

The Old Texas Rose



Number 3

Summer 2007

www.texasroserustlers.org

Summer Rookie Meeting At Mercer Arboretum

It's Not Just for Rookies Anymore

It's that time of year again, when it's too hot to be outside enjoying the roses and time to visit in the air conditioned comfort and learn more about the roses and their companions. We'll be meeting at the Mercer Arboretum, (22306 Aldine Westfield, Houston, 77373) again this year on July 14, from 10 am to 12:30. Molly Glentzer, Lifestyles Editor from the Houston Chronicle, will be our guest speaker and a real treat for everyone who attends.

My favorite line from Molly's recent article in the Chronicle is about how Rose Rustlers say even dead people can grow antique roses. Our sentiments exactly! Molly has written a new book about the naming of antique roses and the origin of these names.

A talk by one of our friendly neighborhood Master Gardeners will cover "The Good, The Bad and The Beautiful: Insects and Bugs in our Gardens". Many insects and "critters" in our garden are very beneficial and we need to be able to tell the good ones from those which will damage the rose bushes.

Please join us early for self guided tours of the Mercer gardens, and coffee and cookies at 9:30 for sign in. You never know what might be in the rose lotto drawing and you never know what new rosy news will be the topic of conversation. So bring a friend, or two, and come meet Molly and hear her fascinating story.

*What did the ladybug say to the lacewing when
he discovered aphids on the roses?*

Um, tastes like chicken!

Climbing Up and Out of the Gardening Slump

By Audrey McMurray

This summer my family will be moving into the house I lived in as a child. The house we currently live in was just supposed to be a starter home, a 1700 ft² house that seemed more than adequate when we moved in with a two-year old but grew smaller as each child was born and grew up. A couple of years ago, with four teenagers (three of our own, plus one school pal), two parents and a dog, this house was so small - we would joke - we'd have to go outside to change our minds!

One of the reasons we bought this house back in '89, was because of the back yard. It was large. It was bare. I looked through the den doors and saw a blank slate to draw on. For about 16 years, I worked that garden, planting roses and bulbs. I shared what I pulled, divided and rooted with a lot of friends, and I planted what they shared with me. When I worked in the beds, memories of the rustles we went on would come back. Pruning Sombreuil, for example, made me think of staying up late with Cyn Shope, drinking wine coolers, and potting up cuttings we got at the Cutting Exchange. Cleaning up *Crinum bulbispermum* made me think of digging in the railroad easement with our umbrellas...man, those crinums were DEEP.

Then, rather unexpectedly, I fell into a gardening slump; the garden didn't hold an appeal for me anymore. I didn't have the energy to drive to rustles, even. Life had just taken a toll - some of it unpleasant, most of it just plain tiring. My teaching load had increased to the just-barely-tolerable level and weekends were spent either catching up on sleep or grading papers. The garden became covered in weeds and volunteer trees. I'd look out through the den doors and felt...nothing.

This spring, though, I had to get ready for the move to the new house. It just couldn't be helped - I couldn't leave behind the gifts my friends had given me. Many of those roses were no longer in commerce and were kept alive only by our efforts. Many were given to me by Rustlers who have now passed on, and I felt a certain responsibility to not let their efforts have been in vain.

So I started to pot them up: Auntie Lotte's Katy Road Pink, which she got from a cutting from Candy Fite who started her bush from a cutting from whom? Margaret Sharpe? Not sure. And I potted a friend's frangipani, planted with the old fashioned daffodils we rescued from Hargrove Manor the night before the garden was razed for a housing development. Around the bulb leaves I planted Pam Puryear's Baby Blue Eyes, which have another name but that is what Pam called them so that's how they'll forever be known. And I potted up Carolyn's crinums from Hargrove Manor as well, named for Carolyn Feinstein who called as I was cooking dinner and said "Come now! The bulldozers are ready to move in the morning!" We filled 30 gal bags full of crinums from there, some as big as a small watermelon. And Bobbie McKenna's roses, of course, had to come with me. There was no way that I could leave even one of those behind. And the most amazing thing happened as I dug up and potted those living memories. I began to feel a spark again. I had forgotten how joyful it could be to put my hands in the dirt and, well, *play*. One of my more mystical pals once told me that when Life gets us down, we can receive energy from Mother Earth by touching "her" with our bare hands and feet. I do believe, in this case anyway, she's right.

