

# Dorm gardening continues

By Alice M. Duncan

Enough interest in the Wrisberg Hall indoor vegetable garden has sprouted so that a Miss Radish Queen will be picked during the upcoming Radish Week harvest festivities. "We think that it will be a monumental event, something we can look back on," Tom Farrell stated. "The whole campus can be proud of it," said Dan McCoy.

During this conversation with the farmers two of the candidates for Radish Queen walked down the hallway. When asked about an interview one moaned, "Oh, nooo, nooooo," and abruptly ran from sight. The other also declined to be interviewed. "It always has that effect on them, don't worry about it," McCoy reassured me.

Five candidates are currently vying for the coveted award. "They are some of the girls who aren't afraid to come in here anymore," Farrell said. Each has been given a radish cup and is responsible for nurturing the edible root. "Each has a radish and we're going to judge it not only on the environment for their radish, but on their personality, and on their ability to differentiate crops," Farrell stated.

The farmers refused to divulge the names of the candidates. "They'd have the same problem as us, they'd have to wear all these disguises," stated Roger Lloyd in a protective manner.

The problem is fame. "Women, ever since our radishes, they just won't leave me alone!" McCoy complained. Asked what the women were after the unanimous response was "Radishes!"

Farrell and Lloyd state that they have been chased down the hallway since the publicity arose over the garden, and they have been forced to dress incognito whenever they leave their rooms. "It's a problem, dressing up in different costumes," said Farrell. "You can only fix your hair, wear different clothes several different times. It's scary. Sometimes we just have to sit here and lock the doors and talk about the radishes."

"We are still most proud of our radishes," Farrell said. The farmers should be proud of their radishes, they are now eight inches; and, according to Farrell, "Roger has a nine inch one."

Lloyd explained their growing secret. "The radishes in the planter they think they're beets, we tell 'em that. They're going to get like the size of softballs."

Farrell elaborated, "See, we haven't told these guys that we're going to eat them. They're just growing right along."

These plants flourishing in the four foot by one foot by one inch fluorescent light fixture sharply contrast with the seedlings growing in plaid styrofoam cups on the windows ledge. McCoy claims that the cupped varied are not cooperating because they know they are going to be eaten. Some of them take "the big dive" when the window is opened and remain wherever they land. "There's no room for suicidal radishes in our farm," Lloyd said.

Lettuce, chives and watercress look healthy and taste fine. Spinach and a tomato plant have been added to the plantation. The spinach plants are a hybrid variety, and the seeds were carefully selected. "It was a scientific experiment up at the engineering lab," stated Farrell. "They were tested as three perfect seeds, under an electron microscope," Lloyd said. The plants, although suspended in credibility, are supported with paper clips and appear to be thriving.

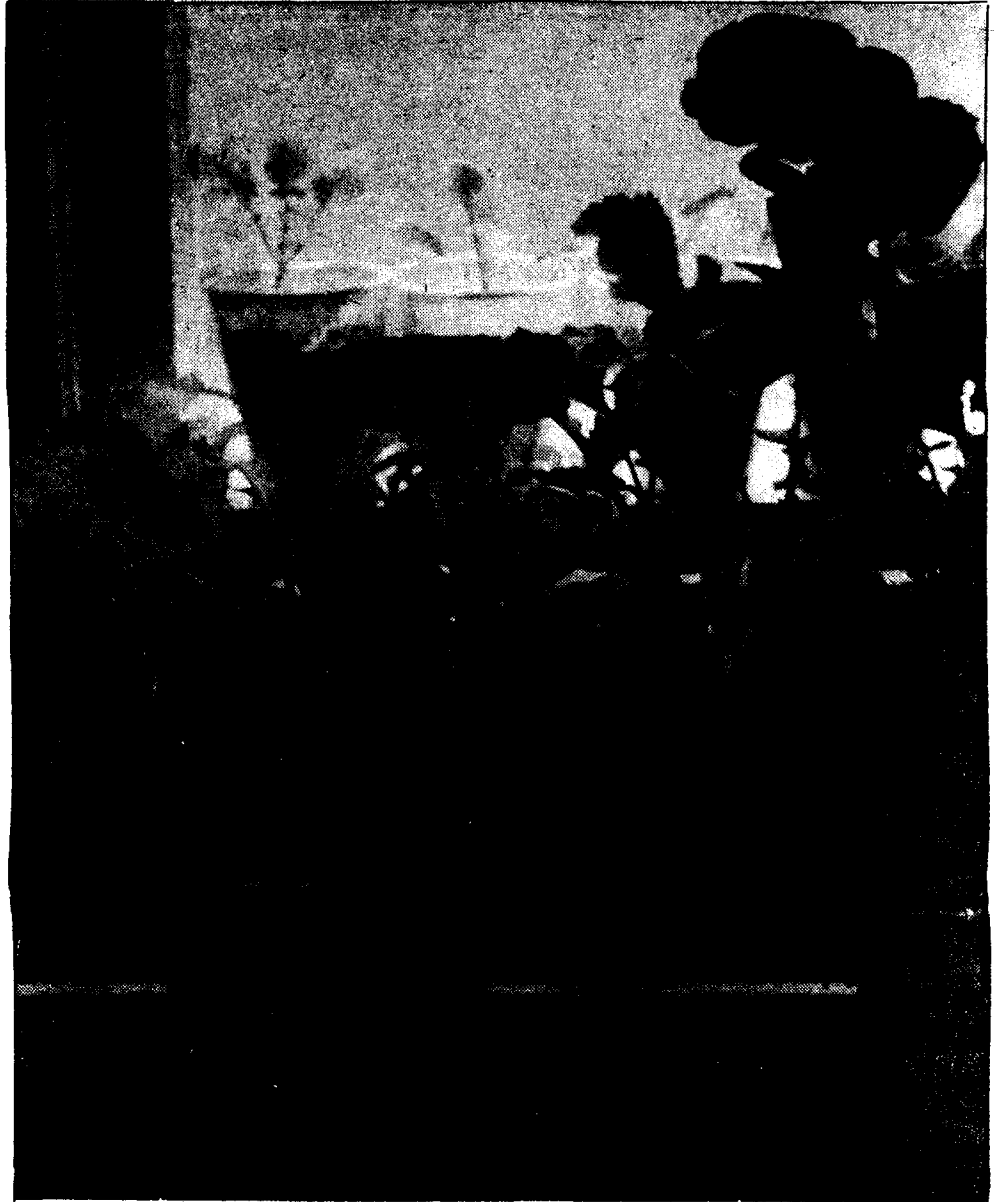
Unfortunately part of the sharecropper's field had to be plowed under. "They just plowed them under when I was in class one day," Lloyd stated petulantly. The plants were ailing and Lloyd attempted to revive them with a dose of aspirin. "I just put it on my half-dead ones," he said. Farrell rented a 20 horsepower rototiller from Sears to put the plants out of their

miserable. "You should have heard the noise," said McCoy.

The radish growers were kind enough to allow photographs although the situation was tense, "We have to get a new disguise, you know," Lloyd stressed. We

have no privacy anymore. People are always wrapping on the doors wanting to see them. And peering in the windows. We keep the blinds down and things. That's a problem."

"But somebody's got to do it."



Photos by Alice Duncan