

The Trillium

newsletter of
the **Piedmont Chapter** of the
North American Rock Garden Society

Vol.10, No. 2

Chapel Hill-Durham-Raleigh, N.C.

Mar.-Apr. 2000

Seeing Patagonian Flora ...

Winding Around Cape Horn

by Bobby J. Ward

Six of us left North Carolina on the afternoon of January 1, 2000, flying to southern South America. We arrived in Santiago, Chile, next day on a sunny Sunday morning. It was the austral midsummer and temperatures were balmy in the low 80s F. We transferred quickly to our hotel, toured the city in the afternoon, and surveyed downtown Santiago from an outdoor rooftop cafe at the Hotel Carrera, a charming art deco-era hotel, adjacent to the Plaza de la Moneda. During our January visit the streets were radiant with agapanthus, bougainvilleas, jacarandas, poincianas, hydrangeas, verbenas, ice plants, and jasmines. The London plane tree (sycamore), sweet gum, eucalyptus, and magnolia were planted throughout the city in parks and squares; there were scant plantings of native trees. On Cerro Santa Lucia, the hill that overlooks the city, aloes and southern (United States) magnolia—neither native plants—bloomed.

Continued on page 2

Pondering Deer, Beavers and Phlox ...

I Should Have Known

by Mary Kathryn Ramm

I should have known that when we moved to property separated from a large area of trees by the Eno River, that there might be wildlife that would like our garden. Living in town for twenty-three years had spoiled me. Aside from insects and birds, the only wildlife I encountered was the occasional turtle, toad, or snake, a few rabbits and squirrels and, once in a while, an opossum. That was pretty much the way it was here for the first eight years or so, too. Oh, I heard others complain about deer. I saw the damage that they inflicted on others' gardens. I assumed we were just being lucky. The fact that our neighbors on either side cultivated very large vegetable gardens and owned large dogs that ran free contributed a lot to our luck. During those years of being overlooked, the things I planted grew larger and tastier.

Continued on page 5

Our March meeting of NARGS

Saturday, March 18, 2000

10:00 a.m., Totten Center

N.C. Botanical Garden, Chapel Hill, N.C.

"My Garden Throughout the Seasons"

Pam Harper

Seaford, Virginia

Members last names "P" through "Z" bring cookies, goodies, and plants to auction.

Our April meeting of NARGS

Saturday, April 15, 2000

10:00 a.m., Totten Center

N.C. Botanical Garden, Chapel Hill, N.C.

"Hot Rocks: Rock Gardening for the Southeast"

Panayoti Kelaidis

Denver, Colorado

Members last names "A" through "H" bring cookies, goodies, and plants to auction.

The Mapuche and Maipo rivers flow through metropolitan Santiago, swollen at the time from mountain snow melt. The rivers snake outward from the city and provide irrigation to the vineyards that furnish renown wines from the fertile Central Valley. We saw what is billed as Chile's largest bougainvillea at Estancia Santa Rita, soaring some 75 feet with full pink bracts. We saw a horse pasture scorching with hot-white morning glories winding about handsome rose-colored wild thistles.

On Tuesday, we drifted toward Viña del Mar and Valparaiso, conjoined Pacific coastal towns. Touristy Viña del Mar sits on a rocky coast where segments of its shore are occupied by ice plants (non-native *Delosperma*), kelp, and sea lions. The view of the beach is nothing short of spectacular. From a hilltop panorama overlooking the huge bay, I collected several types of seeds of *Compositae*. We arrived at our destination (a cruise ship) in Valparaiso at mid afternoon.

Our ship would sail from Valparaiso, travel southward down the Chilean coast, pass through the Strait of Magellan, the Beagle Channel, round Cape Horn, head to the Falklands in the South Atlantic, turn back to Argentina, then to Montevideo, Uruguay, and finally dock on the Río de la Plata in Buenos Aires. Along the way we would go ashore on Tierra del Fuego and at various coastal Chilean and Argentine towns.

We sailed overnight leaving short-sleeve shirt weather behind and on the morning of the third day anchored at Puerto Montt, Chile, the gateway to the Chilean lake district. We spent the day in nearby Puerto Varas and Frutillar, both sited on Lago Lanquihue, a grand lake some 30 miles wide. Frutillar is a neat and tidy town with numerous home gardens of roses, Composites, acanthus, ferns, liatris, hydrangeas, fuschias, foxgloves, and morning glories. Here are immaculately maintained houses of a central European type. They are decoratively shingled with *alerce* or larch in slats of various named designs. Spanish and German were the dominant languages heard on the streets. The German Club sports a fine garden and a planting of giant gunneras (*Gunnera manicata*) and just-bloomed Aztec lilies (*Sprekelia formosissima*) along the path to its dining room. There were spectacular views of the snow covered Volcano Osorno. We returned to the Puerto Montt dock area late in the afternoon and the handicraft market. It is a shoppers haven.

