

June 11, 1999

The thing that separates the true gardener from the mere architect or mere designer (and there is something extremely suspicious, you may notice, in the airs they give themselves to nowadays) is that the gardener stands in awe before his violets, while others think in terms of substantial blobs and use "plant materials" to effectuate their "themes."

—Henry Mitchell, Introduction to the 1984 edition of William Robinson's *The English Flower Garden*

COMING EVENTS!

June 17, Thursday. 6:30 PM to dusk. Garden tours—Gardens of Nakoma and University Heights. With the Wisconsin Hosta Society. Will include the gardens of John Tallman, 815 Summit Ave. (off Breese Terrace, near University). In Nakoma, three gardens on Miami Pass (intersects Cherokee Dr. near Thoreau School)—Ed Hasselkus, 746 Miami Pass; Chris Bylsma, 734 Miami Pass; Tom and Sue Saari, 814 Miami Pass—and Frank Greer, 925 Waban Hill (near intersection with Yuma Dr).

Thursday evening, July 1. 6:30 PM until dusk. Gardens of the Stoughton, Oregon, and Brooklyn area. These will include David & Nancy Nedveck's display gardens at the Flower Factory.

July 16 & 17. Olbrich Home and Garden Tour, Madison's North-side. Will feature gardens of WHPS members Marilyn Sachtjen and Nancy Hogan.

July 31, Saturday. Day trip to Decorah, Iowa. We will be visiting the private garden of David Cavagnaro (March speaker), Heritage Farm, headquarters of the Seed Savers Exchange, and Willowglen Nursery with its wonderful display gardens. We will be renting a bus. Cost will be \$50 per person, including a picnic at the Seed Savers Exchange and an evening meal on the way home. *See enclosed flier for additional information.*

August 26, 6:30 PM Book Signing and Wine and Cheese reception at Olbrich Gardens, featuring our very own Joan Severa and her new book: *Creating a Northern Perennial Garden*. \$5 donation requested to Olbrich Gardens. Joan's book will be on sale at the Olbrich gift shop.

September 15. 7-9 PM Olbrich Gardens. Enjoying Your Garden 24 hours a Day—A Primer on Garden Illumination. Steve Lesch will enlighten us on the subject and will demonstrate his ideas outdoors with a demonstration of what can be done.

September 16, 6:30-8:00 Allen Centennial Garden (with the Hosta Society). Tour conducted by WHPS member and garden designer Dennis Buettner.

October 20 7-9 PM. Olbrich Gardens Annual business meeting and "Highlights of the Garden Year" by various members.

October 16 1-3 PM Olbrich Gardens, upstairs meeting room *Second annual members' seed exchange.*

November 6, 1999, Olbrich Gardens. Second annual fall symposium—"Great Shady Gardeners." Speakers include noted fern expert John Mickel (author of the new book *Ferns for American Gardens*), New York Botanical Garden, Darrell Probst, Hubbardston, MA, the leading US authority on the genera *Tricyrtis* and *Epimedium*, Fred Case, Saginaw, MI, rock garden guru, who has recently published a book on the genus *Trillium* and will give two talks: *North American Trilliums* and *Outstanding Eastern Wildflowers for the Shade Garden*; and, finally, Mark Zillis, owner of Q & Z Nursery in northern Illinois, world famous hosta breeder and introducer, who will be speaking about using Hosta in the shade garden.

November 17, 1999, 7-9 PM Olbrich Gardens Commons. Program to be announced.

December 8, 1999 7-9PM Olbrich Gardens Commons. Program to be announced.

January 16, 2000. 11 AM to 2 PM Annual pot luck brunch with the Hosta Society. Program to include a video: *On the Road with the Wisconsin Hardy Plant Society—The Missouri Botanical Garden.*

February 16, 2000 7PM Olbrich Gardens. Greg Speichert, owner of Crystal Palace Perennials, St. John, Indiana, will speak on *Plants for the Water and Bog Garden.*

FUTURE EVENTS

The next *WHPS tour to England* is scheduled for **June, 2000**, featuring Gardens of the West Country. Already on the agenda is a return visit to the Cotswolds, with Hidcote and Kiftsgate gardens on the itinerary. We will also be visiting a private garden in Shropshire and Powis Castle in Wales.

