

Dates for your Diary		
Date	Event	Location
21st Sept 2013	'Tales of a Modern Day Plant Hunter' by Tom Hart-Dyke	Shirland Village Hall 2pm
19th Oct 2013	'Tulips in the Wild and in Cultivation' by John Page	Shirland Village Hall 2pm
	AGM follows this meeting	
16th Nov 2013	'Going Native - Ornamental Native Plants' by Hilary Hutson	Shirland Village Hall 2pm
7th Dec 2013	'Wollerton Old Hall - Past and Present' by Andrew Humphris	Shirland Village Hall 2pm
	Christmas Nibbles	
18th Jan 2014	'1000 Miles to Chelsea - MND Shetland Croft Garden' by Sue Haywood	Shirland Village Hall 2pm
15th Feb 2014	'Flora of South Africa' by Peter Cooke	Shirland Village Hall 2pm
15th Mar 2014	'Hardy Plants for Cold Places' by Peter Foley	Shirland Village Hall 2pm
26 April 2014	'Gardening for Wildlife' by Steve Lovell	Shirland Village Hall 2pm
17th May 2014	Plant Fair	Shirland Village Hall 11 am - 1pm
June & July 2014	Outings Details to be confirmed	Please contact the Secretary for more information
20 Sep 2014	'Arctic & New Zealand Alpines' or 'Rock Gardening & the Dolomites' by David Charlton	Shirland Village Hall 2pm

Unless stated, all Derbyshire Hardy Plant Society meetings are held in Shirland Village Hall, two miles north of Alfreton off the A61.

Glossary of Gardening Terms

Knee - A device for finding rocks in your garden

Green Fingers - Something everyone else has plenty of

Perennial - This year, possibly; next year, unlikely

Seed catalogue - A work of fiction with fantasy photos

Spade - Highly efficient back-pain generator

Do you have any more? send them in to us...

About this newsletter:

The opinions expressed by the authors are their personal views and not specifically endorsed by the HPS Derbyshire Group. The Editor reserves the right to edit contributions as necessary.

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Editor's Note:

If you have an article that you would like to see published in the newsletter, I would be delighted to receive them either at a meeting, by email to: alisonfarnsworth@btinternet.com or by post to:

Bridge Farm
Main Road
Lower Hartshay
Derbyshire
DE5 3RP

Cancellations: If a meeting has to be cancelled due to adverse weather, details will be posted on the website www.hpsderbyshire.co.uk or please contact Celia Weaver on 01773 824446 or email cmw@gotadsl.co.uk

Reminder: If you would like to receive your copy of the HPS Derbyshire newsletter by email, please let me have your name, address and e-mail address so that I can add you to the list.

Thanks once again to Emma Oaks for designing the newsletter.



A Little Black Book by Alison Farnsworth

An interesting 'little black book' that I picked up is one entitled 'Who Does Your Garden Grow?' by Alex Pankhurst...

It is an horticultural Who's Who, that tells us the stories behind the plants and the many people who live on as plants in our gardens: Anthemis tinctoria 'E. C. Buxton' – Edmund Charles Buxton (1838 – 1925) was born in Hendon, the son of a prosperous Quaker family and the great nephew of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, the campaigner against slavery. By the time his name was known in gardening circles, E C Buxton lived at Betwys-y-coed in North Wales. He was a knowledgeable plantsman, contributing to gardening magazines and had a varied and extensive circle of gardening friends.

Several plants are known to have originated in E C Buxton's garden, including the white form of Lamium orvala and a Sedum spathulifolium with blood crimson leaves. At least three bore his name but have not survived.

Anthemis tinctoria is a particularly useful border plant however, being hardy and tolerant of most soil conditions. The usual colour of the daisy flowers was a strong yellow but before WW1 Buxton had a lemon-coloured one. It is not known whether it originated as a seedling or a chance mutation but it was much admired by his many visitors, who were duly given offshoots. When a piece of this pale lemon form reached E A Bowles, he called it 'one of the delights of my garden' and the plant has retained its popularity ever since.

E C Buxton died in 1925 aged 87, after being overcome by the July heat whilst still working in his garden. So, if anyone wants to know who you've invited into your garden, or indeed, who's gate-crashed your garden, let me know...