Two of us (Roy Dicks and I) had planned to

temporarily leave the ship and stay overnight in Puerto Montt while our fellow travelers would reboard and continue to sail southward through Chilean fjords and among glaciers. We would fly ahead of the ship to Punta Arenas, Chile, and meet them there four days later. Our purpose was to visit Torres del Paine National Park, considered the national park in South America. We bid our friends *adiós* and made our travel arrangements for Torres del Paine in the Chilean province of Ultima Esperanza ("Last Hope").

The next morning we flew two hours southward on LAN Chile Airline to Punta Arenas ("sandy point" in Spanish), the gateway to Torres. We went first to a penguin colony on bleak Otway Sound some 35 miles away to see Magellanic or jackass penguins (they bray like a donkey). The preserve is private and part of the lands of a German company that mines coal on the condition that the colony be protected and remain accessible both to penguins and public gaze. It was windy and cold and we photographed penguins, rheas, Patagonia gray foxes, and gulls in driving rain and sleet. Afterwards we had hot tea and a few moments of protection from the sleet at the ticket entrance. It was our introduction to Patagonian weather and it is there I recalled that Jane McGary (Oregon) had told me to hang on to my hat on the trip. Wisely we had purchased extra woolen gloves and caps in Puerto Montt.

It is a five hour drive, mostly over unpaved roads, to Torres del Paine National Park from Punta Arenas. Puerto Natales, Chile, is a convenient stopping point for hot refreshments that were much appreciated in the continuous wind that buffeted the car on the long jouncing ride. Common roadside and meadow plants were South American lupines (there are three species), growing in showy swaths. They were as handsome as any Russell hybrid lupine. Gnarled *Nothofagus* species, the South American beech, stretched to the horizon. The monotony of the bumpy ride was eased by seeing flamingos, guanacos, black necked swans, and even a flock of parrots. We arrived at our hotel in the park on Río Serrano. It was 10:00 p.m. with yet another hour till sunset. We had a midnight dinner of fresh trout and potatoes while Patagonia winds howled outside.

During the night fresh snow was deposited on the mountains ringing the hotel. After breakfast we hied ourselves to Grey Glacier on the Río Pingo. The wind blew strong and steady as we clambered onto various points overlooking the glacier and its break-

up ice floating on the Pingo. It was our first real chance to see native plants close-up. This included barberry, geraniums, daisies, more *Nothofagus*, *Achillea*, *Fuchsia magellanica*, brassica, taraxacum, gunnera, and erodium. We stopped by the park ranger's office where there is an excellent museum to see the diorama displays on the geology and natural history of the area. There is an observation deck for bird watchers. Planted on the park ranger's grounds was brilliant yellow gorse, *Genista*, a European import. We saw puma spoor beside guanaco skeletons while magellanic geese nibbled near the feet of guanacos.

There are four vegetation communities in Torres del Paine: (1) the Patagonian steppe of perennial graminoid grasses such as *Festuca*; (2) medium height shrubs up to about a meter in height, including *Berberis*; (3) deciduous Magallanic forest of primarily *Nothofagus pumilio*, the South American beech. (4) the Andean desert vegetation resulting from climatic and elevation extremes. According to pollen and geologic data, the last glacial advance occurred in Patagonia between about 12,000 years BCE and 9,000 BCE. As glaciers retreated, the herbaceous vegetation that currently exists now became established as opposed to only the arboreal (beech) forests that occurred during earlier interglacial periods.

The sinuous drive through the Torres (Spanish for "towers") had taken us to noisy waterfalls, windy overlooks, and azure lakes—all the while orbiting the 9,000-foot high central snowy mountains, which were alternately revealed and hidden among the clouds. The photogenic "horns," laden with glaciers, presented themselves to us for the first time while Andean condors circled about us. This magnificent spectacle was so exhilarating we did not sense sleet hitting our faces. In the late afternoon, as cold rain continued, we aborted our excursion and returned to the hotel and the satisfaction of a wood-burning stove.

Then next day (Sunday) was bright and sunny and we retraced some of the roads to see the *torres* in better weather and under improved light conditions for photography. We stopped at the cave of the *milodon*, where the remains of an extinct herbivore, *Mylodon darwini*, was found in the late 1800s and sent to the British Natural History Museum in London. We began the long ride back to Punta Arenas along miles of flat cheerless landscape and arrived at the Hotel Cabo de Hornos ("Cape Horn") where we

would spend the night. Our room looked out onto the waters of the Strait of Magellan and the island of Tierra del Fuego resting on the horizon.

