



1985 Rustle Report

Our Rustle this year began after lunch Saturday November 8th. Mother and I dined with two early-birds, Marsha Donovan and Peggy Kenner. These ladies came for both days, and brought a car full of herbs and left Sunday with a car full of roses! Peggy is looking for the old HT Columbia -- does anyone know where she can get cuttings?

The Dallas/Forwuth crew arrived bright-eyed and ready to rustle. We convoyed to Bryan and stopped at Shirireed Walkers' for cider and cookies. After locating some stragglers (in this army, we shoot stragglers!!!), Shirireed led us to Mrs Seeman's house in Bryan where we admired some old HTs. Mrs Seeman accompanied us to our next stop, a Polish lady whose name I can't pronounce. She, bless her heart, was somewhat aghast at seeing 38 strangers satnding in her yard. I wish she had talked to us because she seemingly had collected Tea roses for many years. Her prize was a fairly vigorous Marechal Neil on a trellis on the west side of her house. I was particularly interested in it, in the hopes that having never been in commerce, it might prove disease-free. Well, guess who didn't get any! We discussed the quartered pink low-growing shrub rose on the alley -- did we agree it was Souvenir? I averted my eyes from a red China.

Doug and Rose Mitchell caught up with the main group (who can miss a Rustle, even in Bryan???) and led us to a Duchess de Brabant at a deserted house. A place across the street had a fine 'Maggie'. We also got my new namesake across from Bowie School. Bill Welch says that I have no fragrance, but that's just sibling warfare. Tom Christopher, our NY convert, took cuttings from a HT behind the Catholic Church as a namesake for Suzanne, his fiancee.

This motley and prickly crew hit the road looking like Burnham Wood. George Rohrman Jr who is cosseting an ulcer (probably derived from rose collecting) wanted to be fed, so we ate without our distinguished prexy, who, scholastic genius that he is, mistook the time and arrived late with cookies for dessert.

We sat on the porch and admired pictures of other peoples gardens in the dark. Mine, of course, is always best viewed in that manner!

The Rose Garden

*This is the largest of the terraces in the Dumbarton Oaks garden plan. As the gardens were always thought likely to be much seen in winter, the thought behind the planting of the Rose Garden has been given quite as much to the evergreen and enduring outlines and form as to the Roses, which, at their season, give added charm to this level. The Roses in the Rose Garden are really only secondary to the general design of the garden and its form and mass. The high wall, on the west side with its latticed-brick balustrade . . . is an admirable place on which to grow certain climbing Roses, perhaps a *Magnolia grandiflora*, *Clematis paniculata*, and a wispy veil of *Forsythia suspensa* narrowing the steps leading [down] from the Box to the Rose Garden Terrace.*

Big accent Box are used at the entrance steps, and there should be one large clipped Box in the middle of the garden, and probably four more large ones in two each of the north and south beds. These tall Box are intended for winter accent and as foils to the Roses growing alongside them. It is recognized that they are bad neighbors to the Roses, but this disadvantage must be taken into account when the general effect of the year is considered as a whole. Accent Box are also needed in comparatively small size at both the north and the south gates, and at the opening of the steps on the east side of the Garden leading toward the Fountain Terrace.

*The edgings to the Rose beds should also be of Box—*suffruticosa* of varying heights—and no bed border should be allowed to grow too tall. If the Box borders to the beds are allowed to grow too large, the whole terrace becomes dwarfed and becomes a series of Box-enclosed and almost invisible beds. Therefore, the Box edgings must be replaced, perhaps over fifteen or twenty years.*

The center plant in the garden may be allowed to grow to a considerable height, perhaps even fifteen feet, but the designer feels that the marker plants should be distinctly secondary in size, in order not to overwhelm the iron gates at the north and south entrances to the garden or to so dominate the garden that the Roses are hardly noticed.

