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American Horticulturist

Volume 68, Number 6

June 1989

ARTICLES

Rosemary Verey's Imaginary Kingdom
by Rosemary Verey ......................................................... 16
Other gardens, other gardeners played a part in this noted author's visions.

Thousands of Roses Dazzle the Eyes at Shreveport's American Rose Center Gardens
by Rosalyne Dobbs ......................................................... 24
Forty theme plantings, and the headquarters of the American Rose Society too!

A Plantswoman's Oasis in Suburbia
by Lauren Springer ......................................................... 28
Roxie Gevjan's love of plants has transformed her one-acre yard into a gem of a garden.

Classes with American Style
by Lisa Raffin ................................................................. 32
Talented floral designer Leonard Tharp sees new inspiration in nature for his spontaneous arrangements.

SHORT FEATURES

Seasonals/Put Lavenders in Your Garden Palette .......... 7
Design/Achieving That Aura of Age ................................. 12
Garden Style/The Lighter Look in Peonies ....................... 36
Showcase/Plantings Enliven Minneapolis Parks ............... 42

DEPARTMENTS

Commentary ................................................................. 4
With Appreciation ......................................................... 35
Pronunciations ............................................................ 38
Classifieds ................................................................. 40
Sources ................................................................. 45
Book Reviews ............................................................ 46

JUNE'S COVER

Photographed by Narinder Sall

Traveling beyond the limits of traditional floral design, Leonard Tharp is creating arrangements in a new American style by using fruits, leaves, and vegetables as well as flowers. His combination of unrelated materials—peppers, daylilies, orchids, and tropical foliage—is a stunning composition in shades of yellow and green. For more on Leonard Tharp and his philosophy of design see page 32.
My first months as your new Executive Director have been months of great joy and excitement in discovering the vast resources and strengths of this organization.

We have a tremendous membership avidly devoted to horticulture through a broad spectrum of interests and concerns. Your letters to us support this, and they encourage and challenge us to be ever alert and responsive to the quest for information, and to the many public issues in which horticulture is so deeply integrated.

We have a fine, dedicated staff who truly work at making this a strong and thriving organization. I’ve found we have an incredible national headquarters at River Farm, an historical property that speaks to the soul, and whose potential is unparalleled as a horticultural showplace to benefit all Americans, as well as foreign visitors who are interested in horticulture.

Our library is a most unique collection of the latest and best books coming from the publishing houses, as well as exquisite volumes from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries that include prints, woodblocks, and lithographs of outstanding quality and beauty. It is a place that will provide hours of pleasure as a resource for those who are looking for specialized information on the history of horticulture, cultural knowledge of plant groups, and horticultural procedures.

We are asked on a daily basis to be involved in some new activity by organizations and individuals of wide interests and disciplines from around the country. There is so much that we can do, and as with every nonprofit organization, we are limited only by our financial resources. I am convinced that our society can be as active and as strong as we make it, and the possibilities are as large as we choose to dream.

We will have a wonderful opportunity to get together in Minneapolis-St. Paul in July to share the many things that AHS has become over the years and to dream about what AHS may become in the near future. We ask for your creative insight into the directions that AHS should choose for its optimal development. Our annual meeting is a homecoming, a chance for family and friends—whose common bond is love of horticulture—to gather together to examine the roots of our bonds and to look at the progress of new generations. We hope you will join us at this annual meeting to share the richness of what you have created and to help in guiding that which is already underway.

It is a privilege to sit in this office and to serve you. I look forward to hearing from each and every one of you, and I look forward to meeting so many of you next month in Minneapolis-St. Paul.

Frank Robinson
Executive Director
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Put Lavenders in Your Garden Palette

The most widely-grown lavenders are small, one-to-three-foot June-flowering shrubs with narrow, grey-green leaves. All parts of the plants are aromatic, but the labiate blossoms contain the highest amount of oil and therefore contain the strongest scent. They are borne on numerous square-stemmed stalks that rise straight up from the leaves, the small flowers circling the spikes with six to ten blossoms around the spike, widely placed at the bottom but closely packed at the top.

Many attempts have been made to sort out the identities of all the lavenders in cultivation, but it remains in a sad state of confusion. Pity the poor horticulturist or amateur botanist who winds his way through Hortus Third and the countless works of herbal authorities. He will end up with his head spinning with information like the following: Lavandula spica is the same as L. angustifolia. Lavandula vera is L. angustifolia subsp. angustifolia and is also sometimes called L. officinalis. Lavandula × intermedia (French lavender) is a cross between L. angustifolia and L. latifolia (spike lavender), but Hortus doesn't mention it at all. Some books call Lavandula stoechas "French lavender," but what is "Dutch lavender"?

In an attempt to clear up the question of what is English lavender, Henry Head of Norfolk Lavender Ltd., England, wrote as follows in the Herbal Review of 1982:

... L. angustifolia angustifolia has been described as L. officinalis, L. vera, L. spica (not to be confused with Spike lavender), French lavender, Dutch lavender, True lavender and English lavender. Similarly, L. latifolia has been described as Spike lavender, French lavender, English lavender, and I have heard Stoechas called French lavender and Dutch lavender.

It is my view therefore that English lavender can only be lavender that has been grown in England, French lavender in France, and so on.

Best leave it all to the professional botanists. Perhaps the rest of us need only know that of the twenty-eight species of lavender, most of them coming from the Mediterranean regions, only five or six species and their cultivars are used in our gardens, and of these only L. spica (also known as L. angustifolia) and L. vera (also known as L. angustifolia subsp. angustifolia) or their cultivars are hardy in the North. After that, the only confusion we face is the nomenclature of the cultivars. The authorities describe 'Munstead' and 'Twickel Purple' as having "dark aster violet" blossoms, but the plants that are being sold under those names by the nurseries I deal with have pale lavender blossoms. Only 'Hidcote' has dark spikes. Pink and white-flowering cultivars are also in a state of indecision.

Apparently part of this situation is due to cultivars having been developed at different nurseries, using the same plants for parents, so that the resulting offspring, although bearing different names, are almost identical. Also, some nursemens have been offering plants grown from seed of cultivars, only a percentage of which can be expected to come true. Vegetative propagation is the sole way to be sure of getting a true child of a cultivar parent.

Be that as it may, lavender of any parentage is a pure delight for all of us who garden, who adore its grey foliage and its fresh fragrance, and who value it dried for perfuming our houses in winter.

People have loved lavender for a long time. It was cherished by the Egyptians, Phoenicians, Greeks, and Romans. The Romans began to use it as an economy measure, to replace the expensive nard they got from India to perfume their baths—
Bluebells are superb for naturalizing in the same manner as daffodils but prefer a more shady location and will bloom, even where they get no direct sun at all. *Endymion hispanicus* the Spanish bluebell, offered here, has been a garden favorite since the 17th century. In England, it was grown in Elizabethan gardens, and in America it was grown in gardens of the early colonists. The flowers appear from April to June and are born in an upright scape 16" tall. In addition to the blue form, there are good pink and white varieties. Their shade enduring quality, long blooming season and great substance of flower, makes them of unparalleled value for difficult areas, where many other bulbous plants do not do as well.

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Seasonals

we are fairly certain that their "false hard" was lavender. It is thought to have got its name from the Latin verb *lavare*, to wash.

In Southern Europe, lavender was grown in monastery gardens during the twelfth century. In the thirteenth century a Welsh physician referred to it in list of medicinal plants as a powdered drug imported from southern countries. We know that by the next century Emperor Charles VI of France was bellowing about on satin cushions stuffed with lavender and that courtiers in England in Chaucer's time had access to it. Around the time of Queen Elizabeth, the famous lavender jelly with roast lamb, it finally became the property of common mortals, having been found to be hardy in northern Europe.

Lavender, besides grace our gardens, has been put to countless practical uses, in medicine, as a perfume, in soaps and sachets, and even as a condiment. The volatile oil, found mostly in the plant's extremities—bracts, corollas, and calycines—is combined with alcohol to make lavender water. The plant has long been grown around beehives, along with thyme, marjoram, and rosemary, as honey from all aromatic plants is greatly prized.

Old herbal recommend lavender for "light migraine" and "simmering of the brain." (Now we know where to lay our heads when the going gets rough.) In one document I found the following:

Lavender is in great demand, especially in the higher classes of society, for daily toilet applications... It is also an agreeable and available remedy for... headaches and other slight maladies to which persons of gentle breeding are subjected.

These were the days when the upperclasses were considered to be of such superior stuff that even their illnesses were different from those of the lower orders.

The various species of lavender have slightly different odors. *Lavandula stoechas* contains more camphor than other lavenders, so it is used in ointments, liniments, and moth repellant as well as in sachets and perfume. The oil from *L. spica* is used largely in soaps and perfumes, and the oil of *L. vera*, as well as being used for perfume, is put into soft drinks, ice cream, candy, and baked goods.

Both England and France specialize in the growing of lavender and in its products, which seems odd given their different climates. *Lavandula stoechas* will grow as far north as Sweden if it is properly situated and is given winter protection, but its fragrance will not equal that of the same plant grown in a hot, dry environment. In richer soil the plants grow bigger but have less fragrance since they don't produce as much volatile oil. On very damp soils the plants blacken and die.

One is told that lavender needs to be protected from the cold wind in winter, but I've found that not to be true. It seems to prefer a free circulation of air to being cuddled and cosseted. The secret to growing lavender successfully, I believe, is to give it gritty, limy soil with perfect drainage and all the sun your region has to offer. I've found it growing in ordinary soil on level ground in the perennial border where it does fairly well, but where I occasionally lose a plant or branches of plants. However, up on a raised stone bed where it has next to no nourishment and where it is lashed fiercely by every wind that blows, no piece of it has ever died, and it is so happy that, due to its lavish self-seeding, it is threatening to take over the whole bed. This small raised bed is built around the stump of an old elm tree. New lavender plants are now growing between the layers of rock and even out of the old dry stump where no soil is visible at all. I lay pine boughs over them where I can, but the winter gales send them flying across the lawn so the plants are usually uncovered. It must be that lavender, being a resinous plant like the pine, can resist cold very well if it is not waterlogged. Apparently, rich soil and moisture not only keep the plant from producing its quota of volatile oil, they make it more vulnerable to winterkill.

