The World, Old and New, in the Trenton Farmers Market

By James W. Fernandez

TRENTON, N.J.—The season begins here with spring apples. Baskets of them in rows and rows on the right side of the Farmers Market entrance is a triumph of American horticultural ingenuity: Red Rome, McIntosh, Stayman Winesap, Delicious (red and golden), Jonathan, Granny Smith, Macoun. The Stayey Family Orchards also feature a "Cripps Pink" apple—split apple, one that has been kept over the winter under pressure and at levels of humidity that give it a freshness rare in a spring apple.

Local farmers from Pennsylvania and New Jersey, they say, have long gone good here. This market was here by the farmers themselves after the Second World War—a large Quonset-type structure in the hangar. The fruit and vegetables are piled directly up to the stalls. In the far corner of the X, at the card table, sits Bill Marsh the cop, now retired from the outdoor force. A jovial conversationalist, he keeps an eye out for disorderly behavior—"you couldn’t call them shoppers."

There is something close to the essence of a street market in air there. Those selling at the various stalls—you couldn’t call them clerks: They have a more natural relationship and they are more closely identified with what they sell. Some‐how, most of what is bought and handed to you here seems closer to the natural substances of our being than a shopper—a consumer—is likely to pull off a supermarket shelf.

The possibility of this primordial relationship still will fail to attract one to the Farmers Market.

Much of America is here in the stalls. Henry Klumpp, who participated with the farmers in the hangar, wears a large Mexican hat and a black shirt. "You know that good Mexican hat," he says, "and you know that good black shirt."

A friend of America isn’t here, one expects that it eventually will be.

Bill Marsh the cop from America. At you move up the aisle you pass pergola and prosciutto, baklava, peppers, nuts, cheeses, and potatoes, pears, and apples. In the stands, and at the far end of the stand, there is a grocer. He features today, to be sure, fresh Jersey scarlet. A basket of lettuce also lead to Chinese cabbages, Italian eggplants, African okra, Kona red. "Here is the true black pepper."

And the at the far end of the other apples there is a greengrocer. He features today, to be sure, fresh Jersey scarlet. A basket of lettuce also lead to Chinese cabbages, Italian eggplants, African okra, Kona red. "Here is the true black pepper."

And the at the far end of the other apples there is a greengrocer. He features today, to be sure, fresh Jersey scarlet. A basket of lettuce also lead to Chinese cabbages, Italian eggplants, African okra, Kona red. "Here is the true black pepper."

There may be some concern with "ethnic purity" here. Though the concern is usually with other and more exotic products. But the fruits of this concern is usually associated with one ethnic group, although in moments of need even the most ardent of Americanism will still wish to help each other out. Many have sat opposite each other and have helped.

And the hospitable big woman who sells "organic" eggs and who is Pennsylvania Dutch country-born is a bit uncertain whether she is more German than Polish—or maybe the reverse. She was born in this country, she was taken back at an early age to a part of Germany that later became a part of Poland. And she married Polish. Anyway, the custom can be assured that the eggs are pure white leghorn from Connecticut.

In these aisles, in fact, the preoccupation with ethnic purity is replaced by a friendly rivalry for the passerby’s favor. It is a friendly rivalry about the superioriety of Steliatino’s sausage, or Pulaski’s sausage, or whether pierogi were invented in Buffalo or in Poland.

There is only butter’s innuendo (pan‐ethnic surely) about chicken legs: With legs like those wouldn’t ask a good price. "So there is a mutualism in this market. The benevolence of those who are providing plenty of food to others. The fellowship of the provisionist, the producer."

Salvador de Madrigal dedicated his book on "Americanos" to Amerindians. "By Americans I mean persons," he said, "whatever their nationality, however they became Americans."

And the hospitable big woman who sells "organic" eggs and who is Pennsylvania Dutch country-born is a bit uncertain whether she is more German than Polish—or maybe the reverse. She was born in this country, she was taken back at an early age to a part of Germany that later became a part of Poland. And she married Polish. Anyway, the custom can be assured that the eggs are pure white leghorn from Connecticut.

In these aisles, in fact, the preoccupation with ethnic purity is replaced by a friendly rivalry for the passerby’s favor. It is a friendly rivalry about the superioriety of Steliatino’s sausage, or Pulaski’s sausage, or whether pierogi were invented in Buffalo or in Poland.

There is only butter’s innuendo (pan‐ethnic surely) about chicken legs: With legs like those wouldn’t ask a good price. "So there is a mutualism in this market. The benevolence of those who are providing plenty of food to others. The fellowship of the provisionist, the producer."