November, 2000, Olbrich Gardens. Gardening from the Catalog. Dan Hinckley Heronwoods Nursery, Tony Avent Plant Delights Nursery (committed), Roy Klehm, Klehm Nursery, and one more to be announced.



Report on the WHPS Annual Plant Sale

The society's sixth annual plant sale at the Pet Lodge in Middleton was very successful. We made nearly \$3000. Considering 90% of the plants were in the \$1 to \$3 range, we moved lots of plant material, all of which was donated from members' gardens.

The number of volunteers on Friday PM and Saturday AM was truly impressive, and, most unusually, we had people standing around looking for things to do. *Special thanks go to Dennis and Sandy Allen for permitting the use of their place of business, and to Stephanie Bloomquist for organizing everything, as usual.*

There was some great plant material available, including *Acer trifolium*, *Acer pennsylvanicum*, *Taxodium distichum* (common baldcypress), *Cornus mas* 'Variegata' (variegated Corneliancherry dogwood), numerous ferns, a fair selection of hostas, primroses, just to name a few.

As a number of members noted, this has become quite a social event. There is something about plants that brings people out of the wood chips. We had the best clean up committee ever, and it is of note that none of the leftovers went to the compost heap, but were donated to schools and to a group sponsoring a plant sale to benefit disabled children.

Again, many thanks to the many members who helped to make this the biggest and best sale ever!!

Upcoming Plant Sales

Saturday, July 17, Iris Society Sale. 9AM-3 PM
Olbrich Gardens.

Saturday, August 21-22, Daylily Society Sale.
Olbrich Gardens

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Gardening is always an interference in nature. It will always select its preferred species at the expense of others, within its limited territory. And while it is important to identify and incorporate, and where possible even create, key natural habitats within a garden, we should not be ashamed to admit that here, on this small plot of land, it is the creating of a garden which will have the upper hand over nature conservation.... Nature conservation can be an easy, lazy method of landscape management, while ironically it offers corporate owners the chance to trumpet their caring attitudes.



—Stephen Anderton, *The Garden*, March 1999

The Wisconsin Hardy Plant Society Goes to St. Louis



Five-thirty AM was a bit early to set off on this adventure, but a glimmer of light was appearing in the eastern sky on this late April morning.

The large red & white Badger Coach with Bucky himself plastered on its side stood out like an apparition in the empty parking lot near Stella's Bakery on Market Square. After loading up with Stella's coffee and muffins, we were set to be on our way.

But the Great Garden Spirit had other ideas and the trip got off to an inauspicious beginning. Our Badger wagon was one of those technologically smart buses that "kneels" for the loading and unloading of passengers. Unfortunately, Pete the driver was unable to "unkneel" the bus, hence it would not roll. Perhaps the Great Garden Spirit enjoyed the attention of genuflection and the anxiety of these horty travelers. The minutes ticked anxiously by as vain attempts were made to telephone the mechanic on duty to intercede on our behalf.

As we were already 30 minutes late picking up the bulk of our fellow travelers waiting for the coach at Olbrich Gardens across town, The Guru of All Things Green and myself dashed down the Beltline. Enroute we enjoyed a reassuring sunrise, spectacularly illuminating the Madison skyline across the smooth waters of Lake Monona. We found an anxious crowd, in need of reassurance, milling around the parking lot at Olbrich.

It would have been nice to have strolled into the gardens to enjoy the magnolia display, but everything was locked up tight. Several of us did manage to sneak a preview of the plants for the Olbrich plant sale in the hoop houses (don't anyone tell Nancy Ragland), and in our opinion there seemed to be an over representation of the genus clematis (400 plants, 40 cultivars??). If you were expecting a clematis firesale, you missed it. Left over vines were on sale within the week in the lobby at Olbrich Gardens for \$5.00.

