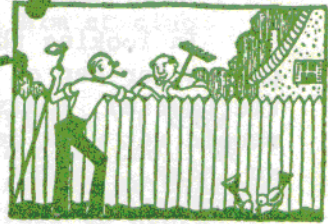




The Garden Spray

BULLETIN OF THE MEN'S GARDEN CLUB OF MINNEAPOLIS

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



June 1963
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G. Victor Lowrie

Associate Editors
Wm. H. Hull, Otto Nelson
Neil Barry

June Meeting

Date: Tuesday, June 11, 1963
Place: Mt. Olivet Lutheran Church
Knox Avenue at W. 50th St.
Time: 5:45 P.M. Sharp
Price: \$1.75

Officers

Ev. Haedecke President
Dwight Stone Vice-Pres.
G.R. Christenson Secretary
Charles Proctor Treasurer
Office of the Secretary
8300 Sheridan Ave. So.

PROGRAM

INSECTS AND PERENNIALS FEATURED AT JUNE MEETING

"THE WORLD OF INSECTS," a film produced and presented by the California Chemical Company, Ortho Division, Mr. Bob Quinn, representative. A Question and Answer program will follow the film, with Mr. Quinn presiding.

"PERENNIALS--WHEN AND HOW TO START THEM FROM SEED."
A talk by our own member, Glen Cerney.

OVER THE GARDEN GATE

by Bill Hull

In looking through my back issues of THE GARDEN SPRAY (I've written this column for ten of the eleven years I've been working on SPRAY with Editor Vic Lowrie), I discovered a whale of a lot of material. Maybe, some day, we should set up a permanently bound reference volume of our club bulletins, with an index. Anyone with a little spare time could do the club a real service. Volunteers?

For example, here are some of the articles, chosen at random, which to me appear to be of good reference value:

- "Annuals classified by Type, Color and Habits." April, 1952
- "House Plants I Have Lived With", Walter Menzel, November, 1952
- "Growing Plants Under Artificial Light", Archie Flack, Feb., 1953
- "Color Interpretations", Otto Erickson, March, 1953
- "Back Yard Soil Conditioner Factory", October, 1953
- "More About Perlite", Joe Witmer, January, 1955
- "Tuberous Begonias", Sherm Pinkham, April, 1955

There's no point here in continuing in this vein through eleven or twelve years of THE SPRAY, except to point out that these stories (along with a great many by the editorial staff) have been contributed by our own members. If each one of you fellows who ever wrote an article for SPRAY would dig it out, revise it, it would help our membership considerably. For example, how many members do we now have who weren't in the club to read the above articles 8 to 11 years ago. As the Chicago Trib says to its readers, Help! Help!

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A thought: a new member in our club may not know how welcome he is to appeal to any of us for individual help with his garden. Let's constantly repeat our willingness, within our individual limits. Maybe we should even have an advisory committee for just that purpose, although I doubt the wisdom of limiting it. We can always remember to call on the chairmen of special interest groups if in doubt.

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A fine letter from former member Al Blackburn, now in La Jolla, California, along with clippings, all displayed at last meeting. In case you didn't get to see this material, Al has been instrumental in forming the MGC of San Diego County and is the first president. We've been in correspondence with Al since he first went to the coast and are proud of him for taking this initiative. Every man who moves away from a MGC should take this same action to insure himself contacts like we have in our own clubs.

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Glad to see that about 15 packages of test seed disappeared from the bulletin board at the last meeting. Please let me know what happened later in the year. Germinate well? etc.

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OVER THE GARDEN GATE -- Cont'd.

Nice to see so many guests at the May meeting. If your guest expressed interest in joining, contact Bud Christenson for an application card and/or invite your friend again. Of course, the invitation to bring him at club expense applied only to this last meeting.

Wasn't it a fine auction, though. Being Dale Durst's neighbor, I know how hard he worked and am sure Arvid Ahnert and all the others did, too. We thank you fellows for a job well done. Those of us who have served as chairmen of such activities as the auction and the flower show, never fail to appreciate the work done by the annual heads of these groups. And, furthermore, they made something like \$270, which we need for our club obligations.

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The day after our May meeting, Bob Smith, chairman of the vegetable special interest group, received from M.G.C.A. some test seeds of fall and winter vegetables, as part of a national study. Of course, by June, most of these will be in the ground, but, if you're interested, contact Bob at once. I happen to know these arrived late because the commercial distributor decided late to make the offer.

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Write it down now. Charlie Proctor announces the annual show date as being August 17-18, American Hardware Mutual Building.

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Going out today for second visit to children's gardens, under the program directed by Les Johnson, who worked with the Robert Fulton School in this activity.

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Lloyd Bachman, you were right. Remember when we were talking in early May and you were fearful we'd have a cold snap before true spring came. And how we did, with some weather below freezing this last week--which was the third week in May. Thank goodness for my cold frames.