One problem with lavender is its scruffy appearance in the spring, particularly true of those plants growing on level ground. One cuts off the scrappy branches and trims the others back to where new buds are emerging, but it still looks so disheveled one feels one must apologize for it to early garden visitors. (In benign climates, lavender is often used as hedge material for herb gardens but should not be considered for this assignment north of Zone 6, I should think, since a hedge should look neat at all times.)

My garden lavenders are mostly old bushes of *L. vera*, grown from seed years ago, and lavenders I have bought as 'Munstead', 'Twickel Purple', 'Hidcote', and their descendents. There is also a mucky, whitish pink one that is called 'Jean Davis', I don't recommend it. The 'Twickel Purple' and 'Munstead' both bear pale lavender
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Most container plant failure — and death — comes from over-watering. The drowning roots can’t absorb water or oxygen and essential nutrients right to the roots. No other plant food, no emulsion, no spike, no ordinary fertilizer. They look very cheery and compatible, making mounds and tussocks like the plants on those tufa-rocky hills. But sometimes, especially during a long rainy season, I wish I could raise the whole flower border up two feet. Then the low plants in the front would be even happier. Ah, but what about the roses, the delphiniums, the phlox, the lythrum, the cimicifugas, and the thalictrums?

Propagating Lavender

If you have lavender but would like to have more without expense, consider taking cuttings. This can be done either in the spring or fall. Prepare a rooting bed, in the ground or in a large flat or a pot, by mixing a lot of sharp sand or fine grit with peat. Dampen it thoroughly and press it down. Then take three-to-six-inch shoots that have not flowered from a vigorous young plant — preferably a two-year-old one. Remove the lower leaves neatly with a sharp tool, dip the cuttings in water then in rooting compound, and press them firmly down into the holes you have already made with the blunt end of a pencil. The cuttings should touch the bottom of the hole.

Experts will tell you to envelop your pot or flat in a plastic bag, but whenever I’ve tried that my cuttings have mildewed, and grey plants are especially prone to mildew when their air supply is cut off. I root cuttings in a mixture of sand and peat under a wisteria bush where they get light but no sun and cover them with jars or cloches. When I’m dealing with lavender cuttings, I prop the cloches up a bit with a stick so that fresh air can still enter the chamber.

If your new seed-grown plants are still too small, water them only when you think they must be desperate for a drink. That fine herbalist Gertrude Foster says some of the best seedlings come from seed that has been allowed to ripen on the plants, then scattered whole (without being rubbed out of the seed heads) on a prepared seed bed, and left to winter out of doors. However, if one is planting into a flat either with one’s own or purchased seed, she says the decorticated grains should be sown on a half-inch of fine sand that has been sifted over potting soil. Use no sphagnum moss nor vermiculite as both stay too wet for lavender.

If your new seed-grown plants are still only a few inches tall by fall they will need protection out of doors in the form of salt hay or pine boughs or perhaps even cloches. But if you prefer, they may spend their first winter indoors or in a cold frame.

Harvesting Plants

One of the reasons for growing lavender is to be able to harvest and dry it for winter fragrance in the house. It is wonderful for...
that purpose, retaining its scent for many months, even years. My problem is that I can rarely bring myself to cut it off just as it's coming into bloom, as directed. Its contribution to the general effect of the garden is so valuable that I don't cut it back until it's finished blooming and is about to set seeds. If I cut it I usually get a second flowering and am able to harvest seed for the following year from that late crop. But of course, I have no lavender-stuffed pillow on which to lay my "simmersing brains."

If you are stronger-minded than I am and can bear to harvest your lavender, be sure you cut it at the proper time, when the flowers on the top of the stalk are open and the bottom ones are showing color.

Either hang it in bunches upside down in a dark, airy place or, if you have trimmed off leaves with the stalks of blossoms, lay it all on a screen in the same dark place. When the stems are dry enough to snap in two easily, you can strip off the flowers to use in potpourri, the stems to put in containers or under the couch. You may, of course, want to use the flowers on their stems in dried bouquets or other winter arrangements.

**Watch for Shab**

Like Dr. Spock in his baby book, I have left discussing affections until the last. As I have said, I sometimes have lost a branch of lavender and occasionally an entire plant, but in the latter case it has always been a twisted old-timer who was ready to exit anyway. I now find that there is a lavender disease with the wonderful name of shab, *Phoma lavandulae* being its formal name. The symptoms are the withering and death of young shoots in May or June, later the disease extends downward to older parts of the plant. Look at the young withered shoots under a magnifying glass and if you see small black dots, they are the spore-producing capsules of the fungus. Remove the affected part forthwith and burn it.

I'm pretty sure my plants have not had shab but have only suffered from too much moisture and rigorous winters in a clay soil. But now that I am forewarned, I'll keep watch.

If you are as fortunate as I have been, however, you will have very little trouble and many satisfactions in growing lavender.

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As all gardeners know (or should know), a garden is never perfect or never as perfect as it can be until it is mature, in fact, until it is, or at least looks old. I have a great deal of empathy with the idea expressed in this quote from Edward Hyams' *The English Garden*, and have been striving in my own garden toward this ideal.

Some people, though, may wonder what motives one has for making a garden look old. There is something in the American character that resists age. Many of us prefer the new, whether it be a new car, a new house, new clothes, or new furniture. Our country is new, and most people are relatively new arrivals. Does this partially explain it?

We Americans also tend to "like it neat." This I cannot account for so easily. But whatever underlies the cult of newness and neatness, one thing is certain: it goes against another prevalent American trend—the cult of the romantic. Romance is not neat or even especially clean; it is a little fuzzy and maybe a little dusty and a little ragged at the edges. Those of us who admire and revere age and want some of its special magic in our gardens must be romantics at heart. We want our gardens to be a refuge, and to evoke the ambiance of refuges in times past.

In making a garden look old, we must first assess it and consider how to play up those features already on site that give the feeling of age. When I arrived at my new (to me) house and garden three years ago, I found I already had three invaluable assets: a very old silver maple, some sections of old stone wall, and a large, mature holly tree. Some friends suggested cutting down the maple. "It's dying back at the top." "It might fall on the house." "Think of the leaves in your gutters." Do you recognize the need for perfection and practicality that are at odds with the romantic? I, instead, have made the old tree a major focus of the front garden. Its massive trunk and overhanging branches add my sought-for quality of age; no amount of money could have bought a substitute for it.

The old stone wall was nearly as great a piece of good fortune. I could not have afforded to build it and have had to be content with augmenting it with newly built...
stucco walls. But I have played up the old stone with its patina of moss by not covering it with shrubs and climbers, and instead have left it relatively free of vegetation so that its surface can be seen and admired. I placed a bench beneath the wall to help draw the eye in that direction.

Garden owners can add to what fortune gives them through their selection of materials for steps, terraces, walkways, and walls. Concrete is out, for the most part; it is at odds with the look of times past. Materials of preference are stone and brick. Brick can be hard or soft; very smooth or wavy and pitted; red, yellow, terra cotta, brown, and all combinations of those tones. It is the hard, strong, and strident red of new industrial-style bricks that should be avoided. Try to find old brick with some pitting; its already mellow character and ability to encourage moss will add to the look of age.

The same applies to stone. When I selected my flagstones at the stoneyard, the man in charge was sure that I had a screw loose somewhere. I looked for pieces with rough, undulating surfaces, with layers that might suggest a crack, with corners rounded or even possibly chipped, for pieces stained with sediment or lichens. He told me that each day he spends hours with clients who insist on searching through the stacks of stone for perfectly matched colors and pieces that are completely flat and perfectly cut with no variations or natural markings. Such people would possibly have been much happier with a slab of concrete, or maybe macadam or Astroturf!

When laying flags or bricks, set them in a sand base with relatively wide joints to encourage moss. And don't be afraid of slight surface undulations in your paving job. Almost any terrace or walkway, no matter how carefully set, will develop a somewhat uneven character over time. Why wait?

With garden ornaments and accessories such as gates, seats, and planters, natural materials are best. I have selected teak for
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DESIGN

my benches and garden gate. Teak is initially very expensive, but it is one of the few things in life that gets both cheaper and more beautiful every year. It becomes cheaper because it requires no painting or other protection. It will not rot and will definitely outlast me. It becomes more beautiful by taking on a silver cast that is tinged with green in dark places, and it achieves a mellowness and patina unmatched by any other garden furniture material except, perhaps, stone.

Look critically at each feature and section of the garden: the look you want is of peaceful repose and inevitability...

For lamps and other lighting fixtures I have chosen copper or brass, and have devised a process to produce an instant green patina by painting the surface with a thin coating of liquid brass polish mixed with muriatic acid. This dries immediately on contact with the air, does not harm the metal, and is a very close approximation to the aged look produced by oxidation, which takes many years. The acid is extremely harmful on contact with the body, so it is a must to wear goggles and gloves and follow directions for proper ventilation.

Such “hard features” as benches, sundials, statues, and urns are elements of another age, and selecting the right style will provide a nostalgic feeling. I have even used old millstones, reminiscent of a Lutyens-Jekyll technique, sunk in paving or used as stepping stones. Even fragments of these items can prove useful. I have a millstone fragment leaning against a wall of the house, and have laid a wall of stones only two courses high to suggest an old foundation. As in all things, discretion and reserve are essential in the use of any of these elements. You want to avoid the look of a collection or a stonemason’s yard. Look critically at each feature and section of the garden: the look you want is of peaceful repose and inevitability, not of busyness.

In planting a garden to achieve a mature look, a few large specimens are one of the greatest helps. I brought in a twelve-foot holly and a very large boxwood, both con-
sidered too big and hard to care for by people who offered them to me free. Be on the lookout for new construction areas where you may obtain permission to remove large plants that would otherwise be bulldozed. I have even splurged and spent a largish sum for one or two old rhododendrons that gave instant age to my lower garden.

Choice of plant type and style of planting is almost as important as plant size. Choose traditional plants such as box, holly, or yew; trees like beech, magnolia, and oak; and old-fashioned perennials and roses. Avoid modern cultivars with harsh colors and golden conifers with their distinctly modern look. Finally, plant in profusion— cram them in! Then, let the plants interweave a little and spill over their boundaries to create a softer and more mellow look.

