin style without notches. Decide how much compost you plan to make; that will help you to plan your bin. You may want a five foot tall box or may only need to make a garbage can full.

When the bin is ready, it is time to collect the materials that you will need. Essential ingredients include:

1) Dry organic material — Leaves, hay, grass clippings, garden residues, weeds, etc. Use your imagination; almost anything that is organic is worth composting.

2) Kitchen garbage — Your compost bin will provide you with a convenient spot for disposal of all those peelings, trimmings and leftovers.

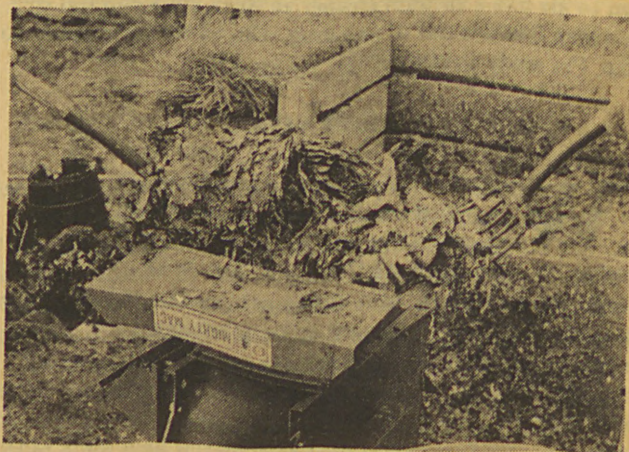
3) Animal manure or some other nitrogen source — Nitrogen is necessary to support the microorganisms. If you don't have manure, check with your feed or hardware store for bloodmeal, dried blood, sludge, cottonseed meal or fish concentrate.

4) Loam — This soil can come from your garden. It will bring the microorganisms to your compost bin.

5) Lime — Since most organic matter tends to be acidic, lime is necessary to keep the pH high enough for decomposition to take place.

Once you have collected everything, what do you do? In explaining how to run a composting operation, I'll tell you how we do it at College of the Atlantic in Bar Harbor, Maine.

We have a system of four composting bins and a hold-in bin. They are made of one inch hemlock boards spaced



2. Leaves, hay and grass clippings are also shredded.

Human Ecology is just one of the many interesting subjects to be studied at Bar Harbor's College of the Atlantic. Here, Cheli describes the composting procedures followed at COA.

one inch apart. The boards in the front and on the sides are removable for easy turning of the compost.

Every Monday two large cans of garbage from the school are brought to the site. Near the bins we keep a stockpile of leaves, hay, manure and garbage cans of loam and lime. The kitchen garbage is shredded along with the other organic matter, which is then mixed into the bins. Every foot or so we add an inch of loam and a shovelful of lime. Once a bin is full, which takes about three weeks, the material is turned into the next bin down the line. The final bin serves as storage for the compost. The process of moving the compost every three weeks provides for some aeration. In addition, as each pile is being built up, we drive a stake down into the pile in several places to provide holes for the air.

So far our system is working well. We have only been composting for a couple of months but already our piles are heating up, despite the low winter temperatures.

There are some things you should watch out for when beginning your operation:

1) Excess moisture — Don't put too much wet garbage in your pile; it will compact the materials and slow down decomposition as a result of poor aeration.

2) Over-liming — You can raise the pH so high that the bacteria will stop working or your nitrogen content will be too low for good plant growth. A pH of 6.0 to 6.5 is ideal.

3) No action in cold weather — The action in the compost bin will slow down considerably in the cold Maine

winters. If you want to keep it working, insulate the bin. Our bins are sheltered with hay bales, and we put a clear plastic cover over the top which creates a greenhouse effect on sunny days.

4) Animals and rodents — You shouldn't have too much trouble if you avoid putting meat scraps in the bin.

5) Materials that won't break down — If you don't have a shredder or a rotary lawnmower to grind the materials you will be using, then be careful not to leave things in big pieces. If you put in a whole cornstalk or broccoli root, you may never see the end of it.

The least of your troubles will be finding a use for your compost. You can make your own potting soil, spread it on your garden or use it as Christmas presents.

It will also provide a great boost for a corn or squash seed or a tomato plant. I dig a big hole, fill it half full of compost and then put in the seed or plant. I also often side dress a green pepper or eggplant that isn't coming along fast enough. Well-rotted compost will speed anything up.

The more you see of the wonderful results you get from using your compost the more you will want to make. There's no end to the variations you can try — from whatever materials you can find. You will always be successful if you can remember the four needs of compost: aeration; an optimum temperature for bacteria to work (60°F to 160°F); a sufficient microbial community to do the work (brought with the loam); a source of nitrogen.

Good Luck!



3. Loam and lime are shoveled in.



4. The result: Two happy composters.

A Greenhorn Tries Workhorses

by Paul Birdsall

We have tried a workhorse, and for our needs he has proven quite satisfactory as well as satisfying to use. Thus we feel it is possible for someone with little or no experience to learn to care for and use a horse or a team for farm and woods work, although, obviously, this is not a process to be undertaken lightly.

Why bring back the workhorse when the tractor has come to be generally accepted as more "efficient" for farm tasks? One of the basic aims of the farm operation for us is self-sufficiency, and we thought that the horse would be more efficient than a tractor in achieving this aim. The horse supplies a considerable amount of fertilizer every year, and can be fed on hay and grain raised on the farm. In addition, a mare can produce an occasional foal for profit or as

a replacement. We would also be spared mechanical breakdowns of tractor and equipment; horsedrawn equipment and harness is easier to repair. Related to this was the thought that a horse would fit in better with the farm environment than a tractor, and would be pleasanter to use.

Admittedly, a tractor can perform some farm tasks more rapidly than a horse, but we thought that a horse would give us greater flexibility as far as farm and woodlot operations were concerned. With a horse we can get to almost any part of our farm at almost any season of the year. This is important in Northern New England where the snow depths may be great and there is always a mud season to contend with in the spring. (Needless to say, there are wet spots where you can mire a horse, too, but there are fewer of them.) At the same time, we did not feel denied absolutely the use of a tractor, for arrangements could be made to swap labor with a neighboring farmer for such tractor work as might prove occasionally necessary. For example, last summer we were not set up to mow with a horse during haying season, but a neighbor cut much of the hay we needed with his tractor in return for several occasions on which we helped him get in his hay. From our standpoint, such spreading of tractor utilization is far more efficient than for everyone to own his own tractor, which in most cases would be underutilized, and would thus represent at least to some extent unnecessary capital investment.

Such ideas look good on paper, and it is probably safe to say that they are shared by a small but increasing proportion of the population, but obviously it is the practice and not the theory which should determine whether or not there will be a workhorse or a team in your future. In this respect our experience may prove helpful in showing to what extent we have found horses practical on the farm and to what degree the greenhorn may become competent and comfortable in using and caring for them.

For us the transition from ignorance and inexperience to ownership and use was helped along by our good fortune in being able to borrow a team for six weeks or so last summer. The experience in itself was not particularly successful, and in fact some might have been discouraged by what happened. We tried the team with an old mowing machine which we found difficult to use because the cutter bar could not be elevated properly to avoid obstructions. Moreover, in our ignorance we rigged the reins improperly and were forced to control the horses by leading them. Finally, the harness was not up to the requirements of this job, so we had to give up the idea of using the team. All was not loss, however, for we learned to care for the team, became accustomed to harnessing them, and got used to having them around. We also learned from "Charlie" how adept some horses become in escaping from almost any kind of enclosure, with disastrous consequences to the oat supply and the new corn.

The outcome of this experience was to convince us that horses might prove satisfactory for our needs, but that we needed more favorable circumstances in which to try out



Paul Birdsall, wife Molly and two teenaged sons live in North Penobscot on a 300 acre farm.

the idea. Thus we resolved to have "as new" harness, because to do otherwise would endanger the experiment. We decided that one horse would be better than a team because one would be easier to hitch up and manage, and even a beginner can work a well-trained horse on simple tasks, provided he is careful. Also the chances of acquiring one good horse are better than those of getting two good ones at once. Most older, experienced horses have generally been worked double at some time or other, and with care and patience it should be possible to find a mate if you decide that a team is really what you want. (Of course, there is the serious objection to this approach that you will have to switch from single horse harness and equipment to double horse equipment, if you decide on a team eventually.)

The prospects looked pretty discouraging when we actually tried to find a workhorse in the late summer of 1973. It seemed clear that whatever we found, we would have to make a very quick decision because others were beginning to want workhorses, too. So when my son Nat told me of an ad in the *Bangor Daily News* for a "gentle farm horse with some equipment," we wasted no time in following up. A number of others had already expressed an interest in buying, and we decided that we would take her while we could in spite of a bunch, or swelling, on her rear hock. We paid \$325 for her, and an additional sum for the farm equipment. This price might be low today. We thought the risk slight that we would not be able to get our money out considering the interest in workhorses and their scarcity. As a greenhorn, I was taking a real chance in not bringing along someone who knew workhorses.

This was the beginning of our association with a strawberry roan mare named "Lady" of no determinable ancestry, weighing in at about 1,400 lbs. (not much for a workhorse; they go from this size to over a ton) and aged about 12 years. The association has been pleasant for us from the beginning because she has proven to be as gentle as advertised. Never has she made a move in her stall or out which might have injured someone. This is an important consideration, and one which it is well to keep in mind when picking out a workhorse.

"Lady" had come equipped only with a yarding harness, which would permit her to draw a load by means of a flexible hitch, but which would not permit her to stop the load. For this she needed a driving harness with breeching, holdbacks, and a jacksaddle which would hold the shafts. Thus we could not use her on a cart or mowing machine which had shafts. We did try her successfully with a stoneboat, onto which we could roll various heavy objects which we wished to move such as rocks and debris remaining around the house from renovations and rebuilding. She also hauled boxes of manure on the stoneboat for the new lawn and drew the harrow over the lawn to prepare it for seeding. At such simple tasks, "Lady" performed well, and they served to bring her back into condition from a summer of inactivity out at grass. As is usual in summer, she was unshod, and I had to keep her away from rocky areas where she might have damaged her feet.

The main job I had in mind for "Lady" during the early fall was to mow some of the old hayfields which had not been mowed for several years and to mow some blueberry

land as a pruning measure. By this time I had bought a driving harness, so I could hitch her to either one of two antique mowing machines which I had acquired. This equipment serves to illustrate some of the problems you will face in finding usable horsedrawn equipment. One mower was a Richardson, manufactured in Worcester, Massachusetts, and despite all efforts with the oil can, one critical adjustment remained frozen. The other machine, an Adriance made in Poughkeepsie, New York, performs quite well since it has always been kept under cover. How old these machines are is anyone's guess, but 70 years would not be an unreasonable estimate. Thus the problem lies not only in the difficulty in finding good horsedrawn equipment but in finding spare parts. Replacement parts may have to be made to order.

The results of the mowing encouraged us to believe that it would be possible and practical for us to mow with a horse or horses. For rough, rocky blueberry ground, only a horsedrawn mower is sufficiently maneuverable to be practical. We did experience some difficulty with the fine, matted hay in the old hayfields. When these fields have been fertilized, plowed and reseeded, as we plan to do, the hay will be of better quality and easier to cut. Also, the hay tended to jam the cutter bar in the mowing machine because hay is dry and tough when cut so late in the season. It would be much easier to cut in regular haying time.

However, if you plan to go into the hay business on a large scale, and you must cut many fields during a season, then a tractor would be more practical than horses.

Plowing proved to be the only discouraging part of our experience. I had assumed that you just backed the horse up to the plow, hooked the whiffletree on, put the reins



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around one's neck, and, grasping the plow handles firmly, told the horse "gaddap". I found myself pursuing the horse at breakneck speed along a furrow which was consistent neither as to depth nor direction. A few more tries and I found myself sitting on the ground exhausted, and looking up at the horse. My two strong sons laughed when they heard about this, but when we tried it with one on the plow and the other handling the reins, the results were no better, and sometimes one of us would find himself lying flat in the furrow. I have since been told by those with some experience that you need a very strong horse or a team in order to have the power to plow slowly and with enough control to have straight furrows. Certainly it would be best to contract out or trade labor for large scale plowing such as required for reseeding an entire field or in breaking new sod. Plowing is not something that I am counting on being able to do for myself except possibly in relatively small garden patches in which the ground has already been broken. On the other hand, I plan to harrow and cultivate the garden with the horse, since we have successfully tried "Lady" out with the harrow and the cultivator.

We had long planned to take some old hay from the barn and spread it on the lower blueberry field in order to achieve a better burn in the spring. In any case, it was December before we got time to do the job, and by then it was so wet that the only way we could get to the field was with horse and cart, another indication of the flexibility which horses afford in farm operations.

Perhaps the most satisfactory use for horses in our experience has been for woodlot operations in the winter time. Here the horse must compete against the farm tractor and against a specialized piece of logging equipment known as a skidder. For us the choice was simple. Farm tractors are considered to be dangerous for use in the woods, and more space must be cleared for their operation than for a horse. Skidders are very expensive and can be justified only where a high volume of wood is to be got out. This requires clear cutting timber rather than selective cutting. Skidders also damage the soil cover and there is usually a lot of damage to trees which are not supposed to be cut.

To begin with, we were late in cutting our winter's supply of firewood, and we needed quite a lot of hardwood since

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we planned to heat with wood alone. In November and December we cut the firewood and piled it up in four foot lengths along woods roads we had cut out or reopened. Then we brought "Lady" into the woods with the rubber-tired woods cart to pick up the wood and bring it back to where we could cut it up and split it outside the cellar door. Later we cut pulp for a local paper mill. This, too, was piled up in four foot lengths and brought out of the woods by "Lady", though by January we were able to use a single horse woods sled instead of the cart.

It was not until February that the ground was frozen hard enough and there was enough snow to start cutting sawlogs. After the trees have been felled and cut into log lengths, the logs must be "twitched" or dragged out by the horse to the woods road where they can be brought to the skidway or yard for loading on the truck. In twitching, a chain with a choke hook is led around the end of the log. Then the horse is backed into position, with someone drawing back the whiffletree to where it can be hooked to the chain at a point as close as possible to the choke hook. The tension on the chain through the choke hook draws it ever tighter around the end of the log. When the horse is hooked on, he is encouraged to snap the log free and draw it out to the woods road.

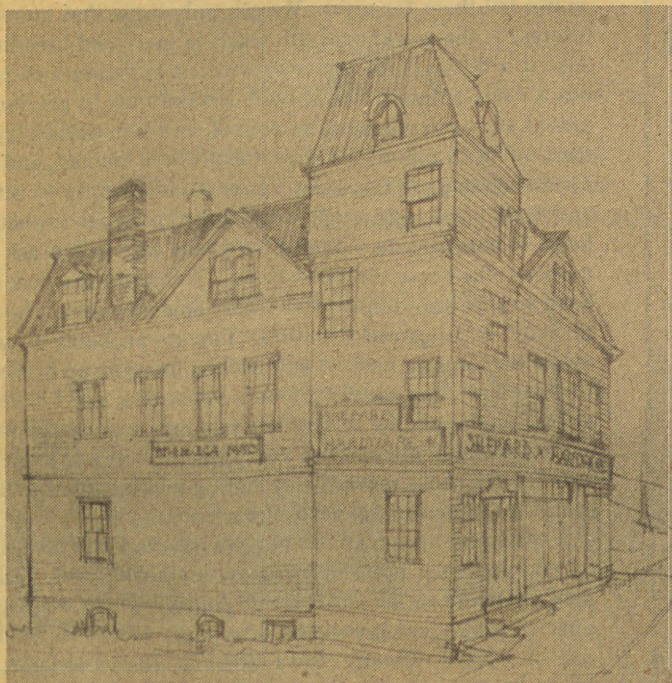
When the snow cover was adequate, we used the wood-sled without the rack which fits on top for carrying pulp and firewood. The logs were rolled up on the sled lengthwise and locked in place with chain and log binder. Then, riding the load, we drove the woodsled to the skidway where the logs were rolled off and into position where they could be rolled onto the truck. Depending on snow conditions, we sometimes used only the front of the sled, letting

the back of the logs drag behind. Recently, with no snow at all in the woods, but with the ground well frozen, we got logs out by having the horses drag them all the way to the skidway as in twitching.

In these operations we used tow horses, "Lady", and a Belgian mare named "Trixie", who belongs to a friend working with us. He had worked horses as a boy and as a young man. Although we never had occasion to hitch the horses double, they worked well in each other's company. "Trixie" was the stronger, younger, and more willing of the two, but I was very satisfied with "Lady's" performance. The largest log which we took out with "Trixie" was 12' long and measured almost 24" at the butt. It is doubtful that we will find anything much bigger than this, but with a team, it should be possible to get out even larger logs.

That has been our actual experience with horses so far. We do have plans to use horses even more extensively in the future, such as in garden operations which I have already mentioned. We are looking around for a double horse manure spreader. (For those who can pay the price, New Idea makes a spreader which I understand is the last piece of horse drawn equipment still being manufactured.) This we hope to use in the spring, especially for the fields we plan to plow and reseed as well as for the garden areas. We also plan to use horse power to pull bushes which have been creeping into our fields, and we think that a horse may be used to advantage in fencing some of our fields, especially when the ground is soft.

