
THE FAIRFIELD GARDEN CLUB



Issue #12

July 17, 2020

Thank you to all of you who have submitted poems and photos and recipes and advice to our Friday Tips and Quips. There is only one more after this one. Next Friday will be the last and then our July 28th Annual Meeting. I would love to have something from everyone for the last Issue. And then we will enjoy seeing each other in person, socially distanced, on the lawn at GFA for the Annual Meeting.

From Barbara Geddes Wooten: I listened to the Weeding for Wildlife presentation June 12th. Even though I have heard many of these, this one was excellent. It is quite simple and not complicated. I daresay kids could fully appreciate it. It is not aimed at sophisticated hort ladies, but that is just fine.

To watch a rerecording of Weeding for Wildlife, click on this link.

<https://www.weedwrangle.org/why>



From Allison Dalton: Because it's blueberry season, this is one of my favorites. I think some others might enjoy it as well!

Blueberry Torte

1 cup flour

2 Tablespoons sugar

pinch salt

add:

½ cup butter

-work in with pastry cutter or hands till crumbly

add:

1 Tablespoon white vinegar

-form into a ball and press into a springform pan (8"); spread up sides about 1 inch.

Combine:

¾ cup sugar

2 Tablespoons flour

1 Tablespoon lemon juice

dash cinnamon

Mix in 2 cups fresh blueberries

Pour into crust

Bake at 400 degrees for 45 minutes

Then: Add 1 and ½ cups fresh blueberries on top. When cool, dust with powdered sugar. Enjoy!

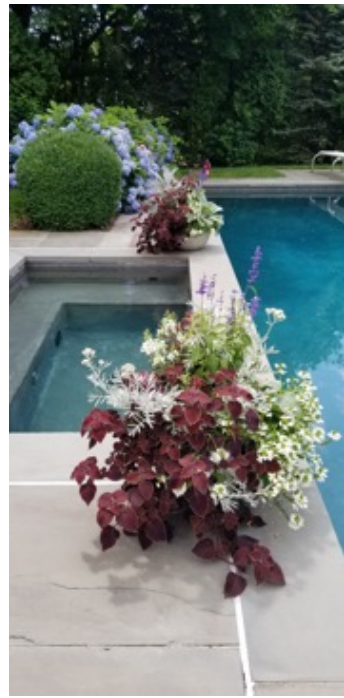
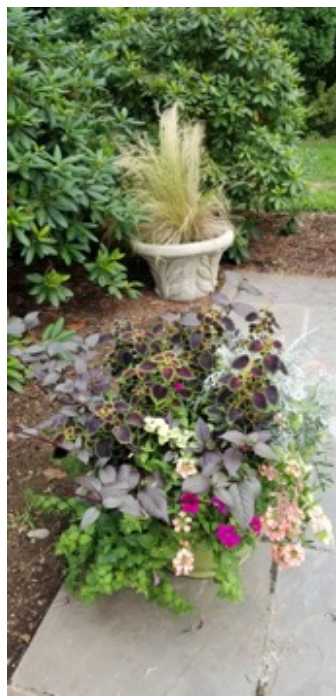


From Jeanne Reed: Last January, Peggy Moore kindly hosted a Fireside Chat during the Winter Doldrums. Folks who attended that Visiting Gardens event on a snowy night would enjoy seeing Peggy's beautiful blooming gardens!

This photo is a pink double lily from a bulb that Peggy purchased at the Philadelphia Flower Show. Peggy said, "The vendor kindly sold me the white double lily flowers (from the bulbs he forced for show) that I used for my entry in the design division."