Throughout the ages, gardens have been enclosed. The oldest known gardens in western Europe developed within the walled enclosures of castles and monasteries. The early Renaissance gardens were enclosed by walls, hedges, and arbors. Jekyll and Lutyens heralded a return to this style, which has remained the style of choice in England. Its modern interpretation still relies on the enclosed garden room, and its popularity and almost universal acclaim stems, I think, from its providing the sense of refuge and privacy that most people seek from a garden.

In many old gardens here and in England, a backdrop is provided by a delicious piece of architecture—a manor house, castle, cottage, or garden folly. This is beyond the scope of almost all of us; we are fortunate if we possess an old house that exhibits charm and mellowness. If not, our only recourse is to try to add a sense of age and time through planting trees, climbers, and shrubs in a way that will help soften the harsh outlines of modern architecture. With some serendipity, you may be able to borrow features outside the boundaries of your garden. From my lower garden, I can just glimpse a church spire through the trees. I have clipped some trees to better bring it into focus, and have sited a bench facing the distant spire.

Sometimes, when the weather and mood are perfect and the church bells are ringing, I almost fancy myself in a garden made 400 years ago . . . well, 300 anyhow!

Andrew M. Dusci is a garden designer and free-lance writer.
“The desire to have beauty around me will keep my imagination stimulated, filling every part of the garden with vistas or plant pictures, ideas I have culled and distilled over the years from many gardens and gardeners.”

“What is Paradise but a garden and nothing there but delight?” wrote William Lawson over three centuries ago. The realization of happiness we have from walking into a beautiful garden or seeing plants in perfect harmony is comparable to the pleasure we experience from standing in front of a picture by a favorite artist. My dream garden is composed of a collection of impressions, of moments of complete happiness, and of moments of enlightenment, when I have been walking and talking to a great artist or gardener and have been able to see plants and colors through their eyes. As it is a paradise, this garden, it can be not only a medley of all these moments, but also a medley of every season, a place where I can wander at will at all times of the year. James Pope-Hennessey wrote, “America is an atmosphere,” and for me each part of my dream garden is its own atmosphere, satisfying every need for color, brightness or calm, peace or excitement, anticipation and achievement.

Perhaps I should begin, not with the gardeners, whose thoughts and shared advice will extend to every corner of the garden, but with the books they have written, for that is how I started my adult gardening. During the winter of 1946-47, when we had moved into the first house we owned, I decided to learn about vegetables (we had a growing family to feed). My reading stood me in good stead: it taught me the principles of growing annuals and biennials, and of sowing seed into trays or flats or directly into the soil. I learnt the all-important lesson that when annual weeds start to germinate outside, the soil has warmed up enough for seeds of hardy plants to be sown outside. The jobbing gardener I had then taught me how to divide my perennials and how to take cuttings of chrysanthemums. It was a whole new world—the world of propagation.

William Lawson, the seventeenth-century clergyman, taught his parishioners all he had discovered about gardening and the pleasures its pursuit can provide. Most of his advice is as true today as it was when he wrote his two books 370 years ago—one for the husband, telling him about the joys of an orchard, and one for the housewife, instructing her how to sow the seeds of herbs, vegetables, and flowers, when to collect these seeds, and when to harvest her crop. He was a true gardener, sharing all the secrets he had learned during forty-eight years of gardening; his advice positively spills over the pages with understanding and enthusiasm.

Rosemary Verey in her garden at Barnsley House where the glorious bloom of Clematis × jackmanii frames the gateway.
The artist Bob Dash of Long Island has taught me much about disciplining the shape of shrubs. His own privet hedge . . . moves like a company of tall dancers in the wind.”

At the same time other books came my way. Reynold Hole, Dean of Rochester in Kent around 1900, wrote about his deanery garden. It was he who unknowingly fired my enthusiasm for propagating in earnest. He wrote, so wisely, that if you want your garden to overflow with flowers you must keep on propagating. This advice I have taken to my heart, and my dream garden will have a small greenhouse furnished with a mist propagator, a few (not too many) frames, and a well-stocked potting shed hung with shining tools—and will be provided for good measure with a mist propagator, a few (not too many). frames, and a well-stocked potting shed hung with shining tools—and will be provided for good measure with a tidy-minded gardener.

A book by Russell Page, The Education of a Gardener, has had a lasting influence on me. Color must always suit the degree of light. Strong colors vibrate in bright sunshine where misty colors become absorbed, a non-event. The hot reds and oranges of zinnias, gaillardias, and rudbeckias can combine, with plenty of green foliage and some white or pale lemon to coordinate them. The subtle pinks, pale blues, and mauves should go together with grey and become the perfect combination for a June border.

Russell Page’s writings inspired me to observe shapes and to be aware of the outline of trees and shrubs, to appreciate open spaces, to learn not to clutter the ground with incident. Too much detail and diversity can become a distraction. When you start to analyze his ideas you realize that his is the direct approach of the artist—brilliantly conceived, simple yet sophisticated, subtle yet clear-cut.

From reading Russell’s writings, and also Lanning Roper’s, and from talking to them both, I discovered the great importance of creating a firm design which can then be filled with one’s own choice of plants—careless rapture and controlled abandon. So my reading went hand-in-hand with observing, and learning the names of plants. Vita Sackville-West wrote enticingly of blue shrubs for autumn—ceratostigma, cardytopsis, and the grey-leaved Perovskia atriplicifolia, and they will play an important role in my dream garden, the perovskia lining steps leading into a cool area where a fountain will be playing; earlier in the year, June-flowering Louisiana irises will bloom beside primulas. I love to have water in my garden. A still pool conjures tranquility and provides reflections, a flowing stream creates movement and fascination, and a fountain gives sound and ripples on the water.

On a mound overlooking the paradise garden my air-conditioned folly will be lined with books—all the old volumes will be there, and an increasing but selective number of recent writings too—Fred McGourty, Roy Strong, Penelope Hobhouse, Christopher Lloyd, Gertrude Jekyll, Elizabeth Lawrence, Vita Sackville-West—those authors, in fact, who combine a love and knowledge of plants with evocative prose. In my solitude these books and my own diaries will tie me to the past. The desire to have beauty around me will keep my imagination stimulated, filling every part of the garden with vistas or plant pictures, ideas I have called and distilled over the years from many gardens and gardeners.

We all know such gardeners—it is a joy to walk round a garden in their company, listening to their thoughts and receiving their jewels of knowledge. They are people who not only make you look at the garden but also bring it alive. It is so easy to pass your eyes over a group of flowers or a shrub in bloom and afterwards be unable to remember exactly the colors, the shapes, the overall mass, and the pattern of the leaves. The effect has been noted but not the detail—and often it is the detail, of positioning, association of colors, reflection of tones and individual markings, which is all-important. The artist Bob Dash of Long Island has taught me much about disciplining the shape of shrubs. His own privet hedge, with all its lower branches removed, moves like a company of tall dancers in the wind. These visual memories may imprint themselves on your mind and imagination as vignettes that you can recall, and even reproduce, at other times and in other gardens.

Winter vignettes are among the most vivid. I remember clearly a profusion of snowdrops pushing their way through fallen autumn leaves in the woodland garden at Winterthur, soon to be joined by the shiny, brilliant yellow cups of Adonis amurensis, whose flowers unfold wide as soon as the plants push through the ground in February and stay open for weeks, spanning the time until the carpet of Crocus tomasianus takes over. The hellobores on nearby banks were coming into flower, their heads hanging in modesty. On bright days the sun would lighten their petals until they became rubies, or diamonds. I hope I will live long enough in my paradise garden for the hellobores to increase and make winter join hands with spring. I do not want named varieties, just a color range...
"I like imaginative paths with a mixture of material creating patterns . . . as long as they complement the mood through which they lead you."
My dream garden will undoubtedly have trellis archways and fences...to encourage vines to scramble, bringing their scent indoors in high summer.
“Carrots and lettuce, parsley and red cabbage grow together in contrast, while the squash are trained to climb an alley of hoops intermingled with sweet peas.”
As you pass up the steps, your eye level coincides with the heads of tree ferns and old boxwood clipped in Japanese style."

Small town gardens can be entities in themselves. Emily Whaley’s thirty-by-fifty-foot garden in Charleston, South Carolina, was originally laid out by the great designer Loutrell Briggs, who had a perfect eye for scale and pattern. Emily, by her skill, has made this into a truly remarkable spot with seven distinct sections. In the shade at the far end, blue hydrangeas are interspersed with camellias, followed by pink and white azaleas, and white impatiens later. Nearer the house are parkingsonia plants, roses, and tulips, all in shades of pink, white, and mauve, with plenty of pots to supplement them and box balls to keep the design firmly anchored, helping to lead your eye and mind from one patterned area to the next. This garden with its thoughtful planting—a seat among the scented flowers—gives such a sense of continuity and peace that I would like to have it in a private corner of my dream garden as a place to be solitary.

Over the years my reading has included the inspiring book Gardens are for People by the late Thomas Church, and having seen as many of his gardens as possible on the West Coast, I was overjoyed to be invited to his own house by his widow. Both front and back gardens are tiny but perfect. I took away with me many impressions and ideas to try to emulate. Entering from the street, the land rises sharply and the path leads you up to balustraded, semi-circular twin stairways meeting at the front door. I was reminded of elegant garden stairways in Italy, but all in miniature. As you pass up the steps, your eye level coincides with the heads of tree ferns and old boxwood clipped in Japanese style. All here is green. The back garden is formal, patterned with box and with the outer beds raised and edged with redwood "paneling" at the right height for sitting. This garden is so different in atmosphere from the Charleston garden, and I would love to have the entrance garden leading up to a gazebo in my paradise garden.

Pass through my gazebo’s French windows to the other side and immediately below you will see a small knot garden. Looking down on this you will be able to appreciate the interlacing of the threads, the spaces infilled with colored “earths” in traditional sixteenth century English style. These colored earths are the five heraldic colors: rouge (Flanders tiles), noir (coal dust), argent (chalk), bleu (coal dust and chalk mixed), and jaune (sand). There will be no need for other colors, except for the greens of box and wall germander fashioning the interlacing threads.

