A REAL GARDENER'S GARDEN
WILDFLOWERS FOR OUR GARDENS
A SAN FRANCISCO GARDEN
WILDERNESS AREAS OF COLORADO
MY GARDEN

Now God has made my garden bright
With flowers of every hue,
With fruited trees and birds that sing,
For me to share with you.

Gertrude Ballinger.

The Green Thumb

Vol. 8  SEPTEMBER, 1951  No. 9

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Picture on front Cover and inside Front Cover from the garden of
Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Conrad at 4741 Pierce St.

Poem The Rose, used by courtesy of Home Garden Club and American Rose Society.

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September Schedule


Sept. 16. Climb of Bancroft and James Peaks from the Glory Hole. Call for particulars.

Sept. 13, Thursday, 8 p.m. Rose Society meeting at Horticulture House.

Sept. 20, Thursday, 7:45 p.m. at Horticulture House. Showing of pictures and slides of River Boat trip in July.

Sept. 23, Sunday, Climb Red Cone Peak from Montezuma Basin.

Sept. 30, Sunday, Trip up South Boulder Creek from East Portal. Call for particulars.

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Colorado Forestry and Horticulture Association
Organized in 1884
"To preserve the natural beauty of Colorado; to protect the forests; to encourage proper maintenance and additional planting of trees, shrubs and gardens; to make available correct information regarding forestry, horticultural practices and plants best suited to the climate; and to coordinate the knowledge and experience of foresters, horticulturists and gardeners for their mutual benefit."

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THE garden of Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Conrad at 4741 Pierce is a real gardener's garden. Conspicuous are places for rest yet the garden shows that someone puts a lot of work in it—loving work—for no garden looks as this one does without love.

This garden can not be seen at one glance for it is composed of many interesting parts. The bed of roses attracts the eye first of all, for they are fine roses, then the bright perennials bordering the whole area and stuck in nooks about give attractive splashes of color all season.

As one wanders about this garden he will discover unusual plants in unexpected places, little nooks with planned color combinations and experimental plots of various kinds.

Of the many features that make up this garden the "well" is probably the most attractive. This well housing covers an actual well which can be used when necessary. The inscription over the well which is reproduced here expresses the spirit that pervades the whole garden. A wide comfortable couch under a shady tree, a barrel seat in a cool nook, a formal seat with a lattice background all suggest that a garden should be enjoyed, and that rest should alternate with work.

The fireplace and picnic table occupy an area of their own where they are screened from the street but where the garden and the house can be easily seen. A fine old birch tree dominates the whole scene, and it appears that the garden is built around it.

While this garden is in a community of gardens and nice homes, still there has been a careful planting of screen trees and shrubs which hide all conflicting views and emphasize good views.

Here is a garden that is lived in and loved, a garden of good taste, a satisfying garden.
A SUMMING UP
By CLAIRE NORTON

AFTER nearly twenty years of growing the Colorado natives for fun and profit, we have reached the point of summing up the garden possibilities of the many we have given a trial or closely observed with a gardener's eye. Disregarding the larger shrubby and tree material, of which we have such outstanding garden subjects as the Colorado Blue Spruce and the Scop juniper, and the ferns, of which Colorado Male Fern is one of the best of all garden ferns, the herbaceous and some low growing woody natives have yielded us years of fascinating observations.

Beginning at the front of the Coulter-Nelson Manual, the Arrowhead, Sagittaria, offers an excellent poolside and pool plant. When used in the pool it should be confined to a pot or tub to hold its spreading habits in check.

Of the Lily Family, our early spring Sand Lily makes a nice garden addition, along with the crocuses and squills, and is not too hard to grow. Allium brevistylum is a handsome large onion with real garden possibilities. Our one true lily, Lilium montanum, belonging to the upright cup group, is one of our rare natives which never should be collected for the garden despite its beauty. The Dogtooth Violet, Erythronium, which makes late June so delightful on Rabbit Ears Pass, certainly can be considered for spring bulb gardens. Mariposa Lily, Calochortus gunnisoni, is a worthwhile bulb flower. For a dry garden the bold Yuccas have possibilities.

A fool-proof native is the Iris missouriensis. Varying in color from white, through light blue and bluey-lavender to deep blue, this is a plant which will thrive anywhere. Several color forms have been segregated, such as Snowbird, pure white, Blue-
Terrestrial orchids have a fascination for the gardener willing to meet their requirements, but none of our natives are for the casual gardener. With the right conditions, Cypripedium parviflorum puts on a fine garden show. Calypso defies the efforts of the best gardeners. Spiranes and the several bog orchises, Limnorchis, are possibilities for the shaded poolside.