Monday (Jan. 10) was spent in Punta Arenas, the capital of the Magellanes Province of Chile. We saw native hebes and lupines on the grounds of the cathedral and grand palms at the central Plaza Mayor. Houses in Punta Arenas have roofs of corrugated tin that are brightly painted, and thus, from a hill overlooking the city, one is reminded of a brilliantly checkered Vasarely painting. In late afternoon we rejoined our friends on the ship and an overnight sailing to our next destination.

Oshuaia (pronounced "oo-shoe-why-ya") is on the Grand Isla de Tierra del Fuego, which is under joint dominion: the western half is owed by Chile and the eastern half of the island, by Argentina. Ferdinand Magellan discovered the strait now bearing his name and was probably the first European to see the grand island. He called it *Tierra del los Fuegos* the "Land of Fires," because he saw the fires the native Onas had built for warmth and for communication to each other. Ushuaia is the capital city of the Argentine portion of the island and overlooks the Beagle Channel, named for the ship that carried Charles Darwin on his voyage of discovery in 1831-36. This port of about 30,000 people sits at sea level against a backdrop of the Martial Mountains that rise only to 4,000 feet elevation—about the same elevation as the Blue Ridge Parkway in North Carolina. At a latitude of 55 degrees South, Oshuaia claims the rights to the southernmost city in the world. *La ciudad al fin del mundo* ("the city at the end of the world") is its motto. Only the camps on Antarctica, about 600 miles away, are farther south. The houses and roofs are painted bright colors and some have ginger-bread style decorations; almost all have tiny unsullied gardens filled with midsummer flowering lupines, broom, poppies, foxgloves, and hebes. The average summer daytime temperature here is 51 F—without the wind chill factor and it may sink to -10 F in July (midsummer).

We went to Tierra del Fuego National Park. In some areas the tree line sits low on the mountains, perhaps at 1500 or 2000 feet, and there was fresh snow on most of the mountain tops, the result of La Niña and the unusual cool summer weather that we experienced on much of the trip. The floor in the forest of South American beech (there are three species of *Nothofagus* growing here) is damp and covered with moss, ferns, and lichens. Sphagnum

moss grows in some of the boggy, poorly drained areas and there are peat deposits as well. Most of the nothofagus trees are filled with bird's-nest-like clusters of *Mizodendrum punctulatum*, the false mistletoe. Beavers and muskrats, introduced from Canada in the 1940s, and European rabbits (1950s) have become pestiferous in the park and on much of the island because there are few natural predators to keep them in check. The soil on Tierra del Fuego is a few inches deep—all that has been able to be formed since the last glaciation ended here some 9,000 years ago. By late afternoon, dark clouds moved in, it began to sleet, and light snow feathered the air. We returned to our warm ship and continued to sail through the Beagle Channel to Cape Horn, Chile.

Cape Horn lies in the archipelago of Tierra del Fuego off the southern tip of the Chilean side of the island. It is the geographical junction of the Pacific and Atlantic oceans. The horn is the southern-most point in South America, and its rocky terrain topped with beech rises only to about 1400 feet. The name "horn" was given by Dutch sailors in 1616 when they choose the jeopardous cape route and named the point Cape Hoorn after their home town of Hoorn in the Netherlands. We cruised by it at 7:00 a.m. on a gray morning. The seas were calm, belying the unforgiving rough seas that generations of sailors and shippers endured here until the Panama Canal opened in 1914. While passengers lined the deck to be photographed with the horn in the background, the ship turned gently and headed north-eastwardly to the South Atlantic and our next port of call.

Geologically and botanically, the Falkland Islands are linked to mainland South America. Politically, the islands are under British rule, though still claimed by the Argentines who call them Las Malvinas. The same genera of plants and even some species seen in Patagonia and on the Fuegian islands grow here. However, there are no native trees. It is a land with near-constant blowing winds year round, though sunny and bright and "trying" to be warm when we were there. We anchored off shore at Port Stanley, the only town and its capital located on the large East Island. The maximum elevation is 2,300 feet—higher in feet than the islands has number of inhabitants (except for penguins).