*In choosing the colors for the Roses in general, the pink and salmon color-sorts have been selected for the south third, together with a few of the very deep red ones, such as *Etoile de Hollande* and *Ami Quinard*. The center third of the garden was planted more particularly with salmon-colored and yellowish pink Roses, while the northern third was given over entirely to yellow or predominantly yellow and orange sorts.*

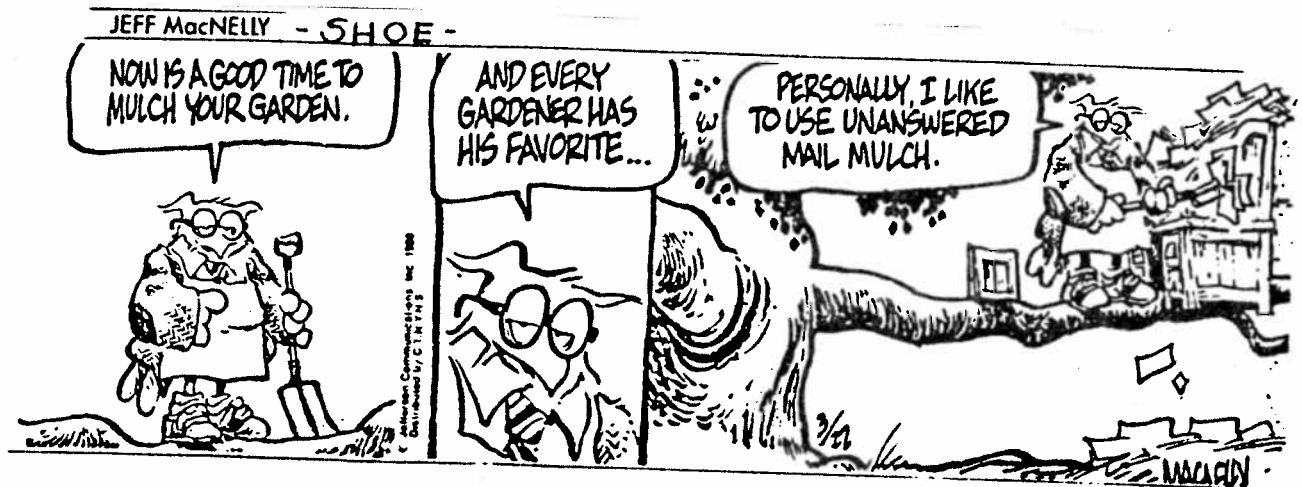
*The beds surrounding these center, formal beds have been used for small, bush Roses, such as the polyantha, some of the hybrid singles, and some of the smaller species Roses. The climbing Roses grown on the west wall have included *Mermaid*, *Silver Moon*, *Dr. Van Fleet*, *American Pillar*, *Reveil Dijonnais*, and *Cl. Frau Karl Druschki*.*

*from J. Conrad Tipton, Harv.
(see his review, above)*

STATE, Cont.

SUPER EFFICIENCY. -- Your dippy secretary and editorix carefully noted down what extras everyone wanted, but do not feel neglected if I haven't been forthcoming! Write me an indignant letter if you paid for something I haven't sent.

THIS NUMBER. -- I had not intended to do the Affleck this number, but I relented. I will put in the ancient catalogue that Joe Woodard sent next time, and Conrad's lovely literate reviews, also. Miriam Wilkins' cartoon was sent to her by another overworked HRG CO. The cuts are from Francis Parkman's book on roses, circa 1866, from Reid Wightman of Austin. Conrad sent me the American Rose Society Annual, 1929, note on roses of Charleston, 1840s, which I reprint fac similis. Next time I also want to reprint Mrs Léonie Bell and the Rev. Douglas Seidel's copy of the old roses list our idol, Ethelyn Keays, gave to the Univ of Maryland, now lost. It is most instructive to read this list along with her book Old Roses. (This also from Conrad). For those of you like me who can never have enough old roses, reading the Affleck recommendations is like being on a diet and looking in a candy store window. One note, however, for those of you who want to import next year: the Tea "Adam" is available from Peter Beales in England! I, of course, want to find "Niphetos" on our next Rustle!!!



THE OLD TEXAS ROSE is published erratically by Texas old rose enthusiasts from the Houston and Dallas areas.

The Dallas group calls themselves The Historical Rose Group of Dallas, and are a sub-group of the Dallas Rose Society. Mr James W "Buddy" Harrison is president, Joe M Woodard is program chairman, George V Rohrman Jr is telephone committee, as is Mrs Diane Land. They meet the fourth Tuesday of each month at a member's home, usually at 7:30 pm. Joe's address is 8636 Sans Souci Dr, Dallas 75238, phone 214-348-1732.