If you are thinking about a work horse or a team for your farm or woodlot, there are signs that you are not alone. For the first time in quite a while, two horse dealers



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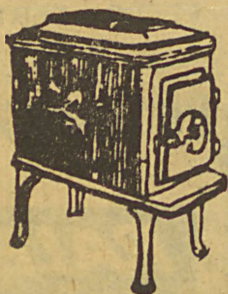
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in this region have received consignments of work horses. I talked to one of them, and he had sold his all out and was hoping for another shipment. He also said that interest in workhorses had grown rapidly during the last year, and that he had sold out much equipment which he'd had little hope of selling several years ago. If you are as lucky as I was, you may find someone who knows workhorses and who is willing to give you advice. Obviously the place to start is to question the people who already have workhorses and have experience in using them. You will be especially fortunate if you have occasion to work with someone on a task involving work horses as I did this winter in yarding logs in the woods. Not all the old teamsters are gone, and one of them who was spending the winter in this area used to come out and work with us. Thus I had a chance to pick up a good deal of first hand information about caring for horses and using them in the woods.

I have said little of the pleasures of using workhorses. You may enjoy, as have I, getting to know and, perhaps, working with people who know the care and use of draft horses. Then there is the pleasure of being out in the fields or the woods with a workhorse. Generally it is quiet except for the sound of whatever horsedrawn implement is involved. Sometimes there is the moment you stop the horse late on a beautiful afternoon and sit there for awhile enjoying the view and the peaceful scene. Then there is the sense of power and purpose that a good draft horse or team conveys in doing some job well such as drawing a heavy load.

Whether there is a workhorse in your future depends upon a variety of factors. Workhorses are scarce, and there is competition for them not only among those who would use them as they should be used, but also from those who would sell them for meat. We can only hope that increased interest in the workhorse will result in increased breeding. Also it is difficult for someone without experience to pick out a likely animal. You should certainly try to get competent advice in choosing an animal, and you should try to start out with one which is gentle and well trained, and thus, not too young. It takes some strength and agility to hitch and work horses, although increasing experience probably helps to compensate. You should take care not to ask more of the horse than he can do. Think out the task ahead so that you don't involve the horse or yourself in a difficult or dangerous situation. You are probably already aware that sloppy harness and trailing lines are an invitation for trouble. Also, good harness is expensive, and I have already indicated the difficulties you may experience in finding suitable horsedrawn equipment. You will have to care for the horse regularly, including picking up and inspecting (and cleaning) each of his hooves.

If what you have read has not discouraged you completely, and you want more information on workhorses, you may subscribe to the *Draft Horse Journal* which is published quarterly, and which costs \$4.00 a year. (Draft Horse Journal, Inc., Rt. 3, Waverly, Iowa 50677). Also, The Draft Horse Institute (Indian Summer Farm, Cabot, Vermont 05647) has been formed to preserve the knowledge of draft horse use and to fill the need for training those who wish to use workhorses. A teamster school was held last September, and the program of the Institute is being expanded in 1974. Thus there is no need to feel that you are alone as you look into using workhorses on your farm.

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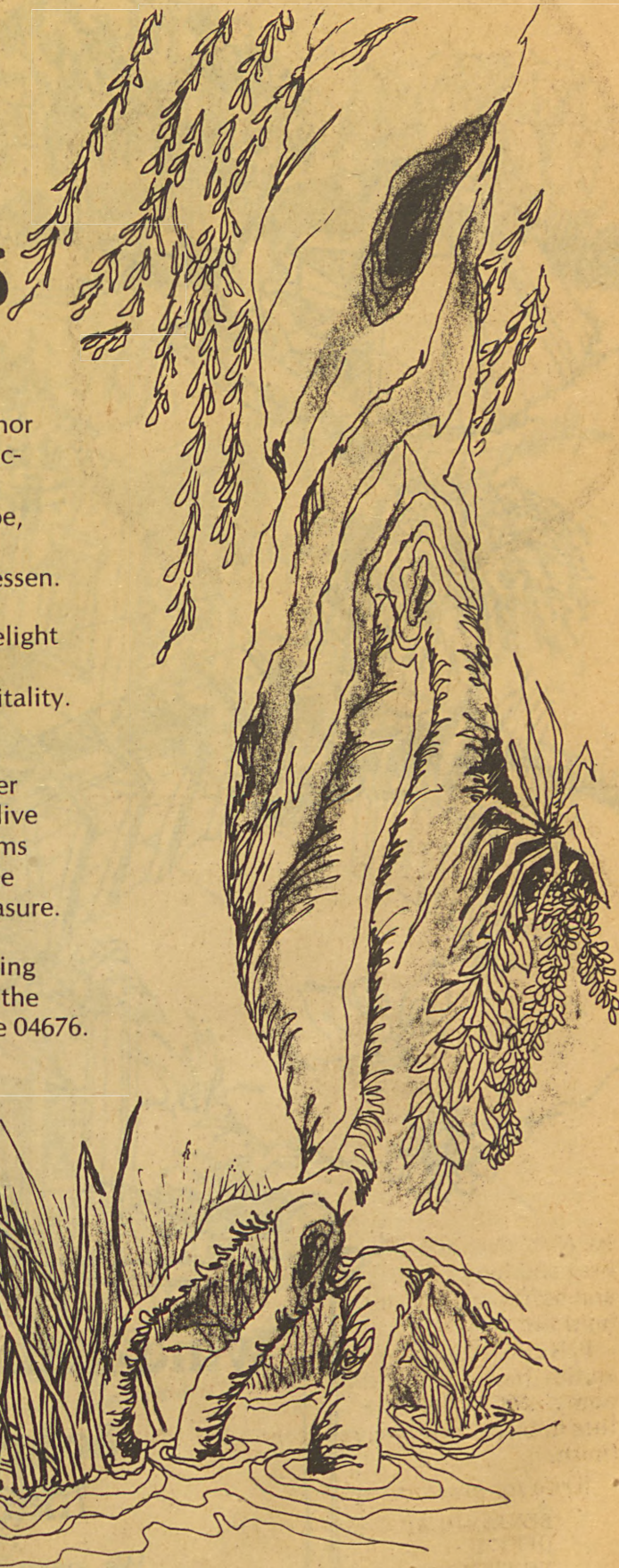
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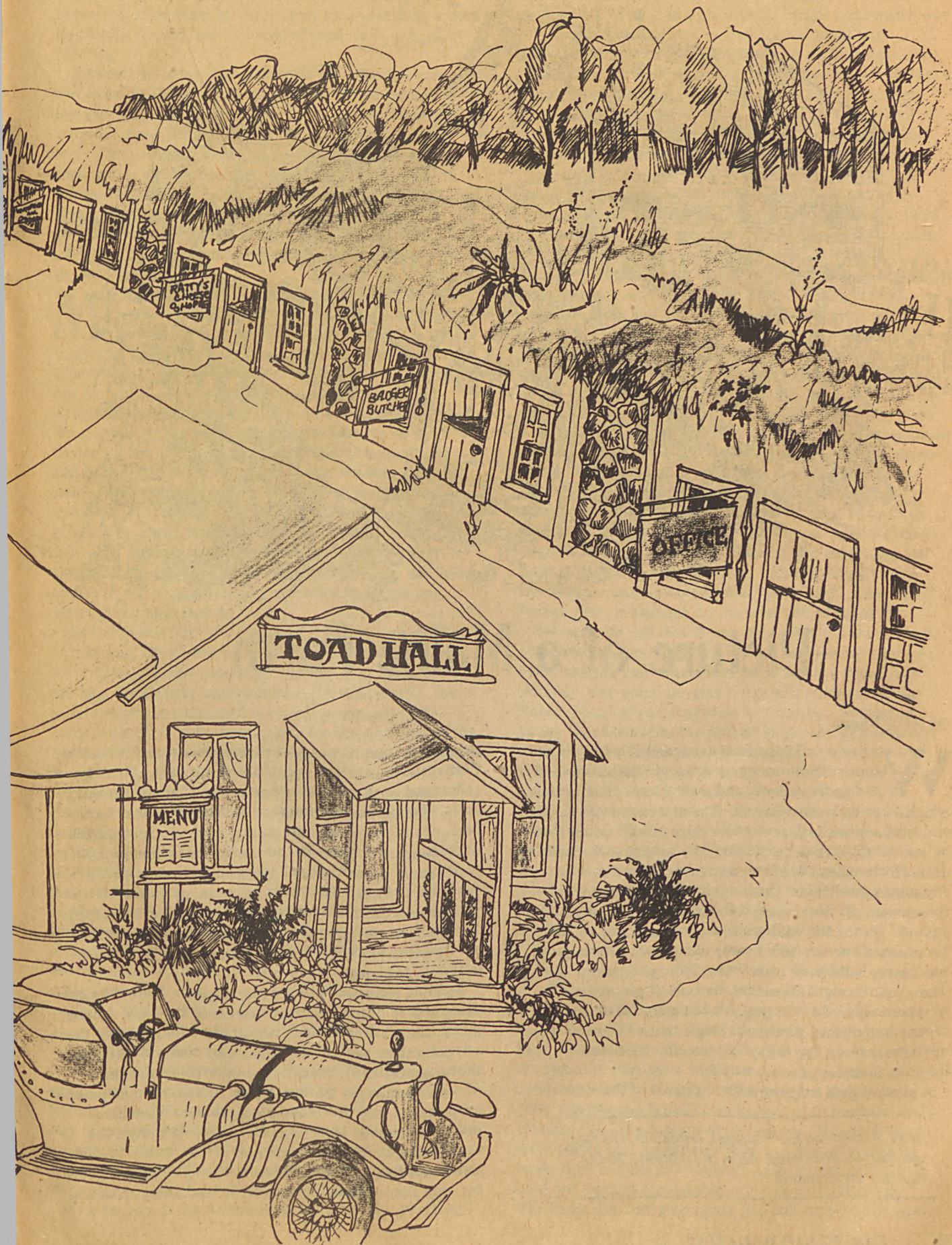




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Picture of a Maine Farm

by Ariel Wilcox

We live on a Maine farmstead, and it is truly home to us. There are many acres of varied forest, an old apple orchard, and several large clear fields which slope down to a stream. The aspect is to the south and east, and we look across to a ridge of hills dominated by a small distinctive mountain. The stream at the bottom of our little valley runs from a large marsh and eventually joins a small lake. Once a sawmill was powered by this stream; its dam checked the waters and the marsh was a pond. During the winter, ice was cut here and stored for summer's need. Now swamp alders and willows grow, and beaver build their own dams. Spring brings out the irises, and the night air carries the calls of peepers and whippoorwills. On winter nights the marsh's stillness is broken by bobcats' yowls. At magic times we watch the mists creep down the valley and wreath the mountain, inspiring fantasies of other worlds.

A massive rock ledge runs through part of the woods;

Ariel Wilcox and her husband, Benjamin, are farmstead on Peacemeal Farm in Dixmont, Maine. Ben did the drawings.

the granite foundations of the farmhouse were found here. Even on this sparse soil vegetation is rampant. There are cedars and small maples, a carpet of groundpine beneath them. Juniper and wintergreen bear their fragrant berries here. On the rock itself are strange and colorful colonies of mosses and lichens. In the spring, turtles like to lay their eggs in the warm sand. On a summer day, we visit the ledge to bask in the heat of the sun, as the snakes do. The ancient ocean left seashell fossils forming in the rock; the glacier once seared across the land. Their power is in our thoughts as we watch the vigor of Life regaining possession of the ledge.

With the progression of the seasons there is always something new to observe and appreciate. In the early winter, many animals are abroad at night before they seclude themselves for deep winter's duration. Our compost pile gets thoroughly raided; tracks in the snow reveal the visits of scavengers to the garden. Later, squirrels and chipmunks keep us company until they grow too bold inside the house and have to be deported. In deepest winter, the world seems to hold its breath and pause; finally the delicate color tinges of willows betray spring stirrings. The teeming abundance of natural life is fascinating to watch,

when summer's heat releases the race for growth and fruition before the grip of frost returns. Autumns glorious celebration fades at last, but we have gratefully stored its bounty for our human needs of food, fuel, and joy of living.

Between the sheer rock fissures in the hills, subterranean water finds its way to the surface. There are countless springs, one of which is the source of the household water. A deep, natural granite cistern, built up a bit by some early homesteader, is the reservoir for the endless flow that is piped to our two homes. My parents live in the farmhouse, an eccentric combination of classic Maine cape and an older original structure now obscured by porch and dormer additions. The attached woodshed leads to a fine large barn, well-inhabited by swallows in the warm season.

My husband and I built our own house further up the hill, at the edge of the forest. It looks over the orchard to the marsh and the mountain and is open to the southern light and warmth. It is a pole-type building, supported by nine cedar poles cut from our woods. They stand inside the house golden and gleaming, to bear two stories of beams notched into them. We also cut and peeled smaller cedar poles for rafters, flattening one side with an adze. The roof boards were laid from the outside, leaving the poles exposed within the steep-pitched ceiling. We built a brick chimney for the wood-burning heating and cook stoves, and devised an efficient compost privy based on the proven Swedish design. The house is a simple saltbox type, with an overhang to shade out the summer sun. We feel very comfortable in it, for our household systems are as simple and direct as our approach to life is.

We found our farm after years of dreaming and months of planning. In a week of frenzied searching we had seen every type of Maine property: the well-kept home by the bay, the decrepit structure near the tidal marsh; the large dwelling in town, and the small farmhouse that hadn't enough farm to compensate for the smallness of the house. We missed out on a property we thought we wanted. We ended up, quite accidentally, looking at another "100 acres more or less" farm in its place. We did the unadvisable: we bought it when the snow still covered the ground.

Our requirements had become rather humble and we were prepared to accept a place to call home, a farmstead that would have the resources which our energies would be happy working with. We needed soil for natural foods and farming, opportunity to support ourselves by our skills, and beauty to nourish our souls. We abandoned the theoretical stipulations for a modest mountain view, a few good fields, and a sound barn. We've been finding ever since that our choice was a lucky one.

Countryside life requires a simplification and reevaluation of urban values and needs. You are turning back the tide of "progress", and it is a slow process at first. The biggest tasks are at the beginning: adjusting, accepting, coping, building; using your own energy to provide necessities, changing your standards of importance. It's hard work, but you'll find a measure of peace if you've chosen your path wisely to serve your own material, social, creative, and spiritual needs.

It's a version of the American pioneer dream. You leave

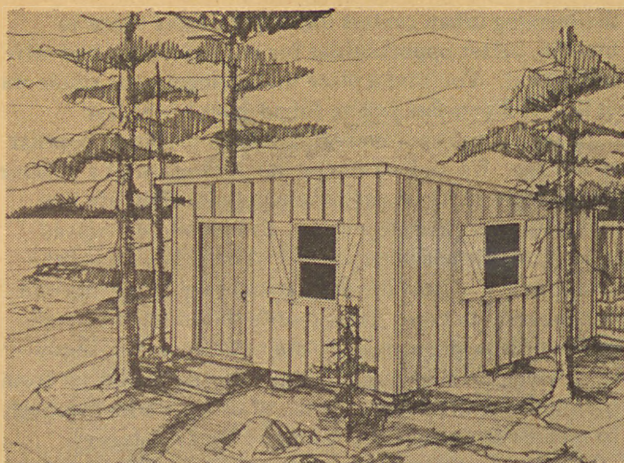
the teeming urban centers looking for more space to breathe, better opportunities for self-expression and self-fulfillment. You find a place that changes your whole way of life, and you feel you've found your life at last.

Today we too are pioneers, but with problems peculiar to our age. We seek to escape the oppression of a poisoned, increasingly artificial environment and a daily life that seems like a meaningless game. Even if we're involved in an altruistic endeavor we feel we're only allaying the symptoms of a great ill which grows ever worse, beyond our capacity to cure. Then there's the frightening realization of how dependent we are upon complex supply lines which are beginning to break down, of how far from the source of life we are. Some of us are alarmed enough to reassess the values and validity of our existence.

Society conditions us to give only so much, to expect only so much, and to take too much. We are asked to consume more and more, and to accept the low quality we receive — even to admire it as America's bounty. When you come to perceive the wastefulness of modern, especially urban, life, and you realize you don't want to support it any longer, you must find fertile ground for positive action. If you have a strong human urge to develop your own direction, you may found an enterprise, as strong men through history have traditionally done. There are those whose talents and skills lead them to tap the potentials of technology for humanitarian benefit. But some of us return to the natural world because we want to be close to our material and spiritual nourishment, to feel a sense of place and purpose in our activities and creativity; perhaps to live quite ordinary lives, with refreshingly basic occupations and humble joys of family and friendships (which may, in the end, be the salvation of society).