A weed is a plant that has mastered every survival skill except for learning how to grow in rows.

Notes from the Chairman

By Faith Bickley

First of all I want to comment on the good time we had at our Spring Symposium in College Station.

It is always such fun to explore a new venue, and this was definitely true in this case. I would like to thank Matt Orwat and Dr. David Byrne for introducing us to so many new concepts. This was very enlightening for sure. The rose testing, pollination demonstration and the tour of the growing fields were bonuses. My favorite rose in the field was MM, but we all could follow how roses we have in our yards were doing in comparison to all the others. Many of us also thoroughly enjoyed wandering around the gardens behind the Horticulture Building, and I personally got some new ideas to try in my own gardens. Having such a good turnout was fantastic. Thanks to Doana for all her work in getting this event together so successfully!

Reports from Gaye Hammond's garden in Navasota were fantastic. Gaye and her husband graciously hosted the Rose Rustlers on a tour of their Earth Kind test garden located on an old home site they discovered on their property when they began to clear the land. Pictures sent from the tour show attentive faces to a fascinating garden history. Of note was a story about a grasshopper invasion that damaged the plants in the garden substantially, but untouched by the grasshoppers was Dr. Griffith Buck's rose Quietness, named for the September 11th tragedy. A beautiful garden with a great history, purpose, and gardener. Thanks, Gaye.

On Sunday morning a group of Rustlers visited Martha's Bloomers Nursery in Navasota. We had visited there on our way to Navasota. Their roses were beautiful and the selection was good. The companion plants and garden art in this lovely setting were a joy to see and experience. The staff was welcoming, friendly and helpful. The tea room is a special

destination in itself. Try it some time; I think you will be pleased.

I also wanted to add a note to let you know how the garden tour I mentioned in the last newsletter went. It was a big success with about 350 coming through during the two weekends. The publicity beforehand was quite interesting and reminded me of the old game Telephone. The local paper sent their reporter out to interview all the participants of the tour. I had told him that the TRR had been instrumental in bringing many of the old roses back into commerce. Well, in the actual story it ended up that I got many of my roses from the TRR headquarters in Commerce! I realized later that I should use the word "nurseries" in stead of "commerce".

All the work I did before the tour was worth it as I did get the projects I had wanted to do completed. I had to laugh though as my yard will never look like that again as I so many interesting "props" out- quilts hung all over, interesting things on the benches and porches, etc. I also met many interesting people and saw several TRR members. Mom had broken her foot a couple weeks before the tour so was only able to enjoy the last day riding around in her golf cart. Many people chose to walk over to her yard as we had it unofficially on the tour.

All in all being on a garden tour is a worthwhile thing to do. Think about how many times we all have been inspired to get home and get working in our gardens after we have visited other gardens.

I Love My Job Part III

By Doana Fite

The Antique Rose Emporium got a phone call from a lady in Houston who wanted help identifying a rose growing in one of the oldest neighborhoods in Houston. ARE forwarded the call to Candy because they know she is good at identifying roses, and because she has relatives in Houston and visits here often.

She forwarded the call to me because she knows I live here, I love roses and I am curious.

The neighborhood is just west of downtown, just outside of River Oaks, on old brick streets laid by former slaves in the 1860's. Through modern lofts/condos and townhouses you drive to a few wood frame homes which are being restored to preserve the history of this early Houston area settled by the same former slaves who laid the streets.

Two of the houses have roses growing. The first house was dilapidated falling down and overgrown. The rose on the property was moved to another house nearby while the first was being restored. This spring the rose bloomed at its new location. The blossoms had faded to a few magenta petals on each floribunda type bud stem when we got there. Hips were starting to form from the semi double blossoms. We took pictures. We asked the caretaker/docents, Mrs. Jackie Allong and Mr. Luther Brown, if they would like for us to take cuttings and try to propagate plants to be used at the other homes as they are restored. We took cuttings and asked them to let us know if the plant bloomed again.