The south central part of Texas is served by The Brazos Symposium, drawing most of its members from Houston and Bryan. Dr W C Welch is president, Mrs Mel (Margaret) Sharpe is VP, Mr J Conrad Tips is VP Pub, Ms Mitzi VanSant is VP Membership, Mr Joe Woodard, Ex Comm Chrmn, Mrs J T (Sarah Jean) Derby is Sec, and Miss Pamela Puryear is Corres Sec & Editor of OTR. All correspondence should be addressed to her at 708 Holland Street, Navasota 77868, phone 409-825-3220.

Membership is \$5/yr, payable in Sep. Other old rose information is available to non-members by writing to Pam at the above address.

Elizabeth Lawrence. A Southern Garden: A Handbook For the Middle South. Rev. Ed., with a foreword by William Lanier Hunt. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1967.

Mrs Lawrence's book has but one fault: it's mistitled. Or perhaps I should say that the title is misleading because the book is intended for gardeners in zone 8, which encompasses far more than the Middle South. According to my map, zone 8 starts just below the District of Columbia, takes in a bit of Virginia, most of the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, and the greater part of East and Central Texas. It dips into the Big Bend, reappears in Arizona, and meanders through California, Oregon, and Washington before fading away into Canada. A tidy piece of real estate, but Mrs Lawrence is a Southerner to the last rampart, and her book, a modern American classic if ever there was one, is both a dirt gardener's guide and a deliciously nostalgic wallow.

And now I mount my favorite hobby horse. I think we are losing our gardening literature. If you don't believe me, compare the offerings of the last 25 years or so with the bibliography published by the Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation under the title Art Out-of-Doors: American Gardens 1890-1930. Read and weep. True, the learned societies have kept their standards, and fine works are produced for the scholar and the specialist, but the practical gardener with general interests has had a thin time of it lately. Why, I do not know. There are bright spots, of course, Katherine S White's Onward and Upward in the Garden, and Eleanor Perenyi's Green Thoughts spring to mind-- but it is true and to make matters worse libraries nowadays would rather discard than preserve. (See Conrad's review of White in this issue, and Perenyi space permitting will be presented next issue -- Ed)

Let us then be grateful for any blessing which comes our way. To quote Mrs White, " .. it is civilized literature by a writer with a pure and lively style and a deep sense of beauty." Mrs Lawrence is a writer, moreover, who wears her wit and learning as lightly as a strand of pearls. Debonaire, gallant -- may her tribe increase. But will it?

Mrs Lawrence also wrote The Little Bulbs: A Tale of Two Gardens (New York: Criterion Books, c1957), and Gardens in Winter (Baton Rouge: Claiborne Publishing Division, 1961, repr 1977), and the introduction to Mr Hunt's Southern Gardens, Southern Gardening (Durham: Duke, 1982), and the Gertrude Jekyll anthology, On Gardening (NY: Chas Scribner's Son c1964).

Katherine S White. Onward and Upward in the Garden. Edited and with an introduction by E B White. New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1979.

One of the lamentably few distinguished pieces of American gardening literature to appear in recent years is this book. Properly, it is an anthology of fourteen long essays which appeared over a period of twelve years in the New Yorker, of which she was editor for 34 years. Her first two articles were reviews -- or, more exactly, critiques -- of the current seed and nursery catalogues. She had a lot to say, some of it blush-making, for the people involved. The articles created a



THE ROSES OF THOMAS AFFLECK PART II

The great super star among Southern nurserymen was Thomas Affleck who was born in Scotland in 1812, and during the 1840s and 50s ran the famed Southern Nurseries at Natchez, Mississippi, on the road to Washington. Perhaps seeing the handwriting on the wall of the approaching Unpleasantness Between The States, he migrated to Texas in 1856, and re-established himself at "Glenblythe" his large plantation just north of Brenham, Texas, in Washington County. To this place he transported his fruit trees and suchlike, but his 100 varieties of roses went up in smoke with the steamer "Charmer" the night after they and the "rare and valuable" varieties were loaded aboard at Natchez.

Due to the War, the new Central Nurseries did not prosper, and Affleck died a ruined and sick man there in 1868. LSU Archives hold most of Afflecks' papers, a rich source of what was known and grown in the South in this period. This article was written for a Louisiana newspaper -- the Picayune? -- in 1856. It was recommendations, especially to the ladies, of what varieties and cultivars to plant. It seems as if Affleck was well aware, and influenced by, Rivers and Paul's writings, as he seems to follow the same order in his varietal descriptions. Below are his Tea and Noisettes. See p 5 of the July 1983 issue of OTR for his Bourbon, China, and China hybrid choices. I have edited the notes rather severely, but to atone for my heavy blue pencil, I add first Affleck's comments after his Hybrid Perpetual section. Usually hard-nosed realists, Scots have always made good gardeners!