Fortunately, Bucky's kneeling problem proved to be rather inconsequential and we were soon rolling down I-90, appropriately to the strains of Vivaldi's "Spring" and the belated blessing of the Great Garden Spirit. Almost immediately, we were served the first of Carol Schiller's and Diane Sharkey's in-transit treats, as our flight steward Steve Lesch passed down the aisle distributing Stella's delicious muffins and coffee. It was a merry group of 44 souls, not all of whom were WHPS members. I think Carol had recruited her dental hygienist, her hair dresser, and perhaps even the mayor of Verona to tag along with us.

The time and miles flew by quickly. Somewhere just south of Bloomington, the oohs and ahs of plant nuts began to

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ring out as native redbuds in full bloom were noticed in the occasional woodlands breaking up the monotony of Illinois farmland. A number of passengers agreed to relate a joke or a funny story over the microphone in return for one of Carol's grab bag of prizes. Only Joan Severa lost points with the Great Garden Spirit for a joke that was a trifle off color.

In what seemed like no time (5.5 hours?), the fabled stainless steel arched gateway to the West came into view across the Mississippi with the promise that the first part of the journey would soon come to an end. At this juncture, due to a little front seat driving by our organizers, the bus immediately made a wrong turn off the expressway and we were treated to a tour of the campus of Washington University and its surrounding upscale neighborhood.

There were more oohs & ahs as we passed the stately mansions graced with dogwoods (both white and pink) and redbuds in full bloom. A wave of excitement passed over the bus as the first German iris blooms of the season were noted. There was even one establishment displaying what must have been a planting of Van Bourgondien's Grand (read gaudy) Tulip Mixture. All in all, the unplanned detour was not unpleasant, and we were soon back on our way to the western burbs of St. Louis.

The first scheduled stop was the "Sophia Sachs" Butterfly House in Chesterfield. We were treated to a dazzling display of butterflies in the large conservatory. The butterflies alighted all over you and gave the many children present lots of thrills. Most of us watched the butterfly movie in the auditorium, and I must say that I found disconcerting the flight of butterflies to a theme from Wagner's opera *Die Walkurie*. To be quite honest, I had never thought of Brunnhilde and her sisters, of rather Amazonian character, as butterflies dancing through a meadow.

A number of us took a few minutes to walk through the St. Louis County exhibit of historic homes that was still a couple of weeks away from opening for the season. We did stop to chat with a local volunteer gardener only to be accused of being Wisconsinites either coming from, or going to, Branson, Missouri, the home of country music or some such stuff. (Indeed our hotel that evening would be filled with just such travelers!)

The second stop of our odyssey was the Shaw Arboretum, about 40 miles southwest of St. Louis, nestled in the lovely foothills of the Ozarks. It was a relief after the nondescript topography of the state of Illinois. The wooded hillsides were laced with flowering dogwoods and redbuds. At one point, we passed a fine looking nursery, and it was only the determination of our leaders that prevented 44 plant nuts from making an unscheduled stop. If not, I am sure that a few of them would still be back there.

We actually arrived an hour ahead of schedule, so that we spent an hour roaming the magnificent display of spring flowers in the woodland garden before our guide, Scott Woodbury, a native of Rockford, and of course another of the Guru of All Things Green's former students, arrived on the scene. The Shaw Arboretum is a 2400-acre extension of the Missouri Botanical Garden devoted to more natural plant groupings.

