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Volume 2, Issue 5



The Only Way To Get Produce Fresher is if You Grow It Yourself!

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News From The Farm

The staff at Olden Produce looks forward to developing long lasting relationships with all the families we serve. You are always welcome to visit us at our farm and see for yourself the value of knowing where your food comes from.

This week we are really enjoying the cooler temperatures. We are trelising all of the tomato plants out in the field and in the greenhouse. We have to replant the second plantings of summer squash, cukes, and melons for the 3rd time due to the chipmunks. Then we need to focus on weeding. There is always weeding to do. Hopefully we get some rain this week. There is moisture underneath the surface but the surface

is rock hard.

The stand will be open again this week Thursday - Sunday from Noon to 6pm except on Sunday we will be closing at 4pm. We will have strawberries and sugar snap peas again. If you pick-up in Oshkosh and would like your box sooner, please

send an email to oldenproduce@yahoo.com and we will make sure that we bring your box when we open the stand at Noon on Thursday. Otherwise the boxes will be there between 3:30pm and 4:00pm.

I hope everyone is enjoying the fruits of our labor. I spoke to Bernard's Orchard in Door County who we get the certified organic Door County Sweet Cherries from and they are hoping to have cherries to me in 14 days. Just 2 weeks until those mouth watering little morsels start arriving.

Enjoy the cooler temperatures and have a wonderful 4th of July weekend!!!

Your dedicated farmers,

Dick and Tracy



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Independence Day Fun Facts

- Benjamin Franklin wanted the turkey to be the national animal but was outvoted when John Adams and Thomas Jefferson chose the bald eagle.
- Over 150 million hot dogs will be consumed on the 4th.
- The majority of the nation's flags and patriotic paraphernalia in relation to the 4th of July is produced in China. Nearly \$349 million dollars are used each year to import in the flags, banners, decorations, and emblems.
- The first 4th of July party held at the White House was in 1801.

www.yumsugar.com



Melbourne's Caper of the Week

Dog Proverbs

www.joke-archives.com

- "Whoever said you can't buy happiness forgot about little puppies." -- Gene Hill
- "Dogs feel very strongly that they should always go with you in the car, in case the need should arise for them to bark violently at nothing right in your ear." -- Dave Barry
- "Outside of a dog, a book is probably man's best friend,

and inside of a dog, it's too dark to read." -- Groucho Marx.

- "I think animal testing is a terrible idea; they get all nervous and give the wrong answers." -- Unknown
- "My "Did you ever walk into a room and forget why you walked in? I think that is how dogs spend their lives." -- Sue Murphy
- "Ever consider what they must think of us? I mean, here we come back from a grocery store with the most

amazing haul-- chicken, pork, half a cow. They must think we're the greatest hunters on earth!" -- Anne Tyler

- "My dog is worried about the economy because Alpo is up to 99 cents a can. That's almost \$7.00 in dog money." -- Joe Weinstein
- "There is no psychiatrist in the world like a puppy licking your face." -- Ben Williams
- "Some days you're the dog, some days you're the hydrant." -- Unknown

Living Among The Bees

www.vegetariantimes.com

Scattered along a gently sloping hill on our farm is a series of white wooden boxes that resemble fallen tiles from a game of giant dominos. The boxes arrived one spring six years ago in an old pickup truck driven by Ed Yoder, a longtime neighbor and beekeeper who sells his honey at local supermarkets. Always searching for open land in this county of dwindling farms, Ed approached my husband and me, asking whether we would mind having some hives on our property. Since we didn't, 20 of them—home to about a million bees—came to share our 135 acres. At least that's how we described it initially. In reality, we've come to understand, it is the bees who have consented to

share their workspace with us, and we, clumsy and often inadvertently destructive humans, are the better for it.

Our coexistence did not get off to an auspicious start. Shortly after the bees moved in, I began, as I always do in spring, spending most of my free time in the vegetable garden—tilling the raised beds, pulling early weeds and carrying out flats of plants started in the greenhouse some 50 feet away. The bees, I quickly learned, disapproved of my activity. They had claimed this formerly quiet area as their own. They had chosen well, packed as the garden was with

nectar-dripping flowers and fruit trees in brilliant bloom, a veritable juice bar that they frequented from early to late.



Each of my trips into the garden brought an angry protest as dozens of them dive-bombed my head, just as barn swallows do to cats when their territory is encroached upon. I had always found that

funny, but being the victim myself was eminently less amusing. I tried varying the hours that I gardened; I tried apologizing to the bees each time I walked in; I even tried singing to them—all to no avail. Whether I was early or late, contrite or in song, the

(continued on page 3)

Living Among The Bees *(continued from page 2)*

bees were piqued to see me, a fact made clear by the number of welts on various parts of my body. After six stings, I'd had enough.

"Ed," I complained on the beekeeper's next visit, "every time I go into the vegetable garden, your bees sting me. Something's got to give." He returned my gaze, his sympathy evident. "Of course, they sting you," he said after a long silence. "You're walking right into their flight path."