"There are new varieties constantly being produced. But the fact they are new amounts to nothing, if they are not, at the same time, distinct and beautiful; and add something in habit, color, form, etc, that may be really desirable, to those we already have.

I have a large number now under trial, in addition to those enumerated. It requires more than one season, however, to prove a new rose, and determined whether it is suited to the climate or no. Many of the finest do not produce really fine blooms until the plants have attained a season or two's growth and become completely established; and none of them bloom well unless in deep rich soil, and annually manured and tended.

It is difficult to describe the color of many of these roses in words. For instance, "crimson, tinted with lilac," may be employed to describe, and that truly, the color of two roses, which are, however, really unlike each other in color. And no words can describe the brilliancy of color of Giant of Battles, or the singular beauty of Pius IX, or the clear warmth of color of Marquise Bocella, or the delicate stripes and veins in the petals of Mme Campbell d'Islay.

Then there are the roses which bloom in the highest perfection in the spring and summer but in the fall lack clearness of color, perfect form, &c, whilst another nearly resembling it blooms in the fall in the highest perfection, but in the spring is not particularly attractive. And for this it is that a very considerable variety is required in order to have roses in perfection at all seasons."

"Tea-Scented. -- The Tea roses are the greatest favorites of all with the ladies. Their extreme, but delicate, beauty, and rich and delicious fragrance, place them above all others, and especially in the South, where they flourish so well. They bloom more perfectly than any other roses in the autumn. The severe cold of the winter of 1856 was almost too much for young plants of this class that were unprotected. I lost the greater part of my stock of young plants. They were in the most perfect and full bloom two days before Christmas; and being in that growing state, the severe freeze of the following night destroyed the young, and greatly injured the old plants."

- 70* Abricote -- a bright rosy fawn _____ delicate and beautiful
- 90 Adam -- very delicate rose color, large & splendid 1838/1833?
- X71 Bougère -- distinct large glossy bronzed rose color, robust, constant bloomer 1832
- X73 Cassio -- the full grown bud lovely, delicate rose color
- 43 Cels -- a rich glowing blush, & a free bloomer. "Does not, however, always open well." Takes good culture and warm weather.
- 75 Devoniensis -- "...nothing more perfect", vast flower, finely cupped creamy white tinted with rose. Does not bloom well on young plants. 1841/1858 (*obviously not, as article 1856! - ed.*)
- 91 Goubault -- robust free bloomer, bright rose finely cupped, buds perfect, fragrant. (resembles Bon Silène) 1843
- 77 Hardy -- vivid rose color, large blooms
- 79 Josephine Malton -- creamy white, shaded fawn, large & striking
- 80 Jaune Panaché -- straw color shaded rose, "pretty"
- La Sylphide -- very fragrant, rosy buff, turning creamy white, large bush (from the breeder Laffay -ed.)
- 81 Lyonnaise -- pale flesh, large, free bloomer, half-opened buds beautiful
- 83 Princess Hélène -- light rose "with a pretty & peculiar tinge of yellowish buff", globular, very desirable
- 84 Princess Marie -- dark flesh, large, fragrant, imperfect flowers
- 85 Safrano -- buds are bright apricot, open flowers fawn or saffron, lovely buds; robust and hardy 1839
- 84 Strombiot -- cream-colored buds, opening pure white; large & beautiful
- X87 Souvenir d'un Ami -- delicate salmon "curiously" shaded with rose, imbricated, vigorous, a free bloomer 1846
- 88 Triomphe de Luxembourg -- "fine old variety" buff rose, large 1836
- X94 Victoria Modesta -- light rose shaded, very double, beautiful form
- X89 William Wallace -- bright blush, vigorous, free-blooming

* The numbers, some with a cross before them seemingly refer to whatever catalogue Affleck was referring, probably English. It does not seem to be Paul. *Dates added by ed. when known.*

THOMAS AFFLECK'S ROSES, Cont.