We suggested that if these roses are not identifiable, they will be able to assign a study name. They were excited to learn they may get to name the Freedman's Town Rose.

At another house around the corner, were two more different roses. Again we took cuttings and photographs and wrote the addresses of the properties on the baggies. We look forward to working with these lovely people to add to the restoration of these homes of Houston's first black lawyers and doctors by helping the yards have their original beauty and charm.

If there was ever any doubt, I truly love my job.

The Long Road Home

By Allison Strong

Most gardeners feel a special, spiritual connection with the earth. Whether it is an urban patio container garden, a suburban yard, or rural farming acreage matters not. What is important is the loving care devoted to nurturing life in the soil. And anyone who has ever gardened with a child knows the joy you receive in observing the wonder on small faces, and the challenges it can present when you have some difficulty explaining why some bugs are "good" bugs, and some are "bad". The responsibility of caring for a garden teaches adults and children alike those valuable lessons of science, nature, and of the soul. We learn the science involved in the turning of the seasons with the revolutions of the earth, the chemical compositions of dirt and water, the correct ratios of nutrients for myriad plant life, and how to best protect our tiny green friends from weather conditions that are less than favorable. The spiritual lessons available are as simple or as complex as we each can ponder. One of my ponderings led me to give some thought to the passage of time, and my own mortality. I'll lead you down that road in a moment.

Rose Rustlers enjoy a unique side of gardening. We find treasures of nature lost in lonely places, and bring pieces of these forgotten gardens back to our own homes, recreating a vision of beauty. I am sure that I am not alone in wondering who might have lovingly planted that old china rose next to the barn falling down out in a bare pasture.

Certainly I am not by myself in thinking of the one who thought to ease his or her sorrows by gracing the gravesite of a beloved parent, child, or spouse. Many of the roses collected by the Texas Rose Rustlers in the past twenty years or so (indeed by rustlers/collectors all over the world!), were found in variable states of health and attention in older cemeteries.

Most of the rustlers do not see themselves as "grave robbers" or "thieves", but as caretakers with a sacred charge to carry on the work of that original gardener.

When unthinking, (usually not gardeners!) people use one of those terms to describe a Rose Rustler, we really get our hackles up, yes, a bit insulted, even if we know that they are simply uninformed, i.e., just don't know any better! Isn't that part of the fun of our group, teaching people that are interested, what we are really doing, and why?

Over the past twenty eight years since the death of my beloved Grandfather, I have visited the cemetery where he is interred many, many times. Now, many more of my family have joined him there- precious Grandmother, incomparable Mother, kindly uncle, dearest aunts, and yes, the sad black sheep of the family is there, too. I have given some thought to where in this place I may take my final sleep. I want to be near those who are dear to me, and yet, I confess I do not like these modern, "perpetual care" lawns, these tidy rows of flat markers alternating with avenues of grander headstones, all lacking in the lushness of form and flower of a garden.

I do understand that perpetual care design has a pragmatic value: ease of upkeep to provide a clean, well cared for, respectful final resting place. But there is growing evidence that I'm not alone in my heart's rebellion! Cemeteries with master planned blueprints are being subtly changed by individuals with ideas of their own. There are more trees now than were originally planted- and some small shrubs are cropping up at the head and foot of graves in those pristine rows where tractors and brush-mowers have a defined easement.

Near my mother's grave is a small marker for a toddler that is now decorated with a young mimosa sapling, some irises, and a couple of toys. I am elated that the mowers have respectfully left those mementos of a grieving family intact, and have not disturbed that

loving monument. I am a rule keeper, and I haven't yet broken free to plant a pecan at my grandparent's headstone as I would like to do. Nor have I planted a lovely yellow rose for my sweet mother--- but oh, how I want to! I am not quite sure what is stopping me.

There will come a day that my family will lay me to rest. I will take that long road home, and my earthly shell will be left behind, no longer needed for the continuation of my soul's journey back to the beloved Lord that created me.

