



# The Garden Spray

BULLETIN OF THE MEN'S GARDEN CLUB OF MINNEAPOLIS



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## OCTOBER 14--BIG MEETING NIGHT

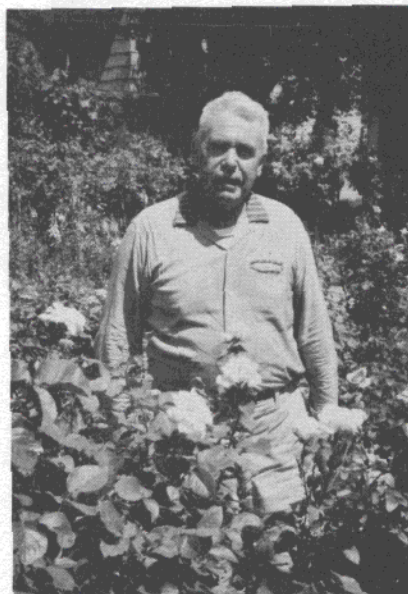
At Mount Olivet Lutheran church, Tue., Oct. 14, 6 P.M., dinner for \$2.00

The program features a talk on DWARF EVERGREENS by Mr. Al Johnson of the University and Arboretum staffs. Mr. Johnson is a learned plantsman and we are told was in large part responsible for identifying the native plants found at the arboretum when the property was first acquired. He should provide us with an interesting and informative talk on a subject new to us.

ALSO--and please note this: Formal action will be taken on the incorporation proceedings. See the attachment to this issue.

This is Al Nelson.  
As if you didn't know.

An active member since 1948, Al was sponsored by the late Tom Foley. A reliable member who has worked and participated in all club events for years, Al's dedication to The Rose is widely known. He probably belongs to every rose group in the country, and also to our club and the Richfield MGC.



Al was recently named "Outstanding Consulting Rosarian" by the North Central District of the American Rose Society. Many of us have benefitted from Al's willing counsel and physical help. We can only try to express ourselves with a sincere "Thank you" to him. Most of us will always wonder how Al succeeded in having such beautiful roses even while he was travelling with the R.R. Postal Service, from which he is now retired. Good going, Al Nelson !



### A WORD FROM PRESIDENT NATE SIEGEL

Our first meeting of this fall season was most informative--from the talks on mums to apples and to the taste of tomatoes. Our thanks to Dr. Mullin, Louie Fischer and Bob Smith.

It will be interesting to hear of the results of Bob's poll. I believe Bob's idea could be expanded in our plant interest groups by taking one kind of vegetable, or flower, and members reporting on various varieties raised.

Our Christmas party plans are in the making with Rog Anderson as chairman and Dwight Stone assisting. Dwight's excellent report of the Ft. Collins convention should encourage a lot more of our members to make the trip to Des Moines this coming year. Ft. Collins was interesting and fun. I am sure the Des Moines convention will be a good one as well.

Our final draft of our corporation constitution and by-laws is included in this issue of SPRAY for you to see and have your acceptance. Again, many thanks to Ed Montgomery for the work he has contributed.

### PAST MGCA PRESIDENT LELAND FETZER IN TOWN BRIEFLY

On the opposite page appears a picture of past president "Lee" Fetzer of Rockford, Illinois, visiting briefly on a recent Sunday afternoon at Bill Hull's garden. Lee, well known to Twin City men's gardeners from his many visits to the city, while he was national president, and as an officer in other capacities, remembers fondly the many Minnesotans who attended the Rockford convention and the fun the Rockford people had here at our convention. He particularly asked to be remembered to his MGC friends.

### "FIRST PRIZE" WINS FIRST PRIZE IN AARS 1970

Pictured opposite is Jackson & Perkins hybrid tea rose "First Prize" which has just been announced as the AARS All-America Rose Selection for 1970. Described as a magnificent, deep rose-red HT, it has "extra long three to four inch buds opening to a huge, satiny, flower. It has achieved acclaim as one of the finest roses ever to have received an AARS award. It has been honored with a Silver Certificate from Portland, Oregon, and is apparently off to a fine start. The AARS describes it, using such terms as "classic, extremely long, bright red buds"...."reports of resistance to dryness, heat, and disease"...."blooms seven to eight inches (Tacoma)....six inches (Colorado), six to seven inches (North Carolina). "Texture and color are excellent. Fragrance....(it) has a delicate 'old rose' perfume that will be enjoyed by all."





Past  
National  
President  
Leland Fetzer  
of  
Rockford,  
Illinois.

"FIRST PRIZE"

AARS 1970

Hybrid Tea.





OVER THE GARDEN FENCE...THROUGH THE GARDEN GATE...and BEYOND THE COMPOST PILE

by Bill Hull

John Nash Ott's having been awarded the Gold Medal of the MGCA at the Fort Collins convention continues to get much attention. We see copies of news stories from all over the country. As chairman of the 1969 awards committee of MGCA, my name was carried in some releases and, as a result, I received a letter from an elderly lady in Florida who claims kin. She was greatly pleased to hear that my namesake "William Henry Hull" was the same one who was captain of "Old Ironsides" as is attested by a plaque in the U. S. Constitution in Boston harbor. Seems she's related too and can't find her "kinfolk."

Did we tell you that J. N. Ott has grown the flowers for the new Barbra Streisand movie...."On a Clear Day you Can See Forever."

Has anyone else had a poor rose year? Our roses are the worst we've ever had. Of course the drought has been a problem but, in spite of heavy watering, and heavy feeding, our roses have spent the summer in pseudo-dormancy. It has been a frustrating summer. Cold beginning, dry ending, with hay fever for all.