Tussac grass (*Parodiochloa flabellata*) is confined to the coastal regions of the Falklands, growing in profuse tussocks up to three meters wide. The grass and shrub heath communities dominate undisturbed

areas. Diddle-dee (*Empetrum rubrum*), pig vine (*Gunnera magellanica*), and tall ferns (*Blechnum magellanicum*) are common. Around the houses there are small, English-style gardens with native hebe (*Hebe elliptica*), the non-native gorse (*Ulex europea*), lupines and other ornamentals. All of the islands were once covered with tussac grass but the arrival of sheep farming has resulted in its being grazed away and replaced with other pasture grasses. Bogs on the islands are a source of peat. We had lunch of upland goose at the Upland Goose, a pub. Later, as we walked the coast among the tussac grass and the jackass penguins, we were careful to obey the cordoned areas warning of the potential presence of land mines, planted by the Argentines during the surprise invasion by the Argentine Special Forces, and not yet fully removed by the British. In the Falklands frost can occur in any month of the year making gardening a bit difficult for the serious gardener; it is rarely bitter cold (15 F is the record low)—just windy, often with gales.

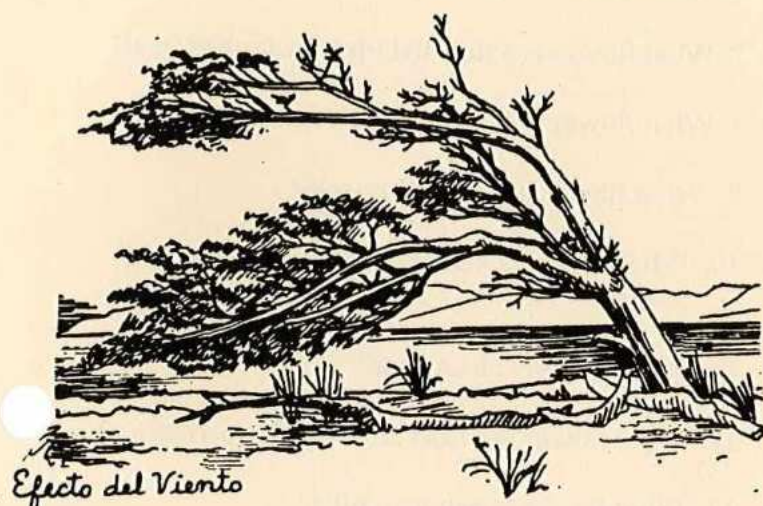
Our next stop was Puerto Madryn on the coast of Argentina on the Golfo Nuevo, where we luxuriated in new-found warm weather, more penguins, and sea lions. We visited the Estancia Guillermo, a sheep farm, on a lonely drive an hour away. The estancia is located in the Argentine shrub steppes; it is at the eastern terminus of Patagonia that began in the Andes several hundred miles to the west. The owners have installed helpful educational signage along a foot trail identifying the local flora for visitors. Before we left we sipped maté, the ubiquitous "pick-me-up" stimulate drink of guachos. It is made by steeping leaves of *Ilex paraguariensis* (a native holly) in hot water. As a curative maté is recommended to ameliorate *seroche*, or altitude sickness. But it is an acquired taste.

Montevideo, Uruguay, was our final stop. Its name in Spanish (originally called out in Portuguese by a sailor upon seeing it for the first time) translates as "I see a mountain," a reference to Cerro, which is a 450-foot knoll in the city. There was no time to explore the botany of the area. It was a Monday and most museums were closed. Thus, we strolled about the city with its stylishly dress citizens and its large squares and old buildings from the 1800s, reminding me of Paris. We had lunch at a sidewalk cafe. Of horticultural note were numerous plazas planted almost entirely of the London plane tree (*Platanus* sp.). A few gums (*Liquidamber* sp.), and eucalyptus were also present. None of these trees are native to

Uruguay.

We departed the Montevideo airport, changed planes in São Paulo, Brazil, and then flew overnight to Miami. We arrived the next morning at the Raleigh-Durham airport during the first of four snow falls we would experience in the next five days. It seems we had not left behind after all the snow and cold of a summer's visit to the area of Cape Horn and Patagonia.

[Bobby J. Ward lives and gardens in Raleigh, N.C.]



South American beech (*Nothofagus* sp.) bending in the winds on Tierra del Fuego, Argentina.

Flower Quiz Answers

1. Aster (ask + her); 2. Bachelor's button; 3. Bleeding heart; 4. Bluebell; 5. Buttercup; 6. Carnation; 7. Dandelion; 8. Forget-me-not; 9. Iris; 10. Lupine (Lou + pen); 11. Lady's slipper; 12. Larkspur; 13. Lily of the valley; 14. Marigold (marry + gold); 15. Morning glory; 16. Phlox; 17. Rose (rows); 18. Jump-ups (violets); 19. Sweet pea; 20. Sweet William

Pondering . . . continued from page 1

Then one year we had an ice storm and the deer moved from the woods closer to the houses, where they found a little more shelter and warmth. They also apparently noticed that the greenery that was available around our house was quite varied and very palatable. That year the weather warmed fairly quickly, and they really didn't do too much damage. However, they did not forget about us. Last year I brought home a *Camellia* 'Professor Sargent' in full bloom. The very next day, it possessed neither blooms nor leaves. It survived. They got it again this year. Now I think I am going to try it in a pot on the deck. I find those lists of "deer-resistant" plants nothing more than amusing. The deer don't bother to check whether they should eat a plant or not. Hellebores are almost always listed. It is true that they don't eat them, but they do bite the leaves off and leave them, which amounts to the same thing.