I believe in the spiritual truth and conservancy science of the phrase "ashes to ashes and dust to dust". If I could bypass the cultural standard of a crypt, it would be my preference to allow my earthly remains to return to the earth once again! How comforting it is to me to think that by reuniting with the earth, a part of what was once "me" would again be a part of life: just as the trees fall in the forest to replenish the soil, so can mankind return to the soil from which will spring a new tree, or perhaps... a rose.

When I am gone, I sincerely hope that those who are left behind won't be as intimidated as I have been by the order and rule of perpetual care! I secretly wish (well, no longer so secretly, right?) to have lovely roses, and wonderful lilies, sweetly scented jasmines, honeysuckles, hyacinths in springtime, and even pungent thyme and rosemary to surround my grave.

If any of you are still here when I set foot on that long road home, will you please drop by to see to this remembrance of me? You are a gardener, after all! Don't be fussy over what you choose! If it's good enough for a rose rustler, it's good enough for me! And come back to visit often, remember me, I hope with some fondness, and be certain to bring some water, some alfalfa tea if you have it, and by all means, your snippers! I know anything planted by a rose rustler is something you will want to pass along to our following generations!

Humor in the Garden

Borrowed from Mike Garofalo

People are like Potatoes!

Some people never seem motivated to participate, but are content to watch others. They are called "Speck Tators."

Some are always looking to cause problems and really get under your skin. They are called "Aggie Tators."

There are those who are always saying they will, but somehow, they never get around to doing. We call them "Hezzie Tators."

Some folks spent a lot of time sitting and peering into their garden. They are called "Medi Tators."

There are those that try to maximize their rose yields while reducing expenses. We call them "Compu Tators."

*What would we have called the color orange if it wasn't a fruit?
If vegetarians eat vegetables, what do humanitarians eat?
If corn oil comes from corn, what does baby oil come from?*

Another Treasure Found

By June Pence

About three years ago I "rustled" a rose sucker from an 1890's grave in a rural Lavaca County cemetery. It did me the honor of blooming mightily for the first time this spring. After looking up the rose in "Old-fashioned and David Austin Roses" by Barbara Lee Taylor, I have discovered that it is a **Hippolyte** which is similar to a 'Cardinal de Richelieu' in color (cerise and violet). Note to the members: the rose in the cemetery is doing well but doesn't bloom. I've cut the dead wood out and pulled away the weeds. I hope that with a little

attention it may bloom again but it has survived for over a hundred years with almost no attention! Antique roses are the only way to go. Thanks for the opportunity to share my discovery!

Editors Note: Cuttings will be available in the near future!

It's Easy Being Green

By Doana Fite

Martin and I have bought compost soil from John Ferguson at Nature's Way Resources to help restore our front lawn which was blighted last year by Heaven knows what. John's staff was very helpful and informative, and helped us get the most compost for our money. Donna Martin said she got the same quality help when she went to buy mulch/compost. We are happy to report our lawn looks 99% better with a small investment in compost and a fairly substantial investment of shoveling from the back of the pickup truck by Martin and lawn broom raking by Doana. It worked, John! We are GREEN on Lake Geneva Court!

Request for Cutting

By Audrey McMurray

Does Anyone Have "Joe's Rose" or "Joe's Apricot"? I would like to get cuttings from a couple of bushes we saw on our trip to Waco years ago. After the cutting exchange, we took a trip to a man's house. The only thing I remember about him is that he was African-American, middle-aged, and married to a lady named Lisa. We saw three roses at his house to which we gave the study names "Joe's Apricot" (looked Abraham Darby-ish), "Joe's Rose" (lighter pink) and "Lisa's Pink" (looked like the Duchess de Brabant). I didn't realize it until recently, but my "Joe's Apricot" died, and the "Joe's Rose" I potted up is not looking very happy. I did take cuttings of the latter but none of them rooted. If anyone has these roses, may I have a few cuttings when we next meet? My email address is: jamac80@yahoo.com

The Importance of Labeling

by Doana Fite

My grandmother had a drawer in her guest bedroom dressing table that held nothing but photographs; lovely photographs in sepia and black and white of family members and friends. My cousin and I loved to go through them for hours at a time, admiring their clothes, examining their expressions, wondering what they were doing. I have one of those sepia photographs now of a lovely couple, a wedding picture. We don't know who they are. Friends? Cousins? A distant aunt or uncle? I wish I knew and could get this photograph identified.