The Great Garden Spirit was smiling on the pilgrims, as the woodland garden was at its absolute peak of spring bloom. The enormous yellow sweeps of golden ragwort (*Senecio aureus*) truly dazzled the eye, and contrasted with the blue of the wild spring larkspur (*Delphinium tricorne*), blue-eyed Mary (*Collinsia verna*), and the very special pale blue of the bluestar, *Amsonia ciliata*. According to Olive Thompson's *Spring Flora of Wisconsin*, the golden ragwort is found throughout Wisconsin and the blue-eyed Mary (an annual—seed comes up in November) is only found in Rock County. *Amsonia ciliata* is only found in southern Missouri and *Delphinium tricorne*, though not found in Wisconsin, is hardy in Dane County. Other spring flowers were the pale blue of Jacob's ladder (*Polemonium reptans*) and Miami mist (*Phacelia purshii*), dotted with the large yellow flowers of the wood poppy (*Stylophorum diphyllum*). Of the latter, only Jacob's ladder is native to Wisconsin.

Scott was an entertaining and informative guide, and the Badger Coach did not depart without a few pots from the arboretum's propagation house including *Amsonia ciliata* and golden ragwort, to try back home.

Heading back toward St. Louis, it wasn't long before we settled into our hotel, and many had time to catch a snooze before dinner. Dinner was a gustatory treat in that we dined at the Bevo Mill Restaurant somewhere in downtown St. Louis. Built by N. August Busch around the turn of the century, it came complete with a full-sized windmill and a fake stork's nest on the chimney top. The delicious German food was served to the group in what was once August's private dining room. Carol Schiller picked a winner here.

The next morning, we were up bright and early so as to be at the Missouri Botanical Garden right when it opened at 9 AM. Actually we arrived early and had a little time to take in the history of the place, the oldest botanic garden in the United States west of the Mississippi River. It was founded by Henry Shaw, an Englishman, who journeyed to the US with his father in 1819 to make his fortune. Settling in the dynamic frontier city of St. Louis, Henry imported and sold hardware and cutlery, much of it manufactured in his native Sheffield, England. And in fact, he had made his fortune by the age of 40. A life-long bachelor, he traveled extensively in Europe and visited Chatsworth in the midlands of England in 1851. It was while at Chatsworth that he conceived the idea of a botanic garden on the prairie he owned outside of St. Louis. Shaw also admired the Royal Botanic Garden at Kew in England, and indeed the garden he made

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in St. Louis is reminiscent of this great English garden. He began the construction of his garden in 1857, and at his death in 1889 he willed his garden and estate to St. Louis. The garden's herbarium, started by Shaw, contains 3.5 million plant specimens and is one of the world's largest. It contains specimens collected by Charles Darwin in 1837 and Captain James Cook in 1768.

When the doors opened, we were the first visitors of the day and spent the next 6 hours wandering around in a floral paradise. The dogwoods and azaleas were at their peak bloom. That garden itself is made up of a series of gardens or rooms which lead you on and on.

Perhaps the highlight for me was the 14-acre Japanese Garden (1977), "Seiwa-En," said to be the largest in North America. "Seiwa-En" means "garden of pure, clear harmony and peace." As in many Japanese gardens, water presided in the 4.5 acre lake, complete with streams and waterfalls. Herbaceous perennials were rather sparse, as is the case in most Japanese gardens. Four symbolic islands were located in the lake. The reflections of wisteria, azaleas, and pink and white dogwoods, flowering crabapples and cherry trees, were breathtaking.

Tulips were in full bloom everywhere and the pale pink large double *Tulip* 'Angelique' was unforgettable. Most of us visited the Linnean House, the oldest continually-operated display greenhouse in the United States and its collection of camellias. There was a large trial garden of violas, which literally resembled a painter's palette. Other highlights were the woodland garden with a knockout sweep of blue-eyed mary, the flowering bulbs in the Victorian Garden, and the formal outlines of the new boxwood garden. I was very much taken with the dry stream garden, which included many rare plants. Nearby was a spectacular walkway that disappeared into a double border of *Aesculus parviflora* (bottle brush buckeye). Most of us had never seen this woody plant used in this fashion.