The Eriogonum genus is large and variable. Some of species take well enough to cultivation and are good in the rock garden. The only Portulac of garden value is Tilia parviflorum, a pretty little rose-pink flowered, dry soil native. Some of the Arenarias of the Pink Family have possibilities for carpeting between flagstones and for the rockery.

Out of the Ranunculaceae come some of our showiest natives, and some of our best for the garden. Caltha, Marsh Marigold, and Trollius, Globeflower, both plants of moist subalpine woods, will do with moraine culture. Everyone knows, and nearly everyone grows, the Colorado Blue Columbine, Aquilegia coerulea. It is readily started from seed collected in late summer in the mountains. A dear dwarf is the Aquilegia saximontana, whose name literally means Rocky Mountain Aquilegia. Of the same general coloring as its larger relative, but with hooked spurs on thumbnail size flowers, this is one of the most precious garden plants to come out of the Rockies. The much confused

bird, deep blue, and the deepest, richest blue of all which we named Tarry all some years ago. For the rockery our native Sisyrinchiums, Blue-Eyed Grass, offer some nice material.
Delphinium genus has some extremely handsome species, but *D. nelsoni* possesses the most beautiful blue of the entire group. It makes a nice cutting flower for low arrangements.

Our Monkshoods, *Aconitum*, like most shaded conditions. The Pasque Flower can be, but seldom is, garden grown. The Bush Clematis, *C. hirsutissima* and its variety *scotti*, should not be overlooked. If it were not such a rampant grower, our *C. ligusticifolia* would compare very favorably with the Autumn Clematis, *C. paniculata*. The same can be said of our native *Thalictrums*, most of which need a lot of room for development.

The Colorado Rockies can boast of but one true *Papaver*, and it is one of our rarest plants, the *P. alpinum* of the Coulter-Nelson Manual, now considered *P. radicatum*. A wee thing in its high native haunts, under garden cultivation it makes a good bushy plant loaded with dainty, yellow poppies. It is not too difficult to establish from seed when treated as its closest relative, the Iceland Poppy, *P. nudicaule*.

If you live near enough to the foothills you are likely to find a tiny filament of silver leaves among which nestle dainty yellow blooms showing up in your garden. Plant it along for you have a dear little plant, our native *Corydalis* which makes itself quite at home in the garden.

Some of the Mustard Family are well worth growing in the garden, the striking yellow *Stanleya*; the higher altitude Candytufts, *Thalapi*; Bittercress, *Cardamine*, if you have a poolside or tiny brook; the *Leuce-rellas* in a dry rockery; the *Drabas* if you are an alpine enthusiast; and the several *Wallflowers*, *Erysimum*. The Cleomes of the Caper Family have received a "college education" and come back to our gardens as well behaved cultivated plants. The wild yellow Cleome of the western part of the State is handsome in itself.

Any one of our three sedums is worthy of cultivation, but the Yellow Stonecrop, *S. stenopetalum*, is a honey for the dry rock wall. Many members of the Saxifrage Family, too, deserve cultivation, but many of them are only for the alpine fan. Perhaps the easiest, as well as showiest of the *Saxifragaceae* is *Boykinia jamesi*, but which has been hanging on for nine years in our Laporte garden without producing a bloom. Some other gardeners have had better luck with it. *Saxifraga rhomboidea* (or *wulfa*), and *S. austromontana* are both good dry rock wall plants of fairly easy culture.

*Upper Right, Yellow Stonecrop, Sedum stenopetalum.*

*Lower Right, Snowball Saxifrage, Saxifraga rhomboidea.*

*Below, Purple Saxifrage, Boykinia jamesi.*
Since we are skipping most shrubby material in this summing up, only Sieversia ciliata is coming in for honorable mention out of three large families, the Hydrangeaceae, the Rosaceae and the Primulaceae. This is, however, a pretty little garden subject. Some of the Potentillas are pretty enough, but most tend to weediness under garden conditions. Dryas octopetala of the Rose Family simply refuses a garden diet.

If most of the Legumes were not so common from plains to higher mountains, we Colorado gardeners would enthuse over such as Thermopsis and Lambert’s Loco and some of the Trifolium and Lathyrus members. The same can be said of the Geranium Family, which has some nice things. Our native Blue Flax has even a better color than the cultivated variety we ordinarily grow. And if it weren’t so weedy, what a garden subject Snow-on-the-Mountain Euphorbia would make!

One shrubby plant we must consider in this summing up is Pachystima myrsinites. The Eastern member of this genus is highly recommended to replace boxwood where the latter is not hardy. With the conditions under which our P. myrsinites thrives in its native habitat, it is well worth trying here for a low chipped hedge, say around a rose bed or along a walk.

