Pompon

Yellow: Zenobia, Golden Climax, Klondyke.
White: Diana, Lulu, Elva.
Pink: Lillian Doty, Minta, Fairy Queen.
Bronze: Skibo, Princeton.
Yellow: Carrie, Cranfordia, Horace Martin.
White: Carpet of Snow, Well’s Masse, Dorothy.
Pink: Cranford Pink, Normandie, Marie Masse.

Aster Type, for Out Doors.

Red: Goascher’s Crimson, Crimson Pride, Chas. Jolly.
Bronze: A. Barham.

THE WEST ALLIS GARDEN CLUB

MRS. C. M. STRONG, West Allis.

The West Allis Garden Club is quite young, being only ten months old. It was organized in February, 1916, by a number of enthusiastic gardeners, who for some years had exchanged plants and experiences with both pleasure and profit. They finally decided that a more formal organization with regular meetings and more members, would be of advantage to themselves and the community. We are not burdened with officers, having only a President and Secretary. And just one strictly abided by rule for membership; no one is admitted to this club who is not willing to work in a garden.

When we asked to be admitted to the W. S. H. S. Mr. Cranefield said he hoped we had no dead ones in our club. We can proudly say there isn’t one.

The club was organized for mutual help and pleasure and the desire to interest people in having a garden, especially the old fashioned garden that our grandmothers used to have, one that was permanent, the kind that edged the walks, nestled against the house, strayed off into the row of apple and plum trees, with grape vines growing on the dividing fence, where there was a strawberry bed, some currant and
raspberry bushes, where lilac and mock oranges, peonies, phlox, narcissus, daffodils, and tulips, roses, tiger lilies, sweet arcadia and June pinks and countless other sweet flowers bloomed in a riot of color, from spring until fall; a delightful spot to wander round in; something good to eat nearly all the time and always beautiful. The garden one remembers as long as life lasts. That is the kind of garden we are trying to have ourselves and induce others to have.

But if they feel that is too much of an undertaking, why have some kind of a garden, even if it is only a porch or window box. Dig in the ground and learn what a wonderful thing it is to watch things grow.

We are especially interested in the growing of perennials, for while none of us would give up the annuals, there is so much satisfaction in a plant that comes up year after year. It makes one feel as though they had something to stay for in that one particular spot. That is something to be desired, a permanent home. And if you have planted a garden with trees, shrubs, fruit and flowers you certainly do not care to leave it.

So the members of this club are trying to make their gardens beautiful, for a lovely garden is as catching as the measles. Some one else is going to have one too. When we see some one trying to start a garden we try to help them, not only with advice, but with some of our surplus plants even though they are not members, we know they will soon want to join us. The exchanging of plants is one of the pleasant things about our club.

We meet on alternate Wednesdays at the home of some one of our members, sometimes having a regular program with papers, etc., at others just taking up the problems that come daily to all amateur gardeners, in looking at the garden of the member at whose home the meeting is being held, praising, criticising and giving advice as to the best methods of planting and taking care of the different plants.

And when an epidemic of cut worms, rose slugs or plant lice descend upon us we are prompt in telling our favorite methods of getting rid of these undesirable garden pests. To illustrate—my own particular method of getting rid of the green aphis is really a preventative. I cover the ground thickly with strong tobacco around the rose bushes and am almost never troubled, while a spray of paris green the same
strength as used for potatoes just before the leaves unfold, rids the bushes of slugs.

When we have papers, they must be the writer's own experience in raising those particular plants and shrubs, not something she has read. We do certainly read everything we can that will help us and try a good many of the suggestions and find many of them very helpful. But we have learned also not to be too credulous, as I was, for instance, when I read in a garden magazine that a good thick mulch was beneficial to the Yucca and Dianthus. I tried it—result—no Yucca, no Dianthus.

We have visited some of the nurseries in the vicinity of Milwaukee, as a Club making selections of plants and shrubs while in bloom, even taking some of them home with us, safely transplanting them while in full bloom. We were quite sure we got what we wanted. We are also transplanting some of the native plants and shrubs and urging others to do the same.

We are trying to foster a spirit of civic pride, to induce people to mow the weeds on vacant lots, to beautify the school grounds. We are hoping to have a public meeting this winter with a good, live speaker from the W. S. H. S. to stir up enthusiasm. We are each and every one doing all we can to boost the State Fair, especially the Horticultural part of it. We are in hopes that many more Garden Clubs will be formed throughout the State this winter. We are in hopes that the Fair Board will allow us to exhibit as Garden Clubs. We want to fill that small building they call a Horticultural Hall, so full that they will be obliged to give us a larger building, for if they don't, they won't be able to get inside.

We are really doing nothing spectacular in our Garden Club. We are just a few people who are seeing and learning to see more of the beauties of nature; enjoying life as we believe it was planned to enjoy it—with the trees, birds and flowers in our gardens.