Derbyshire Group Committee

Chairman:
Robert Hawkesworth
Tel: 0115 928 1050

Secretary and Speakers:
Celia Weaver
Tel: 01773 824446

Treasurer:
Nigel Needham
Tel: 01773 811429

Publicity:
Vernon Ellis
Tel: 01246 270702

Membership Secretary:
Linda O'Neill
Tel: 07795 496164

Newsletter Editor:
Alison Farnsworth
Tel: 01773 742848

Co-opted Members

Ruth Sands
Tel: 01335 344028

Sales & Archive:
Anne Evans
Tel: 01332 558194

Events Organiser:
Martin F Brown
Tel: 01623 489489

"Gardening is a matter of your enthusiasm holding up until your back gets used to it"

A Derbyshire Delight - 8 Curzon Street, Alvaston, Derby By Neil & Sylvia Tryner



A suburban street which hides a treasure of a garden at Number 8 - a deserving 'Derbyshire Delight'! The outside temp was 26 deg. most sensible people were taking cover from the intense heat of the day, when Neil and I made a visit to the garden at Alvaston, listed on page 13 of the 2013 NGS booklet for Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire.

Our immediate reaction was 'What a gem!' The garden cannot be seen from the road and on entry its seclusion is beautiful. A canopy of mature trees is under planted with a wealth of unusual perennials, shrubs and small trees.

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Each area of the garden has its own identity, the hot garden was showing off its orange lilies, lemon hemoracallis and the vivid yellow Inula. Other exotics, ferns and astilbe were sharing the dappled shade under the pine tree and silver birch. Lovely seating areas have been designed to give the choice of sun or shade at all times of the day. Clever planting ideas, seating areas, water features, pots and garden sculptures, arches and pergolas all compliment this beautifully designed garden which has been 20 years in the making.

The patio with its potted plants is partially surrounded by a gravel garden and pebble pond, with its variety of grasses and alpiners. This begins a journey through an amazing 150ft long plot which is full of surprises.

A choice of paths wander in and out of the borders and

mixed beds with vistas through the arches and rustic pergolas twined with lovely scented roses and clematis. A grapevine covers one pergola which leads to a round formal pond with a fountain. The pond is home to a family of breeding newts and a welcome seat gives the chance to look for them.

The new potager and greenhouse are very productive and the climbing pea variety 'Alderman', was surpassing all expectations. Visitors were offered a sample pod to taste.

Also perched on high above the garden is a large dovecote, which has had a change of occupancy in the past 5 years. In 2008 a swarm of wild bees moved in downstairs and a pair of great tits arrive each spring to nest upstairs. At a height of 15ft above ground level they are well out of harm's way.

We enjoyed a delicious afternoon tea relaxing in one of the shady arbours situated in what can only be described as a tropical haven... and by the way the lemon drizzle cake scored 10 out of 10! The planting scheme here included Banana, Tetrapanax or the Rice Paper plant, Fan Ferns, Melianthus Major, Canna, Cerinthe and Bamboo. All specimens were in tip top condition with a grand show of architectural foliage. Stunning!

Inevitably there were 'gardener's questions' regarding plant names, varieties etc however, Marion, the garden's very own Encyclopaedia of Plants, was always on hand to provide the answers.

We hope we have whet your appetite, make a note in your diary to visit this lovely garden next year! I promise that you will not be disappointed. Congratulations to Marion and her husband for creating this wonderful haven.

Malvern Spring Show - by Robert Hawkesworth

Barbara and I had never visited this particular show and it proved to be as good as we had hoped. A very smooth and comfortable coach run across from east to west soon had us there. I suppose that the weather could have been kinder, the wind could have been less chilly, but now and then the sun tried to warm things up as best it could. We were struck by the easy "grid" pattern of the marquees, tents and stalls; it made navigation very simple; our coach was quite close to the designated entrance, from where it was an easy stroll down to the main "avenue". The RHS Marquee was at hand and here we refreshed ourselves with Bacon Butties (in RHS terms "Bacon Rolls") and welcome cups of tea or coffee. We now girded our loins for the fray.