So it is with roses. Greg Grant has said that our antique roses will perhaps out live us. How nice it would be if the name of the rose could live on with the plant to tell someone its name and origin. Audrey McMurray first taught us when we joined Rose Rustlers to label the cutting baggies with the name of the rose we were taking. How impressive that was, that these plants were loved so much, their name went with them everywhere they were planted. Until then, I referred to roses as "Grandma's pink rose" or "Aunt Margie's red rose". It never occurred to me that the roses had names. Now that I refer to the plants by their true names, it has become important to mark them well. First, a confession is in order. I can publicly admit, and I have heard others admit to a similar flaw: I take cuttings and forget to label them properly. Sometimes I forget what they are and where they came from. Have you ever done that?

Also, while I am confessing, let me add that sometimes people give me plants and tell me plainly what the plant's name is and I forget before I write it down, or forget where I wrote it or, I lose the label after I write it. Sometimes the ink fades from the label, and I forget. There are two roses in my garden which came from the daughter of a friend who had died. The rose markers were lost before I

got them, and I have no idea what the names of these roses might be. And so it goes.

When I do remember to label my plants, the quest is to find the perfect rose marker. I search for paint that won't crack or peel or fade away into nothingness on a surface that won't rust or rot or crumble into nothingness. A good long term rose or garden marker must be accessible, easy to find, readily available, and must be affordable.

A favorite so far is made of Clorox bottles or liquid detergent bottles. Experimentation with recycling plastics in my garden has been going on for 12 years. Milk bottles crumble in the dirt in a year. Water bottles also crack and are lost to the soil in a year. Plastic Venetian blind strips and plastic restaurant knives survive in the dirt a long time, but the writing surface is limited for names like Souvenir de la Malmaison, Champney's Pink Cluster, or General Schabilkine.

Clorox bottle plastic has survived for 8 years and doesn't even yellow with age! We cut them up with a saw into strips about 4 X 5 inches. These are mounted on plastic restaurant fork tines and the fork handle is stuck in the ground near the plant. It might also work to drill holes in one corner and wire them to a plant cane, allowing plenty of slack for growth.

Then comes the writing. A gardening friend has suggested a wood burning tool to scribe the name onto the plastic, and then apply the name of the rose with a paint pen. Paint pen labeling lasts a long time. Believe it or not, so does lead pencil. Names written with permanent markers are not permanent.

Ursula White makes ceramics. When we toured her garden last year we quickly noticed she had plant markers that were ceramic. The names were painted on and then the markers were fired. I have an idea these will last a very long time.

Envision them with holes punched before they are fired, allowing them to be wired to the plant. Looking to the future, the next owner could identify the roses because the name plates are not uprooted, knocked over or eaten up by weed eaters. When we pruned in Pat McCain's garden at Serenity Pond, she had metal name tags wired onto the plant. If we pruned a dead cane with a tag on it, it was easy to rewire to another live cane.

Speaking of name plates, for awhile I tried "planting" old cups and saucers I got at garage sales in the garden with the name of the rose painted on it. The art was to help me remember more about the type of rose. The cups were for the teas. Get it? Tea: cups? The saucers were for the chinas. Get it? China: plates? That is how I came up with Clorox bottles. The "poly/whatever/plastic" was for the poly/anthanas! The Clorox bottle tags stayed painted and outlasted everything else used including milk bottles, water bottles, paint spatulas, and they were a lot cheaper than china cups.

Whatever you use to mark your garden, remember the long life of antique roses. Mark them with the name of the rose, where you got it and when. You will be amazed at how precious that information is as your garden matures. Walking through a garden with the identity of the plants well marked and well displayed adds to the joy of being in the garden, for yourself and others.

