



Rosa Austriaca
1824

The Old Texas Rose

Vol 4 No. 4

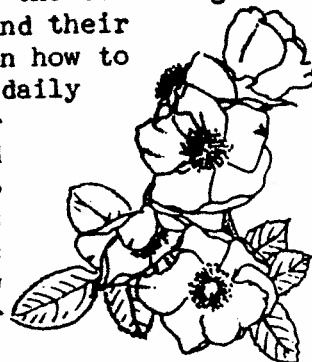
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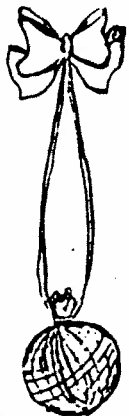
Rosa Austriaca
1830

Using Our Heritage

Earliest recorded accounts of roses call them "blooming shrubs" and relate their medicinal virtues, fragrances, flavor and cheerful colors. Little, if anything is mentioned of their beauty otherwise. It was the Elizabethan Age, the Golden Age of England when volumes of information regarding Roses began to appear and their beautiful form was at last proclaimed. This stimulated "receipts" on how to use Roses in many ways. Even before then rose petals were gathered daily and made into rose water by the sun tea method, dried and stored, or "pickled" for the moist pot-pourri or scent jar. Rosewater was used for cosmetic uses as well as food flavorings; rose petals were also used for food seasonings and for fragrances; medicinal uses of roses have been wide spread for centuries. It is known that the Crusaders brought Austrian Briar rose bushes with them as they made their slow and painful retreat homeward to western Europe to use treating their wounds on the way. This rose introduced the yellow color into our modern roses. It was not until the mid 16th Century that Aurstian Briar, or Austrian Yellow, was named but it was undoubtedly in existence before then and was distributed by the Crusaders.

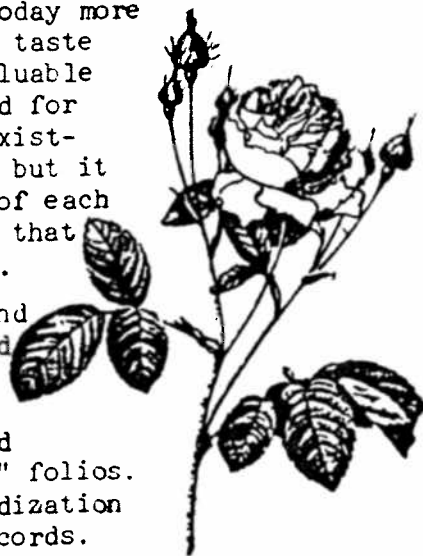


During the 19th Century our ancestors saved and used rose petals and the "heps". Bathing in rosewater was still a luxurious practice and served as a lotion. It was used for tasty recipes by nearly all housewives as syrups, rose vinegar, and it was distilled to extract rose oil for perfumes and colognes. Honey of Roses was still a popular delicacy and powdered rose petals were added to the wax when candles were poured. Musk roses were probably the most popular used for fragrances and the powdered petals were mixed in the popular snuff used through recent centuries. Powdered rose petals mixed with rosewater and sugar produced a very popular lozenge to sweeten the breath, and sweet bags of rose petals were placed among fine linens and used to "hange on the wings of arm chairs", and were recommended to "take it to bed with you and it will cause you to sleep and it is good to smell unto at other times." This leads me to conclude that the houses were not too pleasantly scented and that personal hygiene was in need of a cover-up.



It may be only a coincidence that saving of rose petals has gradually diminished with the advent of deodorants and air purifiers. Think of the Millions of Rose Petals that are wasted annually! Today we grow special roses for the huge perfume and pharmaceutical industries. Life has changed and commerce has prevailed among the rose petals. We value roses today more for their beauty of form than for their fragrance, taste and therapeutic value. Pliny the Elder, who wrote a most valuable "Natural History", between 23-79 A.D. in Rome, can be thanked for recording descriptions of plants, including roses, then in existence. It may not have been scientific by today's standards, but it is a most important reference. We note that with the advent of each new type of roses another step was made toward growing roses that bloomed more, was more fragrant, or introduced a new feature.

Thory, the noted lawyer of the French Revolution and friend of Redoute - the Michaelangelo of Roses - probably did more than anyone up to the post Revolution era in untangling the maze of puzzles surrounding roses' origins in the great collection of roses in the Garden at Malmaison. This enabled Redoute to label his rose paintings in his famous "Les Roses" folios. It was not until about 1830 that the secret of planned hybridization of roses was discovered. This made it necessary to keep records.