Our Colorado violets offer the adventures gardener some interesting material. Viola pedatifida, the Bird’s Foot Violet, is exceptionally good. Under cultivation, the Viola adunca group produces as pretty plants and flowers as any violets in the world. Any of them are worth trying if you don’t go crazy trying to figure out which is which!

If you want Cactus, our natives offer some of the most interesting and showy of species. Not many of the Evening Primrose Family seem to rate cultivation, but the showy Sundrops, Lavauxia, should. The Fragrant Evening Primrose, Pachylophus, could be grown in the after-sundown garden to advantage. We cannot think of a plant in the Umbelliferae to which we would offer garden room. And while they are all beautiful in their native haunts, particularly the Pipsia, Chamaephalis, the Pyrolaceae as a family are too difficult to satisfy. The same can be said of the Heath Family, Kalania, Gauhteria and Arcostaphyllos, Kinnikinnick, are better left to grace our mountains.

Most of the native primulas are hard, but P. incana, our representative of the Birds’ Eye Primrose, is a real find. Shooting Stars, Dodecatheon, are easy, requiring little care. Gentians, as a family, are somewhat difficult, but the little Gentiana romanzovii from mountain tops will ever intrigue the alpine gardener into giving it some space.

We do have a lot of Phloxes in the Rockies, but the best for the garden is probably the pink P. longifolia. P. multiflora, when well grown, can put on quite a show. P. patula, the prettiest of all, has not proved easy for us. Of the Phacelias, P. sericea has the most garden possibilities. If
the forget-me-not flowers of Lappula were not followed by nasty little burr-like fruits, members of this genus would make good border plants. Entriechium argentum, the most precious (to us) of all our natives, should be left on the highest mountain tops where one must climb long and arduously to enjoy its breath-taking beauty. Mertensia ciliata compares favorably with the Virginia Bluebells as a garden subject. Some of the other

*Arctic Gentian, Gentiana romanovii.*

*Red Beardsongue, Penstemon torreyi.*

Mertensias merit the attention of the rock gardener if ever the taxonomists unscramble the genus so we know which is which.

The showiest genus we have in the Colorado Rockies is that of the Penstemon. The best for garden cultivation out of this large group we have ever found is a dwarf, mat-forming species, *P. crandalli*. Beautiful but not so easily grown is *P. harbouri*. Most of the tall Beard Tongues should be treated as biennials or short-lived perennials. They are readily started from seed, but once they begin flower production, they literally bloom themselves to death. Young plants to replace the old should be kept coming along.
Our Campanula rotundifolia, Harebell, makes a truly good garden plant and thrives without special attention. It is lovely both in the rockery and in the forepart of the border. C. parryi, much more difficult to grow, is quite different in appearance and enticing.

All of which brings us to the last family group in the Coulter-Nelson Manual, the immense Compositae, some of the members of which are the worst weeds we have, and some of which are very acceptable garden plants. Blazing Star, Liatris, for example, has good possibilities; the Golden Asters, Chrysopsis, are pretty; the Townsendias are much sought after; our high mountain Asters and Erigerons offer species well worth growing; Kitten-toes, Antennaria, are charming small plants; our Anaphalis, Pearly Everlasting, should be in cultivation. Melampodium cinereum, Colorado Rock Daisy, is a fine rock garden plant, as is Crassina grandiflora, our nearest approach to a zinnia.

Black-eyed Susan, Rudbeckia, and Coneflower, Ratibida, are easy enough to grow. Wyethia is one of the showiest of all, but judging from its distribution over the north central part of the Western Slope it could be a serious weed pest. Wooly Actinella, and the closely related Rydbergia grandiflora, Sun Gods, are showy enough to tame. And there are Arnicas and Senecios which promise garden value.

Above, Harebell, Campanula rotundifolia.
Lower Left, Cone Flower, Ratibida columnaris.
Lower Right, Colorado Rock Daisy, Melampodium cinereum.
Below, Easter Daisy, Townsendia exscapa.

About half of illustrations used here are from original photos by Mark Norton, others by R. J. Niedrich, Emma Irvin and other sources.
CONSERVATION OR RESTORATION?
By Richard H. D. Boerker

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A NY good dictionary will define “conserve” as “to preserve from injury and destruction.” Therefore, “conservation” is really “the act of keeping from decay, loss, or injury.”

If “conservation” actually means “to preserve from injury and destruction” at too late a date the word would have fitted the situation for we really had something to save. Today we face an almost empty larder. Obviously, what we need to do first is to restock the larder—the forests, wildlife, soil, grass, water, etc.—and then formulate a plan to use them wisely so as to perpetuate them. We cannot conserve what we have not got.

