



THE GARDEN DOCTOR

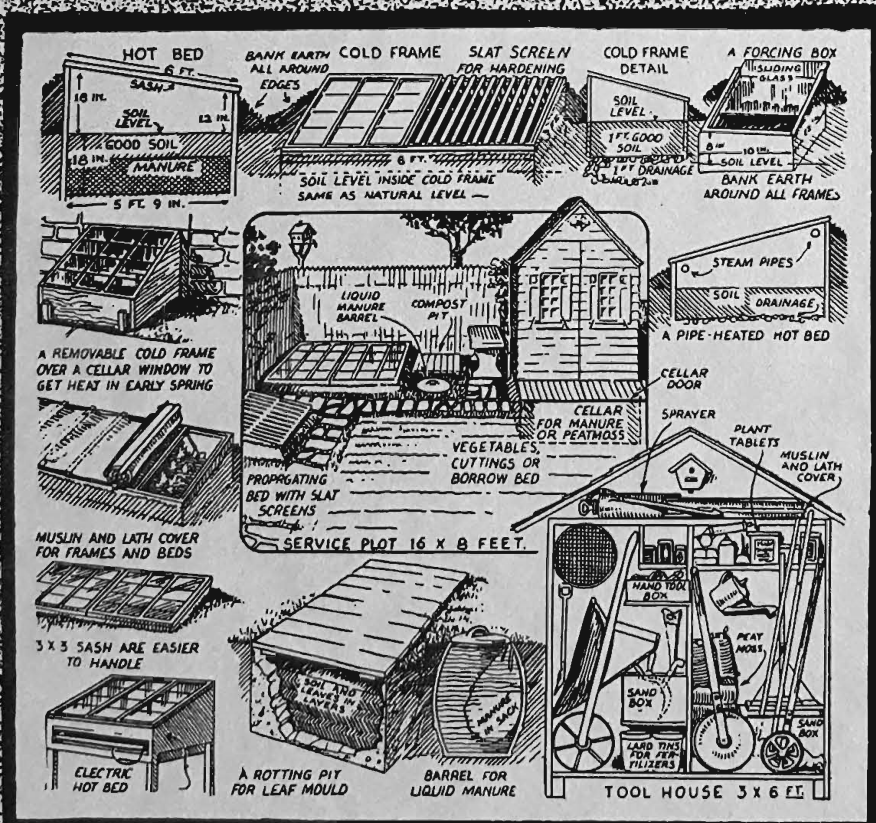
10th Anniversary Issue!

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"In the depth of winter, I finally learned that within me there lay an invincible summer."
Albert Camus



THE GARDEN DOCTOR

This is the 10th Anniversary Issue of **THE GARDEN DOCTOR**! Yup, in the fall of 1987 I arrived in Denver from Tampa with my then new dog Sergeant, to both broaden my gardening experiences in a whole new climate and soil region, and to launch this publication. Reagan was in office, environmentalism was waning, I was younger, angrier (and even weirder) and was thus convinced there was a need for a personal (vs. corporate), alternative newsletter subsidized by its readers (vs. advertisers) to promote the pivotal issues of Eco-Logical gardening and living, personal awareness and growth, and positivism (vs. defeatism and despair). I loathed the conservatism and materialism and duplicity of the era, hence the original motto of this publication was "A Suppository for the Mind in a Decade Constipated by Right-Wing Reactionism".....Gee, I guess I HAVE mellowed a little since then!

During this decade, as I have changed so has TGD, since it is a direct product of my heart. I'm much happier (largely freed, it seems, of childhood issues following much inner work), far less angry, a little more "normal", and totally enamored with the study, collecting, promotion and hybridization of roses, both Old and Modern (organically grown of course!). I have a new dog, "Sweetie", now approaching her first anniversary in my family. And while TGD has mellowed and gained 50% more pages, and features more articles by writers other than myself, it is still hand-colored and signed, is still ad-free, and still brims with seeds and life-affirming, off-the-wall humor. For 10% of a century it has been my primary vehicle for creative and philosophical self-expression, and for confronting my fearful side. While at times a bit self-indulgent, it nonetheless has been a wonderful means of meeting and connecting with some truly remarkable people I would have otherwise never known existed.

So I dedicate this commemorative issue to you, my subscribers, both long time and new, for each of you infuses life into every issue with your evocative and loving letters, articles, photographs, poetry, and your gift subscriptions and renewals. In thanks for your trust, in this issue I once again offer my best efforts to send into your home a unique and uplifting publication, a new batch of nifty seeds, and a desire to see healing come to each of us, our gardens, and our home planet.



In the time of your life, live--- so that in that wondrous time you shall not add to the misery and sorrow of the world, but shall smile to the infinite variety and mystery of it all.
William Saroyan 1908-1981



Since few of us would poison our gardens or spray our children with pesticides, why douse our animal companions with toxic artificial compounds when we can protect them from parasites with safe, natural materials instead?

For instance, we can control fleas by combining several techniques. First, we can kill the fleas ON our cat or dog by bathing her or him using a mixture of shampoo and pine oil cleaner. This drowns the fleas before many can lay their eggs, kills many eggs, and it disinfects and deodorizes the animal's skin and fur. Sprinkling borax in the dog house and on bedding will kill most fleas there without hurting your buddy. Dust the animal weekly with good ole' diatomaceous earth from a good garden supply house to kill new fleas that jump onto your pet. Not only do fleas cause irritating bites, they often harbor intestinal worms ingested by the pet while chewing flea bites and licking their fur.

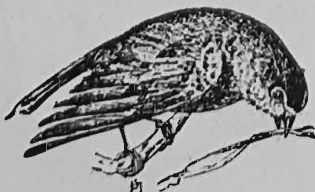
But rather than the arsenic-based vermifuges used by most vets, mix 1 part diatomaceous earth with 3 parts moist animal food; the fossilized diatoms' microscopic sharp edges puncture the worms' bodies but NOT your pets' mucous-lined intestinal tract. Since cats and dogs swallow often while grooming, keeping them dusted with diatomaceous earth will result in them frequently ingesting it! No fleas, no worms.

A few drops of Tobasco Sauce applied to the head of a tick will soon make the gross little bloodsucker let go of your pet...nuke him any way you choose. Ear mites are related to ticks and can be safely, cheaply and easily controlled by swabbing the animal's ears with mineral or olive oil, which simply suffocate the 8 legged demons torturing your pet. Your vet's expensive miticides are toxics that attempt to kill the mites chemically, but they can easily be absorbed through the delicate skin inside that already irritated ear.

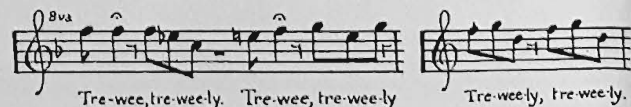
Try these tips to protect your pets from pests AND pesticides.

The bluebird's song impresses me with its scrappy nature; he has only three or four notes at his command, and these are in the minor key. Like the robin, he often sings in triplets, thus:

Bluebird.



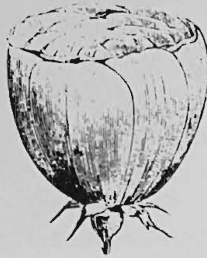
but his notes are sweeter and not so strong; unlike the robin, though, he says very plainly as he sings:



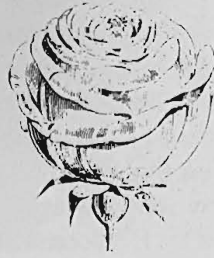
These notes are not like those of the canarylike yellowbird; they have a more bell-like quality.



GLING



ROSES



ROSA MULLIGANII

Actually, it may have only a final *i*. There was an article in *The Rose* some years ago claiming that the two vowels were one too many. I have tried to check that but with no luck so far. Any help from the readers?

There is a program in England called "Desert Island Discs" which features some famous person every week who must choose a favorite book, recording, and an island in some remote spot of the world. If ever asked, I shall include a rose - *R. mulliganii* would be the choice.

Of the 500 plus roses that I have grown over the past forty years, this one I should never part with. When I purchased it fourteen years ago, I had to import the rose from Peter Beales because no nursery in the US had ever offered it.

It is always healthy. In my climate (zone 8-9) it is evergreen. It has never had a touch of black spot, rust, mildew nor has it ever had die-back, mineral problems. It is on its own roots and is never sprayed. It gets some summer water but there may be weeks between drinks. No leaf-cutter, spider mite (lots of them here in the hot summers) or any other bug bothers it. It is planted in hostile soil and never gets any fertilizer.

When it blooms in mid-June (the last of the species to open), the huge trusses of yellow-white flowers cover the deck where it has now spread across the length of the house and is about to turn a corner, about sixty feet. The perfume is heady. It is covered with bees.

The blooms last about three weeks. The old flowers soon drop off - an important feature of a good garden rose is that it does not hang on to its dirty washing for weeks after it blooms. 'The Garland' is hidden away in a corner of the garden for this very reason.

When October comes the small hips start to turn to red and make wonderful bouquets. The only pruning I do is after the high season has passed, I lop off all the canes that get in my way on the deck and those that intrude on other plant territory.

On a neighbor's shed there is one plant that I gave to them after rooting it six years ago. I recorded the progress on slides, and when I show the seven years of its development, the audience always gives a cheer. It now covers the shed with a blanket of blooms every year.

There are some notable gardens where you can view how others grow this rose. At the RNRS gardens at St. Alban's, it is grown on a huge pergola, one plant to each of the eight pillars.

At Sissinghurst, it has to be supported with metal girders as it has grown to enormous size - a huge umbrella.

In *Modern Roses 10* it is recorded as a 1917-1919 registration as a member of the Synstylae and from Western China. The description given could match two dozen other species. It is named after a Mr. Mulligan, gardener at Kew who moved to Oregon, where he died some years ago. I am still tracking down the details of this information.

Bill Grant is a highly knowledgeable and gregarious rosarian kept busy leading tours of gardens around the world, writing articles, giving animated talks and slide presentations about his travels and favorite roses (he is a noted champion of species roses), and maintaining his own 1/2 acre organic garden in Aptos, California.

(continued...)

It has been confused with *R. longicuspis* for many years and sold under that name. Peter Beales in his books and catalogues mentions this. I have grown them both, and they are not the same rose. Ellen Willmott in her *Genus Rosa* does not mention *R. mulliganii*; the book was published in 1914.

Recently a satirical book that pokes fun at snobbish gardeners, *Yew and Non-Yew*, lists the five roses that the horticulturally correct would have in their gardens - and one of them is *R. mulliganii*. I know it is only a satire, but I was upset. I know of few people here in the West that grew the rose before I started touting its sterling qualities. And now quite a few are growing it (many from cuttings taken from my garden). When it was offered by Heirloom Old Garden Rose nursery in Oregon, it did not sell too well. Then I spread the word that Heirloom had it in stock, and now it is selling very well. I took cuttings to Mike Shoup several years ago when I spoke at the Antique Rose symposium. He said he was going to offer it soon. Better check with him.

Bill Grant
Aptos, California

Order *R. mulliganii* from Virginia Hopper at *Ros-Equus* 40350 Wilderness Rd., Branscomb, CA 95417 catalog \$1.50. Her roses are all own-root, quite large, and organically grown.

Look on page 252 of the revised edition of 'Classic Roses' by Peter Beales for a color photo of *R. mulliganii*.

"You can't win any game unless you are ready to win." Connie Mack



But before we leave the woodland road and the thrushes, I wish to call attention to another bird who incessantly warbles a few short notes among the foliage of the twilight forest in midsummer. Just where the light takes on a shimmering green color, where the forest grows silent and solemn and stately, there is always in summer time a little bird away up in the highest branches, perpetually singing a disjointed song.



Red-eyed Vireo.

This is called the red-vireo (*Vireo olivaceus*). He is about six inches long, olive-backed, slaty-crowned with a dark line over the eye, and white-breasted. The hanging nest is usually built well up from the ground on a forked branch, and in it one may see from three to four pearly white, madder-brown spotted eggs.

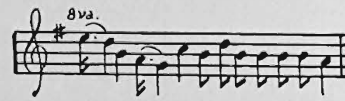
I do not see how it is possible for one to mistake this bird's song for any other. No other bird sings so disjointedly and continuously. I must except the yellow-throated vireo (*Vireo flavifrons*), however. This bird is olive-green, with a yellow throat. His song is pitched lower, and the tempo is less agitated. The best time to hear this music is in the afternoon of a warm day in July or August, immediately after a shower; then if the vireo is anywhere around he will be sure to sing. Listen, this is his refrain, in well-marked common time:



The groups of six notes are given in a querulous manner but with rollicking zest.

The natural song of any bird is sweeter and more lovely by far than the bald whistle notes it can be taught to imitate. A bullfinch, once a great pet in our family, had been trained to sing this:

But, true to the bird instinct of melody, he rendered the last note B instead of A and slurred it to G.

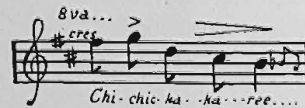


The little yellowbird in his double chirp "slurs" with even greater distinctness, as follows:

But the happy little creature that says "chee-ep" exactly like



the canary also sings on the wing, and repeats the slur with still greater emphasis. He dips along in graceful undulations, high up in the air—up and down, up and down—and on each recovery sings joyfully thus:




Flight of the Yellowbird.



FAMILIAR FEATURES OF THE ROADSIDE.





Stoned Hedge (an American gardener's first trip to England)

Meeting a life ambition of mine to experience England was met last June by attending "The 7th International Heritage Rose Conference" a few weeks after Bill Campbell and I co-hosted here in Denver "The Heritage Rose Foundation 1997 National Conference". The Denver conference was heady, exhausting and oozing with comraderie, so to soon thereafter be wandering through London, hearing Big Ben strike noon, seeing radically streamlined European cars, strolling through Kew Gardens, finally seeing and smelling 'Rambling Rector' and 'Kiftsgate', meeting heroes like Peter Beales (whose book 'Classic Roses' is what TURNED me into a rose nut!) and David Austin (whose creations helped shaped my decision to begin breeding roses), and falling in love with Cambridge while attending an excellent conference on OGRs in that charming ancient city put me into virtual overload! That week spent touring England with nearly 300 fellow obsessed rosarians was so intense I can't fit it all into one article, so in the next few issues of **THE GARDEN DOCTOR** I will share my experiences there in a series of travelogue adventure stories, as I did with my 1991 trip to Costa Rica, which ended up one of the most well-received features I ever offered my readers these last 10 years. In this first of the series I'll share a true high point I will savor and benefit from forever....excitedly traversing the fabulous rose gardens, hybridizing greenhouses and growing fields of that brilliant breeder who gave the world his sensuous 'English Roses', David Austin!

