

ANNUAL MEETING

Seattle, Washington

Bulletin of The Garden Club of America

September, 1930



No. 11 (Fourth Series)

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Published September, 1930



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Foreword

Our long anticipated annual meeting in the Northwest is over.

Those fortunate enough to attend have returned jubilant with the glory of the country; with the wonder of the flowers; and with the charm and hospitality of the people.

The journey westward led us through beautiful canyons, near snow-capped mountains, through fields of wildflowers, beside lakes and rivers flanked with wonderful trees. Truly a heritage to be preserved.

In Victoria our welcome began, and in the days that followed there were formed and sealed friendships built upon a sympathy of ideals which should be lasting.

The unity of our organization is always emphasized and increased when our members come together and especially so in such surroundings as those in which we found ourselves in Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma and Portland.

Nature has dealt bounteously with our members in the Northwest, for, added to their unsurpassed bloom, their well-planned and skillfully planted gardens, are such natural foregrounds and skylines as the Sound, the Lakes, the mammoth Douglas firs, the Olympics, Mt. Rainier and Mt. Hood. These were the envy of us all.

To our hostesses who led us into such pleasant paths, entertained us so royally and gave us such an opportunity to add to our knowledge of gardening, to broaden our vision, and to increase our pride in our country and countrymen, we give our thanks.

Never shall we forget the beautiful planted Barge and the Medina gardens; the dinner amid lavender and lilacs; the delightful luncheon and chariot race; the greeting with roses for each member when we arrived before the sun was up, and many, many other fascinating and lingering memories. The whole trip was a lesson to us in friendliness.

Our annual meeting—the real object of our visit—revealed great progress in the carrying out of our ideals, thus giving us much encouragement. Read thoughtfully the reports which follow. To our Chairmen and Committees, who have made possible the progress reported, we owe the high place we are being given.

The outstanding feature of the meeting was the instantaneous response to the suggestion that we preserve, in the name of the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA, a grove of the Redwoods of Cali-

fornia; thus for all time proving our deep interest in the conservation of our natural resources and especially of our wildflowers and trees.

These trees—the oldest horticultural wonders on our planet—are a source of deep inspiration to all who see them. Each member will be justly proud of her part in the preservation of such beauty, such peace, such mystery.

ELIZABETH LOCKWOOD,
President.

Out Where the West Begins

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
That's where the West begins;
Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,
That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Out where friendship's a little truer,
That's where the West begins;
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,
That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts in despair are aching,
That's where the West begins;
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying,
That's where the West begins.

ARTHUR CHAPMAN.

Houghton Mifflin Co.

Our Northwestern Trip

The Garden Club Special

Monday, June 30th.

On Monday, June 30th, just at three forty-five o'clock our Garden Club Special Train slipped quietly out of the Grand Central Station and we turned to and set to rights the sections and compartments which were to be our homes for three thrilling weeks.

We were all rather tired with the excitement and hustle of leaving our families and our houses, stoked up with admonitions and provisions enough to last them till our return, and it was a blessed relief to feel that one check had paid for all expenses and that a handbag full of quarters would be all that we needed until our return.

It was a long train. A club car followed the engine and then five sleepers and two diners, followed by five or six more sleepers and an observation car. The only flaw in this arrangement was that the length of the train necessitated those in the forward cars using the "front parlor" and those in the rear cars the more popular "back parlor," and, as one tired lady gasped to me as she tottered from side to side in the swaying passage way, "East is east and west is west and none in the train shall meet!"

A tiny green book was handed to us by Mr. Brown as soon as we left. It contained the names of those going out on the train, alphabetically and by cars, and an exact itinerary of where we were to eat and sleep each day. This schedule was never varied except in the Yellowstone, where good fortune made it possible for Mr. Brown to improve upon it—much to our comfort and pleasure—by having us stay longer at Old Faithful and at Yellowstone Falls.

The game of "Who's Who, or Match the Names with the Faces," kept us busy for the first three days. Then came Calgary and everything began at once.

On the end of the train three or four enthusiasts spent most of their time braving the cinders and wind and getting more thrills out of the trip than their more cautious sisters. One of these, who is endeared to us by her unique and lovely outlook on all growing things, has written what she saw as follows:

Here and There Along the Railway Cuts

Nearly thirty years ago, Canon Ellacombe with a delightful chapter in his book *In My Vicarage Garden and Elsewhere*, suggested the potential value of the railway cuts as conservators

of plants. This book is one of the many-times-read books in my garden library and this chapter came back to me with its vision emphasized as I enjoyed and tried to identify, from a chair on the end of our flying Special, plants seeking homes along the strip of ground regularly policed by steel monsters. Toward this strip, grazing cattle, tractors, combines and picnic parties maintain an air of reserve which plants are quick to recognize!

With a new moon over the Mohawk Valley, we retired on the night of June 30th to waken speeding through the rich farming lands of northern Indiana. Ripening grain, deep green trees, hedges, and the varied greens and browns of cultivated fields, shadowed here and there by drifting white clouds made the landscape background for the steel pathway of the human trek, toward which "Bouncing Bet"—the pilgrim mother of our plant introductions—showed her accustomed friendliness for the high road and the open road. Among the daisies and low helianthus in the grasses, frequent splashes of another plant emigrant, accepting us for its own—*hemerocallis fulva*—showed how very lovely its brilliant copper-red can be when in proper association. Noting this plant later, used in gardens of the Pacific Northwest as an "accent," the question came, does this handsome plant mark the advancing line of our settlement? In Indiana it had escaped from old gardens to run wild. In another generation will it be doing the same thing in Washington? Seattle is only as old as the span of a man's life.

Tradescantia virginica which I am trying as hard to control in my old fashioned garden as years ago I tried to encourage it to spread, I, of course, knew was a native plant, but I was wholly unprepared for its wide extent in places so wild that it could not have been by any possibility an "escape." Nor did I know, until I consulted Bailey, that this whole genus of ninety species, named for John Tradescant, is entirely confined to the American continent and found from Manitoba to Argentina, with the particular species *virginica* ranging from New York to the Dakotas and into Virginia and Arkansas. I can certainly substantiate the Cyclopedia's statement as to its wide range.

The butterfly-weed (*asclepias tuberosa*) made not infrequent splashes of great brilliance in the driest and sunniest places—a brilliance varying in the intensity of its red, some clumps looking to me redder than any I had hitherto seen. At no time was there more than one or two or three clumps in a place. At one spot an exceedingly handsome clump on a bank covered with the softest of grasses dominated the picture. At one edge two men had started to systematically scythe this bank—for the grass, I suspect. I have thought many times of the danger of that clump of butterfly-weed and hoped the scythe was stayed

for the seed to have a chance to scatter. The staging was too well chosen for the delight of future travelers to have the picture frustrated by man.

Elderberry—long over in the East—was in full bloom in dampish places and hugging the tracks for miles. Making the gayest and most lovable of ground-covers were close-growing roses in shades of pale and deeper pink and white. White yarrow, daisies, and varied helianthus filled the ways.

Past Chicago and into Wisconsin our background had many silos, huge barns, black and white cows on grass, tractors tearing black soil in great strips, men on riding cultivators, corn, potatoes in bloom, gray cabbages, whizzing motor cars, airplanes, and at the stations little barefoot boys.

Despite the apparent prosperity of the farmers of Wisconsin and of Minnesota, the bleak surroundings of the tenant farmers oppressed the spirit. One wondered if in these states such farm extension work exists as is done by Mrs. Henry Burden from Ithaca in teaching the farm-women of her county how to use pictorially about their homes just a few of the shrubs abundant in the county.

The flora remains much the same with more thalietrum and white veronica appearing, and miles of sweet clover dancing madly in the current following the train's passage. There was something refreshing in watching this gaiety of movement in the tall crowding clover plants now in full bloom. Sometimes a group of taller roses would appear with an ugly magenta-like bloom—in beauty not akin to the low spreading delights in pale pink and white.

Another night brought us into North Dakota and at a stop far in the open a bob-o-link, who knows a wheat field when he sees it, greeted us from a wire fence. Windbreaks of trees were about the farm homes and on the horizon velvety hills rolled in orderly procession with a white church in the distance, which did not have a windbreak of trees.

Here along the track's right of way *lilium philadelphicum* spread its flame chalices to the Dakota sun—sometimes singly, sometimes in clumps, sometimes in small communities—and always calling forth exclamations of delight.

Campanula rotundifolia followed the open way shaking its bluebells engagingly in the wake of the train. In great shoals it sometimes appeared and, for some of us for the first time the reason for its place in literature was apparent. More than one gardener on that train came home with the resolution to attempt to make *campanula rotundifolia* at home in the waste places of her domain, small or large, as the case might be.

Everywhere, too, *galium boreale* with its creamy white and delicately fragrant bloom spread about, making lacy foil for the flame lilies and campanulas.

Many years ago I saw for the first time in Miss Grace Sturtevant's garden at Wellesley Farms a plant of *artemisia frigida*; the soft gray-green silk flossiness of the plant so delighting me that I was given a bit with the observation, "We have not found it easy to increase by layers." Experiment proved that it *was* easy from fresh-growth cuttings and from that day there has always been more or less of this delight in my garden. And here right at the steel rails this plant which Fannie M. Heath calls "Silvery Mist," grew in great masses! In the garden about the Roosevelt Cabin at Bismarck, Mrs. Heath (to whom the entire planting of wholly North Dakota plants was entrusted) used much of this plant in the part given over to plants suitable for the rock garden. She says of it, "The silvery green, finely cut foliage keeps very pretty and fresh throughout the year."

A *cerastium*, perhaps *arvense*, kept up an uninterrupted border of a denseness to delight any gardener while pentstemons here and there gave sweeps of violet and purple.

Monsieur Correvon has told us how *malvastrum coccineum* is "one of the brightest flowers I ever got from Northwest America," and of his vexed state of mind at not being able to stop the express train to pick a specimen when he first saw it. An accommodating trainman, out with his red flag at a stop, picked for me the first specimen I ever held of this exquisite miniature mallow of creeping habit, gray-green foliage and salmon pink bloom. Three years before in early June in the rock garden supervised by Mr. Montague Free at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden I had seen one cherished and carefully labeled plant in bloom. Of it Mrs. Wilder says, "A most delightful little mallow that I had from the Northwest which should be in every Eastern rock garden. It is perfectly hardy and free-growing, running about in the sandy stony soil in sunny situations and bearing among its pretty gray foliage all summer long brilliant flame-coloured mallow flowers in great profusion. A real treasure—but it must be given a dry hot situation if it is to flower well." Along the driest hottest parts of the rail bed it made close-growing spreading clumps. The sage brush, in rounded bushes, held a conspicuous place and in its way is as lovely as its small relative, *artemisia frigida*.

Epilobium angustifolium, great willow-herb, fire-weed, or as our menu makers called it as a prefix to the honey offered, fire-flower (prettier than fire-weed) was everywhere as we neared the mountains and a very handsome thing it is. Wild geraniums, increasing quantities of flame lilies, prairie flax (just as lovely at the *linum perenne* of our gardens,) great white heads of cow parsnip, potentilla, lupines and other beauties impossible of identification, unless one had the eye of a bird, crowded fast into Calgary where this chronicler was overcome by the approach-

ing Rockies; but she must record her startled observation of our mock orange growing in the tangled abundance along the now well-watered roadway running among mountain streams. It was *Philadelphus Lewisii*, no doubt, and this handsome shrub is said to be very fragrant, but our gardens grow the earlier known *P. coronarius* from the Caucasus, introduced to cultivation as early as 1596!

As entertainment on a railway journey I can wholly commend the attempt to really see and name what grows along the track. It may not be much as a botanist's record, but it gives pictures to live by.

And before I leave the railway cuts I do wish to note the superb specimens of *lilium canadense* that were in full bloom along the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad and to recall that this road received editorial comment some years ago in the *New York Times* for the work it was doing along its right of way in discouraging the less lovely among native plants and encouraging the better plants.

May more railroads follow suit!

ELLA PORTER MCKINNEY.

Seattle Bound

Thursday, July 3rd.

We were in Calgary,—that lovely city nestling outside the gateway of the awe-inspiring Rocky Mountains. The entire 149 members of the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA swarmed out of the train like ants whose nest had been trod upon. Two farmers standing on the station platform became very curious about the delegation. One thought we might be the returning Gold Star Mothers, but the other had heard about us and said: "Nothing like 'em. Them's lady gardeners." "Lady gardeners," quoth the first, "and what might they be doing?" "Nothing much," said the second, "just going around trying to beautify the world."

We did not always meet with such appreciation and were quite humbled by one woman from a small western town who, by mistake, boarded our train via the diner. The steward, thinking she was on the wrong train, asked her if she was a member of the American Garden Club. With great disgust she replied: "I should say not. They look as if they couldn't grow beans."

The railroad took splendid care of us, and we travelled most luxuriously with observation cars, two engines and sixteen cars. While stopping once for water the station master hurried out and asked the engineer to help him out with a problem he had. "Help you," said the engineer, "*you* help *me*. I am busy hauling three hundred ton of women out of here." It is well he did

not have us weighed on the return journey as I saw women, who had started out eating one egg and a tomato and a lettuce leaf, making for the diner at the first gong and eating cereal like a two-year-old. Figures were forgotten and every one abandoned all idea of anything but having a big time and enjoying life, which we all did to the utmost.

M. B. S.

Road Song

"Where are you going?" he said.
 "Where are you going?" said I.
 Then he said, "Where the dawn throws red
 And silver over the sky;
 Somewhere the boughs are swinging,
 Somewhere a thrush is singing,
 Somewhere the winds are winging
 Through places wild and high."
 And I shouted, "So am I!"
 "Of what are you dreaming?" he said.
 "Of what are you dreaming?" said I.
 And he said, "Of camp-fires red and a roof of
 starry sky;
 Of waking to find that the singing
 In boughs above me swinging
 Is not a dream; of springing
 To catch winds laughing by."
 And I shouted, "So am I!"

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

At Calgary we caught our first glimpse of the Canadian Rockies and from there on to Banff we began to climb along the Bow River. The great stretches of level prairie ceased and the rolling, grassy foothills rose, tier after tier, to the base of the five great ranges of mountains, which extend from here to the Western coast.

A great mountain must be seen to be appreciated. It is a sensation which cannot be brought to you by mere written words. These great towering grey stone mountains with their white caps are different from all others. Ponderous masses of plain grey rock, towering way above timberline. Truly awe-inspiring.

We arrived at Banff all too soon, and enjoyed our few hours at that delightful hotel, making mental notes of the good golf course and splendid swimming pools for future stays with our husbands and children. Then, after a good luncheon, came the first bus ride of the trip. We are now bus experts. We know just which corner of the bus we prefer and are wise enough to choose medium-size busses, which do not have to back around hairpin curves.

