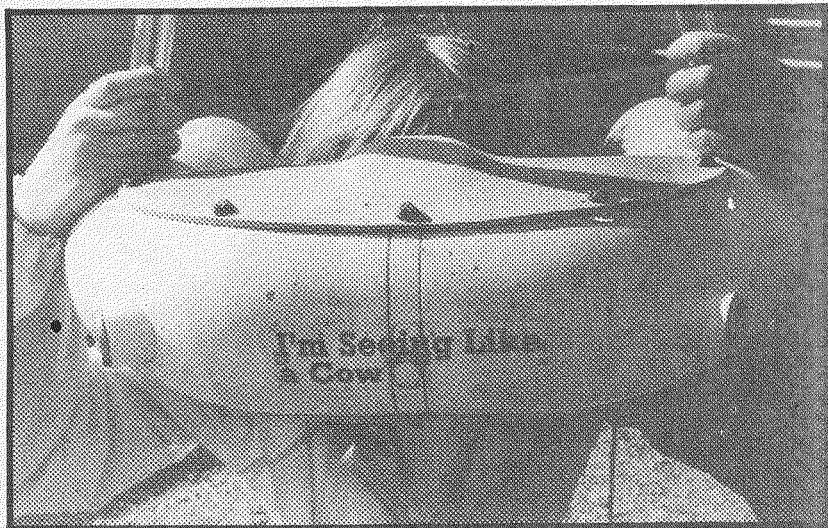


Farm



Ira Wyman

A child 'seeing like a cow' at Macomber Farm.

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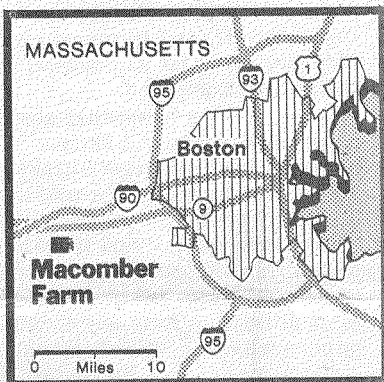
waxing with the season. At one session in the milking parlor, an Ayrshire and a Jersey are on stage. Held in place on the elevated platform by galvanized steel gates, they munch unconcernedly from stainless steel bins while the stainless steel fingers of the milking machine coax just the right amount out of their udders and into transparent containers marked in one-pound gradations. When the little yellow light of the electronic milking monitor goes out, the fingers drop away; the milking is over.

Breezy commentary ("That's it — honest-to-goodness moo juice") on milking parlor proceedings is supplied by the resident farm manager Roger Lauze, a dark-bearded man in a straw hat.

Because there's easily a day's worth to do there, the farm provides for the basic needs of human beings as well. For elbow room, there are the farm's wide walkways and large open spaces, indoors and out; it would take many times the 500-or-so guests of a recent Sunday visit to make the place seem crowded.

For the hungry, there are picnic tables among the pines near the parking lot and more within the farm grounds proper. The food barn has lunch items at reasonable prices — an edible hot dog for 75 cents, a decent hamburger for 95 cents, a \$1.25 green salad, and the like. There are water fountains at most of the buildings.

The only possible disappointment in store is for those who like to buy



The New York Times / June 5, 1983

souvenirs; they may find the stock in the smallish gift shop somewhat limited. This year's outstanding offering is a commendable collection of animal-shaped appliqued throw pillows, tote bags and quilted potholders.

Macomber Farm is open daily, April 1 to Oct. 30, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M. weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. weekends and holidays. The farm is at 450 Salem End Road, Framingham, Mass. (617-879-5345). It is easily reached by taking the Framingham exit of Interstate 90 (the Massachusetts Turnpike).

Individual admission costs \$4 for people 60 and over, \$5 for other adults, \$2.50 for children 3 through 12, and nothing for those under 3. Special group admission rates are available.

For those sums, what the intellectually curious visitor gets is at least a glimmer of what the naturalist Loren Eiseley meant when he said: "One does not meet oneself until one catches the reflection through an eye other than human."