Then we can list their favorites . . . and mine. Deer like azaleas, but they adore the 'Satsuki' (so do rabbits). I think that the only way I could grow the Chinese gingers here would be in a wire cage, which is always an attractive alternative. Loropetalums: they're high on the tasty list. They don't seem to be able to make up their minds about black liriop; some clumps get mowed while others close by are ignored. At least the deer leave enough of most plants so they have a chance of regrowing.

I should have known that the river might offer us another challenge. Yes, indeed. Last year a pair of beavers moved into the pond. These darling rodents (well, they are cute!) cut down 28 trees before the wildlife pest control person that I hired got them. All was peaceful until I looked out one morning just before Christmas and saw that the eight-foot-tall dogwood on the dam had fallen, top-first into the pond. The trunk sported an all-too-familiar slanted point. We had another beaver! The next morning there was no sign of the dogwood. This beaver has so far not been as bad as the first two. This one has completely different tastes: it likes crepe myrtles and dogwoods. The others loved the native pines.

I have not seen this spring's beaver since the Big Snow in late January, and have only lost one tree that I know of since then: my white-variegated sweet gum. I should have known better . . .

While I am fretting over the next attack from beavers and deer, I am also awaiting spring's return

Continued on page 6

989 or so favorite plants are the small (short) members of the genus *Phlox* that bloom in the spring. *Phlox stolonifera* may be my favorite. I like its delicacy and its unobtrusiveness when out of bloom. If one is constantly on the lookout for it, a number of cultivars can be found—ranging from the deep purple of *Phlox* 'Fran's Purple' through every shade of pink to the pristine *Phlox* 'Bruce's White'. There is even a very nice variegated version (with nice pink flowers) available from one or two growers. This phlox seems to prefer some shade. While it will do quite well in fairly dry woods, it will suffer fairly quickly in containers if not kept moist.

The reason that I said that *P. stolonifera* may be my favorite is that I really can't decide if maybe I like *P. subulata* or *P. nivea* better. I truly love the big pastel patches that these two beauties form. Whether I see them in neglected gardens, growing naturally along side the road or in rather formal settings, their variations on shades of pink, blue and white are always a thrill. And variations there certainly are. There are all sorts of different colored, eyed forms and many solid shades. There are different sizes of both plant and flowers (some of the variations are attributable to hybridization). I recommend ordering any that you see listed. Plants listed by the same name won't always turn out to be the same, but I have not gotten an ugly one yet.

Meanwhile, back to the beaver pond . . .

[Piedmont Chapter member Mary Kathryn "M.K." Ramm gardens in Hillsborough, N.C.]

Join NARGS

Join the **North American Rock Garden Society**. Benefits include a subscription to the *Rock Garden Quarterly*, seed exchange, garden book purchases at a discount, study weekends, and annual meetings, as well as other benefits. (Membership in the Piedmont Chapter is separate from NARGS, the national organization.) Membership is \$25/year.

Send payment to Jacques Mommens, Exec. Secretary of NARGS, P.O. Box 67, Millwood, NY 10546.

Flower Quiz

1. What flower is what a man did when he proposed marriage?
2. What flower do unmarried men often lose?
3. What flower results from Cupid's arrows?
4. What flower is a pretty girl who has been jilted?
5. What flower is a dairy product and a dish?
6. What flower is a country with lots of motor transport?
7. What flower is a dressed up ferocious animal?
8. What flower is a sweetheart's farewell?
9. What flower is a part of an eye?
10. What flower is a man's name and a writing instrument?
11. What flower is footwear?
12. What flower is a bird and a riding accessory?
13. What flower is between hills?
14. What flower is a way for a man or woman to get rich quickly?
15. What flower suggests the rising sun?
16. What flower do shepherds watch?
17. What flower is neat ranks?
18. What flower is what Johnny did when he sat on a tack?
19. What flower is a vegetable which does not need sugar?
20. What flower is an amiable man?

Quiz answers on page 5

Book Review . . .