It is said that when King Tut's tomb was opened, the scent of 3000 year old oil of roses was still clinging to the vases placed there with him. In my garden, I hope they will be able to read the rose markers, and see which roses they are.

Gardening requires lots of water - most of it in the form of perspiration.

Rose Questions

I am a new RR member and have a couple of questions to ask of more knowledgeable members. Perhaps you could include them in the newsletter, if you deem the topic worthy.

I have discovered a small rose plant in my yard that has "volunteered".

1. Is there any likelihood that this will develop into something worth keeping?
2. If I decide to let this plant grow, just to see what it becomes, I can't decide whether it would be better just to leave it where it is successfully growing (so far) and try to keep it from being mowed/walked on, or to try to transplant it (which might kill it.) Any advice?

Background information: The rose plant came up through turf and about 6 feet away and on the opposite side of a 6-foot high board fence from the nearest roses (one each of Midas Touch and Double Delight.) There have been no roses growing for the past 10 years in the area where the volunteer showed up, to my direct knowledge. I have never heard of a rose spreading such a distance underground. Nor have I ever experienced a rose growing from seed, although Midas Touch is a prolific year-round bloomer here in the Rio Grande Valley and develops large rose hips if not deadheaded almost daily. I do have a number of roses growing at various spots in the front and back yards and I am pretty cavalier about tossing deadheaded blossoms or hips if I miss the spent blossoms, into the yard to be mowed over and chopped up in the turf. Most successful roses here in the RGV are grafted to Mexican rootstock. However, I am also documenting rose trials of a group of potential Earthkind roses that are growing on their own roots and, so, know that it is possible to have a successful rose here on its own root. Any thoughts as to how to proceed will be gratefully accepted.

Dr. Gail Dantzker, McAllen TX gdld@att.net

Another Rooting Procedure from a California Rose Lover

From Don and Pat Gerard

The following was submitted by a fellow rose lover from California. His name is Richard Schmale. His email address is rschmale@hotmail.com if anyone wishes to contact him for more information.

For the last 3 years I have borrowed an old 1971 USDA method of rooting holly cuttings and found it works spectacularly well with roses (90%), at least for me. I take Rootone brand rooting hormone powder and mix one part Rootone with 10 parts water and let cuttings stand in one inch deep solution over night for 14 hours, the time USDA suggested for holly cuttings. I typically use a small amber colored discarded prescription container as an improvised test tube. I use ½ teaspoon Rootone powder and 5 teaspoons water and stir. I make rose cuttings from a flowering rose stem such as might otherwise be put in a vase, but in this case I cut off and discard the flower and top leaf joint; what remains of the stem becomes my cutting, about 5 inches. I grow cuttings in potting soil on the east side of my residence where the cuttings get morning sun only. I find that the last rose of the fall makes the best cutting; first rose of spring is also good. I will leave to the officers of your club as to whether you wish to share this method with members as I understand you have access to experts. The above method of selecting cuttings does away with guesswork; a rose stem in flower will be the right age. This does away with worry about hardwood vs. softwood cuttings. I should say that the technique of using a blooming rose stem as a source of cuttings to root come from "The Rockwells' Complete Book of Roses", 1966. I like that method of selecting cuttings as it involves no guesswork regarding "hardwood", "softwood", etc. Apparently a blooming rose stem is just the right degree of ripeness to root, contains lots of sugars and so forth. It is young enough for parenchyma cells to easily revert to undifferentiated state, to

produce roots. Or, on a less technical level, it just works. Here in coastal central California we have mild winters and springs, and high atmospheric humidity of 50-60%, all helpful in rooting rose cuttings. I like to take cuttings in late October and root them over winter using methods described before, though I sometimes make cuttings from the first blooms of spring. Roses from cuttings overtake and pass grafted roses quickly if rooted over winter. I have a 2 year old "Garden Party" rose "clone" which is the same size as grafted hybrid teas which are 3 years old. Jackson & Perkins are now selling un-grafted roses they call "New Generation" roses. Some "authorities" assert yellow roses are difficult to clone; this is not my experience. Best Regards, Richard Schmale

Note: Rootone and all garden chemicals must be assumed to be hazardous if accidentally consumed or if placed in contact with eyes or skin, consumed by pets or if not properly disposed of.

