

## FISH AND SEAWEED TALES

My grandfather was the first organic gardener I ever met. Back about 50 years ago he lived in Vancouver, British Columbia. His secret was to bury seaweed and dead fish beneath his planting rows. My grandfather used to take gunnysacks to the beach, fill them with seaweed and dead fish, and then ride the city bus back home. Everybody made faces and held their noses, but what a wonderful garden those treasures from the sea made.

He figured it was worth it.

Elsie Springfield