Our tour buses sailed us from Cambridge through the stunning English countryside, we all peering out through the rain-dropped windows like kids, and when we pulled up into the parking lot of 'David Austin Roses Unlimited' there stood Michael Marriot in the drizzle to greet us. He is David Austin's nursery manager and chief hybridizing assistant who had participated in a previous day's fascinating panel discussion with Malcolm Manners and Stephen Scanniello on roses diseases, climate ranges, own-rootness, and rose identification. He is an amiable man who clearly enjoys his work creating new English Roses, and so having chatted with him that day, once off the bus I dashed over to him before his touring duties began to ask if I might gather pollen samples there that day, knowing his enthusiasm for amateur hybridizers...he graciously agreed, saying to help myself! Michael explained to us all that the tour would be very informal, that we could wander freely through all the gardens, how to find them, and that we would regroup at the hybridizing greenhouses in just 45 minutes. But first he showed us a bed near the main entrance filled with specimens of 'Molineux' in full glorious bloom. He was clearly proud as we all marvelled at the huge, richly-fragrant golden yellow blooms, and he seemed surprised when I asked if it was a seedling of 'Golden Showers'...he beamed, smiling broadly, and said it was a seedling of a seedling of 'Golden Showers'. He welcomed all questions about parentages, then turned us loose...we scattered like flies!

The neat and orderly gardens are separated by tall hedges, each like a big room unto itself, with openings in the hedges serving as doors...I wandered into a vast collection of 'English Roses' first, seeing all his classics grown in rows separated by shortly-cropped lawn (a grass none of us could recognize). In the center of the garden a formal, long reflecting pool led the eyes to a temple-like seating area, creating a core of visual calm surrounded by an explosion of hundreds of English Roses in full bloom. Each bush was MUCH bigger than they get in Denver, and none showed the climbing habit English Roses exhibit in Florida and other milder regions of the U.S. Many of us were quickly captivated by a group planting of his new hybrid 'Pat Austin', named for his wife, and swooned over the heady fragrance, deeply-cupped form and stunning coppery-orange color, each huge bloom resembling a tangerine-touched-by-caramel peony. The damp air was alive with the clicking of cameras as we all sought to capture images of huge, perfect blooms of 'Graham Thomas', 'Tradescant', 'Francine Austin' and all their gorgeous brethren bejewelled by sparkling raindrops. I simply couldn't believe I was THERE, that this magic moment was happening! Many of us seemed to have involuntary smiles on our faces as we dashed from bush to bush, exclaiming aloud at each new sight and smell.

ntinued...)



Mindful of our frustratingly short stay, I high-tailed it back into the vast central garden, a clearly labelled collection of Climbers and Ramblers, both increasingly the target of my passions as a landscape designer and amateur hybridizer. The sidewalks were embraced by arbors and pergolas absolutely draped in lush specimens in full bloom...The Garland, Paul's Himalayan Musk, New Dawn, Bobbie James, R. filipes, each more beautiful than I'd ever seen in books, and the cool foggy air was a symphony of their collective fragrances. And there, at last, before me was 'Rambling Rector', as potent as I'd ever imagined the scent to be but surprisingly toned by apricot-yellow in the newly opening clusters of simple blooms...I quickly filled a coin envelope with soon-to-open buds to take back home, as I've wanted for years to boink 'Graham Thomas' with this legendary Rambler...that hip ripens as I type this! Feeling the clock ticking, I hurriedly alternated in the drizzle between snapping pictures and filling those envelopes with pollen and labelling them, the handle of my vital umbrella jammed first into my armpit, then later the rump of my blue jeans for hands-free work. A few times I caught a glimpse of David Austin as he passed by openings in the hedges, leading a small troupe of rose nuts.

I kept being stunned by cultivars I'd never encountered despite countless hours spent obsessively reading every book I could find about ramblers and climbers in the excellent Denver Botanic Gardens library, beauties like 'Alida Lovett', 'Thalia', 'Belvedere', 'Thelma' and other species hybrids derived from *R. multiflora*, *R. wichuraiana* and more. Each was uniquely beautiful, exuding its own distinct perfume. I was in heaven!

Needing to change film again, I made a bee line towards a shady area near the rear of the garden, the fragrant gloom created by huge ramblers invading surrounding trees. Peering intently into the body of the camera as I loaded new film, I suddenly sensed I was not alone so looked up and there by my right arm was.... David Austin!!! Michael had pointed me out as someone in the panel discussions who defended English Roses on their own roots, and who was an amateur hybridizer. Stunned, I said something dumb like "Oh my God, it's David Austin!" shook his hand, thanked him for his work, and to my delight we strolled through his gardens chatting about our respective efforts breeding roses! Never did he treat me like "only" an amateur, was soft-spoken and unassuming, easy to converse with, given to the eye contact I so prefer, and once even asked ME for advice!...he is searching for new orange parents, and it just so happens I have secured several richly-orange older Hybrid Teas for Dick Daniels, a color blind Denver customer who sees oranges most clearly in his gardens...he pulled out a pen and scrap of paper and wrote down their names, saying he'd never heard of any of them and where did I get them? I told him 'Roses Unlimited', one of the few sources of own-root English Roses he'd licensed in the U.S. Of course he knew their name instantly for that reason. He offered me a true gem of advice about my efforts to cross 'Graham Thomas' with Teas and Chinas for my 'Florida Roses'....keep even the seedlings that look like funky minis, and use them for second generation crosses instead of discarding them as would be my instinct. Suddenly he was descended upon by a group of women who wanted to pose with him by the reflecting pool, so he smiled, shook my hand and said goodbye. I felt like I'd just met The Beatles!

Soon we were all corralled towards the hybridizing greenhouses, and tromping down the muddy pathway I ran into David Austin once more, and before forgetting again quickly gave him a big pouch of pollen from Cheryl Netter's specimen of the Denver yellow mystery climber "Mr. Nash", describing that fabulous and fertile rose as best I could in our hurry...he seemed very pleased to get weird pollen from Colorado and scurried off to this little building where he keeps his pollens.

Moments later Michael was leading us through huge greenhouses filled with hundreds of potted breeder roses on benches, each bearing mutli-colored parentage tags dangling from ripening hips. He



explained all the steps involved in breeding, carefully answering questions posed by excited amateur hybridizers, stunning us by saying they stratify their hybrid seeds at 31 degrees instead of the usual 41 degrees, getting as a result a staggering 60% germination rate. He led us through another greenhouse filled with thousands of unnamed seedlings, most of which were in bloom, saying only a very few would find their way to the test growing fields, the majority being discarded when very young.

The rain was audible on our umbrellas as we then tromped through soggy sod to those flower-filled growing fields spanning several acres...what a sight! Before turning us loose to ogle at those many thousands of unnamed seedlings now full-size bushes, he explained that David Austin is very demanding of his hybrids, that only a very few of these would be named and introduced....it was very hard to see what was "wrong" with any of them, as most were quartered, deeply fragrant, seemingly vigorous, and many displaying the rich apricots and yellows he seems to be favoring these days. By now the rain was coming down quite hard.

Michael and David then led us to a cozy tent to dry out and feast on a sumptuous spread of fruits, cheeses, wines, coffee, pastries and of course, English tea. I met David Austin, Jr., also very friendly and who curiously peppered his speech with a long "Yeah" flavored by his British accent as he related the exasperation of trying to protect from piracy the fruits of his father's creations...his face was filled with exasperation as he advised me to TRY to protect any of my own hybrids someday from the OUTSET if I hoped to receive any compensation from their sale. Good advice from someone who would know. He also related memories of the "bad old days" when David Austin endured crushing poverty while raising his family and creating his earliest hybrids...David Jr. was THE weeder as employees could not be afforded. And he said these now fabulous gardens were little more than the family's yard. That tent was packed with yapping, eating rosarians seemingly on a collective "high" from an absolutely remarkable day...such infectious comraderie was typical of the entire conference as new friendships evolved effortlessly.

But all too soon we were herded by our friendly conference hosts back onto the buses waiting for us in the rain, our hearts and cameras filled to their brims, me feeling like a big bee with all that precious pollen in my camera bag. As the buses pulled away, David Sr., David Jr., and Michael stood in the drizzle waving goodbye, and we all waved back like kids on a schoolbus. Our happy bus was filled with animated conversation all the way back to Cambridge, crazed rosarians on a truly magical mystery tour. And in a moment of solitude I excitedly went through all my pollen pouches, imagining which roses in my Denver garden would get boinked by which pollen, as I savored the brand new memories of a most remarkable day.

John

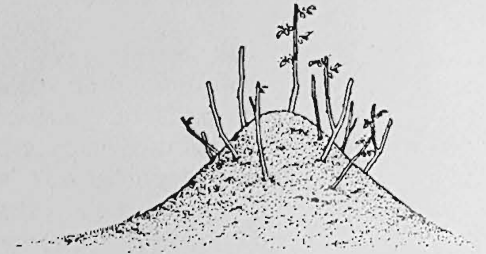
(to be continued....)



WALLED IN, THIS DELIGHTFUL SPOT WITH ITS POOL, CHAIRS AND TABLE MIGHT WELL BE THE FEATURE POINT OF INTEREST IN AN INFORMAL SCHEME.

A GOOD PLACE TO PLAN IS RIGHT OUT ON THE GROUNDS, WITH SKETCH PAD IN HAND.

SHARING SECRETS



Mound garden soil or tree grindings over base of roses JUST as ground nearly freezes

A rose spray made from genuine, hard-to-get, old-fashioned TRUE soap (a fat plus lye) is an effective, environmentally benign control for many insect and fungal infestations. Aphids, spider mites, white fly, mealy bug and other small sucking insects are killed by suffocation when the soap film plugs up their abdominal breathing holes. The lye in the soap alkalinizes the rose leaves, whereas blackspot and powdery mildew require an acidic leaf surface to grow...later, the soap helps to rinse them off! "Octagon Soap" dates back about 100 years, and is difficult to get outside the S.E. United States, where many a little old lady still values it both as a gardening aid AND to discourage young children from using foul language.

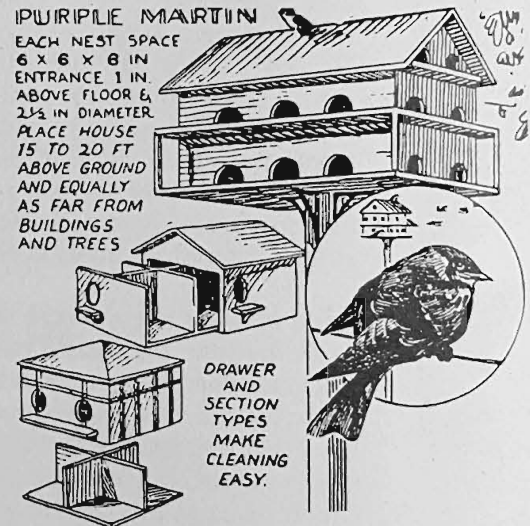
1. To make a large batch, lay the bar still in the wrapper on the sidewalk and smack it with a hammer till well broken up.
2. Pour the pieces into a wide mouth one gallon jug and fill it with very hot tap water. Let it sit one week, stirring daily.
3. Then run the soap slime through your blender to pulverize any lumps. Pour this back into the jug as your base concentrate.
4. Dissolve 1 part concentrate in 10 parts water, then pour into your sprayer. To control leaf fungi spray the entire rose bush, including the leaf undersides. For insects spray them directly (for instance, aphids clustered on new growth.) A spider mite infestation requires the whole bush be sprayed till thoroughly drenched.

For small batches, rub the soap bar against a cheese grater, and dissolve 1 heaping teaspoon in 4 cups hot water. Let sit a few days, stirring daily, then pour into your spray bottle.

Whatever minor alkalinizing effect the lye may have on your soil can easily be corrected by using cottonseed meal (a natural, acidifying nitrogen source found at feedstores) as part of your spring feeding.

PIURIPLE MARTIN

EACH NEST SPACE
6 X 6 X 8 IN.
ENTRANCE 1 IN.
ABOVE FLOOR &
2 1/2 IN DIAMETER.
PLACE HOUSE
15 TO 20 FT
ABOVE GROUND
AND EQUALLY
AS FAR FROM
BUILDINGS
AND TREES



DRAWER AND SECTION TYPES MAKE CLEANING EASY.

7. CLIMBING FERN. CREEPING FERN. HARTFORD FERN

Lygodium palmatum

Massachusetts and southward, in moist thickets and open woods. Stalks slender and twining.

Fronde.—Climbing and twining, one to three feet long, divided into lobed, rounded, heart-shaped, short-stalked segments; *fruit-clusters*, growing at the summit of the frond, ripening in September.

The Climbing Fern is still found occasionally in moist thickets and open woods from Massachusetts southward, but at one time it was picked so recklessly for decorative purposes that it was almost exterminated.

FAMILIAR FEATURES OF THE ROADSIDE

BY

F. SCHUYLER MATHEWS

1897

FERNS AS A HOBBY

I THINK it is Charles Lamb who says that every man should have a hobby, if it be nothing better than collecting strings. A man with a hobby turns to account the spare moments. A holiday is a delight instead of a bore to a man with a hobby. Thrown out of his usual occupations on a holiday, the average man is at a loss for employment. Provided his neighbors are in the same fix, he can play cards. But there are hobbies and hobbies. As an occasional relaxation, for example, nothing can be said against card-playing. But as a hobby it is not much better than "collecting strings." It is neither broadening mentally nor invigorating physically, and it closes the door upon other interests which are both. I remember that once, on a long sea-voyage, I envied certain of my fellow-passengers who found amusement in cards when the conditions were such as to make almost any other occupation out of the question. But when finally the ship's course lay along a strange coast, winding among unfamiliar islands, by shores luxuriant with tropical vegetation and sprinkled with strange settlements, all affording delight to the eye and interest to the mind, these players who had come abroad solely for instruction and pleasure could not be enticed from their tables, and I thanked my stars that I had not fallen under the stultifying sway of cards. Much the same gratitude is aroused when I see men and women spending precious summer days indoors over the card-table when they might be breathing the fragrant, life-giving air, and rejoicing in the beauty and interest of the woods and fields.

All things considered, a hobby that takes us out of doors is the best. The different open-air sports may be classed under this head. The chief lack in the artificial sports, such as polo, golf, baseball, etc., as opposed to the natural sports, hunting and fishing, is that while they are invaluable as a means of health and relaxation, they do not lead to other and broader interests, while many a boy-hunter has developed into a naturalist as a result of long days in the woods. Hunting and fishing would seem almost perfect recreations were it not for the life-taking element, which may become brutalizing. I wish that every mother who believes in the value of natural sport for her young boys would set her face sternly against any taking of life that cannot be justified on the ground of man's needs, either in the way of protection or support.