Beverley Nichols: A Life, by Bryan Connon. 2000. Timber Press, Portland, OR. 320 pp., 52 black & white photographs. 6 1/4" x 9 1/4." \$29.95 hardbound. ISBN 0-88192-444-X.

by Roy C. Dicks

Most gardeners are familiar with English writer Beverley Nichols (1898-1983). He was a best-selling author of more than 60 books on subjects as diverse as religion, travel and politics; a newspaper and magazine columnist for over 20 years; a noted lecturer in the U.K. and the U.S.; and a playwright and musical comedy composer. However, it was the witty, warm, and poetic musings in his twelve gardening books that placed him firmly in the hearts of millions from the early 1930's to the late 1960's.

There has been a Nichols renaissance in the last few years, fueled largely by the Timber Press reprints of *Merry Hall* and its two sequels, *Laughter on the Stairs* and *Sunlight on the Lawn* as well as by two reprints from the Antique Collectors' Club (*Down the Garden Path* and *Green Grows the City*). Timber has now brought out a reprint of the 1991 biography of Nichols, which was published only in the U.K. and had a very short in-print status due to the sudden folding of the publisher.

Bryan Connon befriended Nichols in the last years of his life. Nichols asked him to be his biographer and gave him all his personal papers, diaries and photographs. Connon, remaining clear-eyed and unbiased, wrote an extremely balanced view of Nichols, cataloging not only his successes and talents but also his failures and foibles, keeping nothing back about his private life and the many enemies he made.

The book is a fascinating chronicle of a man whose main goal in life was to be famous and who was always looking out for "the next big thing," which he had a knack for finding. While he did achieve popular fame (although not much fortune), he was never taken seriously by the critics or the writing establishment, a source of increasing bitterness as he grew older.

Beverley Nichols: A Life covers all the garden writings but does not emphasize them, placing them within the larger context of the many other publica-

tions Nichols produced. Readers who think of Nichols as the charming, sentimental and proper gentleman he appears to be in his fictionalized gardening accounts may be shocked to learn of his very business-like approach to life, his deliberate distortion of the facts about himself and his family, and the way in which he made friends and acquaintances for personal gain. Nonetheless Timber deserves credit for making available again the only full account of this beloved author's life. The book includes a revised and updated bibliography of all of Nichols's books, plus references to his published and recorded music, as well as a detailed index.

[Roy C. Dicks lives in Raleigh, N.C. He gives readings and lectures about Beverley Nichols. This book, and the Merry Hall trilogy, is available from the NARGS Book Service to NARGS national members at a 20% discount.]

Gardens Open House and Announcements

Hellebore Open House, Pine Knot Farms Perennials, 681 Rock Church Road, Clarksville, VA 23927. Telephone (804) 252-1990. March 11, 2000 from 9:00 a.m. till 4:00 p.m.

Green Hill Farm, Inc., Bob Solberg and Debbie Ellis, Chapel Hill, N.C. (919) 309-0649. April 21-22 & 28-29; May 5-6, 12-13, 19-20 & 26-27; June 2-3 & 9-10. Call for times and directions.

Hosta Tissue Culture: Fact and Fiction; by Patricia Scolnik, Totten Center, N.C. Botanical Garden, Chapel Hill, N.C. April 30, 2000 at 2:30 p.m.

Plant Delights Nursery, Inc., Tony Avent. April 28-30 and May 5-7, 2000. 9241 Sauls Road, Raleigh, N.C. 8:00 a.m. till 5:00 p.m. on Saturdays and 1:00 till 5:00 on Sundays. Telephone (919) 772-4794.

Montrose Gardens, Nancy Goodwin. 320 St. Marys Road, Hillsborough, N.C., next to Cameron Park School. Gardens open each Tuesday and Thursday at 10:00 a.m. and Saturdays at 2:00 p.m. Call ahead for reservations at (919) 732-7787.

**Piedmont Chapter of NARGS
Board Members 1999-2000**

Chair: Marian Stephenson, 305 Clayton Road, Chapel Hill, NC 27514; telephone (919) 942-5820; email RLLindahl@aol.com

Past Chair: Barbara Scott, 1321 Chaney Road, Raleigh, NC 27606; telephone (919) 859-6703. e-mail barbara_scott@ncsu.edu

Vice-Chairman/Programs: Mike Chelednik, P.O. Box 20361, Greenville, NC 27858-0361; telephone (252) 752-9752; email b5h4j4gv@coastalnet.com

Treasurer: Bob Wilder, 2317 Elmsford Way, Raleigh, NC 27608; telephone (919) 755-0480. e-mail wilder@pagesZ.net

