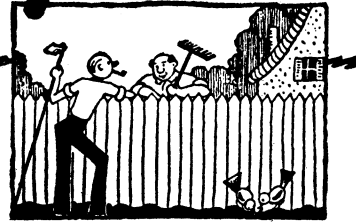




# The Garden Spray

BULLETIN OF THE MEN'S GARDEN CLUB OF MINNEAPOLIS

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



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G "Vic" Lowrie, Editor

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Ev Haedecke

## TWO AUGUST MEETINGS

Date: August 11 and  
August 15, 1959

## OFFICERS

P. W. Young	President
Wm. H. Hull	Vice President
Dwight Stone	Secretary
Ev Haedecke	Treasurer

Office of the Secretary  
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### FIRST MEETING: August 11 GARDEN TOUR

Dinner at Frank Vixo's, 6204 Ashcroft Lane, Edina, at 5:45 P.M. for a catered dinner -- \$1.75 each. From there, by bus to gardens of Chet Harkins, Bill Hull and Dale Durst (adjoining), Bob Adams, Bill Thorne, and returning to Vixo's.

Special Request: Bring Tables and Folding Chairs.

### SECOND MEETING: August 15 FAMILY PICNIC 1:00 P.M. at the Fruit Farm

Bring your own food and all the family. Tour will include the Arboretum and the Northrup King Trial Breeding Grounds.

Directions: At 50th & Belt Line, pick up #169 going south toward Mankato. At intersection of Highway #5, turn right (west) and keep on 5 past Victoria to the Fruit Farm, which is across the road from the Arboretum.

OVER THE GARDEN FENCE

by Bill Hull

Sorry to hear that Ev Haedecke has been hospitalized with pneumonia, was sent home well before anyone heard of it. Take care of yourself, Ev, and give thanks for today's progressed medical care.

\* \* \* \* \*

Someone is missing an opportunity to buy a share of a powered garden cultivator bought one year ago for \$165. (Instead of one-sixth of that, you pay only \$15.) Small enough to handle; big enough for the job. First come, first served, says P. W. Young. Call him.

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Never have I remembered any better programs than those provided this year by Les Johnson and others working with him. Keep up the variety, Les, and thanks.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bob Adams had a splash of lilies across the front of his house which stopped traffic. Vic Lowrie's roses and garden in general never looked better. Morrie Lifson's yard is gorgeous. And what about those gardens we visited in July! Seems no garden is as bad as anticipated two months ago.

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Seventeen enthusiastic shutterbugs spent two hours on Saturday, July 17, learning the finer points of photography from Eng Hoyme, Vern Roufs, Bob Sicora, and P. W. Young. This interesting program, arranged by chairman Les Johnson and held at Archie Flack's, was presented under a revolving audience plan, each student being able to hear eight subjects discussed.

The instructors did an admirable job, and all students were enthusiastic and appreciative. Thanks, Eng, Vern, Bob and P. W.

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Many compliments to General Mills upon their new building and our profound thanks to General Mills and GM Vice President Gordon Ballhorn for hosting us to such a fine dinner and tour. Nice of them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Don't forget the picnic at the Fruit Farm. Dr. Leon Snyder will be present and will help us tour the Arboretum. Present also probably will be some of the men who have made the Arboretum possible. Men like Vic Lowrie, Archie Flack, Joe Witmer, Cortis Rice and others. How can we thank these men properly?

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OVER THE GARDEN FENCE (con't)

Put the following events on your calendar because we're going to have an active two months. Don't forget:

August 11 -- Garden Tour  
August 15 -- Picnic at Fruit Farm (bring own food and family)  
September 8 -- Regular Meeting  
September 12-13 -- Fall Flower Show

\* \* \* \* \*

Saturday afternoon, July 25, a number of members drove over to pay Mr. and Mrs. Otto Erickson a visit in their new home and woodland. Such a lovely place they have, situated between two picturesque lakes set in a heavy wooded area. Already you can see a lovely garden place emerging from the fine artistic hands of these two ardent and accomplished gardeners. And as host and hostess, they'll head any list.

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MINNESOTA REGIONAL MGC A POSSIBILITY

Officers and appointed representatives of all seven Minnesota Men's Garden Clubs met at Bill Hull's home on July 2 in a get-acquainted effort, which Bill Hull, as a national director, had called. Each club sent three representatives (16 known to be officers). Also present were Herb Kahlert, past national president, for a total of 23.