The ideal hobby, it seems to me, is one that keeps us in the open air among inspiring surroundings, with the knowledge of natural objects as the end in view. The study of plants, of animals, of the earth

itself, botany, zoölogy, or geology, any one of these will answer the varied requirements of an ideal hobby. Potentially they possess all the elements of sport. Often they require not only perseverance and skill but courage and daring. They are a means of health, a relaxation to the mind from ordinary cares, and an absorbing interest. Any one of them may be used as a doorway to the others.

If parents realized the value to their children's minds and bodies of a love for plants and animals, of any such hobby as birds or butterflies or trees or flowers, I am sure they would take more pains to encourage the interest which instinctively a child feels in these things. It must be because such realization is lacking that we see parents apparently either too indolent or too ignorant to share the enthusiasm and to satisfy the curiosity awakened in the child's active mind by natural objects.

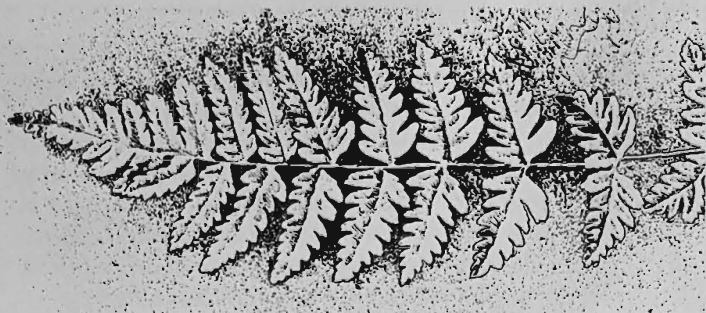
Of course it is possible that owing to the strange reticence of many children, parents may be unconscious of the existence of any enthusiasm or curiosity of this sort. As a little child I was so eager to know the names of the wild flowers that I went through my grandfather's library, examining book after book on flowers in the vain hope of acquiring the desired information. Always after more or less tedious reading, for I was too young to master tables of contents and introductions, I would discover that the volume under examination was devoted to garden flowers. But I do not remember that it occurred to me to tell anyone what I wanted or to ask for help. Finally I learned that a book on the subject, written "for young people," was in existence, and I asked my mother to buy it for me. The request was gratified promptly and I plodded through the preliminary matter of "How Plants Grow" to find that I was quite unable to master the key, and that any knowledge of the flowers that could appeal to my child-mind was locked away from me as hopelessly as before. Even though my one expressed wish had been so gladly met, I did not confide to others my perplexity, but surrendered sadly a cherished dream. Owing largely, I believe, to the reaction from this disappointment, it was many years before I attempted again to wrestle with a botanical key, or to learn the names of the flowers.

How much was lost by yielding too easily to discouragement I not only realize now, but I realized it partially during the long period when the plants were nameless. Among the flowers whose faces were familiar though their names were unknown, I felt that I was not making the most of my opportunities. And when I met plants which were both new and nameless, I was a stranger indeed. In the English woods and along the lovely English rivers, by the rushing torrents and in the Alpine meadows of Switzerland, on the mountains of Brazil, I should have felt myself less an alien had I been able then as now to detect the kinship between foreign and North American plants, and to call the strangers by names that were at least partially familiar.

To the man or woman who is somewhat at home

(continued....)

"To the dull mind all of nature is leaden. To the illumined mind the whole world sparkles with light." Emerson



CRESTED FERN. *Aspidium cristatum*.
Sterile Frond.

in the plant-world, travel is quite a different thing from what it is to one who does not know a mint from a mustard. The shortest journey to a new locality is full of interest to the traveller who is striving to lengthen his list of plant acquaintances. The tedious waits around the railway station are welcomed as opportunities for fresh discoveries. The slow local train receives blessings instead of anathemas because of the superiority of its windows as posts of observation. The long stage ride is too short to satisfy the plant-lover who is keeping count of the different species by the roadside.

While crossing the continent on the Canadian Pacific Railway a few years ago, the days spent in traversing the vast plains east of the Rockies were days of keen enjoyment on account of the new plants seen from my window and gathered breathlessly for identification during the brief stops. But to most of my fellow-passengers they were days of unmitigated boredom. They could not comprehend the reluctance with which I met each nightfall as an interruption to my watch.

To me the greatest charm the ferns possess is that of their surroundings. No other plants know so well how to choose their haunts. If you wish to know the ferns you must follow them to Nature's most sacred retreats. In remote, tangled swamps, overhanging the swift, noiseless brook in the heart of the forest, close to the rush of the foaming waterfall, in the depths of some dark ravine, or perhaps high up on mountain-ledges, where the air is purer and the world wider and life more beautiful than we had fancied, these wild, graceful things are most at home.

You will never learn to know the ferns if you expect to make their acquaintance from a carriage, along the highway, or in the interval between two meals. For their sakes you must renounce indolent habits. You must be willing to tramp tirelessly through woods and across fields, to climb mountains and to scramble down gorges. You must be content with what luncheon you can carry in your pocket. And let me tell you this. When at last you fling yourself upon some bed of springing moss, and add to your sandwich cresses fresh and dripping from the neighboring brook, you will eat your simple meal with a relish that never attends the most elaborate luncheon within four walls. And when later you surrender yourself to the delicious sense of fatigue and drowsy relaxation which steals over you, mind and body, listening half-uncon-

sciously to the plaintive, long-drawn notes of the wood-birds and the sharp "tsing" of the locusts, breathing the mingled fragrance of the mint at your feet and the pines and hemlocks overhead, you will wonder vaguely why on summer days you ever drive along the dusty high-road or eat indoors or do any of the flavorless conventional things that consume so large a portion of our lives.

Of course what is true of other out-door studies is true of the study of ferns. Constantly your curiosity is aroused by some bird-note, some tree, some gorgeously colored butterfly, and, in the case of ferns especially, by some outcropping rock, which make you eager to follow up other branches of nature-study, and to know by name each tree and bird and butterfly and rock you meet.

The immediate result of these long happy days is that "golden doze of mind which follows upon much exercise in the open air," the "ecstatic stupor" which Stevenson supposes to be the nearly chronic condition of "open-air laborers." Surely there is no such preventive of insomnia, no such cure for nervousness or morbid introspection as an absorbing out-door interest. Body and mind alike are invigorated to a degree that cannot be appreciated by one who has not experienced the life-giving power of some such close and loving contact with nature.

(continued....)

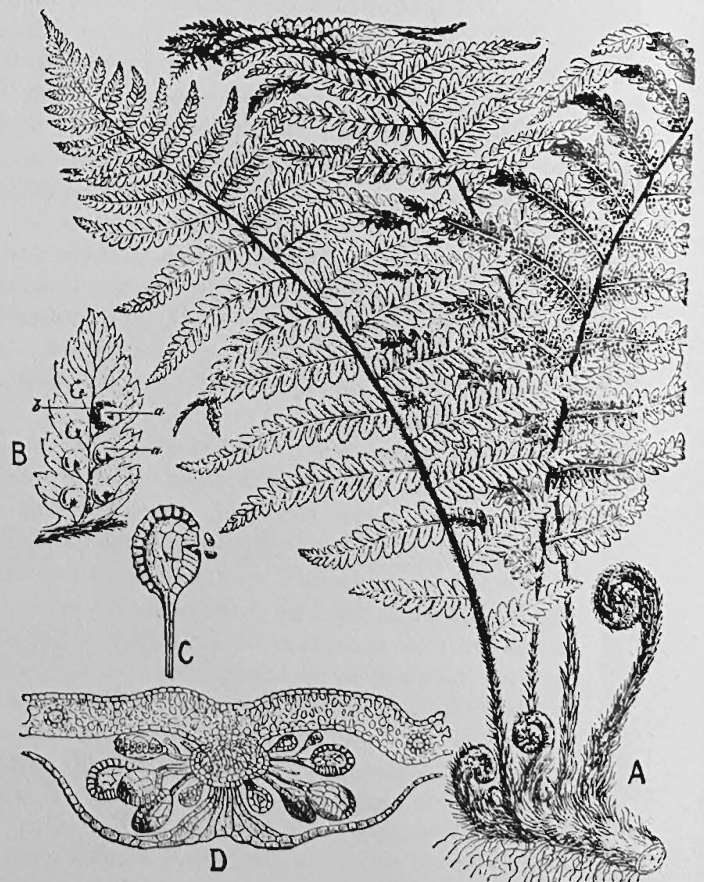


FIG. 199.—The structure of a fern (*Aspidium*). A, the plant as a whole. B, portion of leaf with seven fruiting dots or sori on its lower surface. Each is covered by an indusium (a), from under which the sporangia (b) are protruding, in one case. C, a single sporangium. D, transverse section through a sorus, showing section of leaf-blade above and of indusium below, with cluster of sporangia attached between them. (From Strasburger, after Wossido).



FERTILE FRONDS PARTIALLY LEAF-LIKE,
FERTILE PORTION UNLIKE REST OF FROND

6. INTERRUPTED FERN

Osmunda Claytoniana

Newfoundland to North Carolina, in swampy places. Two to four feet high.

Sterile fronds.—Oblong-lanceolate, once-pinnate, *pinnae* cut into oblong, obtuse divisions, *without* a tuft of wool at the base of each pinna.

Fertile fronds.—Taller than the sterile, leaf-like above and below, some of the middle *pinnae* fruit-bearing.

The Interrupted Fern makes its appearance in the woods and meadows and along the roadsides in May. It fruits as it unfolds.

Till the spores are discharged the fruiting *pinnae* are golden-green in color. Later they become brown. They are noticeable all summer, and serve to identify the plant at once.

In the absence of the fertile fronds it is often difficult to distinguish between the Cinnamon Fern and the Interrupted Fern.

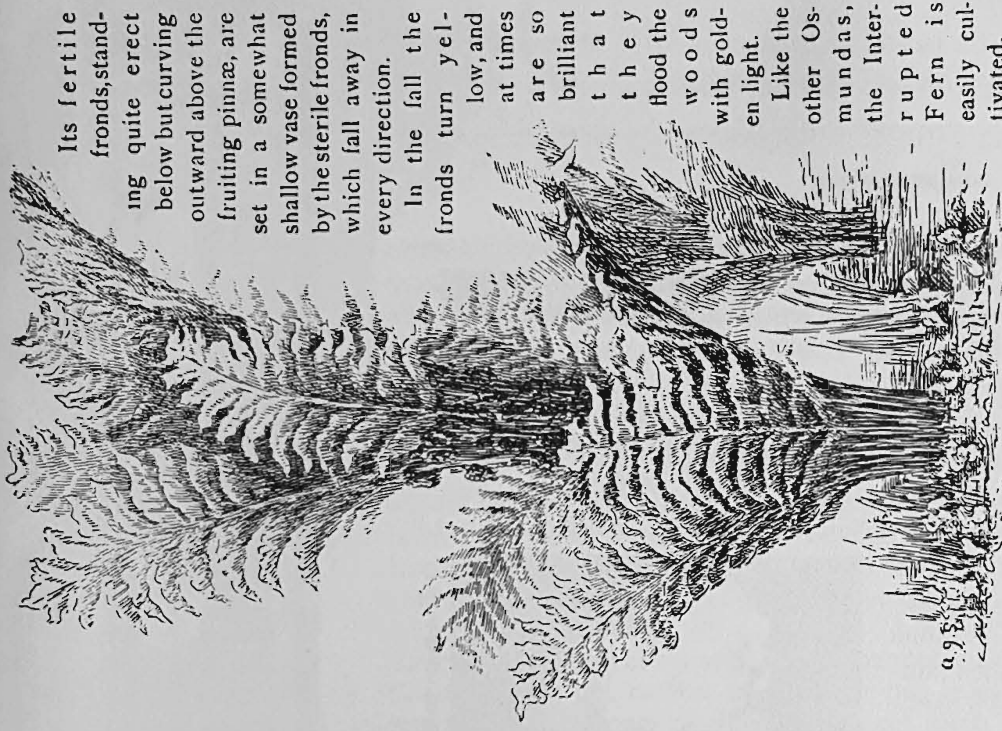
The sterile fronds of the Interrupted Fern are usually less erect, curving outward much more noticeably than those of the Cinnamon Fern. Then, too, its *pinnae* are cut into segments that are more obtuse, and the whole effect of the frond is more stubby.

But the most distinguishing feature of all is the tuft of rusty wool which clings to the base of each pinna of the sterile fronds of the Cinnamon Fern. These tufts we do not find in the Interrupted Fern, though both plants come into the world warmly wrapped in wool.

The Interrupted Fern is a peculiarly graceful plant.



INTERRUPTED FERN
a Clusters of sporangia
b Showing veining



Interrupted Fern

Its fertile fronds, standing quite erect below but curving outward above the fruiting *pinnae*, are set in a somewhat shallow vase formed by the sterile fronds, which fall away in every direction.

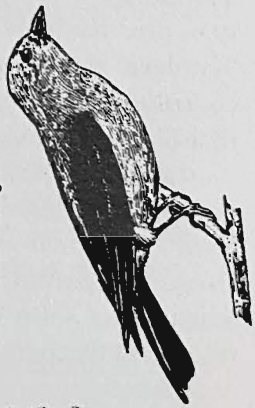
In the fall the fronds turn yellow, and at times are so brilliant that they flood the woods with golden light.

Like the other *Osmundas*, the Interrupted Fern is easily cultivated.

The scarlet tanager is most frequently heard on the edge of the wood that borders the road; he rarely comes out in the open to sing. Like the thrush he prefers the forest, but he sings a very different kind of a song. Listen: here are the notes:



Scarlet Tanager.



The tiny spotted cricket (*Nemobius vittatus*), of a brownish striped color, is still another singer whose spasmodic, interrupted chirp is constantly heard in the fields during late summer and early autumn, from New Hampshire to Maryland and Nebraska. This musician has a variable song made up of a trill and a sharp preparatory click, thus:



'Francis E. Lester,' hard as he is to get, offers robust manly growth and big, fragrant feminine clusters of delicate roses— something like a botanical John Wayne in drag.

When was the last time you were shocked by the rapid growth rate of a climbing rose in Colorado, its thick massive canes quickly thrusting up well past the tall trellis you *thought* would suffice? When was the last time you grew a brash climber that wasn't smacked back into humble submission by Colorado's see-saw winters? Never?

John Starnes

Well, perhaps you might try growing 'Francis E. Lester,' hard as he is to get, because he offers robust manly growth and big, fragrant feminine clusters of delicate roses—something like a botanical John Wayne in drag. 'Francis E. Lester' is a bastard seedling of the Hybrid Musk 'Kathleen.' The pollen parent (father) remains unknown, but whoever he was, he was potent, contributing a staggering growth rate. 'Kathleen' contributed her charming clusters of palest-pink buds that open into white, five-petalled (single) blooms, each about an inch and a half across, with a puff of bright yellow stamens in the center.