The roads around Alberta seemed to have been oiled in our honor, and we slipped along that glorious wide road in the cool, bracing air, while mountains to right of us, mountains to left of us, valleyed and thundered. Hole in the Wall Mountain; Castle Mountain, sheer precipices, over 4,000 feet above us. Great snowbound Temple Mountain and a glimpse of the Valley of the Ten Peaks. Then we saw among the rocks the mountain sheep with the great curled horns and way up the shy white mountain goat. Here we had our first beggar—a cinnamon bear, waiting along the roadside for the kindhearted tourist. He climbed up slowly on the running board and seemed much pleased with gumdrops, marshmallows and spicy "lifesavers."

As we neared Lake Louise the sun was shining brilliantly but there were snowstorms all around us and we were glad of our heavier wraps.

Lake Louise

July 3rd to July 5th.

Suddenly, there it was—the picture we had all hoped could be true, but which because of its extreme beauty, we had feared must disappoint when seen in reality. There it was,—the soft Bermuda-green lake, with its dark, steeply sloping rocky sides, the snowy mountain and glacier towering in the center. We did not at first see its summit, for a glorious snow storm was staged there—for our benefit, of course.

We tumbled out of the busses and hurried toward the view; some to the broad terrace, others to the huge windows of the office; all spellbound, speechless, and feeling that even if we had to go right back East this one moment would have been worth the long journey.

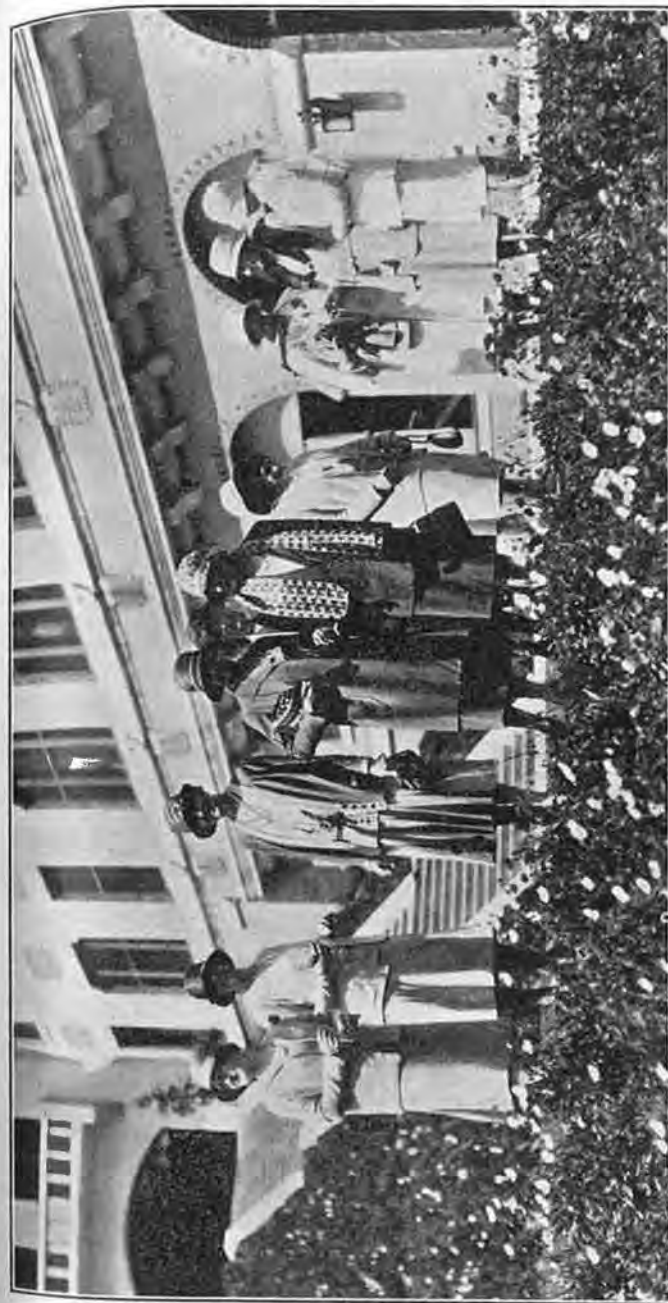
Of those two happy restful days at Lake Louise it is hard to speak lucidly. Such was its spell that two of our members came back to spend the summer there.

That night we had a full moon. The reflection in the lake was exotic, peculiar, awe-inspiring.

We left directions to be called at sunrise and just for a few fading seconds we saw the rosy glow grow to glory on the snow-capped tip; then mists covered it, and we turned over and slept until breakfast time.

The following morning the elements were kinder to us and the gradual sun-rise on that scene is something that those who saw it will never forget.

Fourth of July was celebrated by long walks by all of us who could climb and, strange to say, the altitude did not seem to bother us here as it did at Rainier and the Yellowstone. One ambitious walker started at nine and climbed to Lake Agnes and the Plain of the Six Glaciers before luncheon, bringing to us, who had stayed on the level, handfuls of rare flowers from the



Members of the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA spend two days at Lake Louise while en route to their Annual Meeting in Seattle.

In this informal picture are Mrs. W. A. Lockwood, President, third from left; Mrs. Jonathan Bulkley, Vice President, New York; Mrs. John A. Stewart, Jr., Ex-President, New York; Mrs. Samuel Sloan, Ex-President, New York, fourth from right; Mrs. John H. Lynch, Secretary, Connecticut; Mrs. Pierre duPont, Director, Delaware; Mrs. Robert C. Morse, Director, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Percy C. Williams, Connecticut; Mrs. James R. Thomas, Director, West Virginia.

mountain side. The flora of Lake Louise is, of course, alpine and entirely new to a great many of us; mauve atragene, pulsatillas and dryas roots, white heather and androsera. Later in the day she heard that she had not taken the most beautiful path so she repeated the trip before night. She slept well!

Most of us walked along the lakeside for a mile or so to where the Mt. Victoria glacier comes down and empties into the lake. This forms a wide grey moraine where we found the exquisite white dryas octopetala and the pale yellow dryas Drummondii. In the cliffs above the paths we found androceera carinata and the alpine cinque-foil. We followed up the side of the glacier stream for a way and found ourselves in snow with alpine forget-me-nots and the small anemone parviflora and the yellow snow lilies—erythronium grandiflorum.

People are allowed to pick the wildflowers, which we felt to be a great mistake. Tourists passed us with handfuls of the white heather and the little crimson dwarf laurel, kalmia microphylla, was being yanked up by the roots along the lakeside. Afterwards when we saw the way in which both the Mt. Rainier and the Yellowstone Park authorities inflicted a fine of twenty-five dollars for anyone picking wildflowers and ourselves enjoyed the glorious result,—beds of choicest wildflowers as far as eye could reach,—we wished that the kind-hearted hosts at Lake Louise would follow their example.

The Drive to Golden

Saturday, July 5th.

We left Lake Louise with many regrets and silent vows to return at the first opportunity. We started in the busses for the Yoho Valley and Emerald Lake on our way to meet our train at Golden.

THE GREAT
DIVIDE The Great Divide was a thrill and source of much interest as we paused a moment, realizing that one branch of the little stream flowed east, eventually reaching the Atlantic and the other joined the great Columbia River and so reached the Pacific. We were to cross the backbone of the continent once more in the Yellowstone, where a small lake perches on the imaginary line—the water from one end flowing to the East, from the other to the West. We passed a silver mine in the side of Mount Stevens, a perilous, terrible work it seemed to us. Through great gorges and on the sides of great canyons, terrific ascents; at one time two hundred feet in a third of a mile. On through ice-drifts and a real ice tunnel. Yes, with ice overhead and just beyond were fields of forget-me-nots! Then one of the highest waterfalls in the world hove in sight.

THE
YOH
VALLEY The Yoho Valley is an experience indeed. The steep road follows the Kicking Horse River up its deep gorge and then follows the Yoho torrent. Up and up we zigzagged, backing

skillfully on hairpin curves, till we came to the quiet bungalow camp in an open valley facing the marvelous Takakkaw Falls. This stream comes from a glacier and leaps down twelve hundred feet—a fine thin streak of silver over the grey stone mountain.

This upper Yoho Valley is a great place for riding and for walking up its many surrounding glaciers. It is said to be unrivalled in its masses of wildflowers.

We lunched at lovely Emerald Lake where we were given roses from Seattle and where we saw for the first time the exquisite "Queen Cups"—clintonia uniflora—and the false forget-me-nots—lappula. One of our dainty ladies went searching

EMERALD
LAKE



Emerald Lake

for wildflowers up the stream and came tearing back, chased by a black bear who wanted peppermints!

The ride that afternoon will never be forgotten by our members! My private opinion is that it was terrific. I was scared out of my senses at the precipitous cliffs and turns and bends above the Kicking Horse River. My astonishment was divided in three,—some at the glorious scenery,—some at the

dexterity of the chauffeurs, but most at the fact that none screamed or paid any *outward* attention to the danger of the road. After all this excitement we were glad to settle down in our safe and cozy train, which had been nicely warmed for us while waiting on the siding!

GOLDEN

The energetic Kicking Horse River joins the great Columbia at Golden. We went for a long way by the banks of this great river which we were to see again in all its grandeur at Portland. There is something very terrible about these great streams. All night long we travelled by the side of water, down, down, down to the Pacific. When we stopped we heard the rush of the waters. The thought crossed my mind of what would happen if a wheel broke! It looked perilously narrow between the track and the river.

The Columbia

Curling, listless serpent,
Creeping round the hill.
Twisting emerald-shadowed
Through the valley still,
Drowning in the sunlight,
Sleeping as you go,
I can feel the menace
Of your dull green flow.

Fascinating reptile,
You do not reveal
All the guile and cunning
That your dreams conceal;
Yet I sense the danger hidden in your head,
You are luring victims;
Waiting to be fed.

THOMAS MINOR PELLY.

From *North-Westward*.

2

GIANT
TREES

It was in the Selkirk Mountains soon after we left Golden that we saw huge, incredibly beautiful evergreen trees which were entirely unknown to all of us. They grew below us along the rivers and their wide drooping dark green branches were edged with the emerald green of second leaf. Seen from above they were like nothing but huge tree-ferns, but as we studied them we caught glimpses of their buttressed base fifteen feet in diameter, which proved that it was the giant cedar, *Thuja plicata*,—an arbor-vitae which frequently grows two hundred feet high. Its branches are short, wide and horizontal, with pendulous ends. We were to see this glorious tree in all the moist valleys as far east as the Yellowstone.

The new varieties of evergreen trees were very puzzling at first, but we boiled down our united observations until we grew to know them.

The one I think we all loved best was the Douglas spruce, a fir,—*pseudotsuga mucronata taxibolia*,—a magnificent tree eighty to one hundred and fifty feet high, with a trunk three to four feet in diameter and slender crowded branches or long pendulous lateral ones forming while the tree is young. A perfect pyramidal Christmas tree when grown in the open fertile valleys but, when growing in the canyon or crowded in the forest, it loses its lower limbs up to sixty or seventy feet.

These two most glorious trees, giant cedar and Douglas spruce grow in the lower altitudes along the streams. When one gets up to three thousand or four thousand feet the white pine,—*pinus monticola*—the hemlocks and the Alaska cedars take their places.

At from five thousand feet to timberline the rugged white-barked pine, which we saw at Dunraven Pass and the alpine hemlock seem to predominate. We had become familiar with the jack pine and the sub-alpine fir around Lake Louise. Firs have short branches to resist the snow. They are called balsams locally and are found throughout that region on the higher mountain slopes and summits, frequently forming the timberline, in which case they are shrublike and stunted.

Firs bear their cones upright; arbor-vitae and spruce carry theirs hanging down. This fact was a great help in quick identification.

Later, at the Yosemite, we were to meet the weedy looking lodgepole pine,—*P. Murrayana*. I thought it a very homely tree. It is a pioneer, occupying burnt-over areas and thriving on poor soils, so we should not expect too much luxuriant grace from the poor crowded thing.

Puget Sound and Victoria

Sunday, July 6th.

It was a sparkling crisp Sunday morning on which we arrived at Vancouver and took the fine big steamer down Puget Sound to Victoria. The usual jolly Sunday crowd was aboard. We were much interested in the blond English girls and boys and the sensible elderly people all so very different, in a way to be felt rather than described.

As we neared Victoria the scene reminded us of the Thousand Islands on the St. Lawrence. Victoria Harbor, with its great orderly ship basin at the doors of its parliament buildings, well-kept park, and hotel, is unique. Nothing commercial is allowed

VANCOUVER

VICTORIA

to intrude on the beauty of the scene. You felt it was decorous and you gave thanks.

A delightful surprise awaited us. As we stepped down the gang-plank familiar, smiling faces greeted us. The Presidents and numerous members of our three hostess clubs as well as some of our California friends had come up to meet us. We walked along the short water front to the Empress Hotel all chattering like a flock of magpies. Here we registered and had an informal reception. Plenty of time was allowed us to freshen up and settle in our rooms before we started out in busses to see the Island.

Vancouver Island

Vancouver Island is two hundred and eighty-five miles long and we were at the Southern end looking across to the snow-capped Olympic Mountains in Washington. There is a ferry to the main-land further North, which was crossed by our members who motored out, and they reported that end to be "tropical foliage, white flannels and tennis parties."

The climate is more balmy than on the mainland because of the Japanese current. It is like that of England but with much more sunshine. Every little house we passed had its flowers. The rolling hills and oak groves looked like rural England on this peaceful Sunday afternoon.

The Butchart Gardens

A complimentary programme was tendered us while we were on Vancouver Island by the city of Victoria and Mrs. Robert P. Butchart who is an honorary member of the Seattle and Tacoma Garden Clubs. So we were taken first to the celebrated Butchart Quarry Gardens at Tod Inlet.

On turning into the grounds we drove through an avenue of dark-leaved *prunus pissardii*. On either side we saw rows of glowing annual flowers being raised for seed; for the demand has been so great that Mr. and Mrs. Butchart have started the Benvenuto Seed Company for the benefit of their employees to whom, we heard, the gardens were eventually to be left.

Passing through this blaze of color the busses stopped and we entered an enclosure formed by a pretty greenhouse and seed-shop on the right and a wood bordered by a delectable rock border on the left. In the center under large shade trees our host and hostess awaited us. With them to receive us were Lieutenant Governor the Honorable Randolph Bruce, Miss McKenzie and Mayor Ancomb.

Tea tables were spread invitingly here and the Royal Scotch Band—a gorgeous bit of color in their kilts and plaids—

marched about and played their bagpipes for us. But the lure of the gardens was too much for us and we were soon exploring the celebrated Quarry Gardens with its alpine; the Japanese Garden; the square Rose Garden, backed by glorious blue delphiniums; and the exquisite planting of the banks and of the formal garden next to the house.

The opportunity of forming a unique rock garden in an abandoned quarry comes to few of us. Add to that, great knowledge of plants, the finest climate in the world for the development of garden flowers and a virgin soil full of nutriment, with plenty of running water for pools and cascades, and you have a combination which is impossible to beat.

One descends into the sunken garden by a long zig-zag flight of steps, every inch planted with unusual alpine. It was like walking through Thompson and Morgan's rock garden catalogue. Campanulas and pentstemons, in every minute variety, especially intrigued us.