Perhaps you feel that if you were given the chance and the resources, you might be capable of growing your own food, heating your home, and providing the "essentials". Possibly, you could imagine doing without some of the "necessities" of contemporary civilization. This is not to say that a move to the natural world entails a rejection of or isolation from modern technology. A synthesis of alternative technological developments and natural living could provide a truly better standard of living. As for modern diversions — they're accessible to anyone with money in his pocket and perhaps an automobile. But somehow you choose other directions, when you're saving up for a new barn roof, or you're all tuckered out from a full day in the garden (discovering, in your labors, that each plant, root, and fruit is unique). Your finances are diminished, but your experiences are richer.

We enjoy visiting the older folks who live in our community. They can tell us where the wet spots are in our fields, how to keep the deer from destroying new fruit trees by hanging out old smelly socks, where to find the abandoned sugarbush, and when to expect a snowstorm. These priceless bits of local information are valuable once more to we who are regenerating the rural way of life. A major reason why we bought our farm was because it had been worked until recently, and it seemed to have supported its farmers. We shied away from places that looked like they had been deserted because their owners just couldn't make a livelihood there. And our instinct proved sound in this particular case. The fields that had given good hay will support our inter-



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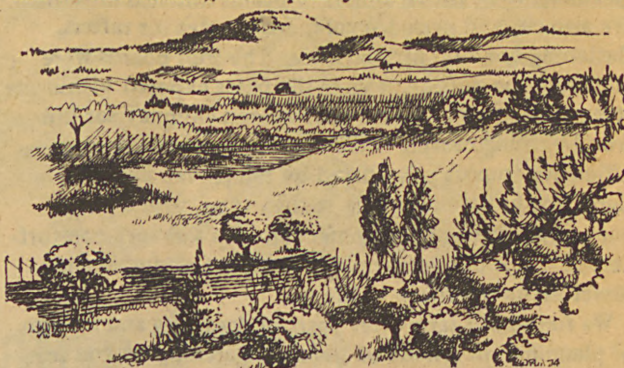
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est in growing grain; the garden has productive sandy soil, and though it needs all the humus it can get, we're able to grow the variety and quantity we want. The buildings which once housed the animals and storage for the several generations of small farm enterprise now prove adaptable for our establishments of workshop, artist's studio, and natural foods and woodstove store.

Here in Maine the farmers have known about security in diversity: work a little for a local industry, cut some cordwood on one's own; grow a crop or milk a cow; help build a barn or ply a home craft; gather ice in the winter or sap in the spring. To enjoy the daily work and not to feel the desperation of specialization, of isolation. We have brought woodworking skills and equipment to the farm with an eye to cabinetmaking and carpentry, and possibly boat or loom building. We care about extending the availability of quality food, and we love garden work, so we plan to grow a surplus for market. The family architect is finding opportunities to employ his abilities, and perhaps someday, the family artist will have a market for her productivity. Somehow, we found ourselves dealers for the excellent Jotul imported wood stoves, and we like making their quality and usefulness available.



We've also been the moving force behind our local food co-op, which is developing into a cooperative natural foods store in one of our buildings. It deeply satisfies us that the channels of our efforts for supporting ourselves are the very skills and products we care to live with. The trend of our lifestyle towards self-sufficiency is the result of a concern for quality and an enjoyment of the activity of direct involvement.

The social sphere of life is not neglected in the country, where it is often more valuable for its companionship and mutual aid. We enjoy honest, simple relationships with our neighbors. We are able to exchange knowledge, labor, and respect to an equal degree of reciprocity. We appreciate the opportunity to give of ourselves as much as we enjoy the richness of wisdom and fellowship which can be found in the community. We share a real affection with the older folks, and they take pleasure in watching us restore the old farm to usefulness. There are many young people like us in the area, and with our similar interests we find much to communicate about and cooperate on: food buying, windmill data, and home designs, for a sampling. It seems like Maine is one big community, for we participate in activities relating to various interests we share with friends across the state. Through the co-op work, organic farming, and stove business we meet many nice people, because these things are becoming more popular and essential for Maine living.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VEGETABLES

by Alisoun Witting

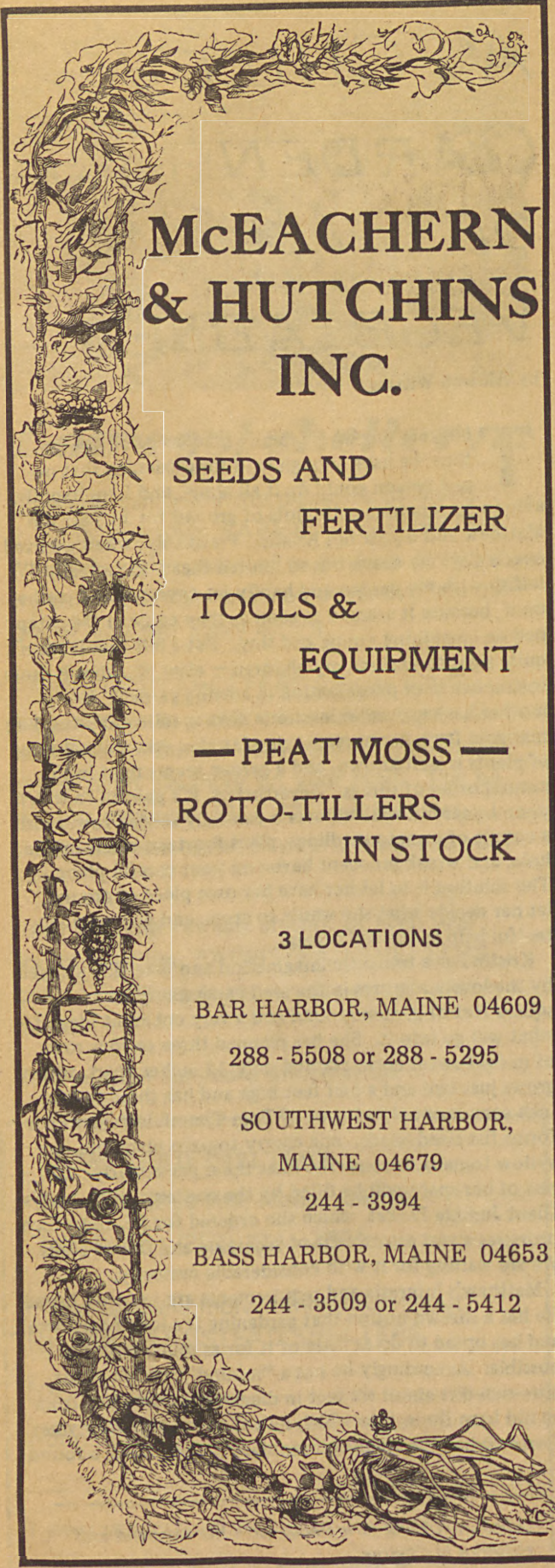
This year our whole family gardens. For the first time we have enough land for gardening that no one person could do it all alone, and I am happily able to be generous with plots of ground for 11 year old Matthew and 6 year old Kristin. Previously, when we lived near a city, my space was so limited that I was awfully selfish with my garden and hardly let anyone else breathe on it, because it seemed as soon as they came in they stepped on something young and tiny. But I felt that it wasn't quite right to exclude my children — after all, what is more instructive than participation in a living garden? Every mother has received at least one bean seedling or struggling marigold from her nursery schooler; the educational value of plants is well known, and a garden seems right in the natural order of things. Nevertheless, it's painful to watch your 4-year old walk all over a carefully seeded row, crush a couple of tomato seedlings, plant fourteen beans in one hole, and wreak innocent havoc on your careful planning. The solution is to let her have her own piece of ground, let her decide what she wants to grow, and give as much tactful help as she will accept.

Kristin has a romantic imagination and is readily swayed by the lovely pictures in the seed catalogs. She has eight square feet of garden ground and a very coherent idea of what will go into it. She has planned three or four rows of midget sweet corn, planted only 12 inches apart, which grows just two and a half feet high and has three to four inch ears; a couple of rows of Tom Thumb lettuce which forms fist-sized heads; one cherry tomato plant and one yellow tomato, because she likes them particularly. The rest of her space will be filled by the contents of Gurney's Giant Jumble Packet, which she ordered for 1¢, and which promises a vast assortment of vegetable and flower seeds. We are waiting for it with considerable curiosity.

Matthew's interests and requirements are not very broad. He has a shrewd notion that gardening is a lot of hard work, and has opted to do as little of it for as much return as possible. Accordingly he has a "mound" — a hill of manure rich dirt about six feet in diameter, carried out from an old barn floor, into which he will plant only four vines. Two will be New Hampshire midget watermelons, a round



Alisoun Witting farmsteads with her husband and children in Castine.



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early-ripening melon the size of a cannonball. If these do very well he will be able to sell some of them at roadside, and the profit will be his. The other two vines will be Big Max pumpkins — the kind of monster vines that try to take over the world. His job here will be to keep track of them and prevent them from threatening the other gardens or the chicken coop; if they want to travel into the woods or the raspberries, that's OK with me.

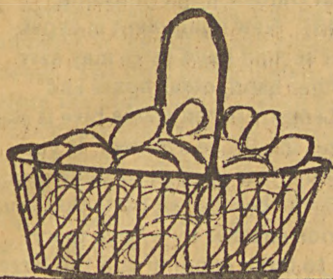
The seed catalogs usually devote a page or so to suggestions for children's gardens. One of my favorites is in the Burpee catalog; it proposes building a tipi of six or eight bean poles, tied together at the top, and then planting around it with pole beans. It will be even more fun if you can get those purple pole beans (they turn green when cooked, but grow a gorgeous purple.) Henry Field Seed Co. has the purple pole kind. Gourds are another good idea; since they are a climbing vine they could be grown on the tipi too. The large ones, dried hollow, can be made into hanging birdhouses; the smaller brilliantly colored ones make an interesting baby's rattle, and of course good Thanksgiving decorations.

How old does a child need to be to plant a garden? I think a three year old can plant a row of bush beans, corn or squash and feel rewarded by the results. The smaller the child, the bigger the seeds should be. Nasturtiums are good; they have big seeds, they're pretty, bloom profusely and like to be picked. Sunflowers are fun, if you have a good place for them and some compost to spare for feeding them. How about peanuts? There are a couple of varieties that mature early for the north; they grow like beans but are harvested like potatoes.

If your older child starts to plan a more elaborate garden you should provide her with a well prepared piece of ground; I would suggest doing the early spring tilling yourself. It's all right to have an enthusiastic young gardener help you prepare the soil, add compost, lime, seaweed, and whatever; but it's not fair to expect her to break sod or turn her whole patch alone. Don't let any child under 10 plan too big a garden; you'll probably all regret it later. At seeding time you should try to offer as much advice and help with as little outright interference as you can manage.

Later, when the weeds come up with the seeds and the sun grows hot, how do you keep up enthusiasm for the drudgery? Not much is learned from a garden that gets lost in the weeds, or devoured by slugs, or parched by neglect in a dry spell. Here, I think the clue lies in tending your own garden faithfully and encouraging your kids to come along first thing in the morning, before it gets really hot and they'd rather go swimming. At this point your help will probably be welcome; give it. It won't take long to help weed or water an 8 X 8 foot patch or tie up a couple of cherry tomatoes. Remember, you're the expert, so be generous with aid and advice. A lot can be taught in half-hour sessions about seed germination, composting, mulching, etc. Try to strike a balance; you don't want your children to forget about their gardens after the 4th of July, or to get sick of gardening either.

Gardens teach us about life. With a little bit of help, children can learn these lessons early, and both parents and children will enjoy the result.



Farmer White's Brown Eggs



by E.B. White

To come upon an article in *The New York Times* called "The Meaning of Brown Eggs" was an unexpected pleasure. To find that it was by an Englishman, J.B. Priestley, gave it an extra fillip. And to happen on it while returning from the barn carrying the day's catch of nine brown eggs seemed almost too pat.

Why is it, do you suppose, that an Englishman is unhappy until he has explained America? Mr. Priestley finds the key to this country in its preference for white eggs — a discovery, he says, that will move him into the "vast invisible realm where our lives are shaped." It's a great idea, but one seldom meets an American who is all tensed up because he has yet to explain England.

Mr. Priestley writes that "the weakness of American civilization...is that it is so curiously abstract." In America, he says, "brown eggs are despised, sold off cheaply, perhaps sometimes thrown away." Well, now. In New England, where I live and which is part of America, the brown egg, far from being despised, is king. The Boston market is a brown-egg market. I note in my morning paper, in the Boston produce report, that a dozen large white eggs yesterday brought the jobber 42 cents, whereas a dozen large brown eggs fetched 45 cents. Despised? Sold off cheaply? The brown egg beat the white egg by three cents.

"The Americans, well outside the ghettos," writes Mr. Priestley, "despise brown eggs just because they do seem closer to nature. White eggs are much better, especially if they are to be given to precious children, because their very whiteness suggests hygiene and purity." My goodness. Granting that an Englishman is entitled to his reflective moments, and being myself well outside the ghettos, I suspect there is a more plausible explanation for the popularity of the white egg in America. I ascribe the whole business to a busy little female — the White Leghorn hen. She is nervous, she is flighty, she is the greatest egg-machine on two legs, and it just happens that she lays a white egg. She's never too distracted to do her job. A Leghorn hen, if she were on her way to a fire, would pause long enough

to lay an egg. This endears her to the poultrymen of America, who are out to produce the greatest number of eggs for the least money paid out for feed. Result: much of America, apart from New England, is flooded with white white eggs.

When a housewife, in New York or in Florida, comes home from market with a dozen eggs and opens her package, she finds twelve pure white eggs. This, to her, is not only what an egg should be, it is what an egg is. An egg is a white object. If this same housewife were to stray into New England and encounter a brown egg from the store, the egg would look somehow incorrect, wrong. It would look like something laid by a bird that didn't know what it was about. To a New Englander, the opposite is true. Brought up as we are on the familiar beauty of a richly colored brown egg (gift of a Rhode Island Red or a Barred Plymouth Rock or a New Hampshire) when we visit New York and open a carton of chalk-white eggs, we are momentarily startled. Something is awry. The hen has missed fire. The eggs are white; therefore wrong.

"The English prefer the brown egg," writes Mr. Priestley, "because it belongs to the enduring dream of the English, who always hope sooner or later to move into the country." Here I understand what he's talking about: the brown egg is, indeed, because of its pigmentation, more suggestive of country living — a more "natural" egg, if you wish, although there is no such thing as an *unnatural* egg. (My geese lay white eggs, and God knows they are natural enough.) But I find the brown egg esthetically satisfying. For most of my life I have kept hens, brooded chicks and raised eggs for my own use. I buy chicks from a hatchery in Connecticut; by experimenting, I have found that the most beautiful brown egg of all is the egg of the Silver Cross, a bird arrived at by mating a Rhode Island Red with a White Plymouth Rock. Her egg is so richly brown, so wondrously beautiful as to defy description. Every fall, when the first pullet egg turns up on the range, I bring it into the living room and enshrine it in a black duckshead pottery ashtray, where it remains until Halloween, a symbol of fertility, admired by all. Then I take it outdoors and, in Mr. Priestley's memorable phrase, I throw it away.

A neighbor of mine, a couple of miles up the road, is planning to go the brown egg one better. He dreams of a green egg. And what's more, he knows of a hen who will lay one.

E.B. White, essayist and storyteller long affiliated with The New Yorker, farms on his Maine homestead. This article first appeared in the New York Times, December 31, 1971. It is reprinted by permission.

Bees In Your Back Yard

by Ralph Clarke

The price of honey is going up and up, and perhaps the only way you too will be able to afford it is to keep your own bees. If you're looking to self-sufficiency, better look to bees.

While you are planning, acknowledge the work involved. Remember that bees sting, and the man who plans to keep bees and not be stung either has the hide of an elephant or is a fool. Then there are all those little brown spots on the laundry. And don't forget the bee diseases. Though harmless to humans, undetected or untreated diseases can ruin your honey crop and make you a menace to your beekeeping neighbors. Bears also want their share and may not wait to be invited. Finally, if you have poor luck or mismanage your bees, they may die the first winter before producing a honey crop.

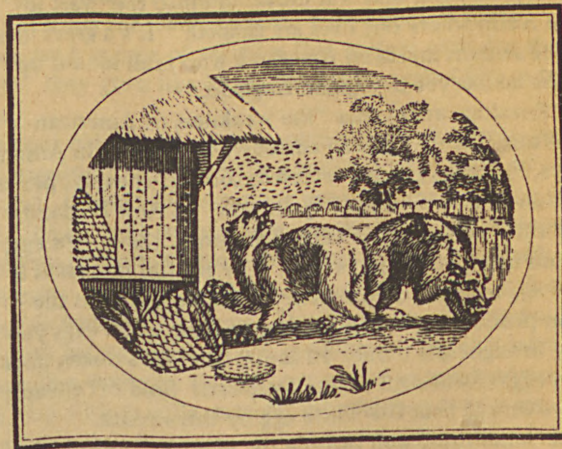
While you're at it, consider the problem of getting the honey out. A few colonies won't justify the cost of an extractor, so unless you like comb honey you are left with the alternatives of crushing the comb and straining the honey out, messy at best, or melting the comb, in which case you will heat the honey, destroying the very substances which probably caused you to choose honey over refined sugar in the first place. So, if your reason for starting with bees is to get honey easily, you had better think again.