A number of plants were added to my "must have list." The bulb garden included a magnificent patch of the stately *Nectaroscordum siculum* (Sicilian honey garlic), a close relative of allium, with its three-foot-tall loose umbrels of pendant bells tinged with pale green, ivory, and adobe pink. (No, this color description is not original with me. I couldn't begin to describe it! In fact, at a recent dinner at The Opera House, I faced a floral arrangement which contained three of these stately flowers, and would question adobe pink? Unfortunately, I couldn't recall the name if the plant until the dessert course was served, which was a negative point for what was otherwise a memorable meal.) Available from McClure and Zimmerman, it is supposedly hardy to zone 5 with protection, and definitely worth a try.

I was also taken with the toadflax (*Linaria macrocarpa* var *hybrid* 'Northern lights') which was planted in mass and included nearly every color of the rainbow. It is an annual, unfortunately. Tulips noted for future use in my garden included the previously mention T. 'Angelique,' and T. 'Pic-

ture.' I was also struck by Tulip Betalin's 'Bright Gem,' a marvelous dwarf, pale yellow tulip that is suffused with orange overtones as the blossoms age. I can already picture it in combination with the little late flowering, super fragrant Daffodil 'Thalia.' There was a super form of variegated Virginia creeper (*Parthenocissus tircuspidata* 'Ginza lights'), which I would die for, and the woodland garden had some wonderful plants of the bush clematis (*Clematis heracleifolia*—didn't know it would take that much shade). There was a wonderful form of lyme grass—*Elymus canadensis* (Canada wild rye) and I was struck by the red campion (*Silene dioicea*) which was found in flower in both the woodland garden as well as in open sunny borders. The dry stream garden contained a number of the endangered heart-leaved plantains (*Plantago cordata*) whose large crinkled leaves were striking. It reportedly has a deep tap root, making it a challenge to establish. That will not keep me from trying it, if I can find it.

I have said nothing about the Climatron and the Temperate House, with their collections of tropical and desert plants, and for good reason. I never made it there. I also should mention the requisite gift shop, which was a little too knick-knacky for my tastes, but a number of our party found plenty to buy. Beverly Johnson took the cake in this department, as she needed help climbing onto the bus with all of her purchases. It seems she decided to get into orchids on this particular afternoon, and made the big plunge with bags and bags of orchids with a spree of horty impulse buying.

It was a tired and somewhat subdued group that climbed back on the bus at 3 PM for the trip home. I am happy to report that no one lost any points for keeping the rest of group waiting. As we pulled away from the gardens, Bucky Badger was splashed with rain drops. The Great Garden Spirit had seen fit to hold back his tears until our group was headed for home.

—A. Hort Hound

And more kudos to Carol Schiller and Diane Sharkey who organized this horty journey and took care of our every need, and then some!!



I don't make my compost according to any formulas or precepts. I just toss everything onto the pile. My compost pile is for the purpose of getting rid of garden debris, not for the purpose of making compost. So, into the pile go diseased things, weeds full of seeds, and woody stuff (but not huge branches. Those are a separate pile that my husband is supposed to chip, but, well, you know husbands...). The disease spores are obviously all over anyway—how else did they end up on the plants? I don't turn the pile; I don't water the pile; and I don't cover the pile. It just sits there. And it does decompose; we get quite lovely compost, actually.

—From *Garden Heresy*, Susan Nirizny, *Bulletin of the Hardy Plant Society of Oregon*, Spring 1999.



DECORAH NURSERY ADVENTURE

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1999

COST \$50.00



INCLUDED HIGHLIGHTS:

Heritage Farm

Headquarters of Seed Savers Exchange.
A living museum -preservation gardens, historic orchard and ancient white park cattle.

Cavagnaro Farm

David Cavagnaro, nature and garden photographer whose work has been featured in major gardening magazines, will welcome us to the farm to view heirloom vegetables and flowers and fabulous kitchen garden.