Great buttresses of rock stand out from the central lawn space and from these hang laburnums and shrubs with variegated leaves. The planting here is in unexpected bays, by the waterside and then up to the tips of some of the crags. It is said that when our hostess wishes flowers on some inaccessible pinnacle she shoots the seeds there through an air gun!

In one moist spot we spied *primula florindae* in full bloom—that tall, new, yellow-whorled primrose that they assure us will do so well by our brooks.

In the rose garden was a lovely design of a radiating stone base to a fountain, planted with deep violet thyme in the rays and flanked by the deepest blue lobelia. In another crevice in the steps we saw a rare blue gentian (*lagodechiana*) which they assured us was a "good doer."

The formal rose garden, backed by the towering delphinium, was simply astounding in its brilliance. It looked like one of Princess Mary's Christmas cards of English gardens which you have always believed to be impossible in real life. But here it was, with the beds bordered with apricot violas and interplanted with baby's breath. Each plant in perfect condition and with a wealth of bloom and brilliance of color only attainable in such a climate.

Near the house were two sloping banks on the side of a formal garden of pools and standard rambler roses. These banks were absolute perfection, planted with soft crimson polyantha roses and enormous violas in all shades of mauve. Nearby was a long bed of pale to deep violet petunias. Such exquisite shades I have never seen.

The Japanese garden held a fine mass planting of maiden-hair fern. A tiny rivulet trailed down the slope and under a willow tree, past a tea-house and underneath several small

bridges, on to the Sound, which was reached by a woodland foot-path under large trees. A boat-house in which were moored motor boats and canoes, was surrounded by a porch overlooking the entrance to the Sound. Fish swam lazily and in full view in the clear waters.

A week, instead of an afternoon, would not be too much for true gardeners to study the way in which this garden is managed. We received a great impression of the practical knowledge, skill and love of flowers of this great woman gardener, who has done so much for her city by sharing all this beauty with the public; for the gates are always open to all and it was a very special privilege which was given to us to see it by ourselves.

Dinner at the Empress Hotel

That evening a formal civic dinner was held at the Empress hotel in our honor. It was greatly to be regretted that Mr. Robert Butchart was not well enough to be present.

It was a brilliant scene. We were received by his Worship the Mayor and Mrs. Ansecomb. A soloist, Miss Dorothy Hartree, sang charmingly and after drinking the health of the King we had speeches by His Worship the Mayor; The Honorable Randolph Bruce LL.D., Lieut. Governor of British Columbia; The Honorable Dr. S. F. Tolmie, Premier of British Columbia; and Mrs. R. P. Butchart.

Mrs. William Lockwood responded as follows:

"We were pleased when the Garden Clubs of Seattle, Tacoma and Portland wrote us that our visit would begin in Victoria. All flower lovers have heard of your beautiful city, of your Marine Drive, of your trees, of your flowers and of Mrs. Butchart's gardens.

Our anticipation was keen. Now that we are here and have experienced so rare a treat as Mrs. Butchart's gardens, our gratitude knows no bounds. Your bloom is so wonderful we hardly recognize our old friends among the flowers, and we have made many new ones. It is impossible to express our enthusiasm.

A year ago just at this time a group of GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA members was welcomed in London by Lord Reading and Lord Lee. We had journeyed eastward to England—that gem of an Island—for inspiration and knowledge from Old World Gardens. How fitting that this year, we should journey westward to visit our sister country with problems similar to our own—those which confront a newer land.

We have marveled at your trees, at your harbor, at the majesty of your mountains and at the beauty of your flowers.

On our journey westward, we have constantly been reminded of Mascefield's lines,

'It's the white road westward I must tread,
To the green grass, the cool grass and rest for heart and head
To the violets, to the clear brooks, and the thrushes' song,
To the fine land, the West-land, the land where I belong.'

We thank you for your welcome, which really began at Emerald Lake, where we were greeted with roses from Victoria."

Government House, Victoria

Monday, July 7th.

Government House was our first objective on Monday morning.

A pleasant driveway brought us to the entrance of the dignified red brick mansion. How well does the Mother country stand back of her colonies. How well she houses them and asserts the dignity of a great nation. The comfortable and spacious Residency is large and rambling; the high-ceilinged Audience Room overlooks the water and there is a flag-hung balcony around the room.

The Lieutenant-Governor, his niece and several members of his family greeted us cordially. We were asked, when our names were announced, to give our States. We admired the water view from the porch, as well as from the rock-garden directly below. We partook of the delicious black cherries and yellow apricots and then wandered in the wake of the Governor, who loves the trees and shrubs of British Columbia.

The vegetable garden was unusually interesting and attractive. Vegetables, small fruits, fruit trees and flowers grew in agreeable juxtaposition. A lovely planting of blue, purple and lavender in a long border at the entrance gave us each a lesson in color and restraint. A group of hothouses held tropical, semi-tropical plants, cuttings, fruits, melons and so forth. Wide lawns with great trees, white benches, turf tennis courts, rose gardens, an ancient totem pole, a tea-house hung with pink geraniums, were all in harmony and breathed a spirit of old England upon the newer land by Pacific shores.

Mr. Pemberton's Garden

Next we were taken to the garden of Mr. F. B. Pemberton. As we entered, up a shady driveway, a most unusual thing caught our eye. At the base of the trees were tastefully massed certain plants which really seemed to luxuriate in the shade and moisture and deep soil; occasionally a dainty vine was encour-

aged to ascend and drape the branches. This is the keynote of this exquisite garden—roses trained up into the trees. The garden consisted of irregular beds cut in the turf. It was on our left. We must all remember that masterly planting of a strange buff and orange honey-suckle, hanging from the large oak and with sprays of cream-white roses scrambling over it, and below it the garden gate arched over with enormous *Mme. Caroline Testouts*.

Vines were made especially welcome here. A great grey trellis backed the garden at one end. Here rare clematis were just showing their great buds. A perfect arch of ivy had been made by bending down the limb of a tree and letting the ivy and clematis combined do their best.

We groaned when we thought of the hard, hard soil under our home trees. They have no August drought here and the thermometer never goes lower than the plants wish it to.

There was an especially fine planting of Japanese iris along a pool and much interesting material in this garden. It made some of us wish that the garden lovers among our own men-folk were here to see a man's garden such as this. We have so many men members in our clubs, who would keenly enjoy the gardens (if not the crowds of enthusiastic ladies) and it seems a great pity that more of them do not come.

Sir Frank and Lady Barnard's Garden

It was not the exquisite hanging baskets of trailing begonias, nor the beauty of the lawn rolling down to the Sound, nor the pale blue delphinium, nine feet high, arching over the top of the pergola like a bit of blue sky, which made us catch our breath and gave us a really covetous heart-ache in this truly feminine garden; it was an indefinable charm, an ordered irregularity of design; a naturalness of beauty that bewitched us all. It all looked so lived-in. Comfortable little chairs and a few quiet parasols were placed where one wanted to sit and gloat over certain lovely combinations. The coloring in the garden was most subtle—most restrained. You felt that many good varieties had been omitted for the picture's sake and you gave thanks.

Two most unusual pools were built up with moss-covered stones; one on the side toward the lawn flanked with luxurious sun-lovers, and one under some great ivy-draped firs, where maiden-hair ferns dripped in cool masses and wood flowers forgot they were not in their mountain home, showing us the ideal treatment of a shady dipping well.

Embowered in the trees at the end of the lawn was an attractive but inconspicuous tea-house,—vine-covered and shady

—with a luscious view of the water. There are rumors that it boasts the best dancing floor on the Island.

All agree that tuberous-rooted begonias in baskets swinging from tree limbs about an out-door room were near the five star achievement. In this garden tuberous-rooted begonias were used double tier on stone walls as the hillsides came to level enclosures. These mossy baskets were often of pale yellow and the begonias had a hanging stem habit not usual in the garden planting. Old limbs of trees that had been cut away leaving hollows had their drooping adornment of fuchsias and other plants. *Holodiscus*—the native spirea, resembling alder in leaf and with cream bunches of florets the form of sumach, were a never ceasing beauty. Near them were often great buddleias, twelve to fourteen feet in height, with racemes one could not measure around with the fingers.

On the Boat to Seattle

We left Victoria with regret. The time was too short to see all its beauties, or to explore its fascinating antique shops and old book stores. But the boat left at three forty-five and having experienced the pleasure of those comfortable boats we were eager to sail further down the Sound to Seattle—to the high point of our pilgrimage,—the Annual Meeting. For we realized that after Seattle we would be going home—though enjoying glorious sights on the way. It would be our great Divide, where the waters run two ways.

Seattle

The throbbing pulse of daylight gently dies
And placid twilight settles on the place
Bringing to life the city's charming face
That watches many ships with loving eyes,
Sparkling against the evening's fiery shawl
With myriad sequins on her dress she waits.

THOMAS MINOR PELLY.

From North-Westward.

From July 7th to July 12th.

As we came up Seattle harbor there in the Southeast hung Mt. Rainier, in the sunset—more like a cloud than a mountain, sending out to us its benediction.

Expeditionously we were run through the customs house and into big busses, which took us up steep wide streets to the Olympic Hotel. We had had our dinner on the boat so we registered for the Annual Meeting in the Junior Ball-room,

receiving our programmes, insignia and invitations; all held in a delightful green cardboard "reticule." These pretty green bags, bound with green tape and with our names in large type on the sides, were one of the greatest comforts that our thoughtful hosts contrived for us. They held our pencils and notebooks and the programmes of each day and by the time we reached Portland they simply bulged with information. I saw a number of them—patched a little, to be sure, but still bulging—as we got off the train at the Grand Central weeks later. We hope that the custom of having these bags will be adopted at all future gatherings.

We were joined at Seattle by twenty-four members from our California clubs, twelve from Tacoma and twelve from Portland. One dropped down from Alaska and two or three more had motored up from New York. Mrs. Butchart had also come down with us from British Columbia.

We retired early and found bunches of choice roses in each of our rooms to welcome us.

IMPRESSIONS
OF
SEATTLE

Too much cannot be said of Seattle; the beauty of the place; the hospitality and the marvelous executive ability displayed—everything moving as if by magic, never a lost moment nor a delay. Two or three hundred temperamental women transported from place to place, from meeting to meeting, over a period of three days, on absolutely schedule time. It was a miracle! One felt the perfect harmony and accord in the Seattle Garden Club, excellent teamwork everywhere. Perfect machinery, but never apparent to the visitor. Never a sense of hustle and hurry; always plenty of time to see all we wished. To those of us who have organized meetings in our own clubs this perfection was amazing.

Seattle itself is most interesting as a city. It is indeed hard to realize that it is only seventy-five years old. It is essentially modern and up-to-date in its sky-scrapers, fine bank buildings (with flowering window-boxes) and well-paved streets that are washed every night. This flushing of the sloping streets every night particularly pleased us. The pavements were the cleanest imaginable.

It stretches up and down hill around Lake Union and between Lake Washington and Puget Sound, (and when a hill is in the way they wash it down with great hydraulic pumps into the Sound.) In spite of its rambling propensities it is so well tied together by great boulevards that all sections are easy of access.

Everywhere was life abundant in the tempting display of fruits. In antique shops, in department stores, in specialty shops, bowls of cherries, platters of apricots, were placed for the passing visitors to eat and enjoy. The Bing cherry was our favorite.

We were asked what special feature seemed most characteristic of the gardens and grounds in Seattle and we decided it was the clever way in which the inhabitants had made use of steeply sloping ground. Someone said: "They have mastered the art of living beautifully on a side hill." As we drove along the curving streets and up and down the hills you were seldom conscious of steep grades for your motor, but always conscious of interesting rock-planting in the retaining walls and rocky banks. The class of material used was unusually fine and appropriate. The yards were beautifully planted with luxurious shrubs, well-kept and the flowers massed with skill. No house or lot was too small to have its garden, even if the lot was at an angle of forty-five degrees. Perfect drainage the plants certainly had and by their health and vigor they proved that it agreed with them.

SEATTLE
TOWN
GARDENS

Presidential Perquisites

Prologue

A Club president should be witty and winsome and wise
(But not *too* wise)
And good looking enough to appeal to all eyes
(But not *all* eyes.)
She must be a good dresser and spender and lender
Always ready to go where her club wants to send her.
Willing to work night and day on every committee
That is formed in her club or her state or her city.
She must give all her time and that of her spouse
And neglect all her family, her friends and her house.
She must eat at each luncheon and banquet and dinner
And yet she must manage to grow thinner and thinner.
While doing all this she must forget about self
And work every minute or get put on a shelf.
And when she has finished this time of her slavery,
What does a club president get for her bravery?

Epilogue

She enjoys all this slavery, so don't analyze
(No matter who lies)
And she becomes more witty, more winsome and more wise.
(Generally *too* wise)
While she broadens in wisdom and culture and size.
(Specially in size.)

GRACE FRYE.

The Annual Meeting

And now we come to the point of the story, the reason why we journeyed so far afield.

How we officers of the Club wish that every member could feel as we do the thrill of the actual Annual Meeting itself. The Roll Call; the spicy short Reports; the big work accomplished and the bigger work to come; the inspiration of working with good companions for a good cause—because of our intense love of our own gardens, working to make this old world more of a garden for everybody.

The Annual Meeting was held in the Metropolitan Theatre, which was next to the hotel. The stage was set as a garden. All the chairs and tables used were pale green painted iron. The women in their bright-tinted flowered silks and chiffons, with the beautiful palms and potted plants behind them, made a brilliant picture. Especially lovely was the way in which the potted plants were tipped up over the footlights making a soft fringe towards the auditorium.

Proceedings of the Annual Meeting of the Garden Club of America

Seattle, Washington

July 8th, 1930, 10 A. M.

Meeting called to order by Mrs. William A. Lockwood, President.

Welcome speech by Hostess Club, Mrs. Thomas D. Stimson, President, Seattle Garden Club.

"Madame President and Members of the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA:

We have looked forward to your visit to Seattle and it is with the greatest pleasure I extend to you a cordial welcome for the three clubs; Tacoma, Seattle and Portland.

I cannot express to you what your visit means to us and to the Northwest. We know you have taken this long trip, not only to become acquainted but also to spread the Garden Club idea and I assure you we have already felt the results of your work and in the years to come, we will have increased understanding and enthusiasm.

We have very few gardens to show you, for we are mostly beginners, but we have marvelous country and I hope you will

have time to fall in love with the Northwest country, with our forests, lakes and the Sound and that you will have a happy visit.

We are very proud to have our beloved National President with us today to conduct this Annual Meeting in Seattle and we are most happy to extend to Mrs. Lockwood a cordial welcome."