Still, a colony or two of bees will produce a good supply of honey and will help pollinate your garden, increasing other crops. If you have time to work with bees and are willing to put in the effort to learn how to tend them, by all means get a hive. They are fascinating.

Ralph Clarke is the proprietor of Clarke's Apiary, located in Canaan, Maine.

When you do start out, be sure to acquire a good beginner's handbook which spells out what you need. (Editor's note: "Starting Right with Bees", published by the A.I. Root Company, Medina, Ohio, can be obtained for \$1 plus \$.50 handling from Garden Way Publishing, Charlotte, Vermont 05445). New equipment is expensive, so looking around for second-hand hives may save you quite a bit. On the other hand, older boxes and frames vary in size. The Langstroth ten frame hive is standard today and all other sizes should be avoided. If you make your own, copy commercial equipment dimensions exactly. A modern hive works because all parts that must move are separated from one another by a "bee space", a space too small for bees to build comb in and too large to be blocked with propolis or bee glue. If this space is not exactly adhered to the hive will soon be an immovable mess. There are certain items such as comb foundation that must be purchased; if you use a non-standard size you will have to "adapt", which is a nuisance at best. If you need a frame of brood or of honey at some critical point, you will be better able to get one from a friend or nearby beekeeper if you are using a standard hive.

You may choose to obtain a package of bees from a southern supplier, a colony of bees from a local beekeeper, or a swarm which has escaped from a hive or a wild colony. Whichever you choose, be sure to start early. The first and usually the best honey flow in Maine comes between the last week in June and the middle of July.



If your colony has not built up to strength by this time, you will probably not be able to remove much surplus for the year. A package will seldom be this strong the first year. An old saying concerning swarms is:

A swarm in May is worth a ton of hay,
A swarm in June is worth a silver spoon,
But a swarm in July isn't worth a fly.

No matter where you obtain your bees, make sure that they are healthy. If you have any doubt, ask an experienced beekeeper or the state bee inspector (it's free!) to check. Diseased bees cannot produce a good honey crop and are a menace to all bees in the area. Bee diseases are spread when a diseased hive becomes weak and other bees come to rob the poorly defended honey. These bees carry the disease back to their own colonies and soon all colonies in an area become infected. Most robbing and therefore spread of disease occurs in the early spring and late fall when there is no natural honey flow. A good

preventative measure is to sprinkle about $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of a mixture of one part TM50 poultry terramycin in 20 parts of confectioner's sugar on the tops of the frames (not right over the centers where there is brood) at four-to-six day intervals. If this is done three times in the spring and again in the fall, it will greatly reduce the chance of disease. The drug is completely used in brood rearing before the upper boxes (called supers) are added so there is no chance that it will be stored in the surplus honey. Disease germs can live for at least ten years on combs or wooden hive parts so any used equipment should be scorched black, baked, or boiled in lye before new bees are introduced into it.

Before you bring the hive home, be sure to select a site for it. The most important factor in choosing a site in Maine must be protection from the wind. A building wall, fence, or row of evergreens on the north and west is best. The entrance should face south or east and should receive early morning sun. The hive should be at least 15 feet from a path or road to protect passers-by and should not be placed in a pasture or near domestic animals which might knock it over. Factors which probably cannot be controlled, but are important, are a nearby source of nectar and of water. Once the bees have been released, they should not be moved unless it is a distance of several miles or many will return to the old location. If they must be moved a short distance, do so a foot or two per day so the bees will be able to find the new location.

Most beginners disturb their bees too often or fail to check them at all. During the season when bees are active they should be checked at least once a month, but not more often than once a week. Never disturb bees just after they have been moved or within four days of introducing a new queen. For your own protection avoid working on cold, cloudy or rainy days.

Before you begin to work with the bees decide what needs to be done and what equipment may be needed so that you can work quickly with as little disruption of hive activity as possible. Plan to begin late in the morning or shortly after noon when most of the older bees will be in the field. Wear light colored clothing with a smooth finish, not wool or flannel. White or tan are probably the best colors. Tie cuffs tight to prevent bees from entering and protect your ankles with high shoes or an extra pair of smooth, light socks. Clothing should be clean and free from the odors of paint solvents, gasoline, etc. A veil to cover the face is almost essential. A sting near the eye or on the nose is very difficult to ignore! If you wear gloves, they should be flexible. Gloves that cause you to be clumsy and drop things will upset the bees and probably result in more stings than wearing no gloves at all. A lighted smoker producing cool smoke is essential. Dry, rotted hardwood such as beech will produce the best smoke, but old rags or even leaves or dry grass may be used. Be sure that the smoker is lighted and producing smoke before you approach the hive. A hive tool is convenient for prying hive parts and scraping unwanted comb or propolis and is so inexpensive that it seems foolish to do without, but a broad chisel may be substituted if necessary. From late spring through summer keep a spare super handy.

Before opening the hive, gently puff a little smoke into the entrance; too much smoke is worse than not enough. Always stand at the side of the hive, not blocking the entrance. Then remove the outer cover and place it on the ground. It will be convenient to set hive bodies or supers that are removed across the cover to keep them off the ground. Insert the hive tool under the inner cover and gently pry it up about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch, then puff a little smoke in under it before lifting it off. If there are supers above the two full-depth hive bodies that make up the colony's brood and food chambers, check their condition. If they are nearly full of nectar and crowded with bees, plan to add another super. Each super should be pried up, and after puffing smoke under it, lifted off and set onto the outer cover. When you reach the second hive body, check to see the condition of the brood. Until early September there should be some brood in this chamber. Begin with a frame at one side of the hive body. Pry it away from the side and from the frame next to it,

Continued on p. 46

A Beekeeper's Guide for Seasonal Management

1) As soon as the bees begin to fly in spring, check to see that adequate stores are present by lifting the hives. Those colonies found to be without stores should be fed frames of honey, candy, or sugar syrup. Clean the entrance of dead bees and debris. Any hives that have died should be sealed or removed to prevent robbing.

2) In mid-April examine the colonies for stores and brood. Weak or queenless colonies should be united with stronger colonies. This period, before the honey flow, encourages robbing and spread of disease. Be alert for this and dust with Terramycin if disease is present or suspected. Do not unwrap colonies again unless necessary.

3) In May, just before the fruit bloom, unwrap the colonies. Check the brood again for disease. If the brood pattern is poor, requeen. Brood should fill six or more frames; if so, reverse the positions of the two hive bodies of the brood nest. A super may be given to strong colonies.

4) During the main honey flow — June 15-July 10 — add supers as rapidly as the bees occupy the space. Give attention to swarm control.

5) In August or early September make a careful examination of the hive. Be alert for signs of disease. Insure ample room for brood rearing, replace any weak or failing queens. The condition of the colony in spring will be greatly improved if there is a large proportion of young, healthy bees in the fall.

6) Early in October remove all surplus honey still remaining, but leave 60 or more pounds for the bees. Most of this should be in the sides of the lower brood chamber or in the upper chamber. Weak or queenless colonies should be united. Wrap all colonies that are to be wintered over.

then slowly lift it up, gently rocking it from end to end as you lift so that the bees on it will have a chance to move away and not be crushed. Quickly glance at this frame to make sure the queen is not on it, and if not, lean it against the front corner of the hive. In this way any bees that fall off the frame (especially the queen if you missed her) will be near the entrance and may crawl in.

After the first frame has been removed, pry the next frame over and gently lift it out. Again check for brood or the queen and after inspecting it, set it back in the hive body next to the side wall where the first frame was removed. Now each frame may be removed in turn and set back in the hive body, leaving a space between it and the next frame to be removed. By the time the fourth frame has been removed, there should be brood. Looking into the cells you should see small white wormlike larvae of various sizes. Some cells should contain eggs. These are white sausage-shaped objects, 1/8 inch long and 1/64 inch in diameter, attached to the bottom of the cell by one end. Check until you find eggs; if there are none, the queen may be missing. If all brood is absent, the queen is almost surely gone. All brood in any area of the comb should be about the same age. If capped brood is scattered among uncapped larvae or if eggs are scattered, either the queen is failing or there is disease. If you are in doubt which is the case, consult an experienced beekeeper or the state inspector. Dead larvae in the cells which are discolored or dead larvae carried out of the hive are an almost certain sign of disease and call for prompt action.

If you are sure that disease is not the problem and that the queen is failing or missing, again you must take quick action. The honey output of a colony that is queenless in the spring may be reduced by several pounds per day for each day the colony is queenless.

In the fall, after you have made sure that there is sufficient honey for the winter, that the queen is healthy, and that there are plenty of young bees, remove all supers above the two chambers which make up the bee's nest. Replace the inner cover, making sure that there is a notch in it or a hole drilled in the upper chamber to provide the bees with a high entrance during the winter. Then place a super without frames in it on top of the inner cover and fill it with leaves, shavings or insulation of some sort. Cut a piece of black felt roofing paper about six feet long and wrap it around the hive and either staple or tack the overlap. The paper should extend a few inches above the super of insulation. Fold the top of the paper down and place the outer cover down on it. Now cut a small hole in the paper to expose the top entrance you have provided and the colony is ready for winter. If it has protection from wind the colony should do very well with this simple wrapping, better than if moved into the cellar which was formerly done by many beekeepers.

If you spend a little time learning about the bees you are about to raise and a little time each month tending them, you should have a colony that will live for years and produce a good crop of honey. Further, you will be providing a service to your own garden and those of your neighbors.

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A place that's different

What Is Organic?

by Mort Mather

Organic means different things to different people. To the farmer it means food grown without chemical fertilizers, pesticides or herbicides. It is accomplished by growing healthy plants in a healthy soil. To the consumer it means organically grown food that is delivered to him without the use of chemical preservatives. And to the chemical industry, organic means a thorn in the side to a multibillion dollar business, a threat that they spend a good part of \$40 million annually trying to discredit.

With so much money being spent to belittle the principles of organic growing, why has the movement recently become so strong? The Maine Organic Farmers' and Gardeners' Association, for example, has grown to over 250 members in two years, and at the recent Agricultural Trades Show in Augusta, more than twice as many people listened to speakers on organic methods as attended any other sessions. Why have words like "natural", "health" and "organic" become the most used words in food advertising? How, without advertising, without public relations, without promotions, without lobbyists, did so many people decide that organically grown food is better?

Perhaps it wasn't so much a move toward organic as it was a move away from the food provided by agribusiness. The trend is so universal and so difficult to explain that it is probably best explained as the pendulum swinging the other way.

Science had duplicated mother's milk, and mother came to believe it was better to bottle feed babies. Now experts have found that mother's milk is not only better for the baby but better for the mother. A nursing mother's body recovers from childbirth more rapidly; and while she is nursing she is less likely to conceive — a natural birth control.

Dieticians have found that most people gain weight through over-eating; and over eating is often caused by eating empty foods — foods devoid of nutrients. The body will keep calling for more food until its nutritional needs are satisfied.

White bread is a product of the machine age. The wheat germ which holds most of wheat's natural nutrients is removed because it gums up the milling machines. Then, because the white flour is devoid of nutrients, it is "enriched". Having taken away fourteen natural vitamins and minerals, processors put back four synthetic vitamins and call it "enriched".

These facts don't make headlines, but as people become aware of them they have begun to ask questions. Once it is obvious the source of information is wrong, it is neces-

sary to find another source. As in the case of the child and the hot stove, the consumer has begun to rely on his own experiences.

Why aren't more farmers organic? First of all, most of a farmer's information comes from chemical manufacturers either directly or indirectly. Directly, it comes through the man who sells him his seeds and feeds; indirectly, through government agencies and agricultural schools that have relied on the information provided by this big industry.

The chemical companies have not been content with keeping the farmer informed on the chemical front. They also initiated a program several years ago of labelling organic growers as lunatic. If you don't believe it, go into a farmers' seed and feed store and ask for organic fertilizers, untreated seeds or unmedicated feed.

Why aren't there more organic farmers? There are. There are more this year than there were last year and there will be many more next year. There are many long-time chemical farmers who have realized the drawbacks to chemicals and are now relying on natural fertilizers.

The reason for it is perhaps best captured in something I was told by an old farmer who had farmed before chemicals and watched his soil change through the use of chemicals. "I used to be proud to be a farmer," he said. "I was proud of the work I did and the products I harvested. I don't know how it changed or when. It took a long time.

"I was sitting at the table after breakfast and I didn't want to get up. I didn't want to work that day. I was making more money than ever, I owned more land and more equipment but I didn't want to start working. That's when I realized I wasn't happy with all I had because I wasn't proud any more. I used to work at growing things but now most of my time is spent in killing. I don't know how many different kinds of insects I have to kill every year. Insects and weeds. It's more like war than farming."

Growing organically brings a gardener close enough to the soil to take a real interest in it. He smells it and touches it and watches it change for better or worse through his care or neglect. He begins to learn intuitively what studies, like the 1950 study by Leonard Haseman, professor of entomology at the University of Missouri, have proved. Professor Haseman made many tests and found that "insect pests choose and breed more abundantly on weak and undernourished plants or crops and livestock."

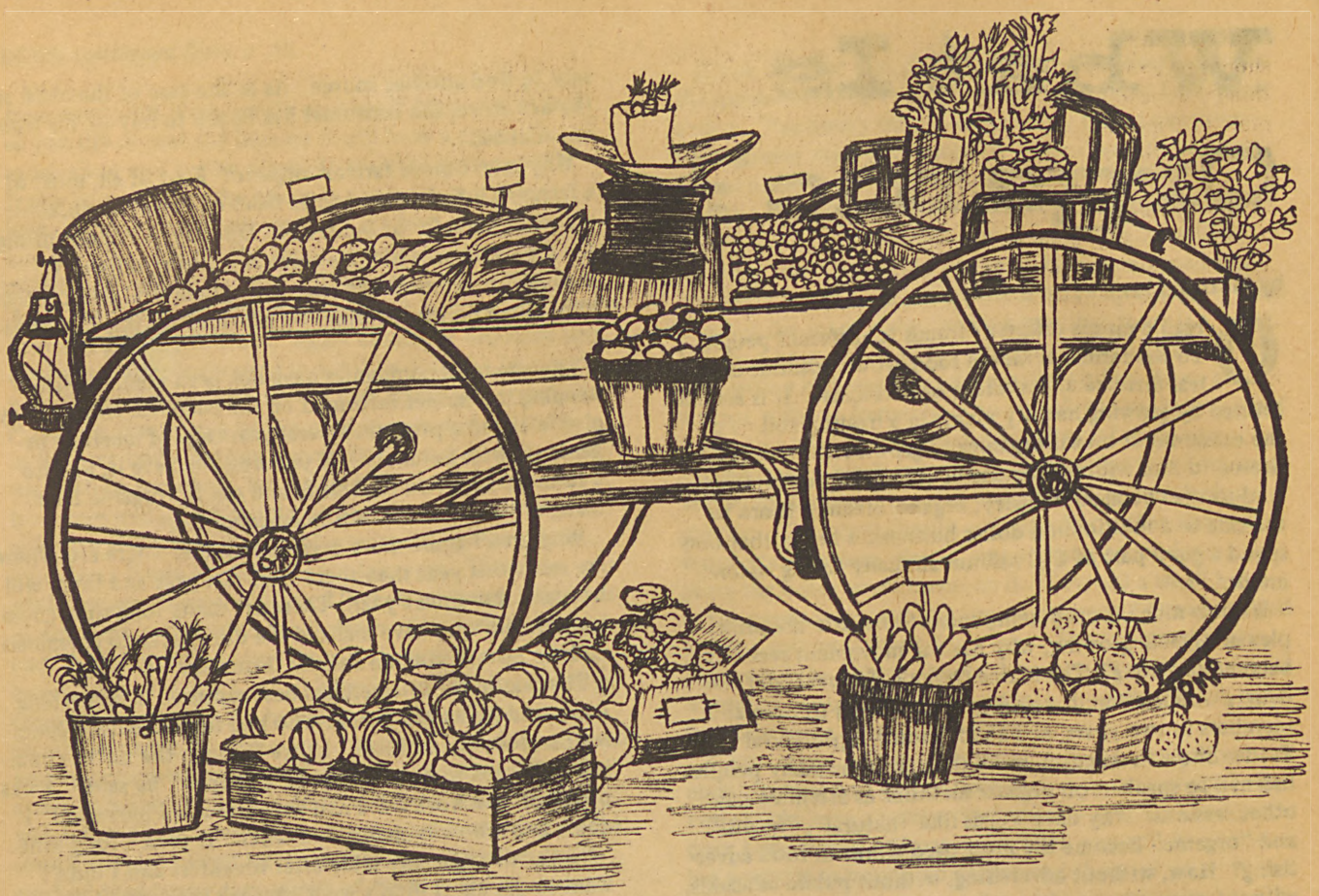
This study should have revolutionized agriculture, but 23 years later there are not many farmers or gardeners who are aware of the results.