It is surprising how many people, even at this late date, have the idea that we are incessantly cutting or killing deer, bear, elk, and other forms of wildlife. Of course, if the term “conservation” really means “to keep from decay, loss, and injury” the above is a perfectly obvious conclusion to draw. As a result, conservationists have been labelled idealists and enemies of progress and development. We will have to discard that notion of saving resources, and spread the idea that if we restore our lands to somewhere near full capacity, we can save our natural replaceable resources only if we harvest them in a wise manner. Cutting the mature trees and killing the yearly increase in wildlife is a very necessary part of perpetuating our resources, paradoxical though it may seem.

Two conspicuous manias have obsessed Americans under the guise of “conservation”: drainage and dama.

We drain the marshes ostensibly to conserve or make new agricultural land but often find the soil too full of alkali to use, so we reflood it. In the meantime our wild water fowl receive a severe setback. We aim to conserve water and prevent flood by building dams, thereby destroying low lands, ruining the nesting areas of water fowl, and ruining the trout fishing. After we cover the level, fertile bottomlands with water, we cultivate the steep erodable hill sides and thereby head for more trouble. In any case, what aims to be “conservation” ends up by seriously disturbing local biological patterns with ultimate results we cannot now foresee.

Do we want to “conserv” our depleted and eroded agricultural lands from injury and destruction, or do we want to restore them to their former usefulness? We can conserve soil by stopping erosion, but even this is a matter of establishing or restoring the proper vegetative cover, or by employing modern land-use techniques. Certainly the so-called “conservation” of soil in the Dust Bowl is a matter of “restoring” the grass cover. Leached and washed out soil can be brought back by “restoring” the fertility either by natural or by artificial fertilizers.

Water is the keystone in the arch of resource management. If we have water, we have vegetation and if we have crops, grass, forests, we will have food for animal life. If these are restored where each ought to be, then erosion and floods are for the most part checked. The entire question of erosion and flood control is largely a matter of restoring the kind of vegetative cover best suited to the soil and slope.

The average Westerner thinks that a big job has been done in irrigating the dry lands of the West. We agree. While an important job has been done, I am not so sure that it can be called “conservation.” What most of them don’t realize is that the continuity of adequate irrigation water is entirely dependent upon restoring the grass and forest cover of the watersheds furnishing the water. To our sorrow, we have learned in many cases that the deposit of erosion debris makes the reservoirs and irrigation works useless in a comparatively short time. So water “conservation” in this case should really begin with vegetation “restoration.”

The real task ahead is the building up of our resources capital so it will pay adequate dividends to future generations. In its more serious aspects it is a fight for man’s very survival. If that is so, it behooves us to get a modern interpretation of the restoration concept, know exactly what it is we want to restore, pass the necessary legislation, and spread the good word as to how it is going to be done.

WHY WEEDS SURVIVE

The notorious crabgrass survives under all difficulties while a blue-grass lawn may disappear even though it was thought to have had good care. Buffalo-burrs will thrive where their cultivated relatives—potatoes and tomatoes, do not bear fruit. Downy brome grass chokes out more desirable plants all over hills and meadows while diseases threaten related grain crops. WHY?

These wild plants we call weeds survive because they are the natural result of survival of the fittest. The weaklings have died and those that have lived are strong and able to take conditions as they find them.

We take similar plants and select them for size, or color, or time of maturity and coddle them for generations to breed them for a specific characteristic. Then some disease or insect comes along or difficult conditions set in and the plants do not have the ability to resist.

Unfortunately, we find many plants which have been given “college education” have lost much of their natural resistance and are the ones which succumb to all manner of pests.

SOME NEW INSECTICIDES ARE DANGEROUS

Recently city health officials have again called our attention to the fact that some of the new insecticides are very dangerous when handled by humans. Quoting from a bulletin of the U. S. Public Health Service, referring to Parathion and TEPP (tetrathyl pyrophosphate) they say:

“Careless handling of the concentrates is particularly dangerous, but even the mixture diluted for use and the dusts which are applied as purchased contain poison in concentrations which are highly toxic to man and are dangerous if improperly used.

“These materials may be absorbed by inhalation, ingestion, absorption through the mucosa of the eyes and through the skin. They act as nerve poisons. Symptoms of poisoning may include headache, excessive sweating, giddiness, blurred vision, weakness, nausea, cramps, diarrhea and discomfort in the chest. The effects of organic phosphates are additive.”

These materials are very effective against some of the difficult pests such as the spidermites, but great care should be used in handling them.
A SAN FRANCISCO GARDEN

By Joan Parry

San Francisco is a flower-loving city, and is famed far and wide for the flower stalls along the sidewalks and the superb displays in the florists' windows, sometimes changed twice in one day.