Below Affleck's listing in newspaper print, he also hand-wrote the following on his copy:

96 Canary (dwarf yellow, 1852, Guillot pere -- ed.)

97 Glorie de Dijon

98 Julie Mansais (creamy white, sweet)

99 Madame (Melanie) Willermoz (creamy white, large, full, La Charme 1845)

100 Maria

101 Niphetos (white with pale yellow, very beautiful, 1844)

102 Souvenir d' un Ami 2^d (repeat of above)

At least five more notations are too faint to read in my copy; they are possibly in pencil.

Noisettes. -- The original of this class was a seedling produced near Charleston, SC, from the old musk rose fertilized with the common China, and is named after its original grower. It now includes some of the most magnificent roses we have. I have a very superior collection of them, being especial favorites. They bloom afresh after almost every shower, and bloom early and late in the season.

I have now before me, this 5th day of November, a bouquet of absolutely perfect blooms, all but one of this class, and on the day before last Christmas, they were in equal perfection. There are those pretty little gems Ainée Desprez and Donna Marie; Solfaterre and Chromatella -- the first almost as deep and rich in color as the last; a cluster of Gerbe des Roses ("sheaf of roses"), and most admirably varied; it is classed with the Bourbons, by the way, though with much of the vigorous habits of the Noisettes, containing just a dozen of absolutely perfect blooms; Blanche de Lait (not, _____ however, "white as milk," but with a delicate blush tinge in the center, as is its wont in the fall,); Angelique Clement in another vast cluster; Mrs Siddons, whose buds are exquisitely beautiful; and Ellinor Bouillard, in another prodigious mass of half-opened buds; but I forget that there is a limit even to the extent of your columns, Messrs Editors!

121 Ainée Desprez -- miniature, rose-colored, very double (the size of a half dollar), "richly striped" a darker rose, in clusters

122 Angelique Clement -- dark rose, very double, in clusters

123 Augusta -- " a new American seedling" resembles Solfaterre, larger petals, in bright lemon, with Tea fragrance, a strong runner, rich foliage. (According to Ellwanger, this was Solfaterre !)

X124 Blanche de Lait -- pure white, large clusters

X127 Chromatella or Cloth of Gold -- "Magnificent", the bud a rich cream, large yellow bloom, must mature before good. 1843

Donna Maria -- a miniature Souvenir de la Malmaison; blush paling to flesh, cupped, "a little gem"

129 Ellinor Bouillard (?) -- light pink clusters

130 Fellenburg -- crimson clusters, very showy, use as pillar

142 Jeanne d'Arc -- pure white, pillar 1848

sensation, which I well remember. Mordant, adroit, a woman not noticeably given to excesses of sweet sentiment: Mrs White and I got along just fine, and I pounced with glee on her essays as they appeared. There has been nothing like them since her death: bulbs (read her on the desperately fraught question of "broken" tulips), roses old and new, flower painters, books and their authors, the cultural significance of lawns, herbs, water plants, and much more. It is, I think, clear that this is a book for the armchair, but it is also entirely practical -- Mrs White was no genteel lady amateur in floating chiffon and picture hat -- and not the least of its charm is the preface by E B White, who has enjoyed for some years a quiet fame of his own, apart from being his wife's husband. Addicted as I am to the practice of quoting, I cannot resist Mr White's conclusion. Not because it is superbly written, and not because it is infinitely touching, but because it illuminates what a gardener essentially is.

... she would sit, hour after hour, in the wind and weather, while Henry Allen produced dozens of brown paper packages of new bulbs and a basketful of old ones, ready for the intricate interment. As the years went by and age overtook her, there was something comical yet touching in her bedraggled appearance on this awesome occasion -- the small, hunched-over figure, her studied absorption in the implausible notion that there would be yet another spring, oblivious to the ending of her own days, which she knew perfectly well was near at hand, sitting there with her detailed chart under those dark skies in the dying October, calmly plotting the resurrection.

God rest her and all true gardeners.

-- Conrad Tips, VP Pub.



TWO METHODS OF ROOTING CUTTINGS

Now everyone has his own best method of striking collected rose cuttings, but two major rules apply: one must prevent disease, and one must be pure in heart!

My method is just about all known ways. First, I use willow water. This was discovered by Dr M Kawase at Ohio, who reported on it, and others have worked with it -- as per a magazine article that circulated in my Tea rose robin. One cuts branches of current growth -- very green and supple -- from any willow species. (I know Joe Woodard uses his weeping willow, simply because it's there in his yard. I use Salix niger, black willow, from the banks of the Brazos.) Then, one cuts them into 1" pieces, and smashes them with a hammer, or cuts them lengthwise. One then pops the pieces into a pot of water at a rolling boil, removed from the heat to steep, stirring occasionally. Do not boil the willow itself. After this mixture cools, it may be used

TWO METHODS, Con't.