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Did you see the May 24 issue of Life? A fine article about the White House garden with mention of the award given by MGCA earlier this spring.

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Never do I remember a spring with prettier tulips. And what a difference planting location makes in blooming dates. Those planted on the east of my house (early varieties, however) have bloomed and been gone for at least six weeks. Dale Durst and I both have them on each side of a hedge running exactly east and west. His, on the south side, are about at petal fall stage and mine are just starting to open.

"SILENT SPRING" SPARKS CONGRESSIONAL CONTROVERSY - By Ann Cottrell Free

As the 88th Congress gets under way in Washington, there will be many a question on many a congressional lip along the line of "What can we do about Rachel Carson?"

Since the last Congress adjourned, the gentle author-biologist has stirred up a hornet's nest of controversy over how to kill bugs and weeds and not damage people and wildlife at the same time.

No manner of making light of her best-selling "Silent Spring" will hide the fact that she has dumped a serious, much neglected problem in the congressional lap.

In its wider implications the furor brings into focus - as much as the cranberry crisis, Thalidomide, Strontium 90, cigarettes and lung cancer - the problem of modern man against his new, bewildering environment.

Her book, in essence, charges that postwar chemical pesticides are being used too freely and recklessly and they are harming human health and upsetting nature's balance through poisoning of wildlife, soil, air and water.

Many committees, departments of government, special boards and commissions, and the White House are involved in this problem.

The responsibility spread could lead, of course, to buck-passing of "what's everybody's business is nobody's business." But if pressure from constituents, whose purchases have run book sales into six figures, is specific, "Silent Spring" will make a meaningful noise in the halls of Congress.

Dramatization of the issue could develop in coming months via two rather unusual routes.

Some of this drama may be provided by Sen. Maurine Neuberger (D-Ore.) who, in fact, could become the Rachel Carson of Capitol Hill.

Rachel Carson's sense of privacy is strong. Until recently, she has been merely a soft-spoken woman living with her black cat and 10 year old great-nephew in her insect-free split-level home in the woodsy "Quaint Acres" development near Silver Spring, Md., just outside of Washington, D. C.

But now she has emerged as a woman who is raising strong emotions all over the country. To her admirers she is sort of a Harriet Beecher Stowe and Joan of Arc of biology. The wallop the 128 pound, five-foot-four inch, blue-eyed author delivered to the \$300,000,000 chemical pesticide industry was a rib cracker.

The industry, after a few initial yelps, has reacted with as subtle a public relations campaign as can be found in modern times. But in return, Miss Carson has counter-punched. The battle is truly joined.

During this bitter battle, the 55-year-old Miss Carson has shown little visible emotion. But beneath this tranquil exterior lies strong conviction. It was strong enough to keep her from abandoning "Silent Spring" when illness struck. She was so crippled from infectious arthritis that she had to learn to walk again."

"SILENT SPRING" - Cont'd.

Much of her time now is spent holding off emotional handwringers and nature lovers who would abandon all sense of reality in their efforts to guard their own and nature's good health.

"They often start off excellently," Miss Carson says with a note of sadness, "but they always go too far."

Reprinted from "The Wind", Men's Garden Club
of the Chicago region.

FLOWER BOXES

Very few of us have a large enough front yard to make as colorful a showing with flowers as we would like. This can be partially overcome by planting our favorite flowers or shrubs in boxes and placing them strategically around the house.

Window boxes are quite popular and do add to the appearance of the house. But don't stop with the windows. How about framing the front door with boxes of flowers or even with potted flowering trees. A pair of tree roses, geranium trees or fuchsia trees of a color that compliments the trim of your house will give the place a real lift.

Small evergreens and dwarf or young shrubs in pots can be used to an advantage in many places around the house during the summer; come fall plant them in the garden; in the spring bring them out again or if they enhance the border leave them there.

House plants need a summer vacation outdoors so why not repot them. They can be made to serve a useful purpose either on the patio; near an entrance way; along the walk leading up to the house; or to shield an uninteresting spot. Most house plants should probably be kept out of the blistering sun except for the tropicals.

When it comes to flower boxes we have an exceedingly large variety of annuals from which to make up almost any color combination desired. You'll probably have a large enough variety of seedling annuals left over to fill many a box.

Just to mention a few desirable plants:

Petunia	Vinca rosea
Ageratum	Lantana
Alyssum	Coleus
Marigold (dwarf)	Geranium
Verbena	Nasturtium

IS NATURE GETTING NEUROTIC?

by Corey Ford

"My vegetables are all hypochondriacs. My garden is a bed of neuroses. Even my soil is being analyzed."

