



# SWALLOWTAIL FARM

All the Food that's Fit to Eat

Week of April 28th, 2010

## THIS WEEKS BASKET

Salad mix  
Carrots  
Snow Peas  
Zucchini or  
Yellow Crookneck  
Arugula  
Chard  
Scallions  
Dill  
Cilantro  
Basil  
Lemon Balm  
Anise Hyssop  
Calendula Flowers

### EVENT

## MAY DAY

Saturday May 1st, 12:00pm

Come enjoy a fun day at the farm featuring live music, local food sampling, local food expo, kids fair and more. At Swallowtail Farm. This event is part of the Local Food Roadshow and Hogtown Homegrown Eat Local Challenge.



## RECIPES:

### Summer Squash Pizza

3 cups grated zucchini or Yellow squash  
3 eggs, well beaten  
1/2 cup flour  
salt to taste  
2 cups shredded mozzarella cheese  
1/2 cup chopped black olives  
1/2 cup finely chopped green onions  
1 tablespoon fresh oregano, 1 teaspoon for dried oregano  
2 teaspoons fresh basil  
3 to 4 small tomatoes, thinly sliced  
salt and pepper, to taste

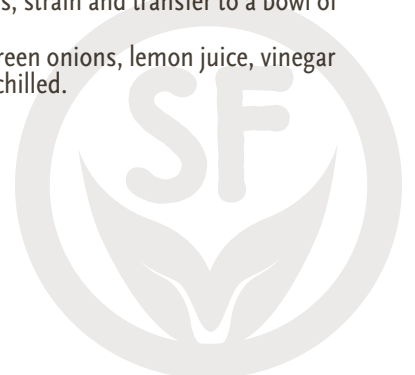
Preheat oven to 450°. Butter or generously oil a 9x13-inch baking pan. Put grated zucchini in a colander and press out as much excess liquid as possible. Put zucchini in a mixing bowl. Add well-beaten eggs, flour and salt. Mix well and spread in buttered pan. Bake in a 450° oven for 8 minutes. Remove pan and reduce oven temperature to 350°. Cover the zucchini base with cheese. Combine with onion. Spread over cheese. Sprinkle with fresh or dried herbs. Arrange tomatoes on top. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Bake at 350°, uncovered, for 25 minutes.

### Snow Pea and Swiss Chard Slaw

1/2 pound snow peas  
1 pound shredded Chards  
2 carrots, shredded  
3 green onions, chopped  
1 tablespoon lemon juice  
1 tablespoon rice wine vinegar  
3 tablespoons olive oil  
1 sprig dill finely chopped

In a large pot of boiling water, blanch snow peas 15 seconds, strain and transfer to a bowl of cold water to chill. Drain and slice thin.

In a large bowl, combine the snow peas, chards, carrots, green onions, lemon juice, vinegar and olive oil. Add salt and pepper to taste; toss and serve chilled.



**THE WINDS HAVE BEEN WILD.** They blew a chair out of the barn loft, had the tomatoes touching their toes and the windchimes clanging madly. Two things that are generally reliable year in and year out that I didn't have any real notion of until we began this year: 1) the winds blow in March, and 2) it hardly rains in May. So though it's still April, we've been grateful for the sweet rain on Sunday and the breezes today...

While we're on wind, please try to remember to bring kites this Saturday for our May Day celebration. They will fly!

So, it's a challenge to get our cover crops growing in this dryness. Still hoping that the weekend's rain will suffice to sprout some green over our bare ground. The potatoes are knee high and the most precocious sunflower showed its shiny face today. The caterpillars are more and more evident, and more colorful by the day. The stinkbugs are stalking the sunflowers, right next to our tomatoes, which makes me anxious. I think I'll brush some into a bag and see if I can't offer a little taste of discouragement. The corn is not knee high, but it's not June, or Wisconsin, for that matter. Jack shared that old-timer adage with me today as I thinned the maize. To clarify: "The corn knee high in June," they say in Wisconsin. I was wondering what they say in Florida. Things I've heard more often: "You can't grow corn organically worth a s\*\*\* here," or "Don't even bother." Just the same, we're giving it an honest shot.

We've entertained the idea of putting the musicians up in the loft of the barn. If you come out on Saturday, you'll understand the impulse, but I think you'll understand why not too. It's kind of impractical to be hauling gear up and down ladders. So I think we'll have folks playing out over the garden fields, and down to the creek below. Nothing quite like food and music to make the heart sing, even if it isn't up in the loft.

I've been seeing a fox squirrel the past week or two, scouting the perimeter of the fields. They're about three times the size of a regular squirrel, and they wear a burglar's mask, and their tails are borrowed from foxes. I'm not sure exactly why, but it always tickles me to see one. They're solitary, and subtle, and shy, and I think of them the same sort of way that I think of bears; self-realized, unpretentious (despite the mask), utterly practical creatures. Something I can't quite figure out how to be.

With fire for Beltane, justice for International Workers' Day,  
And a diamond knife for clarity,

**Noah Shitama**  
Swallowtail Farmer

PS See y'all out at the farm!

**The sun was warm but the wind was chill.  
You know how it is with an April day.  
When the sun is out and the wind is still,  
You're one month on in the middle of May.  
But if you so much as dare to speak,  
a cloud come over the sunlit arch,  
And wind comes off a frozen peak,  
And you're two months back  
in the middle of March.**

—Robert Frost