A few lines from Otto and Thora Erickson to Ed Culbert. At the time of writing on September 3 they were "staying at King's Inn until our furniture arrives in a couple of days. The trip down went fine in spite of a couple of very not days on the road. It is hot here in Sun City, too, 106 degrees yesterday and 104 degrees today. I wish to thank you and all the other members of the club for the many years I have enjoyed being one of you, and for the nice farewell you gave me at the last meeting over in Cliff Brisco's beautiful garden. I want to continue keeping in touch with the club through subscription of "The Spray" which I would like to have mailed to my new address at 9924 Concord Avenue, Sun City, Arizona, 85351. Heartiest greetings and best wishes to you, your wife, and all the members of the club."

We'll miss you, Otto and Thora. Very much indeed. Spray will reach you at this new address effective immediately. And don't worry about the heat. The humidity is low!

"It had been a long hot drive. Six year old Lex after 700 miles was mighty fidgety. His voice was loud and right in the driver's ear. He was going home to his folks in Denver. The rest of the car still had to continue on to Fort Collins and the convention. The driver reacted wearily: "Les, relax!" Another passenger thinking that a bit vague for a kindergartner, asked softly "Do you know what relax means, Lex?" The boy responded: "Yes, sidown and shut up." (Thanks, Ed Culbert, for this good story.)

Pigweed is indeed a vegetable, says Bruce Warner. "As a small boy in Canada I ate it, always in the spring when it was quite young and tender. Boiled, it tasted somewhat like beet greens. We also called it Lambsquarters up there. The Ukranian people also used to pick early dandelions and cooked them as a vegetable. The oxalis or wood sorrel was used as a salad. By the way, did you ever have dandelion wine made from the flowers. It is excellent and very potent, a pale yellow color similar to a sauterne."

Yes, Bruce, I've had it. Twice. One was superb. The other bitter as wormwood.



## THE EARTH IS STILL A GOOD PLACE TO LIVE

To me, the most important thing we learned from the trip to the moon, is that the earth is still a good place to live. The moon has no plants, no weather, no life. The earth has all these, and we should do our best to preserve every plant we have.

Without trees and other plants, we'd all perish. Plants check pollution and are nature's "garbage collectors." Trees are filters, air conditioners, purifiers, all in one.

If you picked the leaves off an oak or a maple and placed them flat on the ground, it would cover as much as four acres, so you can see how important trees are. And that lawn around your home checks pollution too.

Grass, like other vegetation, absorbs carbon dioxide (a waste product from humans, auto exhaust and fuel burning) and replenishes the air with oxygen. Grass also filters, insulates, buffers and cools, freshening the air, dulling noise around the home. So anything you can do to increase plant growth and plant numbers on this earth will help to make it a better place to live.

(Reproduced by special permission by author George Abraham, and the staff of the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette, in which this appeared on August 7, 1969).

Editor's note: That's interesting about the coverage of four acres by the leaves from an oak, George. My problem is I've only got three acres, and nineteen full-sized trees, mainly oaks, (plus 50 crabapples of minor size). That should mean we should have leaves at least ten thick over our entire lot this fall. And you know, something, I believe it!

He, like the bird, who  
    halting in his flight  
        on limbs too slight,  
Feels it give way beneath him  
    and yet sings  
        knowing he has wings.

(author unknown).



HERE'S TO THE WOODPECKER  
WITH WINGS SO STRONG AND STRAIGHT  
WHO FLIES FROM MAINE TO MEXICO

and stops en route to peck hell out of my house.

This beautiful little bundle of feathers spent eleven days while we were gone perched on a corner of our house and damaged \$20 worth of wood, which will take \$200 worth of labor to replace it. He has destroyed beyond repair the corner strip, whatever it's called, that runs straight upwards two stories. He also destroyed two beautifully bevelled pieces of redwood siding.

I'm a strong believer in conservation. In fact I'd seriously like to give the rest of my life to that cause. I once had an uncle elected to congress on a conservation ticket. He served six years and would have been re-elected except someone discovered he had confused "conservation" with "conversation."

As I said, I believe in conservation. I was for some time a member of the board of directors of Keep America Beautiful. I attended the Invitational White House Conference on Natural Beauty. I've been a so-so member of the board of Keep Minnesota Clean and Scenic. I even followed Lady Bird on her campaign against junk autos, by selling my wife's car. But as for that woodpecker....

I try to do my best about smog. I burn my junk only in a semi-closed container so it smokes instead of flames, and then only on week-ends when the neighbors are cooking Sunday dinner on the charcoal grill. I'm so upset about how the California Smog is now in every city I visit that I'm trying to swallow all my cigar smoke lest it further add to the messy air. But as for that woodpecker....

And I'm sick and tired of people polluting the streams. Many years ago I quit fishing the Missouri river in another state at a spot three miles below where one town dumped its sewage into the river and two miles above where another drew in their drinking water, and I went to viewing little creeks. I remember standing on the bank of a very small shaded creek and seeing beautiful creatures (carp) die of oxygen suffocation because the creek was covered with oil from an upstream accident. Believe me, I don't take my old crankcase oil down to the river anymore. I simply flush it down the john. So I'm a conservationist.... except for that woodpecker.

I really love the outdoors. Hunting, fishing. Recently I drove through my beloved northern woods and saw trees destroyed by the thousands, by nature's tornado. We drove down roads surrounded by butt-ends of trees hastily sawed apart so cars could pass through. I'm working with the state commission now to try to salvage some of these trees for firewood.

But I'm really a birdwatcher, in a manner of speaking. Now I'm watching for a woodpecker. If I can get that damned bird lined up in the peep sights of my 22 rifle -- loaded with birdshot -- there's going to be one less of nature's delights to conserve.

Bill Hull