Soak rose cuttings overnight in the willow water -- having re-cut the bottom stem of each, immediately plunging them into the willow water.

The rose cuttings should be taken about the size and length of a pencil from newish wood. Old barky twigs will not root as well. If possible, include the heel, as these cells are more prone to produce roots than even the nodes. Mrs Bollye Fridaye of Anderson once told us on a Rustle that the oldtimers said to tear off the laterals, which is correct, for then one would get the heel section -- and lacerated hands! Strip off the lower leaves.

The rooting bed should be shady and partly composed of sand. It ought to be raised if the drainage is poor. I then take rooting hormone, clippers, name tags and the cuttings in their willow water after having soaked overnight, and plant the cuttings with only their top two leaves above ground, after dipping the wet ends in rooting hormone. One important step here is to prevent canker, which is the rose stem turning brown and dying, by sterilizing one's clippers if they have cut cankered or diseased stems. (This is how canker spreads, by entering the cut.) Being out of doors in open ground helps prevent other scourges because of the sterilizing action of the noon sun.

Another important step is to firm the soil well around the cuttings. Some authorities even advocate stepping with one's heels around the slip. Air is death to rose roots.

Then one practices patience. If planted in winter, the slips may leaf out in the spring, but this does not necessarily mean that roots have formed. Pull very gently to test. I have found it more satisfactory in our climate to leave the cuttings until cool fall weather before transplanting them to their permanent places, and then being careful not to break the root ball.

Another method to try is Dale Meinzinger's. With the advent of the styrofoam picnic chest, we have all tended to collect damaged examples of these. One adds holes on the bottom and ends for drainage, and cuts a picture window in the lid, covering this with plastic. Then one plants one's cuttings as above in a styrofoam cup, making sure that the ends of the slip is an inch above the bottom of the cup, which should also have drainage holes, and be filled with sterile rooting medium -- such as sharp sand, perlite, vermiculite, peat, etc. Then, one covers the bottom of the chest with long fiber sphagnum moss, damp but not soppy. Put the cuttings in their cups in, and pack the moss around them. Then, place the whole thing on the north side of your house where it gets sky light, but no direct sunlight, and leave at least three months. Spray with water about every week.

The beauty of Dale's method is that the rooted cutting may be transplanted to the garden without disturbing its roots, like the six-packs of bedding plants one may buy at garden supply centers.

The time may come when technology offers inexpensive misting systems and automatic drip irrigation kits and suchlike, so that this process will be easier. However, I like to believe that many of our collected plants were probably obtained by their original owners this way! And if our grandmothers could do it like this, I should like to be able to do the same.

-- Pam Puryear, Editor

visit Miss Jekyll, whose work she admired and whose techniques she came in time to adapt, becoming known in the process as the Gertrude Jekyll of America. Did this amuse either of the ladies? Their work was markedly dissimilar, after all: a plantsman first and last, Miss Jekyll concerned herself primarily with the growing and arrangement of flowering plants and did not feel capable of laying out a scheme of any pretensions; Miss Jones, however, could and did plan landscapes of hundreds of acres with no fuss at all and she had more interest than Miss Jekyll did in the ordering of a property as a single visual entity, including foliage and fruit color as well as the more obvious relationships of flowers within the greater context. This required an open mind, an intimate knowledge of the site, and a willingness to let the land form the garden — Dr. Sargent had always advised his pupil "to make the plan fit the ground and not to twist the ground to fit the plan." Miss Jekyll, who seldom made visits, rarely had a firsthand knowledge of the site or of the possibilities it might present.