The most basic, easiest to understand definition of "organic" is healthy plants in a healthy soil. Healthy plants in a healthy soil will resist diseases and won't even attract insect pests. They will be the most flavorful and most nutritious.

It is really not too difficult to maintain a healthy soil. Rule one is to keep chemicals away. Rule two is to replace at least as many nutrients as you take out. To do that you can use compost, seaweed, manure, mulches, natural rock powders and any other organic materials you have available.

To obtain more information on organic methods and keep abreast of what is happening organically in Maine, we invite you to join the Maine Organic Farmers' and Gardeners' Association.

Mort Mather is president of the Maine Organic Farmers' and Gardeners' Association.



Roadside Selling for Fun and Profit

by William Bell

Bill Bell grows his vegetables and runs his roadside stand at Back Acres in Hollis, Maine.

Having a roadside stand is a natural thing for a farm family. For the homesteader, it provides the cash income which often means the very difference between subsistence and poverty. For the aspiring but small commercial grower, the roadside stand provides a market not dominated by the mechanized superfarms. For the relatively inexperienced grower, the roadside stand is a flexible outlet, with fewer demands and deadlines than stores or food co-ops.

Even highly successful commercial growers with access to large supermarkets and grocery stores chafe at the requirements imposed by such outlets; the produce must be of a very standardized quality, and must be delivered in very specific quantities on very specific dates.

With a roadside stand, however, you're not at the mercy of the marketplace. You *are* the marketplace. If your carrots or beets come in ten days later than you had planned, you may have disappointed a few customers, but you won't have jeopardized your entire relationship with your markets.

Just as the roadside stand is the ideal outlet for the homesteader or small farmer, the small grower is the ideal person (or family) to be running a roadside stand. You can provide the very things that the roadside stand customer is looking for: high-quality vegetables, grown with the tenderlovingcare that the big commercial farm simply can't provide, and the kind of friendliness that supermarkets just ain't got.

So start thinking about tilling an additional acre, which should be enough to support a roadside stand. The first thing you need, of course, is a road to stand by. The amount of traffic passing by your stand probably isn't as important as the stand's accessibility to whatever drivers do happen along. A bumper-to-bumper crop of cars every weekend won't mean business if drivers aren't able to turn in and out of your stand area easily, from either direction. It's important, then, to have a turn-off space which can accommodate at least several cars at once. Even if you can't mentally handle several customers at once (I can't), passing motorists have to feel that they won't be boxed in should a second car stop. The American Driver demands Freedom. If you and your friends have cars, you may want to park them out back rather than crowd the stand; this shouldn't be a major sacrifice.

Along the same line, try to give motorists advance notice of your stand's existence. A small sign reading "Roadside Stand Ahead" on the right-hand side of the road, several hundred feet from the stand, is certainly sufficient. You should do this from both sides, of course. If you don't have the frontage for placing such signs, try to work out something with your neighbor, or put the sign close to the shoulder, where the town or state highway people own the land. Chances are no one will hassle you about the signs, and they really do make a difference, especially with a stand opening for the first time. You might also wish to note, on the same signs, that you have fresh corn, peas, or whatever is particularly appealing.

A third hint in traffic engineering: remember that casual tourists and Sunday drivers (if the fuel shortage spares this breed) are likely to forget exactly where your stand is, should they want to return after a pleasing first visit. A number of people have returned to our stand saying: "We've been driving all over, trying to find you again." To make things easier, we now often give visitors our small green card, with the name of the farm, location, and phone number.

You will want to do other things to encourage people to stop. Display as much produce as possible. People are encouraged to shop at a stand which conveys an impression of abundance, suggesting that the proprietors know what they're doing. Some folks down the road from us probably grow pretty good vegetables but get far fewer customers than we do; their stand consists of old chairs and card tables. If you have to, sacrifice produce for display purposes. It may seem wasteful to let a few heads of lettuce wilt out on the stand, but it's even more wasteful not to be able to move your crops for lack of customers.

You can think of other additions to enhance the appearance of your stand. Make sure the coat of paint is clean, and fairly new. Lots of baskets stacked around add to the atmosphere of abundance. (People will also want to buy the baskets, if you are willing to part with them). Flowers are great. A few posters about vegetables, or perhaps advertising Old Home Week in a nearby town, are nice. Quite possibly you have some handcrafted items or potted plants to sell. The need for special attention to the visual impression of your stand is most acute early in the summer. By August, you should be so overrun with squash, corn, and tomatoes that your stand will be piled high in reds, greens, and yellows.

One final suggestion on appearance: try to have a large sign right in front of the stand, listing on both sides your best current crops. This won't prevent people from pulling in to ask for corn in early July, but it sure as heck will let folks know when your corn is ready. Don't be afraid to list more crops than people can read when driving by; again, you are telling visitors about the abundance of your farm. We don't usually list prices on the big sign, out of general dislike for the discount-store approach, but if you have a huge surplus of one crop, it's fun to occasionally deviate from this purism.

So much for appearances. What about the actual running of a roadside stand? Keep one thought foremost: your goal is return customers. If you can induce twenty families to do their weekly vegetable shopping at your stand, you have virtually guaranteed yourself a successful summer. To gain steady customers, you need not have a huge array of available vegetables; if your own table requirements are met by your produce, chances are that you can satisfy others, too. Rather than worry about what you don't have, give customers something they'll likely never find at a chain store: a truly friendly place to visit, and chat.

Most of your customers will tend to be either older people, aged fifty or more, or people in their twenties. Perhaps because they feel pressed for time, most members of the middle-aged generation are still hooked on the convenience of shopping centers. But older folks, particularly, know the delight of a delicious farm meal. When they visit your stand, they will also be looking for more than good vegetables. They will be enjoying a revival of *their* tastes, their culture. Going to a roadside stand can be a real adventure in nostalgia for some people. Let them sense how much you enjoy farming. Ask them about their own experiences; let them know how much you are learning from the practices of farmers who worked the land before motors and chemicals took over. You will find yourself doing something much more satisfying than simply gaining steady customers.

In addition to your own personal approach, there are many other ways of making visitors feel happy. Be generous in filling orders; give people a few ounces more than what they paid for. It's almost rude to take a handful of produce out of a bag just to make the scales hit the purchase order right on the nose. One successful Maine roadside stand sells everything in volume measurement — pecks and bushels — rather than by the pound. This not only shows customers that they are getting heaping quantities, but it also revives a tradition (and does away with the expense and hassle of getting an accurate scale). At the very least, you should know the accepted weight of a bushel of any given crop; a peck is then a quarter of that weight.

Especially for out-of-the-ordinary crops, a recipe is a special favor which will bring customers back to relate their own cooking secrets.

Encourage special orders; make it clear that you will go out of your way to have a large order ready before the stand opens, or that you will save out a special order, if this is more convenient for a customer. While you will want to find and post regular hours for running your

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roadside stand, don't hesitate to make exceptions for favorite visitors. In addition, encourage volume buying of crops which produce abundantly all at once and which can be canned or frozen, such as beans and tomatoes. Post price-per-bushel somewhere, and set these prices to show a volume discount. Tomatoes, in particular, sell well by the bushel if you line up customers before the first frost hits.

Speaking of such crops — if you have an unmanageable surplus of something (zucchini squash, for instance) don't be afraid to give it away at the stand. Better yet, sell it at a ridiculously low price; people prefer bargains to charity. Economists probably claim that this kind of giveaway or near-giveaway goes against all principles of pricing and marketing. I say it's wrong to let food spoil.

A final, technical note on stand technique: don't get caught short without necessary materials: bags, ties, pint and quart baskets, and change. It's ridiculous to have vegetables go unsold simply because you ran out of a paper product.

The best-run and nicest stand will falter, of course, without good produce, of popular crops and varieties. Growing vegetables is not only *the* essential to the stand; it is also the most difficult undertaking, because of the quirks of Nature involved which, fortunately, aren't to be controlled. Another variable at work here is human fickleness; vegetables popular in one area are unknown and therefore hard to sell in another. We grew beautiful cherry tomatoes, for instance, to wind up selling them for twenty cents a pound to a cafeteria.

In our part of Maine there are four crops for which people will absolutely stop at a roadside stand: strawberries, peas, corn, and potatoes. Many other vegetables are popular to a greater or lesser degree, but the four crops mentioned assure a steady flow of customers.

It is best, then, to inquire about local tastes (and those of tourists, if they comprise a significant segment of your potential clientele) before you make final plans on what to grow. Your Agricultural Extension Service should have some helpful advice, or you can just ask around. A successful grower is not going to be afraid of a little competition from you and is often flattered to be asked for advice.

Keep one thought in mind, however, no matter what crops you grow: your customers won't have supersophisticated appetites, and they will in general be wary of unfamiliar vegetables (swiss chard, for instance, or edible pod peas), no matter how succulent. People are more interested in buying at the earliest part of the season for an individual vegetable, and they look for items to be large. Our very sweet but very small ears of corn attracted almost as many insults as buyers, for example. Even large squash, which tends to get pulpy, attracts more customers than the smaller ones of superior taste. Also, as much as people look for peas by July first and corn by August, the demand slackens quite notably as the novelty of a crop wears off each season. Even if you could grow non-starchy peas in August, they wouldn't sell around here. Late varieties are fine for your own subsistence and for friends, but don't count on them to sell too well at a stand.

In ordering seeds and sets, then, you will want to choose the varieties which are early or which are big (you seldom get both at once, so you may want to order more than

one kind of seed). Don't feel that you are depriving your customers of quality vegetables; they know what they want and they know that farm vegetables of any variety are going to be better than what they find in a store. If you want to be sure of pleasing the occasional finicky gourmet who stops at your stand, go ahead and order the best-tasting and most difficult varieties. But don't be surprised if your bantam corn is passed over in favor of the larger and more popular yellow-gold hybrids.

Remember that your ideal customer is one who does all his vegetable shopping at your stand. You can't offer this customer the choice range of a supermarket, because you aren't selling vegetables which have been picked a month previously, frozen, wrapped in plastic, and shipped a few thousand miles. But you can try to grow enough different kinds of vegetables to save you customer trips to the store. Fifteen different crops would be a very good beginning; you should try to always have at least five crops on the stand at the same time. Salad vegetables are important; radishes, for instance, will never make you rich, but will make more than a few customers happy. Herbs are a real pleaser, and you can sell dill and pickling cucumbers together. New potatoes and beet greens go well in Maine. Carrots are universally popular and are ideal for the stand; they are colorful, hardy, insect-resistant, available throughout the season, and have no mandatory harvesting deadline. You can sell baby carrots in July and in October be selling giant carrots pulled from the same row. Tomatoes are also popular everywhere, but

not quite as good a seller as you might think; many of your customers have small gardens of their own, and will be growing tomatoes, if nothing else. Incidentally, if you've acquired the knack and facilities for indoor growing, you can do quite well selling tomato plants.

If you have the stand ready and your vegetables are up for it, then the question of pricing is a pleasure, not a problem. Again, local market conditions should be your guideline on this subject. Just be sure to stay below the supermarket price. Don't try to set your price according to the labor that you put into a particular crop, because this would put peas at about \$2.00 a pound and drop the price of squash to about a nickel apiece. Remember, with peas and beans you are competing with Del Monte's machine pickers. Your best money-makers, viewed according to a ratio of price to labor, will be strawberries, asparagus, new potatoes and similar crops which aren't mass-produced for freezing.

If you want an idea of wholesale prices, your Agricultural Extension Service agent should be able to get you the federal government's daily listing of prices at the nearest regional marketing center. If you live in New England, you can get the Chelsea prices, which is the market for vegetables distributed in Boston and points North. Or you can simply do some comparison shopping at other stands. Rather than get too hung up on weekly price changes, we try to set one price on each vegetable for the season. Customers are more interested in a stable price than in bargain-hunting.

continued on p. 52



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Speaking of government, there are likely to be state and local regulations pertaining to your stand, no matter where you live. While officials generally want to encourage enterprises such as roadside stands, it is also necessary for you to concede that you are, in fact, in business. In the State of Maine, for instance, this means that you must charge your customers and pay the State a 5% sales tax on all *non-food* sales. Anything which can be more or less immediately eaten — vegetables, fruits, baked goods — is exempt from the sales tax, as are seeds. Seedlings, however, are subject to the sales tax, as are potted plants, handcrafted wares, and other things you can't eat. For further information on this and for the seller's certificate and registration number required of any Maine merchant selling taxable items, you should write to the Sales Tax Division of the Bureau of Taxation, Augusta, Maine 04330. Mr. Thomas Squiers, Director of the Division, suggests that you also state the months you plan to operate your stand; you will then also be sent pre-addressed returns for each month, which you then fill out and return by the 15th of the following month, together with payment of 5% of gross *taxable* sales. He also suggests that you write a month before opening, to be sure of obtaining your seller's certificate on time.

In a very few localities, you may have a hassle with local authorities over opening a new business. However, any community which has superstrict zoning laws is not likely to be a farming area, anyway, because of high local

property taxes. You should, however, check with your town office to see if there is a local "sealer" serving your area. If so, it is up to you to have the "sealer" check and certify any scale that you use for selling. If there is no local sealer, you should write to the Division of Weights and Measures, Maine State Department of Agriculture, Augusta, and you will be visited by a state inspector who will seal your scale. If you don't do any of this, you may be visited by a state inspector anyway, and you are leaving yourself wide open for a big hassle with the one-in-a-million crackpot customer who thinks everyone is out to cheat him.

Please don't be turned off by this mention of regulations. After all, if you sell only food, you can ignore the taxes. Keep in mind, always, that you're not I.G.A., or A&P, or the likes. You're *you*. Don't stamp prices on your vegetables (prices should be posted somewhere clearly, however, as a courtesy and to avoid confusion), don't use plastic at the stand, and don't relate to your customers as mere shoppers. Above all, remember that you are running the stand. If it starts to run you, step back and take a good look at your reasons for farming in the first place. Because if it ain't fun, it ain't worth it.

After a summer of running a roadside stand, you will have taken in enough money to at least pay your property taxes, and perhaps pay for your roto-tiller as well. You will have a winter's worth of good stories, such as about the folks in the Chrysler who didn't know that peas came in a pod. And you'll have made some good friends.

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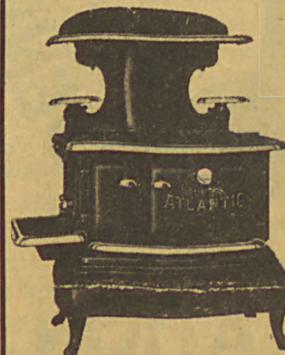
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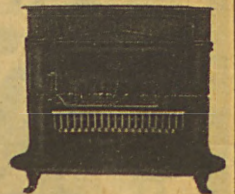
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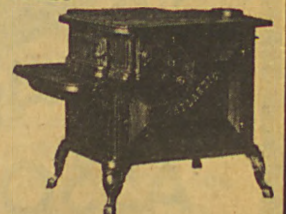
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The Grange

by Ronald Bagley

100 years ago in the town of Hampden in Penobscot, October, 1874, the Order of Patrons of Husbandry began its life in the Pine Tree State. Having watched the Grange movement spring up in other sections of the nation, and realizing the need to organize the farmers in Maine, a few dedicated souls in Hampden formed this first Grange in Maine, Eastern Star #1.

The Grange is the oldest farm-family fraternity in the state, and in the country, as well. After the organization of the first 18 units — mainly in the counties of Penobscot, Androscoggin, Waldo, Cumberland, Somerset, Franklin and Aroostook — it seemed time to move toward a state organization to be called the Maine State Grange. On April 21, 1874 representatives of the first 18 subordinate Granges met in Lewiston for that purpose.

Delegates returned to Lewiston again, in December of 1874, for the purpose of conducting the first annual session of the Maine State Grange. Plans were made to form a Grange newspaper that would help to serve the needs of the new members. The early Grange leaders were an eager group and were determined to make the Grange live and grow. They proved this well, for at the second annual session, held in Bangor, 94 subordinate Granges were represented.

Life insurance and fire insurance for farmers soon came to the attention of the delegates to the sessions and plans were embarked on that made both of these plans available to Grange members at reduced rates. The early companies naturally had problems which had to be ironed out but these programs certainly proved worthwhile to Grangers. It really took determination to originate these new ideas and carry them out so successfully.

Grange members were ambitious people, and did not delay in providing themselves with the necessary meeting places. The Maine countryside is dotted with the many Grange halls, representing many hours of hard work. These Grange halls have also served to meet the needs of the communities as a central meeting place for organizations as well.

The Grange has been active in other areas, besides. Grange members fostered movements that have aided our present University of Maine from its birth. The Grange was instrumental in the establishment of the Maine Ag-

ricultural Experiment Station, for the purpose of providing services to its farmer members. It fostered movements that provided for equal education for its members' children through town-operated school systems and urging the use of uniform textbooks. The movement for town-operated, town-supervised school systems led to the abolishment of the old school district system by the Legislature in 1893.