Looking beyond the knot will be my vegetable garden, also in patterns, but this time made by interlacing paths, so that I can walk easily between the beds to weed and pick. This, with my herb garden, is the part of my present-day garden at Barnsley that I would want to have in my dream garden. I like an element of height, provided by trained apple and plum trees, standard gooseberries, and goblet-shaped apple trees. The idea for training the fruit trees came to me from reading the great folio book by La Quintinye, the much-loved caretaker of Louis XIV’s potager at Versailles and the contemporary of Le Nôtre, custodian of Louis’ pleasure garden. In addition to the fruit trees I love the differently shaped and colored leaves of the vegetables. Carrots and lettuce, parsley, and red cabbage grow together in contrast, while the squash are trained to climb an alley of hoops intermingled with sweet peas.

Color, scent, and form all combine as an atmosphere that is daily tangible in my dream garden. Do you dream in colors? In my imaginary kingdom, embracing so many thoughts, so many people, you surely will.

Rosemary Verey, Barnsley House, Gloucestershire, lectures widely in Britain, Australia, and America. Her latest book is The Flower Arranger’s Garden.
I hope I will live long enough in my paradise garden for the hellebores to increase and make winter join hands with spring.”

from pure white through pale green to mulberry pink. They may well surround the scented Osmanthus delavayi, or mingle with the shining leaves of green ivy.

Winter is the season when beauty is in the eye of the beholder, when a moment’s pause for observation is worth many moments of midsummer exuberance. I look up at the pattern of the bare tree branches, so beautiful at this time of year. Each trunk has its own kind of bark, unique in color, texture, and touch. I will have Acer griseum, Betula utilis var. jacquemontii, groups of different eucalyptus, and snake bark maples. I will not be able to resist stroking the shining mahogany trunk of Prunus serrula as I pass by. My most vivid memory of appreciating these qualities harks back to a Sunday morning with Bill Klein at the Morris Arboretum in Philadelphia, when the sun lit up each trunk under a brilliant blue winter sky.

When I have tired of looking up at the trees in my woodland garden, I will sit comfortably with my back against a smooth trunk and enjoy the ground cover spreading around me. A visit to the late Adele Lovett’s garden in Locust Valley, Long Island, taught me the ultimate use of ground cover so that no bare earth or untidy brushwood could intrude. In her woodland garden, composed along a network of paths, she used Pachysandra terminalis, ivy in variety, Tiarella cordifolia, Liriope muscari, epimediums, lilies-of-the-valley, Vinca major, Ajuga reptans, strawberries, and sweet woodruff.

As I walk from shaded woodland towards my sunny borders, I will think again of Russell Page, who among his many gifts always used space to best advantage. He knew instinctively exactly where to place a large statue, a group of trees or a single specimen, and when a space should be left clear. Anyone who has walked through the PepsiCO grounds in Purchase, New York—the commission he was working on until he died—will appreciate the sureness of his touch.

My dream garden will have very carefully planned color schemes to suit each time of day and every mood. I love white and green borders. As Sissinghurst is probably the first target for garden visitors to England, Vita Sackville-West’s white garden (inspired by a snow storm) requires no reminder. One I think of often is the garden designed by Russell Page for M. Bemburg near Dieppe in northern France, looking resplendent in late summer with white dahlias, Anemone japonica, and grey ground cover and grasses.

In complete contrast to this cool scheme, I will have no shame in copying the amazing border of hot, bright colors at Seal Harbor in Maine, originally planned by Beatrix Farrand and now skillfully planted by Peggy Rockefeller. Zinnias, red annual phlox, salvias, and antirrhinums mass in close association with yellows ranging from orange to gold, from rudbeckias and helianthemums to marigolds—all these hot colors punctuated by the blue to purple spikes of remarkably stately delphiniums.

This border has a cool, unidentical twin facing it across an immaculate rectangular lawn, and here the spikes are white and purple, set among mounds of grey, lilac, pink, and palest yellow. The hot bed catches the brightest morning sun; the cool bed has evening light.

Should my paradise garden have beds confronting each other as Beatrix Farrand envisaged, or should I follow Gertrude Jekyll? Many years ago when gardening was quite new to me I visited Pyrford Court in Surrey, and took away with me a lasting memory of the beds she planted there in a progression of primary colors. First came yellow and green; turn a corner and there was a range of blues, separated by a dividing hedge from the reds in the next compartment. It was so long ago that it is now only a mirage in my mind—another way to mix my palette.

How will my borders be enclosed? I love the clean white picket fences, satisfactorily geometrical without a trace of pretension, which are such a feature of American gardens, both south and north. In Madison, Georgia, Jane Symme’s white fence close by the house marks the first progression from formal to less restrained beds and then to woodland. A more elaborate white fence encloses Hannah Wister’s kitchen garden in New Jersey, filled with flowers, fruits, and vegetables. These picket fences are like satisfying frames to changing, growing pictures. Trelliswork can act also as a wonderful enclosing screen, creating instant height. My dream garden will undoubtedly have trellis archways and fences, and supports against my house—if I am allowed a house—to encourage vines to scramble, bringing their scent indoors in high summer.

The articulation of a garden is all-important. I may have wide spaces where mown paths lead you on, but in my dream garden you will also walk from one self-contained room to another. Some will be enclosed by my favorite picket fences, others by tall dark hedges or by hedges on stilts, yet others more informally by airy screens of tall plantings. You will always have an enticement to progress through the garden.
Thousands of Roses Dazzle the Eyes at

SHREVEPORT'S

American Rose Center Gardens

by Rosalyne Dobbs
The enticing fragrances of blossoms from 35,000 rose bushes greet visitors to the American Rose Center Gardens in Shreveport, Louisiana. It is the home of the American Rose Society (ARS) and the home of the national flower of the United States. This dazzling collection showcases species roses that date back to the 1500s all the way to newly hybridized bushes not yet on the market. Some of them are not found in any other public garden.

In the woodsly setting of the gardens there are rustic bridges, a stream, winding pathways, colorful flags, cascading fountains—and the spectacular roses—filling forty-two acres of gently rolling hills surrounded by a pine forest. Roses climb arbors, sprawl over fences, and rise to lofty elegance on tree standards in forty theme gardens. The grounds are also a bird sanctuary and many bluebirds add their bright hue to the kaleidoscope of colors. About 200,000 visitors walk the garden paths each year.

It was nearly a hundred years ago—on March 13, 1899—that a small group of commercial greenhouse rose growers met and founded the ARS, but within two decades the membership was dominated by amateur rose growers. By the early 1970s, the ARS was serving as the international authority for rose registration by appointment of the World Horticultural Congress and had grown into the largest plant society in the nation. The offices were then located in Columbus, Ohio.

“The society decided to move south and central,” says Harold Goldstein, ARS executive director since 1972, who explains that the reason for the move was to find a place with a longer growing season. Relocation to Louisiana was made possible by the donation of 118 acres of land on Jefferson-Paige Road in Shreveport, in an area where the growing season extends from February to November. In addition, the city had a great many rose enthusiasts who had planted thousands of bushes to beautify the streets and parks over the previous three decades. It was an ideal home for the rose, and Shreveport eventually reaped its own recognition when in 1982 an All-America Rose Selections award winner was named for the city.

The dazzling display one sees today was the idea of Dr. Ray Allen of Mansfield, Ohio, and Dr. Eldon Lyle of Tyler, Texas, whose vision went beyond the headquarters to encompass a “rose center” with extensive gardens. Both Allen and Lyle are plant pathologists, each of whom served as society president during the critical period of planning and construction of this first garden owned by the society. Goldstein says the Ohio headquarters had gardens, which are still there, but they were owned by the city.

The task of augmenting their ideas fell to Goldstein and Howard Walters of Houston, Texas, a later society president. They worked with Houston landscape architects Bishop and Walker, who designed the original gardens.

Construction got underway in 1972; to date over a million dollars has been spent, all received through private donations without the use of state or federal money. Additions and refinements are continually made, and about 2,000 to 4,000 new roses are planted each year.

Today ‘Shreveport’ welcomes all who enter the garden gateway. This orange grandiflora is massed in beds lining each side of the road, and is joined by a patchwork of colors from a multitude of floribundas at the gate. Among them are ‘Charisma’, ‘Apache Tears’, ‘Gingersnap’, ‘Iceberg’, and ‘Europena’.

The road curving through the forest growth reveals masses of hybrid teas and floribundas in colorful islands along the way. Through a screen of trees on the right, visitors catch a glimpse of the garden alcoves, the log chapel, and the Windsounds Carillon Tower.

The hallmark of the gardens is the Windsounds Tower, with its three white, sculptured columns soaring to fifty feet. Located near the center of the theme gardens, the carillon plays a variety of musical selections including “The Wedding March” when couples pledge their vows at the gardens. Around its base is an official display of All-America Rose Selections winners in tiers of blended colors. There is a preview of next year’s winners as well as those from the past, including the favorites ‘Double Delight’, ‘Color Magic’, and ‘Sweet Surrender’.

The woods of loblolly pine (Pinus taeda) give the gardens a natural, rustic feeling, and the trees provide areas of dappled shade between the gardens. These shady places offer a pleasant contrast to the sunny garden areas with their radiant colors and provide an ideal spot for a garden bench.

INSET: ‘Shreveport’, a lovely orange grandiflora, welcomes visitors to the home of the American Rose Society.

ABOVE: The official display of AARS winners surrounds the Windsounds Carillon Tower. LEFT: In the Cascade Garden a splashing fountain provides visitors a cool retreat on hot summer days.
How the American Rose Society Helps Rose Growers

One of the most valuable services of the American Rose Society (ARS) is advice on rose culture by the consulting rosarians, says Dr. Charles Jeremias, the ARS president who grows 500 roses in Newberry, South Carolina. The consulting rosarians, dedicated to helping other rose growers, number more than 2,500 across the country. Jeremias has helped countless gardeners himself and served as consultant on a number of public gardens, including the Mount Vernon estate in Virginia.

Rose problems and diseases vary widely from the sub-zero cold of the far north to the extreme heat of the deep south. An experienced grower who has struggled with the problems of a particular area can offer many helpful suggestions. Persons seeking advice should ask their local rose society for names of consulting rosarians. If there is no local society, write the ARS and request a list of consulting rosarians in your area.

A bewildering variety of different roses are available to the gardener. Hybrid teas with their lush, large blossoms are the all-time favorites, but the versatile miniatures that fit into a pocket-sized garden are gaining ground. Jeremias, an expert on heritage roses with 200 in his own garden, says the old garden roses are also becoming more popular.