Response by Mrs. Jonathan Bulkley,

First Vice President

"It is a great privilege which custom has assigned to the First Vice-President of the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA of replying to our Hostesses, and I am especially pleased to express to Mrs. Stimson and the ladies of the Garden Club of Seattle, Tacoma and Portland the gratitude we all feel for their delightful welcome. Ever since your invitation first reached the office in New York to hold this Annual Meeting here all of us able to leave home for so long a journey, have been looking forward with the greatest eagerness to this trip. Now we are here and have seen your program and know our fondest dreams are about to be realized. In the joy of anticipation, please do not think us unmindful of the weeks and even months of preparation which have made this program possible. We know it could not have been accomplished without many struggles and much hard work, but I assure you you could not possibly have more appreciative visitors. Already we have marvelled at the wonders of your country and are now eagerly waiting to see for ourselves the beauty of your gardens and we thank you from the bottom of our hearts for the charming courtesy of your welcome."

Roll Call

256 Representatives from 68 Clubs.
21 Clubs not represented.
12 Members-at-Large present.

The President's Address

"The Calling of the Roll, always so thrilling to me, reveals how we have journeyed from all parts of the East and South to meet here in Seattle where we are to give our annual accounting of the use we have made of our talents.

In coming to a decision to take the long trip, many have been most influenced by the majesty of your mountains, the glory of your forests, the wonder of your flowers and the delightful intercourse with sympathetic gardeners.

These bring great joy, but there is an even greater satisfaction in hearing what has been accomplished during the

year toward making real the ideals of the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA.

You represent Clubs from all parts of our great country. Listen eagerly and attentively (and read later the full reports in the BULLETIN), so as to ascertain whether or not your Club is keeping pace with other groups in increasing the knowledge of horticulture among its members, in building beautiful gardens, in protecting and increasing the beauty we already have, by saving and planting trees and wild flowers, in attempting to rid our roadsides of unsightliness, in encouraging civic planning and planting, and in co-operating with other organizations working along similar lines.

One is often asked what is the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA and what is it doing. The groups you represent are the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA and what you are doing is what the Garden Club is doing. Take back to your Club the thought that each unit and each member thereof has responsibilities to, as well as opportunities for pleasant association in, the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA, and that only as each does her part, small or great, earnestly and enthusiastically, will she feel the thrill of pride in our work.

Never was the spirit of gardening more alive, or the value of the beautiful more generally recognized. No one may measure how far our organization has been responsible for this. For seventeen years we have sought by precept and example to make beauty in nature appreciated and desired. What someone has called "the inevitability of gradualness" has been and is our encouragement.

We need vision and foresight, and also assistance in efforts which may at times seem trivial as well as drab and uninteresting, but which, when representing the combined influence of our members, will be a powerful force for betterment.

Katherine Grimmes tells us in her delightful poem that "God made a garden because he knew there must be work for his sons to do."

You are now to hear the reports of those who have worked. We are grateful for what they have done to increase the usefulness of the organization in which we have such deep pride."

Report of the Secretary

1929 - 1930

This past year has brought to us who are closely in touch with the work of the office of the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA many pleasant associations with our members. Much has been through

correspondence and better still many have visited us and made the acquaintance of our office force whom we feel sure met our members with the deep interest they give to the work.

Now we have moved several stories higher in the same building where the air is better, the noise less and the rooms larger and more attractive. With all these advantages the spirit is keener than ever to be a medium of exchange and inspiration to our 6,000 members in this nation-wide organization.

Realizing that the office of the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA now expends a large sum of money and wishing to be sure that the best use was being made of this sum, an efficiency expert, recommended by men interested in the Rockefeller Foundation, was called in to go over the work.

After careful examination this expert submitted a report commending the use of our space, the expenditures made for salaries, rent and equipment. This report was accompanied by a chart showing that our expenses had increased only in proportion with our growth. He also emphasized the conscientious interest the office force gave to their work.

He called attention to the unusual type of work carried on in the office of our organization, making it impossible to have it considered from the standpoint of a regular business office.

The expert offered some suggestions not alone to the office staff but to our members and I quote the following:

"It is noted that a very appreciable amount of correspondence, lists, checks, etc., come in from the member clubs in a very haphazard manner, often this takes considerable time and effort for the office force to straighten out."

Let me be more explicit and tell you of one of our members who wrote from Florida asking for a Flower Show Luncheon ticket. She enclosed her check signed "Mary Jane Smith."—no address. Our files disclosed several "Smiths," both Mrs. and Miss but no Mary Jane. So letters and telephone calls went to several clubs where Mary Jane might belong before it was discovered she was Mrs. John H. Smith of the X Garden Club. How simple it all would have been had Mary Jane told us this in her letter.

Again to quote:

"If it should be clearly pointed out to the members what extra work results to the office force from receiving checks that do not indicate the member club, or lists of names which are partly illegible due to hasty composition, it is felt that these same members would appreciate better the extra labor they are making for somebody else and would gladly cooperate to eliminate this extra work. Much time will be saved when all of the members are careful to be explicit in their correspondence with the main office."

You will be interested to know that from September 1, 1929, to June 1, 1930, a period of 9 months, we have had 1,400 requests

for changes of address. Each of these 1,400 changes means six operations:

1. To change the card in the club files.
2. To change the card in the alphabetical files.
3. To write the Addressograph Company for a new plate.
4. To file this plate on its receipt.
5. To write to the Editor of the BULLETIN so that her files may be kept up to date.
6. Careful checking of corrected plates—8,400 operations in all.

If you are one of those sufferers who does not receive your BULLETIN regularly perhaps you will understand why you do not get it.

Will you make it easier for us to handle these changes and reduce mistakes to a minimum by sending all requests for changes of address and all membership lists and addresses of club members to the office *typed*? Please remember—typed and in alphabetical order.

The incoming and outgoing mail increases constantly and one busy week saw 24,000 envelopes addressed, filled and mailed, which means each member of the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA received:

1. A BULLETIN.
2. A letter referring to the Contributors' Fund.
3. An Almanac.
4. A schedule of the New York Flower Show.

It has been suggested that the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA have an Inquiry Department. Perhaps when you have heard the following varied questions which have come to the office during the past year and know they have all been answered, you will realize we are already equipped, with the help of our members, to take care of a great many questions.

Here are a few examples of the many, many questions the office receives:

1. A list of books suitable for a small Garden Library.
2. Where is the oldest garden?
3. From the Editor of a well known New York paper "information from the Roadside and Conservation Committees on tree planting along the highways."
4. How to start a Garden Club? (many times.)
5. How to encourage community planting of back yard gardens?
6. Program for Garden Club Meetings? (many times.)
7. How to encourage children in the love of gardening?
8. How to lay out a cemetery?

The Conservation Department has also had a great variety of interesting questions come in for their attention.

Nature organizations, public and private schools, garden clubs from all over the country which belong to the Federated Clubs, or have no outside affiliations, come or write to the office

for literature and help and aside from these serious inquiries come ones in a lighter vein:

1. A child wrote: "I wish very much not to pick the wildflowers that shouldn't be picked but how do I know what they are?"
2. A man wished to know what to feed birds and where to get it.
3. A director of a garden plot for boys has asked for discarded garden tools.
4. A woman, fond of birds, telephoned from a long distance to learn where she could get cat traps quickly.
5. Another distant call for help was "My myrtle is turning pale and I wonder if you can tell me what its soil preference is."
6. Can you tell me how to kill rats? was a question that resulted in an exceptionally fine article that is appearing in the BULLETIN.

Again we ask your help in eliminating unnecessary work, thus giving us all more time and energy to devote to the carrying out of the ideals the founders of this organization had the vision and wisdom to choose as the work of the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA:

"To stimulate the knowledge and love of gardening among amateurs; to share the advantages of association, through conference and correspondence in this country and abroad; to aid in the protection of native plants and birds; and to encourage civic planting."

Respectfully submitted,

LUCY MOFFITT LYNCH,
Secretary.

Report of the Finance Committee

1929 - 1930

The Finance Committee met informally after the Presidents' Council Meeting in November, 1929, in New York, and as the Contributors' Fund did not seem to be thoroughly understood, it was decided to send a letter to each member of the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA, telling them of this fund and the necessity for the extra money needed for the work of the different committees.

This letter was sent and the very generous sum of \$10,000 was received and in addition \$5,150 was paid in advance for next year.

The Finance Committee met again in April and called a meeting for May 14th where all Chairmen of the National Committees were asked to appear and present accounts of their work and their needs for the next year. This meeting was very satisfactory and a budget was proposed by the Finance Committee and sent to the Executive Committee for approval.

The Contributors' Fund seems to be popular with most members. The total number of individual contributions were

441, total number of contributors from Member Clubs 36 and total number of Members-at-Large 39. Three members have sent \$500 each, which has been invested, the income of which is deposited each year and used for Committee work in the Contributors' Fund.

EDITH OLIVER REA,
Chairman,

Report of the Admissions Committee

Mrs. Lockwood: "A group of representative women from different localities who meet once a month to consider the earnestness and eligibility of candidates for membership in our organization.

The able Chairman, Mrs. de Gersdorff, has been ill and is not able to be present. Mrs. Sloan, a member of her Committee will read her report."

During 1929-1930, the following candidates were admitted to the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA:

Sand Hills Garden Club (Augusta, Georgia).

French Broad River Garden Club (Asheville, North Carolina).

Piscataqua Garden Club (York Harbor, Maine).

Of the clubs just named the French Broad River Garden Club has a membership of forty and is the only club in North Carolina; the Sand Hills Garden Club, twenty-six members; and the Piscataqua, forty. These two last clubs are both in states where there was only one club.

Members-at-Large—Mrs. J. J. Pringle Smith, Charleston, S. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Norman Carmichael, Rancho Santa Fe, California; Mrs. Robert Goldsborough Henry, Myrtle Grove, near Easton, Md.; Mrs. Augustus G. Paine, Lake Champlain, New York.

Total of new members since the annual meeting last year is 110.

Respectfully submitted,

HELEN SUZETTE DE GERSDORFF,
Chairman, Admissions Committee.

Mrs. Lockwood: "Next our magazine, the BULLETIN of which you are justly proud.

The faithful and efficient Editor, Mrs. McKnight, is taking a well-earned rest after seven years of constant attention to the detail of editing so charming and outstanding a publication. Her unique and loved Assistant Editor will make her report."

Report of the Bulletin

1929 - 1930

During the past year we have published the regular six numbers of the BULLETIN and an extra describing in detail the English Pilgrimage.

Your BULLETIN is growing in interest, in quality and in size. It is now difficult to keep it down to the 116 pages allotted to it. Some members think it is too long. Others clamor for more of it. Others cryptically say that it is their constant bed-side companion and there is nothing like it for inducing sleep! We wish you would express your opinion candidly; your wishes will be our guide. Is the BULLETIN too long?

(CHORUS FROM THE MEMBERS: "NO.")

There has been but one change in our Board of Editors this year. The appointment of Miss Eloise Luquer of the Bedford Hills Club to succeed Mrs. Crosby of the North Shore Club as Conservation Editor. Miss Luquer is largely responsible for the July BULLETIN which was our Conservation number.

We regret that we cannot install a successful Question Box which has been asked for so often, but owing to the length of time which elapses between each issue, a question asked in January (for instance) could not be answered until March—a disastrous delay if the situation is acute.

We would like to stress your keeping of the back numbers of your BULLETINS for reference. There are so many instances where members have written to us for information which has been already supplied them. Now that we have a comprehensive index each January, articles are quickly located. Take for instance the two articles on the building and management of a small greenhouse. We seem to be the only source of information on that subject if we are to judge from the demand constantly coming for those two numbers. Even the Smithsonian Institute wrote in a great to-do because one of our numbers was missing from their complete files, and saying the most complimentary things about the value of our magazine.

We would like you all to take a chance in literary speculation for the coming year and send us in some original papers on some new phase of our great subject. If you are not sure that what you have written is of outstanding merit, let us be the judge. And please, never, never have your feelings hurt if your manuscript is returned. Your twelve editors are ever watchful of the interests of both magazine and reader.

Respectfully submitted,

ANNA GILMAN HILL,
Assistant Editor, BULLETIN.

Mrs. Lockwood: "Our Billboard and Roadside Committee which has worked so patiently for many years is beginning to see the effect of the constant urging of an idea. The public is interested at last and although the work is stupendous, we note real progress.

Mrs. Iselin is represented by one of her Vice-Chairmen, Mrs. Holden."

Report of Billboard and Roadside Committee

The Seattle Garden Club may recall the remark of the famous Henri Correvon in his lecture before the Club in which he said "A disagreeable impression was made on my mind by the awful electric poles and billboard ugliness spoiling one of the most beautiful views I have ever seen, the lakes, the forest and Mount Rainier as background. The women said: 'We are here and will work to have things altered;' and I know they will do it." The following is a record of which we may well be proud:

High Lights from Zone Reports

Eastern Zone

Mrs. John H. Buck, ViceChairman, Hartford Garden Club.

Organized opposition against billboards increases.

In New Jersey, nine garden clubs, in co-operation with many organizations and individuals, succeeded in having the General Assembly pass a bill regulating and taxing billboards. They have also succeeded in securing a Demonstration Highway of twenty-seven miles for roadside beautification, through the co-operation of the State Highway Department. Legislation has been framed for an annual appropriation of one per cent of funds from the State Highway Department for roadside beautification; also, for retaining a landscape engineer and the further development of the state forests. Legislation to remove all kinds of trees, telegraph poles, fences, unoccupied houses, etc., will be ready for the next session of the legislature.

Massachusetts garden clubs are united in financing and working to sustain the constitutional amendment now under jurisdiction by the billboard industry after four weary years.

Lenox has published its fourth edition of "Beautiful Berkshire."

Connecticut garden clubs met in an enthusiastic Regional Conference. Ridgefield, with eleven other clubs, staged an ambitious exhibit at the State Fair at Danbury. The Hartford Garden Club has permanently placed its miniature billboard exhibit in the Children's Museum.

Pennsylvania garden clubs have combined with state-wide organizations into a Council for the preservation of Natural Beauty in Pennsylvania.

Rhode Island Clubs financed a state survey of billboards by Mrs. W. L. Lawton. They assisted in killing a dangerous bill in the general assembly in the interest of the billboard industry.

New York Garden Clubs aided in the passage of the Brereton Bill based on the proposed Massachusetts law. Let us hope it will have a less stormy voyage.

Orange and Dutchess Counties are active in school work.

Garden Clubs in Westchester County have removed five thousand illegally placed signs.

Southern Zone

Mrs. J. Allison Hodges, Vice-Chairman, James River Garden Club.

Maryland Clubs. Two thousand names signed to the pledge "As a practical protest against the abuse of our countryside by advertising, I shall give special favor to products not advertised on the landscape." Stickers of same slogan became so popular that some advertisers, in an effort to prohibit their use, obtained a photograph of one of Mrs. McKeon's letters and sent it to the Postmaster General in Washington, asking if they should not be prohibited. The stickers are still sticking! Radio used extensively. Appropriation for roadside tree planting urged upon state authorities.

Georgia. Active for better and more attractive highway planting.

West Virginia. Strenuous educational campaign.

Delaware. Active newspaper campaign preceding plans for legislation.

Kentucky. Two hundred and fifty-eight firms have signed an agreement to forsake billboard advertising.