So it may be traced that each type of rose appearing in history was, in some way, an improvement of its' predecessor, even though they were chance seedling crosses until about 1830. Had each not fulfilled this purpose it would not have become popular and survived in the cottage, monastery or castle gardens. They would never have been lost and reappeared, as did *Rosa chinensis minima*, more than once.

Thus it is that our Heritage Roses have a PURPOSE and a STORY to tell. It is hard to choose whether to become enraptured by the Purposes or wax nostalgic in the Stories of each. Our sacred regard for the words of the Bible being passed to us through so many centuries makes The Book incredible. Yet roses can be traced as far back in time as we have traced the oldest Biblical books.....but the Rose is not mentioned in the Bible. Is this not somewhat of a mystery? Although Roses speak to us of Love, what are the stories they would really tell?

Margaret P. Sharpe
Spring 1985

Diana Balmori, Diane Kostial McGuire, and Eleanor M. McPeck, Beatrix Farrand's American Landscapes: Her Gardens and Campuses. Sagaponack, New York: Sagapress, Inc., 1985.

Tremulously but with hope springing eternal, I begin to think that a renaissance of American gardening letters is at hand. In recent years, we have had Mrs. White's Outward and Upward in the Garden, Mrs. Perenyi's Green Thoughts, William Lawler Hunt's Southern Gardens, Southern Gardening, Henry Mitchell's The Essential Earthman, Allen Lacy's Home Ground, and now an excellent study of the life and work of Beatrix Jones Farrand — all this in addition to many admirable publications for the scholar and the specialist and new editions of classic works by, among others, Mrs. Lawrence and Mrs. Rowntree. Miss Leighton's history of 19th century gardens in the United States and a new collection by Mr. Lacy will be published soon. Not too shabby.

A liberated woman long before liberation had been heard of, much less considered, Beatrix Cadwalader Jones was born 19 June 1872 in New York, the only child of Frederic Rhinelander Jones and Mary Cadwalader Rawle, his wife. She was a Philadelphia belle, he was one of the Joneses lesser breeds kept up with. Apart from being his delightful wife's husband and his clever daughter's father, Mr. Jones had little to recommend him, but in all fairness it must be said that he was Edith Wharton's brother. The siblings had little in common and were not noticeably fond of each other. In adult life, however, they shared one very uncommon experience: they both divorced. In their generation and class, divorce was almost unheard of and both found it convenient to live abroad. What with notoriety, then, and a diminished income, young Beatrix's life may not have been altogether happy but it was seldom dull. Mrs. Jones, who knew everybody who mattered, assembled a lively circle of the leading artists and literary minds of the day; her salon is still remembered. Beatrix was fortunate also in her aunt, Mrs. Wharton, who recognized the child's potential early on, and in her uncle, John Lambert Cadwalader, who encouraged her to stretch her talents to the utmost. It should be remembered that a young lady of the period in the usual course of events would have married a suitable gentleman who could support her suitably. Beatrix Jones would have none of it — her parents did not provide an encouraging model and Mrs. Wharton's marriage was something like a tragic farce — and in the 90s of the last century the options of women were limited. A lady might devote a portion of her time to social reform, philanthropy, and the arts if she wished and her husband did not object, she might even elect to not marry; but a career, in the sense of remunerative labor, was not to be thought of. On the other hand, wealth and position allowed discreet eccentrics a wide latitude in private life, as long as Society's rules were observed and scandal avoided. The great ladies of the day, not to mention their men, may have had relaxed morals but their manners were impeccable. Women of the middle class sought higher education and found the professions opening to them in a way unimaginable only a little time before. Poor women could marry within the proletariat or seek a protector from a more affluent way of life or take to the streets or go into service or work for starvation wages in the factories.

The well-born and well-bred Miss Jones choose gardening, a matter of inclination of course — she once remarked that she was the product of five generations of garden lovers — but also a respectable pursuit for a woman of quality. The crucial moment came in 1892 when she happened to meet her mother's friend, Mrs. Charles Sprague Sargent; she took the young girl to her husband, director of the Arnold Arboretum and dean of American horticulture, who suggested that Miss Jones study landscape design. An apt pupil, she soon became Dr. Sargent's favorite and confidant. In 1895, following his advice, she went abroad, camera in hand, to see everything worth seeing in Italy and England. Of course, she took good care to

4

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.

*

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

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)



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 pir 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 cossetting 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!

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.

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

Houston's Best Old Roses

Sara Jean Derby
Sec.