The consulting rosarians can help in choosing roses, but the ARS also offers a "Handbook for Selecting Roses," which gives the ratings of more than 1,000 in commercial production. ARS members in every part of the nation evaluate the roses on a scale of 1 to 10, with 10 for the perfect rose. The handbook, updated annually, also gives the color and classification.

High-rated roses in various classifications arranged by color are listed in the handbook. The highest rated rose is the miniature 'Starina' with 9.6. Top hybrid teas are 'First Prize' and 'Mister Lincoln' at 9.1. 'Double Delight', close behind, has 9.

To order the handbook, write the ARS, enclosing a $1 check and a stamped, addressed return envelope.

The network of ARS services has increased dramatically through the years. While the organization continues to sponsor national shows and support local societies, new projects meet changing needs. A recent addition is products evaluation with committee members in different parts of the country testing new pesticides and other products, comparing them to older ones in wide use. Test results are published in the ARS monthly magazine.

The ARS has available for American Horticultural Society members an extensive list of U.S. public and private rose gardens that are open for tours, including many beautiful gardens of ARS members. Send a stamped, addressed return envelope when requesting the free list to the American Rose Society, Box 30,000, Shreveport, LA 71130. Membership information may be obtained by writing to the same address or calling (318) 938-5402.

Left: A longtime ARS and AHS member, rosarian Muriel Humenick, together with her husband Bill, created a rose garden that is open to the public in Diamond Springs, California. Right: 'Mister Lincoln', a well-known 1965 AARS winner. The pines also contribute a welcome bonus of needles to mulch the rose beds. In addition to pines, there are live oaks, maples, cedars, sweet gums, flowering dogwoods, redbuds, and sassafras on the grounds.

A central paved pathway meanders through wide, sweeping lawns to connect the gardens. The theme gardens, donated by local rose societies and rosarians from all parts of the country, demonstrate dozens of attractive ways to use roses in the landscape.

The Atlanta garden, for instance, has white antebellum columns accented by the glowing red and white of 'Double Delight', along with the hybrid teas 'Cynthia', in red, and 'Lady X', in lavender. The floribunda 'Sunsprite' adds bright yellow tints.

The Illinois-Indiana garden features two beds shaped like an "L", with the flag of each state flying above. The bright red hybrid tea 'Mister Lincoln' complements the flags; adding highlights are the grandiflora 'Gold Medal' and orange floribunda 'Marina'.

Maple and dogwood trees, dwarf bamboo, Camellia japonica, azaleas, and liriope, with sparing use of the red-hued miniature 'Magic Carrousel', create the right setting in the Japanese Garden.

A gazebo is the focal point of the Gold Triangle Garden, planted with a splendid mass of the pink hybrid tea 'First Prize'. This large garden contains the red hybrid tea named after Dr. Eldon Lyle, plus a wide variety of other roses in mixed colors that have in their midst a circle planting of the yellow miniature 'Rise N Shine'.

The Palmer Garden offers a profusion of color from the hybrid teas 'Double Delight', 'Olympiad', 'Color Magic', 'Antigua', and 'Sterling Silver', along with masses of floribundas. It is an extravagant display. During the first spring bloom, 'Antigua' and 'Olympiad' tower five and six feet tall, producing the huge blossoms that suit their large growth.

About 100 old garden roses, complemented by native Louisiana irises, grace the Hudson Heritage Garden, and there is a lovely arbor to carry out its theme of yesterday's gardens. Some of the most fragrant scents in the gardens come from these great sprawling bushes when they bloom in the springtime. The sweetbrier rose (Rosa eglanteria) has fragrance in both the pink blossoms and apple-scented leaves. It dates back to 1531. 'La France' is here; introduced in 1867, this rose is considered to be the first hybrid tea. The common moss rose (1696) and the tea rose 'Duchesse de Brabant' (1857) are also represented. And there are bushes that do not fall strictly in the category of old garden roses. One of
these is 'Therese Bugnet', a pink hybrid rugosa from 1950. Each bush has a label giving not only the name but the year of its introduction.

South of the ARS headquarters building, the Cascade Garden presents an impressive display of 3,000 bushes and a hundred different cultivars, accented by cascading fountains. Adding to the sweep of color is the adjoining Memorial Garden. (A register in the administration building lists the persons honored.) Draping its terraced slope is 'Red Cascade', a miniature climber that doubles here as a ground cover. In the warm climate 'Red Cascade' grows vigorously to a large five-foot mound.

The nearby Flagpole Garden in red, white, and blue offers the floribundas 'European' and 'Summer Snow' with seasonal plantings of ageratum and white dogwood in the spring. 'Interama', a dark red floribunda in a grouping of four tree standards, creates a dramatic accent.

Others are the Wishing Well Garden with a striking collection of red roses; the Gene Boerner Garden, featuring the Statue of Liberty; and the latest addition, the Boerner Garden, featuring the adjoining Memorial Garden. (A register in the administration building lists the persons honored.)

The massive task of caring for the gardens falls to grounds supervisor Dale Lauter and his staff of eight, but they get a helping hand from ARS members at pruning time in February; some members even travel across the country for the annual pruning party. Roses are fertilized by hand, each bush receiving a half cup four times a year. The formula used at the rose center is 8-24-14, containing nitrogen, phosphorus, potassium, magnesium, sulfur, iron, zinc, and copper. The soil mixture for planting contains plenty of organic matter with horse manure supplied by a local racetrack making up a third of the mixture, along with about one-sixth peat moss, composted bark or wood chips, one-sixth sand, and one-third existing soil. Water is supplied by an underground drip irrigation system, supplemented by overhead sprinklers in some areas.

Each week during the growing season the bushes are sprayed with fungicide. Insecticide and miticide are used as needed. Lauter experiments with different chemicals and spray mixtures. During the 1988 growing season, he added a soluble plant food containing micronutrients to the fungicide spray and felt this gave good results.

Plans for the future include adding more azaleas to extend the season of bloom and adding different kinds of plants. "We will be using some early spring flowering bulbs, lilies, and other companion plants to complement the roses," says Goldstein. Other projects farther down the road include planting a fragrance garden for the blind and adding a lake. But that is tomorrow.

Today at the American Rose Center Gardens the vision of former society presidents Allan and Lyle is a reality. All who love roses (isn't that everyone?) can experience there the beauty and variety of this most beloved of flowers.

**Why Not Plan a Visit?**

The American Rose Center Gardens are located on Jefferson-Paige Road about twelve miles west of Shreveport, a short drive from Interstate Highway 20. A garden tour takes about half a day. The gardens are open every day from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., from the middle of April through the end of October. Admission is $2.50 per person. ARS members who show their membership card and children under twelve are admitted free. For information, contact the American Rose Society, P.O. Box 30,000, Shreveport, LA 71130, (318) 938-5402.
A Plantswoman’s

OASIS IN SUBURBIA

by Lauren Springer
Spring is turning into summer in Newton Square, Pennsylvania, a small western suburb of Philadelphia nestled in the gentle hills of some of the most fertile land in North America. Along the residential streets, ranch-style and split-level houses perch on fluorescent green lawns. The rich soil feeds hulking Norway maples, while tatty-looking Colorado spruces languish in the humid air. Skirting the houses are knobby, harshly-pruned rhododendrons; their psychedelic-colored cousins, the Kurume azaleas, glower from the recesses of the backyards. Round and square yews announce countless driveway entrances.

Around a corner, into a cul-de-sac...what is this? No lawn? Instead, a lacy aqua Alaska cedar (Chamaecyparis nootkatensis 'Pendula') watches serenely over a host of picturesque trees. A prostrate Japanese red pine (Pinus densiflora 'Pendula') wraps itself around the feet of an asymmetrical partner, a Japanese white pine (Pinus parviflora). The red filigree mound of a dwarf Japanese maple (Acer palmatum 'Orido') snuggles up to the green mound of a Sargent's weeping hemlock (Tsuga canadensis 'Pendula') and the blue of a compact Colorado spruce (Picea pungens 'Glauc Pendula'). A visitor passes a turquoise China fir (Cunninghamia lanceolata 'Glauc') and a graceful blue spruce (Picea pungens 'Thomsen'), which makes a sparkling mockery of its drab plebeian cousins down the street, before reaching the front door of a small sage-green and white home behind a huge Hinoki cypress (Chamaecyparis obtusa).

This is the home and magical garden of Roxie Gevjian and her husband Armen. But you won't find Roxie, the vibrant and opinionated gardener who created this fairyland, by going to the front door. Turn right, down a narrow path of slate and mats of sweet-smelling thyme, brushing the heads of coralbells, columbines, and penstemons along the way. Tufa clumps and trough gardens full of tiny sculpted alpine plants are scattered on the brick walkway. On the right is an alpine house in which two of Rosie's prize winners—the rose and white Primula allionii from the Maritime Alps and delicate North American apricots, shell pink, and white Lewisias (Lewisia spp.)—have already peaked, along with most of the other alpines both inside and out in the scree and rock gardens around the back. Now is the time for Roxie's half-acre woodland garden and there you will find her.

A tiny woman in her seventies, with a sharp, well-cut face, Roxie has the intensity and energy of a pack of fireworks. In her blue coveralls, she marches about her beloved domain, digging, mulching, weed- ing, and otherwise defying nature's and several physicians' orders that she slow down. "I would curl up and die without my garden. This is what makes me strong and happy, keeps me going," she says defiantly. Her husband Armen, a retired physician, nods in agreement. He knows medicine, but he also knows his wife. Supportive of Roxie's obsession and quite smitten by plants himself, Armen helps Roxie mulch and rake, tends to a small, immaculate raised-bed vegetable garden, and chronicles the twenty-six years of growth and change in the Gevjian garden, in wonderfully sensitive photographs. He is the one to run outside after a snowfall in January to capture the drooping, white-clad conifers. After an April rain, he dashes out to catch the water droplets suspended in the hairs of the pasque flowers before they evaporate. On a late October afternoon, he records the red and yellow woodland trees against the soft blues and greens of the conifers.
Together, Roxie and Armen carved this gem of a garden from one acre of poison ivy, tulip poplars, and muddy subsoil remaining from the building of the house in 1961. Roxie was a late bloomer. Born and raised in inner-city Philadelphia in a large Armenian immigrant family, she hated bugs and worms and had no "green" in her childhood. But after she and Armen moved out of the city to raise a family, she bought some skimmia and sweet box at a local garden center and some conifer cuttings that struck her fancy. (How many gardeners can say they bought such subtle plants first? Most start with marigolds, geraniums, and impatiens.) Now lecturer, writer, expert propagator, and above all, a true plantswoman, Roxie delights in sharing her garden and plants with others who appreciate her seemingly innate understanding of subtle beauty in plant form, texture, and color.

