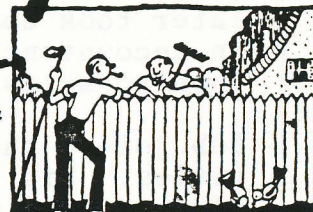




# The Garden Spray

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

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



October 1980, Volume 38, Number 10

## WE'RE BACK ON SCHEDULE AGAIN

We missed meeting in September; but September is the month that has been variable anyway--shows, tours, other meeting places. Even so, it's been a long time since June when we last assembled around the tables at Mt. Olivet. We've been looking forward to that tasty meal prepared for us by Tabor Circle.

NATURALLY WE EXPECT YOU AT THE MGCM OCTOBER MEETING  
SO  
GET YOUR RESERVATION CARD IN TO ARCHIE CAPLE AT ONCE  
for  
TUESDAY OCTOBER 14th AT MOUTH OLIVET CHURCH  
(50th Street and Knox Avenue South)

Dinner 5:45 PM

Price \$3.75

Program 7:00 PM

Our PROGRAM TOPIC is a natural for this time of year. THE MINNESOTA TIP  
and OTHER METHODS of OVERWINTERING ROSES.

Our SPEAKER, MGCM member, BOB CHURILLA, speaks authoritatively. His talk will be accompanied with slides showing procedures.

## THE AUGUST TOUR

Sunday, August 10th the bus was air conditioned but we didn't need air conditioning. We had mist when we started out at Charles King's, rain which drove many back to the bus at Dick Victor's, sunshine which helped us enjoy the flowers at Dick Scherer's. The presence of numerous other visitors at Scherer's almost caused Stan Crist and your editor to miss the bus. After all, over 7000 people "from every country in the world" registered as Scherer visitors last year and "well over that number" had registered already this year.

But, back to the start. At Charles King's the expected pink geraniums, dusty miller, and planting of juniper in variety greeted us as we drove up. South of the residence in a lath house were tuberous begonias and hanging baskets of fuchsias, coleus, begonias. In the adjacent greenhouse more hanging baskets plus succulents and ferns. Under and encircling a ginkgo tree purple alyssum edged red salvia.

Coleus, fibrous rooted begonias and variegated leaf impatiens bordered the north side of the residence. Hibiscus stood out against a redwood fence. Elsewhere were beds of petunias backed by snapdragons and white salvia, of Dark Opal basil and Orange Flare cosmos, of monarda, lilies, lythrum, purple coneflower arranged by height. There were chrysanthemums en masse planted with fall color in mind.

(over)



In Memoriam

ROBERT TAIT HALEY....1904-1980

Robert Haley grew up on a farm near Willmar, Minnesota. After graduation from high school he went to St. Paul Business College. He later took courses in engineering at the University. He started as an accountant at the Gas Company, later transferred to heating and then to sales manager. He retired after 43 years with the company.

Bob joined the garden club several years ago and enjoyed the activities. His lawn was always kept in good shape. Trees were transplanted from his lake place. Roses, lilies and vegetables were some of his specialties. The vegetable garden this year was bordered by roses that he tested for Jackson & Perkins. Plants were grown under lights in the basement. The yard was beautifully landscaped and won a "Rookie of the Year" award. Some of his other hobbies were restoring furniture and caneing chairs. He was chairman of the garden tours last year and took care of things in detail. The last tour he participated in was July 8th, despite his illness.

Bob excelled in everything that he did and was admirable in his fortitude to the end. He died of cancer at the age of 75. He is survived by his wife, Kathryn, a brother and grandchildren.

--Paul Lindstedt

TOUR (from page 1)

In the vegetable garden among the many things growing in a deep straw mulch were beans on a 10 foot fence, cucumbers on wire fencing pitched at a 45 degree angle and tomatoes with base protected by clear plastic. The compost pit to the rear looked more like the cement block base for a house.

Charles grows everything from seed started mostly under lights in his basement. Everything, that is, save the apples we ate from his tree.