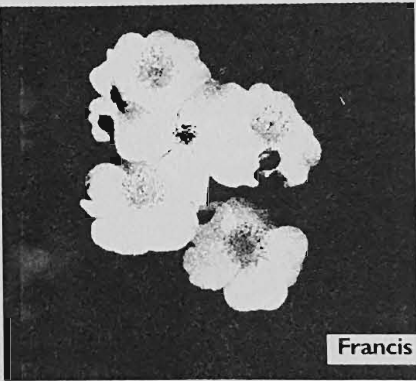


Photo: Peter Beales

Francis E. Lester

The resulting multitude of cheery trusses perfumes the garden with a potent, sharp, almost startling Multiflora rose scent that carries on a warm breeze, attracting both bees and human noses. And perhaps it was this mysterious father that passed on the capacity to produce huge basal shoots that yield easily eight feet of growth per season. Since 'Kathleen' thrives in my home state of Florida, perhaps that philandering father also contributed the remarkable cold hardiness that barely fazes his giant child. And from that fling came big, healthy, dark green leaves remarkably free of disease.

Like John Wayne, 'Francis' (wasn't Francis John Wayne's middle name?) needs room to swagger, easily occupying eight feet in all directions in just three seasons from a tiny inch and a half tall, own-root plant from Heirloom Old Garden Roses in Oregon (apparently the only US mail order source). Only the foolhardy would challenge either John Wayne or the vicious hooked thorns on 'Francis E. Lester's' stiff thick canes, so use caution when picking bouquets or pollinating blooms (this is a fertile seed parent in its own right, blessing me with several intriguing hybrids, including a vigorous tangerine-apricot, fragrant repeat-bloomer).

This rare combination of extreme vigor and delicate beauty, plus all-around toughness, makes this Rambler an object of awe to those who behold or grow it, even folks generally dismayed by single blooms or the once-blooming trait. Mine grows by the northeast corner of my home at 1684 Willow St. in northeast Denver. Feel free to drop by in June, whether or not I'm home, walk east along the north side of my house, and stand there, amazed and uplifted by the size, beauty and fragrance.

"I am in the present. I cannot know what tomorrow will bring forth. I can only know what the truth is for me today. That is what I am called upon to serve, and I serve it in all lucidity." Igor Stravinsky 1936

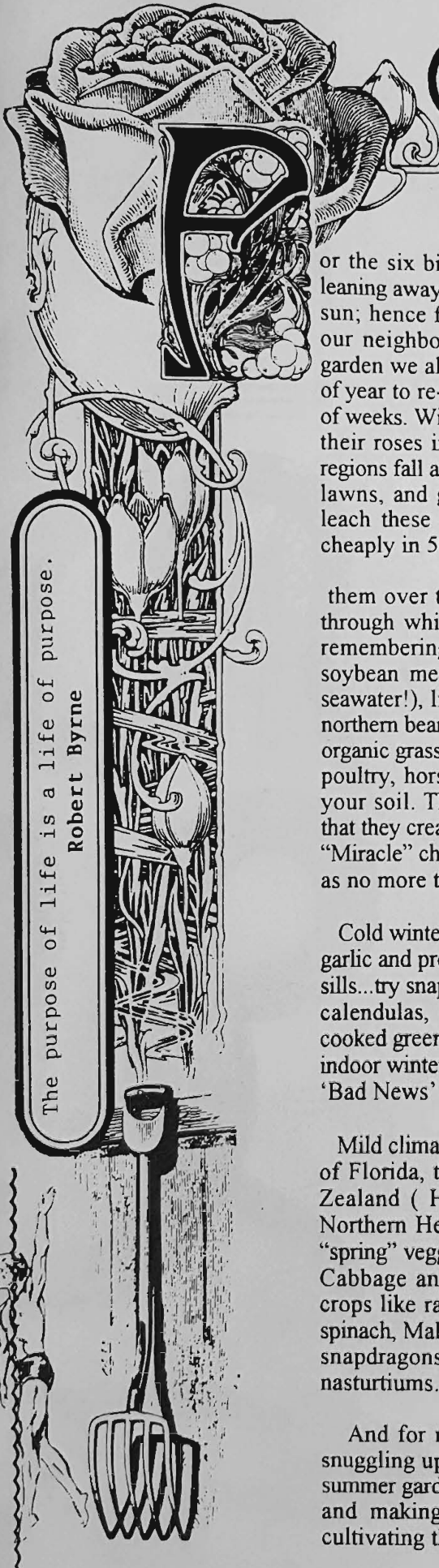
BAD NEWS

"Sick Building Syndrome" can result from immune supressing VOC's (volatile organic compounds) emitted by fungal spores from potted plants' soil. Chest colds, bronchitis etc. can result. **SCIENCE NEWS**



Berthold Auerbach 1812-1882

"Of all afflictions, the worst is self-contempt."



The purpose of life is a life of purpose.

Robert Byrne

or the six billionth time or so, the northern half of our world has begun leaning away from our home star, with the south pole leaning towards the sun; hence fall and winter head our way as spring and summer return to our neighbors south of the equator. But all over this spinning globular garden we all call home, this transitional time of year is an excellent time of year to re-invigorate our soil, even if the ground will freeze in a matter of weeks. With winter closing in, many rose growing folks stopped feeding their roses in mid-summer to harden them off, but even in harsh winter regions fall and early winter is a good time to sprinkle organic nutrients on lawns, and gardens of perennials, vegetables and herbs...melting snows leach these soil feeders deep with each thaw. Most can be purchased cheaply in 50 lb. bags at feedstores; spread

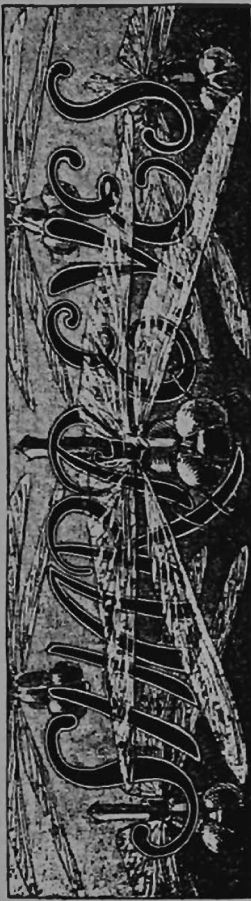
them over the soil about as heavily as parmesan cheese on spaghetti, a visible layer through which one can see the soil. Use one or more of the following at that rate, remembering they are non-burning natural foods for livestock...cottonseed meal, soybean meal, alfalfa pellets, fish meal, kelp meal (for all the minerals found in seawater!), linseed meal, sugar beet pulp pellets, wheat germ meal, shattered pinto or northern beans, dried yeast, blood meal or shrimp meal. Waste materials like compost, organic grass clippings, bagasse (sugar cane waste), brewer's waste, or manure (sheep, poultry, horse or transcripts of Jesse Helms' speeches) are also welcomed meals for your soil. The main reason organic gardeners have few disease and pest problems is that they create vibrantly healthy soil, which in turn supports healthy vigorous plants. "Miracle" chemical fertilizers feed the plants MARGINALLY while dismissing the soil as no more than a prop for the roots.

Cold winter gardeners can use fall and winter to grow potted bulbs like paperwhites, garlic and pre-chilled hyacinths, plus annual flowers and herbs on sunny south window sills...try snapdragons, sweet alyssum, 'Crystal Palace' lobelia, mustard, basil, cilantro, calendulas, 'Heavenly Blue' morning glories, sweet potatoes (eat the leaves as a cooked green) or bush beans. Note: some folks may experience health problems from indoor winter gardening due to spores released from the soil...see details in this issue's 'Bad News' column.

Mild climate gardeners in either hemisphere, especially in frost-free areas like most of Florida, the Gulf Coast of the U.S., southern California, or mild regions of New Zealand (Hi Joanne!) also feed their soil, then plant all manner of crops...in the Northern Hemisphere this will be mainly crops that prefer cooler temps, the classic "spring" veggies and flowers of temperate climate gardens like: all the members of the Cabbage and Mustard groups like broccoli, bok choy, mustard, kale, etc., most root crops like radishes, carrots, turnips, daikon, beets, etc., most leafy crops like spinach, Malabar Spinach, cilantro, and chard, plus annual flowers like sweet alyssum, snapdragons, stocks, calendulas, larkspur, Bachelor Buttons, sweet peas and nasturtiums.

And for many, this is a time of year for slowing down, catching up on reading, snuggling up in bed with a human or animal companion on a chilly day, planning the summer garden, listening to inner rhythms and moving with them, healing old wounds, and making brave new plans. After all, cultivating the heart is as important as cultivating the soil, with new joys yet another seasonal harvest.

Interesting, isn't it, that it's illegal for citizens to not surrender their taxes, but legal for government to flagrantly waste them? Margaret Head (1953-)

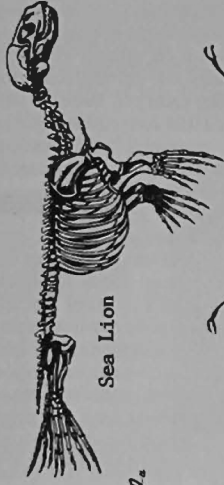
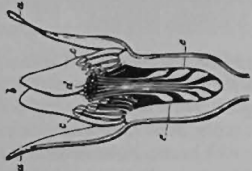


Engelman spruce beetle.

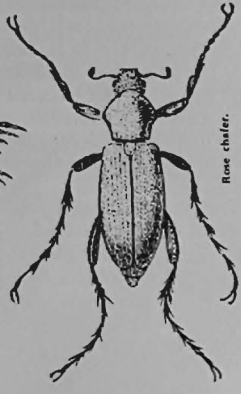


Rosa humilis.

Perpendicular section of Rose flower: a, sepal; b, petal; c, stamens; d, pistil; e, pericarp.

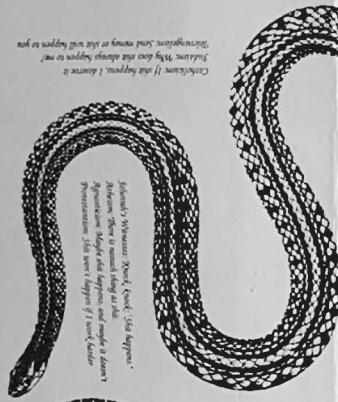


Sea Lion



Rose chafer.

Cockroach (1) and buprestid (2) feeding on rose. Cockroach feeds on the bark, buprestid on the wood of the supporting stem.



Snake (1) and buprestid (2) feeding on rose. Snake feeds on the bark, buprestid on the wood of the supporting stem.



The Religions
Cockroach (1) and buprestid (2) feeding on rose. Cockroach feeds on the bark, buprestid on the wood of the supporting stem.



Globular Bud



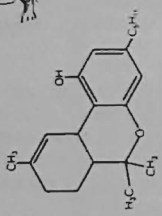
Urn-shape Bud



Slender or Tapering Bud

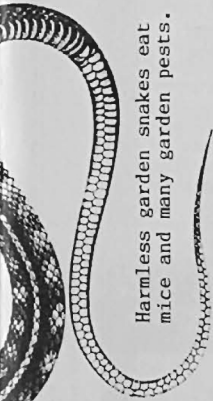


Globular



Δ¹-TRANS-TETRAHYDROCANNABINOL





Harmless garden snakes eat mice and many garden pests.



Seed vessels in two forms of Koush blattis.



Infemoral or Cactus



Flat or Thin



Cupped



Imbricated



Pointed or High-centered
TYPES OF ROSE BLOOMS.

FIG. 180.—*Phallus*, the stink-horn. Frustrification, showing the gleba, above at the end of the stalk, and the remains of the peridium below.

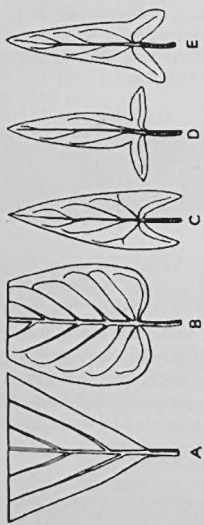
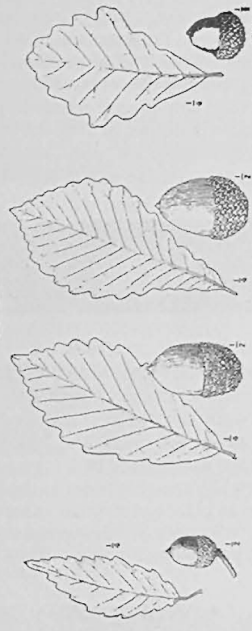


FIG. 3.—BASIS OF LEAVES

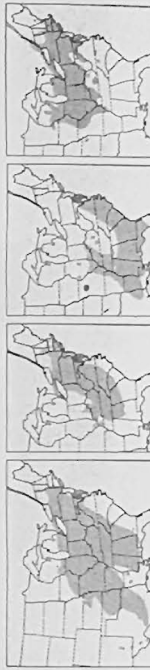
A, cuneate. B, cordate. C, sagittate. D, hastate. E, auriculate.



A "cold front" is simply dense, frigid "spilling" towards the equator from either pole of our planet.



103. Chinquapin oak. 104. Chestnut oak. 105. Swamp chestnut oak. 106. Swamp white oak.



Rhus bicolor.



Spherical pollen grain of knotweed (*Polygonum chinense*)



The SEEDS



On your Seed Packet with *1 CATNIP JUICE FINGERPRINT* write: Lavender (*Lavandula angustifolia*). Cultivated for its fragrant oil since ancient Greek and Roman times, this perennial relative of rosemary grows best in full sun, and in dry soil of a neutral to alkaline pH (add dolomite if your soil is acid). Your seeds have been pre-chilled 2 weeks; chill them in your fridge (not freezer) another two weeks and sow in early winter IF you live in a mild region like the Gulf Coast or southern California, or 2 weeks before last frost if you live in a snowy winter area. Plant them about 1/4" deep; keep the soil damp till seedlings appear. Special thanks to perennials expert **Ray Daugherty** of Denver for donating these seeds.

On your Seed Packet with *2 CATNIP JUICE FINGERPRINTS* write: Serpentine (Racombole) Garlic (*Allium sativum*). This uncommon garlic is distinguished by a rich, warm hearty flavor and scent, purplish-brown papery husks that slough off very easily, and the bizarre "crazy straw" flower stalks that appear annually in summer, each topped by a crown of bulblets instead of flowers. This snake-like stalk oddly straightens out as the bulblets ripen. Some cold climate gardeners prefer to plant garlic in fall, others in spring...mild climate folks should plant them in late fall or early winter to allow for full growth during their cooler season. Plant your bulblets about 1" deep in rich loose soil in full sun.