Board Member-at-Large: Rob Gardner, 5423 Bobcat Road, Chapel Hill, NC 27516; (919) 929-7252; e-mail gardner3@email.unc.edu

Board Member-at-Large: Donna Maroni, P.O. Box 1107, Carrboro, NC 27510; telephone (919) 929-8863; email dmaroni@email.unc.edu

Board Member-at-Large: M.K. Ramm, 234 Crawford Road, Hillsborough, NC 27278; telephone (919) 732-7616; email mkr@cs.duke.edu

The Trillium Newsletter Editor: Bobby J. Ward, 930 Wimbleton Drive, Raleigh, NC 27609-4356; telephone (919) 781-3291; fax (919) 783-0654; e-mail biblio@pagesZ.net

**Piedmont Chapter of NARGS
Positions of Responsibility**

Refreshments & Hospitality: Gwen and Maurice Farrier, 4205 Arbutus Dr., Raleigh, NC 27612; (919) 787-1933.

Fall Seedling Sale: Donna Maroni, telephone (919) 929-8863; Tom Sutton, telephone (919) 550-0226; and Laddie Munger, telephone (919) 481-1127.

**Upcoming Speakers for
NARGS Piedmont Chapter**

March 18, 2000

Pam Harper

Seaford, Virginia

"My Garden Throughout the Seasons"

April 15, 2000

Panayoti Kelaidis

Denver, Colorado

"Hot Rocks: Rock Gardening for the Southeast"

Special Additional Program

Thursday, June 15, 2000

Rod and Rachel Saunders

Cape Town, South Africa

"Cape Bulbs - South African Gems"

NARGS Speakers Bureau in Co-Sponsorship with
the JC Raulston Arboretum

Time and Place to be Announced
N.C. State University

**\$300 Stipend to Attend
National NARGS Meeting**

The NARGS national organization offers each chapter an opportunity for one of its members to attend a national meeting (the annual meeting this summer is near Seattle, Wash.) by applying for a \$300 stipend. The recipient must be a NARGS national member and have never attended a national meeting before. (Attendance at a chapter-sponsored national meeting is exempted from the latter qualification.)

For information and to apply, contact our chapter chair Marian Stephenson at (919) 942-5820.



Piedmont Chapter Spring Picnic & Potluck

at Marguerite and Alan MacIntyre's, 900 Stagecoach Road, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514
Telephone 919-968-6868.