NO CARE

	<u>name</u>	<u>date</u>	<u>bloom</u>	<u>color</u>	<u>size</u>
species -	Chestnut	1814	once	pink	6' x 6'
	Lady Banks	1824	once	yellow	to 25'
	Fortuniana	1845	once	white	to 10'
	Russell's Cottage	1840	once	pink	6' x 6'
china -	Old Blush	1752	ever	pink	5' *
	Cramoisi Supérieur	1832	ever	rd/ph	5'
	Gay Hill Red	?	ever	red	5'
noisette -	Champney's Pink	1811	cycle	blush	10'
	Blush noisette	1817	cycle	white	4'
polyantha -	The Fairy	1932	ever	pink	3'
	marie Pavie	1888	ever	white	4'
yb. Musk -	Skyrocket	1934	cycle	red	6' *
	Buff Beauty	1939	cycle	apricot	6'
rugosa -	R. rugosa rubra	1872	Spr./fall	pink	7'
			once	pink	3'
pin. -	Petite Pink Scotch	1750	once	pink	3'
Tea -	Sombreuil	1850	cycle	white	15' *
			once	pink	5'
gallica -	R. gal. officinalis B.C.		once	pink	5'

The following are superior when sprayed occasionally for blackspot (funginex + 1/2 strength manzate):

R. chinensis mutabilis	?	ever	pink	7' x 7'
R. moschata nastarana	1879	ever	white	5'
Cécile Brunner	1881	ever	pink	5'

why not the others? 1. thrip on light colored roses in most classes - teas especially
2. mildew - hybrid perpetuals, boursbons, ramblers
3. no blooms - damasks, albas, some species, some gallicas
4. the sulks - moss, centifolia, spinosissima, gallicas
5. severe black spot - foetidas, hybrid perpetuals, boursbons,

Navasota landmark

The house that Jesse Youens built

In Navasota I turned off Highway 6 and drove out past the First Methodist Church on Holland Street and made a call on Laura and Pamela Puryear.

They live in a big white house that's more than a century old and has a historical marker on the front. But I like it anyhow. I mean it's a place you can go in and feel comfortable.

Some of these restored mansions from ancient times make me nervous. They're stocked with precious antiques and you can't even sit down without worrying that you will break a leg off a family heirloom and it will cost \$5,000 to glue back together.

I guarantee you that house at Navasota has plenty of antique furniture. But most of it was hand-made by Jesse Youens and he tended to build real sturdy stuff. So you can sit and you don't need to worry about anything giving in.

Another comfortable thing about that place, the floor in the parlor has a good many old-time carpenter tools laid out here and there on the carpet. A sort of homey touch, I thought. Tends to relieve the stuffiness of a Victorian mansion with a historical marker out front.

The reason the tools are there, Pam Puryear is interested in old woodworking tools. She's interested in a lot of other stuff that most people don't care about. For instance, since I saw her last, which I guess was 12 years ago, she's taken up rose rustling. That's what she said. Said she'd become a rose rustler.

As long as I've been stopping in Navasota, that old home on Holland Street has been pointed out to me as "where Janie Youens lives." Now Janie Youens was the granddaughter of Jesse Youens, the man who built the house in 1871 and made a lot of the furniture in it. Janie's been gone now two, three years.

Laura Puryear is Janie's sister. Pamela Puryear is Laura's daughter. When Janie died, Laura and Pam moved into the Youens home, and that's how things stand now. So Pam is living in her great grandfather's house. I believe I have got all that right.

I think Janie was the last person in Navasota named Youens. If I'm wrong about that you can bet I'll be corrected. But Youens is a name you hear every day around Navasota still. That's been true more than a hundred years and the beginning of it was Jesse Youens.

Once in a while, running around the state, you cross the trail of a person long dead and what that person left behind makes you grieve a little that you didn't meet him. Jesse Youens was a gent I wish I'd known.



Leon Hale

An Englishman. Born at Dartford in Kent. Came over here and made a carpenter. But more than that. An artist, really. A fine craftsman. Had a lumberyard and a planing mill. Built homes in Navasota that people still come to admire. Houses with fancy gingerbread trim, and balconies, and white columns.

But what I like the most was that Youens made toys for his kids and grandchildren. Sailing ships. Trains. He carved out a train one time and powered it with the works of a big clock. Pam still has that train, most of it, there in the house.

It's in the family record that Youens built a miniature steam-powered train that ran between his house and his daughter's nearby. Not a trace of it can be located now, though. Too bad.