Many remember the days of the "Grange Store", usually located near or in the Grange hall. Our fast moving world has taken its toll on this phase of Granger activity, and today the Grange has only one Grange store, located in North Jay.

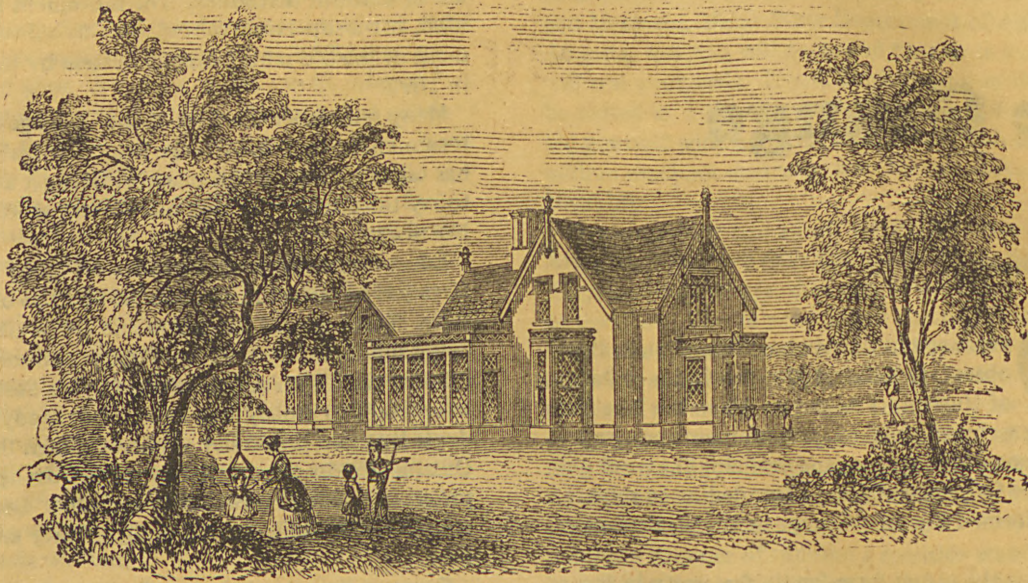
Educational Aid programs were set up by the early Grangers to assist the educational abilities of their youngsters. These proved successful and are in effect today, being supported by the local Grange members. Last October, at the 100th Annual State Grange Session, \$4,000 in scholarship money was awarded to needy college students that had previously applied through their local Grange. Outside donors also contribute to the Grange scholarship program, making more dollars available. Loans are available to needy students that apply, if they are Grange members.

So many times we hear the Grange referred to as "an old farmer's organization", but what better place could there be for young farmers as well? Grange is geared to meet the needs of all through programs that are aimed at improving the welfare of each of us. What better place to air the issues of a community, county, state or nation than through the Grange, which has the machinery to put ideas and solutions into motion? "Grange policy" is the term used to describe the legislative program of the organization. Members in the local Grange prepare resolutions concerning their issues, present them before the local Grange unit, if adopted there then on they go to the Pomona (county) level group for consideration; if favorable, on to the State Grange Session and if pertaining to a national issue they are then sent to the National group. In other words, "Grange policy" originates at the bottom and is only carried out from the top as directed by the elected delegates. This gives the rank and file Grange member the privilege of taking part in initiating Grange policy.

Grange membership has moved in cycles, just as any other group. True it has had its ups and downs but the amazing result is that it has survived the entire century, here in Maine, because of its fraternalism and the solid foundation it was built on. It is a fraternity, it encompasses the entire family, it serves to meet the needs of today's agricultural society by combining with other agricultural oriented groups that are seeking the same goals. Frankly, we "old-timers" are amazed today as new organizations spring up around us. Why labor to form new organizations when we have one that has stood the battle of time as long as the Grange has? There is no need in any community today that cannot be studied, planned for and met through the Grange if only we would realize it. It has the foundation, the structure and the machinery, and it has the facility for providing the leadership to carry it out. If any would like to become a part of this worthy organization all they have to do is contact the leaders of their local Grange.

Ronald Bagley is master of the Maine State Grange.

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Searching Out Mushrooms In Maine

by Joseph Dombek

Why anyone would want to eat a mushroom is difficult to understand. First of all, the appearance of one growing in the wild hardly evokes hunger. In fact, I remember as a small boy being somewhat apprehensive about even touching a brightly colored "toadstool". More often than not when I would find one growing in the woods near my home in Aroostook County I would eye it quite suspiciously, slowly circle it, and finally creep up behind it and give it a swift kick, scattering the many brightly colored fragments over the leaf-covered forest floor.

Some mushrooms are covered with a clear slime not unlike mucous, which drips in long, sticky strings to the ground. Others have an odor so foul that they would be fair competition for a polecat. And yet, there is magic in a mushroom. Their sudden appearance on lawns and fields after a rainstorm attracts the attention of even the most casual observer. One wonders if they were not placed there to tempt us by some unfriendly spirits. Or perhaps they are nature's response to the magic which hung heavily over the meeting of a covey of woodland fairies. If such is the case Maine must abound with such nocturnal visitors since many thousands of species of mushrooms are found here.

More realistically, our Maine climate and extensive mixed forest combine to promote an ideal environment for the growth of mushrooms. Consequently, they can be found in abundance in late summer and fall from one end of the state to the other. A large number of them are edible, most have no food value, and, unfortunately, a few are poisonous.

So why bother with them at all? The first reason is their flavor. If you have never tasted a wild mushroom sauteed in butter with a whisper of pepper and a breath of garlic you have missed one of nature's most exquisite and delightful meals. I'm not speaking of the mushrooms found in cans or on the vegetable counters of the local supermarket. The flavor of this mushroom (*Agaricus bisporus*) is good but in no way can it compare in delicacy to some of the wild species found in Maine.

The second reason is what I call the "thrill of the hunt." There is a really pleasant sensation in not only the sudden discovery of an edible mushroom in one's own backyard but also in the hours spent in hunting for them. I find this part of the "mushroom craze" one of the most delightful, and have spent many wonderful hours with my wife and children scouring the fields and woods in search of an elusive species. Certainly it is here in the cool forests of Maine that the magic of the mushroom can nourish the spirit of man while later on at home the nutlike flavor of the spreading hydnum mushroom nourishes his body and pleases his senses.

If you've read this far you are one of those persons who has within him that mysterious desire to know more. Be careful. That is the first symptom of the "mushroom craze" which, once contracted, can never be cured. If you feel you might be susceptible to this disease, stop right now. Actually, it won't be you that suffers, but rather your spouse. Many a time after a very careful examination of a mushroom, I could feel the eyes of my wife burning through me as I prepared a savory dish for my lunch. Although I have not yet succumbed to a mushroom, my wife is not convinced I know what I am about and is sure one day I will eat the Destroying Angel or Fly Amanita or some other deadly species. For several hours after lunch she follows me about the house, pretending to be occupied with some household chore, or asking questions to start a conversation so she can determine if any paralysis is affecting my speech. She is convinced some day she is going to find me lying on my back on the kitchen floor, quite dead with a smile on my face from having sampled the wrong mushroom. I'm not sure my wife really enjoys the eating as much as she does the hunting.

I would like for the moment to be absolutely serious. Keep in mind always there are deadly species of mushrooms growing in Maine and one should never eat any mushrooms unless he is absolutely positive of its identification.

I am going to describe for you five species which I believe cannot be mistaken for any poisonous species. If the mushroom you have collected does not seem to fit the description you should consult another guide before eating it. I would like to recommend the following pamphlet: "*Some Common Edible Mushrooms Found In Maine*"—Bulletin 556. It was written by Dr. Richard L. Homola at the University of Maine and has clear descriptions and colored photographs of eleven fine species of Maine mushrooms. It can be obtained by writing the Cooperative Extension Service, University of Maine, Orono. Be sure to ask for Bulletin No. 556.

In addition, the following field guides are very good if one wishes to try some of the less common varieties:

The Mushroom Hunters' Field Guide, Revised, A.H. Smith, 1967.

The Mushroom Handbook, L.C.C. Krieger, 1967.

A Guide to Mushrooms and Toadstools, M. Lang and F.B. Hora, 1963.

Continued on p. 56

When he is not searching out the elusive, edible mushroom, Joseph Dombek is headmaster of the George Stevens Academy in Blue Hill. Mr. Dombek did the illustrations.

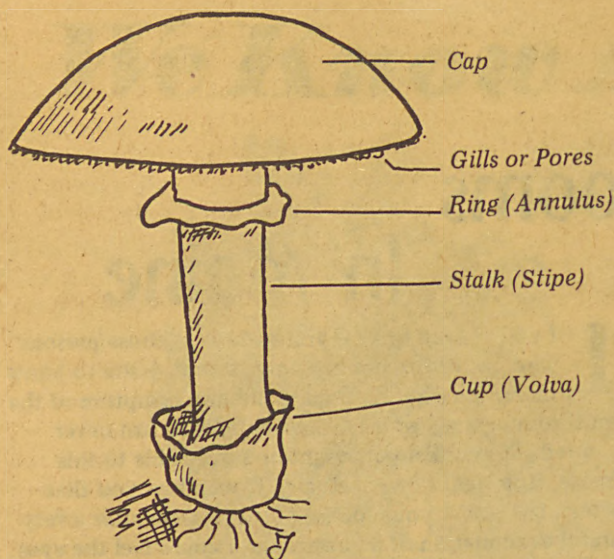


Figure I The Parts of the Mushroom

There are five parts of a mushroom that it will be necessary for you to know before an identification can be made. Figure One illustrates these parts. Beginning collectors should avoid any mushroom having both a *cup (volva)* and a *ring (annulus)* in combination with *white gills and white spores*. These are the essential features of the *Amanita* group, among which is the "Destroying Angel" which is deadly poisonous. One should also avoid any mushrooms having *red pores in place of gills with a red spore deposit*. When collecting mushrooms be sure and pick the entire plant. A careless picker might leave the base of the mushroom in the soil and thus make an identification of the specimen difficult.

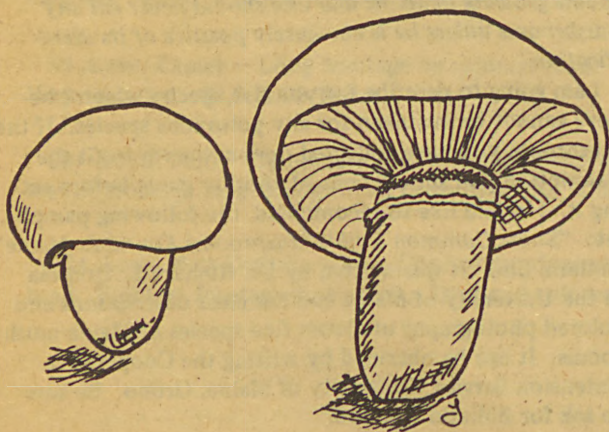


Figure II *Agaricus campestris* Pink Bottom

This is a stocky white mushroom that grows scattered on lawns. The white cap is from two to three inches across, dry and a little hairy. Sometimes the cap may be a little brownish. A cottony tissue covers the gill on young specimens. This tissue breaks, forming a ring on the white stem. The gills are pinkish at first (thus the name "pink bottoms") but will turn black with maturity. They can be found most of the summer, after a heavy rain, on lawns, meadows, golf courses and similar habitats. I have

collected more than I could eat by driving around the city of Bangor on my way to work, stopping at homes whose lawns are dotted with the white invader. One gets many a sly but sceptical smile from the owner, who in most cases is glad to have someone rid his lawn of this mushroom. However, it's always best to ask before taking the mushrooms since they might be a part of the owner's plans for a gourmet meal.

The "pink bottom" is probably the most commonly collected edible mushroom in Maine. The flavor is excellent. Saute it slowly in butter until all parts are golden brown. Gently fold them onto a slice of toasted bread, don't forget the juice from the pan, and prepare for a heavenly delight. Be sure to examine the base of the stalk to make sure there is *no cup*. Presence of a cup and a ring should strike terror to your heart.

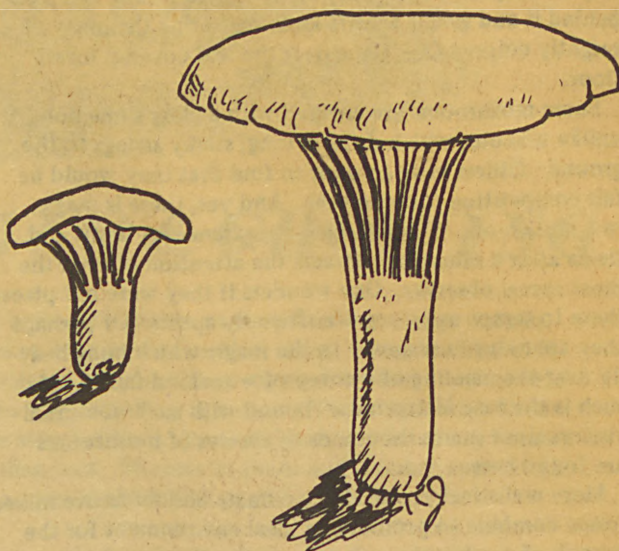


Figure III *Cantharellus cibarius* Chanterelle

The Chanterelle is a bright yellow-orange mushroom with fairly thick gills that cover the underside of the cap and continue down the stalk. The cup is about two-and-a-half to three inches broad. There is a most fragrant odor associated with this mushroom that can be observed coming from either fresh or dried specimens. They are found growing *singly* in the soil under both hardwoods and softwoods the latter part of the summer, particularly after a heavy rain. Do not collect any orange mushrooms that grow in *clusters* at the base of a tree or stump. This could be the Jack-O-Lantern fungus, *Clitocybe illudens*, a poisonous species.

The chanterelle is a gourmet delight. It is probably the most sought after, most acclaimed mushroom that grows. French chefs gasp with joy at the sight of this yellow-orange bundle of flavor. If you should find an area where this species abound don't tell anyone — except me. They require slow cooking in order to hold the delicate flavor. After placing them in a frying pan with pure butter, turn them carefully. They should be eaten with the utmost reverence as a preview to a well prepared meal for special occasions.

Figure IV *Coprinus comatus* Shaggy Mane

The Shaggy Mane is a most descriptive common name for this mushroom since the white cap is covered with a soft, scale-like tissue that resembles a shag rug. The distinctive cap is egg shaped, with black gills, and sits on top of a smooth white stalk that may be six inches tall. There is also an obvious ring on the stalk, but no cup. This makes a good identification feature. The Shaggy Mane belongs to a group of mushrooms called inky caps that slowly dissolve into a black, inky fluid. They are very tasty but must be eaten soon after picking or they will dissolve. On one occasion I found some beautiful specimens growing on a lawn in Portland, Maine. I quickly gathered them up, placed them in a covered dish and put them in the refrigerator. Two days later I heard a whimper of disgust from my most tolerant wife who, upon opening the refrigerator dish, found the partially digested mushrooms. Even while cooking, these mushrooms will darken and produce much water but this in no way harms them. They may be cooked until all the water has evaporated and they are crispy, or until they are very tender and the dark gray remains. A mere breath of garlic salt while cooking does wonders with this pleasing mushroom.

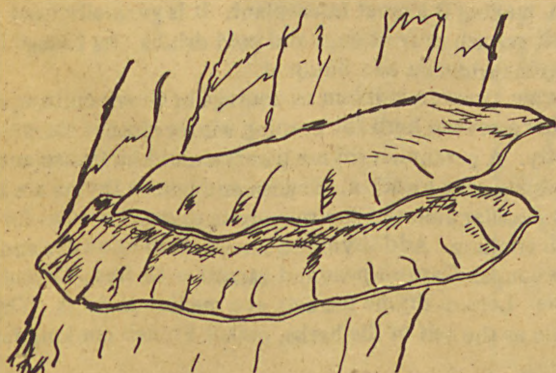
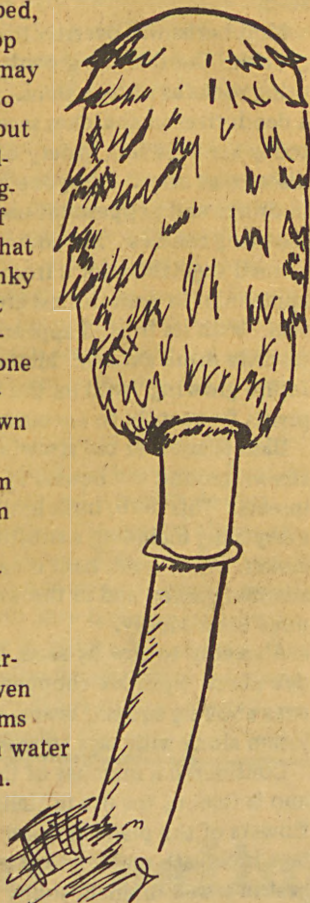


Figure V *Laeteiporus sulphureus* Sulphur Shelf

This mushroom grows in shelf-like fashion on the trunks of trees. It is massive, ten to eleven inches wide, with a bright sulphur-yellow to cream-white color. If one will examine the underside of the "shelf" he will find not gills but rather minute pores. It can be found growing on either hardwood or softwood trees from midsummer to early fall.