Ev Haedecke, Dwight Stone and Bill Brookes (P. W. Young had a conflicting meeting) represented our club upon presidential appointment.

The evening was spent discussing how various club members and officers might benefit from opportunities to exchange speakers, gardens for tours, and other joint enterprises.

The question was raised as to why Minnesota did not have a regional organization as exists in many other areas, particularly following the precedent of some regions where one or two meetings are held annually and done at a dues of ten to twenty-five cents per member per year.

The group being generally favorable toward a region, asked Bill Hull to head a committee consisting of a representative from each club to be appointed by each president. Earl Forney (St. Paul MGC president) and Ben Dunn (Rochester past president) charged this committee to draw up a proposed regional organization, determining geographical limits, possible name, methods of electing officers, dues, etc. This would then lead to a proposal to be submitted to each club for action. President Young has appointed Bill Brooks to represent our Club with Ev Haedecke as an alternate.

Since this meeting, Mr. Hull has received offers of assistance and a possible visit to Minnesota, if desired, from National President, John Cochran, Executive Secretary George Spader and National Region Chairman, Frank Leech.

### IN MEMORIAM: VIC JAEGER

We are saddened to learn of the sudden passing of Vic Jaeger, 67, who died July 20 from a heart attack. Services were July 23 at the Annunciation Church and were attended by several members of the Club. Other paid their respects at the Flynn & Son Funeral Home.

We will long remember our association with Vic, and such events as the tulip planting enterprise. We have lost a good club member and gardener.

### JUST WHAT IS AN F<sub>1</sub> HYBRID

Mendel wanted to run a monohybrid cross test, which is a test of parents differing only in a single character, so he crossed a tall pea plant with a dwarf pea plant, to test the dominance of height.

"When the seeds resulting from this cross were planted, the generation they produced (F<sub>1</sub> generation) consisted entirely of tall plants (tallness thus being dominant and dwarfness recessive). When the flowers of these F<sub>1</sub> tall plants were self-pollinated, they produced seeds which were planted and grew into the next generation (F<sub>2</sub>)," which consisted of 75% tall plants and 25% dwarf plants.

Of the tall plants (75% of total) only one-third in turn produced tall plants. So exactly 50% of the F<sub>2</sub> plants were "hybrids" like the F<sub>1</sub> parent. Of the remaining half, 25% were like the tall grandparent and 25% like the dwarf grandparent.

Thus an F<sub>1</sub> hybrid is a first generation hybrid, the seeds of which would be F<sub>2</sub> and would not run consistently true to the F<sub>1</sub>. New seeds must be purchased at each planting of an F<sub>1</sub> hybrid.

Source: Fuller, General Botany, Barnes & Noble, pp. 100-101, 1955.

### OUR FALL SHOW

Show time is just around the corner. In the past our shows were set up more for our own enjoyment than for that of the general public. However, last year saw a great change and we can well be proud of the spectacular display of blooms which attracted a record crowd of gardeners and friends.

If we can put the same effort into our 1959 show, we can hope to match and possibly top our previous success.

Sometime in the next few weeks each of you will be called upon to help in some capacity with the presentation of this show. Past experience tells me that we can expect everyone to respond to the man. A show of this caliber takes the combined efforts of a great many people -- not only in the planning and staging, but in filling the show with the type and volume of materials which we are capable of displaying. --- Eng Hoyme, Flower Show Chairman

## CORNFLOWER

One day in early spring a boy died in Egypt. Although he was an unimportant young king who did not live to see his twenties he was buried with such magnificence that the discovery of his tomb thousands of years later was the sensation of a whole generation. The wealth that surrounded Tutankhamen in death gives us some measure of what must have been lavished on a Thutmosis or a Ramesses. Their tombs, of course, as well as all those that have been found so far of the royal and princely families of Egypt, have long since been plundered down to the last glass bead. The peasants of Egypt rarely live much above a subsistence level, and often on the edge of starvation. Naturally enough, they have looted the treasure their fathers and forefathers helped to create. Buried underground, it could benefit no one. The logic if not the morals of this argument is understandable, but the loss to archaeology is beyond counting.

