



# Quail's Tales

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Michigan Garden Clubs and National Garden Clubs

**August 2008**

## *President's Preface*

*A Touch of Humor  
The Butterfly and the Bee  
Once upon a time  
A handsome honeybee  
Fell in love with a butterfly  
He met in a tulip tree  
He said "I love you madly  
And want to share your life  
Let's fly away together  
Will you be my wife?"  
"No, no no" cried she  
"For I am a monarch's daughter  
And you're just a son of a bee"*

*from the Farmington Senior Messenger and  
Peggy Dapkus*

***Remember to let us know what you are up to for the SEPTEMBER EDITION***

Our Theme this year is **Green is Red Hot!**

Our mantra will be  
Reduce , Reuse and Recycle but.....other buzzwords are....  
Reclaim Refinish Refurbish

Recover Redo Rescue

Regenerate Replenish Renew .....Remember

***August 14 meeting Please note change of meeting site***

Katie Wemyss will host the August meeting, a potluck at her home. Come around 6:30 and bring a dish to pass and your own plate and silver service. We'll catch up on summer excursions and plans for the new club year. District 1 Director Virginia Froehlich will be there.

## *Minutes of June 12 meeting*

### *Dues are way past due*

If you haven't paid for the new year, pay Carol Smith \$25 for regular membership. National Gardener subscriptions will be given to those who sign up for 2008-2009 membership.

### *How Well Did It Go at the Comerica Wellness Expo?*

By Winnie Chrzanowski

On June 19, Angela Paul and I "manned" the 11 to 3 shift at the Hill & Dale station at the Comerica Wellness Expo. We offered free seed packets and some sun flower seedlings (donated by Mar Sclawy) to those interested in signing up for more garden club info. The freebies went fast and we got a lot of names. People particularly liked the seedlings. Adding to the interest in signing up for more H&D club info were the three plants from Steinkopf's Nursery that we had to give away at the end of the expo.

The big question of the day was how was gardening good for promoting wellness. Thanks to the handouts and info on the applications, the question was neatly answered.

The day shift got a lot of foot traffic. We ran out of applications and hand outs. The afternoon shift from 3 to 6 "manned" by Jan and David Henry reported little activity and even less interest in gardening. Jan reported that it was pretty dead during that time period.

We asked to be on the Comerica list again next year but determined to only do the day shift if we elect to participate. Having the freebies got a lot of interest and we should consider that again next year.

### *Coming up*

- **October 7**—District 1 fall meeting.

### *Our programs:*

*September – Mary Fitzpatrick "pressed flower workshop"*

*October – Karen Auch "Shrubs beyond Yew"*

*November- Julia Janiak Hofley "Victorian Parlor Plants"*

*December- Workshop*

*February – Barb Folden "annelida"*

*March – Cheryl English "Hydrangeas"*

*April – Coleen French "Salves"*

*May -- Carol Czechowski "Fairies"*

*June- Lisa "Installation"*

*Each month we will also do the state program" 10 minute flower arrangement"*

### *Horticulture*

*Articles on Weigela will be included periodically*

*Be ready to report on success or failures with the cuttings*

## *New restaurant review*

### The Mulberry Tree Café

A hot new eating establishment took over the dining scene this summer in northeastern Royal Oak. Situated in an out of the way spot, this relatively small but popular eatery rivals those in the downtown area. Although narrowly constructed, it's tall with an outdoorsy yet urbane ambiance.

The Mulberry Tree Café occupies a small space but draws visitors upwards with a single ascending flight that divides into a low, open round eating area on the upper levels. From that vantage point, the guests get a good view of the surroundings. Disappointingly, the upward flight is not designed for those with below average climbing skills as no hand rails or other safety measures exist.

The tables, simple shiny green ovals, perch on boughs overhanging the fences and rooftops below. The owner, though, doesn't want her guests to just look around. She wants diners to engage as many of the five senses as possible, so she's added some tactile effects to the café like little hairy tufts on the undersides of the tables and a rough orangey brown, deeply furrowed effect that the upwardly mobile can grab on the way up.

The owner keeps the color scheme simple—greens and browns during the spring and summer months, and glorious yellows for fall. In keeping with her taste for simplicity, she has one signature dish. The tiny, sweet, abundant berries attract birds from miles around.

In July and August, when the fruit is ripe, the tree fills with activity. Cardinals, jays, sparrows, and starlings show up regularly. Chipmunks, red squirrels, black squirrels, gray squirrels, and the common brown add to the urbanity of the café. The conversations between this upwardly mobile urban crowd can be ear shattering at times, but we enjoy cacophony and never cease to wonder what they have to say to each other. We speculate that they're watching us and wondering what the hell we're doing to their environment.

--Winnie Chrzanowski

## *Critter spotting*

We didn't so much spot these new critters as intuit their arrival when Tootsie the Wonder Dog began biting the heck out of her right rear haunch. She's always been fond of a good scratch, but she brought a new intensity to the exercise. It was sufficiently dramatic for us to whisk her off to the vet where we learned what more seasoned pet owners likely would have guessed right off. Our dog had fleas.

And that meant that our house had fleas. Advice on flea removal came from everyone in whom we confided the terrible secret. The most common suggestion: bomb the house. It sounded so dire. After a dose of flea killer and a lovely shampoo, Toots seemed far less itchy. And the warnings on the flea bombs were as scary as we imagined they'd be for real bombs.

Steve settled for two spray-pump bottles. Then I read the directions. Immediately, visions of extreme carpal tunnel syndrome invaded my head as I contemplated how many squirts it would take to blanket the house with this product.

Back to the store I went—for the bombs. Simple directions: cover the floor around the bomb site with newspaper. Cover all wooden furniture—and anything else you hold dear—with newspaper. Shut off all sources of ignition. Close all doors and windows. Bombs away and leave the house for at least two hours with all creatures that you want to survive in tow.

Conscientious recyclers that we are, we could not generate sufficient newspapers to do the cover up. Back to the store for plastic drop cloths. Then BOMBS (oh yes, it took three, according to the square footage suggested on the bomb canisters) AWAY—and off we drove to a lavender festival up near Almont, which had actually closed the day before. It only took us two passes on the festival street to find the right address and note the utter lack of activity at the lavender farm.

Back home, the bombs had done their job. We think. Toots still has a serious chew on her haunch now and again, but it's far less frequently. And the flea comb is coming up empty.