His own house he built in stages. It set out

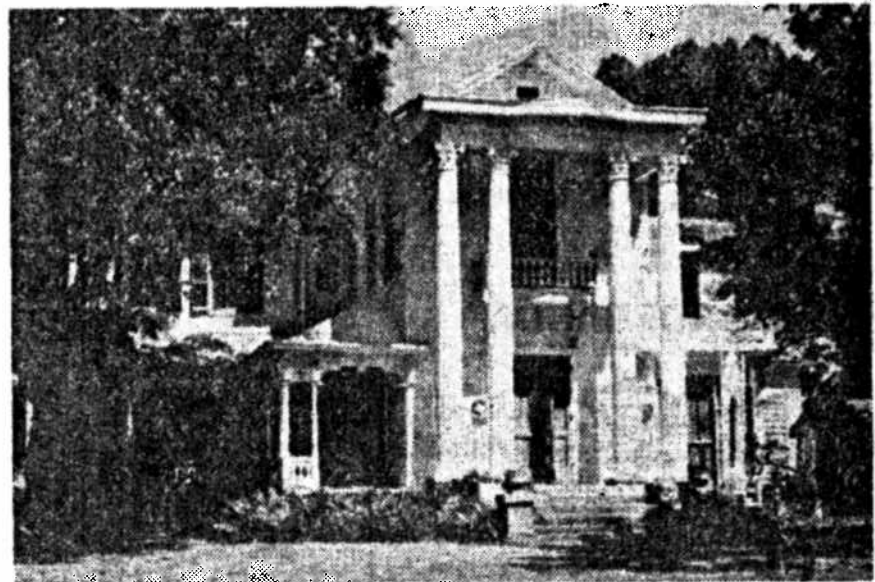
to be patterned after his family cottage in England, but two major additions were made. The last included the great white columns that stop visitors to Navasota. When people ask Pamela to describe the architecture of the house she says, "Well, it's painted white."

The first time I ever saw Pam Puryear she was out on Hidalgo Bluff west of town, on the Brazos, helping find a home for an old log house that was about to be moved. Now she's interested in those carpenter tools (they belonged to her great grandfather), in hand-made jewelry, history, old steamboats.

Sure old steamboats. She helped write a book a few years ago on Brazos River steamboats. (More about those boats in Sunday's column.)

And roses, too. What rose rustling means, it means you go out and find old rose bushes blooming in isolated places. Roses that you can't buy any longer but have survived around country houses and grown-up fence rows and the like. And you take cuttings and try to make the roses bloom and search in old seed catalogues and look for identifications. Lot of people interested in that now, it seems — going out and rustling old roses.

I never have had a picture of a rose rustler in the paper so I asked Pam to pose. She declined. She handed me a picture of the house that Jesse Youens built and said if I wanted a picture I could put that in instead. All right.



A summer view of the Youens home

Margaret Sharpe talks antique roses

It would be difficult to find a major Houston flower gathering that doesn't involve Margaret Sharpe. The grandest hat she wears now is president of the 93-club Houston Federation of Garden Clubs, but on Saturday she will don her Texas Rose Rustlers chairman hat and expound on old roses.

When Margaret talks roses, antique or new, folks listen. She is a longtime consultant rosarian/life judge of the Houston Rose Society and a judge of general plants, as well. In fact, her gardens are full of potted plants she will be using to teach judging later in the year. Her Saturday talk is free and open to the public, 11 a.m., at a gathering of the Gateway Garden Club, 6860 Telephone Road.

When Margaret moved to Spring Branch in the early 70s, she was looking for a treeless yard for her roses. She would plant trees, she said, where they wouldn't block the sunshine on her formal beds. Little did she realize that one day her yard would be covered, not with structured beds of formal tea roses, but with enormous, sprawling old roses, which do best when planted all by themselves in unprepared soil.

Old roses are like wild animals, Margaret says. They're territorial. They don't like sharing their space with anything else. Newer hybrid tea roses are the same to a lesser degree. Old roses do best if planted out in the middle of the yard. Mulching a circle around them is a good idea. The rose doesn't particularly need it, but it will put some distance between you and the thorns when you're mowing.

Margaret's antique roses are well away from the Mexican passion vine she just started, the tucellia (native petunias), the zinnias which volunteered from last year's plantings, the salvias and the periwinkles, which she has everywhere because they bloom in the hottest part of the summer when nothing else will. But her pride and joy are her old roses. She got many of them through bartering, including her Mrs. Dudley Cross.