On your Seed Packet with *3 CATNIP JUICE FINGERPRINTS* write: Chinese Winter Radish, (Daikon) var. "Minovase" (*Raphanus sativus*). Radishes are one of humanity's oldest crops, their name derived from the Latin "radix" meaning "root". All radishes grow rapidly and prefer full sun, loose rich moist soil, and cooler conditions (sow in winter in mild regions like Florida). Acid soils should be dusted with dolomite. Your seeds of this Chinese variety have been pre-chilled; sow them about 1/4" deep. In about 8 weeks harvest the big carrot-like crunchy white roots and eat raw or in stir fry. The leaves may be eaten raw in salads, as cooked greens, or pickled as a sweet-and-sour chutney.

The seeds in this issue have been pre-chilled for you to enhance their germination. And remember: ALWAYS store all your seed packets in your refrigerator (freezer...NOT!) to help insure their continued viability.



readers digested

Back for a second year - it's really a great publication! **Lynn Wirtz, Brooklyn NY**

John - Thanks again for a great magazine! **Caroline Dieterle, Iowa City IA**

Dear John, This sunny Sunday morn. I was re-reading my Spring 1997 issue of "The Garden Dr." for the (at least) 100th time. I realized with alarm! I haven't told you of recent changes to my life! I changed my name and address....I have also enclosed a gift to my dear fellow gardener Patricia - I am sure she will treasure her issues of "The Garden Dr." as well as I do. I'm looking forward to this fall's Garden Doctor. Sincerely,
Linda Haun Harper, Oregon City, OR

My Dearest J. Starnes, The big news is that *LM* winning Publisher's Clearing House Sweepstakes this August (and that my fantasy life is still quite active). Which brings me to the issue of G.D. renewal. (What, after all, could be a more appropriate companion to my bedside tome?) And this year's winner of the "This is your subscription" prize goes to my buddy Audrey in Jamaica Plain, MA. Sign us both up for one year. Keep your bunny trails hoppin'! **Karl Holmes, Milton, MA**

Hi John! Hope all is well - Here is our check for \$16 to renew - Rains are beginning to come - but never enough! Hope the skies open soon! Best wishes, **Susan Taylor, Tampa, FL**

John, Thanks for all the good work - We're with you! **Michael & Claudia Karpinski, Corvallis, OR**

John - Sign me up for another year! Your recent effort was one of the best ever - I enjoyed it thoroughly! **John Spellman, Beverly, MA**

\$30.00 for TWO < 2 > More Years!!!! Sorry to hear about your dog. **Bill McCracken, Milwaukie, OR**

Dear John - Just a quick note to tell you how much we loved this issue of "The Garden Doctor". You're a danged marvel! **Siri Amrit Khalsa & Sat Guru Singh, Albuquerque, NM**

John, Thanks for all your effort in Denver. What a lot of activity on your part. It made my enjoyment of the Heritage process memorable. So here's some money - let me see you in print. I like your message with plants and soil. I already do my version of some of the process. **Ivy Bodin, Vista, CA**

Hi John, I can't live without The Garden Doctor, so please renew my subscription! **Arlene Kellman, Longmont, CO**

Dear John - My heart goes out to you in the loss of your little dog Sergeant - the loss of these canine pals can run deep; I still miss my dog Kishka, even tho it's been 6 years & two other furry friends have joined our household. Thanks for your great magazine. Sorry I can't attend the HRF meeting -conference - but I must keep my nose to the grindstone in an effort to save these old, wornout greenhouses - too bad I don't have Mrs. Winchester's fortune. Enclosed is \$16 to renew my subscription- I think its due. **Virginia Hopper, Branscomb, CA**

I read about your magazine in The Denver Post; I am interested in subscribing. I live @ 7,000 feet altitude; have a few roses (shrub) that have survived 3 or more winters. I'm also interested in learning about additional roses which will tolerate this height. Thanks so much, **V. R. Fike, Jamestown, CO**

John - Where would my garden be without The Doctor. Keep up the good work! Many Thanks!
Sheila Lyons, Corvallis, OR

John - Here's my renewal for The Garden Doctor. Keep up the good work of restoration! We're sowing the seeds of renewal out here in Ohio. We have started an organic CSA and we have 40 members already! Hopefully the rain will subside long enough for us to get out into the field to start planting...Here are some thoughts on restoration that I put together:

The real work of restoration begins stitch by stitch
The web, broken, cannot be mended overnight.
To sigh, to resign, to weave the first few threads.
Real progress measured between my left and right hands.

There is no end in sight
Only the soft tremors of a million new beginnings.

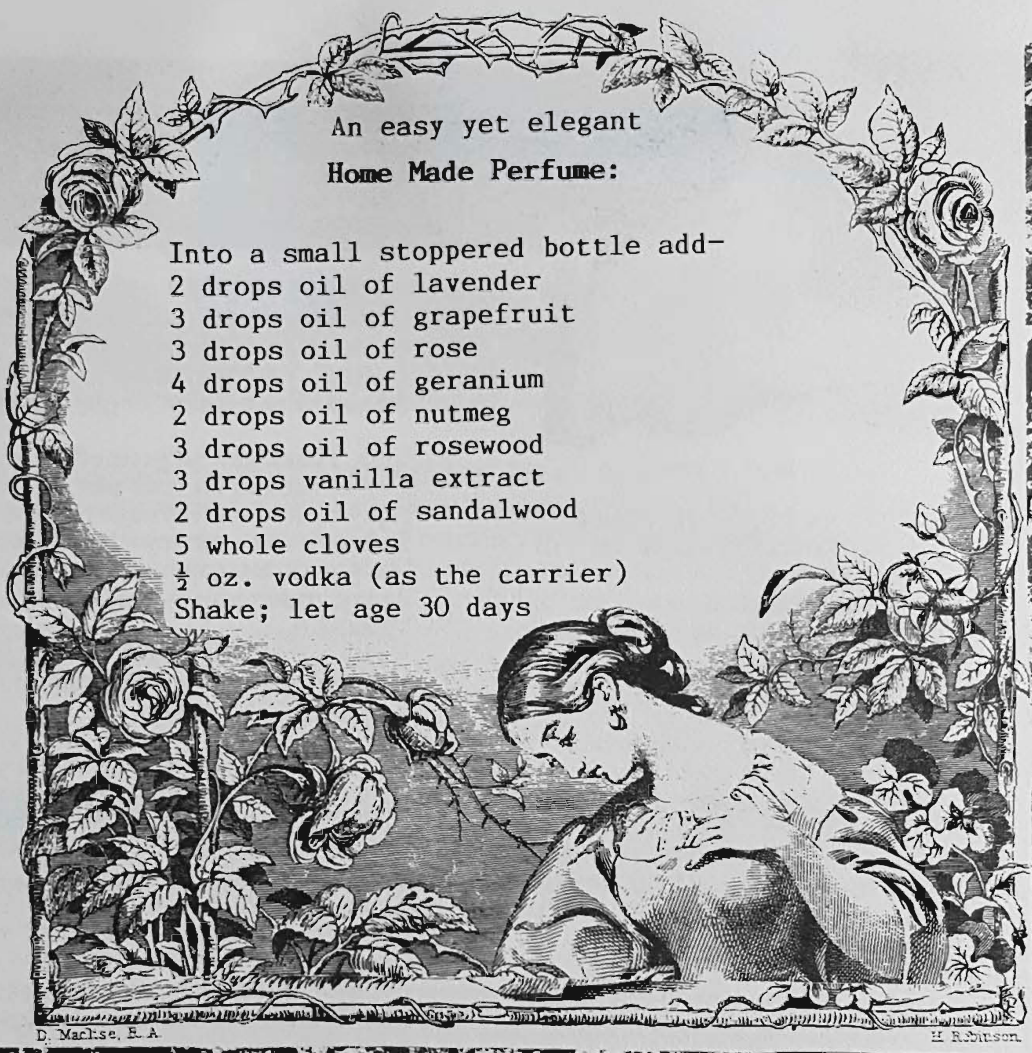
Live and walk in peace! love, **Brad Masi, Oberland, OH**

"If money is your hope for independence you will never have it. The only real security that a man can have in this world is a reserve of knowledge, experience and ability." Henry Ford

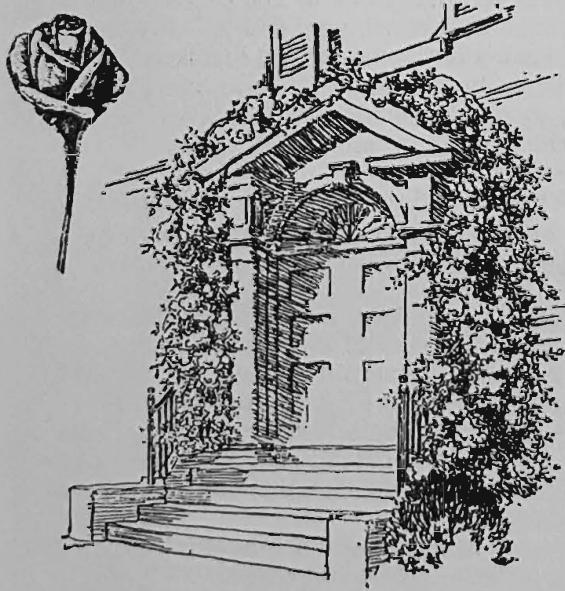
"Many are called but few get up." Oliver Herford 1863-1935

An easy yet elegant
Home Made Perfume:

Into a small stoppered bottle add—
2 drops oil of lavender
3 drops oil of grapefruit
3 drops oil of rose
4 drops oil of geranium
2 drops oil of nutmeg
3 drops oil of rosewood
3 drops vanilla extract
2 drops oil of sandalwood
5 whole cloves
½ oz. vodka (as the carrier)
Shake; let age 30 days



"We need some imaginative stimulus, some not impossible ideal such as many shape vague hope, and transform it into effective desire, to carry us year after year, without disgust, through the routine work which is so large a part of life." Walter Pater 1885



Our ancestors knew, as do our gardening contemporaries in England, the simple charm of a climate-appropriate Rambler (generally once-blooming) or Climber (generally repeat-blooming) trained over a doorway arch to make entering or leaving ones home a moving experience.

Cold Climate Climbing & Rambling Roses:

- Alexander Girault
- American Pillar
- Apple Blossom
- Russelliana
- Francis E. Lester
- Baltimore Belle
- Long John Silver
- Ilse Krohn Superior
- Bobbie James
- Albertine
- Seagull
- Hiawatha
- Paul's Himalayan Musk
- Baltimore Belle



Mild Climate Ramblers & Climbers:

- Prosperity*
- Reve d'Or*
- Treasure Trove
- Cl. Old Blush*
- Gloire de Dijon*
- Belle Portugaise
- Crepuscule*
- Cl. Devonensis
- Duchesse de Auerstadt
- Mermaid*
- Lamarque
- R. mulliganii
- La Follette
- Cl. Clotilde Soupert*
- Cl. Souvenir de la Malmaison*



* = known to resist Florida's soil nematodes

Butterfly Gardening

by Josie Carleno

Since the butterfly is so closely intertwined with the plant world, the butterfly enthusiast has little choice but to become something of a botanist. It also seems like a natural step for an organic gardener to take, as the ideal butterfly garden will have lots of feeding larvae. Since butterflies are natural inhabitants of your garden, a xeriscape garden will attract lots of visitors without lots of extra work.

My first step in planning my butterfly garden was to spend the first season watching the butterflies that were already in my neighborhood. Since I don't live near a natural butterfly habitat, I thought I would start by attracting what was likely to be found. Butterflies travel natural pathways, such as streambeds, and not so natural ones, like roadbeds and railroads. They also congregate near open meadows, empty lots, and bodies of water. If you have any of these features near your garden site, you're ahead of me in my Denver neighborhood at attracting different species. I also took note of where I found butterflies in my yard. A garden placed along a "butterfly highway" will have more visitors than one off the beaten path.

My next step was to look up the larval host plants and the favored nectar sources of the butterflies I wanted to attract. The North American Butterfly Association (NABA) has a nicely compiled, easy to read list of these. I chose the plants that seemed to be the most popular larval host plants and some no fail nectar sources, and then set to work.

When planning my garden I tried to look at the flowers the way a butterfly would see them. Butterflies see with the ultraviolet part of the spectrum to detect the nectaries of the flower, and they don't necessarily see the petals. For this reason it is best to go with mass plantings of a few good nectar flowers. Picking good nectar flowers can be tricky because hybridizers don't cultivate with butterflies in mind. Composites are usually good, although I have seen some ignored by the flyers. I have also tried to be observant of butterfly behavior to get some guidance as to what they will like. Local nurseries are usually pretty good about indicating which are good butterfly plants. Some of my favorite "no fail" nectar sources are: Zinnia, Butterfly Bush (*Buddleia davidii*), Butterfly Weed (*Asclepias tuberosa*), Asters, Verbena, Delphiniums, Scabiosa, Lantana, Purple Coneflower (*Echinacea purpurea*), Liatris, and Cosmos. A little experimentation doesn't hurt, either. There are also some popular caterpillar host plants that will attract a variety of butterflies as well. It is very easy to attract the Black Swallowtail by providing dill or fennel as caterpillar plants.

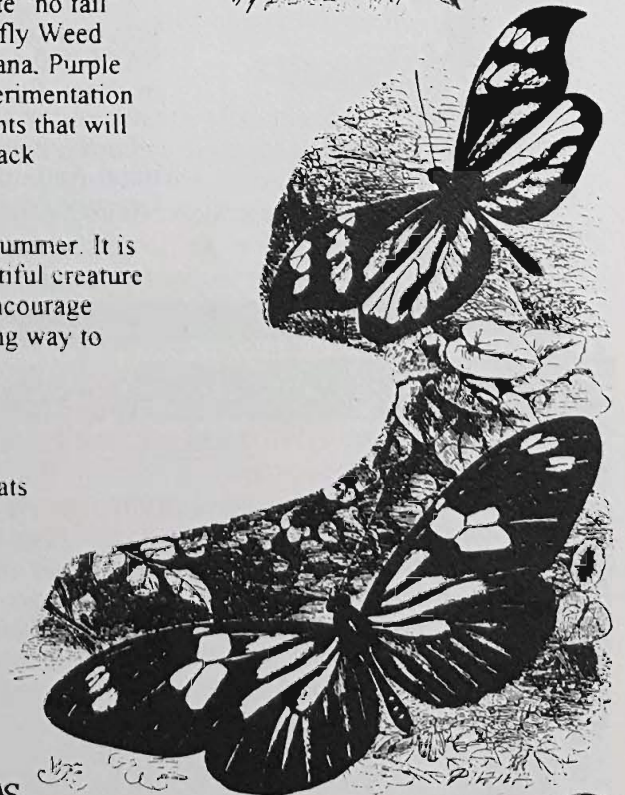
My butterfly garden has brought me so much joy throughout this summer. It is so gratifying to go out to take a quick peek and be greeted by a beautiful creature that is taking advantage of the habitat that I have provided for it. I encourage everyone to give it a try. Butterfly gardening is an easy and rewarding way to interact with the smaller creatures of this earth.