At first, however, there was the battle with the soil. Mixed with subsoil and nutrient-poor from the root feeding of a mature stand of red and white oak, tulip poplar, and American beech, it needed organic matter desperately. Roxie and Armen chipped and mulched their leaf litter and composted garden refuse from the start. Unwanted trees and brush were cleared gradually. Motivated by the breathtaking spring show of several dogwoods in the understory, Roxie added shrubs to create a backbone for the woodland herbaceous plants she was growing to love.
Several of those native shrubs are now giants: sweet pepperbush (Clethra alnifolia), a deciduous shrub with fragrant white bottlebrush-like flowers in late summer; oakleaf hydrangea (Hydrangea quercifolia), another summer bloomer with bold, elegant leaves and blossoms and exfoliating bark; the delicate pale rose Rhododendron carolinianum; and spicebush (Lindera benzoin), with its subtle yellow, early spring flowers and fragrant leaves that turn clear yellow above red berries in the fall. Other shrubs, such as the red-veined Enkianthus campanulatus and its rare, more finely textured, white-flowered cousin, Enkianthus perulatus, bloom in spring just before the dogwoods. Joining them is the opalescent pink royal azalea (Rhododendron schippenbachii), and many other azaleas, including Kurumes of more subtle hues than usually found in their tribe. Mahonia bealei holds spiny umbrellas of leaves over its bare stems, its fragrant yellow flowers of early spring now giving way to blue waxy berries.

The native upright-flowering Pieris floribunda and Pieris japonica, the more common import with pendulous flowers, both thrive, escaping the lacebug problems found so often in the area. Similarly, while leafspot fungus disfigures leucothoe and mountain laurel all over the Philadelphia area, Roxie’s remain miraculously unscathed. Not inclined to spraying, she has no explanation for this except “dumb luck.” However, while few insects or diseases disturb this garden, mammals—including squirrels, groundhogs, and especially rabbits and deer—have learned to relish the Gevja smorgasbord of choice plants. Roxie fights an endless battle using chicken wire cages that she loathes; plants not encased in this ugly armor may greet her as leafless stumps. This year she may try hanging Lifebuoy soap among the animals’ favored plants; some success has been reported with this method and she is thrilled with any new hope.

In early spring, Roxie and Armen removed whatever leaf litter escaped their meticulous fall clean-up, chipped the leaves, and then mulched the entire woodland area, tucking a handful of finely ground leaves under the chin of each plant. The small, simple, lavender hepatica blossom, nestled in its leafy three-lobed leaves, shyly appeared. Golden Adonis amurensis, with its lush ferny foliage, was another brave pioneer. Soon the garden was full of little bulbs: the yellow drops of sunlight that are winter aconites (Eranthis hyemalis), the blue stars of glory-of-the-snow (Chionodoxa lucilieae and the smaller C. sardensis), squill (Scilla siberica), white snowdrops (Galanthus nivalis and the larger G. elwesii), and snowflakes (Leucojum vernum), reminiscent of the melting snow in their color and shape. The crescendo built as the white Dutchman’s breeches (Dicentra cucullaria), bloodroot (Sanguinaria canadensis), and twinleaf (Jeffersonia diphylla) bloomed, each as ephemeral and beautiful as the next. The true blues of Virginia bluebells (Mertensia virginica) and of three species of lungworts (Pulmonaria spp.) contrasted with the cream, white, and soft yellow of the sweeps of daffodils.

April climaxxed as Roxie’s rare seed-grown prize, Glaucliunum palmatum, covered itself with the palest lavender four-petaled flowers, its large, light-green palmate leaves unfurling below. With May’s arrival, the long-blooming Lenten rose (Helleborus orientalis) finally faded, the cream and purple blossoms turning to chartreuse sepals and seed pods, and by now, every corner of the Gevja woodland beckons. Among any of several paths, named after gardeners and plantsmen who have inspired Roxie, there is a breathtaking scene. On Grisshaber Strasse—after the rock gardener Karl Grisshaber of Longwood Gardens and the New York Botanical Garden—the blue and white forms of dwarf crested iris (Iris cristata) bloom in great mats beneath delicate red-spurred cumbines (Aquilegia canadensis). Creamy Continued on page 44
When floral designer Leonard Tharp lectures, he spends a good bit of time talking about the garden of his heart.

Once, baffled, I asked him what exactly he meant when he referred to that ephemeral garden. "In arranging flowers," he replied, "just as in any of the other lively arts, there's a vast amount of practical information you can absorb. But you don't become a true master without first having a muse, a heartfelt, bone-deep inspiration. That's the real key to turning cerebral information into a thing of highest beauty. I have a muse," he said thoughtfully. "That's the garden of my heart."

Last year, after thirty-two years as a retail florist, Tharp looked into the garden of his heart and saw that it was time to change paths. The retail flower business was stumbling into a new phase, and the international world of floral design had its eye trained on America for a definition of her burgeoning style. After some serious soul searching, Tharp decided he could reach more people as a teacher than as a merchant. So last year, without looking back, he closed his floral boutique, Leonard Tharp, Inc., a critical and commercial success in Houston, Texas, for sixteen years, and relocated with partner Thomas Stovall to Washington, D.C., to open an international school of floral design, The Leonard Tharp Conservatory of Floral Art.

The fact that Tharp can not only ‘do’ but also ‘teach’ is a rare pleasure indeed for the flower-loving public; for even though his designs have enlivened some of the country’s most prestigious addresses—the White House among them—it is here, in the classroom, that Tharp is most inspiring. His classes offer the serious flower arranger a full menu of practical information and application, and students are hard pressed not to leave as appreciably superior designers.

But it is in matters of the spirit that Tharp really makes his mark. His goal is not so much to teach his students mirror tricks as to get them to look for their own muses; he may well show them how to wire and waterpick roses to last, but the real lesson is in rediscovering the rose itself.

Tharp’s classes are a kind of reconditioning, both for the commercial florist who needs new inspiration and for the home-garden arranger looking for ideas. In much the same way as he might process tight Asiatic lilies to open up for an abundant English arrangement, Tharp essen-

**CLASSICS with American Style**

by Lisa Ruffin

**ABOVE:** An eclectic combination of pitcher plants, mushrooms, asparagus spears, grasses, ferns, and mosses brings new meaning to floral design. **RIGHT:** Even the concept of a container is challenged as Tharp creates “vases” of grasses and leaves.
tially processes his students, encouraging them to shake off the shackles and restrictions and to rethink nature. And finally, when they’re receptive to experiencing the natural world from a more visceral point of view to rethink themselves—as floral artists.

Tharp feels that retail florists often become too dependent on the wholesale flower market, forgetting what the plant world is really all about. Tharp himself has been inexorably tangled up with his natural surroundings since he was a child, when he was content to while away the hours amidst gaudy zinnias and brilliant bac­

Tharp always says. “Remember the things that are time-tested and take inspiration from them. Don’t copy,” he cautions. “It’s just like fine arts…. you might study Monet forever, but you don’t just regurgitate "Water Lilies." You consider what the water lilies evoke in you and create your own design. The last thing I want,” he continues, “is for people to come to the conservatory to learn how to do Leonard Tharp arrangements. You wouldn’t want to ar­range flowers the way I do anymore than you’d want to dress like me. The point is to bring yourself out.”

Tharp believes in communicating American style in his designs—not European or Oriental or “high tech” or any of the other catchall phrases bandied about today. “American style is as eclectic as American people,” he explains. “"Palatial drawing rooms with epergnes spewing larkspur are no more—or less—American than sunflowers on a Southern front porch or coral vine in an alleyway. There’s beauty in all of it; when classic style is translated into indigenous language, the result is as Amer­

Indigenous materials are a kind of floral soapbox for Tharp. He realized some years ago, with the new availability of Dutch flowers, that the exotics had become ordi­

Leonard Tharp Symposia
Scheduled at River Farm

A special series of symposia by Leonard Tharp is being sponsored by the American Horticultural So­ciety at their River Farm head­quarters through August 24.

A dynamic speaker in horticul­

natural world makes a good designer instinctively know that he doesn’t put iris foliage with tulips, for example; their natural foliage can’t be improved upon. You wouldn’t put snow­drops way down in an arrangement,” he continues. “You put them on top, just the way you see them in nature. And you don’t put Dutch iris—which lasts exactly twenty­five minutes cut—with open roses; they just don’t work together.”

Beyond the landscape itself, the classics are Tharp’s inspiration; the trendy and trite, he feels, should be avoided at all costs. “The things that last are classic designs.
Many members contributed generously to the 1988 American Horticultural Society Seed Program, and the Society gratefully acknowledges their participation in this successful annual project.
The Lighter Look in Peonies

Trends today are for the lighter touch in garden plants as well as food and clothing, and the single peony fits in perfectly. With flowers carried on strong, slender stems, most have the ability to resist wind and rain without toppling, saving the need for staking. Yet all the while they keep the best attributes of the older peonies—vigor, longevity, and garden-value foliage.

Up until the 1930s there were cultivars of only two peony species on the American market. One, *Paeonia officinalis*, the Memorial Day peony, was beloved by pioneer women as they journeyed west. This species is native to Europe and can have either single or double blooms and white or red flowers. It has been used in household gardens as a sturdy and reliable ornamental for centuries. The other, the later-blooming but more common *Paeonia lactiflora*, was usually in the form of doubles—beautiful to look at but requiring staking to hold up its large, heavy blooms. The *Paeonia lactiflora* is native from Tibet to China and Siberia and is found in a range of reds, whites, and pinks. Over the years, many different forms and colors of these species appeared, but since the pollen-bearing single form is the best seed producer, a number of variations of this form were created, primarily in a wonderful array of reds. Some of these, such as 'Flame' and 'Scarlet O'Hara' are still prominent today.

Working independently, three peony en-

Every 'Single' One's a Beauty!