The main "Floral Marquee" was the first port of call and here was a wonderful panoply of form and rainbow colour, the work and effort which the stallholders had put in was tremendous. We slowly began to wend our way from side to side and stall to stall, it would have been all too easy to overbuy and overspend. However we were able to restrain ourselves and carefully selected those plants we had hoped to find. It may have been our first time at Malvern, but we have wise old heads on us and we restrict ourselves to that which we can carry easily in both size and weight!

Stalls which always have me spellbound are those which show Bonsai, at Malvern we found only one and it was from Derbyshire! Hurrah! But as always I was amazed at the beautiful tiny trees which can be produced by months and months and years and years of careful training. I really do take my hat off to those patient and careful gardeners who practise such work. It was good to see both Bob Brown and Rosie Hardy with their varied stalls, both doing good business too.

By now we were beginning to feel ready for a sit down and another cuppa. So we decided to go back to

the RHS Marquee where, despite it being the height of lunch time, we were lucky enough to come across a couple who were leaving and who offered us their seats. This time it felt more like a cold liquid than hot, so apple for me and I think it was a tropical selection for Barbara. Whatever, it was delicious!

Goodness me! If anything was made for gardening it could be found and purchased here!

After lunch we made our way over to the Show Gardens, but I am afraid we were somewhat disappointed, we both admired the work which had obviously been spent on them, but they seemed somewhat below the standard we had expected. When we saw them on TV later in the evening, back at home, they seemed better somehow, it was all rather strange. Nevertheless we enjoyed the stroll around in somewhat less crowded conditions. Back to the Main Avenue where I knew that Barbara would like to visit the Country Living Pavilion. Barbara is a keen needle-worker and this was somewhat of a treasure trove for her, forty-five stalls, not all needle-work but other textiles too as well as jewellery and even photography! On once more this

time to the Avon Hall and the Floral Art displays which needless to say were magnificent, but we could not afford to linger because the Gardeners' Shopping Pavilion beckoned.

What had we missed? Well the Wye Hall with the Specialist Garden Societies including the Alpine Garden Society Show, the Three Counties Guild of Craftsmen and of course the Food Hall! We suddenly realised that if we were to make it comfortably back to the coach on time we should make a move in that direction; we were in fact almost as far away as possible. I don't know about you, but as we both grow a little more mature, our enthusiasm remains as keen as ever, however our stamina is not reading from the same script, I think two shorter days rather than one long one would suit our frames better! So, we slowly made our way back, allowing time for many stops at the infinite variety of stalls, even two more small plants! We were able to tuck them away with our others!

May I, on behalf of all of us in the HPSD, thank Martin for the work he put in organising this wonderful visit. From my own past experience I know just how much is involved. It was a superbly organised outing. Thank you.

Another Little Black Book by Joy Curtis

How many of you have got a *Pulmonaria angustifolia*?
And how many of you know what *angustifolia* means?!

No, I didn't either, until I was given a copy of a brilliant little book called "Plant Names Simplified", by Johnson and Smith. It was first published in 1931 and the fact that it is still in print today, speaks for itself. For less than a tenner, it is not only a mine of useless information - (*Perowskia* is named after M Perowsky, an obscure Governor of a Russian province) - it also sheds some light on the correct way to pronounce Latin names, and what those names actually mean.

It is really helpful when reading nursery catalogues and will almost certainly guarantee you first place in your village gardening club quiz unless, of course, your fellow hardy planters are in opposing teams!



HPSD visit to Stockton Bury and Meadow Farm (or 'plague of locusts hits Worcestershire') by Nigel Needham

I thought that I was going to a music festival and was ready to dust down my bandana and grow a pony tail when I heard that HPSD were to visit Stockton Bury, Kimbolton, Herefordshire, on 3rd August... My imagination was running riot as to how some of my fellow members would look! However, Jean told me that I was wrongly thinking of Woodstock or Glastonbury and that we were actually visiting a Herefordshire garden. I think that this news was a relief until I arrived at the garden on the due date and found that none of the plants in the garden were labelled. Panic ensued, as in a moment of weakness (or was it Alison's flashing smile?) I had agreed to write an article on the visit. The observant reader might duly detect a lack of plant names in this article.

