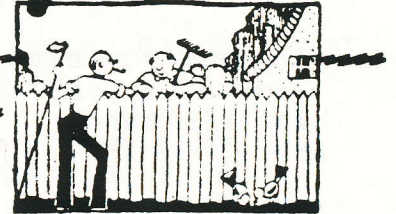




The Garden Spray

BULLETIN OF THE MEN'S GARDEN CLUB OF MINNEAPOLIS, INC.

Member--Men's Garden Clubs of America • Minnesota State Horticultural Society



September 1980, Volume 38, Number 9

The summer tours are over; BUT, by action of the Executive Board

THERE WILL BE NO SCHEDULED MEETING IN SEPTEMBER

September had been designated "RECRUITING MONTH", the Club needs and wants new members.

All the gardens are doing well. There is little or no maintenance needed save keeping the ripening produce picked in the vegetable areas. The flowers are rapidly tiring out and going to seed. The lawns are struggling to recover from the extreme summer heat and the shortage of rain.

President Archie says, "NOW, then, IS THE TIME to direct our efforts, the time to shake even the weed patches for potential new members. Bring them out for the October 14th regular meeting. Let each and every one have a guest and potential new member for our first meeting following the end of our summer activity programs."

MGCM MEMBERS PLAY IMPORTANT ROLE IN ROSE SOCIETY

Among the gardens on tour at the American Rose Society's North Central District convention and rose show September 5, 6 and 7, were those of MGCM members Ted LeBoutillier, Jerry Olson and Leon Snyder. Dr. Snyder's garden was also visited on the July 27th Minnesota Rose Society's annual rose tour.

Ted LeBoutillier and Jerry Olson were two of the eleven show judges and Carl Holst served as moderator for a panel of consulting rosarians on the topic "Winter Protection of Roses" at the convention.

ARE YOU INTERESTED?

In the very near future, the Nominating Committee will be meeting to recommend a slate of officers for next year. Their recommendations will be made to the membership at the November meeting.

Officers of the Club are: President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, and 4 directors.

If you would be interested in serving your club in any of the above capacities, please contact me at 937-2572 (home) or 835-4905 (office).

Robert D. Gage, Nominating Committee Chairman

CAN YOU HELP?

MARK DECEMBER 11th ON YOUR CALENDAR NOW--the date for our annual Christmas Party. (Please note that it will be on Thursday this year instead of Tuesday.) Plans are already well underway for another fine party; our last at Mount Olivet.

In case you have any door prizes to contribute for the party, or if you know of anyone else who would, Bill Hull would appreciate it if you would let him know.

--Stanley Crist

ACCOLADE FOR LE BOUTILLIER

Bernie Olson, President of the Minnesota Rose Society in writing of their annual rose tour said, "The gardens at the State Capitol were particularly impressive. The roses are maturing nicely and in several years we will see some super roses. We owe this beauty to Ted LeBoutillier's efforts. I never cease to be amazed at Ted's accomplishments and boundless enthusiasm for the rose. He does everything on a grand scale."

THE JULY TOUR

S. J. Groves headquarters was a delightful place to meet. What with it's potentilla, it's red quarry granite, it's fountains, it's pool, it's lush well-cropped grass, it's hosta in full bloom and the perky Kentucky Fried Chicken girls in the cafeteria the temptation to tarry was strong. But we had a full evening ahead so we were urged on.

The tall white and tall blue delphiniums at our first stop left no doubt that it was Phil Smith's place. The tiny terra cotta red delphiniums grown from Dr. LeGro's hybrid seed brought questions from many. So did the huge oenothera blossoms and the diminutive veronica Minuet with it's peach spikes. The garden had a fibrous begonia front border. There was platycodon and yellow anthemis. Hidden behind the floral screen were vegetables--beans, Sugar Snap peas, potatoes, tomatoes. I never did get into the house or near the colorful, from a distance, front entry plantings for Phil pushed us back to the bus to go on.

Henry Halvorson had everything when we visited his Golden Valley home several years ago. Since he retired he has even more. On the street side of his place beds of lilies, roses, delphiniums; ferns fronted the trees. Beds of flowers were at the bases of the big evergreens on the lawn. Seeing the gorgeous white roses in a bed near one I thought, "This must surely enclose a shrine". We found the expected potted red geraniums and the huge summering Christmas cactus as well as astilbe, cosmos and columbine. Within the fenced in vegetable plot were corn, potatoes, squash, tomatoes, peas, beans, cabbage and beets.

Dave Johnson's garden is always just so--lush green grass, a pebbled drive to the front door, Rieger begonias and geraniums to match to set off the front entry. Begonias and ferns graced the north side of the house. The double rear yard was a dazzling floral park! Tree roses, tree lantanas, dianthus Bravo and like-colored verbenas, pansies that made my wife's mouth water, impatiens, etc., etc. I didn't dare venture down the steeply terraced vegetable garden for fear I'd tumble or one of Dave's fabled racoons would get me. "He's the perfect son-in-law," said Dick Lehman, "Does his father-in-law's yard, too."