**Early Reds** (all hybrids)
- 'Dad' (Glasscock-Krekler): very large cherry red
- 'Flame' (Glasscock): hot pink tints, excellent for cutting
- 'Golden Glow' (Glasscock): glowing coral red, sturdy stems
- 'Scarlet O'Hara' (Glasscock-Falk): very tall and vigorous

**Early Whites and Creams** (all hybrids)
- 'Archangel' (Saunders): large, kid-glove texture
- 'Garden Peace' (Saunders): tall, has lateral flower buds
- 'Requiem' (Saunders): blooms one week later than 'Garden Peace'
- 'Sanctus' (Saunders): dwarf that has large leaves and a round bush form
- 'White Innocence' (Saunders): tall, anemonelike flowers with pink and green centers

**Early Pinks** (all hybrids)
- 'Horizon' (Saunders): pale flesh-tone, large yellow center
- 'Roselette' (Saunders): very vigorous rose-pink
- 'Athena' (Saunders): pink streaks on ivory petals

**Midseason to Late-Flowering**
(all are cultivars of the species *P. lactiflora*)
- 'Krinkled White' (Brand): textured white
- 'Le Jour' (Shaylor): white, old but still popular
- 'President Lincoln' (Brand): large, red
- 'Seashell' (Sass): clear pink, good cut flower
- 'Stardust' (Glasscock-Falk): white cupped petals

Excellent for outdoor gardens and indoor bouquets, 'Sea Shell' (above) and 'Flame' (opposite).
thusiasts, Edward Auten Jr., Lyman Glasscock, and Dr. A.P. Saunders, started crossing these two species around the time of World War II. Dr. Saunders expanded his efforts to make every possible cross between the nearly thirty species from Europe and Asia. He ended up with cultivars that extended the season of bloom by three weeks and with a myriad of colors never before seen in peonies. Single cultivars are now available in reds, pinks, salmons, corals, yellows, whites, and creams.

It takes years to bring a new cultivar to commercial availability; from seed harvest to typical bloom may take eight years. Propagation is done almost entirely by root division. Many of the hybrids such as 'Flame' have contorted root systems that are hard to divide and that yield few divisions. This is because the eyes are clustered on top of a narrow neck rather than being distributed around a larger crown. Such a slow increase in single peony plant propagation has made these "new" cultivars scarce, and in many cases available only through growers who specialize in peonies. Tissue culture has not yet been perfected in the industry.

Single peonies are not only beautiful, but adaptable in the landscape. In the garden, try a single cultivar as a focus or specimen. Use only one, such as the regal pink 'Roselette', or if space is available plant three of them together.

A hedge of peonies along a picket fence is highly effective. For an informal effect, use several different cultivars that can extend the blooming period for up to eight weeks. Or consider a border on each side of a path. The low, early white 'Sanctus' makes a spectacular sight, and the tropical-looking foliage remains crisp until late fall. Single peonies may be used freely in your perennial borders—just remember that peonies are difficult to transplant because they take quite a while to recover.

Singles are great for cutting and bringing indoors for bouquets or more sophisticated arrangements. If you wish to cut a lot of blossoms, plant peonies in your cutting bed. Remember to wait a couple of years before cutting, and always leave two bottom leaves on each stem for next year’s growth. They may also be cut in bud (when the first petal just starts to unfurl). Strip off the foliage, wrap in paper, and store dry in the refrigerator. This will prolong their availability for up to six weeks.

The care of peonies is relatively simple. They prefer well-drained soil, full sun, and plenty of air circulation. They require cold dormancy to set flower buds; however, Southern gardeners can plant the early hybrids (rather than the later lactifloras) to avoid this.

peonies should be planted in the fall, spaced three to four feet apart. Plant with the roots down and the eyes up, the top eye no more than two inches below ground level. This is crucial, as peonies will often fail to bloom if planted too deep. Keep the plants weed-free by shallow cultivation, and mulch after the first hard freeze. Peonies can withstand dry weather fairly well, but be sure that they receive sufficient water during active spring growth and in the late summer when the next year’s buds are developing.

Allan L. Rogers is the owner of Caprice Farm Nursery in Sherwood, Oregon.
### Pronunciations

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Latin Name</th>
<th>Pronunciation</th>
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<td>Acer griseum</td>
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Plantings Enliven Minneapolis Parks

The opportunity to visit Minneapolis' parks—nearly 3,900 acres of land, more than 1,400 acres of water, 38 miles of walking paths, 38 miles of bike paths, and 55 miles of parkways that meander through both formal and natural settings—will be one of the highlights of the American Horticultural Society's Annual Meeting this year.

Just as the state of Minnesota is the Land of 10,000 Lakes, the city was built around a natural water feature. In 1680, Father Louis Hennepin, a Franciscan missionary for whom the county is named, discovered a magnificent waterfall on the Mississippi and named it St. Anthony Falls after his patron saint, Anthony of Padua. This water source brought pioneers and allowed the establishment of flour and saw mills; until recently, Minneapolis was known as the "Mill City." The falls, which have receded and collapsed over the years, can be viewed best from nearby Nicollet Island Park or the famous Stone Arch Bridge built by railroad magnate James J. Hill. (Hill also left a legacy to gardeners when he imported highly invasive quackgrass to prevent erosion along his tracks.)

The first tract of parkland was donated to the city in 1857—only a year after Minneapolis was chartered—by early pioneer Edward Murphy. Other tracts were donated but little action was taken until 1882, when the city's board of trade launched a parks campaign. An affirmative citywide vote early the next year led to the establishment of the Board of Park Commissioners and the transfer of the lands to its jurisdiction.

H.W.S. Cleveland, a noted landscape architect, developed a plan that included, among other features, a series of parkways around the city's many lakes that would evolve into a "Grand Rounds" parkway encircling the city. Such an ambitious plan took many years of acquisition. Finally, in 1906, development began under Superintendant Theodore Wirth, a horticulturist and park designer trained in Switzerland, France, and England, whose dream was to have a park within five city blocks of every child. He also promoted recreational activities, at a time when "Keep Off the Grass" signs were more typical of most park systems.

One of the first proposals of Wirth's administration was a public rose garden. He had built the first public rose garden in the nation while in his previous position in Hartford, Connecticut. The Minneapolis rose garden, the second oldest in the nation, is in Lyndale Park on the northeast shore of Lake Harriet. Before the garden was established eighty years ago, few attempted roses outdoors in this area, assuming them too difficult for a northern climate. But Wirth wrote of the garden: "Even in the first year, it produced a highly satisfactory display of blooms, and has continued to do so ever since."

The sixty-two center beds feature hybrid tea, floribunda, grandiflora, and miniature roses. Many hardy shrub roses can be seen outside the garden fence; an All-America Rose Selections test garden runs along the inside of the fence.

In the upper garden is a nineteenth cen-
The oaks were leveled by the tornado. My Rock Garden—a lot of square boulders scattered around randomly with plants stuck between them. Adding insult to injury, it was laid out under a young oak forest and soon proved a maintenance nightmare. By 1946 it was abandoned, and thirty years later only one or two rocks could be seen under the mature oaks.

The oaks were leveled by the tornado in June 1981, and two years later high school youths cleared seventeen flatbed trucks of debris from the site. Still, eighty percent of the rocks' height remained buried in nearly forty years of forest debris. Betty Ann Mech, local rock garden nurserywoman and designer, then began what could only be described as an archaeological dig.

To rid the area of a creeping Charlie ground cover, crews skimmed off the top six to twelve inches of soil with a front-end loader and buried it in a five-foot pit. Then the backhoe began excavating the rocks and sorting them under Mech's guidance. The soil was too rich and humusy for rock garden plants, so coarse sand was hauled in to mix with it. In a month, the outline for a large cliff was graded and a few rocks installed. But by now, the budget excess that had funded the initial effort was gone. In order to continue the project, the park department would have to interest local garden groups and individuals in aiding the project.

The magic began with a gift from a local guardian angel, which funded the completion of the cliff the following spring. Once a small area was built, others could imagine its expansion and donations began to arrive. Local nurseries provided plants, and the Dayton-Bachman Flower Show sponsored a benefit for the rock garden in 1985.

In the past five years, one acre of the old rock garden has been rebuilt into outcroppings and rockeries with a low-maintenance design. Volunteer gardeners have planted and weeded the display, which features dwarf conifers, hardy alpines, and perennials. Some woody plants are given protection against animals and sunscald; the herbaceous plants need no protection other than snow. The small ornamental trees include many crabapple varieties, star magnolia, amelanchier, Japanese tree lilac, and chinonanthus. Among the herbaceous successes are pasque flowers, aubrieta, creeping phlox, arctic phlox, achillea, veronica, aquilegia, liriums, sedums, minor bulbs, cacti, and species tulips.

Just as old as the Lyndale Park rose garden is the Eloise Butler Wildflower Garden and Bird Sanctuary. It was established in 1907 by a group of botany teachers; one of them, Eloise Butler, served as curator of what was first called the Natural Botanical Garden from the time of her retirement in 1911 until her death in 1933. A trail two-thirds of a mile long winds through four habitats: woodland, swamp, upland, and prairie.

The newest addition to the park system is the Sculpture Garden, which opened last fall. A cooperative effort with the Walker Art Center, it features plantings in two areas. "Glen," by New York artist Meg Webster, is an earthwork formed by concentric rings that rise at one-foot intervals, increasing in diameter from seven feet at the bottom to twenty-five feet at the top. Covered with prairie grasses on the outside, the inside funnel is planted with perennials arranged to produce waves of color and combine interesting foliage textures.

The Sage and John Cowles Conservatory includes a pool of water lilies encircled by Washington fan palms (Washingtonia robusta); eight-foot steel and wire scrims covered with climbing vines such as jasmine (Jasminum polyanthum), sweet peas (Lathyrus odoratus); and cypress vine (Ipomoea quamoclit); and fourteen-foot hydroponic arches carpeted with creeping fig (Ficus pumila) and planted with seasonal displays.

Mary Maguire Lerman is coordinator of horticulture programs for the Minneapolis Park and Recreation Board.
white foamflower (Tiarella cordifolia) flows around an arching patch of yellow merr-ybells (Uvularia grandiflora). Foamflower's more conservative cousin, Tiarella cordifolia var. collina (or Tiarella wherryi), stays in neat clumps of more deeply incised leaves. The white, pink, and rose snowflake-like flowers of Primula sieboldii, and its smaller, more round relative P. kisoana, bloom by the path.