What a change in Dick Victor's since he moved in. Hostas and coleus on the side, evergreens in front, rain overhead. In the green vista to the rear; a rose garden to the right, a vegetable garden (tomatoes, cabbage, squash) to the left, corn on the hill, a terraced flower garden (petunias, zinnias, marigolds) between.

Dick still has rabbit problems and did have wind damage a week before our visit. The neighbor's roof landed in his garden but the results weren't evident now. I've missed a lot of things. Blame it on the, "All Aboard" call and the rain which made my notes undecipherable.

Dick Scherer's What a blaze of glory met our eyes as we drove up Cliff Road. Wow! That 10 acres of enchantment abutting on that little lake at the foot of the hill can't possibly be somebody's home! The ground was dry as we walked the long entry driveway past: to the left, beds of red salvia bordered by blue ageratum; to the right, white alyssum and pink petunias on one level, white alyssum, pink petunias and cannas on the other.

In front of the house: To the left, portulacca, snapdragons and shrubs; to the right, French marigolds, tall celosia, white zinnias. The rose bed

(continued page 4)





FROM THE COMPOST HEAP

by  
Archie Caple

Here it is October, entering into the tenth month of 1980. The question usually asked this time of year is - "What Happened To Our Summer?". It seems like just a few short weeks ago I was busy, very busy, preparing, and getting my gardens planted. Already and ever so soon, I again am getting busy, this time beginning to put the gardens to bed for the winter. The lettuce phase has been completed; that which is left has either bolted or gone to seed, so it is pulled and fed into the shredder. The onion bed has been pulled, with the fruits of this toil being dried in the greenhouse for fall and winter storage. Already, and so soon, the flowers are fast fading. Some already are through blooming, while my mums are just beginning to put forth their show of lovely fall colors. These flowers continue color displays unequalled till killed by fall frost.

This is my time of the year for heavy composting all my gardens. The materials left in the garden go through the shredder (excluding the tomato vines and all other diseased appearing plants that go into the haul-away garbage). With the shorter days and cooler nights changing the grass cutting practices, the mower is being lowered; the grass cut a bit shorter, and with my vacuum-type mower, leaves are being picked up and mulched. All this material goes into the garden plots. Once the final yard clean-up has been completed, including the neighborhood leaf contributions, I have a 4 to 6 inch blanket of composting material to be rotatilled into the soil. With this task out of the way, including a liberal spreading of 10/10/10 fertilizer, the beds have been put away for the winter. Please believe me, all of this has not yet been accomplished, but the process has started and will continue until heavy frosts or snows, whichever comes first.

There are projects and more projects yet to start and complete prior to the winter season: the big one is the finishing of my newly built greenhouse. Still have to get my water piped in along with building my work and planting benches. Of course, during this time of the year I have to slip in a bit of upland bird hunting, fall fishing and finalized with fall deer and bear hunting. Of course, most of the latter activities result in a lot of fresh air and exercise in lieu of putting wild meat on the Caple table. So it goes, I still enjoy it as much as ever.

One big problem, (or better put) one big accomplishment yet to conquer in my club year is that of club membership. Our club failed in getting 100% reregistration the beginning of 1980. Further, 1980 thus far has not been good to us in getting new members. In addition, five of our club members have been called for aid to the beautification of the gardens in heaven. We need more members, we need new members, and this is the time! Let's all make a concerted effort to obtain the club's goals for the beginning of a bigger and better year for 1981, simply by a healthy increase in our membership, now this very month! Please help yourself and the club by shaking the garden patches for these individuals, and bring them to our first fall meeting on October 14th. We'll see you there along with all your guests.

In closing let me leave you this "Thought For the Day";

"It is not because things are difficult that we do not dare;  
It is because we do not dare that they are difficult."



TOUR (from page 2)

had a border of marigolds. Flower beds encircled the evergreens. But it was the flower beds, fountains and pools on the slopes to the north and west which drew the crowd.