"I was driving up Bingle, and I saw this old rose, and I asked if they'd be interested in selling it," Margaret recalls.

The woman said no. It was grandmother's old rose, and she wasn't about to part with it. Margaret kept talking and, pretty soon, discovered the woman had always wanted a ligustrum hedge. Margaret got the rose in exchange for a bunch of small ligustrum plants.

Among her other favorite roses are:

■ **Roxburghii**. Chinquapin rose, the old Burr

Rose. Hers is a massive 8-foot shrub with bark that sheds once a year, just like a sycamore.

"The old buzzard, we're almost sure it got here from China, but how? Nobody knows," she says, picking off some leafless branches. "They tell you it blooms just in the spring. That's the big show. But mine blooms all year."

■ **Sunset Glory/Baptist Manse**. "I thought it was Sunset Glory when I got it, but Mike Shoup (of the Antique Rose Emporium) says no, it's Baptist Manse. But the more I look at it, the more I think it's really Mrs. Dudley Cross." (Don't you love it when even the experts can't tell which rose it is?)

■ **Perte d'Or**. Her original one came from a woman across town who bought it thinking it was a polyantha (small grower). Perte d'Or will take over the world, and Margaret hacked away for quite a while to get it down to transplanting size. After all that work, a tornado did it in. She liked it so much, she replaced it with another one. This rose is sometimes called the yellow Cecile Brunner. The petals, which have an unusual downward curve, are a pale orangish-pink, but they turn whitish in the hot sun.

■ **Grass an Tepitz**. So close to Maggie and Eugene E. Marlitt, experts have trouble telling them apart. It almost always blooms in clusters of three. Margaret's came from a cutting she took from the yard of an old cedar log house that once stood downtown off Franklin Street.

■ **Seven Sisters**. A famous old pink/mauve/purple rambler that can spread out 200 feet, blooms only in spring, but it's an eye-stopper.

■ **Champaneys Pink Cluster**. This was the very first Noisette rose and one of Margaret's favorites.

■ **Clothilde Soupert**. It stays small and compact and has a fantastic fragrance.

■ **Eglantine**. When it blooms, Margaret says, the delicate pink and red single blooms smell like apples. The same scent comes from the leaves after a rain.

■ **Mermaid**. The white blooms with pale yellow centers look like fried eggs. Farmers and ranchers hate Mermaid's wild-rose daddy, McCartney, because the thorns, which are shaped almost like a hook, grab hold and don't let go. Mermaid inherited those protective thorns. Margaret's is sprawled over her back fence and provides a year-long background of color for her Anna, Dorsett Golden and Granny Smith apple trees, which have been terrific bearers this year. Although Margaret's been hunting old roses with the Texas Rose Rustlers for years, she's

never actually named a rose. "Well," she says, "I have names for some of them, but they're not printable."

She still has a few hybrid teas left, such as the red President Lincoln and beautiful orange Lady Bird Johnson. She's somewhat disdainful of the latter because she says she can't depend on it for a really good bloom.

Margaret's expertise with old roses, incidentally, is coming in handy in the landscaping of the Staiti House in Sam Houston Park, a project of the federation.

While I had Margaret's ear, I asked if she knew why my Souvenir (a bush) suddenly decided not to bloom much this year. In the past, it has flowered non-stop, year-round. She said old roses (and new roses) sometimes get complacent and need to be shaken up a bit. The trick is to stimulate the growth of new feeder roots by pruning back the old roots. In her hybrid tea beds of old, she would take a garden plow, and dig a furrow down the rows. With old roses, she recommends taking a shovel and just digging up the dirt around them. Do this in January or February to break up the older, thicker roots. Then water well to encourage the growth of new feeder roots.

Ever plant a new rose on the same spot where another died and it didn't do so well? Even the experts don't know why. But Margaret says if you will dig the soil out of that spot, replace it with soil from some other section of the garden (where roses didn't grow), and then plant the new rose, it will do better.

CALENDAR

TUESDAY: Mechanics of Design/Ohara School by Mrs. Alys F. Smith, 10 a.m., Houston Civic Garden Center, 1500 Hermann Drive, Ikebana International program.

WEDNESDAY: Garden Guide volunteer training session, Mercer Arboretum & Botanic Gardens, 22306 Aldine-Westfield. Details: 443-0176.

SATURDAY: Home Gardening course by Dr. Robert Randall, Leisure Learning, 721-7299.

Bulbs for Houston by Sally McQueen Squire, 10 a.m., Mercer Arboretum & Botanic Gardens, 22306 Aldine-Westfield.