You might think from this that San Franciscans would buy, rather than grow, their flowers, for as everywhere else, labor is scarce and high. Nor is the summer climate easy, though perhaps less difficult than Denver. The ground is parched even though the summer mist may hide the sun, and the trade winds will wither any bloom that lies unprotected in their path. But the winter is open, and mostly free from killing frost.

The real gardens of San Francisco are hidden. True, you may see many small front yards where flowers and shrubs cascade on to the sidewalk. But the real gardens are mostly at the back of the houses, hedged, or walled or screened for privacy as well as wind protection.

I had no idea, when I knocked at a door on Broderick Street that, when I entered, I should walk straight from the dining room with its wide open doors into a garden that might have been some flourishing conservatory, if it was so full of flowers. But instead of glass there was open sky. A small square of garden, just 27 feet square, as is the statutory size of many lots adjoining the older houses. I stepped on to the narrow concrete paving and then over the small brick wall on to grass. On the one hand was a border where rhododendrons flowered, succeeding the wisteria trained against the house trellis. The top of the border was entirely dominated by a superb double-flowering ornamental Japanese cherry that was a mass of pale shell pink bloom — so it had been, according to its yearly custom, the last five weeks.

The north border, facing the house, was planted with ferns and shade loving perennials and shrubs, and the easterly border opposite the rhododendrons was full of camellias and fuschias, and these last would bloom in succession throughout the summer months.

But the whole character of the garden, or I might say its genius, lay I thought in the use of the low brick walls. A small wall planted with ferns buttressed the flagged path adjoining this westerly border. It was a patchwork carpet of small pools of color; mauve violas, primula and polyanthus, creeping thymes, yellow allysium and English daisies. I cannot call them bachelor buttons, as I would in England, since that is the name you give to the blue cornflower.

A white azalea, Snowdrift, was a compact drift of white bloom at the end corner of the path, and set the seal to this miniature garden. Year after year it flowers there from January through to May, Mrs. Frank Rhem told me, and added "But I wish you could have seen the white Arras tulips. They are just over, but I think they are the most beautiful things I have ever grown."

But I had no regret. On that May day there was enough — and more. It was one of the most beautifully planned and planted small city gardens I have ever seen, and cared for entirely by its owner.

***

The above story is by Joan Parry, the girl from England who helped us here at Horticulture House for a few weeks last year. She is doing what
many of us would like to do if we had nerve enough—she is just a Happy Horticultural Vagabond, travelling where she wills and picking up valuable information about American gardens and plants. We hope that she will write a book about American Gardens when (or if) she ever stops travelling and settles down to write again. She wrote several nice stories while in Denver which we have used in the Green Thumb occasionally. We hope that she writes more about good gardens and good gardeners over this country of ours. A few paragraphs from her recent letter should be of interest to those who met her here.

"Since I wrote you last I have left San Francisco with regret, for as cities go it is beautiful, and over and over again I link it and its people with Denver.

"I took three days to travel up the coast highway, in perfect clear weather. I slept the first night in a tiny cabin at the foot of one of the towering redwoods, and the second way up on the Oregon coast after going through acres of azalea and rhododendron in bloom. And so to Portland where I had a wonderful and extraordinary experience. Totally unexpected the Portland Rose Society made me their guest for my two weeks stay there, with the result that I saw the rose parade from almost every angle. After thinking, dreaming, seeing and almost eating roses, and going to all the ceremonies as well as seeing a mass of gardens and gardeners, particularly the iris and primula and rhododendron people, I came quite exhausted to Seattle.

"It may have been the aftermath of much enjoyment from January and San Francisco onwards, but I am not as appreciative of Seattle as I should be. I am doing some really beastly office job until the end of this month and writing for all I am worth in the evenings—when I can. It's hot: a bright brittle ninety-three at only 15 feet above sea level. I like Seattle best when I leave it for the mountains; it has grand panoramic views but it sprawls almost like Los Angeles, and it takes a long while to transverse its nine hills and vast expanses of water. Wages are low, living high.

"But I MUST spend a day or two in the flower fields on Mount Rainier; a day or two in the Olympics, and I want to see the sagebrush country and toast a piece of bread at the end of a stick of sage brush and then a slice of bacon and let the taste of sagebrush mingle with bacon fat as it drops on to the bread. And then I shall try to leap up to Lake Louise when I finally set off eastward middle of next month—to a farm in the Middle West near Sioux City, friends in Chicago, reach friends at the fall coloring in New Hampshire, and then Boston and New York. I shan't go home until next summer, if there is no war, and plan somehow to sit on a bus right across the continent, and spend the winter in Carmel working part-time and for the rest, writing up my travel. As I believe in miracles maybe it will work out that way."

