

OUT IN THE OPEN

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Hoosier Berries Fill Bill of Fate

Uncle Sam paid our North-
western cranberry growers im-
mense sums as indemnity to
reimburse them for crops that
had to be im-
pounded, then
destroyed.

By TUBBY TOMS

Just one year ago this writer wouldn't have risked his life in the same room with a cranberry.

We were in the midst of the "cranberry crisis." The government had found that large quantities of cranberries had been rendered inedible, if not deadly poison, by earlier spraying to save the delicious morsels from insect damage.

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western cranberry growers im-
mense sums as indemnity to
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Th anks-giving
just wasn't its
old self a year
ago. The legen-
dary cranberry
merchant who
reputedly was
so busy in the
past was any-
thing but busy
a year ago just now. From
one end of the country to the
other the editorial pages were
filled with essays on the pass-
ing of the cranberry, much of
that dictum being in the
serious vein.



Toms

I've already sneaked a few
out of the package and tried
them—raw, if you please.

They're superb. They will be
the featured item at our fam-
ily Thanksgiving Day feast,
which this year is to be at our
house. And Brother Osborn
will be included, of course,
among those who command
our appreciation.



Who Wants Gold? Dig For Ginseng

By TUBBY TOMS

Countless newspaper readers probably were amazed when they read an account of the theft of 100 pounds of ginseng root worth \$2,750 in Southern Indiana.

One of those readers hap-
pened to have been a neigh-
bor of mine, who commented
that price would be \$27.50 a
pound — in-
credible! But
such is not the
case, due to
the continuing
demand for the
parship-like
root by the
Chinese and
some other
Orientals, who
regard it as
something of a
panacea for all ills, as an in-
gredient of tea and as a pos-
sible sex stimulant. By some
it also is known as the "elixir
of life."

in beds set up in their own
back yards, but with little
success.

To flourish it is necessary
for ginseng in daytime to re-
ceive half sunlight and half
shade, something they soon
found a bit difficult to achieve.

Mary used old pocket fence as
a 50-50 shield for their grow-
ing gin-seng. I happen to know
of two such enterprises in my
own area which failed, with
loss of both time and money
by the individuals essaying to
grow rich quick.

Anyway, after my grand-
father acquired me with
the plant I became an amateur
"seng digger" and with a mod-
icum of success. But I counted
my chickens before they
of life."



Toms

household is concerned, we will be able to celebrate Thanksgiving with full assurance that our cranberry sauce will be simon pure and fit for the king. Yes, this year we have cranberry insurance, thanks to our good friend, W. E. Osborn of New Castle, And, mark you all, our cranberries will be Hoosier grown, than which there is no better assurance of edibility, quality, succulence and zest.

The other day, from Osborn, we received this note:

"Under separate cover am sending you a mess of Indiana cranberries. Try these (no spraying) and see if you don't think they are as good or better than the cranberries from Cape Cod or Wisconsin."

"You may remember, I wrote you once of having a cranberry marsh at Osborn's

no other cranberry marshes in Indiana, but there might be. There'd be plenty if we hadn't gone hog wild in draining all those lowlands in northern Indiana in the earlier days of this century.

Actually, those Southern Indiana "seng diggers," as they style themselves, had woefully underpriced their bounty. Checking in an herb catalogue I find that wild ginseng root, dried, is quoted at \$54.10 a pound, \$6.90 an ounce. Some varieties in the powdered form run up to \$63 a pound. Just think of that! Why dig for gold in Brown County when ginseng root is so precious?

Back when I was a kid in Southeastern Hancock County I was introduced to ginseng root by my grandfather, Billy Powers, who was particularly endowed with knowledge of the forests and what they produced in the way of vegetation and wildlife. I was with him one day in his own woods,

where he was spotting figure posts, when he spotted a ginseng plant and taught me how to identify it. It consists of a stem up to a foot high, from which emerge two forks, each having five notched leaves, much resembling the foliage of the Virginia creeper, a vine many know as the five-leaved

BACK YARD CULTIVATION FAILS

As summer progresses the blossom of the ginseng appears at the junction of the two smaller stems, then the berries containing the seeds. In autumn these berries turn to a deep red color and are sought, as well as the root, in order to propagate the roots artificially. In times past many bare by the plant and its possibilities have endeavored to propagate the covered roots

cranks, you should have seen what happened to mine when it dried! It lost at least three-fourths of its original weight. Whereupon I packaged my harvest of ginseng and sent it to a herb enterprise operated at Madison, Ind., by one Marcus Sulzer, whose shipping embraced a large part of the world. As I recall my ginseng brought a grand total of \$4.50, which then was a heap of money.

INQUIRING P

Who's Shoe

BY RAIF J. MIMMIO

High School
"Did I
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before

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\$1.17

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