My immediate impression of Stockton Bury was one of solidity and timelessness. Clearly, this was a garden of reassuring taste, style and tranquillity, with well-maintained buildings and a contrasting framework of trees, shrubs and landscaping. New rooms/views emerged as we meandered along.

I had my eye on some echinaceas with gorgeous pastel shades of peach and apricot and was pleased that I had been doing my elbow sharpening exercises in preparation for this trip

Helenium 'Sahin's early flowerer' was prominent, providing warm glows, as did a kniphofia thought to be possibly 'toffee nosed', whilst the glistening bright red berries of actaea rubra brought vibrancy to darker areas. An enormous araucaria dominated the main lawn. A long, solid wall guarded the kitchen garden and allowed tender



Echinaceas at Meadow Farm

perennials to flourish: agapanthus seemed particularly happy to grow in beds and borders. Water features included a stream, pool and rill. Thanks to Steve and Jenny Gascoigne, we found a secret area with a lovely 'folly' framed by wisteria. Other interesting buildings /artefacts were an enormous dovecote, a cider press, and a Roman-style bathing house. Overall, my only minor disappointment was that the garden did not have more colour on the day of our visit. From the plants observed, however, I am sure that this was just a short lull in a garden which had all year colour and contrast.

As well as the gardens, the food, served outdoors or in the tithe barn, was delicious and quickly served thanks to the pre-ordering system organised by Martin. Food seems to be a highlight of any HPSD visit: it would seem that not just an army marches on its stomach!

Duly fortified, we continued to Freckenham, Worcestershire, to visit Meadow Farm Garden and Nursery, the home and business address of owners Rob and Diane Cole, where we immediately saw an array of dazzling blooms and colours in Rob's trial bed of echinaceas. Rob gave us a brief, humorous introductory talk. He understood that HPS gardeners with



Guardian of the Beetroot

their well-stocked gardens would probably not want yet more plants, but nonetheless had laid out an area with bargain price plants for our examination, where his own hybrid echinaceas predominated, with many variations of form and colour. I had my eye on some echinaceas with gorgeous pastel shades of peach and apricot and was pleased that I had been doing my elbow sharpening exercises in preparation for this trip. I could not believe my eyes, however, when, despite emerging from Rob's introduction at nearly 50 mph, I found the bargain area looking as though it had been hit by a plague of locusts, and nearly all of my desired colours had gone. What is it that fuels such energy, passion and commitment in



Loading the bus



Actaea Rubra

predominating. It was a riot of colour. As with all good gardens, however, it had good structure, and was not just a mid/late summer garden. Quite clearly, weeds had also been banned from this gem of a garden. One of the secrets of this success seemed to be the soil which had been enhanced for many years by home-made compost: everything was flourishing: there wasn't a sad plant to be seen. To my dismay, there was a complete absence of plant labels again. My ignominy was complete. How unfair on a man who holds the national collection of plant labels. Nonetheless, plants which were recognised and which made a lasting impression were echinacea, ligularia, clematis viticella, heliopsis, penstemon, verbena, monarda and epilobium. By naming these few, however, I am doing scant justice to a fabulous garden.

HPS members? Next, most people seemed to progress to the general nursery sales stock area to further fill their baskets. Then, they moved to the Coles' own one acre garden, and what a testimony it was to the gardeners' taste and endeavours, there having been no garden when they purchased the land and property in 1998. The garden was magnificent, with many vistas, 'rooms' and features, and resplendent with an amazing variety of plants, with herbaceous perennials

A further treat was tea or coffee with a cake from one of Diane's home-made selection. Well, we were famished by three o'clock, of course. One personal disappointment, however, was that I ran out of time to see the one and a quarter acre wildlife meadow and nature reserve. Rob had told us that this hosted many butterflies, not least the marbled white at the northern end of its range.

All too soon it was time to board the coach for home. As ever, the luggage compartment was virtually filled with plants. I would be surprised if anyone came away without an echinacea. 'Dozens' of them found their way back to Derbyshire.

Finally, a small tribute to coach driver Tim Draper for again rising to the challenge of parking his coach on the proverbial sixpence and then extricating it without removing any of the venues' gates, fences or tree branches, and to Martin Brown for his prodigious efforts in vetting the venues, making all the trip arrangements, and controlling things on the day.