Some sources:

Set of introductory butterfly gardening brochures-
North American Butterfly Association: Butterfly Gardens and Habitats
909 Birch Street
Baraboo, Wisconsin 53913
Send check payable to NABA for \$2.50. Highly recommended!

Butterfly Gardening - Creating Summer Magic in Your Garden
Xerxes Society/Smithsonian Institution

The Audubon Society Handbook for Butterfly Watchers
by Robert Michael Pyle



Josie beautifully plays the violin and
with her husband Tom, who plays guitar,
comprise the duet Perpetual Motion on
Swallowtail Music/BMI



G

REGORY

P
ECS

S
EZ:

Yo!, Bobs and babes! If Old Man Winter is getting ready to trap you active gardeners indoors with snow and ice the next few months, denying your hot bod the exercise of turning soil, digging up sod, rolling boulders, carrying 50 lb. bags of nutrients, raking leaves, digging holes, and hauling limbs, by spring you'll look like Jabba the Hut if you don't follow my lead to stay trim and slim without a gym! Just try the following...

EVERY morning do bent-knee situps, pushups, lunges and toe raises. Start with 10 reps of each daily, then add a few reps every few days, aiming for 100 reps of each to burn off calories, build muscle mass. Like my pecs?....I got 'em doing this routine.

Buy a 'chin up bar' at the local athletic supplies store, spend 10 minutes installing it in a door way, and try to do a few chin ups, pull ups, or lat pull downs every time you go through that doorway for a steady upper body workout. Like my arms and shoulders? I got 'em doing this too.

You're not a grizzly bear, so don't pack your gullet with fatty foods or you WILL build up a gross-looking layer of winter body fat. Eat lots of hearty soups, easy on the cheese, choose tofu over meat. Even MY muscles wouldn't show up if they were covered with 2" of squishy fat.

If icy roads stop your daily jogs, do 'jumping jacks' in your cozy livingroom, or better yet, your driveway or sidewalk to enjoy that brisk air and get a great cardiovascular workout. Start with 10 a day, aim for 100 or more.

Take 400 mcg. daily of chromium picolinate so your body can make enough insulin to avoid a sluggish metabolism or hypoglycemia.

Use the light treatment methods I mentioned in the two previous fall issues ('95 and '96) to avoid 'winter depression' or SADS (Seasonal Affective Disorder Syndrome)...it's hard to stay in shape if you're bummed out, dudes and dudettes!

Lastly, have lots of sex on snowy days for a GREAT calorie burn! And watch for my new video..."Aerobic Winter Sex with Gregory Pecs!"

"Our greatest happiness does not depend on the condition of life in which chance has placed us, but is always the result of a good conscience, good health, occupation, and freedom in all just pursuits." Thomas Jefferson


ANAL-RETENTIVE GARDENING TIPS!

1. Grow NO perennial flowers. Instead buy and plant hundreds of F1 hybrid annuals like petunias, marigolds, and geraniums each planting season. Grow them in perfect rows, mulch with bark from an endangered forest, and spray weekly with insecticides and fungicides. Every Sunday morning broadcast metaldehyde slug bait granules. Repeat annually.
2. Grow ONLY grafted, ARS-approved Modern Roses in a monocultural bed of roses and bark mulch. Feed them only chemical fertilizers laced with systemic insecticides, and spray weekly with Benomyl, Daconil and Subdue on a rotation schedule. Fight weeds with Round Up, Weed-B-Gon & pre-emergents.

"There are joys which long to be ours. God sends ten thousand truths, which come about us like birds seeking inlet; but we are shut up to them, and so they bring us nothing, but sit and sing awhile upon the roof, and then fly away." Henry Ward Beecher

BOOK

REVIEW



In his excellent new book, "A Year of Roses", world-renowned author and rosarian Stephen Scanniello reveals not only the depth of his knowledge about, and affection for, the world's favorite flower, but also quite a bit about what makes him tick. This is not a heavy, picture-filled coffee table rose book, but a useful and personable handbook, a lesson-filled sojourn through a typical year in the garden of a skilled and dedicated rosarian. Considering his garden is the Cranford Rose Garden at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, recently declared THE best rose garden in the world, his shared experiences are uniquely invaluable, to say the least. And his blend of hands-on gardening tips, personal anecdotes and light-hearted impish humor invites the reader to learn and laugh as effortlessly as sniffing a new bloom.

Environmentally-minded gardeners will rejoice at the predominance of simple and sensible, non-chemical methods Stephen offers as effective solutions to insect and fungal problems, which he describes clearly to help us learn to diagnose them ourselves. But it is his well-organized, month-by-month format that reveals the essentials of planning, planting, and caring for a rose garden. Seasoned rosarians and beginners alike will enjoy strolling vicariously with Stephen through his magnificent rose garden, learning about tools, techniques and the tantalizing major classes of roses, including their historically colorful origins. Especially reliable and desirable varieties are mentioned by name so we can seek them out for our own gardens using the lists of sources and resources he ends each chapter with. Stephen also thankfully addresses the matter of "own-root" roses versus the grafted ones in pots we all see at nurseries each spring, and that often are frail and short-lived. The broad overview he provides as to the nature and care of roses will empower the reader, not overwhelm him or her. And his humorous tales of the antics of opinionated rosarians, quirky gardeners, and all-to-serious rose society members infuses each chapter with a refreshing and gentle human warmth, perhaps as a reminder that the rose cultivates US surely as much as we do it.

Published by Henry Holt and Company, "A Year of Roses" is a splendid and enjoyable combination of hands-on pragmatism, evocative imagery, and amusing insights from the heart and mind of a man who deeply loves roses and clearly delights in sharing his joy, especially with those who might think they "can't grow roses". If you love and grow roses too, wander with Stephen through those 177 pages, and witness a year of his roses, stopping now and then to cup a colorful bloom in your hands and breathe in its stirring perfume...who can resist?

John Starnes

EROTIC Garden

TOPICS



by
Tuscany Superb

Hey guys, let's discuss frankly your problem with "peanuts envy"....have you ever peeked over your fence as your neighbor, wearing only skimpy shorts, pulled his great big peanuts out of his garden, his wife wearing a satisfied grin as she fondled them to remove the soil clinging to their husks? Well hunz, just try these hot gardening tips and YOU'LL be the envy of the locker room when you pull out your huge home grown goobers from your locker for a high-protein snack after your manly workout!

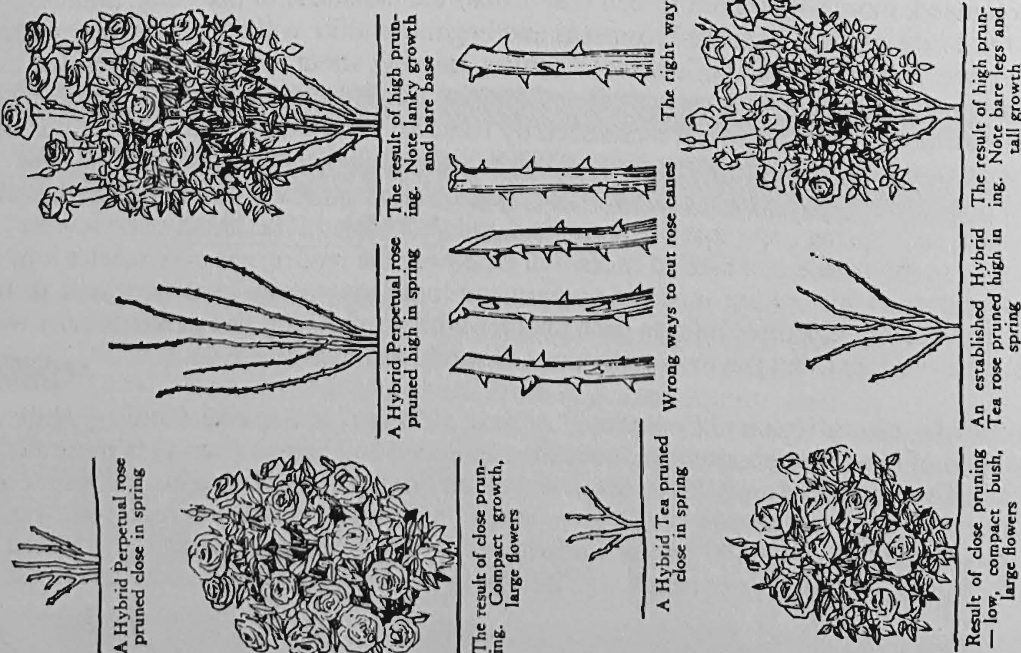
Keep in mind that peanuts are not nuts at all but subtropical legumes, so they need rich, warm, humusy, moist soil, a LONG growing season, and full sun. Buy varieties known to produce big long pods like "Jumbo Virginia" or "Jumbo Runner". In subtropical regions like the Gulf Coast plant the whole pod in fall or early winter; elsewhere, plant them 2 weeks before last expected frost.

Keep the soil mulched with 6" - 8" of alfalfa hay, coastal hay, or organic grass clippings, and feed once with manure tea when about 10" tall. Water deeply weekly during dry spells.

At the end of the growing season, use a pitchfork to gently lift the mature, yellowing, sagging plants from the soil; the peanuts will be attached NOT to roots but the flower stalks that slowly tunnelled into the soil after pollination. Pluck the pods, rinse them, then let dry in the shade for a few weeks. Eaten raw or baked, your organically-grown peanuts will be SO BIG and irresistible, the neighbor's wife will be leering over the fence to ogle at YOUR huge goobers!

"Statistically, the probability of any one of us being here is so small that you'd think the mere fact of existing would keep us all in a contented dazzelement of surprise."
Lewis Thomas

SOME VIEWS ON PRUNING ROSES...



"If we had no winter, the spring would not be so pleasant; if we did not sometimes taste of adversity, prosperity would not be so welcome." Anne Bradstreet 1664



subTROPICAL subTOPICS

Several weeks ago I was surprised and delighted by an invitation from Rosemary Sims (a human dynamo who coordinates much if not most of the gardening scene in New Orleans) to give a presentation to the New Orleans Old Garden Rose Society! Rosemary had attended the Heritage Rose Foundation 1997 National Conference here in Denver, where she experienced our glorious cold climate Old Garden Roses (OGRs) and also learned of my experiences with subtropical OGRs in Tampa. So they graciously flew me in and put me up in the heart of the French Quarter at the home of my amiable host Leo Watermeier, who lives directly across the street from Armstrong Park.

Leo possesses a remarkable knowledge of New Orleans, including its history, botany and infrastructure; he made me feel so at home I said he should be a paid ambassador and tour guide. My first night there was a Friday, and as he pointed out lush balcony gardens, quaint architectural nuances, and historical landmarks, crowds of hooting and hollering and clearly inebriated young men and women flashed their fleshy wares at each other from Bourbon Street and the cast iron balconies above. I was immersed in a river of flashing lights and party-goers pouring down that famous street, waves of jazz and disco pulsing the humid evening air as we passed through invisible walls of differing aromas....spicy Cajun foods, then beer, incense, perfume and cologne, or fresh seafood. The melange of sights and scents and sounds plunged me headfirst into the "sensory overload" that Rosemary had weeks before promised me by e-mail. And decadent by nature I indulged! The next morning I was a little bleary-eyed and a tad less innocent, but thanks to Leo's tour I felt prepared to explore the French Quarter on foot.

Leo's home garden boasts exquisitely fragrant white butterfly ginger, an orange tree, white pentas, white moonflowers, the white Polyantha rose 'Katherina Zeimet' plus the red China rose 'Martha Gonzalez' and one of my favorites, the yellow and pink Tea rose 'Mrs. Dudley Cross'. Across the street in Armstrong Park he has planted quite a few palms and unusual citrus trees, plus several eclectic rose gardens I visited many times. As a Tampa-transplant, Denver-based rosarian I relished being able to smell big, robust specimens of 'Mrs. B. R. Cant' and 'Duchesse de Brabant' and 'Reve d'Or', all too subtropical in nature to thrive in Denver. His gardens contain a wide range of Heirloom Hybrid Teas, Teas, Chinas, Noisettes, Polyanthas, Hybrid Musks, Hybrid Rugosas, Bourbons, Species and Mystery Roses. Rose nuts visiting New Orleans MUST check Leo's roses out, especially if coming from a cold-climate region.

Then one morning Rosemary plopped me into her Nissan pickup truck, took me to a charming 'working class' diner and STUFFED me (actually I stuffed myself!) with killer Cajun cooking, then proceeded to treat me to a heady tour of an historic Civil War battlefield memorial cemetery (incredible wild flowers and *Rosa bracteata* rampant there!), followed by visits to private gardens made splendid by unusual tropical perennials and huge specimens of mild-climate roses like 'Alister Stella Gray', 'Louis Philippe', 'Lady Banks' and more. She baptised me with MORE 'sensory overload' with a finale immersion in the beauty of the excellent New Orleans Botanic Gardens, where I wandered alone (as she tended to business with staffers) through several intriguing rows of

(continued...)

experimental raised beds, beholding for the first time African Manihot, plus okra cultivars being hybridized, stunning ornamental solanums, truly odd salvias, and a few unhappy looking cold-climate perennials that thrive in Denver but were being tried in the Deep South. Nearby was an excellent herb garden, and a big greenhouse filled with Tarzan-like tropicals and many potted orchids, which of course I had to smell.

The main gardens were finely executed subtropical versions of the classic English garden, though refined with a touch of the orderliness I associate with Italian gardens. Along the walks great drifts of color and form overflowed, fine mass plantings of flowering tropical and subtropical perennials and annuals and shrubs. The composition was anchored to a long reflecting pool bejewelled by tropical water lilies of lavender and white, and at one end the main body of water supported the UFO-like giant pads of the Victoria water lily, each lipped leaf nearly 3 feet across. In an adjoining garden the biggest 'Climbing Old Blush' rose I've ever seen spilled its 15 foot long thorny canes, each tipped with pink blooms, across lower growing perennial flowers. And up a lamp post grew a very vigorous 'Potato Vine', its big fragrant clusters of blue flowers winding their way up support cords...Rosemary returned and saw me having a spazz at that point, so she gave me several of the bright red berries to try to germinate in my hotframes in Denver for (hopefully) eventual growth in Tampa, where it may be a new introduction for the subtropical flower garden.


