

Flower Show Brings Real Hint of Spring

By LYDIA KING FREHSE
Special Writer for The Birmingham Eccentric

Spent a recent evening at the flower show, that annual extravaganza which combines much of the earth's rarest beauty and sweetest fragrance with pop-corn and ice-cream with hot dogs and hamburgers, with spades and rakes, wheelbarrows and automobiles, with fertilizer and weed-killer, and every known gadget to make gardening pleasant and profitable.

Displayed were every kind of seed and bulb, cut flowers to pin on a waiting label, along with grassy lawns and fountains and bird baths in formal gardens. There were white picket fences enclosing friendly walks lined with old fashioned blooms. There were big bouquets and little bouquets and exotic flower arrangements and tables all set and properly "appointed" with every thing "matching."

My particular assignment kept me at the exhibit of the Michigan Botanical society, and a pleasant assignment it was, seeing a preview of a little bit of spring woods as we hope it will look about Decoration Day.

For a background of new leaves unfolding on birch and the perennial green of spruce and the light green of tamarac needles newly come forth.

A VENPID wasp's nest hung on a slanting bough and a little brook trickling into a miniature pool rimmed with floating duck-weed (but no ducks).

Growing by its side were the clumps of skunk cabbage, the sharp leaves of wild iris, and the yellow cow-slips of any marsh. Imbedded in sphagnum moss was the pitcher plant holding up its curious leaves to lure inquisitive insects to seek its gaily painted depths, never to return.

Of the ladies' slippers, two were in bloom; the mosses and ferns, the yellow of our Northern woods, both with pouches fit to clothe a fairy foot.

The earliest blooms of hepatica and bloodroot had already dropped their petals. Trailing arbutus made a bed of rusty leaves, the fragrance of its pink and white blooms reminiscent of our first trip north on any spring day.

THEN THERE were the tiny leaved vines of twin flower and wild cherry, enfolded in their protective hoods of sphagnum moss and to lend grace, the gently untrailing crossers of ferns.

Delicate maidenhair, spreading its semi-circular fronds on their shiny black stems. On the other side of the pool was a tall stalk of cinnamon, its spore-bearing

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LOTS OF folks stopped by to ask questions and to remember. "Have you any shooting stars?" This from a tall, lean man, who said "They used to cover the meadows in Eastern Iowa—we had a little . . ." a quick gesture and a forward step ended a conversation that could only be finished in silence.

And a woman building a new house in the country stopped by to ask what kind of wild flowers to plant on a wooded hillside and where could she get the plants?

It was getting to be such a problem now—what with the protective laws and all and not many woods left where one could just climb a fence and help one's self.

And a young wife lately come from Canada, "I remember the trillium and the wild ginger. We used to spend Saturday in the woods. There was an old mill . . ."

And a little woman, her spirit undimmed by the years, "When I had my own home in Massachusetts we had a little wild flower garden. My husband had such luck with the lady slippers. We had . . ."

AND A pair of lovers moving by hand in hand who did not see the wild flower garden at all!

Thanks to those of you in the Botanical club who spent hours gathering the plants and forcing them in greenhouse and indoor garden and for arranging them for all of us to enjoy.

The sight of this small replica of a spot that every blade of grass was a sermon. The next day he was busying himself by mowing his lawn when a parishioner passing shouted, "That's right, reverend, cut your sermons short."

★ Smile a Minute . . . A certain minister, while preaching, said that every blade of grass was a sermon. The next day he was busying himself by mowing his lawn when a parishioner passing shouted, "That's right, reverend, cut your sermons short."

Family Favorites

Pork Chops Plus Served Often



MRS. S. JAMES DUNCAN

Mrs. S. James Duncan, 615 N. Woodward, is a good cook and anyone who has tasted her cooking can testify to this fact.

Pork Chops Plus is a little different way of serving pork chops. Mrs. Duncan said she has made this recipe many times and it has always been well liked by her guests as well as her family.

For many years Dorothy Duncan has been an active member of the League of Women Voters and has been particularly interested in local governmental issues.

She fulfills her civic responsibilities as a member of the city's election board, a duty which she has performed each election day for the past eight years.

A friendly, out-going personality, Dorothy Duncan loves to cook, and having guests in for dinner is one of her favorite ways of entertaining.

PORK CHOPS PLUS

6 rib pork chops (double thickness with a pocket)
1/2 cup water
1 green pepper, chopped
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup uncooked rice
3 teaspoons chopped onion
Combine rice, pepper, salt and onion and place some of the mixture in each pocket of the pork chops. Season stuffed chops with salt and pepper and brown slowly in their own fat (or butter). Add water. Cover pan and cook chops slowly on top of stove or in oven 350 degrees for 1 hour.

Editor's note: If you have a recipe you would like to share with other readers, we urge you to send it to the Society Editor of The Eccentric. Or at a friend's home you may have enjoyed a special dish and believe it should be featured in this column. If so, let us know the cook's name and we will contact her (or him).

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COATS

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Mrs. Frehse

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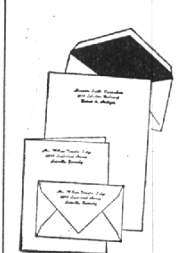
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Boys' SLACKS
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Boys' ZIPPER JACKETS
\$6⁹⁵ to \$22⁹⁵

Boys' HATS \$4⁹⁵

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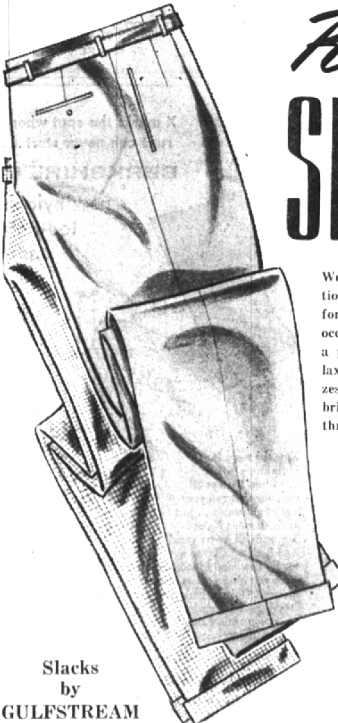
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