The greatness of that loss is apparent when one reads Howard Carter's account of the contents of the tomb of Tutankhamen. The perfectly normal human interest in buried treasure is exhausted long before one has finished the two-volume book. One grows literally sick and tired of treasure. Jewellery, alabaster vases and cups, statues carved in all sizes and many materials, weapons, textiles, furniture and gold -- gold everywhere. And in the midst of all this splendor, cornflowers! -- shriveled and brittle, but still blue and still recognizable.

Fastened to the gold cobra that juts from the forehead of the king's effigy on his second sarcophagus was a tiny wreath made as carefully as any piece of jewellery. A twig had been bound together to form a circle about six inches across. Over the twig olive leaves had been folded, first the dark-green shiny side up, then the silvery underside, and so on around the circle. These leaves served as clips alternately for cornflowers and the blue petals of water lilies. The whole was woven firmly together by threadlike strips of papyrus.

According to P. E. Newberry, who discussed the plants identified in the tomb, this was probably the king's "Wreath of Justification" to which a chapter is devoted in the ancient Egyptian Book of the Dead. But even though a little wreath may have fitted into the traditional funeral formula of the time, Mr. Carter felt that it had a special significance. In those exciting early days when the tomb and its treasures were being explored, in spite of all the strange and valuable objects to be examined and catalogued, Mr. Carter seems to have been very conscious of the unseen human factor. In an alabaster wishing cup and the little wreath of cornflowers, across all those centuries, he sensed poignantly the personal sorrow that followed the young king in death.

And it may well have been so. On the back of the throne that was part of the furnishing of the tomb is a picture of Tutankhamen and his girl queen. He stands dressed for some official function while she seems to be anointing him with oil and perfume. This picture, beaten into the sheet gold that covers the throne, was the work of an artist still under the influence of the freer forms and treatment that flourished during the reign of Tutankhamen's predecessor, who was probably also his father-in-law, Amenophis IV, that brilliant and tragic heretic who had tried to persuade his people that there was but one god. Under his liberalizing influence the rigidity of Egyptian art had given place to something fresh and naturalistic, almost informal. From this golden picture comes a suggestion of youth happily and affectionately at ease. It is not difficult

## CORNFLOWER (con't)

to share Mr. Carter's belief that the young king and queen loved each other and that whatever may have been the ritual significance of the wishing cup and the tiny wreath they also expressed the girl's grief for her young husband.

One day in June, 1918, nearly three thousand five hundred years after Tutankhamen died, a girl was married in a suburb of Baltimore. She married one of the young officers France had sent to this country to help train American soldiers for combat overseas in World War I. One of the presents that was sent this American bride came in a letter from a cousin on a ranch in far-off British Columbia. The cousin's husband was off to war and there was not much money on the ranch for wedding presents. But there was no lack of imagination and generosity, for the present enclosed in that letter was something its owner valued -- a cornflower.

"Donald found this flower growing on the edge of his trench," the cousin wrote her young kinswoman, "and put it in a letter he was writing to me. Every bride should have something blue, and I thought that if you put this in one of your slippers you might like to feel that you were standing on a little bit of France when you are being married."

Almost the whole span of recorded time stretches between that funeral in Egypt and that wedding in America. And yet the story of the cornflower has remained very little changed over the centuries -- its relation to man has been far more one of sentiment than of practical utility.

It is curious that cornflowers were not more firmly established in ancient medicine than they were because they have come down to us in Greek legend as a specific for wounds. Their very generic name ties them to the legend because it was Chiron, the centaur, who called them panacea after healing himself with cornflowers of a wound made by an arrow poisoned in the blood of the hydra. It was Chiron, Greek mythology goes on to tell us, who taught mankind the healing virtues of herbs. But for all that, the cornflower as a healing herb, much less a panacea, somehow did not stick. Almost certainly its virtues were early confused with those of the centaury, also named for the centaur. The centaury is a pink gentian and the cornflower is a blue composite, but in the days of man's botanical innocence distinctions based on form or habit of growth were minor points compared to a similarity of names.

Dioscorides, it is true, specifies fourteen or fifteen ailments for which the cornflower was useful, but the identification in the English edition is a modern one and the early herbalists could hardly have been entirely certain what flower he intended. So over the years the cornflower slipped almost entirely out of use until the Doctrine of Signatures brought it back into medicine as an eye remedy.

Taken from "Flower Chronicles"  
by Buckner Hollingsworth