On the way back to her truck, Rosemary led me through a long and orderly rose garden enclosed by hedges that duplicated some of Leo's roses and many others exhibiting the climbing habit so many bush roses display in mild climate regions. There was also a sad-looking 'Mme. Earnest Calvat' and 'Variegata di Bologna', two Bourbons that thrive in Denver...they seemed to be begging for a colder climate! Before we left Rosemary let me gather open-pollinated hips from several bushes for playful germination this winter.

The night of my slide presentation on the 'Mystery Roses of Fairmount Cemetary in Denver' and highlights of the heritage rose conference in England, plus tips on organic rose growing, I had a nasty cold and raw throat! But the gregarious folks of the New Orleans Old Garden Rose Society endured my scratchy voice, and proved to be self-described "plant fanatics" with a passion for all kinds of plants, not just Old Roses, their many members having brought in a virtual smorgasbord of seeds, divisions, seedlings and rooted cuttings representing many plant families, including uncommon hybrid opium poppies in many colors. Organics and own-root roses are heretic in some circles, but are heartily embraced by this delightfully rowdy crowd of southern gardeners, as are natives and xeric plants suited for the heat and humidity and seasonal drought. And I enjoyed contributing seed packets from back issues of this publication, plus open-pollinated hips from a few of Denver's cold-climate OGRs to test in their climate...I eagerly await their results.


My time in New Orleans was a lot of fun, and taught me much about roses in a new climate zone, plus previously unheard of (by me) tropicals, while reminding me once again that the love of gardening, and the beauty it allows us to enjoy and share, is a universal language that so often makes friends out of strangers, a harvest that never ends.



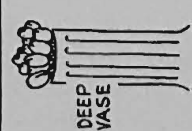
CUT FLOWERS
FROM SPRING-FLOWERING BULBS



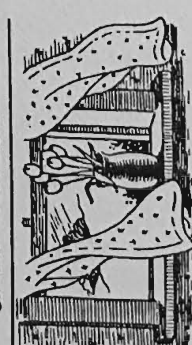
Cut just as the bud is about to open. Don't cut off many leaves.



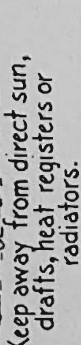
WRAP IN PAPER




DEEP VASE



Plunge in water up to blooms for an hour to stiffen stems.



Keep away from direct sun, drafts, heat registers or radiators.



CUT ON A SLANT

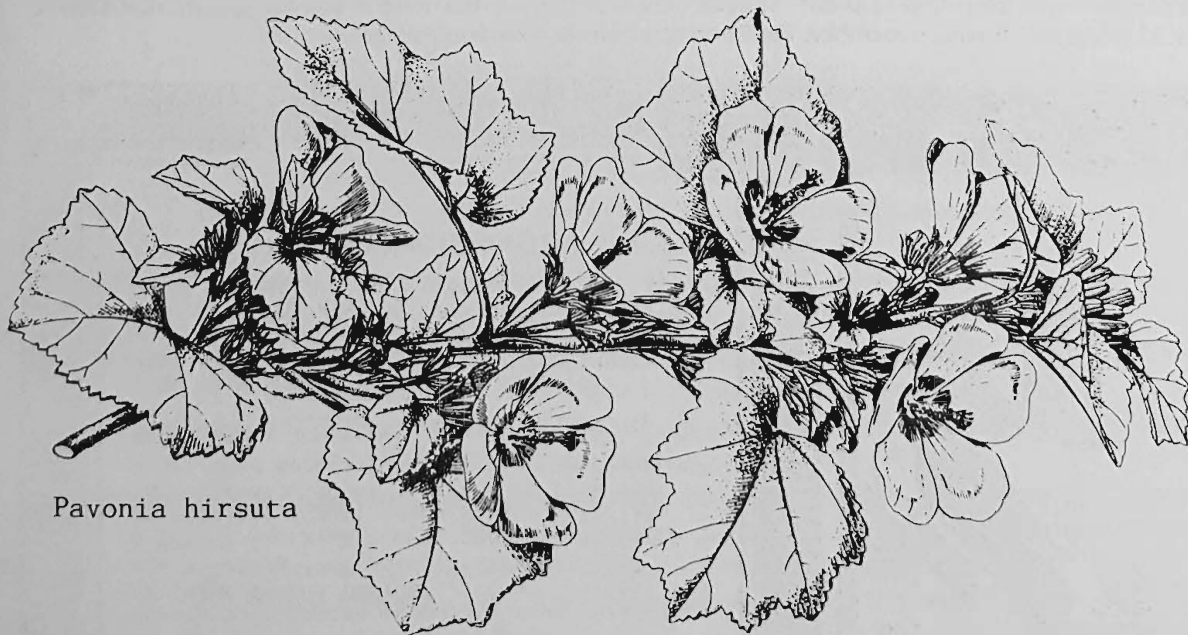
Lasting qualities are increased by daily renewal of water and trimming off a thin slice of stem.

John

Radical Plants

The *Aeollanthus* genus is comprised of 35 species of annuals, shrubs and perennials native to tropical Africa. Most have explosive pollination mechanisms and thick, aromatic leaves. Collectively known by local humans as "nindi", they yield fragrant oils coveted for perfumes and soaps, and are cultivated primarily in Assam and eastern Africa. Some species have lemon-scented foliage, or rose-scented flowers. The species 'A. gamwelliae' is a 5' tall subshrub with pungently perfumed mauve flowers, downy stems, and glandular leaves with downy undersides. The entire plant is a rich source of essential oils, including the 'geraniol' found in certain scented geraniums. The raw leaves of these Labiatae (Mint) Family members may be added to soups and salads. "Nindi" plants prefer warm conditions and dry sandy soils.

The *Oldenlandia* genus is comprised of about 300 species of shrubs, perennials and annuals native to subtropical and tropical regions of Asia. Members of the Rubiaceae (Bedstraw) Family, none are very ornamental. *O. umbellata* (Indian Madder) has long yielded a dye used to color turbans. *O. diffusa* is a low-growing annual hardy to 25 degrees fahrenheit, and despite being a widespread weed in moist fields in China, has long enjoyed a favored position in folk medicine there. Recent pharmacological research has boosted this esteem in western medicine. The entire plant, when dried, is rendered in water into a nice-tasting decoction or syrup given for reducing fevers, pain and inflammation. It is also considered anti-bacterial and diuretic, and seen to stimulate the immune system and liver. Traditional Chinese uses include treating boils, bruises and snakebites, especially those of pit vipers (here a decoction of the root is applied externally). Taken internally it is used in Chinese medicine to treat urinary tract infections, fevers, coughs, asthma, jaundice, and cancers of the digestive tract. It grows best in partial shade from seeds planted in damp soil in the spring.



Pavonia hirsuta

A native of tropical Africa, *Pavonia hirsuta* bears beautiful 2" diameter flowers, each yellow with a purplish-red eye. It is a relative of okra, hibiscus, manihot, lavatera, hollyhock, malope, trionum and cotton.



Sherry Baker

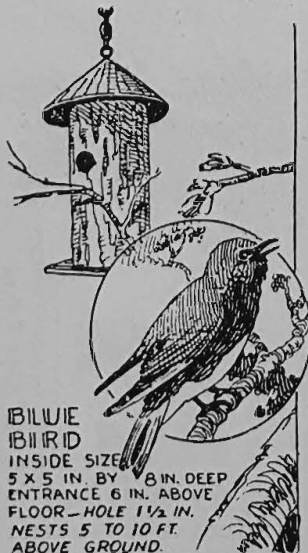
AMERICA'S GARDEN BLASTER

Every summer you git problems with bugs? Weeds? Jehovah's Witnesses? Funguses? In-Laws? Blights? Shucks, no need to fret! Ole Sherry here's gotta a real easy-as-pie way to smite 'em as soonas they set foot on your smurfy turf! Jus' make up a big ole batch of my "Spring Elixir Garden Fixer" using safe and tasty household products and two "medicines" from your local plant nursery. All ya need is a BIG bucket, a stir stick, and yer IMAGINATION!

Jus' go through yer kitchen cupboards and pour into that bucket 1 cup each of every cleaner, wax stripper, household bug killer, drain de-clogger, etc. you got....smelly ones are best cuz dem bugs don't like stinky stuff!! Then pour in 1 cup each of diet cola, baby shampoo, white sugar, catsup (MMMM!), beer (now you drink the rest, y'hear?!), cookin' oil, bakin' powder, karo syrup, and a dash of cayenne pepper. Then go through your garage and do the same thing.... 1 cup each of brake fluid, weed-killer, transmission fluid, gasoline, paint thinner, left-over lubricants ("waste not, want not!" my mammy taught me!), you name it, you got it, you pour it into that bucket! Now go to yer favorite plant nursery and buy 2 bottles of "soil medicine"...one's called Diazinon, the other's called 2,4-D. Dump 1 cup each of these special "medicines" into the fizzy mixture, then put in TWO cups of nuclear waste from your local power plant...(heck, at night that blue-green glow is as purty as any old firefly, and dark spots is where yuz missed!)

Now stir up REAL good that bubbly brew...neighborhood kids'll LOVE watchin' the heavy white smoke pourin' over the sides like fog in an old Dracula movie! Then jus' step into an old frogman's wetsuit and goggles, or that old NASA spacesuit ya' picked up at that yard sale outside of Cape Kennedy one summer, shoo the kids and dog into the house (unless they been misbehavin'!) and spray away, Jose'! Drench your whole freakin' yard from front to back, side to side, whistlin' away inside your space helmet. If In-Laws or Witnesses witness THIS sight, I GARANTEE they'll be as scarce as an honest politician! And SO will be the critters and chiggers!

Shucks, this "Spring Elixir Garden Fixer" is darn good for the 'vironment and BAD for the varmints! Now don't that beat all! Shucks, you can pop my bra strap if I'm wrong, but this here is REAL recyclin' !! And remember, I'm Sherry....YOUR "Garden Blaster" !!



BLUE BIRD
INSIDE SIZE
5 X 5 IN. BY 8 IN. DEEP
ENTRANCE 6 IN. ABOVE
FLOOR - HOLE 1 1/2 IN.
NESTS 5 TO 10 FT.
ABOVE GROUND.

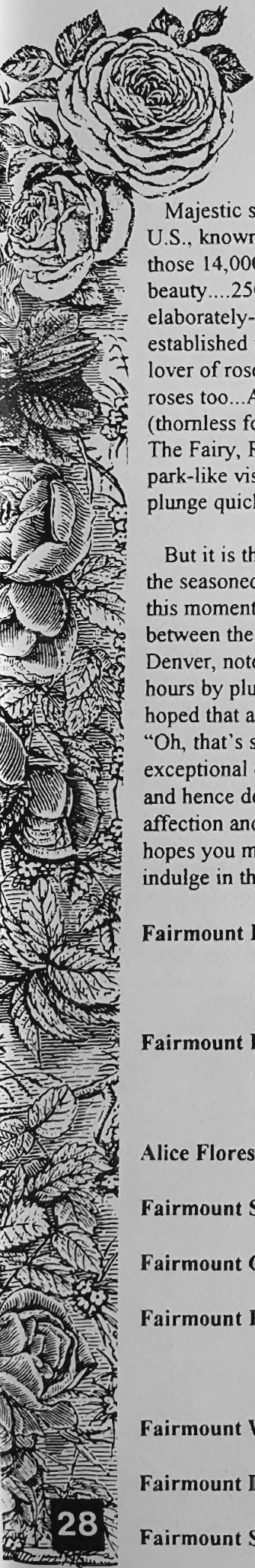
Here's your chance to add to your collection of "THE GARDEN DOCTOR"...treat yourself now to these fine back issues, all just a MEASLY \$5 (plus \$1 for postage) for each collectible issue! Jeppers, who SAYS it's not fair?! (note* very few contain the usual seed packets, hence the deep discount).

ORDER YOURS TODAY! Fall 95 Spring 96

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS OLD AND NEW!



The *MYSTERY ROSES* of Fairmount Cemetary

Majestic snow-capped mountains come to mind when one hears or reads of Colorado in the western U.S., known for skiing and the beautiful city of Denver. But within that metropolis, and in clear sight of those 14,000 foot peaks, there lies a vast and largely unknown treasure of soul-stirring botanical beauty....250 acres of clipped lawns, huge stately trees, great clumps of iris and peonies hugging elaborately-carved old headstones and....many hundreds of Old Garden Roses. Fairmount Cemetary was established in 1890, and its labyrinthian pathways (on which one can get enchantingly lost) offer the newer lover of roses memorable first encounters with some of the classic Old Roses, species, and a few modern roses too...Alba suaveolens, Alba maxima, Rose de Rescht, R. canina, R. multiflora (shrub), R. multiflora (thornless form of the shrub), R. cinammonea, Climbing American Beauty, Harison's Yellow, Banshee, The Fairy, R. rugosa rubra, Dr. Huey, American Pillar, Grootendorst and some minis pepper the sprawling park-like vista with color and perfume, all surviving misguided landscape crews and harsh winters than can plunge quickly from 65 degrees farenheit to 20 degrees below zero farenheit.

But it is the hauntingly beautiful "Mystery Roses" of Fairmount Cemetary that are most alluring, taunting the seasoned rosarian by flaunting their fragrant refusal to be identified. 18 differing ones come to mind at this moment, and more are discovered each summer by blissfully obsessed rosarians wandering excitedly between the headstones. (While attending the Heritage Rose Foundation 1997 National Conference in Denver, noted California rosarian Alice Flores helped find 12 more Fairmount Mystery Roses in just 2 hours by plunging headlong into the largely unexplored interior acreage!). We Denver rosarians HAD hoped that all these world famous rosarians and authors would identify them all at a glance with a casual "Oh, that's so-and-so, and that one over there is so-and-so..." but no conclusive ID's were made. It is this exceptional concentration of unidentified OGRs that makes Fairmount Cemetary so notable and valuable, and hence deserving the protective concern of rosarians the world over. I will attempt to contain my affection and enthusiasm for the following "Mystery Roses", and offer a succinct description of each in hopes you may be able to shed light on even one of these uniquely beautiful enigmas, and to vicariously indulge in their charms.

Fairmount Red - the first I found and my favorite. Much like 'Great Western' but seemingly not.

Gloriously fragrant crimson-magenta cabbages. Non-remontant. Many hips.

Was 8' X 12' this June; whacked down to hip-high stubs by landscape crews in late September just before winter 1997.