Virginia. Billboard survey of state by Mrs. Lawton. Twelve hundred miles covered. Bill for restriction of billboard advertising lost, but bill for highway architect passed. Largest dry goods firms voluntarily gave up one hundred large billboards. Another company ordered all signs removed near Virginia Beach. Miles of trees and shrubs planted on highways and at approaches to cities and towns. Lynchburg's community planting of fifty thousand shrubs and wildflowers has become an annual event; twenty-five miles of highway now being undertaken.

North Carolina, South Carolina and Florida are among the states in the Southern Zone having no GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA Clubs, but are doing fine constructive work.

Mrs. Hodges, Vice-Chairman, has been most active in State survey, legislation and speaking tours.

Middle Western Zone

No report on account of illness of Mrs. George F. Dana, Vice-Chairman, Cincinnati Garden Club.

Far Western Zone

Mrs. Richard D. Merrill, Vice-Chairman, Seattle Garden Club.

California Clubs arousing keen interest among school children, campfire girls and scouts. Creation of an original moving picture reel by Pasadena and Santa Barbara Clubs. A "Scenic or Sign-ic" Contest sponsored by the Standard Oil Company of California. Interesting experiment of a "Master Highway Plan" which will allocate specified districts for billboards, to inform passing motorists of the next hotel, garage, service station, etc.

Oregon Clubs. Wonderful constructive work arousing public sentiment among hotel men, ministers, doctors, manufacturers, motorists, druggists, florists, health workers, college men. Two churches put on debates about roadside cleanliness. State Highway and Park Commissions and Oregon Federation of Garden Clubs, under the able leadership of Mrs. Honeyman, all combined to prevent the defacing of roadsides and to force legislation to acquire a magnificent stand of virgin timber along one of Oregon's main highways. By special proclamation, May 10th was set aside by the Governor for a Highway Clean-up Day. Governors of four states at the Portland Stock Show signed the pledge.

Washington Clubs have endorsed the State Council for Protection of Roadside Beauty and all important organizations are co-operating with enthusiasm in countless ways. The situation on the West Coast warrants a decided optimism.

Legislation

Ten states have worked for legislative action. Victory achieved in New Jersey. Opening wedge in New York legislation in passage of Brereton Bill and the presentation of the Zimmerman Bill.

Surveys

Valuable surveys of seven states by Mrs. W. L. Lawton, Chairman of the National Council for Protection of Roadside Beauty, to study all phases of roadside beautification; project financed by the American Nature Association and Garden Clubs.

International

The meeting in England in 1929 proved the international value of our work and clearly showed that our problems are the

same. France, too, is awakening. A proposed levy of \$24 a square meter with a sliding scale tax to \$100 a square meter would cause some of the billboards on the main roads out of Paris to pay \$16,000 a year for maintenance. "They do these things better in France."

The Pledge

Thousands of names signed in more than half the states to pledge: "As a practical protest against the abuse of our countryside by advertising, I shall give special favor to products not advertised on the landscape."

Activities

Committee activities comprise hundreds of letters sent from office to advertisers; member clubs; Hotel Men's Association; to the President of the United States during the National Safety Conference, calling attention to the fact that billboards are an unnecessary distraction, and thus menace safety. Publication of calendar engagement pads. Flower Show Exhibit, Speakers' engagements, etc.

Meetings

Your Committee has attended, individually, meetings of the National Real Estate Board in Boston; a picturesque celebration at the Condé Nast Publishing Company, when the last telephone pole was cut down and the Boston Post Road became a thing of beauty in front of the model manufacturing plant; a meeting of the National Capitol Committee to discuss improving the approaches to Washington.

Your Chairman represents the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA at all meetings of the Federated Garden Clubs of New York State and of the National Council for Protection of Roadside Beauty, as well as those of the newly formed National Council of State Garden Club Federations.

Suggestions

1. We need more trees planted on our roadsides.
2. We need to preserve the present trees when possible.
3. Zoning plans to be encouraged.
4. More attractive filling stations and food stands.
5. Ask state legislatures to authorize highway department to spend one per cent of its funds for roadside planting.
6. That State Tree Farms be established.
7. That state surveys be made to establish what should be done with aid of Highway and Conservation Departments.
8. Specialize on hotel advertisers, through the Hotel Men's Association.

Your Committee and Zone Chairmen have done yeoman's service this year of 1930, yet

"The little done
The undone vast."

Respectfully submitted,

HOPE GODDARD ISELIN,
Chairman, Billboard and Roadside Committee.

Mrs. Lockwood: "Conservation and Roadside Beauty are closely allied although approached from two different angles. Our Conservation office is becoming more and more equipped to give information along the lines on which we are working and many interested and federated clubs have availed themselves of this help. We are encouraging the planting of wildflowers and Christmas greens in order that we may say fewer don't's."

Report of the Conservation Committee

1929 - 1930

Of great importance to Conservation is the gift of two members of the Santa Barbara and Montecito Garden Club whereby eighty acres of Redwoods were presented to the State of California.

The exhibit of Redwoods and the Desert Garden taken by the California Vice-Chairman to Boston and New York and later shown at the Chelsea Flower Show in London were given by her to the British Museum and to Kew Gardens respectively.

The Garden Club of Michigan has contributed \$1,330.00 to replant 550 acres of pine destroyed by forest fires.

Mr. Coleman duPont gave to the State of Kentucky 2,200 acres of land rich in mountain laurel and rhododendrons.

The Vice-Chairman of Iowa, who is a Vice-President of the American Forestry Association and Vice-Chairman of Conservation for the General Federation of Women's Clubs, reports that the women of Iowa helped secure the planting of a new highway and reforestation of burnt-over land.

The West Virginia Vice-Chairman is a Vice-President of their State Forestry Association and for two years has given GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA prizes for the greatest improvement and best planted premises along the Midland Trail, this year including filling stations and refreshments stands.

Co-operation with Other Clubs

In Mississippi the Vice-Chairman is also Conservation Chairman for the thirty-two Federated Garden Clubs; the Virginia Vice-Chairman is likewise Conservation Chairman for the Garden Club of Virginia which federates the Clubs; in Pennsylvania the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA Vice-Chairman works through eighty-seven groups, affiliated in the Council for Preservation of Natural Beauty in Pennsylvania, and this has recently become an active member of the Garden Club Federation of Pennsylvania; representatives of the Garden Clubs federated in Massachusetts are on the Board of the New England Wild Flower Preservation Society, sponsored by the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA. The National Conservation Office has answered inquiries and has had visitors from the federated garden clubs of many states and has loaned them the lectures with slides. Your Chairman has spoken to these garden clubs and to the federated women's clubs.

The Virginia Vice-Chairman is on a committee to save points of interest from commercialism.

In Tennessee the garden clubs are sponsoring a bill providing for the employment of a Landscape Engineer to have jurisdiction over all planting and cutting along highways.

Seattle secured the appointment of a City Forester.

Through favorable legislation in Kentucky the beauty of Cumberland Falls has been saved.

Oregon enacted a Reforestation Law, and last year distributed 125,000 seedlings.

New York has passed a bill providing \$14,000.00 for maintaining nurseries for raising trees to be planted along state and county highways. A Long Island garden club saved from destruction three lots of trees along a new state road.

In Galveston, Texas, the Vice-Chairman co-operated with a woman's organization in replacing the palms which had been winter-killed, trimming back the oleanders, and planting wildflowers beneath them along the main avenue of travel.

A tree planting contest was held in Greenville, Mississippi.

Many town forest holdings have been increased in Vermont, where also the 4 H Clubs are growing trees from seeds, and the University has acquired a large tract of land for botanical study and a wildflower sanctuary.

In Piedmont, California, the Garden Club cooperates with the Park Superintendent who is raising thousands of native plants from seeds and has salvaged from fire breaks and grazing land hundreds of wildflowers, shrubs, and trees.

In Seattle prizes were given in the "Out of Door Decorative Tree Contest" (a newspaper offering \$1,000.00); and wildflowers

grown from seed at the Wildflower Sale won many converts to Conservation. April 26th is official Holly Planting Day in Washington, and here nurserymen are extensively growing native plants from seed and cuttings.

Maryland gave prizes in an essay contest on wildflowers and many children objected to the practice of nurserymen in getting their stock from the woods. The Garden Club of Mt. Desert, Maine, gave eight Hyde Charts of "Wildflowers which should be Protected" in a school essay contest as prizes, and in Illinois twenty-five children each learned about a flower on it and taught the others.

In Minnesota, the Lake Minnetonka Garden Club has an exchange among members of surplus seeds and plants.

The New Mexico Vice-Chairman, as President of the Board of Regents of the University, is helping the botanist make a survey of the state's flora.

The nature teacher in Cincinnati takes on an assistant just for spring to further the observance of Wildflower Day, April 24th. This is also observed in Oregon and in Montana where Forestry Week is emphasized in the school curriculum.

In Arizona an appeal to save the desert flora is made by the Conservation Committee in a letter read in Arbor Day programs. Iowa has Outdoor Good Manners incorporated in the school handbook for Arbor Day. Pennsylvania has conservation stressed in the school journals and broadcast thirteen Christmas greens talks. During Conservation Week observed in Delaware, Nature talks were broadcast. The posters made by school children for the Wilmington Garden Club Contest were exhibited at the International Flower Show. The Quarterly Chairman in charge, effectively displayed Conservation work by means of motion pictures and colored slides of wild flowers. In Connecticut the posters of the Fairfield Garden Club Contest were shown at the Danbury Fair.

Two principals sent by the North Country Garden Club, Long Island, to a nature camp have coordinated with nature study all subjects taught in their schools.

Rye, New York, secured a nature teacher.

Probably due to Garden Club awards in New Jersey the tent caterpillar has practically been exterminated. The Garden Club of Princeton, New Jersey, has specialized on growing dogwood, some of which could be exchanged for holly. The Quarterly Chairmen for the Christmas season helped New Jersey florists to obtain approved Christmas greens.

The New York Vice-Chairman is growing holly and evergreens by the hundred. The School Nature League has shown the Conservation Committee slides before 3,670 school children in New York City. The Litchfield Conservation Exhibit was brought to the Children's Fair in New York.

Rhode Island sent out a series of nature lectures. Massachusetts reports lectures given in 193 schools and before 51 organizations. New Junior garden clubs have affiliated.

Organization by Counties

Organization by county has been perfected in Maine, with its Committee of Sixteen and in Connecticut with its eight Chairmen.

In New York the Westchester County Conservation Committee of which your Chairman is a member has, in its second year, a membership of one thousand. It is making a Nature Survey of all plant and animal life.

Xmas Greens

A medal for the "Mile of Lighted Christmas Trees" was given by California, which also advocates a door-step tree planted for each child. In Seattle no Conservation Christmas greens were used as street decorations. Pennsylvania for the fifth year had its school contest for wreaths made of substitutes for holly, laurel, and ground pine; and Maryland again had exhibits with prizes for wreaths, doorway and table decorations.

At the Christmas Greens Conference held at the national Conservation office during Flower Show Week arrangements were made for Garden Clubs to take orders for approved Christmas greens; sources of supply were given for florists wishing to obtain balsam and cones; nurserymen growing English and American holly and bittersweet for the market were listed; balsam roping at fifteen cents a yard to replace laurel roping was quoted; the planting of Christmas greens gardens, with a list of suitable shrubs and trees, was advocated; and a motion was made and passed that the system of cutting Christmas trees under forestry supervision with a label of approval now practised in Colorado be extended with the aid of Forestry Service and Conservation Commissioners in other States to include all Christmas greens.

The program of the Conservation Committee is constructive, replacing the "don'ts" with suggestions as to what may be done:

1. Grow wildflowers and trees from seeds and cuttings.
2. Exchange plants of which you have a surplus.
3. Help local florists to obtain approved substitutes for holly, laurel and ground pine.
4. Encourage nurserymen to grow all evergreens and berry bearing plants suitable for the Christmas greens market.
5. Harvest Christmas greens under state or federal supervision and market with label of approval.
6. Plant Christmas greens gardens for the future.
7. Finance local teachers at nature camps.
8. Cooperate with other conservation organizations.

9. In 1932 plant trees as a George Washington bi-centennial celebration in conjunction with the American Tree Association program.
10. Buy memorial acres of redwoods.
11. Reforest burnt-over areas.
12. And work for conservation legislation.

Respectfully submitted,

ELOISE P. LUQUER,
Chairman, Conservation Committee

Report of the Educational Committee

Ambler Fund

The Ambler School of Horticulture at Ambler, Pennsylvania, was selected for the work of the Educational Committee this year. Mrs. Lockwood appointed the following Committee:

Mrs. Roger Baldwin, Chairman

Mrs. John Hampton Barnes	Mrs. James A. Draper, Jr.
Mrs. Dexter M. Ferry	Mrs. George L. Harrison
Mrs. F. R. Kellogg	Mrs. J. Franklin McElwain

This Committee held a meeting at the time of the Presidents' meeting in New York, November 13th, and passed the following resolution:

RESOLVED, that all the funds raised by the Ambler Committee of the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA shall be used for the immediate development of an ample water supply and drainage system, for the improvement of the milk-room and dairy, and farm buildings and greenhouses, in the order listed.

Later a letter, approved by the Executive Committee, was sent to the President of each member club, and to each member-at-large, with the result that the sum of \$5,001.89 has been collected.

In making up this fund forty-two garden clubs have contributed and thirty-six members-at-large, several individuals, and one garden club which is not yet a member of the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA.

I take this opportunity of thanking the members of my Committee who have worked so efficiently to collect this money.

Without the help of these persons living in different parts of the United States the interest created for Ambler would not have been so wide-spread.

There have been two educational matters which have come to me. One woman asking for information and help in securing a scholarship for foreign study, and lamenting the fact that men have more chance for foreign study than women. In answer to this inquiry a letter was sent, referring her to the

American Association of University Women, and its foundation for foreign scholarships.

The other matter is one which should come up before the Educational Committee of next year. It is a request that the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA should raise a fund to establish a Research Scholarship in the Department of Botany at Vassar College.

Respectfully submitted,

MARY VAIL BALDWIN,
Chairman, Educational Committee.

Report of the Slides Committee

1929 - 1930

The event of outstanding interest in the history of the Slides Committee for the past year has been the collection of English Slides, showing most of the gardens visited by members of the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA last June, during their delightful tour, as guests of the English Speaking Union.

These slides have proved of much interest and pleasure to the member clubs which have used them, and are booked for some months ahead. There is a delightful syllabus which accompanies the slides, and your Committee suggests that whoever is to read this description, makes him or herself familiar with the text before the slides are shown.

A request was made in the March number of the BULLETIN for prints showing winning flower arrangements at recent flower shows, these to form the nucleus of a proposed class to be added to the main slides collection. There has been almost no response to this request, and your Committee cannot of course proceed with the plan without your co-operation. Will the member clubs therefore give this matter their consideration, and if it is felt that such a class would be of interest, particularly to those who do not have the opportunity of seeing the flower shows, send to the office of the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, any prints which they may have of winning exhibits. These exhibits may be made by members of the Garden Club, at any well-judged show, and to be accompanied by full color notes.