Back in New York, Miss Jones set up shop, so to speak, on the top floor of her mother's house. She soon received commissions in Newport, Tuxedo Park, and other socially well-connected locales — family influence played its part, no doubt — and in a remarkably short time found herself in the front rank of the nation's landscape artists. On 4 January 1899, only three years after establishing her practice, she met in New York with other leaders of the profession to found the American Society of Landscape Architects, the only woman among them. Gardening, it should be noted, was a field at the edge of professionalism. Before the turn of the century, landscape design appeared in the curriculum of several state universities, Harvard began its program, for men only, in 1900, the Lowthorpe School of Landscape Gardening for Women was founded in 1901, and the Cambridge School of Architecture and Landscape Architecture in 1915. The existence of the last two institutions reflected the demand of women for the training they had been denied, and both schools brought forward a generation of skilled gardeners for whom Judith Motley Low, Gertrude Jekyll, and Beatrix Jones Farrand were the role models. It was a training unavailable to Miss Jones, of course, who was tutored at home, educated by the great Sargent, and polished in Europe. Such opportunities were not available to every young woman and Miss Jones was determined to use her position, connections, and inherited means to advantage in an age which was not necessarily sympathetic to the spectacle of a woman working in a man's profession and making a blazing success of it, and a spinster at that. Well established in a brilliant career, Miss Jones in 1913 married Max Farrand, a distinguished scholar and chairman of the Yale History Department. Dedicated as they were to their work and to each other, their marriage appears to have been a happy partnership, though one wonders when they found time to see each other. She was much in demand — it was quite the fashion to have Mrs. Farrand in to do the garden — and found herself with a daunting schedule of work and travel. She had assistants of course but never a partner and was forever on the wing. The first half of her career coincided with the country-house era and who was better placed to know exactly what her clients wanted? Their backgrounds, tastes, inclinations, all corresponded exactly. It was a golden age for garden designers; everyone — or almost — had a place in the country and a country place must have a garden. Such things were symbols of wealth and of "culture" too. There was a strong anglophile tradition, for the lessons of William Robinson and Gertrude Jekyll had not gone unheard, and a taste for the classical, or formal, garden as well, usually derived from Italian models, and popularized in the United States by Charles Platt, Ogden Codman, and Mrs. Wharton. She wrote in Italian Villas and their Gardens:

The inherent beauty of the garden lies in the grouping of its parts — in the converging of the lines of its long ilex-walks, the alternation of sunny open spaces with cool woodland shade, the proportion between terrace and bowling green, or between the height of a wall and the width of the path....The great pleasure grounds overlooking the Roman Campagna

are laid out on severe majestic lines: the parts are few; the total effect is one of breadth and simplicity.

Her niece agreed, on the whole, and always said that the arts of architecture and landscape gardening are, or should be, affectionate sisters. The reverse, of course, is more often the case.

Estate work was closest to her heart, but Mrs. Farrand was a shrewd businesswoman and kept her firm going during the 30s by accepting institutional commissions. Vassar, Yale, Princeton, and many more owe much to Mrs. Farrand, but her touch may be best seen in this country at Dumbarton Oaks and the Rockefeller estate in Maine. Both have been simplified to a degree but survive pretty much as she left them. Her own garden, Reef Point, near Bar Harbor, has perished; a great shame, it looks in old photographs like a foretaste of Paradise. Hoping to leave behind her an institution useful for both scholarly and experimental purposes, she continued her work there after Dr. Farrand's death in 1945. Reef Point ultimately included a test garden of native flora, a singular collection of roses, and a working library, in which, amongst much else, were Miss Jekyll's plans. But in 1955 Mrs. Farrand decided that the future of Reef Point was not in fact secure and, as she could not endow it sufficiently out of her own pocket, she sold the place and donated her papers to the University of California at Berkeley. She died at Bar Harbor on 27 February 1959.

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Curious readers will enjoy Beatrix Farrand's Plant Book for Dumbarton Oaks and Beatrix Jones Farrand: 50 Years of American Landscape Architecture. The Rockefeller garden, which is open to the public in small groups on occasion, was photographed for House and Garden, February, 1985. Dumbarton Oaks, now a museum, was shown in Garden Design, Spring, 1984. Since the Rose Garden is the best example remaining to us of Mrs. Farrand's ideas on the type of planting appropriate for a formal garden in the grand manner, some discussion of it might be of interest. If one considers the gardens at Dumbarton Oaks as a series of rooms, as did Mrs. Farrand, the Rose Garden dominates the whole. It is the great hall, the ballroom, the throne room. Unfortunately, she wrote rather little on the subject of garden design; so much the better, then, to have this excerpt from the Plant Book and very evocative it is too:

Beatrix Farrand's American Landscapes is handsomely produced and worthy of a place on anybody's shelf. The color plates are just the slightest bit dim, perhaps, and Mrs. McPeck makes the peculiar statement that on 27 June 1895 Mrs. Farrand — Miss Jones then, of course — visited Knole to see Vita Sackville West's garden. Since Lady Sackville's little girl was only a little more than three years of age, one wonders what there was to see. Precocity is precocity, but still! I have no other criticism.