"I have had one glorious day with the Mountaineers on Sun Top to the northeast of Rainier. Avalanche lilies, anemones sprouting up at the edge of retreating snowbanks, and a host of other lovelies. I am due to do a weekend camping with the Rock Garden people mid July and another Mountaineer outing later. But it will be the last free two weeks that I hope to revel in, and be fancy free and footloose again in the high places."

JOHN W. WAUGH
Landscape Gardener

Gardening, Planting, Plowing, Fertilizing
240 Clayton Street FR 1379
"PIONEER AMERICAN GARDENING"

"Pioneer American Gardening," a collection of stories of America's horticultural history from forty-one states, whose federated gardeners constitute the National Council of State Garden Clubs, has been compiled by Elvenia Slosson, President, 1949-51, and is published by Coward-McCann, Inc., of New York. This book is just recently off the press.

The subject dealt with in each story is its author's choice as being a glimpse of his or her State's share in creating the National Garden of the United States, and developing the country's horticultural wealth and beauty. The stories in "Pioneer American Gardening" are presented under seven headings: New England, Central Atlantic, South Atlantic, Central, South Central, Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast. The States of Delaware, Idaho, Minnesota, New Mexico, Nevada, North Dakota and Wyoming, are not included; presumably they have no Federated Garden Clubs.

The Rocky Mountain Region consists of Colorado, Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, South Dakota and Utah, and to Mrs. Beth Mattocks of Boulder has been given the honor of writing the story of "Gardening Pioneers of Colorado." She tells of our State flower and tree; of the old cottonwoods; of the planting of walnut, maple and locust trees; also fruit trees and grape vines; melons and berries by the men, and the making of home gardens with plants and slips, by the pioneer women. She also tells of the origin of Cherry Pie, Pumpkin Pie, Melon and Tomato Days.

The names of pioneer gardeners and botanists in Colorado in Mrs. Mattocks's story are familiar to many of us—some we have had the privilege of knowing—and for that reason alone the book would be enjoyable. No doubt those of us who have adopted Colorado as our home would also enjoy comparing Colorado's contributions to "Pioneer American Gardening" with the accomplishments of our native State.

My own opinion is that while the book makes interesting enough reading, it actually adds nothing to horticultural history. It is slightly repetitious in those mentioned in some of the sections of the country where the work of the early botanists was carried on in states which adjoin others of a different section as classified in this book.

MERTENSIA AND FORSYTHIA

It often becomes a question where to plant the Virginia bluebell, so that the bare ground it leaves after disappearance is not unsightly. I have grown it under large bushes of Forsythia; both bloom together and the pinky buds and open bluebells of the Mertensia make an attractive picture when seen through the mass of golden bells of the Forsythia. After flowering, the shrub hides the disappearing Mertensia with its heavy sheets of foliage. H. F.
BACK-PACK TRIP INTO THE BEAUTIFUL
SNOWMASS-MAROON COUNTRY,
JULY 14 TO 22

BY ANNA TIMM

So the schedule for July, carried
in The Green Thumb read, “Packs
taken by horses to camp—hikers on
foot.” To those who had been to
Snowmass, as well as those who had
only heard of its lure, this bait was
irresistible!

After months of planning and
disappointments, Sunday mor-
nings found an eager party, three “cute
little mules” and two wranglers wind-
ing their way up the trail that takes
off at the upper end of Maroon Lake,
past Crater Lake at the foot of Pyra-
mid Peak, and grows steadily steeper
until it mounts Buckskin Pass. Then
it plunges down and down until it
ends quite sharply at Snowmass Lake
Camp Ground. And there it is! If
by now, after a ten mile hike up and
down, there is any breath left in the
body, it is expended in one unbeliev-
ing gasp as the eyes take in this pic-
ture! One just cannot believe any-
thing so beautiful and untamed, so
wild and yet so serene and gentle,
can be real!

We approached in a brisk down-
pour, but by the time the evening
meal was over, a pale moon was shing-
ning on the Peak and stars twinkled
through the very tall timber. We
looked back regretfully as we climbed
past Pyramid and Maroon Bells. They
were so beautiful with the long, deep
snowbanks streaming far down into
the timber. But we really never left
snow! Huge banks of it smothered
the hiking trail to Buckskin Pass and
finally topped the pass in a huge
cornice.

Only a pack mule could have found
a way over, dodging the deep cave-in
snow and daintily picking a path
over the rocks and along shelf-edged
cliffs. So the knapsack-foot travelers
followed the mules and everybody
got there!