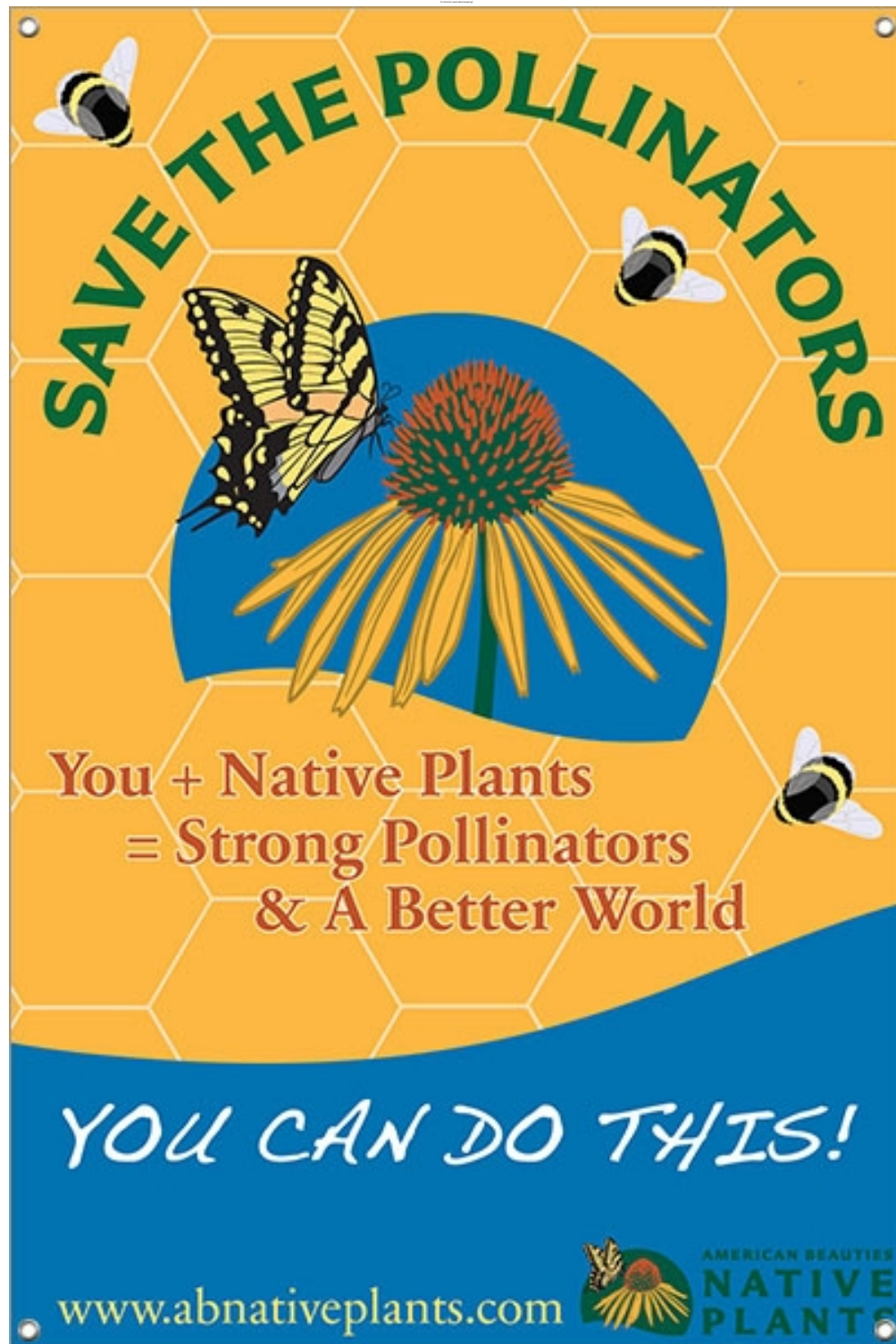


These next pictures are Peggy's collection of Beds and Borders plantings. "Alabama Sunset," "Limelight" which she supplemented with Amistad salvia to attract the hummingbirds, "Polaris" which she supplemented with coleus and blue salvia, and the blue hydrangea that came with the pool!



Photos by Peggy Moore

From Lauren Raps: 30% off select Native Perennials at Gilbertie's this weekend only - Friday, Saturday, Sunday July 17, 18, and 19 while supplies last.



From Peggy Moore: Here is an article quoting Doug Tallamy saying Butterfly Bush is not good to plant...of course I read this the day after I planted two big bushes.

Why You Should Never Plant a Butterfly Bush Again

They're gorgeous, but they actually do more harm than good.



If someone took 75% of your food away, you wouldn't be a happy camper. But when you grow invasive butterfly bushes and other plants that provide only nectar, that's what you're doing to birds and butterflies in your own

backyard.

A leading wildlife ecologist wants you to think about your property — no matter how big or small — as an important link in your local ecosystem. Each plant you include in your garden affects the local food web, even the beautiful, seemingly harmless butterfly bush.

Doug Tallamy, PhD, professor and chair of entomology and wildlife ecology at the University of Delaware, revealed three hard truths about butterfly bush — and why you should stop planting them at home.

1. Butterfly Bush Doesn't Stay In Your Yard



Butterfly bush is an invasive plant, meaning it crowds out beneficial plants that have naturally grown in your community for centuries. This species originally from Asia readily takes over space where native North American plants would normally thrive. In fact, *Buddleja davidii* (the scientific name for butterfly bush) has certain traits that make it

invasive in most environments.

"I hear the 'it's invasive here, but not over there' argument a lot," says Tallamy.

"While it is invasive in many parts of the U.S., what's really important is that the plant

has the ability to be invasive almost anywhere. If it's not in some place, chances are good it will be [at some point]."

Beyond backyards, the plants spread to important ecosystems and protected areas. There's clear documentation of aggressive butterfly bush invasions in wildlife habitats.

