QUESTION: Do you have any trouble with white grubs?

MR. LEVERICH: This season we lost a few plants with white grubs, but rarely, unless we set on land which has not been thoroughly rotated the preceding years.

THE PRESIDENT: Speaking about pruning the plant, how much of the top do you take off?

MR. LEVERICH: We leave from two to three leaves on each plant and when we take them off we are very careful not to pull them down and thus tear around the crown.

MR. CHRISTENSEN: You spoke of nine or ten loads of barnyard manure as fertilizer, do you use that fresh?

MR. LEVERICH: We use it as it comes from the barn, although we prefer it when it is rotted more or less. I may differ with some of you on that. Some feel that the ground should not be worked up very deep. However, we believe in working it up as deep as we can, thoroughly digging this manure in. It furnishes vegetable matter and humus for your plant, so that after rains it will not pack.

THE PRESIDENT: What is the nature of your soil?

MR. CHRISTENSEN: Sandy loam, clay sub-soil. Of course, what will apply to that may not apply to any other soil.

QUESTION: How far do you set apart?

MR. LEVERICH: 21 inches in the row, rows four feet apart. That rolling proposition may be new to some of you, rolling plants after they are set. The way we got onto that plan, we stepped on a few plants during a dry spell and we noticed that they were a great deal fresher during this dry spell than those that we did not touch, due to having the ground packed thoroughly.

QUESTION: Do you use commercial fertilizer?

MR. LEVERICH: No.

THE BUSINESS MAN IN HORTICULTURE

MR. G. A. BUCKSTAFF.

(From Reporter's Transcript).

When I was asked to talk to the Horticultural Society, my first inclination of course was to say I would not do it because I had nothing to say to a Horticultural Society that would be of any benefit, but Mr. Cranefield has always been so good to me and always answered all the questions I asked him, some of them mighty foolish questions, I thought to be a good sport

I would have to do what he wanted me to do and that is the reason I am here.

Of course, in talking about the business man in horticulture I must be personal, because I do not know what any other business man does in horticulture, except my neighbor, a judge, who has a garden adjoining mine. I know that he gets up in the early hours of the morning and goes out to work in the garden. I suspect it is his wife that makes him do it, because she was a farm girl, and while the judge insists he enjoys it, I tell him I always see the tears running down his face the first two weeks in spring. He insists it is the cold and not grief. I was an embryo horticulturist before I was a business man. My grandfather was a scientific horticulturist, my mother was a mighty good gardener and I was made to understand that I was born to the business and that I should be a gardener whether I liked it or not, when I was a small boy and I want to tell you when the fishing and swimming is good, it is mighty hard to make a kid believe that he is a horticulturist and I remember thinking when she told me that I had inherited this gift, that if I knew what part of my veins that blood ran in, I would cut it and let it run out. Of course, I understand now that if I had done so I would have bled to death, because when I came to have a home of my own I discovered I was really interested in horticulture.

In regard to horticulture as you horticulturists see it who have some system about it, mine is the worst hash you ever saw. I think even Mr. Rasmussen will admit that I probably have got the worst looking garden from a really scientific gardening point of view of any gardener that he knows. I live in the country in the summertime. I have a summer cottage on the shore of Lake Winnebago and have a great big rambling cottage made partly of logs, partly of shingles and I have creeping vines, wistaria and clematis, hops and bittersweet climbing over it. I suppose if I had all one kind I would be really a horticulturist, but I have all kinds, so I do not know what I would be called. And back of the cottage is an acre of land and right immediately back of the cottage I have laid out a hardy border as they call it, a great big horseshoe, maybe 150 feet across. That horse shoe is made up of all kinds of shrubs and hardy plants that I can crowd into it and then I stick in some flowers wherever I can, and this fall I did the foolish thing, I sup-

pose, of putting in two or three hundred yellow tulips and they will come up in the spring and then they will not blame it on to anything else except there will be more flowers there. That is the way I garden.

In this horseshoe I have set, where the big toe fork should be, I put out a clump of our native shrubs, sumach and elderberry and dogwood, wild gooseberries and things of that kind and it is very ornamental but I do not suppose it is artistic. And down in front of that I put a big clump of peonies and they are beautiful peonies, but probably in the scientific scheme of things they are out of place, but somehow or other that does not bother me. Then on other parts of the horseshoe I put in big clumps of hollyhocks. They are at the back of the bed so that they do not hide anything and in that way I have made a big, wide horseshoe, as I said, in the back of the yard. And now Mr. Roe, one of our landscape gardeners, who should be here, comes along and tells me that inside of that horse shoe everything should be cleaned out and I should not have anything on it. Well, when it comes to cutting out the box elder that I put in before I built the beds, it would not hurt me at all, but I have a mulberry and two apple trees. To satisfy Mr. Roe I agreed to transplant the apple trees, but I have not agreed to cut out the mulberry. I suppose the scientific gardeners like Mr. Roe will keep at me till I cut out the mulberry tree.