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Mail plant sales/activity notices to the lazy Gardener, Houston Chronicle, P.O. Box 4260, Houston, Texas 77210. For a list of area gardening speakers and tours, send \$2 plus a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Brenda Beurst Smith at the above address.





Archduke Charles



Mermaid

Margaret Sharpe



Gruss an Tepitz



Pere d'Or



Sunset Glory, or maybe Baptist Manse,
or maybe Mrs. Dudley Cross.



Champneys Pink Cluster

STATE OF THE STATE

EXCUSES, EXCUSES. Your poor editorix has been flat on the editorial back with her yearly bronchial pneumonia. I'm sick of being sick. Editor Joe Woodard of the Yellow Rose has had surgery for a pinched nerve. Let's hope when spring comes, the sap will rise in all of us!

A RECIPE. Miriam Wilkins in Old Rosers' Digest, our California predecessor, has a cure for depression and cabin fever:

1 one large chocolate bar

2 a view of an old rose

3 a brisk walk

4 a pleasant scent like eglantine. "This is guaranteed to work!" she vows.

ROSY PRODUCTS. For the rose nut (like me), there are many rosy products out of late. The old-chintz craze in yard goods has made material with fat roses available. Mother made me a shirt you-all will certainly get to admire (!) on the next Rustle. Horchow sends out a fine linen catalogue; one of their offerings is "Belle Rose" sheets by Wamsutta, which is a redouté-like damask rose. Another, entitled "Cabbage Rose" has no supplier mentioned. Needless to say, this looks like Teas and Bourbons, not the true Cabbage roses. These will not contract black-spot, but they are proud enough of it. I did order some sheets of "Linsay" by Fieldcrest, small motifs of blush and pink fat roses.

Another offering of interest is from the Italian pottery of Capimonte. The Grand Finale catalogue offers a pink Tea for \$28, and a cream & blush-edged Tea (!) for \$15. They also have pairs of candleholders of a like configuration.

GRAND OPENING The Antique Rose Emporium retail center will open Feb 1st but with little fanfare. Mike says he plans a social event for when the roses are going in late April, perhaps. ARE was plugged in the Wall Street Journal book review of Beales' new tome, and Mike says they have gotten good response. I went over there one day to help plant the cottage garden. They seem to be coming along on the paths trellises and gift shop. I haven't checked with Tommy lately, but I believe all our Bryan cuttings have "taken." I got Conrad's multiflora from Mrs Farris "for sure."

NEW SOCIETY. Mrs Ellen Richards Samuels has begun a newsletter, Bulletin of American Garden History, which is available from her at Chelsea Garden, PO Box 397A NY NY 10024. It will cover restoration landscaping, books, and other developments on the subject.

LETTERS. I certainly have gotten some nice notes from you-all. Maxine Havens from Hamilton lamented that her grasshopper plague did in some of her old roses, and she had to cover the rest with screen wire. On Dec 31st, she says, "Garden fever rising around here already!" She didn't have any luck rooting, even with willow water. This is contrary to my experience: I did great rooting cuttings until I found out how many things can go wrong -- and now they do!

17
Friend, schoolteacher Reid Wightman from Austin was sabotaged when Santa brought him Peter Beales' Classic Roses. Reid confesses that Glorie de Dijon is his current passion, and asks if Dean Hole and Anglican rectors would lead him astray? He also asks about pruning. In Miriam Wilkins' last ORD, she reports NZ's Trevor Griffith prunes his world-renowned display garden with electric hedge pruners! So whatever Reid does, it can't be wrong.

Fanny Kaylani from Houston renewed with a sweet note saying that OTR "brings genuine glee.... I save it like dessert to read when I can gobble it all up."

Peggy Kefner from Friendswood says her friend Marsha Conrad spent all the road home from the Rustle trying to think up a good way of breaking the news of her purchases to her husband. "Hello, my name is Marsha. I am a rosaholic," was her final approach! Not to worry, girls. Some old rosers run out of room and plant the vacant lots next door -- that don't belong to them! Read Buddy Harrison's "Unknown Malady Strikes" in the OTR for May '85, and take heart-- you are not alone!

Special Thanks for help on the Rustle to:

*Mrs Raymond Taylor for the coffee maker
Mrs Marius Hansen for donuts & kitchen help
Mrs Robert Schitten } for manning the tables
Mrs Bill Terrell
Mrs J. C. Teps for her shortbread cookies
Miss Shirked Walker for her hospitality*