Fussy native and exotic plants thrive alongside their more common cohorts; the native green and maroon striped Jack-in-the-pulpit (Arisaema triphyllum) has popped up next to the elegant purple and white Japanese A. sikokianum, and beyond, the long-pointed spadix of A. dracontium arches over its solitary leaf. A series of trilliums has bloomed, starting with the earliest, the tiny white charmer Trillium nivale, then the mottled-leaf maroon and yellow roadshades (T. sessile and T. s. var. lateum). Now the genus culminates in the bloom of thick patches of the beautiful white wake-robin (Trillium grandiflorum) and its intriguing, if somewhat affected, double flower form, T. grandiflorum forma petalosum.

Bunchberry (Cornus canadensis), the enchanting dwarf dogwood so common in New England, sulks in most southeastern Pennsylvania gardens, preferring the cooler mountains and northern states, but Roxie has managed to cultivate a nice little colony. Later, in the fall, red clusters of fruit will perch atop its whorls of leaves. Also common elsewhere but much coveted in her area are the lovely magenta, fringed polygala, Polygala paucifolia; her evergreen white Oconee-bells (Shortia galacifolia); and her white trailing arbutus (Epigaea repens). Both the eastern and western shooting-stars (Dodecatheon meadia and D. pulchellum) make little rose, pink, and white galaxies of their own.

Less demanding natives mingle throughout: blue and white wild sweet William (Phlox divaricata) and creeping phlox (P. stolonifera), the cheerful long-blooming little golden stars of green-and-gold (Chrysogonum virginianum var. australe) and the tiny Hypoxis hirsuta, which twinkle on into the summer and fall. Pink and white bleeding-hearts (Dicentra eximia) dangle over their profuse grey-green foliage, also blooming on later into the season. Promiscuous pastel columbines of unknown parentage have seeded themselves, along with the white and rarer pink and double forms of the rue anemone (Anemonella thalictroides), which make a dainty haze on the woodland floor beneath the emerging bold foliage of three late-bloomers: hostas, pink-flowered hardy begonia (Begonia grandis), and Kirengeshoma palmata, the latter a somber beauty with creamy drooping flowers like big drops of wax.

To Roxie, both the common and uncommon have a place. While she can coax rare narcissi from far mountain ranges into bloom, the common ruffled 'Ice Follies' daffodil enjoys a prominent place at the edge of the wood, and that soft yellow, double primrose growing there has no lofty pedigree: Roxie bought it at the supermarket and, with tongue in cheek, named it after the store—Primula 'Acme Flore Pleno'.

As the blossoms fade, the subtle textures, shapes, and colors of the leaves will create a cool tranquility to this shaded garden, just as the hot and humid Philadelphia summer begins. Soon the golden grass Hakonechloa macra 'Aureola' will glow amid the greens. A deep purple form of the Japanese painted fern (Athyrium goerigianum 'Pictum') has begun to emerge by a picturesque tree stump. In a month there will be great swaths of the lacy black-petioled maidenhair fern (Adiantum pedatum) and its petite variety A. p. var. aleuticum.

Some plants, including the 200 or more conifers, will remain attractive into the fall and winter. In autumn, when the tulip poplars, dogwoods, Japanese maples, and deciduous azaleas turn gold, amber, and red, huge patches of the shiny, round evergreen leaves of windflower (Galax urceolata) turn coppery in the cold, as does the wintergreen (Gaultheria procumbens). Continuously green and glossy are the Christmas fern (Polystichum acrostichoides), European ginger (Asarum europaeum), and its silver-marked relative Asarum shuttleworthii 'Callaway'. Tiny round-leaved partridgeberry (Mitchella repens) will bear red berries, white in its rarer form.

Then, as the weeping Japanese red pine's (Pinus densiflora 'Pendula') fifteen-foot train is dusted with snow and the limber pine (Pinus flexilis 'Glauc') wears its first white cloak of the season, there is still plenty of beauty in the Gevjan garden. Armen is still photographing, and Roxie is germinating seeds and keeping precise records of all her treasures in and not yet in the garden, like the most doting of mothers with her baby books.

Perhaps next year we will come earlier and catch the electric blue Corydalis cas-meriana and the alpines in bloom. In the meantime, we will be less afraid to create a garden from the barest beginnings—just a few plants, a little bit of knowledge, and a lot of enthusiasm—as Roxie did.

Lauren Springer, horticulturist, writer, and lecturer, lives in Windsor, Colorado.
Sources

A Plantswoman's Oasis in Suburbia
Avid Gardener, P.O. Box 200-AH, Hamburg, IL 62045, catalog $2.
Mussel Forests, P.O. Box 340, Indiana, PA 15701, catalog free.
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Wildflowers of Indiana

Original paintings by Maryrose Wampler; text by Fred Wampler. Indiana University Press, Bloomington and Indianapolis, 1988. 177 pages. Illustrated. Publisher’s price, hardcover, $45. AHS member price, $36.

One’s initial reaction, upon leafing through this delightful treasure, is to express a fleeting regret that the pages are bound. Here are eighty full-page watercolors so exquisitely lovely that each is worthy of framing—a whole art gallery of wildflowers.

Brilliant talent is displayed herein, with fine craftsmanship that undergirds inspired creative achievement. Foundational in this is an interesting and unusual painting method, as explained by Fred Wampler, the writer in this husband-wife team: “Over the years Maryrose has developed her own watercolor technique specifically for the painting of plants and flowers. Realism is achieved by an excruciatingly slow process of applying several successive layers of transparent watercolor.” The effect is enormously powerful.

This book is quite obviously a labor of love and self-expression. It is not a plant identification guide, nor was that the authors’ intent. “We hope to share an increased awareness and appreciation for the peace and beauty of nature that we have experienced during the course of our work,” Fred Wampler wrote, referring to the numerous field trips this undertaking required. The text is brief, one wishes for more of his easy-flowing style.

The plates provide a seasonal progression of bloom, beginning with the undaunted skunk cabbage and continuing through to the asters, goldenrod, and butterflies. While much effort has been expended to insure technical accuracy in the scientific nomenclature of the more than 300 species shown, the book eschews the encyclopedic format of conventional wildflower books, and hobbyists will find it unhandy, even annoying, to use as a field guide. A plate may offer as many as four to eight flowers, along with natural elements characteristic of the locale in which they were found: logs, mushrooms, butterflies, leaf litter. A pictorial aid to identifying each flower, and perhaps including basal parts and other features not in the paintings, would have increased the book’s versatility.

Plainly the book has a regional flair, and it is bound to arouse the pride and admiration of residents throughout that area. Nearly all the more than 300 flower species were painted where they grew in the extensive Indiana park system. But the beauty of this book transcends regional lines: it has the power to awaken strong emotional responses from persons far removed from the Hoosier State, and feelings of pleasure not evoked by other state-titled wildflower books.

No attempt has been made by the authors to present a complete or exhaustive accounting of all native Indiana wildflowers. Rather, the paintings offer the flowers “anyone touring Indiana would see. This approach has worked surprisingly well for us.”

The approach works equally well for the reader: compelling, incredibly appealing watercolors.

—Frank Good

Shrubs


A wonderful new addition to the Roger Phillips-Martyn Rix series, Shrubs is an exhaustive and expansive reference on this subgroup of garden and greenhouse ornamentals.

Beyond the fine photography and informational text, referencing hardiness, culture, and native climate, Shrubs takes the reader on an around-the-world botanical adventure—through the seasons of the year—of the best species and cultivars available for garden culture. It can only increase one’s awe of and curiosity about shrubs and rekindle one’s interest in these important plants that have been out of fashion in recent years.

The index guides the reader to both American and foreign sources. For those who use it to obtain some of these shrubs, the frustration will be waiting for their selections to reach specimen size. An additional strength of the book is its list of major gardens around the globe where collections of these choice plants can be seen and studied. Should you choose not to carry it abroad as a reference guide, it can still help you to plan your itinerary, and to research garden performance and varietal comparison information.

Shrubs will inspire the novice, challenge the expert, and reaffirm the reader’s respect for the fascinating variety and complexity of the plant world.

—Frank Robinson
"Borders are all the more successful in our minds if there is something personal about them," says Frederick McGourty, and in authoring The Perennial Gardener, he has given us insight into the personal reasons that make his own perennial gardens so successful and enjoyable. His humor, knowledge, honesty, and sharing of experiences in the garden make this book a delightful voyage through the world of perennial gardening.

The book is divided into three major sections. The first eight chapters deal with perennial gardens at large; specifically, borders for all seasons, shapes, and sites. McGourty's approach is that there are perennial gardens appropriate to all locations and of all sizes imaginable, and he proves his point well. This idea is illustrated in seven easy-to-implement landscape plans found throughout the book. These include specific varieties with plant height, color of blossom, and months of bloom. His discussion of plant placement, garden dimensions, and balance and color will provide novices with good reasons to begin perennial gardens and experienced gardeners with reasons to redefine them.

The following eleven chapters are entirely devoted to the plants themselves. From long-flowering perennials to unusual varieties to the common staples of the perennial garden, McGourty's knowledge is both specific and widespread. One chapter tells us there is a hosta for every location in the garden and many different uses for them. Other chapters give the ornamental grasses and alliums the praise and respect they deserve. McGourty's recollections are not selective: he includes his failures as well as his successes and the reasons for them. His favorite perennial combinations open our eyes to plant groupings not commonly used and why they work so well in the garden.

The final chapters cover the gardens and gardeners at large. How, when, and when not to move perennials; how to deal with plant snobs; and how to treat garden undesirables (including deer) round out this delightful book. It is always a pleasure to read a good, honest book on gardening. In The Perennial Gardener, McGourty has gone beyond "good." These chapters, many of which have been printed earlier in American Horticulturist and other magazines, present humorous, easy-to-read hows and whys of perennial gardening that will inspire all of us to get outside into our own gardens; they list hundreds of plants and ideas to keep us there for a long time.

—Miriam Levy

Frank Good has been writing a weekly garden column for the Wichita Eagle-Beacon for forty-three years. Chief among his garden interests are wildflowers and herbs. Frank Robinson is executive director of the American Horticultural Society. Miriam Levy is horticulture coordinator with AmeriFlora '92, the international floral and garden exhibition to be held in Columbus, Ohio, in 1992.
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