We spent three days on Snowmass
Lake in camp on the banks of crystal
clear Snowmass Creek saying good-
night and good-morning to the huge
tROUT who, by the way, ignored us
completely, not even bothering to
hide when we stood and stared at
them.

Then we decided to hike to Geneva
Lake over Trailriders Pass. We found
more snow all over the trail and took
pictures and more pictures of Snow-
mass Lake, Snowmass and Hagerman
Peaks, coming down in time to pack
up again and head down the trail to
Snowmass Falls Ranch and back to
Maroon Bells where the cars had been
left.

Then up Castle Creek and camp
was made in an aspen grove above
Ashcroft. We quickly set up camp;
by now we had learned to erect the
tents when the sun was shining.
Thursday, Friday, and Saturday
found eager takers for a hike to Tay-
lor Pass and Park, Cathedral Lake
and Electric Pass. There was more
snow there; the trail completely cov-
ered at the top.

After leaving the Maroon Bells, the
flowers began to disappear more or
less. On Buckskin Pass, at the edge
of the snow, we found Pilox, For-
get-me-nots, Grass of Parnassus, and
vividly colored paint brushes. But on
the road or trail to Taylor Pass and
Park everywhere in the book seemed
strewn everywhere, helterskelter, in
an eager haste to completely cover
every inch of the rugged terrain.
Even the dainty, exclusive Mariposa
lily floated among the rugged paint
brushes and flowering shrubs. There
will be pictures later for you unbe-
lievers. The same things were found
in the basin at Cathedral Peak, where
the trail takes off to Electric Pass.

Those of us who were fortunate
enough to be able to partake of this
feast have a feeling of deep gratitude
to the members of Colorado Forestry
and Horticulture Association for mak-
ing it possible to put over a trip of
this kind. While being aware of the
many much more important things
that are being carried on at Horti-
culture House, we still want to say,
“Thank you, C. F. H. A.”
MRS. HUGH McLEAN of Denver recently phoned to ask me to identify some mushrooms she had collected on her place. When she came she brought several pounds of a very suspicious looking species. After examining them I felt reasonably certain that the genus was Amanita and this was later confirmed when I had the opportunity to take a spore print.

While some species of Amanita are not poisonous the great majority of cases of fatal poisoning can be attributed to one of three species of the genus, and the amateur had better let them all alone.

Further study of this particular lot of mushrooms made it highly presumptive that they were the very poisonous Fly Mushroom (Amanita muscaria). A good physician would know the only antidote, provided the cause were known and he were notified in time.

If you like to collect your own and find in your lawn some nearly pure white, fleshy and luscious-appearing specimens, close your eyes, take a complete about-face and get away before you are tempted.

If you are certain you can resist, and want to examine the evidence, here it is. The cap, in this case white, but usually yellowish, is more or less studded with small scales. It is very fleshy and nearly spherical, and reaches the size of a golf ball. It is set on a stem, which is narrow at the top and increases in diameter toward the ground where it ends in an enlarged, rough knot. Sliced perpendicularly, the gills are seen to be white. The cap is separated from the stem by a broad ring of thin tissue. If you know how to make a spore print, the white spores will furnish final confirmation.

Now go wash your hands twice before handling food. Mere contact can induce severe nausea.

Death in the Lawn!

By Leslie F. Paul

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SPHAGNUM PEAT MOSS
BIRDS IN OUR GARDEN

By Ruth Ashton Nelson

ANY time of year is a good time for bird lovers. But I find late summer bird watching especially easy and rewarding. Now the strain of rearing the nestlings has been relaxed. The young birds are able to feed and fend for themselves, but many species travel about in small family flocks feeding sociably and, in the main, good-naturedly. At this time they seem more tame because the acute caution with regard to the nest in the face of suspected danger is gone, so is the urge to sing. Parents, in feeding and protecting themselves, are setting unconscious examples. They are also refreshing themselves leisurely after the tense period of courting, nesting, egg-laying, incubating and feeding their offspring. It seems logical to think that migratory birds require this period of recuperation before setting out on their long southward flights. At any rate during late July and August the little groups of one or more families are to be seen about the garden, along the roadsides and in our parks and mountains.

At the mountain cabin recently my attention was attracted by the “yank, yank” call of a slender-billed nut hatch with two youngsters, searching the rustling seeds of our clover. As I watched these strikingly marked white, black and gray visitors in their characteristic ups and downs I heard the buzzing notes of the wren family, busy in the shrubbery close by. Then a flash of white tail feathers caught my eye and I discovered the brown-backed grey-headed juncos feeding on the ground. Their young ones were somewhat streaked and less trim looking than the adults and were still coaxing for food from their parents, though quite capable of finding it for themselves, as they did when left on their own.