Some very beautiful slides have been added to the collection during the year just past, and for these, your Committee wishes to express sincere thanks and appreciation.

Respectfully submitted,

MARGARET L. GAGE,
Chairman, Slides Committee.

Report of the Special Publications Committee

1929 - 1930

The first volume of *Gardens of Colony and State* will be ready for the publisher in July of this year.

After a great deal of study and work we hope that the readers will bear in mind that the presentation in literary and historic form of the history of gardens in this country is no mean task. The plan has been to present a little of the general history of many localities, and a glimpse of what is recorded of the earliest cultivation of the soil. It has been very difficult to get facts, and tradition about gardens, as about other things, is not real evidence. Pictures do not of course exist of early gardens, and even well into the nineteenth century only surviving drawings can be used for illustration. In a very few cases old plans have been preserved, but the great majority of surviving gardens are the outcome of earlier ones and have been replanned and planted more than once. The study of the records left by travelers and observers here from the earliest times to 1840 have been of the greatest value, and have often been the only evidence of important accomplishments in gardening.

We hope that the care that has been taken to record facts will make the book the standard for all time to come, that the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA may be the source of information for gardeners of many generations in this our country, of what were the circumstances under which the arts of gardening grew.

Respectfully submitted,

ALICE G. B. LOCKWOOD,

Chairman, Special Publications Committee.

Report of the Library Committee

1929 - 1930

The Library has had an active year. It has moved twice.

Last fall, under the very able direction of Mrs. Seabury, the Library found for the first time adequate space and light, both for the books and for the people using them. This spring the move to the fifteenth floor with the rest of the office into practically the same space was much simpler to arrange. Now even the Bulletin Board has been brought into the light. The committee is very pleased with the Library's appearance and would like to have every garden club member come in and admire it—but more especially—use it.

Among the other activities of the year the answering of requests for information—which the committee sometimes feels

reach literally from the cradle to the grave—is important. One day a member asks where she can buy garden stockings that won't run when she works too long and zealously in the proper gardening attitude. Another day a letter comes asking how to lay out and beautify a cemetery. Again the Sunny Side Development Company of Long Island and the Better Homes Association of Washington, write asking for books on gardening for beginners, and about judging, and schedules, and points for flower shows. A small new club wants a list of books for a new garden department in the local public library, a department of which it is to have charge.

Meanwhile we are adding to our collection. With the appropriation of \$100 made for the first time this year a number of useful and important books have been bought. Through the generosity of some of our members many very interesting volumes have been added to the shelves, and some have come from the publishers.

So the Library is steadily growing. The newest books are listed in the BULLETIN from time to time.

An important addition is a set, kindly given by Col. E. E. Garrison, of Greenwich, Conn., of his very complete and comprehensive color charts that may be used by any one planning new color schemes.

The lecture list is in constant use and the committee would be very grateful for reports on lecturers and for new names to add to the list.

We are hoping that the Library may become more and more valuable to the club, and for this we need and ask your help.

Respectfully submitted,

MRS. THOMAS M. DEBEVOISE,

Chairman, Library Committee.

Report of the Art Exhibition Committee

1929 - 1930

At the suggestion of the Art Committee of the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA, the Whitney Studio Galleries of 10, West 8th Street, decided to hold their closing Exhibition so that it might cover the week of the New York Flower Show and perhaps afford pleasure to the many Art as well as Garden Amateurs.

The Exhibition was planned and carried out with great spirit. The galleries were arranged to suggest a Garden Show tent and well selected garden furniture and suitable sculpture further

carried out the indicated scheme. But the water-colors, pastels and oils upon the walls, representing floral feeling and design as recorded by our more important artists, needed no extra enhancement of setting. They were notably alive and entertaining. Forty painters and eight sculptors were represented. A list of the principal artists exhibiting was published in the March BULLETIN of the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA. A delightfully successful illustrated catalogue with an introductory essay on flower painting by Lloyd Goodrich added a final discriminating touch to the record of this artistic adventure.

Respectfully submitted,

JULIA ISHAM TAYLOR,
Chairman, Art Exhibition Committee.

NOTE: Mrs. Taylor also wished an announcement made that Mr. Man-ship has written that he expects to work on the design for the new GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA medal this summer.

Report of the Garden Club Section of the International Flower Show 1930

The new and really outstanding feature of the Flower Show this year was the work done by the clubs in co-operation in putting on demonstration gardens. A general plan was first thought out and it was then decided to stage at either end of the section of the Grand Central Palace, two gardens which would show what might be accomplished in a small space. They were made to connect with each other according to a plan which might be adapted by anyone to a space of the same size with some little adjustment. This means that the clubs working on this plan did so in co-operation, some of them growing the horticultural material for the gardens. In planning the rock gardens four clubs joined, Litchfield, Englewood, Summit and Wilmington, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Parks. The committee hoped that this feature would take the place of the little models in showing how a good design could be used in a small suburban garden. It was meant to be a step forward, in that the clubs put on for demonstration model gardens such as they themselves would be glad to own; so that the general public might see what we are learning to do in our own gardens.

The Flower Show also marked a great advance in the use of interesting material as demonstrated in the little gardens that were staged by clubs in competition, and especially in the Little Herb Garden. These gardens used pieces of statuary—the prize-

winners in a competition which was held last June under the sponsorship of the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA. The statues were drawn for and not selected by the competing clubs, something which of course made the problem more difficult than if the competitors had been able to follow a personal selection. These little gardens differed widely. One was timed as an early spring garden, just as the winter snows leave; one was rather Japanese and very dramatic in effect; one was highly praised by the judges for its use of very interesting horticultural material, etc.

The Flower Arrangement Classes were more popular than ever. There seems to be a growing interest in the use of color schemes; the white and red arrangements this year being very popular and very beautiful. The Conservation and Billboard Committees combined for an attractive exhibition and gave out literature of general interest to the public. We still feel that some large demonstration of our work in both of these lines that could be exhibited at flower shows throughout the country would be a stimulus for what we are trying to accomplish in both of these directions.

The committee is extremely grateful to the experts who gave their time to judge our exhibits and also especially to the clubs which fell so readily into the plans that were provided and adapted themselves with such cleverness to new ideas as they come up. We feel that while the flower shows are a great deal of work and consume a great deal of time, nevertheless they teach us valuable lessons by observation and they give to the general public an idea of what the member clubs are seeking to accomplish.

Respectfully submitted,

SARAH GILDERSLEEVE FIFE,
Chairman, Flower Show Committee.

Report of Committee on Horticultural Quarantine

1929 - 1930

There does not seem to have been much change in the quarantine situation during the past year. Dr. Strong, the new chief, has not been in long enough for us to know whether he is a puppet, with our old friend Dr. Marlatt pulling the strings in the background, or whether he is waiting until he can find himself.

Mr. McFarland has written me that it is proper to say that the quarantine situation is better and it is worse. Plant material is being handled by a capable and sympathetic plantsman with

expedition and care. If we must have everything we bring in snooped at, fumigated, disinfected, and generally damaged it may be said that we are getting these operations done a little less disastrously than ever before, so that is a small grain of hope. Also they are letting in more narcissus bulbs for propagating stock, as our own have been found to be so diseased. Varieties are selected by the government, unfortunately; and we all know that their interest in novelties and aesthetic effects is not their strongest point.

Respectfully submitted,

LOUISE CROWNINSHIELD,
Chairman, Committee on Horticultural Quarantine.

Report of the Medal Awards Committee

1930

It may interest our new presidents and members, if I explain a little about our medals and their uses. There are five medals awarded by the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA:—

The Medal of Honor has been given three times only; to the late professor Charles Sprague Sargent of the Arnold Arboretum; to Mrs. Francis King, and to the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, at the time of its Centennial Spring Flower Show.

There are three Horticultural Medals, Gold, Silver and Bronze. The Horticultural Medal in Gold is given at important shows, for exhibits of special merit and value. This year the medal was awarded to:—

Mrs. William G. Mather for her Spanish Cloister Gardens at the Cleveland Flower Show, March 29th.

John T. Scheepers, Inc., for the Bulb Garden at the Central States Garden and Flower Show, (Chicago), April 5th.

Albert H. Atkins of Boston, for his beautiful "Spirit of the Sea" at the exhibition of Sculpture-in-the-Open-Air, at Philadelphia, May 13th.

The Horticultural Medal in Silver is awarded to special plant societies, and this year it was won by Mrs. Burcher, Wayside Club, Scarsdale, N. Y., for the most meritorious exhibit—a magnificent bunch of dahlias, at the Show held by the American Dahlia Society at Madison Square Garden, September 28, 1929.

The Horticultural Medal in Bronze is awarded at local flower shows of member clubs of the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA, and

though this is a simple medal, every member should feel that it is a great honor to win it.

The Bronze medal, this year was awarded to:

Mrs. Irving C. Wright, Chestnut Hill Garden Club, July 3, 1929, for exhibit of a miniature garden.

Mrs. William H. Browne and Mrs. James Dean, Cohasset Garden Club, July 11, 1929, for horticultural perfection in the "Italian Flower Market."

Mrs. William Arnold, South Side Garden Club, September 12, 1929, for best collection of dahlias in the show.

Mrs. Donean K. Brent, Hardy Garden Club, November 4, 1929, for scoring greatest number of points.

Mrs. Barton Cameron, Dolly Madison Garden Club, November 19, 1929, for best collection of garden flowers.

Chestnut Hill Garden Club at the Massachusetts Horticultural Society Flower Show, March 25, 1930, as a sweepstake prize in the flower arrangement classes.

Mrs. William K. duPont, Wilmington Garden Club, May 20, 1930, as sweepstake prize for Iris.

Mrs. Zalmon G. Simmons, Greenwich Garden Club, May 20, 1930, for most points won in horticultural exhibits.

Mrs. John H. Harwood, Chestnut Hill Garden Club, May 28, 1930, for most meritorious arrangement of cut flowers.

Mrs. Henry B. Pennell, Cohasset Garden Club, June 26, 1930, for border planting in a formal garden.

Mrs. Frederick E. Lewis, Ridgefield Garden Club, June 26, 1930, as sweepstake prize for scoring greatest number of points.

Mrs. Edwin Hoyt, New Canaan Garden Club, June 26, 1930, for most meritorious exhibit, a cottage garden.

We congratulate heartily the winners of all these medals.

The increased interest in the Bronze Medal has been most gratifying. To obtain it, a request should be sent to the Medal Awards Committee, enclosing a schedule of the show, and a description of the class for which the medal is desired. The Committee reserves the right to disapprove if the proposal seems below standard. A charge of \$6.00 is made to cover the cost of the medal.

In offering the above medals, it should be announced that no award will be made if the judges feel that no exhibit is considered worthy.

Respectfully submitted,

JANE DUP. WEBSTER,
Chairman, Medals Award Committee.

Emily D. Renwick Achievement Medal

Report of Committee—1930

The entries for the Renwick Achievement Medal are of such a high standard that the Committee is embarrassed at having only one medal to give.

We have the honor to announce Mrs. George C. F. Bratenahl, a Member-at-Large of the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA, has been awarded the medal for her achievement in planning and completing the Cloister Garth of the College of Preachers at the Washington Cathedral, District of Columbia. Its design, its charm, and above all its atmosphere of peace and the welcome it extends makes it the outstanding entry for the year 1929. As Mrs. Bratenahl is not here to receive it, the medal will be sent to her.

Although it is a departure from our custom I wish to mention the great merit of another entry, Mrs. William J. Knapp's (Rye Garden Club) American garden—a collection of such flora of the United States as will grow in the state of New York. Its future importance is so great that I feel constrained to bring it to your notice and hope that when it has matured many will have the opportunity of seeing and of studying it.

Respectfully submitted,

MRS. JOHN A. STEWART, JR.,
Chairman.

Mrs. S. Edson Gage
Mrs. Roy Arthur Hunt

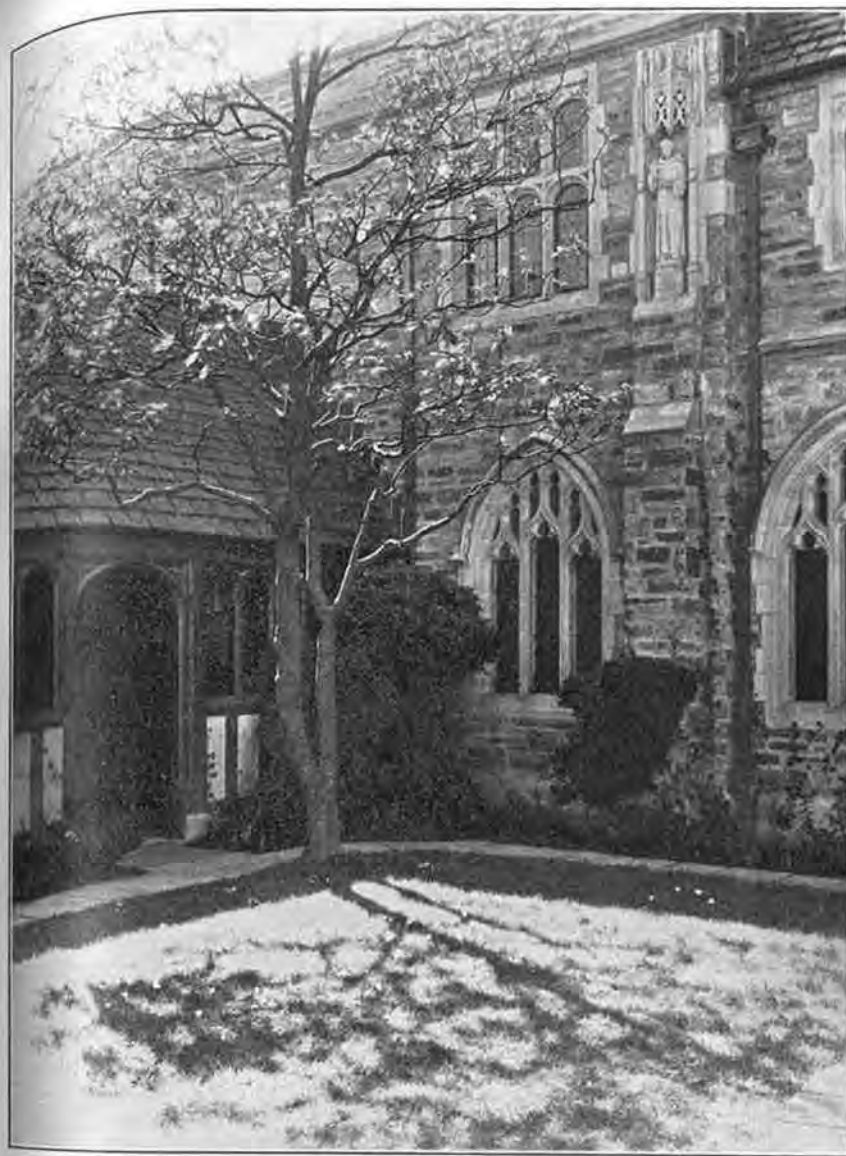
Mrs. Lewis Gouverneur Morris
Mrs. Rollin S. Saltus

Miss Anne R. Webb

Report of the Committee of the National Capital

1929 - 1930

The Committee of the National Capital has been enlarged during the past year and now consists of twenty-one members, who were present to welcome the officers and directors of the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA, when they held their December board meeting in Washington, at which time your Chairman received cordial endorsement of the proposed program of co-operation with the Agricultural Department, the National Capital Park and Planning Commission and other agencies working for the development and beautification of Washington.