Super job, Tim and Martin, many thanks.

Plants of Interest - Birches by Celia Weaver

BETULA	HABIT	LEAVES	BARK	CATKINS	SOIL
albo-sinensis Chinese Red Birch	Medium	Glossy green	Creamy pink then coppery red	Yellow-brown with the leaves	
Ermanii	Graceful vigorous	Bright green, veined	Creamy white and pinkish	Long yellow-brown with the leaves	Tolerates clay and acid
nigra River Birch Black Birch	Beautiful Fast growing	Soft green, glaucous beneath	Pink-grey then red-brown, shaggy and peeling	Yellow-brown in early Spring	Especially damp
papyrifa Paper Birch Canoe Birch	Large conical	Yellow- orange in Autumn	White papery peeling to orange-brown	Yellow in early Spring	
pendula Silver Birch (‘Youngii’ as pendula but dome shaped and smaller)	Medium, narrow and graceful with drooping branches	Diamond shaped	White peeling	Yellow-brown before the leaves	Thrives in drier soil. Tolerates sand, chalk and acid
pubescens Downy Birch	Narrow, conical Less weeping than pendula.	Rounded	Peeling, white right to base	Yellow- brown in early Spring	Tolerates poor, wet and acid
Utilis Himalayan Birch (‘Jacquemontii’ has striking white bark)	Downy shoots Medium	Dark green	Peeling, orange-brown or coppery-brown	Yellow-brown in early Spring	

Yorkshire Gardens Long Weekend by Jenny Gascoigne

We arrived at Alfreton Travel Lodge to find the coach waiting, so quickly parked the car, loaded our bags, and were greeted by Alan Mason our Guide. We set off to pick up the Chesterfield passengers on a bright sunny morning. After Chesterfield, a pleasant run up the M1 until Emley Moor TV Mast came into view and then heading on narrower and narrower roads to Emley Village itself finishing with a several hundred yard farm track to the first garden at Lower Crawshaw Farm.



This garden was a surprising to find at this elevation, nearly in the shadow of Emley Moor Mast. There was a natural water course which had to be adapted to form a stepping stream and ponds, the banks planted with various moist loving plants giving good ground cover. Some of the existing farm walls had been used to good effect to divide the garden into rooms with a natural style of planting. One garden was more formal with gravel paths and central feature and arch with four beds comprising shrubs and roses. Coffee was taken here, (picture taken of party seated out on the lawn in bright sun light on an HPS Trip!!).

Throughout the garden various trees have been planted, giving scale and protection from the westerly winds, these were in addition to the existing trees to the west side of the farm building.

The overall impression was what a good garden at such an elevation.

Back to the coach for a quick run to the village of Bardsley between Leeds and Wetherby, here an excellent lunch was taken at reputed to be the oldest pub in England, The Bingley Arms. One of the owners of the next garden came to give an introduction and escort us to the garden. The garden named Hill Bark was all at the rear of the house and was a series of levels down to a pond complete with duck houses and a water course with a bridge over. This area of the garden had several paths around and over the water features and a viewing point position cut through the trees to give a

view back up the garden framed by the branches of surrounding trees. The garden had a good range of mature trees and beds of hardy geraniums, aquilegias with drifts of alliums coming through. The top of the garden was dominated by the strangest yew, this was a series of arms radiating out at about 45 degrees. I think we left thinking 'do we like this or not'? This was another garden with good varied planting for its scale and interesting different viewing points.

We then proceeding to our final garden at York Gate just north of Leeds, this is the home of Perennial, The Gardener's Royal Benevolent Society. In my view Martin had kept the best for last. Although this is only a one-acre garden it seems much more, by the use of hedges and walls with the contours of the garden 14 different styles of gardens have been created.

The Herb Garden with its topiary shapes and the colonnade with a pale coloured rended wall complete with art work

The gardens I particularly liked were the Pond in the old orchard with its feature of the drift of Candelabra Primula, also the use of cobbles under the trees in the Pinetum, the cobbles lightened the ground and made the

trees stand-off them. The double helix constructed with hardscape and hedge in Sybil's garden was very clever use of the different materials to great effect. The Herb Garden with its topiary shapes and the colonnade with a pale coloured rended wall complete with art work, this gave a point of interest and lit what would otherwise been a dark end to the garden. I could go on, but the whole garden is well worth a visit or several visits at different times of the year.

