

Twin City Iris Society

News and Views

NEWS & VIEWS

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The balmy air, the fast melting snow and the radio announcer's voice saying it is 45° in the Twin Cities all bespeak the fact that spring is just around the corner—and that other harbinger of spring, the Iris Society Pot Luck Supper is even closer than spring. I'll let the Hostess and Program Chairmen tell you about it.

The annual pot luck supper will be on Thursday, March 23, at 6:30 at North Como Presbyterian Church in Roseville, a suburb of St. Paul. The church is located on the northeast corner of Chatsworth & Larpenteur. From the north and west take Highway 100 to No. 10, which becomes Lexington, to Larpenteur Avenue. Turn east on Larpenteur, and Chatsworth is the first street to the north. Or one could take Highway 36 east to Lexington Ave., Highway 10, and turn south. Again turn east on Larpenteur to Chatsworth. One may also take Snelling Avenue to Larpenteur and turn east, driving on Larpenteur just beyond Lexington.

The parking lot is off Chatsworth. Enter the door nearest the lot, and walk straight through to the kitchen and dining rooms, all on one floor. The accommodations are very nice, and we are hoping all will make an effort to come to this special event of the year.

The food has always been superior because our own good cooks provide their best. Several of the ladies offered foods at the last meeting of the Society. Others are asked to call Miss Adah Anderson, WE.8-7216, or Mrs. J. S. Taylor, MI. 9-5978. If you cannot call, please be sure to come anyway and bring a hot dish, salad, cake, or pie. Even money is always acceptable.

Charlotte Sindt

If all of our members recall last year's goodies as vividly as I do, I don't think we'll need much of a program to get a good turnout on March 23rd. But we're going to have one anyway, and I think it fits in nicely with the folksiness and friendly elbow rubbing aspects of a pot luck supper. We might label it "littin' and visitin' night", because if ever a program was spontaneous and back-yardish and unrehearsed, this is it.

With no preliminary warning and no prepared speeches, we're going to announce a subject for discussion and then turn everybody loose on it. Naturally, it will have something to do with iris growing, but it's going to be definitely off the beaten path and into one of the fascinating side tracks of our hobby. Almost all of our members will know something about it, and the few who don't will certainly want to learn. So we intend to keep only enough restraint on the proceedings to give the weaker voiced members a fair chance to be heard with the orators. And who knows? We might turn up some real experts in this interesting and little explored field.

G. F. Hanson

March 7, 1961

The membership drive is off to a slow start, but we are certain interest will increase with warmer weather. To date Mrs. Bakke and Milton Dale are tied with one new member each. Perhaps we can each try a little harder for members as our thoughts turn to gardening.

Mary Haertzen

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Many of you have failed to return the Hybridizing questionnaire that was included with last month's News & Views. Mrs. Wright cannot get a good cross-section of the interest unless everyone returns them. Please either bring them with you to the Pot Luck Supper or send them to Mrs. Tom D. Wright, 10051 Brookside Ave., Minneapolis 20, Minn.

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M O R E M E M B E R S
N E E D E D

We should all be concerned about the number of memberships in Region 8 of the A.I.S. Loss of membership affects our Twin City Iris Society and Region 8 in a number of ways. One of the greatest influences is in the matter of Regional Judges. We now have only three Garden Judges in Minnesota and five in Wisconsin. Unless our A.I.S. membership is increased we will be entitled to only two Judges in Minnesota and four in Wisconsin next year. October 1st the membership of Region 8 was 81. The present membership is 59.

How can we expect to get recognition for our seedlings? Only one judge is allowed for every ten members and it takes the votes of 5 or more A.I.S. Judges to qualify a seedling for an Exhibition Certificate, 5 for High Commendation and 12 for Honorable Mention. The finest seedling we could produce would be handicapped without the votes of the A.I.S. judges.

G. B. Gable

BALLET BOX NOTES

Region 13, out in Oregon and Washington, is the home of Blue Sapphire, the No. 1 iris in the 1960 Popularity Poll. However, 26 varieties received more votes in Region 13 than Blue Sapphire which received 30 votes. Amethyst Flame and Black Taffeta each received 60 votes, Mary Randall 58 votes and Violet Harmony 52.

1960 was the first year and the first time since 1946 that judges of the A.I.S. failed to award a Dykes Medal. No one iris received more than 15% on the first vote. A second poll was taken with the 4 iris receiving the highest number of votes competing. Eleanor's Pride and Techny Chimes each received 128 votes on the second poll.