Willowglen Nursery

A place to plan and dream. Gardening dreams become reality with available expertise and a huge selection of perennial plants, including old favorites and many hard to find varieties.

Picnic Buffet at Heritage Farm.

Snack, Surprises and FUN!

Leave Madison 6:00 am from South Towne Sec D, 6:20 from Sears West Towne. Return approximately 10:00 p.m.

If you wish to join us, please complete this form, enclose your check for \$50.00 (payable to WHPS) and mail by ~~June 15~~, 1999 to

^{July 1,}
Carrol A. Schiller, 7689 Schiller Ct, Verona, WI 53593

If you need to cancel your reservation, a refund will be made after you or WHPS find a replacement participant.



Name, Address and Phone _____

Emergency Contact and Phone _____

Check one Pickup Site

_____ 6:00 AM South Towne Mall, Section D

_____ 6:20 AM Sears, West Towne Mall, south side by Beltline

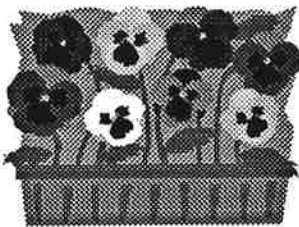
I agree to release Wisconsin Hardy Plant Society (WHPS) and the coordinators of this tour from all liability for loss or injury of any kind while on this tour.

Signature

Date

Spring in the Garden

Spring began on February 14, after all. As in the previous winter of El Nino, there was only six weeks of real winter as fall lasted until the end of December. There was no problem planting 1500 bulbs as related in the winter issue of Perennial Notes. By the way, did you know that 50% of all bulbs purchased by the public are never planted? Good Lord, how good this possibly be?? But on this warm, sunny, February Sunday, I busied myself cutting away the blackened foliage of the Epimedium borders, thinking about their spring show of flowers, and did not dwell on the thoughts of millions of last years bulbs shriveling up in people's garages.



Clumps of snow drops (*Galanthus nivalis*) were everywhere, erupting in full bloom from the brown carpet of oak leaves. I was a little disappointed that the bulbs of *G. nivalis* 'Atkinsii' that I had smuggled back from England last summer didn't look like anything out of the ordinary! Could I have gotten the wrong bulbs? Would serve me right.

By the way, the *New Plantsman* had a great article on snowdrops in the March issue. They are considered native to Brittany, and the first reference to them in English gardens was in 1664. Ever wonder why after you planted them, they took forever to form decent size clumps and then all of a sudden you had more snowdrops than you knew what to do with? (Dream on, this never really happens.) The bulb unit numbers increase in a Fibonacci manner 1-1-2-3-5-8-13-21, where each number is the sum of the previous two. If you plant a bulb containing one bulb unit, in the next year it will still be a single bulb but will contain two bulb units. In the next season there will be two bulbs (one with two bulb units and one with one) followed next year by three bulbs and five bulb units, then 5 bulbs and 8 bulb units, and so on. Both bulb number and bulb unit number increase in the Fibonacci manner, which leads rapidly (Ha!) to the formation of dense clumps which need to be split regularly and replanted to ensure that a high proportion of the bulbs are large enough to flower. These bulbs rather uniquely are most successfully divided "in the green," that is immediately after flowering is complete. Did you know that "Galanthus" means "milk flower," and the Dutch common name for the bulb is "snow cloak," the French name is "snow piercer," and the German name is "snow bells." Well, ok, perhaps that's more than you wanted to know.

By mid afternoon the first crocus of the season had opened—*Crocus* 'Bowles White.' This is always the first crocus to bloom in the garden and it is especially attractive with its white petals, orange throat, and red stigma. It is a variant of *Crocus sieberi* of the White Mountains of Crete,

which originated in the garden of E.A. Bowles in 1923. Bowles's famous garden at Myddleton House north of London was a horticultural mecca, for everyone who was anyone made the journey to see "Gussie's" garden before World War II. Edward August Bowles's crocus always brings to mind Prince Charles. Bowles's grandnephew is the present Brigadier General Andrew Bowles, father of Camilla Parker Bowles, mistress of the Prince of Wales. E.A. Bowles famous trilogy of books (*My Garden in Autumn and Winter*, *My Garden in Spring*, *My Garden in Summer*) has recently been republished by Timber Press.