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A corner of the Cloister Garth of the College of Preachers, Washington Cathedral, Washington, D. C., for which the Emily D. Renwick Achievement Medal was given to Mrs. George C. F. Bratenahl.

During my absence for three months last winter meetings were held and the subject of park and street trees in the Capital were studied and two illuminating talks given on the Cramton bill and the Great Falls project.

The recent passage of the Cramton-Capper bill is the event of the year for the Capital. It means that land may become available for park purposes before it is too late, that the palisades and falls of the Potomac will be saved from commercial development and the water supply of our beautiful Rock Creek Park augmented by purchase of land with trees, through which the source flows. Also small parks and playgrounds may be purchased before the ground is built upon. Owing to the fact that the entire membership of the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA had endorsed it and was enthusiastically behind it, your Committee of the National Capital took an active part in furthering the legislation, and we thank you all most heartily for your interest and co-operation.

Our final meeting was held on May 20th and was devoted to discussion of a national program of co-operation for the planting of the new federal highway, inviting several organizations who sent representatives to speak for them and to offer their co-operation.

In our judgment this seems work worthy of the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA, offering opportunities which could be undertaken by individual clubs in each state in connection with the state and federal authorities.

We hope that a resolution sponsoring this enlarged program may be adopted at the Annual Meeting in Seattle, and I greatly regret my inability to be with you at that time.

Respectfully submitted,

JANET NEWBOLD NOYES,
Chairman, Committee of the National Capital.

Report of the Visiting Gardens Committee

1929 - 1930

The Visiting Gardens Committee begs to report that in the fall of 1929 it had printed five hundred copies of Mr. Webel's *List of Villas in Italy* consisting of thirty-six pages—in booklet form. Copies of this were placed on file at the central office and may be had upon request by members intending to visit Italy. Copies are also at Mr. Webel's office for students and landscape gardeners and the American Academy at Rome has a good supply.

We also compiled an *Abridged List of Gardens for Foreign Visitors* which may be had from the central office.

In addition to the above we had one hundred mimeographed copies made of the *Green Book* which may be had through the office of the Visiting Gardens Committee at \$3.00 per copy.

At present the office of this Committee is issuing new leaves for the *Locater*, a total of 279,500 leaves all to be handled separately as the *Locater* consists of separate sheets to be punched for the binder—not folded as for a book which can be folded and bound by machinery. These leaves are assembled and stuffed into the envelopes which have been previously run through the addressograph and they are then sorted into states according to postal regulations, and mailed.

This is an amusing little detail to show you what a big family we have grown to be and what a great big box of candy it takes now to go around. However we all have the big box of candy and I hope that each and every one may enjoy her little or big share as much as I do mine.

HELEN S. THORNE,
Chairman, Visiting Gardens Committee.

Conservation of Redwoods

Mrs. Lockwood: "We have been asked, especially, to bring before your notice today a question which has been sent in to be discussed at the President's Council. This was brought up on the train and received such enthusiastic response that we have decided to bring it before this meeting, where there are more of the members and Mrs. Stewart will present this question. It will not be discussed but you may ask questions."

Announcement of the Redwood Fund Project

A project has been brought to the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA from some of our members who feel that it is all important for us to join in the conservation of the Redwoods on this Pacific slope. Those primeval trees, the oldest and grandest in the world, the only ones of their species and growing in a comparatively small area, are rapidly succumbing to what we may call commercial vandalism; although some of the lumbermen have been generous in holding trees uncut until they could be purchased and saved for all time. Many of the public-spirited in this country are coming forward to aid and why not the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA? We can so easily do what will stand as a monument to our loyalty to our country and to our horticultural enthusiasm for ages to come. This generation alone can save them, when the next generation succeeds us the trees will be gone.

I am indebted to Mr. Newton B. Drury, Secretary of the "Save-the-Redwoods League," for maps, photographs, and finan-

cial data through which we may become familiar with conditions, prices, etc. Groves are available from \$5,000 up to many thousands, the acreage running from twenty acres to hundreds of acres. There are about twenty large trees to the acre in most of the groves as well as many smaller ones. The California State Park Commission has a fund from which it will match dollar for dollar any sum raised for the acquisition of a grove of whatever size. There is no upkeep, as the Forestry Commission cares for it in perpetuity. The usual method of marking the groves is that of affixing a metal tablet to a rough boulder as it seems to fit into the forests and does not mar the trees.

There is a large tract in Del Norte County, the northernmost county in the State of California where groves may be acquired, and another known as the Buller Creek Dyerville Area in Humboldt County, further south, where the conditions are especially attractive to those wishing to present a grove. It is suggested by Mr. Druary that instead of designating a specific grove at once, that we contribute towards the acquisition of this area with the understanding that after the area is acquired, a portion of it would be designated as the "GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA GROVE," in this case the amount of our contribution would be increased four-fold as it would be matched dollar for dollar from a fund pledged by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., these two amounts would in turn be matched dollar for dollar from the State Park Fund, thus turning an amount, say of \$25,000 into \$100,000. Thus, whatever sum we may decide is worthy of our organization would be increased until it reached fine proportions. There is a time limit to this. The understanding, at present, being that an agreement to match funds from the State Park Fund would not necessarily be carried out by the Commission after January 1, 1931, therefore to avail ourselves of this marvelous offer it was necessary to acquaint you with it at once, so, in the words of the immortal Bard, "If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly."

If we believe in the furtherance of horticulture, if we believe in conservation, how could we better express our loyalty to the ideals of the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA than by answering the call sent throughout this land to save one of its outstanding treasures.

ANNE T. STEWART.

NOTE: Since receiving the report from our Committee appointed to select a grove, it has been found more advantageous to select a grove in a district in which Mr. Rockefeller's offer does not cover. This advantage is made possible by a yearly gift of land connected with the grove selected.

A rising vote of approval in favor of this project was enthusiastically given. (See page 106.)

Amendments

On May 21st, we sent to all our Presidents and Secretaries a notice that the Directors proposed the following amendments to the By-Laws of the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA to be presented for their consideration and action.

On motion of Mrs. Trafford, seconded by Mrs. Harris,

Article III, paragraph 1, first sentence, was amended to read as follows:

The Officers shall be a President, six Vice-Presidents, a Secretary, an Assistant Secretary and a Treasurer.

A vacancy in any office may be filled for balance of the term by the Board of Directors.

On motion of Mrs. McEwan, seconded by Mrs. Wright,

Article V, paragraph 1, first sentence, was amended to read as follows:

Executive Committee: The Board of Directors may by resolution passed by a majority of the whole Board, designate six or more of its members to constitute an Executive Committee, which during the intervals between the meetings of the Directors shall have and exercise the powers of the Board of Directors in the management of the business and affairs of the Club.

On motion of Mrs. Gage, seconded by Mrs. Darrow,

Article V, paragraph 2, was amended to read as follows:

Nominating Committee. There shall be a Nominating Committee of nine appointed by the Executive Committee.

Respectfully submitted,

MARY MOFFITT LYNCH,
Secretary.

Invitation for Annual Meeting on Long Island in 1931

Mrs. C. D. Smithers, (North Shore Country Garden Club): "It is with great pleasure, Mrs. Lockwood and Fellow GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA members that I come with an invitation from the North Country Garden Club of Long Island to ask you to be our guests next Spring.

We have chosen the 19th of May and we hope in a small way, to do as you have done in this beautiful climate of yours.

I think the BULLETIN will give you everything you will want to know later and if there is anything your Committee would like to know, I will be glad to tell you."

Nominations

Mrs. William Darrach (Greenwich Garden Club,) took the chair. Report of the Nominating Committee (Ballot in full.)
The following nominees were duly voted upon and elected:

President

MRS. WILLIAM A. LOCKWOOD
Easthampton Garden Club

First Vice President

MRS. JONATHAN BULKLEY
Ridgefield Garden Club

Second Vice President

MRS. OAKLEIGH THORNE
Garden Club of Santa Barbara and
Montecito, and Millbrook
Garden Club

Third Vice President

MRS. WILLIAM K. PRENTICE
Princeton, Garden Club of

Secretary

MRS. PERCY H. WILLIAMS
New Canaan Garden Club

Fourth Vice President

MRS. ANDREW H. CHRISTIAN
- James River Garden Club

Fifth Vice President

MRS. JOHN SHERWIN
Cleveland, Garden Club of

Sixth Vice President

MRS. HAROLD IRVING PRATT
North Country Garden Club

Treasurer

MRS. K. M. LEROY
Somerset Hills, Garden Club of

Members of the Board of Directors to serve until Annual Meeting of 1933

MRS. STACY B. LLOYD,
Weeders, The

MRS. FRANKLIN D'OLIER,
Garden Club of Morristown

MISS MARY R. CROSS,
Newport Garden Association

MRS. EDWIN S. BARBOUR,
Garden Club of Michigan

MRS. HOMER GAGE,
Worcester Garden Club

MRS. TYLOR FIELD,
Garden Club of Cincinnati

Respectfully submitted,

MRS. WILLIAM A. EVANS,
Greenwich Garden Club

MRS. WILSON C. LAWWILL,
Lexington Garden Club

MRS. FREDERIC R. KELLOGG,
Garden Club of Morristown

MRS. CLARENCE B. STURGES,
Fairfield Garden Club

MRS. FRANCIS B. CROWNSHIELD, *Chairman*
North Shore Garden Club

Mrs. Lockwood rose and said: "In accepting the honor of serving again as your president, I thank you for your confidence. I think James Truslow Adams best expressed my feelings when he said "One makes one's own mistakes, but one succeeds only with the help of one's fellows."

On motion duly made and seconded the meeting was adjourned.

The Annual Luncheon

The Annual Luncheon was held after the meeting in the Spanish Ballroom of the Olympic Hotel. The flowers which decorated the foyer took our breath away. Great copper jars of choice iris. Iris xiphioides—the English iris—so large that we did not at first recognize it. This was a dark blue-purple variety that is only seen in florists' windows at home. Other jars of monster Canterbury bells with delphinium and Regal lilies were placed here and there; but the most remarkable of all were the table decorations themselves. Someone is a great artist in flower arrangement. That someone remained incognito, but we heard rumors that Mrs. McEwan had a good deal to do with it. To use rare pink and yellow water lilies was most unusual. One centerpiece of deep wine-colored stock with nemesia, salpiglossis and gerbera would have won a blue ribbon at any Flower Show. We lingered a long time after luncheon, comparing and enjoying these marvels of arrangement, their exquisite coloring and the great taste with which they were assembled.

And we cannot let that notable luncheon pass without alluding to the delectable hors d'oeuvres. Little bowls of solid ice, alternating green or white, holding a ring of crisp tomato sherbet which encircled fresh caviar. This and the Russian pancakes with salted cream and caviar, which we had at Portland are things to wake up in the night and think about!

The Conservation Committee had its meeting in the Junior Ballroom immediately after luncheon and they joined us later in the gardens.

The Annual Meeting of the Conservation Committee

The annual meeting of the Conservation Committee of the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA was held at Olympic Hotel, Seattle, Washington, on Tuesday afternoon, July 8th, 1930, the chairman, Miss Eloise P. Luquer, Bedford Garden Club, presiding.

The Chairman read the roll call of those who had previously sent word that they would attend the meeting and the members all answered present. She made a plea for closer contact between the main office and the co-operating clubs and club chairmen, and between the clubs and the other organizations doing conservation work in their various districts. She spoke of the proposal to purchase a portion of the Redwoods in the name of the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA, and how wonderful and worth while such a move would be.

Miss Luquer had been successful in seeing the Conservation Chairman of the National Chamber of Commerce, and had secured from him a promise of co-operation in what we are all endeavoring to do. She spoke of the fact that Westchester County had established a County Committee for Conservation and said she hoped more counties would follow suit.

Mrs. Abbott, Vice-Chairman in the State of Maine, then spoke of the work being done in Maine. A great deal of publicity was being used, as they were at all times of year in great danger of forest fires due to the large number of tourists, hunters and fishermen who use the State of Maine during the summer and those who go during the winter for the winter sports. The state, divided into sixteen counties, has sixteen county chairmen, with five sub-chairmen and the entire state was being covered, in order that the idea of conservation and preservation might spread.

Mrs. Pegram spoke for the New England division. Her committees were actually already planting wildflowers in the woods for the enjoyment of all. The school children were immensely interested in the program, and drawing competitions in posters for the Committee's use had brought about some unusual results. A great many children had entered and many of the posters were in use in the New England district.

Mrs. Sealy, chairman for Texas, and a member-at-large in the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA, said she knew all present would be glad to know that the freeze last winter which threatened to destroy all the oleanders had proved less severe, and the bushes seemed to be coming through in good shape. The palms which were also threatened would survive but they would be longer in regaining their glory. Blue Bonnet—*Lupinus Texensis*—is being planted along the streets by the State of Texas, and in San Antonio the city is planting this flower in all vacant lots and has named a day to be known as "Blue Bonnet Day" in order to further the planting of this—the state flower.

Miss Luquer then spoke of the Nature Camp being conducted at the Pennsylvania State College, and said she hoped the time was not far distant when the garden clubs could send one or more young women interested in nature study to these camps each year, in order that they in turn could teach the children in our schools more about the woods. She spoke of the Nature Library prepared through the Conservation Office of the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA, which could be bought for public Libraries throughout the country at a cost of \$25. These could then be loaned through the schools and in this way the interest in Nature could be promoted. She spoke also of the Soil Tester to be procured through the office, and said such equipment proved invaluable in the planting of wildflowers on one's own land.

Mrs. Fetherston, of the Rochester Club, spoke on the need for planting our own Christmas greens, and said she hoped some day

we could establish a Conservation Garden Day, when we could all plant something which was fast disappearing in the woods in our own grounds for the preservation of the species. She said also that we might all start conservation woods, by planting a certain number of trees each year to replace all those being cut down. Her third suggestion was that we encourage the establishment of bird sanctuaries, by planting berry-bearing bushes, sassafras and witch hazels; that we put out bird-boxes for the birds to build nests more easily, and that we encourage country clubs to encourage the birds to live along the golf courses. She had been asked to investigate where holly and evergreens for Christmas use and planting afterward could be bought and she submitted a very comprehensive list, which is being mailed to you.