Here, around the garden, we have several kinds of finches and their relatives. Almost any time we look out we see them busily picking up ground insects and weed seeds among the shrubbery. Families of chipping sparrows have been very friendly, their small size is usually enough to distinguish them from the other sparrows. The adults are easily recognized by their bright russet-brown caps and clear gray breasts, but the young have both caps and breasts streaked. The little pine siskins, sometimes called “dandelion birds” from their habit of perching on a dandelion head to eat the ripening seeds, are also here as are the tuneful house finches. But our greatest thrill has come from watching a gay lazuli bunting whose nest was in the willows across the road. His turquoise blue coat and reddish breast suggest a piece of Zuni Indian jewelry. His favorite perch is a dead snag but sometimes we’ve seen him on the lawn where his brilliant colors show off to good advantage. During the nesting season his bright, short song could be heard almost continuously from daylight to mid-morning and frequently later in the day. Late in July I timed him one morning and found he repeated his little phrase nineteen times in one minute. A day or so later I heard him only occasionally with but few repetitions each time, and now his voice comes infrequently, in a single phrase. The singing of most of our birds breaks off abruptly as the nesting season ends.

The young Lazuli are streaked and sparrow-like in appearance and even the adult females have only a tinge of blue but the young male birds will come back in gay coats next spring. These fascinating summer residents have a tendency, as do many of our migratory birds, to return at nesting time to the same locality in successive seasons, so I shall be listening and watching eagerly next spring for the repetitious song and the turquoise plumage of this little bunting.

As soon as our new lawn came up we began to see a young rabbit feeding busily on the white clover leaves. Since early June there has been a series of bunnies fattening on this pasture. We’ve enjoyed watching the little fellows and they have become very tame. But I had some misgivings, fearing they might desert the clover for the lettuce or chard in our small salad garden. But so far the young clover appears to have more appeal than anything else. Perhaps where rabbits are a problem to tender-hearted gardeners it may pay off to plant a patch of clover for them.

SHABBY AFTER BLOOMING

Some perennials, such as the bleeding heart and the oriental poppy, have ragged foliage after blooming so should have some tall, bushy plant placed in front and around them to hide their seedy looks. See if you can’t think of some plant which may be good for this purpose. H. F.
SEPTEMBER GARDENING

The nights should be cooler this month and the need for heavy watering lessened. It is time to begin to ripen up woody plants so that they will stand the winter better. Much of the “winter kill” that happened last winter was actually a kill because of the freezing of growing plants in November. Plants that are matured and hardened up will not be so easily damaged.

AFTER woody plants are completely dormant (have dropped their leaves) the ground around them should be thoroughly soaked so that they will freeze-up wet. If freezing weather is delayed for several weeks, another soaking should be given.

When the first hard frost hits the Gladiolus, Cannas, Dahlias and Tuberous Begonias they should be dug and stored. Glads should be dried and cleaned, Cannas stored in a cool place leaving some soil on them, Dahlias and Tuberous Begonias carefully packed where the temperature and moisture can be regulated.

Perennials that have become dormant can be moved now if necessary. Peonies, Bleeding Hearts and such must be moved in fall, if they have to be moved. Woody plants should be left until they are completely dormant.

Now is the best time to seed lawns. There is enough sun in the day-time and it is cool enough at night so that there is good growth of grass without the constant care that there is in summer. Weeds that do start are soon killed by the early frosts. Be sure to thoroughly prepare the soil before seeding. A great majority of lawn troubles are traceable to planting in bad soil which would not allow deep root growth.

Clean up the withered flower stalks, broken limbs and other rubbish around the garden. Give the hedges a last shearing.

September is the month when the kids go back to school. Get the habit and lay out a course of study for yourself. Bugs, fertilizers, insecticides, propagation or a hundred other subjects are worth learning more about.

Enjoy your garden now—use the seats that you have arranged around the garden and never had time to sit in. Look and Learn should be your motto this month. Visit your neighbors’ gardens and stop wherever you see something that looks interesting. All good gardeners like to pass on to others their garden “secrets.”

Trimming of trees can be done as necessary. Proper care may prevent much storm damage to them. Look for the fall invasion of aphids on Dogwood, Euonymus and Snowball. They can be killed at this stage while it is difficult to hit them when they curl the leaves in spring.

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Rose shown on opposite page is of the variety Mme. Joseph Peraud, from the Henry J. Comend garden. Back cover shows the native Mariposa lily. All color photos are Ektachromes by George W. Kelly.

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THE ROSE

The rose is gowned in petaled grace
And lovely beyond telling;
She always lifts a friendly face,
Regardless of her dwelling.

Laura S. Bach.
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