

JUNE'S GARDEN

Recycled Gardenware

A bathtub, sink, a white porcelain geranium-filled toilet, various-sized kitchen wares, pots and pans, tea kettle and strainer, boots, a couple of old tennis shoes, buckets, and a blue enameled turkey roaster, were containers that used to hold plantings of brightly colored flowers in a garden in Washington State.

Some years ago, travelling from our home on Bainbridge Island, Washington to our beach home here on the coast, we'd pass this small white house with a red front door and garden landscaped with the most unusual array of flower-filled containers. The gate and fence that surrounded this property were made from parts of metal bed frames and springs. Five or more whirley-gigs were mounted on the fence: a man paddling a canoe, a roadrunner-like wooden bird with flapping wings, and a couple of windmills. Statues of the seven dwarfs, a deer, rooster, hen and chicks, a pair of Dutch children, and gracing the entrance to the garden a bent-over washwoman whose backside faced the road.

One summer day we stopped to talk to an elderly lady who was tending this garden: gray-haired, dressed in a bright-colored sweat-shirt and pants, rather bent over, walking with a cane, a small dog trotting along behind her. She greeted us with a smile. Not wanting to appear too curious about her unusual garden, we did say how we had passed her home on our monthly trips and how we enjoyed her colorful garden. My husband asked about her fence, as at close range it appeared that the pieces had been welded together. She proceeded to tell her story. She and her late husband had bought this small home when they retired many years ago. The house needed repairing and there wasn't much of a garden. She said her husband could fix anything, he had been a welder, adding that he had worked in the shipyards welding ships in World War II. Because of their small fixed income, they'd been scrounging for building materials. She said the local dump was the best place to find things. Some of their doors, windows, old light fixtures that needed repair, discarded lumber and other usable building materials, even a full can of red paint that they used to paint their front door, all came from the dump. When they replaced their fixtures in the kitchen and bathroom, the old fixtures were hauled off to the front yard. Since they never could find someone to cart the items off, she eventually decided to plant them with flowers. The old fixtures were the beginning of their adding more unusual containers they found at the dump. She wistfully mentioned that the boots she had planted with sedum had been her husband's favorite footwear. She proudly told us that her husband had made the whirly-gigs. At that moment a slight breeze caused all their moveable parts to flap. The man paddled his canoe, the windmill blades whirled, the roadrunner's wings flapped so fast it appeared it was going to

fly off the fence, bringing smiles to all three of us. She explained that some of the fence's bed frames they found at the dump, and some had been given to them by their friends. The statues were mostly given to them by their family, but her son never could find Snow White to go with the seven dwarfs.

After we moved permanently to the coast, it was years later that I traveled on the same road. On a trip north I did pass this property; sadly, the flowers were replaced with weeds, the bathtub, sink and toilet were still there, the statues and whirley-gigs had disappeared, only parts of the fence were still standing. Some windows were broken, the white house was a bit dingy, but the red door had remained bright red.

I'll always hold the memory of this garden with a smile, and the elderly lady describing the enjoyment she and her husband had in creating this most unusual garden and small retirement home.

While I was writing this garden story I thought why not plant some annuals in the three old tea kettles I'd saved because of their colors: one red, another bright blue, the third aqua. I didn't find them at the dump, but they all sprang leaks from being left on the hot stove too long. I now have a whistling one that reminds me I had turned on the burner to boil water to make a cup of tea. I'll refrain from adding my old tennis shoes to plant and to sit alongside the birdbath with the angel statue. Two other angels grace my yard; one sits next to a large pot that sits on my deck, another is mounted above the door of my garden shed. Their heavenly replicas are placed there to help protect my garden. Numerous cement frogs and two setting hens filled with sedum are placed throughout the yard. Instead of Snow White and the seven dwarfs, I'd like to find a statue of a troll; however I don't have a bridge for him to stand under, nor does Billy-Goat-Gruff quite fit in my garden.

Correction: I'm expecting a bolt of lightning and clap of thunder to suddenly come down from the heaven where my mother is, as last month's "June's Garden" column printed in error that my mother wasn't an adventurous cook. * It should have read, my mother was an adventurous cook; in fact she could have been called a gourmet chef. Her recipes have been handed down in the family. In 1982 my daughter Leslie Sears started a restaurant in one of the buildings of the School of Arts and Crafts on Barnes Road in Portland. Her husband, Michael Sears, gave the restaurant its name, "Hands On." The next year another daughter, Lee Fitzpatrick, joined her sister. Some of the recipes they used were their grandmother's which they named in her honor. After Leslie left to help her husband with his chiropractic practice, Lee continued to run the restaurant, eventually taking on other partners, and sold the business to them in the last part of the 1990's. Any credit I take for my clam chowder, I owe to my mother. But that's all another story.