"People who say butterfly bush doesn't move around are in the denial stage," Tallamy says. "Butterfly bush just doesn't stay where we plant it."

2. Butterfly Bush Doesn't Really Benefit Butterflies

There's no denying that butterfly bush's long, narrow tufts of flowers look beautiful. And like many flowering plants, it supplies lots of nectar. But when it's the only species you grow for butterflies, you're not going to have butterflies anymore, Tallamy warns.

These insects also require proper host plants so they can reproduce. Their larval offspring have to feed on the leaves of native species like butterfly weed, other milkweeds, joe-pye weed, and oak trees.

"People rationalize their perceived need for butterfly bush because they think it helps butterflies," Tallamy says. "What they really want is a pretty plant in their yard."

3. Butterfly Bush Contributes to the Collapse of Food Webs

Here's the harsh truth: Planting non-native plants like butterfly bush in your yard actually makes it harder for the butterflies and birds in your neighborhood to survive.

For instance, if you want chickadees to breed in your yard, you need plants that can support the 6,000 to 9,000 caterpillars the birds need during the 16 days they feed their young.

"If you don't have that, the plant-caterpillar-chickadee food web stops," Tallamy explains. "If you plant butterfly bush, and not native [species], then right away you're removing at least 75% of the food that is supporting the biodiversity that's out there." And these critters need all the help they can get.

From Susan Bonner: The first picture is African Basil which I plant for the bees and to bring in sprigs of purple leaves and violet flowers for pretty kitchen table arrangements. The plant grows to 3 feet tall and flowers all summer into the fall. I took lots of pictures with bees all over the basil but you can't see them. I have only found African Basil at Gilbertie's. They say it is edible but I haven't tried that out. The next photos were taken yesterday as my tomato plants start to ripen - very exciting. I'm growing lots of Genoa basil to go with them.



From Barbara Geddes Wooten: Attention Peach Lovers. One of our sons, Jamie, looked up the Georgia Peach website and found they are coming **back** to CT (Gilbertie's) for one day only July 30, 2020. Pick up for pre-orders is 9:00 a.m. to 10:30 a.m.

Same day the truck also goes to Darien and Greenwich.
Pre-order on their website and assign your pick-up location.
<https://georgiapeachtruck.com/eastcoast/>



Walks and Talks Tribeca to the Hudson Yards

<https://tclf.org/walks-talks-2020-tribeca-hudson-yards-ken-smith-rescheduled>

Expensive (\$75) but likely to be unforgettable, It is SATURDAY, Sept. 19th, 2020.



HIGH LINE REOPENING



Exciting day! Just an hour ago, we began welcoming our neighbors and New Yorkers to the High Line again.

After so much isolation, it's inspiring to have people strolling our paths once more, enjoying the beauty of the High Line's gardens and safely reconnecting with their community and city.

With visitors returning, the High Line is truly alive again. It may be beautiful when empty, but the High Line was made for people—a place where you can lose yourself in a lush landscape of purple coneflowers and black-eyed Susans, contemplate artwork like Jordan Casteel's *The Baayfalls*, and walk among your

fellow New Yorkers in a calming natural environment that brings people together—safely.



These green dots, applied six feet apart on the walkways throughout the park, are a constant reminder to maintain social distance. They're one of the many measures we've taken to ensure your health and safety.

We created a free timed-entry system to significantly reduce the number of people on the High Line at any one time.

Reserve your free timed-entry pass →

We've instituted one-way movement, moving north from the Gansevoort Street entrance, to make social distancing possible on narrow paths.

You'll see prominent signage at the entrance and throughout the park directing you to wear a mask and follow other **health guidelines**.

Our city and world have fundamentally changed since we closed the High Line in March. We've lost friends, family members, and beloved members of our community to COVID-19. Our country's systemic racism has been laid bare. We can no longer enjoy the simple things that give our lives meaning: sending our kids to school in the morning, working side-by-side with colleagues, celebrating a milestone with family and friends, or going to a restaurant, movie, play, or concert.