I remember a tree beside our house when I was a boy. It was strictly a mongrel tree; nobody planted it there, nobody looked after it and it was the healthiest tree you ever saw. Nothing bothered it. We carved our initials in its bark. We hammered spikes into it and climbed to a tree house in the crotch. We nailed Fourth of July pinwheels to its trunk; we built a fireplace against it and roasted potatoes; and there was a deep gash at the base where my mother learned to drive.

The more we abused it, the more it flourished, untroubled by bugs, impervious to blight. When its leaves clogged the gutters around the roof, my father got a man named Tony to lop off the overhanging branches. The scars healed promptly; no decay set in. Its roots grew down into our drainpipe, and Tony hacked them all out on one side. The tree did even better. I think it craved affection, like a stray pup. It snuggled closer and closer, lavishing its grateful shade on the house, until our porch pillars rotted out and the walls of the cellar began to buckle. We finally had to move.

They just don't make trees like that anymore. The ones around my place demand attention every minute. And not only trees. My shrubs have more diseases than I can shake a dust gun at. My vegetables are all hypochondriacs. My garden is a bed of neuroses. Even my soil is being analyzed.

Sometimes I wonder how nature made out before I came along. Last night I had to sit up with a sick birch. The little cut-leaf on my front lawn has been pale and despondent since I brought it home from the nursery, and the doctor says it's suffering from malnutrition. He's giving it a transfusion, and I'm supposed to check the plasma bottle every hour. It cuts into my social life, but I can't find a tree-sitter.

My sugar maple isn't well either. The doctor doesn't say, but I think it's diabetes. A tree surgeon will be here tomorrow to fill the cavity in my oak. Or maybe it's the tree dentist. So many experts are coming and going these days that I lose track.

In short, something seems to have happened to nature lately. If you ask me, the old girl is getting neurotic. Take soil, for instance. Back in the old days you poked a hole in the dirt and dropped in a seed, and something always came up. (Maybe it was a weed, but it was something.) Nobody ever heard of special fertilizers. All we ever put on our strawberries was cream and sugar. Once a year in the spring my father turned over the garden. Usually he turned it over to Tony, who spaded it and planted it. We all just sat and rocked in a porch hammock and watched it grow.

Not anymore. The first step, when you're starting a garden, is to send away a sample of your soil to be tested. It seems that soil contains nitrogen, phosphorus, potassium and various mineral elements such as rusted bottle caps, broken pieces of tile and a couple of Lincoln pennies. If any of these elements is missing, it must be supplied. In case your soil is run-down, experts advise

IS NATURE GETTING NEUROTIC?- Cont'd.

you should measure its hydrogen ion concentration with a potentiometer in order to determine its pH content, and build it up by adding artificial fertilizer. Either purchase a well-balanced commercial product, or mulch your garden with shredded dollar bills. It adds up to the same thing.

And there are all the new pests they've discovered lately. I don't recall any particular trouble with insects in the old days. The only repellent we used was citronella, and we put that on ourselves. Today more than 1000 varieties of bugs prey on the home garden. I'm playing host to a freeloading horde of caterpillars, cutworms, cankerworms, beetles, slugs, weevils, aphids, thrips and nematodes. My fruit trees have borers, my lilacs have oyster-shell scale, my phlox has rust and my corn has smut. About the only virus my garden isn't subject to is the common cold.

No two pests take the same treatment. One bug's poison is another bug's meat, so to speak. Chewing insects aren't affected by fungicides, sucking insects thrive on contact spray and nematodes simply laugh their heads off at DDT. You can protect your raspberries with arsenate of lead, but then you can't eat them. If a tree or shrub is diseased, the experts say the best cure is to cut it down and burn it. This may leave your place looking a little barren after a while, but you won't have to worry about insects anymore. They'll all be over in your neighbor's yard.

Reprinted from: The Readers Digest

ARBORETUM WILL EXPAND

The University of Minnesota Landscape Arboretum, started in 1958 with 160 acres of land, will eventually encompass an area nearly double this size.

When purchase contracts by the Minnesota State Horticultural Society are completed, the Society will transfer ownership of two new tracts to the University, for a total arboretum acreage of 302 acres, according to Eldred M. Hunt, secretary-treasurer of the Society.

Ninety-seven acres, bordering the original arboretum on the south are being purchased with funds supplied by the St. Paul Garden Club. Another tract of 45 acres, bordering the arboretum on the west, is being purchased with special funds given by donors for land purchase only.

Purchase of the land on which the arboretum was established was made in 1957 with funds furnished by the Lake Minnetonka Garden Club. Gifts from Garden Clubs, foundations, other organizations and individuals have made progress possible during the past five years.

The newly acquired land will make possible the normal expansion of trial plantings and carrying out of long-range objectives, though development of the new portions is not planned for the immediate future. However, the arboretum's future, in terms of reasonably adequate working and expansion space, is assured, Hunt said.

Institute of Agriculture
University of Minnesota