Editor's note: Partially edited for content

GROWING ROSES IN SAND

Gaye Hammond
Houston Rose Society

It was wonderful to get to meet many of you during the Spring Rose Symposium and I thank you for visiting my garden. My home in Navasota sits on top of a sand hill. The soil has no nutrient value, you can water forever and do not good and the organic content is less than .0014%. The land is not conducive to growing roses.

Last year, Dr. Steve George at Texas A&M challenged me to sponsor a rose research test site at my Navasota home. He was interested in learning if the EarthKind approach to growing roses would work in open blow sand.

We know that it works in clay, sandy loam and in areas with high salinity - but pure sand had never been tested.

Last January in one of our pastures we stepped off 5 planting beds, tilled under what was left of the native grass, topped the planting beds off with 3 inches of good plant-derived compost and tilled that in to a depth of 6 inches.

Roses from the EarthKind Rose Research Program were planted straight into the ground (no raised beds) and mulched with shredded tree limbs and leaves that we got from the local tree trimming company. Most of the bushes were planted on June 30, 2006 and all plants were between 18 and 20 inches tall when planted. When the plants were evaluated last October, the average plant size was 48 inches tall and wide (some top 60 inches tall). This amazing growth in only 4 months was astonishing.

None of the bushes have ever been fertilized, sprayed with any type of pesticides or fungicides, pruned or deadheaded - and won't be for 3 years (the long-term test for these plants). If you missed seeing EarthKind Roses at work in sand, we will be hosting a tour on the afternoon of Saturday, October 13 and would love to see you there. If you would like more information EarthKind "No Care" Roses, I am happy to visit with you by e-mail, gayeh@LPM-triallaw.com or in the evenings, 281/458-6116.

Editor's note: Earth Kind is an important designation given to select roses by the Texas A&M University Agriculture program. For additional information please visit the Texas A&M University website.

<http://earthkindroses.tamu.edu/>

Natural Mosquito repellants

From John & Audrey McMurray

It's summertime once again and our mosquito friends are back!

Home Made Recipe

20 drops Eucalyptus oil
20 drops Cedarwood oil
10 drops Tea Tree oil
10 drops Geranium oil
2 oz. carrier oil (such as Jojoba)

Mix together in a 4 oz. container. Apply to skin as needed avoiding the eye area. Keep out of reach of children. Test on a small area of skin for sensitivities. Experiment with different percentages of oil.

Vanilla

One of the best natural insect repellants is made from the clear real vanilla (not the grocery store vanilla extract which is mostly alcohol). This is the pure vanilla that is sold in Mexico. It's cheap there if you know of someone that lives there or close to the U.S. border. If not, health food stores usually carry it or can order it for you. Mix ½ vanilla and 1/2 water. It works great for mosquitoes and ticks. It's better to smell like a cookie instead of a chemical plant.

Cedar Oil

Try cedar oil spray which is available at PetSmart. It's a bit pricey but one bottle lasts for awhile. You can use it on dogs, cats and kids.

Marine's Choice

In Jacksonville, NC, home of Camp Lejeune Marine Corps base, the marines say that the very best mosquito repellant you can use is Avon Skin-so-soft bath oil mixed about half and half with alcohol.

Lavender Oil

A pleasant smelling solution is to use lavender oil and dab it on your pulse points (wrists, behind the ears, temples, behind the knees and ankles). Smells wonderful and keeps the bugs away.



Martin's Recipe

Provide any of the above to the wife, then stay inside and watch the ball game.