Fairmount Flouncy Pink - A multitude of extremely fragrant Victorian style warm pink blooms, the narrow petals and petaloids attached so as to have an amusing bouncing "flouncy" movement if the flower is gently bobbed. Non-remontant, few hips. Another victim of the Fall 1997 brutal pruning.

Alice Flores' Purple Hybrid China - Resembles 'Hippolyte' but not. Suckers freely. Good scent. Not seen before west of the Mississippi except in California. Also massacred this fall.

Fairmount Seven Sisters - Resembles its namesake but noted American rosarian Mike Shoup says the foliage is too shiny. Late-bloomer, no hips, non-remontant.

Fairmount Gruss an Teplitz - Mindful of Denver winters, Glenn Austin commented on the China-like qualities. Good rich scent, round hips, repeats.

Fairmount Hybrid Eglantine - Foliage potently scented of green apples, 3" diameter dark pink single to semi-double blooms in clusters. Big arching shrub, many hips. non-remontant. 'Amy Robsart'?, 'Greenmantle'? 'Meg Merrilies'? 'Anne of Greierstein'? Dug up by landscape crews this prior August for ill-advised move to personal garden of employee.

Fairmount Wichuraiana/Multiflora Rambler - Odd one found by Alice Flores; big trusses, low habit, lightly-scented small light pink blooms in mid-summer. Shiny foliage, fringed stipules.

Fairmount Dwarf Pink Moss - Found in 1996. Very dwarf, well-mossed (piney-scent), rose pink, deep Old Rose fragrance.

Fairmount Semi-Double Pink - Several found in 1992, were HUGE arching shrubs till the tragic 1995



midwinter massacre by landscape crews down to hip-high stubble. Had somewhat recovered by summer 1997. Much like 'Celsiana' but not; odd 'plastic-and-roses' scent. Moderately prickly, very few hips.

Fairmount Single Pink Rugosa - Much like 'Scabrosa, poor hip set, scent less 'clovey' than many rugosas.

Alice Flores Hybrid Alba - Visibly excited, Alice noted her discovery possessing traits of Alba and Damask. Pale pink, petal-packed, low erect growth, very prickly, swoon-inducing fragrance.

Fairmount Mystery Magenta Damask - Dwarf habit, very prickly, non-remontant, no hips, voluptuous perfectly-quartered deepest magenta blooms in clusters. Potent Old Rose perfume.

Fairmount Black - Somewhat modern-looking, semi-double, little scent, some years darkest red-to-almost black with highly contrasting bright yellow stamens.

Fairmount Alba suaveolens - like its namesake but quite dwarf, pure white blooms barely double.

Chameleon Multiflora - Alice' oddball discovery exhibits pronounced color changes in the small trusses of small lightly-scented double blooms. Massacred this fall also.

Fairmount Blaze - Brilliantly colored like its namesake; some say it IS 'Blaze'.

Cardinal Red Modern - A VERY bright red, big modern-looking blooms on laterals all along arching stiff canes. Very little scent.

Fairmount Malton - Tall erect shrub, rich pink petal-packed blooms, few hips, non-remontant.

A few more escape my memory, for these days I am still reeling from the unexplained brutal autumn "pruning" of the vast majority of these stirring Old Roses over the entire 250 acres, this despite counsel to the contrary from Colorado rosarians following the Winter 1995 massacre. In Denver's harsh climate, autumn pruning of any deciduous shrub is ill-advised to say the least, as it exacerbates winter damage while ruining the following summer's bloom. Sadly, only an array of stubs representing 20%- 25% of the original size of the Old Rose bush remains on many if not most of both the known cultivars and the 'Mystery Roses'. If you wish to write your dismay with this event, please write: Frank Hegner, President c/o Fairmount Cemetary, 430 South Quebec, Denver, CO 80231 U.S.A.

But if this tragedy is prevented from occurring yet again, do come to Denver in June of 1999 or 2000, and bring your camera, lots of film, your notebook, curiosity and knowledge, and an open heart, for while the long-lived beauty of these many OGRs and Mystery Roses may not move the administrators of Fairmount Cemetary, they elicit joyful bewilderment in each rosarian who beholds them. And to bury your nose in the fragrant cushion of a bloom, while gazing at the Rocky Mountains that frame the western horizon, is a tonic for the soul I could never find the words for.

RECOMMENDED READING:

The Heritage of the Rose

by David Austin

Climbing Roses

by Stephen Scanniello & Tania Bayard

The Graham Stuart Thomas Rose Book

by Graham S. Thomas

The Quest for the Rose

by Roger Phillips & Martyn Rix

The Ultimate Rose Book

by Stirling Macoboy

English Roses

by David Austin

Shrub Roses and Climbing Roses

by David Austin

Classic Roses

by Peter Beales

The Photographic Encyclopedia of Roses

by Peter Harkness

A Year of Roses

by Stephen Scanniello

Landscaping with Antique Roses

by Liz Drutt & Mike Shoup



WHAT TO PLANT FOR GARDEN COLOR

The best in hardy perennials arranged by size and season

| SEASON | WHITE AND SHADES | YELLOW—ORANGE | PINK | RED | BLUE—PURPLE |
|---|---|--|--|---|--|
| <p>SPRING</p> <p>Bulbs in great variety are also valuable spring flowers.</p> <p>Most things in this group are best if planted in the fall.</p> | <p>DWARF</p> <p>Arabis Dianthus Hepatica Iberis Iris pumila Papaver nudicaule Phlox subulata Sedum Viola</p> <p>MEDIUM</p> <p>Aquilegia Campanula</p> <p>TALL</p> <p>Gypsophila Peony (tree)</p> | <p>DWARF</p> <p>Alyssum Caltha Erythronium Iris pumila Papaver nudicaule Primula Sedum</p> <p>MEDIUM</p> <p>Aquilegia Doronicum Hemerocallis Trollius</p> <p>TALL</p> <p>Hemerocallis Peony (tree)</p> | <p>DWARF</p> <p>Aubrietia Gypsophila Lychnis Papaver nudicaule Phlox subulata Primula Sedum Viola</p> <p>MEDIUM</p> <p>Aquilegia Campanula Dicentra Megasea</p> <p>TALL</p> <p>Peony (tree)</p> | <p>DWARF</p> <p>Lychnis Papaver nudicaule Phlox subulata Primula Papaver orientale Peony (tree)</p> | <p>DWARF</p> <p>Anemone pulsatilla Aster alpinus Aubrietia Gentiana Hepatica Iris pumila Nepeta Phlox divaricata Trillium Veronica Viola</p> <p>MEDIUM</p> <p>Anchusa Aquilegia Campanula</p> |
| <p>EARLY SUMMER</p> <p>In most gardens this is the height of the color display.</p> <p>Many in this season group are also found in the next two because of their continued blooming.</p> <p>Bulbs such as Lilies, Montbretias, Tigridias, Gladioli and others add to the display during the summer months.</p> <p>Early summer is the time to plan and plant for fall color.</p> | <p>DWARF</p> <p>Achillea Arenaria Cerastium Dianthus Gypsophila Helianthemum Heuchera Saxifraga Sedum Silene Thymus Viola</p> <p>MEDIUM</p> <p>Achillea Aquilegia Astilbe Campanula Gypsophila Hesperis Iris Linum Lychnis Papaver orientale Phlox Platycodon Pyrethrum Scabiosa Thalictrum Veronica</p> <p>TALL</p> <p>Aconitum Althaea rosea Delphinium Dictamnus Digitalis Iris Lupinus Monarda Peony Yucca</p> | <p>DWARF</p> <p>Alyssum Helianthemum Potentilla Primula Sedum Thalictrum Viola</p> <p>MEDIUM</p> <p>Aquilegia Coreopsis Doronicum Gaillardia Geum Helenium Hemerocallis Iris Oenothera Potentilla Thalictrum Trollius</p> <p>TALL</p> <p>Althaea rosea Digitalis Iris Lupinus Thalictrum Thermopsis</p> | <p>DWARF</p> <p>Allium Dicentra Dodecatheon Erica Helianthemum Heuchera Primula Thymus Potentilla Sedum Silene Thymus Viola</p> <p>MEDIUM</p> <p>Achillea Agrostemma Aquilegia Armeria Astilbe Dianthus Hesperis Incarvillea Iris Lychnis Papaver orientale Pyrethrum</p> <p>TALL</p> <p>Althaea rosea Digitalis Iris Lupinus Monarda Peony Valeriana</p> | <p>DWARF</p> <p>Armeria Erica Helianthemum Heuchera Primula Thymus</p> <p>MEDIUM</p> <p>Agrostemma Astilbe Dianthus Gaillardia Geum Lychnis Papaver orientale Phlox ovata Potentilla Pyrethrum</p> <p>TALL</p> <p>Althaea rosea Dictamnus Iris Monarda Peony</p> | <p>DWARF</p> <p>Campanula Myosotis Nepeta Veronica Viola</p> <p>MEDIUM</p> <p>Agapanthus Anchusa Aquilegia Campanula Delphinium Geranium Iris Linum Mertensia Phlox Platycodon Scabiosa Thalictrum</p> <p>TALL</p> <p>Aconitum Anchusa Campanula Delphinium Iris Liatri Lupinus</p> |
| <p>NOTE—These classifications as to color and height indicate in a general way the variations.</p> <p>Check all varieties carefully in one or more comprehensive catalogs where many additional kinds will be found.</p> <p>Color indications are approximate as so many varieties come in between the above groups.</p> | | | | | |
| <p>LATE SUMMER</p> <p>This period is likely to be lacking in color unless special efforts are made both in planting and care.</p> <p>Annuals in masses should freely supplement the perennials.</p> <p>Shearing back and feeding help many varieties.</p> | <p>DWARF</p> <p>Arenaria Dianthus Sedum Silene Viola</p> <p>MEDIUM</p> <p>Campanula Erigeron Gypsophila Linum Phlox Physostegia Scabiosa Sidalcea Stokesia</p> <p>TALL</p> <p>Aster Boltonia Cimicifuga Delphinium Eupatorium Hibiscus Phlox Romneya coulteri</p> | <p>DWARF</p> <p>Achillea Alyssum Dianthus Hypericum Sedum Sempervivum Viola</p> <p>MEDIUM</p> <p>Centaurea Coreopsis Gaillardia Geum Oenothera Potentilla</p> <p>TALL</p> <p>Cassia Helenium Helianthus Helioopsis Rudbeckia Senecio Thalictrum Tritoma Verbascum</p> | <p>DWARF</p> <p>Dicentra Sedum Silene Tunica Viola</p> <p>MEDIUM</p> <p>Achillea Armeria Centaurea Erigeron Lythrum Phlox Physostegia Sedum Sidalcea</p> <p>TALL</p> <p>Aster Boltonia Hibiscus Phlox</p> | <p>DWARF</p> <p>Sempervivum</p> <p>MEDIUM</p> <p>Gaillardia Geum Penstemon Phlox Potentilla</p> <p>TALL</p> <p>Helenium Hibiscus Lobelia Phlox Senecio Tritoma</p> | <p>DWARF</p> <p>Gentiana Myosotis Plumbago Veronica Viola</p> <p>MEDIUM</p> <p>Campanula Centaurea Erigeron Funkia Lavandula Linum Phlox Scabiosa Statice Stokesia Veronica</p> <p>TALL</p> <p>Aconitum Anchusa Aster Campanula Delphinium Liatri Lobelia Senecio Thalictrum</p> |
| <p>FALL</p> <p>The right varieties supply color even after early frosts.</p> | <p>DWARF</p> <p>Viola</p> <p>MEDIUM</p> <p>Anemone Stokesia</p> <p>TALL</p> <p>Aster Chrysanthemum Delphinium Pyrethrum uliginosum</p> | <p>DWARF</p> <p>Sempervivum Viola</p> <p>MEDIUM</p> <p>Coreopsis Gaillardia</p> <p>TALL</p> <p>Chrysanthemum Helenium Helianthus Senecio</p> | <p>DWARF</p> <p>Aster Viola</p> <p>MEDIUM</p> <p>Achillea Anemone</p> <p>TALL</p> <p>Aster Chrysanthemum</p> | <p>DWARF</p> <p>Sempervivum</p> <p>MEDIUM</p> <p>Gaillardia</p> <p>TALL</p> <p>Chrysanthemum Helenium</p> | <p>DWARF</p> <p>Viola</p> <p>MEDIUM</p> <p>Delphinium Stokesia</p> <p>TALL</p> <p>Aconitum Aster Delphinium Echinacea purpurea</p> |

1

Phoebe, our gardening magazines are insipid "comfort" reading with no soul, only ads galore!

You're right Herschel! Let's subscribe to THE GARDEN DOCTOR; it's ad-free, upbeat, offbeat, heartfelt! It's hand-colored and handsigned too!



NEXT MONDAY EVENING 2

Phukinay, Phoebe! Our yard's the envy of the whole freakin' neighborhood since we got our first issue! Don't you just LOVE those 3 seed packets?!

Plus I laughed my wazoo off! It "feels" like a joint project by Mel Brooks, Jerry Baker and Martha Stewart on acid!



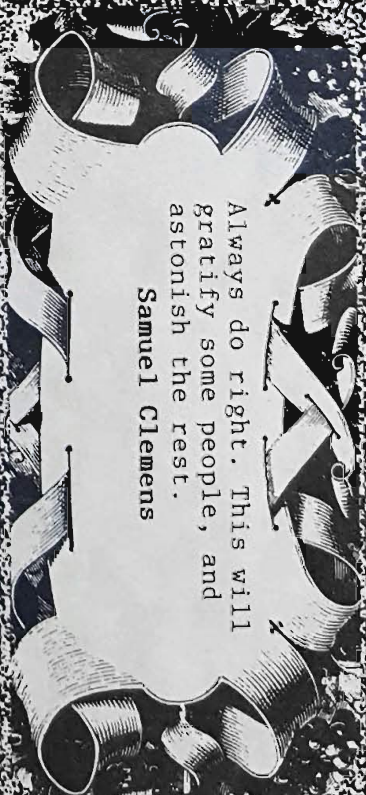
3

Jeeppers Phoebe, every two subscriptions cost a MEASLY \$30, so let's weird out ALL our friends and relatives and give them THE GARDEN DOCTOR this holiday season!

Yes darling Herschel! They'll be SO pleased!



Each annual subscription within the U.S. is a MEASLY \$16, or 2 years (or every 2 gift subscriptions) just \$30!! Please add \$6 per subscription outside the U.S. to cover pricey international postage. Send your hot check TODAY to: THE GARDEN DOCTOR 1684 Willow St. Denver, CO 80220, U.S.A. Isn't life just peachy keen?



Always do right. This will gratify some people, and astonish the rest.
Samuel Clemens