*Probably Billy and Sally couldn't read my writing, unlike my super editor and typist Ann Wierum, who has helped me correct my writings for several years.

-- Editors' note: You are correct, June, but you have our profuse apologies in any case. And the biggest go to your mother!!



218 Laneda Avenue
Manzanita, Oregon
503-368-5316

Manzanita News & ESPRESSO

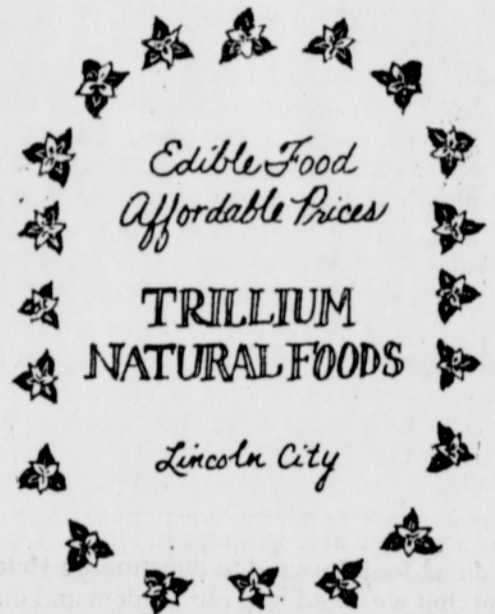
A Cheerful Presence in Manzanita

PORTLAND ROASTING Coffee & Espresso Drinks
TEMPTATIONS Homemade Pastries, Sandwiches & Soup
350 Magazine Titles
Oregon Coast and Local Maps, Local Newspapers

Open Daily 7:30am—5:00 pm
500 Laneda Ave. Manzanita 368-7450



436-1885



GOURMET PIZZA
A selection of OREGON WINES & fine BEERS always on hand.

Come join us for dinner near the pounding surf at Laneda & Carmel in Manzanita

503/368-5593



Astoria
"A Unique Blend of Art, Cafe and Comfort"
108 10th Street
Astoria, Oregon 97103
503-325-5450 • Fax 325-9712

Cannon Beach
"Fine Art Gallery and Gifts"
131 W. 2nd • P.O. Box 1245
Cannon Beach, Oregon 97110
503-436-1253 • Fax 436-1617

LuLu's

A SHOE & ACCESSORY BOUTIQUE
503-436-0577 239 N. HEMLOCK
CANNON BEACH, OREGON

finely selected women's clothing

Portland (503) 239-4605 Cannon Beach (503) 436-1572

work hard dress easy™

Geppetto's Toy Shoppe

200 N. Hemlock
Cannon Beach, OR
436-2467

"Where quality and tradition make kids happy"

THE MCBEE MOTEL COTTAGES
Honey Family Lodging
Since 1941

Modest Rates
Phones & Kitchens
Fireplaces
One Block to Beach
Well-Mannered Pets Welcome
503.436.2569

888 S. Hemlock, P.O.B. 943
Cannon Beach, OR 97110

Owners:
Jeff & Gladys Womack

1235 S. Hemlock
P.O. Box 985
Cannon Beach, OR
97110
(503) 436-2000
Fax (503) 436-0746

**BUSINESS CARDS
SIGNS & BANNERS
LAMINATING/FLYERS
BROCHURES/FORMS
OFFICE SUPPLIES
FAST UPS SERVICE
COMPUTER SUPPORT
INTERNET ACCESS
NOTARY SERVICE**

CLIFTON A. BATCHELDER REAL ESTATE
Cole Horsley - Sales Associate
Residence 503-436-2845

Post Office Box 386
1235 S. Hemlock Street
Cannon Beach, OR 97110

Phone 503-436-9670
Fax 503-436-9668
1-800-436-9670

SPRINGTIME ACTIVITIES...

We Have the Toys!

Boats
Sand & Beach Toys
Jump Ropes
Things That Fly.
Bubbles
Indoor Activity Sets
Art & Woodcraft Kits
Books
Games & Puzzles
Baby Toys
Music
Travel Toys
and much more!

We're located right downtown, only 1 block to the beach and Cannon Beach City Park.