The Sulphur Shelf has an excellent flavor and is much more meaty in texture. It tends to get tough with age, however, so one can be assured of a good meal if he will cut off and use only about an inch or two of the outer edge. The whole shelf may be used if it is young and tender. This mushroom can be eaten in truly noble fashion if prepared according to my special recipe at the end of this article.

Figure VI *Dentinum repandum* Spreading Hydnum



This mushroom may fool the beginner, for at a distance it appears like any other reddish-brown capped mushroom. However, when it is picked and viewed from the underside one will find a great number of teeth-like projections attached to the bottom of the cap. The Latin word *Dentinum* refers to these structures. The cap is reddish-brown, dry, rather

brittle, and irregular in shape. The surface is smooth but it may at times be scaly. If one will take a pocket knife and gently cut the cap he will see a yellowish stain appear. Sometimes this stain will appear by merely handling the mushroom. *Dentinum repandum* occurs scattered on soil in both hardwood and softwood forests from midsummer to early fall.

The mild, delicate, nutlike flavor of *Dentinum repandum* requires careful preparation and loving care while cooking. It should be sauteed in butter with only a scanty use of seasonings. Serve these on buttered toast with a good white wine to your very best friends as an appropriate beginning to a happy celebration.

I will end this introduction to the world of mushrooms with a recipe that reminds me of my Polish ancestry. I'm sure you will find it most pleasing with any mushroom, even the ones bought fresh on the supermarket shelf. Enjoy yourself but be sure to observe the precautions outlined in this article. If in doubt about a species contact the Botany Department at the University of Maine. Don't eat it until you have identified it properly.

Mushroom Loaf

- 2 lbs. Fresh mushrooms (not Shaggy Mane)
- 1 Large onion, thinly chopped
- 2 tbsp. Butter
- ½ cup Dry breadcrumbs
- 2 Eggs, lightly beaten
- ¼ lb. Butter, melted
- ½ tsp. Salt
- Dash of pepper

Saute half of the onions in two tbsp. butter until golden brown. Save several large mushroom caps for garnish. Chop remaining mushrooms, including stems and remaining onions, and mix with breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, and remaining butter. Stir in eggs and the sauteed onions. Press entire mixture in a well-greased loaf pan. Arrange mushroom caps on top and press lightly. Bake in 350° oven for 1 hour. Let stand several minutes, slice, and serve with mushroom gravy.

GROW HERBS

by Meredith K. Walker

Herbs enhance the flavor of food, provide natural fragrances, and if grown indoors, extend the enjoyment of gardening year round. Some herbs can drive away insect pests, while others add unusual colors to floral arrangements. By learning a few simple skills, anyone can select the best herbs for his needs and grow it successfully in a city apartment or country homestead.

Although botanists classify all plants that die back to ground level each year as herbs, the common usage connotes any plant useful for medicinal, culinary, decorative, or aromatic applications. Most herbs can serve more than one function around the house.

Cooking with herbs opens up new tastes in food. Always use them sparingly. Most culinary herbs can be purchased in dried form but can not compare in quality to home grown fresh herbs picked from your sunny herb plot. The most common culinary herbs include:

- Parsley, Curly (*Petroselinum crispum*)
- Chervil (*Anthriscus cerefolium*)
- Mint, Pepper (*M. piperita*)
- Mint, Spear (*M. spicata*)
- Mint, Orange (*M. citrata*)
- Mint, Pineapple (*M. rotundifolia variegata*)
- Mint, Apple (*M. rotundifolia*)
- Basil, Bush (*Ocimum minimum*)
- Marjoram, Sweet (*Marjorana hortensis*)
- Oregano (*Origanum onites*)
- Sage, Garden (*S. officinalis*)
- Sage, Pineapple (*S. rutilans*)
- Thyme, English (*T. vulgaris*)
- Thyme, Lerron (*T. vulgaris citridorus*)
- Savory, Summer (*S. hortenis*)
- Tarragon (*Artemisia dracunculus*)
- Rosemary (*Rosmarinus officinalis*)
- Chives, Garlic (*Allium tuberosum*)
- Chives, Regular (*Allium schoenoprasum*)

Meredith K. Walker works for The Merry Gardens Greenhouse in Camden, Maine. Ms. Walker would like to thank Mrs. Mary Ellen Ross, owner of Merry Gardens, for a great deal of help with this article.

Parsley and chervil, commonly seen as garnishes, have different tastes. Chervil, anise flavored, is used in salads as a green and in soups. Parsley's sweet tasting foliage adds important vitamin A to any meal when used as a salad green, and can also be cooked as a vegetable. It also freezes well. Whereas parsley grows best in a moist, sunny location, grow chervil in partial shade. Both are easily sown by seed.

Mint herbs will overrun the garden with their prolific growth. Confine the growth by planting it in pots or by using rocks as obstructions. Commonly strewn around as a deodorizer in churches several hundred years ago, mints today are used in a variety of ways. Mints kept with food discourage mice. Everyone is familiar with spearmint used in drinks and peppermint used as a medicinal tea and in flavoring candies. Try adding orange mint while cooking canned vegetables for a fresh lift in taste. Also try pineapple mint in fruit dishes, cream cheese, cole slaw and with veal. With its frosted appearance, an apple mint leaf is a favorite drink garnish. Mints require some shade and are found growing wild on the banks of streams. Trim the plants frequently to encourage new growth.

Basil is another old strewing herb which was dried and strewn around the houses to deodorize and to discourage insects. This herb, bush basil, can literally be used for everything including a substitute for vanilla in making ice cream. An annual, basil is easily sown by seed in the summer garden and in the winter window plot for a continuous fresh supply.

Also easy to sow by seed, marjoram is a decorative garden plant. Sprinkle chopped basil and marjoram leaves over cooking squash, beans, carrots and peas. Use marjoram along with sage to season poultry.

Considered a member of the marjoram herb group, oregano is famous for use in Italian tomato dishes. Use the flowers of the plant in floral arranging and the dried foliage in wreath making. Like marjoram, oregano grows best in a well-drained, sunny location.

Sage tea has been known as healthful and reviving for a cold and fever. At times, dried sage was substituted for tobacco. Garden sage, which grows as a low hedge, attracts wildlife. Pineapple sage grows readily under fluorescent lights, making it a great houseplant. It is generally used as a fresh garnish in fruit cups and cold drinks. Its foliage is a fragrant addition to a bouquet.

Thyme, once an emblem of courage in Greek culture, is another strewing herb for keeping winter clothes smelling sweetly. A perennial, thyme plants should be transplanted to a sunny, dry location. English and lemon thyme are the most popular amongst the numerous thyme varieties for use in cooking. Add thyme to season clam chowder and other soups. Garnish peas and carrots with fresh English thyme. Lemon thyme tea acts as a medicinal drink. Thyme, known as the salt of the herbs, makes French cooking famous.

Summer savory, considered the pepper of the herb family, can be used like black pepper. Add dried savory to pea soup and a few leaves to string beans and over tomatoes. Savory goes well in horseradish sauce and lentil soup. Savory is an annual. Make sure to keep savory leaves clean.

Tarragon, a pungent herb, should be added sparingly to hamburgers and to all types of egg dishes and chicken. Add some of the *finest herbs*, a blend of fresh parsley, chives,

chervil and tarragon, at the last cooking minute in making sauce. Tarragon does not grow from seed, only cuttings or root divisions. Good growth depends on poor soil and full sun.

Include tarragon in a potpourri of herbs along with basil, marjoram, oregano, orange mint, lemon thyme and rosemary. Start saving the various herb leaves and flowers for fragrance and color early in the year. Other garden flowers such as daffodils, pansys and roses bring much color and fragrance to the potpourri. Dry and preserve in a jar for Christmas gifts.

Rosemary, "for remembrance", is an important fragrant and excellent cooking herb. Burning rosemary deodorizes the house. Fresh rosemary is a perfect addition to a wedding bouquet. Before roasting pork, sprinkle rosemary over the top of the roast. During the cooking period, pork and herb smells blend divinely throughout the house. Use dried rosemary in biscuits, stuffings for poultry and with roast lamb. Rosemary grows best with some shade and periodic fertilizing. Bring the plant indoors in fall and enjoy rosemary all winter long.

The chives, regular and garlic, make an attractive border for the summer herb garden. Garlic chives bloom fragrant white flowers: regular bloom fragrant lavender flowers. Grow both in the garden, and when the regular chives are blooming pick from the garlic chives. Near the late summer, the garlic chives will have started blooming and the regular chives, previously cut back, will have sprung new growth. Interchange the chive varieties in recipes for cooking. Regular chives give the food an onion flavor. Chop the grass-like foliage into all kinds of egg dishes such as omelets, into cheese spreads and into salads.

Herbs for salads such as chives also include:

Lovage (*Levisticum officinale*)

Fennel, Sweet (*Foeniculum vulgare*)

Burnet, Salad (*Sanguisorba minor*)

Sorrel, French (*Rumex scutatus*)

All of the above salad herbs like full sun excepting lovage, which grows in sun or partial shade. Lovage is one of the oldest salad herbs. Both lovage and fennel have celery-like flavors, but lovage is stronger tasting. The young, lacy leaves of burnet taste like cucumbers. French sorrel leaves are high in iron content. Besides being good for salads, it substitutes for cooked spinach.

Many of the herbs discussed are valuable in the vegetable garden as insect repellents when grown with certain vegetables. For example, basil when grown with tomatoes will discourage flies. Mints grown with cabbage repel cabbage moth. Rosemary and sage both repel cabbage moth and carrot flies when grown next to the vegetable. Summer savory keeps bean beetles from attacking beans. Two more important herbs include Pennyroyal (*Mentha pulegium*) and Tansy, Common (*Tanacetum vulgare*).

The citronella-scented pennyroyal not only makes a good ground cover but repels flies and mosquitoes. Dry many clusters of pennyroyal to hang around the front door to keep out those pests. Do the same with tansy to repel flying insects. Grow tansy with raspberries and roses to repel beetles and ants.

Exciting and versatile, herbs can easily become part of your life. Experiment growing different types and create a new taste in an old-tasting meal. In 1629, herbalist-author John Parkinson wrote: "Herbs are anything fit for meat, medicine or delight." It's still true today.

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How About a Woodlot Cashcrop?



by Richard
Arbour

Logs, bolts, pulp; per thousand, cord, by weight; International $\frac{1}{4}$ inch rule, Bangor rule, Doyle rule; lots of terms, much confusion, what do they all mean? Many products can be obtained from a farm wood lot. These terms refer to some of these products and how they are measured. An acre of woods in Maine can provide the materials for a number of different products. One of the most common problems which a landowner encounters is which of these products come from what trees and how to cut them. To obtain the most value from a woodlot, this knowledge is essential.

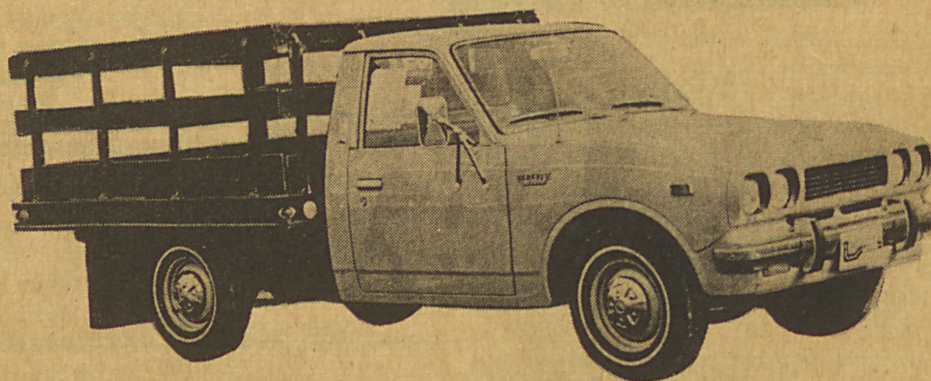
Richard R. Arbour is a forester with the Department of Conservation, Bureau of Forestry, for the state of Maine.

Logs can be either hardwood or softwood and are usually bucked into ten foot lengths. The diameter at the small end should be greater than six inches inside the bark (dib). More and more mills are accepting a log six inches in diameter, but this varies with the mill. Check your local markets. Most mills will take logs down to eight inches. Lengths can vary from eight feet to sixteen feet and sometimes longer. To avoid crooks and sweep (curve) you may have to cut a log into different lengths. Keep them at an even foot such as 10 feet or 14 feet and be sure to add three inches for trim. Avoid leaving too much for trim as any extra will be wasted. Cutting a log shorter than this will result in almost two feet of the log being wasted. The mill will have to cut it back to the nearest even length.

Most logs are used for such lumber products as boards for construction, furniture and pallets. They are usually measured by a log rule, the most common being International, Bangor or Maine rule, and the Doyle. Each rule is slightly different. Some favor a certain size log while other's favor a different size. The Doyle rule, for example, says that a 16 foot long log, ten inches in diameter at the small end, contains 36 board feet. The International rule calls it 65 feet. The actual amount will vary with the type mill and the Sawyer.

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Your logs will be bought on a "per thousand board feet" (MBF) basis. A board foot is a length of wood one inch thick, twelve inches long and twelve inches wide. White pine logs, for example, are selling today (and prices may vary from day to day) for between \$80.00 MBF to \$120.00 MBF delivered at the mill.

There are different methods of selling forest products. They can be sold as "stumpage", which means standing in the woods. A woods operator will pay you a lump sum, or on a MBF or cord basis, for your trees. He will absorb the cost of cutting, yarding and trucking. Remember, though, that he's not as concerned as you should be about what gets cut and what is left standing.

You may also sell roadside. Here you select the trees, cut the timber and place it where a truck can reach the wood. You can sell to a mill, to a trucker or to an independent buyer, and you will get a higher price, of course, because you have absorbed the cost of felling, yarding and bucking.

The final way your timber can be sold is delivered to the mill. Trucking can be done with your own truck or hired out. Some areas have railroad sidings that buy wood for the same or nearly the same price as is paid at the mill.

Boltwood in Maine generally refers to a hardwood stick 50 inches long and 8 or more inches in diameter. Boltwood can be one of the more valuable products you can obtain from your woods. The wood is used for turnery products or for the making of furniture and other wood items. The term "squares" refers to short lengths of high quality wood used for furniture. A mill making these products will normally pay quite high prices for wood. Boltwood can be almost any species of wood. It usually is one of the hardwoods but some mills use white

pine or cedar. Birch boltwood is very much in demand, as is sugar maple, ash and oak.

Many mills will buy both logs and bolts of the same species. It usually pays to saw your trees into logs first, then cut the remainder into boltwood or pulpwood, depending on quality.

One of the lowest valued products from your woods is pulp wood. Almost any species of wood will be accepted for pulp. Length should be 48 inches and the diameter larger than 4 inches. The cord is usually used to measure pulp although some pulp mills are going to weight scaling. A standard cord is a stack of wood piled 4 feet high, 8 feet long and 4 feet deep. Pulp wood is worth between \$20.00 and \$35.00 depending on species and the individual mill.

Various other products can be obtained from your wood lot. There is a market for cedar in almost any form. Poles, rails and cabin stock are just a few. Long, straight high quality trees can sometimes be sold for piling bringing a high price. Again, check your local markets.


A good source on prices and other information are service foresters of the Maine Bureau of Forestry. They can help you in marketing and managing your timber. Most mill owners can list prices paid for various products. They can also recommend someone to haul wood.

This information should help you in deciding how your forest stand can produce income for you. There are, of course, many other products which can be derived from the woods. Christmas trees, firewood and maple syrup are good examples. The extension forester at the University of Maine and your local extension office will have information on how to do it. Seek out these sources of help to make the most of your woodlot.

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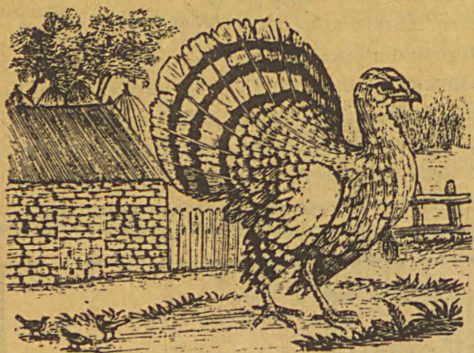



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YOU CAN RAISE TURKEYS



by Fred Pearce

I have always liked the taste of turkey. The discovery that they dress out to 80% of their live weight and that the protein in their meat is the highest in terms of useability was enough to convince me that I should try my hand at raising some for my table. I have learned quite a bit about turkeys in the last ten months — not all of which would be found in your typical “how to” text book. In fact, I am tempted to write this in two columns — the way I did it as opposed to the way it is supposed to be done. However, it has all served to convince me that just about anyone can raise a few turkeys with a minimum of expense and equipment.