(Continued page 5)



FROM THE COMPOST HEAP

by

Archie Caple

I failed to add "To Be Continued" to my article in the August GARDEN SPRAY. The article continues below.

Already within this short time element, Detroit appears to the right and slightly forward of my position. Detroit, like most large industrial cities, is haloed by a haze of dust, dirt, soot, smoke and anything else you can name. With this also goes the definite contrast of the river connecting Lake Erie and Lake Huron; its change of color reflects the industrial pollutants that have entered the waterways. These shaded areas are carried far into Lake Erie, which we're now crossing, toward Cleveland (back down to a 29,000 foot elevation to stay away from air turbulence). Between these waterway links to the Atlantic Ocean is our shipping lane. Below us, what appears to be a match stick in a pan of water is an ocean-going vessel filled with either ore, grain, or other American or Canadian commodities destined for some European seaport. Right now there's nothing but water as far as one can see, with the Ohio and Cleveland shoreline straight ahead. Over Cleveland and into the Washington area, the vegetation changes. Changing is very slight; but with a definite increase in the concrete jungles of cities, towns, villages and highways, fewer large farming tracts and a great lessening of wooded areas (excluding those in the hilly and small mountain areas). We're on final approach to D.C., the capitol of our great country. Now is the time for deplaning and getting my work done. The total flying time was only 2 hours and 2 minutes. This is where we ride the winds which has a definite effect on our economy and conserves gallons and gallons of precious fuel.

One observation noted as one flies to the east, is the use of hedgerows that surround fields--identical to those used in England and European countrysides. As one travels to the west, these hedgerows and fences disappear and every available inch of agricultural land is put into production. This change of style has had detrimental effect on wild life by the loss of nesting habitat; a most true situation in the southern part of our own state. One other single item that frightens me a little is the notation of more and more circular fields of crop production. This identifies areas under aerial irrigation. This type of agriculture is on the increase, and one day the water tables are going to suffer.

Having completed my assignments within the city of domestic and international decisions, Washington, D.C., I reboard the aircraft for my return trip to the Twin Cities. It is now the latter part of the afternoon and the East is getting more heavily laden with haze; the good earth below becomes barely distinguishable as we climb up to our designated altitude. One can still make out construction sites and highway expansion routes by the change of soil texture; it appears very sandy and, of course, my first thought is, I'm glad I don't live there. It doesn't appear the best for my style of gardening.

Flying is enjoyable and relaxing for me. When alone (as the majority of my trips are), this is a time that enables me to rough draft my reports of a day's activities and have them ready for dictation once I get back to the office. It affords me an opportunity to catch up on my office reading materials and other report drafting. This is all done with

(over)

periodic glances out of the window, checking our location and looking at the changing countryside. One keeps one's self oriented by periodic checks of the property lines on the ground. I don't make reference here to the city streets, avenues and lot lines, but those in the rural areas. One finds the fields rectangular or square, with the boundaries usually on the East-West and North-South directions. I make these checks frequently, not distrusting the pilot as to exactly where we are, but for my own peace of mind. I like the satisfaction of knowing we're heading in the right direction at least.

On the return flight, going in the opposite direction, there are minor changes of scenery. Flying again over Cleveland and partly over Lake Erie, we fly over the Island of Put-In-Bay, just offshore from Sandusky, Ohio, and Camp Perry, Ohio. Camp Perry is the National Guard Camp for the State of Ohio, and home of the annual National Rifle and Pistol Matches. This used to be one of my annual military tours of duty for 16 consecutive years in the reserve program, as a pistol competitor in the national competition. We had some excellent shooters, both individual and team-wise. Our Fifth Army Reserve Pistol and Rifle Team took home our share of awards. Some records were made and other records broken. Fond memories these were. As the matches were the latter part of July and the first part of August, this brought us right at fruit harvest time in this area. Nothing was more delicious and tasteful than going to a roadside fruit stand for fresh picked peaches, plums and apples. But apples, of course, we can always get in Minnesota, so we skipped them. However, we gorged ourselves especially on the peaches. If one is a connoisseur of fine wines, again, the grape vineyards and wineries in this area are comparable to the best in California. Leisure time was spent traveling the surrounding areas looking at gardens, farms, orchards, and good places to eat, with a very good shooting companion from Olivia. We shared these common grounds.

Once again over the intercom comes the announcement: "In preparation for landing at the Twin Cities, please check to make sure your seat belt is securely fastened, your seat table and seat are in the upright locked position, and all carry-on luggage is properly stowed under the seat in front of you." Then, almost as fast as it started, the trip is over, all I have to do now is drive home. This is the best part, not only of this day and this trip, but at the end of each day to go home, HOME I mean most sincerely; a home, not a house. Once there, the usual pattern is a slow walk around the yard counterclockwise, checking out the garden--looking for additional growth, insect and fungus and/or bacterial problems and, of course, not to forget or overlook the present weed condition--and ending up at my back door. So again, I am back in my favorite habitat, my back yard. It combines a play area, flower garden, small orchard (after a fashion) consisting of dwarf apple, pear, plum and cherry trees and a vegetable garden that has practically everything imaginable growing in this area. Not just simple items like lettuce, but four varieties of lettuce, five varieties of carrots, and this year only nine varieties of tomatoes, four of beans, three of kohlrabi plus beets, peas, Swiss chard, rhubarb, raspberries as well as eggplant, peppers, cabbage and broccoli, to name some. Flowers, well, not very many different kinds, as this is the first year for big planting areas and the final growing plans for these have not been decided upon. Here, then, is the area where I come to enjoy complete relaxation; where I can momentarily forget the outside world and just putz in the garden and the lawn, while listening to martins, cardinals,