There we saw: In front of a row of small pines flowers rising in tiers, first red and orange marigolds, then Mexicana zinnias in complementary colors, then tall zinnias in mixed colors, finally tall yellow marigolds; encircling a Mountain Ash, purple China-asters and red petunias; around tall canna, yellow single marigolds; fencing a pool, signet marigolds, foot high zinnias, portulacca. In another bed topped by cannas with a scattering of gladiolias were giant zinnias and petunias.

Dick started devoting full time to his garden in 1972 and has been expanding it ever since. He raises all his annual flowers from seed. (This year a crop failure forced him to purchase petunia seedlings.) With the assistance of 5 family members he sets out and is caring for this year over 7000 plants.

Back across the Mississippi to Ted LeBoutillier's. Roses, roses, roses in raised beds of rich brown compost. That luscious yellow tree rose struck my fancy. The big stepping stone footprints laid out in the grass led me to it. No less intriguing was the floribunda "Eye Paint". Unusual.

LeBoutillier's place, like Victor's, has changed since we last visited. Gone is a large tree--Cottonwood, was it? It's absence focusses attention on the humming bird feeders hanging from the pear tree. Gone is the patio --replaced by a deck bearing the patio's gas grill. The edge of the deck provides an admirable place to display Ted's many potted miniature roses. He also has miniature roses around a lamp post.

Would you believe that this rose garden had it's beginning only 15 years ago when LeBoutillier with only 4 roses in his mixed garden won a "best garden" award? The very next year he invested \$125 in roses and started anew. (I got this information with the lemonade, coffee and cakes served in the garden.)

The Van Vorst ( a non-member) garden was interesting for several reasons not the least of which was his use of containers. There were tubs and baskets of tomatoes around the perimeter of the patio. Pink Thumbelina zinnias and Cupid zinnias graced a hanging basket. Double impatiens peered at us from a shed window box. Shrimp plants grew in pots. Van Vorst had balsams, hosta, ferns, violets, coleus, nicotiana, heleniums but the choicest of all his flowers were sweet peas in the partial shade of a weeping willow.

Jerry Shannon's. Is Jerry a flower specialist? There were flowers galore. Is he a vegetable man? His vegetables were lush and healthy. Is he a lawn fan? That combined expanse of green running across two rear yards would make a fine bowling green. One thing for sure. Jerry is meticulous; and, one may expect to see things not usually seen. There was gayfeather like in a Wisconsin open woodland, lobelia--including the cardinal flower, unicorn plant, dragonhead. There were lots of white verbenas. There was Orange Flare cosmos, red and pink impatiens, penstemon. Pale purple pansies paralleled a pool. A trumpet creeper in full bloom hung from the house.

There was a border of violas, forget-me-not, pansies and veronica. There was that scarcely visible fence separating Jerry's lot from his neighbor's  
(continued page 5)



TOUR (from page 4)

planted identically on both sides. There was the remembered aisle of tree roses alongside the vegetable garden. The vegetable garden with its large onions, corn at the roasting stage, tomatoes screening the potatoes along the fence promised a good winter supply.

New since our last visit was a gazebo under the trees in the rear, (A place to sit while keeping an eye on roving kids?) and a wood chip garden. --Really the beginnings of an orchard and the location of a bed of huge leafed strawberries. This marked the end of a worth-while day.

#### FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SHOW RESULTS ANNOUNCED

Another successful show was held at the Arboretum on August 23, 24, 1980. Here are the results:

##### NATIONAL AWARDS

1. Snap Beans...Bob Smith
2. Marigold "Spanish Brocade"...Jerald Shannon

GRAND CHAMPION - VEGETABLES (Egg Plant)...Leon C. Snyder

QUEEN OF SHOW - HORTICULTURE (Miniature Rose "Peaches 'N Cream")...  
Robert Churilla

SWEEPSTAKES - HORTICULTURE (Blackbourn Memorial Trophy)...Jerald Shannon  
- VEGETABLES (Tom Foley Memorial Award)...Bob Smith

##### OTHER COURT OF HONOR WINNERS

Leon C. Snyder -- Worden Grapes	Dave Johnson -- Potato
Verner T. Carlson -- Red Tomato	Henry Halvorson -- Gladiolus
Archie Caple -- Amaranthus "Illumination"	
Jerald Shannon -- 1. Ervatomia Coronaria (potted plant)	
	2. Dahlia, "Pride of Holland"
	3. Holly (potted plant)

We had 306 horticulture specimens, 8 hanging baskets, 24 potted plants, 112 vegetables--a total of 450 entries.