By the 23 of February, my fourth and final pack of seeds had arrived in the mail. I participated in 4 seed exchanges this year—the North American Rock Garden Society, the Royal Horticulture Society at Wisley, the Hardy Plant Society of England, and the Hardy Plant Society Middle Atlantic Group. I don't know what I was thinking last fall, as I was inundated with seeds—90 packets in all, and all more or less free (that's the problem—GREED!). There were over 20 new primulas, 18 penstemons (one of these for a woodland garden!), 10 digitalis, 8 aquilegias, 3 thalictrums, two packets of *Podophyllum hexandrum* (Himalayan mayapple), and many more. These were sowed outdoors in pots within the week, and as of this writing nearly all of the pots have germinated. (And no, I didn't sow all 90 packets) Heavens forbid, how can one gardener prick out and divide but a few plants from each pot? Why does every pot have to germinate, when the Great Garden Spirit knows full well there are enough spots in the garden for only a few new seedlings at best?

On February 28, the snow was falling once again. The snow drops had made but little overall progress and *Crocus* 'Bowles White' was tightly shut. I discovered that the excellent aim of male dogs walked down the front sidewalk have played havoc with several specimens of *Picea glauca* 'Jean's Dilly' over the winter.

However, on a brighter note, the large bulges in the pine straw mulch indicate where the *Adonis amurensis* would soon appear. Hooray! By March 15, Adonis had emerged on a sunny day in all of its glory—huge clusters of three inch, bright yellow, semi-double, composite flowers. Even Mrs. Hort Hound was impressed enough to comment: "Why don't you have more of those?" I took this as a divine sign and that very night completed the order for ten more plants from Kurt Bluemel Nursery, Baldwin, Maryland.

Incidentally, there is a wonderful article on this plant in the Winter issue of the *Rock Garden Quarterly* by John and Janet Gyer. They do confirm the fact that the largest known patch of *Adonis amurensis* is on the March Bank at Winterthur, near Wilmington, Delaware. Native to Si-

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From Mirabel Osler, *A Breath from Elsewhere*, 1998

By far the most successful of my pots are those that I leave empty. Crowded together, they look as though I know what I'm doing and am about to fill them. Actually, I'm not. I keep them empty because I like the sense of optimism they give about the place. This summer there are nineteen in the garden. Some are solitary, some are in small groups; they look full of potential but I won't have to face the reality of disillusionment when what I plant dies. (No watering, either.) They appear to be on the way, but they need never arrive.

**From *Duds and Disappointments:*
One gardener confesses what fizzled.**

... As soon as I mention any plant that wimped out in my garden, other gardeners will rush to point out how splendidly said plant thrives in their own garden. It's like telling someone that the Dalmatian I got for the family really ended up being a pest. I confess how happy we were to finally unload the pooch on—err, give it to—a more forgiving dog lover after we could no longer stand its shedding everywhere, chewing up everything and really getting on our nerves. That's the cue for the listener to launch into how their Dalmatian is the complete antithesis of everything I bemoaned. I know, because at times I'm the vegetable equivalent. Some poor gardener will just have admitted she is at the wit's end with some lackadaisical plant and I'll blithely reassure her that in my garden the plant practically leapt from its pot into the ground, grew at a prodigious rate with nary a smidgen of work on my part and now flowers gorgeously for months on end. The ensuing silence couldn't be hacked with a machete.

—Jim Gersbach, *Bulletin of the Hardy Plant Society of Oregon*, Spring, 1999.



Wisconsin Hardy Plant Society

June 11, 1999 Newsletter
925 Waban Hill
Madison, WI 53711

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