— J. Conrad Lips, 2nd VP
Houston

8

Bright and early Sunday morning November 9th my local helpers arrived and set up on the front porch. Mrs Bill (Jane) Terrell did the dues, Mrs Robert H (Marianna) Whitten undertook name tags, and I signed up luncheon invitations. Mrs Marius (Willie Mae) Hansen deserted her Episcopal coffee break to brew coffee and purvey donuts for us. Conrad Tips, one of our VPs, and Patti Wilson from Houston came with some fascinating rose cuttings and some homemade shortbread cookies. I seemed to end up with most of the former, but one white Tea sounded so good I took those to Tommy at ARE -- for insurance. One Conrad didn't bring was the famous "Conrad's Old Quaint" as named by his brother-in-law. I would grow it for the name alone!!!!

We headed for Independence on a paved road. I got to show off ARE's new retail center. An old cow shed had become the office and lecture room, and an early stone kitchen, the remains of the Hairston house (ca. 1855) was the focal point of what will be an archetypal cottage garden. A log crib will house a gift shop. I'm afraid I have teased Mike & Co. unmercifully over their collection of delapidated buildings. Bill Welch had advised them on the rightly-famed persimmon arch over the kitchen gate and was gratified by the admiration for that feature. Everyone must re-visit after Feb 1st to see what climbing rose is worthy of that place of honor.

SJ Derby, Mike, and Tommy, and secretary Inell in the office, helped out in the fields. The roses certainly looked good. The prize was Mrs B R Cant, Tea, right in front of the office door. She had bloomed with abandon even during the heat of the summer.

We took an FM through the Yegua bottom for A&M and the new Horticulture building. Here we dined on barbeque and drew for the vase door prize. We then adjourned to a lecture room with a humongous screen and sound system to hear our program.

Our keynote speaker was Sara Jean Derby with a wonderful slide presentation and hand-out on the best roses for Houston and the Gulf Coast. See below. SJ ruthlessly divided the goats from the sheep: all her roses have to be healthy and fairly maintenance-free, or out they go!

I gave a short review and handout on an 1835 Texian rose garden at Lynchburg. This is a rare look at an early planting.

Mike Shoup Jr showed how he roots roses, and why. He illustrated his talk with slides of his ARE and Containerized Plants operations.

Tom Adams, the propagator at ARE, followed with his own approach to old rose collecting and identification. I knew SJ and Mike were good, but Tommy, I thought, did a superb job. Personally rather reserved, he makes an excellent public speaker and teacher. (I honestly believe that none of the so-called experts could hold a candle to him--and certainly not for our part of the country. What is even more awesome is that Tom has only studied old roses for something like three years!. What will he be when he has years more experience?)

Bill Welch followed, demonstrating how he charms white-haired garden club ladies, with a good overview of perennials from his stunning slide collection. Though he will not admit it out loud, Bill is president and founder of the Brazos Symposium. When I first met him, I think it was 1981, at Margaret Sharpe's insistence, he was visualizing a conference of old rosers as this Symposium proved to be.

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Mrs Van (Jean) Williams shared with us her slides of the Chelsea Flower Show. Jean, who is herself as beautiful as the lovely things she photographed, submerged us in fushias begonias, etc, all beyond belief. She reported that 90% of the British have some gardening interest, and Chelsea is the result.

We left amid torrents, our heads full of beautiful images. As always, I enjoyed it more than anyone, and can hardly wait for next year!!!

BRAZOS SYMPOSIUM

Old Garden Rose Seminar
Sunday, November 10, 1985
1st Floor Lobby, Horticulture/Forestry Bldg.
Texas A&M University

12:00 - 1:00 - Barbecue Lunch (\$6.00 per person - Reservations necessary)

1:00 - 5:00 Program (No registration charge)

The Best Old Roses for Houston - S.J. Derby

Identifying Old Roses - Tommy Adams

An 1834 Texas Rose Garden - Pam Puryear

Propagating Old Roses - Mike Shoup, Jr.

Perennials as Companion Plants for Old Roses - Bill Welch

The 1985 Chelsea Flower Show - Jean Williams