Welcome to New Members

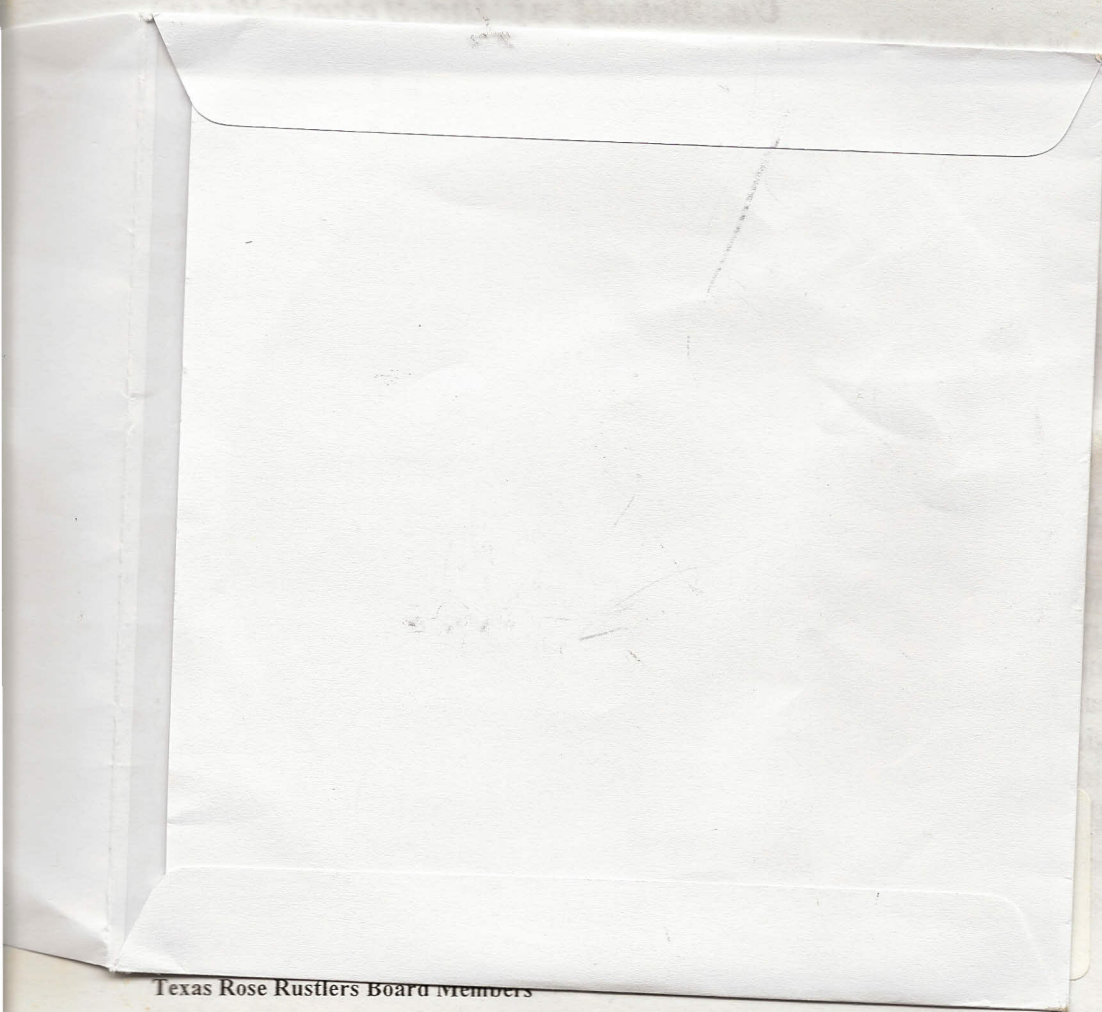
The staff and members would like to take this opportunity to welcome our new members. We hope that your participation will be a memorable and rewarding experience. If you have any questions or comments please feel free to contact any of the board members for assistance. Don't forget to visit our web site where you can post your questions or comments. www.texasroserustlers.org



In Remembrance



On Behalf of the Texas Rose Rustlers, we'd like to express our deepest sympathies to Dr. Bill Welch for the loss of his beloved wife Diane on April 2nd, and also to any of our members and friends who have experienced such a loss. Our hearts go out to you and your families. We hope and pray that pain from your losses lessen as the days pass. Peace be with you and your families. From the words of the writings of A.L. Frink, "The Rose still grows beyond the wall."



Texas Rose Rustlers Board Members

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