(Turn to page 5)

CAPLE (from page 4)
catbirds, sparrows, robins and morning doves chirping out their songs, all the time slowly recovering from jet-lag which usually catches me the following day; where here in my garden, as the garden verse goes:

"The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth,
One is nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth."

Thanks for being with me and listening.

JULY TOUR (from page 2)

On to Dean Schneider's to see calla lilies around the lamp post, clematis Jackmanii in full bloom on the porch, gaillardia beside the house. But Dean hasn't much time for flowers. He's a vegetable man. And what a display he had! Onions, tomatoes, lettuce, spinach, corn, squash in variety, carrots, beans, cabbage, broccoli, chard. Dill, parsley, oregano, chives plus strawberries on the ground and grapes on the fence. (All these guys, I am sure, took the day off to prepare for us. Their gardens were too clean.)

Dusk was upon us when we reached Walter Schmidt's. His was a well tailored yard--The terrace design laid out by Rog Koopmans. I understood Walt to say. There was a pansy border. There were red Powder Puff hollyhocks, opium poppies, begonias, purple alyssum, Wee Willie dianthus, phlox. Walt preferred to credit his wife for the flowers. His pride lay in the vegetable garden--those big tomatoes, that huge lettuce, those green beans, those peppers, the biggest cucumbers we'd yet seen.

Dwight Stone, down the hill, was competing not only with darkness but also with rain when we arrived afoot. We noted that, as his many trees grow, shade is challenging his planting pattern. But, he still has his favorite potted pink geraniums out front and his peat mulched rose garden in a rear corner of his lot not far from a Shubert purple leaf plum. He had sedum growing in a strawberry planter-like frame, pink mallows, open pink snapdragons, many phlox, eye catching pansies in a border. I didn't intrude in his new greenhouse for the bus drivers were getting restless. I missed that one potato plant I've come to expect to see in his yard. 'Tain't fair, Dwight!

The write-up for the August tour is ready but won't fit on two pages. It will appear in October.

VERSATILE BEGONIAS

What can you grow on your kitchen window sill, in your greenhouse year-round, in hanging baskets, as border plants, in window boxes, patio tubs, or in mass plantings, in sun or shade?

It may surprise you to know that F₁ hybrid begonia semperflorens will perform well in all these situations.¹ Plant breeders have created new hybrids with larger flowers, more compact branching habit, and the ability to perform in both full sun and shade without the special care and extra grooming that are necessary with some other bedding plants.

Now, a variety has been developed especially for hanging baskets. 'Pink Avalanche' is a winner for hanging baskets. It does not produce seed, but keeps trying anyway, blooming profusely in its effort to reproduce itself.

DRIFT FROM SPRAYER

How times do change. For instance, in 1979 a study reported serious garden problems were about as follows nationwide:

	<u>% East</u>	<u>% Midwest</u>	<u>% South</u>	<u>% West</u>
Insects, bugs.....	17.....	15.....	23.....	40
Weeds.....	8.....	14.....	10.....	12
Lack of rain.....	4.....	11.....	9.....	4
Too much rain.....	9.....	4.....	12.....	1
Birds/pests.....	12.....	9.....	*.....	1

This year (1980) the west has lost crops due to too much rain; the midwest is losing crops because of too little rain. Even the weeds were doing poorly in the Red River Valley in July. This year the searing heat, supposedly corn weather, hasn't helped the corn, either.

When I was a child every time I opened an old trunk in the attic the pungent odor emanating therefrom set me to sneezing. Every spring when we stowed away our winter blankets they were liberally doused with black pepper. Grandfather's old flag which he hung out every 4th of July attached to a clothespole which had been nailed at an angle from the front porch now reposes in my closet. It hasn't been in a trunk for 30 years but still has a faint peppery odor.

Grandmother and her generation were right after all. We are now told that ordinary black pepper is a promising new source of insecticides that are harmless to humans. Scientists at USDA's Agricultural Research Service say ground black pepper and its alcohol extract are highly toxic to weevils, which cause heavy damage to stored foods. Crude and purified black pepper extracts are the most effective. Pepperine alone, the major component of pepper, is far less effective, hence a minor ingredient in the spice may have a big role in developing safe naturally occurring insecticides.

Return to
THE GARDEN SPRAY of MGCM, INC.
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MEN'S GARDEN CLUB OF MINNEAPOLIS, INC.

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FIRST CLASS

To

William H. Hull
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REMINDER:
 For a beautiful garden next spring,
PLANT BULBS
 this fall