

**Bringing Home the Quince**  
**Submitted by Anny Scoones**  
**Glamorgan Farm, 1805 Glamorgan Road**

On historic Glamorgan Farm in rural North Saanich, we raise heritage breeds of livestock such as the Naked Neck hen, the woolly Russian Curly horse, and the Gloucester Old Spot Pig. We also grow heirloom produce, flowers and fruit, practice nature scaping, and hold community events among many other projects.

The farm was established in 1870 by Richard John, a Welshman who built the huge log barns, grew oats and raised cattle on what was then over six hundred acres. Today the farm consists of eight and a half acres.

The original elegant family house with its wraparound verandah stood where the Sandown Raceway's grandstand is now, across the road from the great red roofed barns on the hill. In 1870, the driveway to the family home came from what is now the Pat Bay Highway. At the entrance to the long dirt driveway was a quince bush, among other shrubs and fruit trees and hedgerows. Over the years, all of these disappeared, except for the grand old quince, which every year produced a blaze of delicate red blossoms which nobody saw as the cars sped past amongst the grit and fumes of traffic.

At the Sidney Museum, that quince bush is recorded in an article which dates it back to 1900. The quince bush was so large that it began to cause a sight line problem for traffic turning onto the highway. The quince was to be taken down. Then, I had an idea. I asked the municipality if they could move the quince back home to the remainder of Glamorgan Farm, down Glamorgan Road and up the hill, and place it in the new hedgerow we were creating along the road.

And so, on a damp spring morning through the mist, a yellow digger with its huge rubber tires slowly rolled up the hill with the huge muddy quince hanging out of its bucket. A hole was dug beside the white railed fence, bone meal was sprinkled, manure dug in, mulch applied, and the quince had come home, rescued from the destruction of progress.

The quince bush produces only three hard shiveled little fruit a year, but always puts on a beautiful scarlet floral show every spring. The dear quince almost burnt and died in the heat one day last summer when the temperature reached forty degrees! But it pulled through with a lot of cool hose showers above and below ground.

The quince is related to the apple and pear, and produces a sour hard fruit. If one can bare the hard work of chopping and coring, quince jelly is delicious (you need a jelly bag), especially with duck and poultry, and it's LOCAL too!

Perhaps we cannot stop progress, but we can preserve and enhance what we already have. Come and visit Glamorgan Farm and see the old quince - it's a survivor, and it's a food that matters.

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