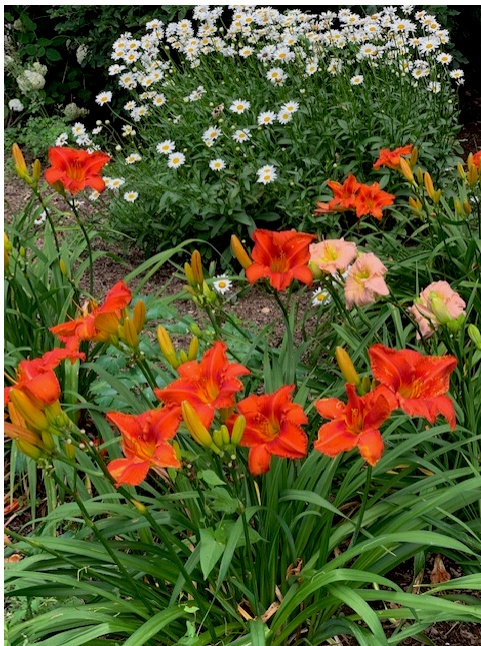
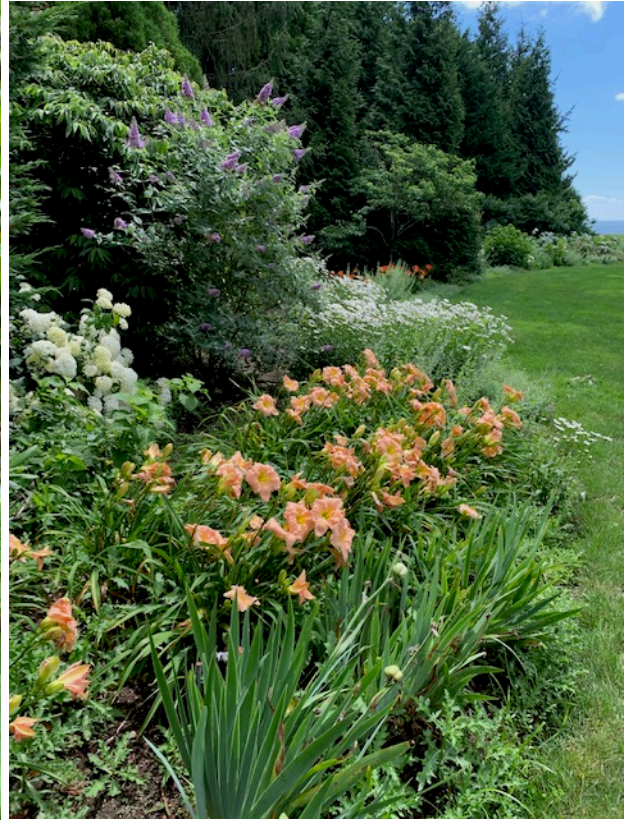
In such a time, we need places like the High Line more than ever. We invite you to rise up to this special haven of refuge, relaxation, and community. We are forging a new path forward, and we want to travel it with you.

[Reserve your pass](#)

When you visit:

- **Reserve a [free timed-entry pass](#).** Visit thehighline.org/welcome for details.
 - **New hours.** Noon – 8pm daily
 - **Enter at Gansevoort Street.** The corner of Gansevoort and Washington streets is currently the only entrance. All other access points are exit-only. Those with mobility access needs can enter via elevators at Gansevoort, 14th, and 23rd streets.
 - **One-way movement.** All visits move north from Gansevoort Street.
 - **Park open from Gansevoort to 23rd Street.** The park north of 23rd Street remains closed. Follow our emails and social media for updates.
 - **Wear a mask.** Please!
 - **More information.** Visit thehighline.org/welcome.
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From Simin Allison:



From Barbara Geddes Wooten:

Strawberrying by [May Swenson](#) - 1913-1989

My hands are murder-red. Many a plump head
drops on the heap in the basket. Or, ripe
to bursting, they might be hearts, matching
the blackbird's wing-fleck. Gripped to a reed
he shrieks his ko-ka-ree in the next field.
He's left his peck in some juicy cheeks, when
at first blush and mostly white, they showed
streaks of sweetness to the marauder.

We're picking near the shore, the morning
sunny, a slight wind moving rough-veined leaves
our hands rumple among. Fingers find by feel
the ready fruit in clusters. Here and there,
their squishy wounds. . . . Flesh was perfect
yesterday. . . . June was for gorging. . . .
sweet hearts young and firm before decay.

"Take only the biggest, and not too ripe,"
a mother calls to her girl and boy, barefoot
in the furrows. "Don't step on any. Don't
change rows. Don't eat too many." Mesmerized
by the largesse, the children squat and pull
and pick handfuls of rich scarlets, half
for the baskets, half for avid mouths.
Soon, whole faces are stained.

A crop this thick begs for plunder. Ripeness
wants to be ravished, as udders of cows when hard,
the blue-veined bags distended, ache to be stripped.
Hunkered in mud between the rows, sun burning
the backs of our necks, we grope for, and rip loose
soft nipples heads. If they bleed—too soft—
let them stay. Let them rot in the heat.

When, hidden away in a damp hollow under moldy
leaves, I come upon a clump of heart-shapes
once red, now spiderspit-gray, intact but empty,

still attached to their dead stems—
families smothered as at Pompeii—I rise
and stretch. I eat one more big ripe lopped
head. Red-handed, I leave the field.



From *The Complete Love Poems of May Swenson*. Copyright © 1991. Reprinted
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May Swenson was born Anna Thilda May Swenson on May 28, 1913.