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*September blows soft,
Til the fruits in the loft*

The garden show is almost over for another summer. The marigolds and globe amaranths are taking their final bows but the morning glories are taking the spotlight. They are covering the fence in an array of rich colors.

Walt Whitman wrote, "A morning-glory at my window satisfies me more than the metaphysics of books."

I found among my morning glories some dipper gourds that volunteered left over from last year. Gourds are fun and interesting. In the 18th century the slaves put egg shaped gourds in the chickens nests to keep the chickens laying eggs.

If I choose to dry the gourds, I must cut them before the first frost when the stems dry or turn brown. Then they must be dried in a warm, dry, place either on newspapers or hung to dry for a period of three months up to a year. I will be careful to make no holes in the gourds. When the seeds within them begin to rattle, I will know they are completely dry. After soaking them in soapy water to remove the mold, I will scrub them with stainless steel and fashion them into dippers.

I have planted the fall cabbages, lettuces and broccoli. The abundance of apples encouraged 2 of our junior interpreters to try a couple of 18th-century receipts in the Geddy yard. They gathered apples from several trees resulting in a variety of apples and made two dishes. One was an egg dish; a type of apple fritter and the other a dish called Apple Tansy. It was a successful experience.

An apple tree in the Roscow Cole yard produced some small, unattractive, brown apples that did not look too tempting but when I tasted them, they were crispy and sweet. They were by far the best tasting apples around. No one seemed to know what kind they were but of course Rollin Woolley knew. They are called Margil apples and a number of employees have been sampling them. How lucky we are to have such goodies available to us at our work place.

Luckily we are not living here during the time when the Lawes Divine, Morall and Martiall for the colony of Virginia were in effect or we would surely be found guilty of breaking law number thirty one. "What man or woman soever, shall rob any garden, publike or private, beign set to weed the same, or wilfully pluck up therein any roote, herbe, or flower, to spoile and wast or steale the same, or robbe any Vineyard, or gather up the grapes, or steale any eares of the come growing, whether in the ground belonging



tea can be taken to calm the nerves and to aid in sleep and help in the digestive process. In a study at the University of Leister in Britain it was found that insomniacs slept as long with the smell of lavender oil as they did with the aid of drugs and tossed and turned less.

Lavender is one of the herbs that is used often in aromatherapy due to the fact that herbalists regard it as an anti-depressant.

The use of lavender oil in perfume and toilet water has been popular for ages but do not be afraid to try it in your cooking as it adds an interesting flavor to grilled meat and chicken dishes.

The Chelsea Physic's Garden established in 1623 has a Lavender Avenue near the Swan Walk Gate. The avenue commemorates Philip Miller who was the gardener there in 1722 until 1770. He was regarded as the greatest of botanical horticulturists. Linnaeus called him the "Prince of Gardeners," and he was the author of the famed Gardener's dictionary in 1731. Miller was responsible for giving the name to *Lavandula angustifolia*, the plant that produces the finest of all lavender oils.

Lavender also has some religious significance. It represents purity and virtue and is often found in advent wreaths in Christian churches.

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