

## IPPS International Tour 2007: A Glimpse of North America®

### Terry Hatch

Joy Plants, 78 Jericho Road R D 2, Pukekohe, New Zealand

Email: hatch.clan@xtra.co.nz

Tuesday Washington DC some time free  
Native Museum soft color, sandstone, sedimentary  
Food, corn, beans squash, sunflower, and tobacco  
Heron stalks, fish mid cattails  
In the middle of the capitol.  
Vast array apparel apparent  
Beaded skin dresses finely crafted, moccasins, papoose cradles  
Ceremonial belts, collars many many more, galore.  
Dumbarton Oaks Gardens huge trees  
White oaks, willow oaks, large-leaf beech  
Osage orange fruits like tennis balls strew the court  
Flower borders mums, asters too brimming  
Beautiful butterflies through  
Large pebble mosaic wheat sheaf  
What you sow, so shall you reap  
Baring calamities drought, fungi, critters  
For us sheep.  
Welcome evening falls  
President James Gee-Haw Whimmydiddle exponent extraordinaire  
Gave accomplished demo on his diddle  
In the mellow evening light  
Food and extra food  
Wednesday informative tour Washington, D.C.  
Steeped in history, geography, biographies  
The flags wave, more food  
George Bush and the Dali Lama came to greet the IPPSers  
They couldn't get through the crush  
In passing he said a few words, I didn't understand any of them  
Off to the Botanic Garden greeted  
By enthusiastic director and young curator  
It's been so dry goes up the cry  
Wilted plants some will die  
Asters, golden rod give butterflies a last feed  
Before a tidy up and weed.  
Afternoon just on our own  
Off to the Natural History repository to roam  
But on the way a garden right on side  
A butterfly garden in which the insects glide  
With critters name there too  
And they fly by, right on cue.

Inside the gargantuan hall are creatures  
Lots, both great and small  
No time to see them all.  
More food, crabs record falls.  
Thursday saw an early start  
The National Arboretum and quick smart  
A guided tour through trees galore  
Bonsai trained from days of yore  
A veteran 400 years and more  
Not for sale at a Wal Mart store.  
Herbs scenting morning air enhance the tranquil quality there  
And as we stroll, "GET BACK" a KIWI CRY  
A slithering snake came sliding by  
"Crikey" an Aussie said, "we often find them in our bed"  
"Isn't she a beauty".  
Chinese plants beneath the shade, much nicer  
Than the baubles Chinese made.  
More food.  
Inglewood Nursery in the afternoon  
Granddad started years ago extensive acres  
Nursery trees and vines to grow  
Now many a glass of wine doth flow  
And I.P.P.S. can tell you so,  
More food and girth has started to grow.  
Williamsburg historical town tour  
Historical gardens can I say more  
Historical food!  
Saturday we are on our way to  
Bennets Creek and a brand new day  
Brand new nursery by the mile  
Vast new ponds Olympic style  
A place so large we had to ride,  
Pots in pots side by side  
Come move on we are off again  
To Lancaster Farms just down the lane  
Which Mr. Gadget the effervescent Charlie and his staff maintain  
What a wonderful tour, innovative, mechanical  
This and that and more  
More food a simply sumptuous lunch  
By Maggie and her willing bunch.  
Talk about Southern Hospitality  
Our girth is growing like a tree.  
Sunday yet another early start  
We're off before the sparrow fart  
Monticello Jefferson's gracious home  
And what a very modern man  
Letters by the post box full

Planned garden long a sunny turf wall  
Peter Hatch had so many tales to tell  
I'm sure we felt the Monticello spell.  
Off again to Piney River didn't just those  
Saunders bro deliver  
Buxus here and buxus there  
Many crops of many types watered by so many pipes  
Family food and family hospitality  
Delicious ice cream and apples off the tree.  
Monday morning on we go  
New Garden Village Landscape Nursery  
Massed mums and others for us to see,  
The Buds and Blooms made quite a show  
Rhodos, Kalmias, Pieris, some there most hard to grow  
But grow they do nicely too.  
More food in the middle of a field  
How their knives and forks those IPPSers wield.  
Hawk Ridge was next with plants aplenty new  
And an arboretum too.  
Tuesday Biltmore Estate basking in the falling rain  
Woodland trees just slurping to ease the pain  
Of summer so dry you'd not want again.  
Time to tour this ancient pile  
With halls and rooms bilt by the mile  
Bowling ally, swimming pool this man had  
Just to bilt them all, books and beds  
And smoking rooms he even bilt some rooms  
For brooms.  
All of this just took some time  
So off we went for food and wine.  
Wednesday meetings by the hour all day  
Serious business but skies were grey.  
By the evening we were are out  
Just to break the long food drought  
Blue Grass Music is fare  
And Clog dancers Clogging everywhere.  
Then the Whimmydiddle players played  
Mass diddles at the ready displayed  
The contest was not overlong  
So we had time for dance and song.  
Thursday, Mountain Horticultural Station  
Bring new plants to the nation  
Sterile grass with stripes and blots  
For folk to grow on their home plots  
Without them all becoming weeds  
Because they never ever used dreadful seeds,  
And they can be used for biomass

Instead of using up more gas.  
We're nearing now the Smoky Mounts  
Trees more trees  
Brilliant Sourwoods puckering in the  
Afternoon autumn sun  
Past quaint quilted stony houses nestled neath the trees  
Cosbys car collectors exhibits  
Proudly displayed, worse for ware than when made.  
Ever onward in the glory of the autumn day  
Smokey Bear and Crazy Horse  
Log cabins lounging lazily low in the woods  
All par for the course.  
Round the bend at the last we're there  
Gatlinburg gateway to the Smoky Mountains  
In the glare lights ever changing  
Red, green, amber black to red.  
Busy High Street with the ancient spenders  
All out on spree like benders  
Then the call of venders  
Come get free tickets twenty dollars entrée  
See Frankenstein drink blood twice nightly.  
Mountain crafts, artisans,  
Doughnut holesmanship and many more  
Salesman lurk in every door  
Time has passed by this town and so shall we.  
Now into the foothills national park  
Up into the fog what a lark  
Twig pickers prosecuted.  
Glimps of gold in them thare hills  
No need go west for miners thrills  
Off the bus and up the trail, it's very cold  
The wind doth wail.  
Into the crisping air the autumn scents  
Amid the golden trees kissed by the mist.  
Cross the Appalachian Trail, a lifelong dream is coming true  
Damp air is closing like a veil,  
Last mountain flower bluets, saxifrage and gentian blue  
Now just you mind let the seniors through  
They're rushing by in SUV's, zimmer frames  
And Harleys too, to see the view  
Almost beyond description. More food.  
And off we go down the road to  
Friendly folk Chuck Jonsons  
Pansys, mums all nice and fresh  
Real pumpkins full of tasty flesh and  
Christmas trees to me quite new are all  
Decked out in startling hue

---

White, pink, lavender, and blue  
All in 'Dolly' colours.  
This night we go into the past  
Grand Ole Opry will be the last  
We'll laugh and sing and clap along  
As ancient cowpokes sing their song.  
And a guy will advertise the merits  
Of "Old Granny's Pies"  
More entertainers in the flash apparel  
Twix the ads for Cracker Barrel  
Now I must go don't think me rude  
Off to, more food, more food.