Salvador de Madrigal dedicated his book on "Americanos" to Amerindians. "By Americans I mean persons," he said, "whatever their nationality, however they became Americans."

And the hospitable big woman who sells "organic" eggs and who is Pennsylvania Dutch country-born is a bit uncertain whether she is more German than Polish—or maybe the reverse. She was born in this country, she was taken back at an early age to a part of Germany that later became a part of Poland. And she married Polish. Anyway, the custom can be assured that the eggs are pure white leghorn from Connecticut.

In these aisles, in fact, the preoccupation with ethnic purity is replaced by a friendly rivalry for the passerby’s favor. It is a friendly rivalry about the superioriety of Steliatino’s sausage, or Pulaski’s sausage, or whether pierogi were invented in Buffalo or in Poland.

There is only butter’s innuendo (pan‐ethnic surely) about chicken legs: With legs like those wouldn’t ask a good price. "So there is a mutualism in this market. The benevolence of those who are providing plenty of food to others. The fellowship of the provisionist, the producer."

Salvador de Madrigal dedicated his book on "Americanos" to Amerindians. "By Americans I mean persons," he said, "whatever their nationality, however they became Americans."

And the hospitable big woman who sells "organic" eggs and who is Pennsylvania Dutch country-born is a bit uncertain whether she is more German than Polish—or maybe the reverse. She was born in this country, she was taken back at an early age to a part of Germany that later became a part of Poland. And she married Polish. Anyway, the custom can be assured that the eggs are pure white leghorn from Connecticut.

In these aisles, in fact, the preoccupation with ethnic purity is replaced by a friendly rivalry for the passerby’s favor. It is a friendly rivalry about the superioriety of Steliatino’s sausage, or Pulaski’s sausage, or whether pierogi were invented in Buffalo or in Poland.

There is only butter’s innuendo (pan‐ethnic surely) about chicken legs: With legs like those wouldn’t ask a good price. "So there is a mutualism in this market. The benevolence of those who are providing plenty of food to others. The fellowship of the provisionist, the producer."

Salvador de Madrigal dedicated his book on "Americanos" to Amerindians. "By Americans I mean persons," he said, "whatever their nationality, however they became Americans."

And the hospitable big woman who sells "organic" eggs and who is Pennsylvania Dutch country-born is a bit uncertain whether she is more German than Polish—or maybe the reverse. She was born in this country, she was taken back at an early age to a part of Germany that later became a part of Poland. And she married Polish. Anyway, the custom can be assured that the eggs are pure white leghorn from Connecticut.

In these aisles, in fact, the preoccupation with ethnic purity is replaced by a friendly rivalry for the passerby’s favor. It is a friendly rivalry about the superioriety of Steliatino’s sausage, or Pulaski’s sausage, or whether pierogi were invented in Buffalo or in Poland.

There is only butter’s innuendo (pan‐ethnic surely) about chicken legs: With legs like those wouldn’t ask a good price. "So there is a mutualism in this market. The benevolence of those who are providing plenty of food to others. The fellowship of the provisionist, the producer."

Salvador de Madrigal dedicated his book on "Americanos" to Amerindians. "By Americans I mean persons," he said, "whatever their nationality, however they became Americans."

And the hospitable big woman who sells "organic" eggs and who is Pennsylvania Dutch country-born is a bit uncertain whether she is more German than Polish—or maybe the reverse. She was born in this country, she was taken back at an early age to a part of Germany that later became a part of Poland. And she married Polish. Anyway, the custom can be assured that the eggs are pure white leghorn from Connecticut.

In these aisles, in fact, the preoccupation with ethnic purity is replaced by a friendly rivalry for the passerby’s favor. It is a friendly rivalry about the superioriety of Steliatino’s sausage, or Pulaski’s sausage, or whether pierogi were invented in Buffalo or in Poland.

There is only butter’s innuendo (pan‐ethnic surely) about chicken legs: With legs like those wouldn’t ask a good price. "So there is a mutualism in this market. The benevolence of those who are providing plenty of food to others. The fellowship of the provisionist, the producer."

Salvador de Madrigal dedicated his book on "Americanos" to Amerindians. "By Americans I mean persons," he said, "whatever their nationality, however they became Americans."

And the hospitable big woman who sells "organic" eggs and who is Pennsylvania Dutch country-born is a bit uncertain whether she is more German than Polish—or maybe the reverse. She was born in this country, she was taken back at an early age to a part of Germany that later became a part of Poland. And she married Polish. Anyway, the custom can be assured that the eggs are pure white leghorn from Connecticut.