G. B. Gable

At our last meeting — as those of you who braved the slippery roads know — we were highly entertained by an informative and amusing speech by the Rev. Paul E. Folkers of Anoka. He closed with such an unusual and original bit that I wanted to share it with all the News & Views readers. He most graciously consented and even enlarged and expanded it. So, with our thanks to Mr. Folkers — here it is:

COCKATOO MONKEYSHINE

HOWDY, MR. WONDERFUL! And here is PRETTY CAROL in her PARTY DRESS, and MARY RANDALL, in her PINK FORMAL. And you, PRINCESS ANN with your SMILING LIGHT in SNOW VELVET. I REJOICE with MIXED EMOTIONS to see you MOHR AND MORE, ANYTIME. HAPPY BIRTHDAY! LYNN HALL, and EASTER GREETINGS! LADY ROGERS. He is from LAND'S END and she is from down TEXAS WAY. OYEZ, ASOKA OF NEPAL is here in his PERSIAN ROBE. His LAVISH LADY is REAL GOLD, a RADIANT FASHION SHOW, in fact, an AMETHYST FLAME. He gave an ORIENTAL PEARL to her, his ORCHID QUEEN, who is a SWEET GIRL GRADUATE from NORTHWESTERN. She is an ORCHID LADY ALLAGLOW with SPRING ROMANCE. She was a CLOUD DANCER but NOMOHR. She is not exactly a BROADWAY STAR or a BELTON BEAUTY but as a PAPER DOLL she is a CLEAN SWEEP. She hurt ELEANOR'S PRIDE when she had a DOUBLE DATE with my COUNTRY CUZZIN, the CAPTAIN FROM CASTILE.

The DUKE OF BURGUNDY, from FLAMINGO BAY, and the PRINCE OF MONACO, with his CAPE COD ACCENT, hit the PUNCH BOWL, and "BANG" — they went on a RAMPAGE down the REVIERA in a CADILLAC with GAY LAVINIA in her SPRING BONNET. When they threw a BUTTERSCOTCH KISS at the CAPTAIN'S LADY and called her CANDY KID, CUTIE PIE, and DAME FASHION, she said, CALL ME MADAM.

Now for a SPRING TONIC put on your TOP HAT while I get my CLOUD CAP; let's stroll down my MELODY LANE and view the GARDEN GLORY. Whether in MAYTIME or JUNE SUNLIGHT, in DEEP NIGHT or MOHRNING HAZE, it is like a SPRING FESTIVAL, the PINNACLE of PINK FULFILLMENT, to go ON PARADE through such COLOR CARNIVAL where every DISPLAY is a SPELLBINDER worthy of the HEADLINES. Such PLUMED DELIGHT is a POET'S DREAM and most PRAISEWORTHY. Along the APPIAN WAY, ROSE GARLAND sniffed some OZONE from the OLYMPHIC TORCH. Out flew a RED BUTTERFLY with a RUFFLED PETTICOAT and a PINK PLUME. In her ROSY VEIL, ST. JUDE, with a SOFT ANSWER, rebuked the SALEM LASS; it wasn't even a STRIPED BUTTERFLY, but a WHITE PEACOCK.

When TIE TANNER brought his LADDIE into my FLUTED HAVEN we were soon on the WAR-PATH. The little SKALLOWAG insulted JUNE MEREDITH, knocked down my CLOUD CASTLE, climbed the PINK TOWER, drank all the COOL LEMONADE, stole my COPPER MADALLION, and refused COURTESY to LADY MOHR. I lost my PATIENCE, felt like a DANCING TIGER, gazed into the WILD BLUE YONDER, got on my WHITE PALOMINO, pursued the YOUNG BRAVE, and turned him over to the FIRE BRIGADE.

PRINCESS ANN looked like a RARE PEARL in her QUEEN'S LACE and WHITE RUFFLES. The BALLET DANCER from ALGIERS with her BLACK DIAMOND put on a BIG TIME as she had CLEAR SAILING for the CLIFFS OF DOVER on the BRITAINIA.

Well, we could travel from the GRAND CANYON to BLUE HAWAII, from the GRAND TETON to CARLSBAD CAVERNS, and never see such CASCADE SPLENDOR as right here in RIO VALLEY. And now we go to THE CAPITOL where the SWAN BALLET is a KNOCKOUT. So I must say BON VOYAGE and YOUR'S TRULY, and DREAMALONG with GENERAL PATTON and the DRUM MAJOR to the RAINBOW ROOM. May your AZURE SKIES always be BUTTERFLY BLUE.

The KING'S JESTER

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GARDENER'S EASTER PRAYER

Our heavenly father:

At this Easter Season and the rebirth of nature, which means the beginning of another year of gardening, let us give thanks for the great joy we find in growing things. Help us to grasp the meaning of opening bud and the mystery of sprouting seed, that we may weave it into the tissue of our faith in life eternal.

Give us wisdom to cultivate our minds as diligently as we nurture tender seedlings, and patience to weed out envy and malice, as we would uproot troublesome weeds.

Direct us with Thy most gracious favor and grant us Thy continual blessing in all we do and say — We thank Thee for our many blessings this past year and at this time, especially, for gardens and their message for us all, today and always.

Amen.

by Alice Stenoin