



In the Bag

Red Potatoes, 1 bag
Cipollini Onions, 1 bag
Edamame, 1 bundle
Roma Tomatoes, 1 bag
Sweet Peppers, 3 (only 1 large)
Collards, 1 bunch
Parsley, 1 bunch
Garlic, 1 piece
Slicing Tomatoes, 4 to 6 pieces

There are two crops in particular that did very poorly this year. The first is potatoes. The potatoes failed for two key reasons. First they need lots of water, and this year they got precious little of that. The second is that they were mercilessly devoured by the Colorado potato beetle. This pest is always present, but we usually manage to keep on top of it enough to get a good crop. This year we spent our usual hours handpicking and killing the bugs, but they would not be destroyed. They were so prolific and so voracious that after they took down the potatoes and eggplant (their two favorite crops) they even moved on to the tomatoes. I have never before seen potato beetles on the tomatoes.

As you can see from the size of the potato bag in your share this week, the plants just could not hold out under these conditions. Out of the 220 pounds of seed that we planted, we harvested about the same weight in potatoes. Sickening. So, you have one pound of red skin, white flesh potatoes this week, and you will get one more pound of another variety in the next few weeks. And that will be it. Remember last year when you got 2 pounds of potatoes every other week...

The second crop that did especially poorly this year is onions. These too suffered mostly from the lack of rain. This week you have **cipollinis** in your share.

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Claire's Comments

Two takes on Fall

Sometimes I am so predictable. Especially when the weather turns cool, as it did this week. And when the kids leave the farm to go back to school, as they did this week. Now is the time that I write about the fast approaching fall. For the past two years I have spent this last weekend in August in Tucson, eating prickly pears in the deliciously intense heat. When I returned from those trips to find the sun a little lower on the horizon and to find myself needing the long pants I shed so many months ago, I got sad. This year's transition into cooler weather is more gentle because I am not just returned from the sunny southwest. But still, it makes me sad.

As many of you have heard before, I was made for summer. I love the heat. And if sunburn and sweat are the prices I pay to live and work in the sun, then I pay happily. Fall is not my season. It marks the decline into the dark, dreary winter, the dreaded cold. Now is the time of year when I keep putting on my shorts and tank top under my pants and jacket, just hoping for a few more days when I can strip down and feel the sun on my skin once more.

I know everyone does not feel this way about fall. My best friend Lisa, for instance, has quite a different perspective. Lisa and I have known each other since college, and while we have similar views on many topics, and many experiences that bind us, the weather is not one of them. Lisa is visiting from Minneapolis right now, and when I told her that I was going to write about the fall this morning, she had a very different idea of what I would say. For her it is not so much about mourning the summer...

Lisa's Comments: It's more about reveling in the change of the season. I love winter for those first cleansing snows, the bracing winds that make you feel strong for surviving in the cold, the ice skating, the skiing, coming back to a warm house with cool, rosy cheeks. I love spring for the rebirth of green, every day bringing new sprouts, new leaves, new plants, and the smell of warming soil. I love mid-summer for the vegetables it brings me from my garden and the lushness of the green all around (note that I do not love summer for the heat!) And I love fall.

Right now in the garden, you can really feel the fall coming on. Even though the trees haven't yet started to turn, many of the garden plants have begun their die-back. The once vibrant potato plants are now brown sticks, the onion greens have long since fallen and the bulbs have been taken out of the garden to dry for lasting through the long winter. Most all the leaves are tinged with brown. While there is a melancholy air to this change, there is also something profoundly *right* about it for me. In many ways, this crumbling toward fall brings me a sense of comfort: I feel safer for having stored away the food from my garden in canning jars and in bags in the freezer, fodder for the winter. There's something very sweet about putting the garden to bed, mulching the garlic, putting cover crops in, tidying up. It's like patting all

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Recipe

Tabbouli

from *The World in Your Kitchen*

1/2 cup bulgur	4 tomatoes
a few lettuce leaves	1 cucumber, chopped
4 tablespoons chopped parsley	4 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons chopped mint	4 tablespoons olive oil
1 onion, finely sliced	salt & pepper to taste

Soak bulgar 20-30 minutes in cold water to cover. Drain well. Line a salad bowl with lettuce leaves and spoon in bulgur. Mix in 3 tablespoons of the parsley, the mint, onion, and tomatoes. Wisk lemon juice with olive oil, salt, and pepper; toss with salad. Sprinkle remaining tablespoon of parsley on top. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

Possible Modifications:

The lettuce leaves and cucumber are not imperative.
More parsley is always better!

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your summer babies in to snuggle until the next spring. And then there's the comfort of the easing off of work, knowing that rest is coming, with long hours of knitting and reading in front of the woodstove. But in addition to the comforts of the coming on of fall, there is also, for me, a tinge of excitement in the air as it begins to cool. I think this is due to the fact that my life has always revolved around the school schedule – grade school, high school, graduate school, and now a teacher. Because of this, fall has always meant for me new beginnings, new knowledge, meeting new people, wondering what new friends might come my way. So, although fall is a time of much dying back, the season for me is a very sweet one.

Yeah, yeah, Lisa. It sounds good when you call it sweet and fill it with hope like that. But really I know my hands will soon be freezing while I wash carrots; I'll be waiting through the early morning hours while the white frost turns back to water on the lettuce before I can harvest it; and I'll be craving tea and cookies just to get me through. So, for now I'm still putting on my tank top and hoping for the heat. I'll be looking for the good in this turn of the season only when I truly have no other hope left.

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These onions are meant to be small, just not this small. I suggest boiling them with the potatoes and tossing them with butter and the fresh **parsley**. You will notice that both the onions and the potatoes are coming to you with the dirt still on. We usually deliver these crops this way because they keep better unwashed. (Washing off the dirt also washes off the waxy cuticle that helps keep in the moisture.) You probably won't need to keep these tiny quantities for very long, but it made us feel better knowing that you could.

We saved the **collards** to deliver with the potatoes because they go so well together (like potatoes and parsley). A simple and classic dish is to sauté some onion and garlic in butter. Add diced potatoes and cook until tender. Finally add the chopped collards and cook until they are thoroughly wilted. I'm always surprised at just how delicious this combination is.

Edamame is back this week. This time a new variety and a bit bigger bunch. Just remove the pods from the stems, give them a quick wash, and boil them for 5 to 10 minutes in salted water. Then serve in a bowl with a dash more salt. Slip the tender beans out of the pod between your teeth. They make a great appetizer or snack.

Will you be happy to hear that the tomatoes are slowing down? They are. Now is the perfect time to make my favorite roasted pasta sauce. Just chop the onions, **garlic**, **sweet peppers**, and **romas**; toss them with some olive oil; and put them together on a cookie sheet in the oven. Broil it all for about 10 minutes, stir, and broil some more until it is all slightly browned. Serve on top of your favorite pasta or ravioli. It is simple, and I just love that roasted flavor.

We start our winter squash harvest next week! It's hard to believe, but true. So, you can look for the first delicata squash next Thursday. And then count on some kind of squash every week there after. Fall is truly on the way.

Send newsletter comments, suggestions, and recipe ideas to: Liz and Marcia Campbell, Editors mcatoncampbe@wisc.edu