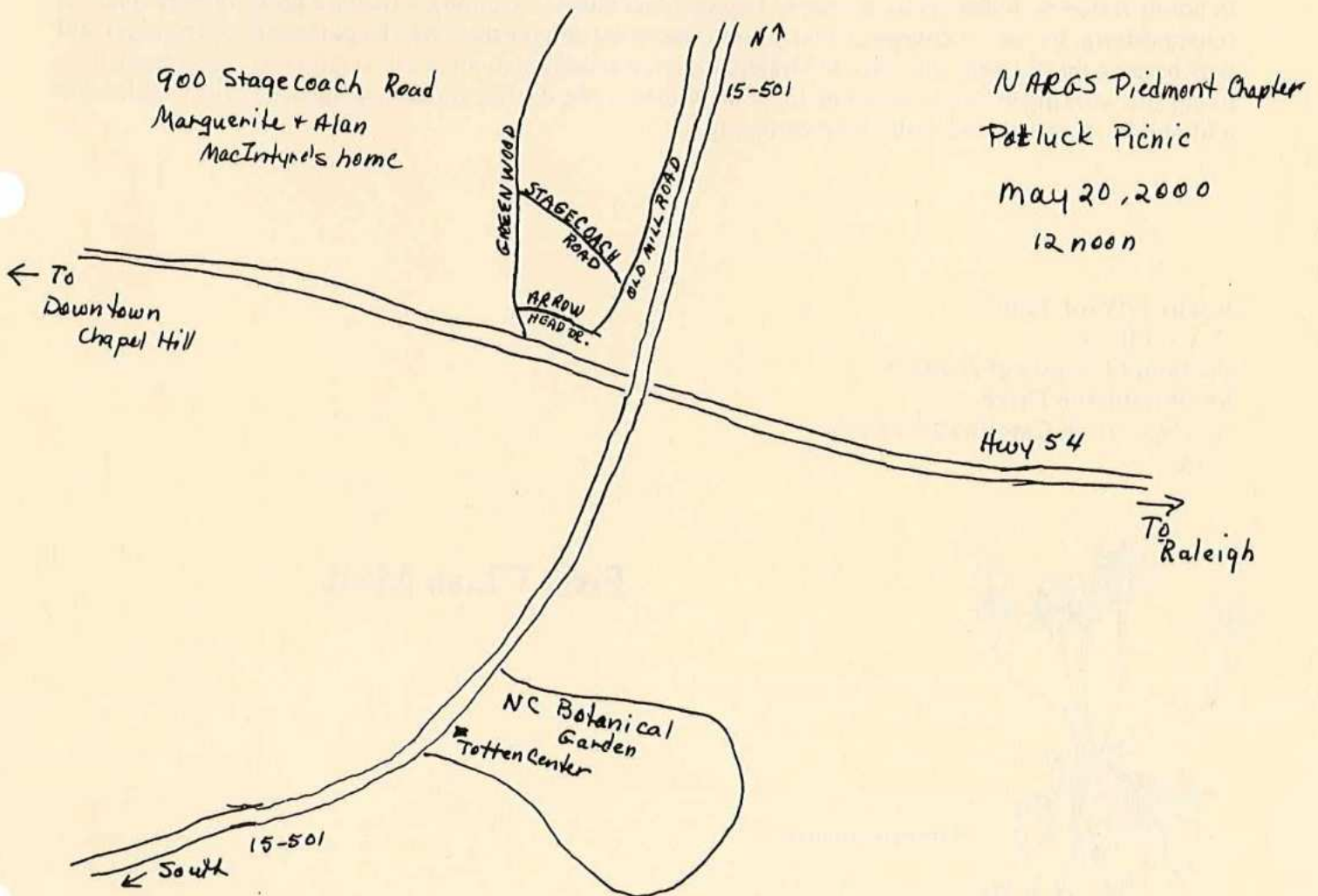
Saturday, May 20, 2000 at Noon

Bring potluck lunch items to share and plants to swap with your fellow chapter members.

From Raleigh: Get off I-40 at Exit 273-B Chapel Hill West, Kenan Stadium, Dean Smith Center. Continue toward Chapel Hill and take first right, onto Greenwood Road, after going under US-15/501. Then take second right onto Stagecoach Road. House is on right at top of hill. Park on right side if driveway is full.

From Greensboro and I-40 from the west: Get off at US-15/501 and continue toward Chapel Hill. Take US15/501 Bypass, left lane, when you have the chance. Leave US-15/501 at NC-54 Business, Chapel Hill. Then take second right onto Stagecoach Road. House is on right at top of hill. Park on right side if driveway is full.

From anywhere else: Get to US15/501 at NC-54 business near Glen Lenox and follow the details.



Special Piedmont Chapter of NARGS Presentation
in conjunction with the NARGS Speaker Tour

Thursday, June 15, 2000
Rod and Rachel Saunders
Cape Town, South Africa
"Cape Bulbs - South African Gems"

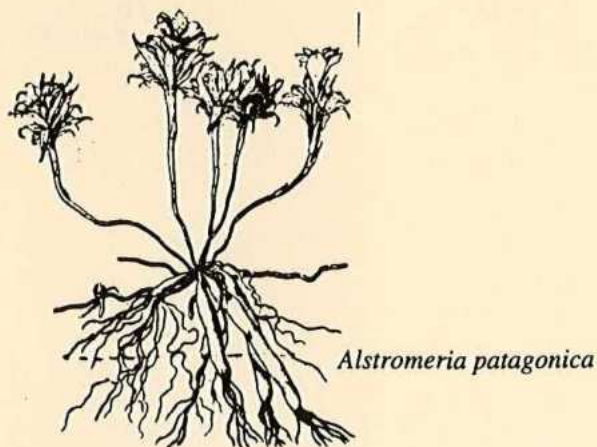
7:30 p.m.
Room 159, Kilgore Hall

N.C. State University
Raleigh, N.C.

Co-sponsored with the JC Raulston Arboretum

In 2000, the NARGS Speaker Tour Program will begin with a visit from ROD SAUNDERS. Rod was born in England and moved to South Africa, with his family, at the age of four. Being "mad" for plants and collecting them from a very early age, he trained with the Johannesburg Parks Department in Amenity Horticulture and worked for the Municipality for several years. He then spent a year traveling and climbing in South America, followed by a year in Papua, New Guinea, running a tropical crop nursery. Back in Johannesburg, he was in charge of a large wildflower garden for the Parks Department (once again) and then became the Nursery Manager at Kirstenbosch Botanic Garden for the next ten years. At present, he is living and working in Cape Town and, together with his wife, Rachel, runs Silverhill Seeds, the well-known and highly regarded mail order seed company.

Bobby J. Ward, Editor
The Trillium
Piedmont Chapter of NARGS
930 Wimbeldon Drive
Raleigh, North Carolina 27609-4356
USA



First Class Mail

Mailed March 6, 2000