The first stumbling block most people will encounter this year is obtaining the baby turkeys or poults. There are now strict regulations concerning the shipment of poults into the state of Maine. There are, to my knowledge, no professional turkey hatcheries in this state.

Fred Pearce raises his turkeys in Deer Isle, Maine.

What it boils down to is the necessity of having your own inspector to certify that they are disease-free — a fairly costly proposition for the small farmsteader. Your local extension agent can most likely supply a list of acceptable turkey farms. Or you could write the state poultry specialist, Mr. R.W. Gerry, at Orono.

There are several breeds available. They are all a result of careful breeding and will all do well. The bronzes tend to be heavy and put on a spectacular feather coat. We chose white hollands as my wife, Kate, has an aversion to plucking, and the white pin-feathers permit a more casual approach to this chore.

I ordered fifteen poults to arrive the first week of May. Well, operating on the principle that everything happens at once, they arrived a week early — the same day that our goat, Daisy, chose to deliver her kids. Of course, we weren't ready for either event. A cardboard box was cut down and placed in the storeroom under an incandescent light bulb. I gave them a saucer of water, scattered some soy grits about and said a silent prayer that they'd be all right. After checking on Daisy's progress, I bid my wife and infant son farewell, and raced off to Bangor, 55 miles away. Luckily, my mail ordered waterers and lights had just arrived that morning. When I got home two hours later, Daisy had a doe kid and the turkeys were having a swimming meet.

Now if there is one thing to remember (the advice was still ringing in my ears after a hasty turkey session with our grain dealer) it is this: *keep them warm and dry at all times*. Seems like they are prone to pneumonia when they are little. Well, they were soaked in water and breaded with soy grits and floundering about on the slick paper bedding of their make-shift brooder box. I quickly swooped up the six wettest victims, dried them, and put them in a shoe box in our kitchen oven (door ajar, set at 150°). I left Kate to tend them while I fixed up a drier brooder box with the new waterers and lights. As I left, I overheard her telling the little birds that if they were lucky enough they'd live to make it back to the oven next fall. While I was trying to arrange a better set-up, I noticed a lump of excelsior moving. Suddenly the feet of bonus bird 16 became visible! After that somewhat fantastic beginning, our turkey project could only get better. It did.

In the first place it is really preferable to get things together before the birds arrive. That is presuming a certain degree of control over circumstances; which means, in short, plan ahead. Get your equipment ready early, including brooder box, sun porch and feeding utensils.

The materials used to build a brooder box can range from quasi-professional to farmstead ingenious. Plastic sheeting, sheet metal, paint-sealed corrugated cardboard. My plain cardboard makeshift job was usable for the four days I needed to be able to construct a more permanent, reusable brooder pen. I used scrap lumber 1"x2"'s for the framing, heavy scrap plastic sheeting (1/8" thick) around the perimeter, and 1/4" hardware cloth for the floor. Sheet metal or cardboard could be used in place of the plastic. The flooring provides for the feces to drop through the wire out of reach of the birds, and this helps prevent disease.

Continued on p. 64

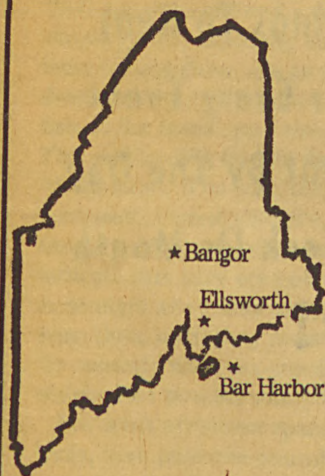
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I put in the waterers, a simple trough feeder to hold the soy grits and wheat germ which I fed the birds for the first ten days (to be followed by 16% grower mash), and a one quart cut-down milk carton tacked to a side and filled with grit for their crops.

A few notes of importance at this point before continuing the description of my brooder. First, it is said that baby turkeys will starve to death even with ample food in front of them, so most experienced poultrymen put colored marbles and beads in their feeders. In the process of inspecting the brightly colored objects, they manage to get in the habit of eating. Secondly, as my home mixture of soygrits and wheatgerm did not have medication in it, I had on hand an envelope of veterinary antibiotic, terramycin. A friend lost ten birds in two days before he came and borrowed some. I prefer to use it as a cure for specific diseases rather than routinely adding it to the ration, as is the case with commercial raisers and starting mashers. I do not recommend using medicated feed.

Back to the brooder. The use of a flexible wall material enabled me to round the corners. Turkeys have been known to herd into a corner and suffocate. Over all this I hung an infrared light. I used regular electric cord and an old metal shade. The light bulbs come in two varieties. The red bulbs are longer lasting, more expensive and help curb cannibalism. I used the less expensive white light. Regardless of color, it is important to use a heat-resistant ceramic socket with it. The whole light rig should be no closer than 18" above the brooder floor. The adequacy of the heat given is best judged by noting the poult's activities. If they huddle, move it down, pull it up if they

seem to be avoiding it. A thermometer hung 2" to 3" off the floor inside should read 95°F the first week. The temperature should be reduced about 5° weekly until it is 70-75° and they are outside. Ideally, they should be actively scooting about the pen. We hung apples on strings and suspended them about the brooder in a vain hope that this alternate activity would discourage cannibalism. Next to keeping them warm and dry, preventing them from killing each other presents the greatest challenge to the turkey raiser. We resorted to eating them in reverse pecking order all fall to keep the project going. We are currently down to one tom and two hens and things are still a bit shaky. At the first sign of cannibalism in the little poults it is best to consider partially debeaking them. An effective tool for this can be made by bolting a small section of hacksaw blade to the tip of an electric soldering iron. The short end can be honed to assist the heat in trimming the beak. You want to burn off enough to prevent the incisor action of the upper bill, but still enable them to scratch and eat greens. Open the bird's mouth and rest the upper beak on a hard surface. Burn through the beak with a firm motion, eliminating the hook end so that the bottom beak extends beyond the top by about 1/8". It is a painless operation for the bird, although a somewhat smelly experience for you. There are also nail-clipper-like debeaking tools available from stock supply houses for under \$2.00.

The birds are pretty much set now until they are moved to the sunporch.

The major hassle in raising turkeys is that they do best when kept off the ground. If they stay on the same ground for any length of time, they contract blackhead and other diseases — especially when they are young. Range raising

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is only feasible for large land owners. Using a sunporch pen seems to be the recommended method for the small turkey raiser, and most commercial raisers now use this method exclusively. Essentially a sunporch is a raised wood and wire cage which provides a combination of sheltered area and open exercise pen. A well-designed porch will allow easy access to waterers, feeders, etc. from the outside for the convenience of the keeper. The use of a slatted wood or wire floor permits the manure to drop through, out of reach of the birds. It is limed frequently and shoveled off to the manure pile as it accumulates. To save money I used an infrared light in the sheltered area for the first chilly weeks after they were moved outside. I built my sunporch on skids so that I could tug it here and there to avoid its being in the middle of our barn raising. Miscellaneous equipment to outfit their sunporch included the cutdown grit container, rubber pans for water, surplus milk, (or whey if you have it), a tri-sectioned grain hopper on one side of the pen and metal drums or trash barrels in which to keep the grains.

By the time they are moved out to the sunporch, at about four to six weeks of age, they are eating a straight growing ration of 16% protein pellets, grains (corn, oats barley) and tender greens. The greens — either garden raised or foraged — can contribute up to 30% to their total diet. We grew a special greens garden near their pen of dandelion greens, plantain, lettuce, collards and chard; that really cuts down on chore time considerably. Near breeding season I added crushed shell to the grit mixture.

Thus comfortably situated, they basked in the sun and grew plump on grains and greens. It was fun to watch the toms strutting around the pen, all fluffed up, red dewbills and wattles looking so turkey-like and homely. As the autumn nights grew cooler, their appetites showed a definite preference for the simple grains, especially corn. Signs of finishing, or readiness for slaughter, are an absence of pin feathers, and the development of a layer of fat under the skin on the midline of the breast, and also near the oil sack on the tail. This self-basting fat will definitely improve the quality of the meat. The corn they have been consuming with increased interest will give an appetizing yellow cast to the skin. A bluish color under the skin would probably indicate that they are not yet ready. They can be used as broilers when they are young. However, we prefer to keep them until they are at least ten pounds before using. We recently are a ten-month-old tender roasted turkey that weighed 31 pounds when dressed.

For want of freezer space, Kate usually cooks up the birds, then puts one-pound foil packages of the cooked meat into the freezer. They will keep reliable for at least six months, and can be thawed and warmed without open-

ing. A tip for moist meat: cook for all but the last hour (or the entire time) with the breast side down. The fat deposits on the back melt, and thereby baste the bird automatically. Our favorite recipe for cooked turkey meat is as stuffed acorn squash. Allowing one good sized squash per person, cook opened cavity side down (they are halved and seeded first) for 30 minutes. Turn over and stuff, cover with the foil, and roast for another half hour or until contents are bubbly and the squash meat looks done. The stuffing is simple. One pound of turkey meat (three to four ounces per person) is chunked, to which you add one medium onion, minced, one tablespoon crushed dried dill weed, and enough yoghurt to bind and moisten (one-half cup). Proceed as above for a really fine combination of flavors which serves 4.

We have kept two hens and a tom through the winter, and from the looks of it, they will be providing us with eggs to incubate shortly. I built them a simple shed inside a fenced yard, as they breed better on the ground. If I meet with success in this venture, I'll try to be scientific enough to share my (mis) adventures with you. However, if my experiences are anything like last year, then I'm in for another thrill-packed farmstead spring.

Suggested reading:

Starting Right with Turkeys, G.T. Klein, Garden Way Publishing Co., Charlotte, Vt. 05445.

Profitable Turkey Management, S.W. Hamilton, Beacon Milling Co., Cayuga, NY.

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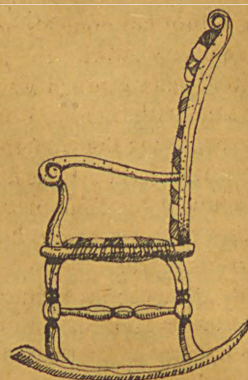
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Books



WHERE THE PLACE CALLED MORNING LIES, by Frank Graham, Jr. Viking Press, 238 pages, \$6.95.

by Joseph Allen

Frank Graham, Jr. is a confessed “outsider,” “transplant,” or “From Away,” and like so many of the breed has fallen in love with the state of Maine. A field editor of *Audubon Magazine* and author of successful books on ecology including *Since Silent Spring*, Graham found his cove on Narraguagus Bay, the place where morning lies.

“I have happily escaped the compulsion to write a book about Getting Away From It All to Lead the Good Life Down East,” says Graham. “This is a book about one man’s road, my own, to a special place, what I found there, and why I am concerned about its future.”

One man’s road led, as so many have, from the hurly-burly of big city life to roughing it in a dilapidated camp, remote and washed by the fog and surf. Here he talked to the people on the corners, in the half-tracks, in the drug-stores and canning factories, went fishing, dug for clams and worms, logged and in every way possible looked into the fragile resources which spell economic survival for so many.

And Graham is running scared. The struggle to the death has started, he says, between those who would preserve the nature of the world around them and those who would pave it over, dam it up and coat it with oil. So far as the energy crisis is concerned Graham calls for more government control to combat both shortage and pollution.

This is a good book, a nice blend of polemic and rhapsody. The oil men, the power lobby and the motel builders won’t like it, but I do.

MAINE PILGRIMAGE: The Search for an American Way of Life, by Richard Saltonstall, Jr. Drawings by Polly Warren. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 353 pages. \$10.

by Charles Bolte

This book should be on the shelf of every farmstead-er in Maine, and should be read by every Mainer concerned about the future of the state. It is both a description of Maine life today and a prescription for Maine life tomorrow. The review in the New York Times was headlined “Marching Boldly Into the Past.” To which this reviewer is inclined to answer, “Go climb a tree,” or, perhaps, “So what?” or, even, “If you know a better hole, go to it.”

The first thing to be said about this useful book is that the author has done his homework. Better still, he has done his roadwork. He tells us that he travelled more than 10,000 miles through Maine, "interviewing people, spending time with them to become familiar with their way of life, exploring the wilderness on foot and by canoe, sailing down the coast." He is a first-rate reporter (he was a correspondent for *Time* before settling in Maine, and is the author of two previous books on the environment), and a readable writer.

He tells us about farmers, fishermen, foresters; "tourists, vacationers, and rusticators"; life in villages, small towns, and the city of Portland; problems of oil on the coast, industrial development, over-crowding, pollution, the plight of Maine's Indians; and the great hope of aquaculture. So his prescriptions for the future are rooted, not in fancy, but in accurate accounts of the way our people live now, and the way they lived in the past. This gives his recommendations of a kind of specific gravity not always to be found in such works.

The book is illuminated by bright passages, quotes, and observations: "Maine is an opportune place, particularly if you are worried about life in America today....." Quoting a resident of the reportedly most-depressed area: "I don't think you'll find too many here who feel they're hellishly abused 'cause they live in Washington County." "Maine is blessed with tricky tidal currents, an abundance of reefs and hidden shoals and, best of all, dense fogs.... (I say 'blessed' because again such obstacles have also impeded reckless growth.)" On the need to reconcile private rights with public needs: "A man's home is his castle

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only when he does not turn it into a fortress to take advantage of his neighbors." On the need to build permanent communities inland as well as on the coast: "untapped possibilities to attract the exploding number of semipsychotics, daily additions to the ranks of those who are frustrated and gone batty from the stresses and strains of our ruinous civilization."

Finally, on the hunting life: "Each year, about 30,000 deer and about ten hunters are killed."

Saltonstall's hopes for Maine's future hinge, again, and realistically, on its past: "even though the state resembled an exploited colony, Maine was a fortunate place, too.... Having suffered less than other states from industrialization and urbanization, Maine presents opportunities to those who would attempt to establish prototypes for living in harmony with industrial and technological progress." He deals at length with basic environmental problems; but his fundamental, longer-term hope is for "The recapturing of an essential American way of life, where the family is paramount, where a person has control over his own destiny."

If this be "dreams of the 18th century instead of 21st," as the *Times* reviewer puts it, well sir, hurrah for the 18th century. I wish I'd written this book. In fact, I may, after a few years, when Maine will have changed enough (some references in this book are already out-dated: things are moving pretty fast in Maine, these days) so that another reportorial Odyssey is indicated.

The book includes a useful index and bibliography for further reading by those who care about Maine.

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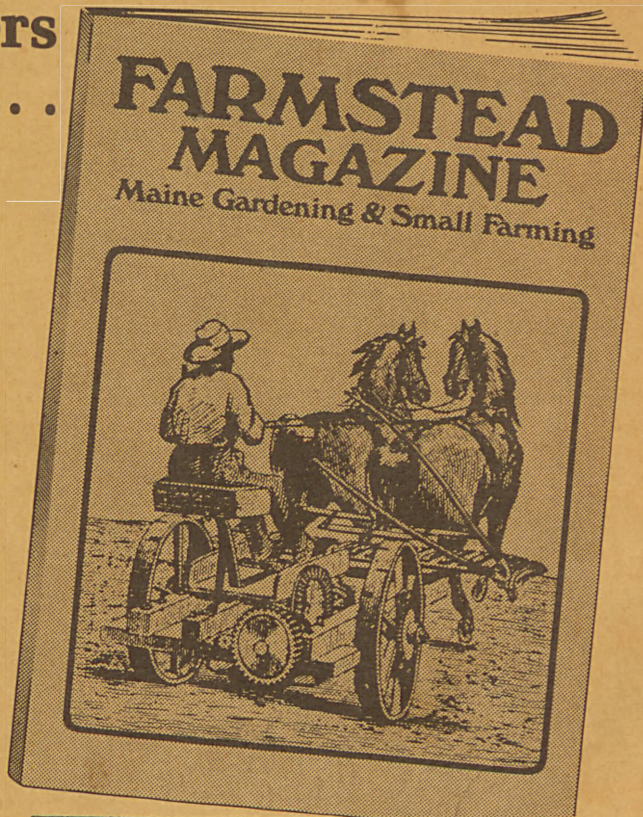
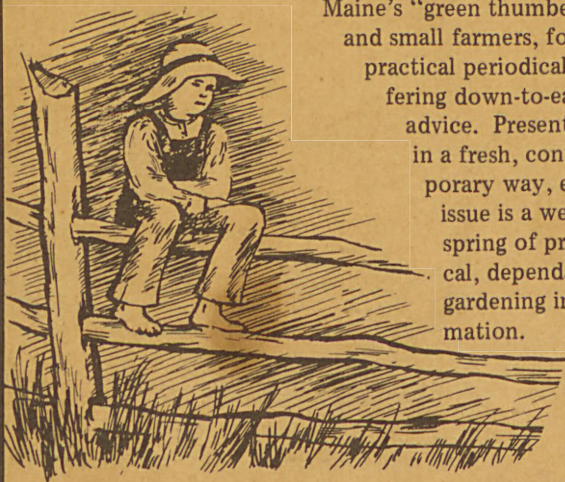
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