And so began my real experience of living with the bees and their fiercely protective keeper. I quickly learned that Ed's devotion was complete, his concern solely for them. Implicit in his reply was the suggestion that I, and not the bees, was at fault for getting stung. Only after I pointed out that the garden had been there longer than the hives and that it wasn't feasible to move the orchard did he agree to move the hives that were closest to the garden—a concession I'm sure he secretly regrets even today.

That was the only disagreement we've ever had, and perhaps if I had avoided the garden for a while, as Ed bluntly suggested, the problem would have resolved itself. In retrospect, perhaps the bees, like people moving into a new neighborhood, needed some time to settle in without the threat of interference. In any event, they have long since accepted my presence, whether I am picking raspberries, walking on the road back to our nursery—a trip that

takes me within 10 feet of some of the hives—or simply sitting beside a hive for long stretches, watching the bees come and go. I've never again been stung, not when I've scooped some into my hand to rescue them from drowning in the birdbath or when I've picked them up, so covered with pollen they couldn't fly, to avoid someone trampling them. Ed says that the bees have come to trust me, and I believe that I, in turn, have given them my trust.

As wonderful as watching the bees is watching Ed, who is an old-fashioned suitor. He visits the bees almost every day, wooing them with presents, fixing things, delighting in the offerings they give back to him. When he has to disturb the bees, he calms them first, moving among them with his smoker like a priest with incense burners. Loquacious by nature, Ed can spend the day talking about his charges: waxing on about their cleanliness, their loyalty to their queen, their industriousness. Ed's love is infectious. We felt no small amount of pride when he told us after the first year's harvest that their honey production increased dramatically since the bees moved to our farm, certain that our unsprayed fields and flower gardens were responsible. We mourned with him when he lost many of his colonies to mites several years ago and others to a harsh winter. And we have done things that

we would never have contemplated, like plowing up a few acres to plant clover, because Ed told us that the bees would love it.



As with any good teachers, the bees have made me see things in a new light. About a half a mile from the hives is a small, perpetually muddy bog with a

boardwalk of old heart pine running through it. In early spring, when the skunk cabbage blooms, I find bees there by the thousands, humming happily and drinking greedily. It is, I now know, their first source of nectar in spring. I am glad, and wiser, to know that the skunk cabbages, which always make my nose wrinkle, are to bees what poached strawberries are to me: both a delectable perfume and a welcome harbinger of spring.

The bees' contributions to the farm are everywhere. Berry bushes that bore modestly before the bees' arrival now hang heavy with fruit; my vegetable plants produce an embarrassing abundance of heirloom squash, cucumbers and runner beans. Even seemingly barren fruit trees, far from the house and orchard in what were once cow pastures, have suddenly begun producing again. And, of course, there is the honey itself, velvety brown and perfectly sweet, dissolving in my tea and rippling across my bread. None of this is my work; it is all the bees' doing, and in that, I have found wonder, gratitude and a welcome sense of my own very modest place in the world.

How To Encourage Your Kids To Eat Broccoli

www.associatedcontent.com

By Judy Morse

There is no doubt that broccoli is one of the vegetables that almost all children despise, even if they have never touched it in their lives. Since broccoli always has such a negative image from both kids and parents, there's really no surprise. The most important thing that you can do as a parent who wants your kid to eat broccoli is not talk badly about it yourself. Children pick up on their parents' eating habits, so if you say something bad, they will automatically think the same way. I once knew a lady who hated tomatoes and since she didn't like them, her daughter assumed that she wouldn't like them either. To this day, she has yet to try a tomato.

There are some ways that you may be able to get your child to easily eat broccoli though! While it will depend on the child, chances are that each of these may work effectively if you are trying to convince your child to eat broccoli. Here, we will take a much closer look at some of these ways.

Add Broccoli to their Favorite Dish

Whether your children love extra cheese pizza, macaroni and cheese, or chicken and rice casseroles, it is easy to add broccoli to your child's favorite dish. Sometimes you may be able to disguise the broccoli and later

tell your child that it was in the meal that he or she just devoured and enjoyed. Other times, your child may even be acceptable to eating broccoli, as long as it means that they are able to eat their favorite food too. Overall, it is definitely safe to say that adding broccoli to your child's favorite dish can be an excellent way to encourage him or her to eat this tasty vegetable!



Make a Face Using Broccoli

This method is known to work the best for younger children who still have creative imaginations and may enjoy "playing" with their food. To make the face, you can get as creative as you possibly want. For example, you might want to use chicken nuggets as a mouth. Carrots will make a great nose. A baked potato or deviled eggs will both make great choices for eyes. Broccoli can easily be used as hair! Of course, you can use just about anything that you want when making a face using broccoli.

Add Flavor to Raw or Cooked Broccoli

Adding flavor to raw or cooked broccoli is a good way to encourage your child to eat broccoli in general. Think about what type of flavorings your child enjoys and add it to your raw or cooked broccoli. For

example, if your child enjoys low-fat Velveeta cheese or mozzarella, you might want to consider adding this to cooked broccoli. Or if your child enjoys ranch dressing, you might want to have Ranch dip available for raw broccoli. One of the main reasons that many children do not enjoy broccoli is because it can have a very plain flavor. Adding any of these, or other, flavors to broccoli should dress or spice it up enough for your child to want to eat it!

