

### Tomato Stake Whitefly Trap

From "Great Garden Formula's" (Rodale Press)

Submitted by Deana Corsa

Trick whiteflies with the color yellow. Whiteflies are attracted to yellow surfaces, and you can buy commercially produced traps that have sticky yellow surfaces where whiteflies land and get fatally stuck. In Brooklyn, Ohio, a tomato lover came up with a nifty way to recycle some household items into a sticky whitefly trap at a cost that is much lower than the price of a commercial trap.

#### Ingredients:

- 4 6-foot long tomato stakes
- 4 48-ounce juice cans, each with 1 end removed

Yellow paint

Paintbrush

12 yellow or clear plastic bags (like the ones used to cover newspapers on rainy days)

Petroleum Jelly

#### Directions:

1. Use the stakes to support growing tomatoes. Or, if you are already using another type of support for your tomatoes, pound the stakes alongside the plants. Four stakes set every 2 feet will protect a row of 10 tomatoes.

2. Paint the juice cans yellow.
  3. Place the painted cans over the tops of the tomato stakes.
  4. Cover each can with a yellow or clear plastic bag.
  5. Smear petroleum jelly on the outside of the bags.
- Yield: 4 super-sticky whitefly traps.



### Midnight in Her Backyard Garden of "Good and Evil"

As taken from the Modesto Bee,  
June 5, 2003

Written by: Wendy Farrace

"It is nine o'clock at night. My dishes are done. My son is in bed and asleep, a load of laundry is in the washing machine and another is in the dryer. I have fed my husband, and now, I am going outside.

It is nearly dark, but I don't care. I have things to work out. I don't even know what all of them are, but I am sure I'll feel better with some time spent in the garden. Peace. Quiet. Only the sound of frogs and mosquitos. (It says something when the sound of mosquitos can be called peaceful.) I am a woman who needs rest. Respite. Reflection. I need to dig and tear and work in the earth. My friends think I am crazy. My husband worries for my health.

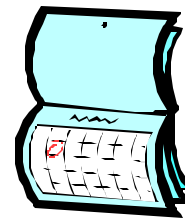
First, I rip out the snap peas. May is way too late for these lovely shoots, now yellowed. I pretend they are the neck of

“play-group” mother who said something insensitive about my son today/ Then I reach for the spurge. Ahhhhhhhhh. The MID bill. I am starting to feel better. Then come the projects that I was supposed to finish today but was unable to complete. I channel them into red and yellow chard. Colorful, as were the projects. I leave the roots, hoping something will happen. Hoping for a sign on whether to pursue my projects.

Onions are next. They have gone to seed. I assign my friend’s Rudi Rodts comment about some newly appearing spider veins on my legs to this task. What a stinky thing to say, even if those veins are sending out shoots. Onions are a fitting assignment I think.

I take a deep breath and stand up. Head rush. I should be doing this with a margarita. Into the kitchen just long enough to obtain a refreshing beverage. I return and think about the magic of a garden, How things grow and change there. And the special joy I find there in the kind of control I can wield. If I don’t like it, I can tear it out. This is the only place in my life where this action is acceptable. And so I embrace it. My friend has told me in phone conversations, “I was having a bit of a tantrum but worked it out in my garden, and now I am much better.” So true for me as well.

Magic gardens. Gardens in literature, gardens in history, gardens in my personal favorite romance novels. Only the classics of course. I am a tasteful sap. Romeo and Juliet in the garden, “Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?” My Romeo is watching CNN with his laptop, working on a big case for court tomorrow. He has recently become interested in bonsai. I am thrilled. I hope some night he’ll join me out here and we’ll share some magical, cleansing, cathartic moments. I have bought him hundreds of dollars of starter plants, tools, guides and pots in the hopes of this occurrence. I believe in the power of gardens. I believe in my Romeo. And in the midnight of darkness, my veins don’t show.”



### Calendar of Events

Monday, July 7th, MG Board Meeting,  
1 p.m. at the UCCE office

Tuesday, July 8th, MG General Meeting/  
Field Trip, 10:00 a.m. at Solomon’s Gardens on Tuolumne Rd.

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