I want to thank all of the members of the show committee:

Archie Caple	Larry Cattron	Bud Christenson
Bob Churilla	Burton Deane	Paul Denn
Dale Durst	Bob Gage	Fred Glasoe
Dave Johnson	Vic Lowrie	Gordon Newton
Phil Peterson	Darwin Price	Charles Proctor
Walter Schmidt	Bob Smith	Orrin Turnquist
Dick Victor	Leonard Brenny	

Also, Thanks to the judges procurred by committee member Bob Gage.  
--Henry Halvorson, chairman

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Former MGCM member George Sweezy now a member of the MGC of Watchung Hills, New Jersey entered vegetables in the regional show at New Canaan, Connecticut and came away with three first prizes, one second and one third.

##### NEW MEMBER

Reuben T. Magrum 866-9618  
7414 Blaisdell Ave. So.  
Richfield, Minnesota 55423



# A Lazy Gardener Looks At The Compost Pile

For many years, I personally postponed starting a compost pile, because the professional garden editors and scribes insisted that you should have a concrete base and/or cinder block or wooden sides, and it was just plain too much trouble to build all that jazz. Then, one day, I got to wondering why leaves had to have a concrete floor on which to do their thing, and couldn't find the answer. So I began my very first and original compost pile, on the dirty old ground. And whattaya know—doggoned if they didn't compost in a highly satisfactory manner!

POINT 1: It's not necessary to dig a hole, pour concrete or build a wall to have a compost pile.

Most of those same professional garden writers (who probably never turned a compost pile in their entire lives) advise you to put down a layer of leaves, then a layer of garden soil. Now, I asked myself, why? This is an illogical operation from any angle. First, where do you get this unlimited supply of soil? If you dig it, you eventually possess a fantastic hole in the ground. If you import it, your flower beds will ultimately reach astronomical heights, requiring a step ladder for viewing. What's more, the stuff is heavy, and a compost pile is hard enough to get mixed and turned and spread anyway. So I ignored this rule, and guess what? The leaves composted anyway.

POINT 2: It's not necessary to add soil to a compost pile.

Finally, the garden writers, sitting in air-conditioned comfort in their padded desk chairs, told me to turn the pile regularly. I tried it, and it was WORK. So I wondered why it had to be turned regularly and the only answer that presented itself was in order to get all those dry, crispy leaves wet. Baloney! What you do, see, is to mix them in small and easily handled batches, stirring and soaking them thoroughly with a fine mist from the hose nozzle, before you add them to the main pile. Once thoroughly wet down and mixed, it's not necessary to turn the stuff any more. All you do then is go off and find a comfortable spot to loaf for six months or so, and Ol' Mama Nature performs the rest of the work for you.

POINT 3: Once made, let it alone. Leaves were composting themselves in the forest before you were ever even imagined.

## SUMMARY

Thy ain't no sense in knocking yourself out trying to do something that Nature will do if you will be patient, professional garden writers notwithstanding. End of essay.

— Men's Garden Club of Dallas, Texas.

Bring a neighbor or a garden friend  
to a MGCM meeting.

Return to  
**THE GARDEN SPRAY of MGCM, INC.**  
Edwin C. Culbert, Editor  
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Minneapolis, Minnesota 55417



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**MEN'S GARDEN CLUB OF MINNEAPOLIS, INC.**

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### REMINDER:

For a beautiful garden next spring,

**PLANT BULBS**  
this fall

**FIRST CLASS**

**To**

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