After this we preceded to the Holiday Inn, at Harrogate for dinner, bed and breakfast.

Day two, after a prompt departure (Martin "your here to see Gardens"!!) we travelled Harlow Carr. I assume people know Harlow Carr therefore I will restrict my notes. A lot of work has been done in has been done in the last 12 years since the RHS took over and it is showing results. The stream and its banks are tidier and its planting is more varied, though I think there are fewer candelabra primula than before. The Rockeries/Alpine beds down in the bottom are much more planted than previously and the new Alpine House is excellent as are the surrounding outdoor plantings. The garden now looks sharper and better maintained with more planting although they still have problems with Horse Tail in parts. It was very interesting to see the gardeners replanting the traditional heather beds against the entrance steps, the density of plants was very high.

The afternoon was free in Harrogate and we in common with others on the weekend wandered into the valley gardens and found a bench and watched the world go by.

At 5.30 we regrouped for a visit to Cold Cotes Garden in the shadow of Menwith Hill Domes. This garden for me was still 'work in progress', whether fatigue was setting in or this again was a garden at a high elevation and there was a chill in the air despite the evening sun. The garden paths wandered around beds of blocks of perennial plants, hardy geraniums and euphorbia were much in evidence. There were some good colour contrasts using bronze against light greens etc. and also specimen birches in several beds. We were probable a bit early in late spring for the main colour to show. The path were in different materials, grass, gravel and bark chips, personally I thought the garden would be improved by all the paths being in grass with sharp edges to give a boundary to each bed, more maintenance, but a more unified effect to the garden. All this being said a luxury cold buffet supper was provided and this was excellent in its choice and variety of food.

Day three and another prompt departure; we journeyed towards Knaresborough to a garden called Kelberdale. This was just off a traffic island on the southern bypass but by the use of Leylandii screen (the do have their uses) the noise and fumes were dealt with completely. The

garden was very well maintained by Chris and Stan Abbott. At the side of the drive was a flower meadow which had alliums, blue bells and other bulbs 'stuck in' (Stan's description).

To the rear of the house was a lawned area complete with a pair of wire geese and pond, this was surrounded by contrasting acers at the back and iris, with other smaller planting on the house side. Beyond this lawn was a large bed with varies shrubs and flowers, this was backed on to the boundary of mature trees.

To the left of the lawn the ground fell away steeply to the bank of the River Nidd, because of the mature trees on the top of this bank this wasn't at first obvious and needed exploring. A flight a steps went down to the water's edge ending against a weir across the river; it was a pity the water mill which had been on the other bank was in total dereliction. Just behind the house and before the lawn was an established alpine bed which was full of colour in early June. After coffee and yet more plants buying we said farewell. This garden was a gem hidden within yards of a trunk road.

Our final visit was Harewood House where Alan Mason had been Head Gardener for nine years. Harewood House is a typical country mansion set in parkland. The house stands overlooking a valley with a stream and lake, immediately in front of the house is a terrace with parterre garden in three main beds. To my eye this was a

little flat, the colour scheme being green hedging and blue and white flowers, there was no warm colour. After a visit to the courtyard for lunch we took one of the lakeside paths through rhododendrons and other woodland to the Himalayan Garden. This was the high spot of the park with large drifts of candelabra primula, azalea, rhododendron. Flowing through it was a stream with high stepping stones, bridge and cascade all designed to give various views.

We continued around the lake to the walled garden, this was disappointing as the walls were bare and it had only beds growing vegetables and soft fruit, but we were told it was going to be developed.

We had seen seven gardens in three days, a lot of paths and slopes had been walked!

This was yet another superb weekend organised by Martin and Chris Brown, they even ordered the good weather. The inclusion of Alan Mason with Mary-Lynn as guide with his fund of stories and humour, whilst we attempted Anne and Ian Evans quiz (we are thickies) enlightened the coach journeys. Finally to Tim Draper the driver who can probably back a coach through the eye of a needle.

Thank you to all of you, where next, you've set the bar very high.