In those thickets of native shrubs that I put in I have lots of wild birds; there is never any season that I do not have three or four kinds of warblers, thrushes and wild canaries. I have some little houses that the wrens come to and of course I have the English sparrow. That comes whether it is invited or not, but I have found a way of discouraging the English sparrow. I have a trap, made in Chicago, I just cannot think of the name of the man who makes it, Dodson I believe. Well, I trap from one hundred to two hundred sparrows in my garden every year and by the time I have two hundred, that is as much as they can stand and they leave and the rest of the year do not bother me. He is a wise bird and knows when to leave.

Back of the hedge I have described I have my enclosed garden. It is one hundred feet square and it is enclosed in a tight wire fence that will keep out chickens and dogs and rabbits, it does not keep out the cats, and in that garden I have two parts. Right across the middle of it, dividing it into a garden

of fifty by one hundred feet I have a hedge of hollyhocks and I want to tell you that it is some hedge of hollyhocks, it grows from five to seven feet high, according to the season, so thick that you cannot see through it and on the back of that second half of the garden is my vegetable garden, back of that comes the chicken yard, twenty feet wide by one hundred long, just a gate from the garden into the chicken yard, and I want to say there is nothing to my mind that fits into a garden so well as a flock of poultry, providing you do not let them come into the garden. We have a flock of chickens, they stay in town with us in the winter and in the summer we move them to the summer cottage. Now, the lettuce that is going to seed, the head lettuce that are not the choicest, they are thrown into the chicken yard and the chickens enjoy them. Big cucumbers that escaped us we split open and throw into the yard, the beets that get too big for the table, we throw those over into the chicken yard and for fear they would not have all the greens they want, we plant fifty feet of chard, and keep clipping off the tops, throw them into the yard, and I never knew poultry through hot weather of July and August to lay as well as mine do. Usually I think you get the most eggs in April. Well, get a chicken yard next to a good garden and throw them all the vegetables that they will eat and I want to tell you they will pay you for it.

Along that fence, between the garden and the chicken yard, one hundred feet of that is covered with grape vines. They are not what you would call a fine grape to grow, I got them from the University of Minnesota, they are a high grade grape that they have developed up there, a cross between a wild grape and a tame grape, and they hang full every year and I do not have to lay the vines down, they are just as hardy as a wild grape. The chickens take their toll of those grapes, also the raspberries in the poultry yard, they do not seem to get into the cherry trees, but they take their toll of the grapes and raspberries as high up as they can reach and I do not object to that, because they are laying eggs every day and they are entitled to a little of the fruit, the same as some of our birds are.

Now, a business man gets his enjoyment out of making his business go. If you are in the business purely and wholly for a living, it is a mighty hard grind, in fact, making your living in anything is a hard grind, gets on your nerves after a while,

but if you really get a lot of enjoyment out of making the thing go, you will appreciate the garden. I think you horticulturists get as much enjoyment by really producing something a little better than anybody else has done, as you do out of the money that you get. I know I have more joy out of beating my neighbors on a big head lettuce than in getting ahead of anyone on a bill of goods. The producing of something in my garden a little bit better than my neighbors is quite an achievement and I get as much enjoyment out of that, almost, as getting a trout, although not quite, for fishing is one of my pet sports.

At one time I was invited to talk to a library convention, because I am a member of the Oshkosh Library Board, and I was asked to talk on what a busness man reads. Of course, that again is purely a personal question. I remember at that time one of the statesman of our state had written his autobiography and in classifying the books which I had read I put that autobiography in the fiction list. It hurt some of my auditors very much, the idea of that autobiography being put in the fiction list was certainly sacriligious and I was told when I came out of the meeting that I had done something very much out of line. Now, when I speak of seed catalogues as being some of the most valuable fiction, I hope none of your seedsmen will feel aggrieved. If the seed catalogues that we get within the next ten weeks are not the best sellers, they are the best read literature. We read them and know we are going to be fooled. It reminds me of the little kid with the jack in the box, every time it jumps out he gets excited, and pleased, although he knows just what is going to come out of that box. We know every time we get a seed catalogue we are going to read fiction, the greatest kind of imagination in any book, still we enjoy it, pick it up, are stung by it and enjoy it every year. There is nothing that I like to see come in the mail at this time of the year so much as the seed catalogue. The first thing I turn to is the list of novelties, things that they dream of that never existed and I always buy them, too. I just gamble on them. Really it is a better game than shooting craps or winning at poker, because if you make this thing that you buy in the seed catalogue grow, you have really achieved something. When I buy this lemon cucumber and make it a part of my garden, I really get a lot of fun out of it, although the lemon cucumber is not fit to eat and the red sunflower does not stay red, it reverts back to the

yellow sunflower. I even plant the great big Russian sunflower with a head as big as a wash pan, I am plebian enough to like to see that great big face turn to the sun. And then when it's seed is ripe the English sparrow cannot get at it, because it turns downward.