These are just some of the many different things that you can do in order to encourage your own children to eat more broccoli. If you can think of unique and creative ways to encourage your children to eat broccoli on your own, why not go with it? It will definitely be worth the effort!



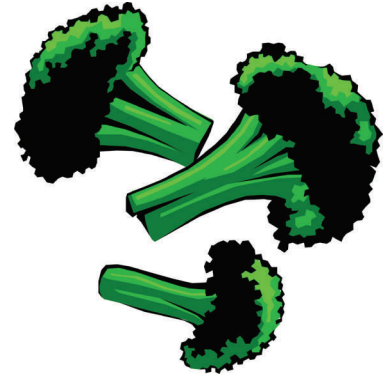
"I hope you don't mind the broccoli — I couldn't find a carrot."

Roasted Broccoli

- 1 head broccoli, large stem and medium stems removed and reserved for another use
- 1 1/2 tbsps olive oil
- 1/2 teaspoon garlic salt
- 1 teaspoon balsamic vinegar
- 1/4 teaspoon ground black pepper

Heat oven to 400 degrees. Break broccoli head into medium florets and toss with remaining ingredients. Arrange in single layer on baking sheet. Bake 18-22 minutes, shaking the pan halfway through the cooking time. Remove from oven when broccoli is a deep green color with some darkened spots. Makes 4 servings.

MACSAC_cookbook



Fresh Pea Pod, Broccoli, and Rice Salad

- 1 package (6 ounces) long-grain and wild rice mix
- 1 1/2 cups chopped broccoli
- 1/3 cup sliced red or green onions
- 1/4 cup bottled clear Italian salad dressing
- 1 tbsp lemon juice
- 1/2 teaspoon lemon pepper
- 1-1 1/2 cups edible pea pods
- 1/3 cup slivered almonds

Prepare rice mix according to package directions. Cool slightly. Steam broccoli until crunchy-tender. (For a variation, substitute uncooked sweet peppers for the broccoli.) Toss with remaining ingredients and refrigerate 2-24 hours. Makes 4 servings.

MACSAC cookbook

FreeRice.com Fights World Hunger

By Robert Firpo-Cappiello
www.naturalhealthmag.com



Playing an educational—and—addictive computer game can actually help feed hungry people around the world. FreeRice.com is a multiple-choice vocabulary and trivia game in which every correct answer results in 10

grains of rice being donated to the United Nations World Food Program. The site has generated enough rice to feed millions of hungry families in developing nations like Bangladesh, Cambodia, Uganda, and Nepal.

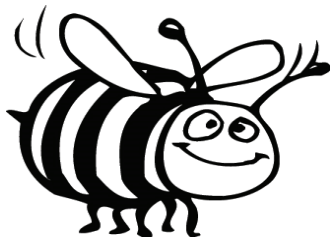
It takes about 20,000 grains of rice to provide an adult with two meals a day (in combination with vegetables, fruit, and protein). Playing the vocabulary and trivia

games at FreeRice.com, which pose increasingly difficult questions, can easily generate several hundred grains of rice in a few minutes, and most users come away having learned new words and fun facts about history, science, and the arts. Funding for the donations is generated by banner ads of sponsor companies like Unilever and Yum!

Olden Kids



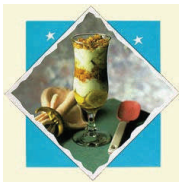
What kind of gum do bees chew?



Bumble gum!

Busy Bee Magnet

Honey Parlez Vous Parfait



Ingredients:

1/2 cup plain yogurt, divided
1/2 cup granola, divided
1 banana, sliced, divided
1/3 cup honey, divided

Directions:

Set aside several slices of banana for garnish (decoration for the finishing touch on top). Layer 1 tablespoon honey, 1/2 of banana slices, 2 tablespoons yogurt, 1 tablespoon honey and 2 tablespoons granola in a parfait or water glass. Repeat for the second parfait. Place the remaining banana slices on top and drizzle with honey. Serves 2.

www.honey.com

Materials Needed:

black, yellow and white paint
small paint brush
black pipe cleaner
coffee filter
scissors
clothes pin
self-adhesive magnetic strip



Instructions:

1. Paint your clothes pin with black and yellow stripes. The "head" should be black (it may turn out better if you paint the yellow stripes first, then the black). Once your paint is dry, paint on your bee's eyes and mouth with white paint.



2. Cut about 1" off from around the coffee filter. Discard.



3. Scrunch up the remaining portion of the coffee filter at the center and insert into the clothes pin to make the bee's wings. Use half of a black pipe cleaner (about 6"), bend in half and curl the ends to make the bee's antennae. Insert into the clothes pin. Stick a self adhesive magnet onto the back.



www.busybeekidscrafts.com

Honey Bee Maze

Buzzy the bee is lost! Print out this page and help her find her way back to the hive!