Then I get a lot of fun out of my garden in the wintertime. I get it, of course, by anticipation, but I go out Christmas week and cover my hardy plants. I want to tell you, last Christmas it was pretty cold in that country, and I covered it with marsh hay, because there is more protection in marsh hay than any other stuff that I could cover with. I cover in the winter, as you all understand, because the saving of plants means keeping the frost in and not keeping the frost out and when the ground is nearly frozen and you cover your plants you are sure of having live plants in the spring when the frost gets out of the ground. I discovered that once by being so lazy in the fall that I did not cover them until Christmas time and they were all alive in the spring. That convinced me that my laziness had been a good thing and I have since followed that practice.

Well, besides my garden I am trying to raise an orchard. I have a dozen trees that are at the fruit-bearing age now; I should begin to get fruit, but I planted that orchard in the hardest clay soil that you ever saw and I was telling Mr. Cranefield that there are only two hours in the year that you can get on that clay land and he said that two hours comes in the middle of the night, he said "I was brought up on that kind of farm myself." The result is, that orchard has not as good a chance as it should have. Last spring it should have been sprayed for the first time, but that red clay was so soft that I would have lost my team if I had tried it, so I missed out and the result was that the apples were so gnarled and scarred up that they did not amount to anything, but I still have hopes of making that orchard into something in the next two or three years.

Being a horticulturist means being an outdoor man and I do not know of anything under the sun that is worth living for so much as being an outdoor man. I have the greatest pity for the man who lives in the city and does not get out-of-doors. Some way or other it seems to me that that is the big part of life. Everybody almost that I know of outside of the farming, horticulturist and gardening population hope some day that

they are going to go out in the country to live. I drive up through the north woods a great deal in the summer season and I see hundreds of people going up there in their Ford machines, with their camping outfits, berry pickers, etc. Just hordes of them with the intention of getting out into the woods, that is the greatest blessing about horticulture, it keeps you in touch with outdoor things.

Birds are sometimes a pest. I have a few cherry trees that are in fine bearing, but we have so many blackbirds and so many robins that I do not believe I get a quart of cherries out of those trees. The big purple grackle with the white eyes will eat more cherries in one hour than a robin will eat in forty-eight hours and you can shoot his mate and he will come within ten feet of you and go on eating cherries. I have never shot a robin since I was a boy. When I was a boy all birds were prey. We have been brought up, the generation now, that birds are not to be killed, they are to be fed in the wintertime and in the summertime.

Mr. Blaine spoke of the place the garden has taken in all the world at all times. Of course, we all understand there has been no great book ever written that did not speak of the garden, no great novel has been written that has not a garden scene in it. You all remember the picture of Bismarck with his two great Dane dogs pacing up and down his garden when he planned the German Empire. Well, when we die—we all look forward to death and know that it is coming, especially when we get past the meridian of life—did you ever notice how our cemeteries are made into gardens, almost all of them have ornamental trees and flowers, all that sort of thing. I do not know whether they do it on purpose, but it really makes it a most beautiful place to go. I know I picked out my lot way out in the country cemetery on a knoll where the water will not stand, at least, full of evergreen trees and flowers and shrubs. I selected a spot out in the country because I want to get away from the smoke and cinders of Oshkosh and I want to know if the snow goes off in the spring that the grass is going to come out green and not covered with soot and ashes and as I say, the nearer the cemetery the less fear I have of it and I believe one reason is that they are made into beautiful spots by shrubbery and flowers and I believe men interested in gardening and out-of-doors do not wither up and die of old age as the fellow does

in the city. Remember Holmes' poem, "The Last Leaf on the Tree." One leaf representing the last man of his generation falling off, Old Father Time coming along with his scythe. Well, I believe that we horticulturists, when Old Father Time comes along with his scythe, that we will be cut off in the evergreen stage and will not be in the stage of the last leaf on the tree. If we get all that joy and vitality out of life, it has been worth while to be a horticulturist.

DISCUSSION

MR. CRANEFIELD: I should like to ask Mr. Buckstaff whether he would advise a business man who has capital to engage in commercial fruit growing to plant a thousand apple trees, or ten thousand trees.

MR. BUCKSTAFF: Purely as a commercial proposition?

MR. CRANEFIELD: Yes.

MR. BUCKSTAFF: No, I do not think so. If he wants to put in money and get fun out of it, that is just as cheap fun as anything else. Most men figure they have so much money to spend for amusement. If they want to spend it in horticulture, that is a form of amusement.

MR. CRANEFIELD: That question comes up often, that is one reason why I asked you to come here today, knowing that you knew something about it from actual experience.

MR. BUCKSTAFF: I had a friend tell me the other day that he put $14,000 into a cherry orchard in Sturgeon Bay and he is getting more out of it than out of his business, that is, in proportion. He said he had cleaned up this year $3,000 net out of that investment and that was better than he could do in the lumber business. Well, he was fortunate, I think he is more fortunate than most business men that go into something they do not know anything about. If a man goes into something to make money out of it he had better stick to something he was educated in.