Mrs. Sherman Hoyt, Vice-Chairman of Conservation for California, then spoke of the work being done by the Piedmont Garden Club which has spent a busy year. In the City Park of Piedmont one hundred different varieties of iris in various colors (all labeled) have been planted, while with the co-operation of the town authorities they have planted native trees and shrubs, along the streets of Piedmont. She spoke of the exhibit of American cacti that she had placed on permanent exhibition in Germany and told us that as a result she had been made an honorary member of the Agricultural Society of Germany. She made a plea for the formation of an International Society for Preservation of Desert Plants, and said she felt that the Desert Plants needed an organization to look after them as they were being so ruthlessly destroyed for the trade.

Portland, Oregon reported the passage of a Reforestation Law, the replanting of 29,000,000 trees, and the distribution of 47,700 seedlings free. The year of 1928 had seen the distribution of 68,000,000 trees for planting, 18,000,000 of which had been privately planted, though distributed by the State.

Mrs. McEwan reported that Washington was fast becoming the Holly State. Since Christmas over two hundred holly farms had started in the state, and to show that there was money in it she said that a holly farm of twenty acres in Victoria had grown as much as \$10,000 worth of holly in one year, and that this past Christmas, when the season was poor as much as \$4,000 had been realized from the same farm. The children of Seattle had become most interested in growing holly, and through the efforts of the Garden Club, a day was set aside each spring for the planting of the holly. At this time picnics were held in the woods and the holly berries which after Christmas had been crushed and planted lightly in sand and kept moist until this time, were planted in the woods under a protecting bush; in this way a great deal of new holly was planted each year, and the children were really enormously interested in seeing that the holly thus planted

remained undisturbed. Thirty-five of the public schools in and near Seattle had been provided with nature teachers and Pierce County had signed up over twelve hundred children for the County Conservation Society. There being no further business to come before the meeting, on motion, made and seconded, it was adjourned.

Respectfully submitted,

AUGUSTA P. DIXON,
Secretary pro tem.

Seattle Gardens

Mrs. Alexander's Garden

Tuesday, July 8th—Afternoon.

The first garden we saw was that of Mrs. H. F. Alexander, Queen Anne Hill, with a splendid view of the city and the Sound. It was a town garden, yet with its glorious trees and wealth of bloom you seemed miles away from the rush of the great modern city.

You entered a well-planted gateway and turned to the right onto a green lawn where two very wide long parallel borders, massed with giant Regal lilies and finest delphinium, led you to a shady summer-house out toward the view. We were speechless at the size, height and beauty of these delphinium. We realized here and everywhere in these most Western gardens that *Hood Acres* and Puyallup delphinium are finer than any other. They were nine feet high and in great graceful sheaves, combined with tall campanula lactiflora and other Canterbury bells.

There was another very lovely planting in front of the house on sloping ground. Superb roses in graceful, irregular beds, underplanted with the large English violas—the kind that only come from cuttings, and beyond it a low planting of heather interplanted with pale blue nemesia. Olmsted Brothers made the general plan. As we left the gate we glimpsed a great green and white awning next door stretched up over a sunken garden, and were told that that was where we were going for supper that night.

Mrs. Merrill's Garden

The second garden we saw was that of Mrs. R. D. Merrill—one of our oldest of Seattle friends—at one time a Director of the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA. Here we were suddenly transplanted back to the East, for Mrs. Merrill's is a Charles Platt house and garden, which is in itself a high compliment. We

entered the garden through French doors at the side of the living-room and noticed that the planting at the back of the old Roman wall fountain was in the same restrained tones of claret and plum as the hangings of the room. This little oblong space opens out onto the balustraded terrace and in front of the main French windows of the living-room we saw a fine clematis Montana in seed.

The picture of the square garden with its classic shaded pergola, facing the house across the wealth of pale flowers, was incredibly lovely. White is the underlying color of the garden—white lilies of all varieties, pale straw-colored centaurea, pale Canterbury bells and light-blue towering delphinium, strengthened here and there by choice pieces of box and other evergreens. Just as Whistler signed his etchings with a butterfly, so Charles Pratt signs his gardens by cutting a piece out of a corner and setting a huge grey pot of flowering plants or a bay tree on that spot.

The garden was level, which was unusual in Seattle. We noticed that it was built out high above the next street, and that a commodious garage was down there concealed under the pergola. A flight of steps and it was hidden by rhododendron. A large central pool gave added dignity to the picture.

Mrs. Greer's Garden

The third garden we saw that day was an absolute contrast to its forerunners. Mrs. Robert P. Greer had adapted a steep hillside and old closed street back of her house into a most secluded woody glen. A natural spring on the hillside was on axis with the lower flower garden and was brought down as a lovely waterfall with rocky steps ascending and descending about it. The sound of running water must have been heavenly from the sleeping-porches which we noticed on that side of the house.

The garden itself was shady and opened right out from the living-room. Pools of Japanese iris and interesting bog plants were an important feature but all so naturally placed by Mr. Carl Gould that it never strayed far from the keynote of wild woodland ravine. The natural flora of Washington woods was used everywhere. We noted a cascara tree (rhamnus Purshiana); holodiscus feathered out from the wood; wild ginger made a delectable edging and great laburnum trees hung their long seed-pods like a fringe over the brow of the hill, telling of the golden rain that drips there in May.

This garden was coveted by many of us. It seemed

"The world's sweet inn, for rest
From wearysome turmoil."

Through a deep round blue "Moon-Door," we stepped into a labyrinth of lilies where swooning sweetness met our nostrils. Jade perfume, one of these later day scents, seemed to be sprinkled on our way all through the Seattle visit. Later it was deeply missed by many.

Dainty Japanese maids stood like pictures to serve us rare tea and little rice cakes. They were members of the Japanese households who wished to do honor to the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA.

A lily catalogue, with life-size illustrations, at last had come through. Here were wine-red Martagons growing like *Crown Imperials*. *L. regale* with nine blossoms on a stem. *L. washingtonianum*, pink and white, having that certain distinction. *L. Humboldtii* with its glowing lacquer color and big spreading spots. *L. Hansonii*, with its apricot petals, and many others with thick fibrous texture and of the same color might be seen. *L. elegans* and *L. umbellatum* bravely did their best but with such kingly form as *L. Brownii*—all chocolate and snow—how could one be impartial?

The Japanese society had arranged a scene at one end of the enclosure with screens and bowls of iris or dwarfed pines and a most satisfying wall-cover embowered all. It was called vine maple, a dwarf shrub that makes a perfect background.

All the lilies were grown by the Vashon Island Lily Association, a group of fifty growers, who have started lily growing on a large scale on Vashon Island, halfway between Seattle and Tacoma in Puget Sound. There in the glacial deposit, upland soil and salt air they grow to enormous size.

NOTE: The remarkably nice greenish decanter-shaped bottles, which were used at the lily show may be bought from a Seattle firm whose name may be had by application to the BULLETIN office, 1615 21st Street, Washington, D. C.

Dr. and Mrs. Cecil L. Tenny's Experimental Garden

Dr. Tenny has a plot overlooking the Sound on which he hopes some day to build. He had a small level spot covered with gravel and a big umbrella and table were there with a green ice-basket full of punch for our refreshment. It was certainly a rare treat to go about with him and see him touch those plants so lovingly, like dear children, for he had raised everyone from seed. Such a variety of rhododendrons—most of which have never before been grown in this country. He spoke of the possibilities for natural gardens and for filling rolling country. He has travelled extensively and brought home the seeds from England, Switzerland and China. These he lays on either wet

cotton or wet peat moss without covering until they have germinated. Some of them have bloomed after six years. I will not confuse you with all the names he gave us, though I have them for anyone particularly interested; but there are one or two of which I would like to speak.

R. eximium, with circular hairy leaf like the ear of a Belgian hare, keeping the sun and cold from injuring it. *R. luteum* with yellow flowers and *ciliatum*, with hairy leaf, very low-growing; *cinnabarium*, producing two colors, and *Augustini* with blue flowers.

There were many other varieties in this little nursery and a vast number of other plants. *Primula florindae*—tall yellow—and *Juliae*—wine-color—and many lilies in bloom and a dear little purple cyclamen and the most enormous Christmas roses I have ever seen with some of last year's blooms still there.

This garden may have no plan; it will eventually and it certainly has the atmosphere of a true love of growing things.

The Garden Supper at Mrs. Clarence Blethen's

Evening of July 8th.

Some plant their sunken gardens with tulips and some with daffodils but who ever thought of planting it with Garden Club ladies! That is what Mrs. Blethen did for that glorious Garden Supper on the night after our Annual Meeting.

It was a large beautiful sunken garden with a high wall on the upper side toward the street. You entered it up a few winding steps bordered with masses of bird's eye ivy back of the house. Luscious borders of sweet lavender, just nose-high, crowned the lower walls; back of these were massed plantings of lilies and pale flowers. In the center played a fountain, surrounded with clumps of box and pale yellow *calceolarias*—a graceful, choice variety.

The great tables were L-shaped in the four corners and on the tier above longer ones ran around the sides. One was in pale blue *organdie*; another pink; another corn-color and the fourth, mauve. The women in their fluffy flowered chiffons bloomed in place of the flowers and oh, the good things that made them bloom the more! Hawaiian music floated over the enchanted scene. Over it all was stretched an immense green and white awning, above the trees!

The Meeting of Presidents

Wednesday, July 9th.

Mrs. Frederick K. Struve gave us her beautiful airy music room, a regular little auditorium with a stage, for our Presidents' Meeting on Wednesday morning.

The Roll Call was again most interesting and an enthusiastic and most active meeting followed. The question of whether we could undertake to raise \$25,000 towards saving the Redwoods when we had a "gentleman's agreement" to help Lowthorpe school was discussed amicably and it was decided that we were most certainly in a position to do both. The enthusiasm for saving the Redwoods ran high. We have never seen the whole Club so stirred up and unified in its purpose. That our gift will be doubled by the State, is a great cause for ZEAL and EXPEDITION. (See page 106.)

Mrs. Duffy's Garden

On Wednesday morning, July 9th, our faithful busses, accompanied by our also faithful motorcycle escort, conveyed those of us who were not presidents or delegates to Mrs. Duffy's garden at Three Tree Point. As this garden was some distance from town we had the opportunity of passing through another delightful section of country, its smaller houses and lovely doorway planting sharing honors with the many fine forest trees along the road.

On entering the gates of the Duffy estate, we were first taken up a wide, gently sloping grass path of luscious green, bordered on one side by hardy plants and on the other by a hillside rock garden, the wide grass path itself leading to a woods beyond. As I started up the path I own to having been rather selfish, for I appropriated to myself an obliging young assistant to Mr. Cole—the landscape architect—by name, Mr. Astrup, and impressed upon him the fact that I had been expressly ordered by Mrs. Hill to take notes of this garden and that I wished to make sure of the names of certain plants unfamiliar to me. He was very kind, and I don't think he objected much as I am by nature a good speller!

The first glance at the border on the right showed some superb sidalceas, so large in individual blossoms that many of our members insisted that they were mallows. As a background to these and other hardy blooming plants, and on a higher level against the green of the trees, stood an exceptional planting of tall dark pink spirea—*palmata elegans*, with a paler variety—*venusta*, and two lower growing types in front, *reubens*—dark pink—and *Queen Alexandra*—very light colored. The *Elizabeth Campbell* phlox, too, was especially good; pink being the predominant color of this border, with a well-balanced mingling of the blues of other tall flowers and the lavender tint of an edging of *nepeta Mussini*. I noted with especial admiration an arrangement of stepping-stones set in along both sides of the grass path, a few inches away from the edge and an inch or so apart from each other, making an excellent vantage point from

which to do the weeding, besides serving as a dry walk in damp weather. I thought, too, what an excellent idea this arrangement of stepping-stones would be for our numerous eastern, hardy-bordered lawns, disguising, as it could so well do, the ravages of the *cerastium*'s summer retreat or the outcropping of too eager low border plants.

Wandering slowly along the wide green path we came to the main planting group, with gazing globe and bird-bath. This planting was in blues—hydrangeas, violas, anemones and delphinium—with, at the end of the path, an exquisite bronze statue appropriately placed where garden and forest met. This female figure—golden colored—was designed especially by Dudley Pratt for this particular setting; the name—Kewn—signifying "Quiet Place in the Woods"; its erect lines suggesting a little the shapes of the tall cedars beyond.

Retracing our steps we climbed the steep hill to the left by one of its many paths, several of which were of stone steps, under iron arches, over which were trained apple trees. Regal lilies bordered the steps, which were set in all possible varieties of alpinas, a very good rock garden planting and one where all the plants could be well observed. I won't attempt to give the names of the alpinas, as there were so many; besides, I am not very familiar with them, having been raised in a copperhead country where rock-gardening is a more or less dangerous pastime! By this time, too, my guide was proving so popular that I no longer had his undivided attention, although he caught up with me later while I was admiring an effective planting of yellow broom, and suggested to me the names of some of the newer varieties—English ones—*cytissus fulgens*, plain colored; *C. Dorothy Walpole*, red; and *Lord Lamborn*, (I think I have the latter name right) color, cream and red.

He also straightened me out on another subject,—violas. Every day the garden club members had their usual argument about *Maggie Mott*. Was such and such a particular planting of light blue violas *Maggie Mott*, or was it not *Maggie Mott*? Some said it was and some said it wasn't, that it might be *Empress*, until the mere mention of the name *Maggie Mott* almost assumed the proportions of an argument over the League of Nations. My guide set me straight by pointing out the fact that as violas can be grown successfully only from cuttings it was often the custom to refer to certain ones as *Empress* on account of their resemblance to those grown in the Empress Hotel gardens at Victoria, and that pedigrees were inconvenient things to bother about.

Descending from the rock garden hill by gradual degrees through shrubbery and herbaceous plants the house itself was reached. Its sunniest corner was covered by a purple clematis, and, much to my delight, a *jasminum officinale*. At the front of

the house was a charming stone terrace, where one could sit for hours enjoying a vista of the Sound and of the snow-clad Olympics beyond. The lawn, with its gay flower-beds, its water-lily pool bordered with violas and begonias, and its plantings of thyme and juniper, sloped gradually to a steep ravine, densely wooded, some hundred feet above the level of the water. And as I enjoyed the view from a special vantage point under an old Douglas fir, I was tempted to encroach still longer on the kind hospitality of my hostess, so, for the first time, the bus had to wait for me!

WINIFRED J. LUCCL

Luncheons were given us that day by the following ladies in their lovely homes, all with charming gardens or grounds, but the Editor, not being fifteen separate editors could only write up one, so writes up none!

Mrs. Edgar Ames	Mrs. Thomas Green
Mrs. George W. Boule	Mrs. Robert P. Greer
Mrs. J. H. Bloedel	Mrs. A. N. Leonard
Mrs. Michael Donohue	Mrs. R. D. Merrill
Mrs. John Eddy	Mrs. H. Ostrander
Mrs. Francis Guy Funk	Mrs. Andrew Price
Mrs. Joshua Green	Mrs. Frederick Struve
Mrs. George Yonell	

The Trip Across Lake Washington

The Barge

July 9th.

A large amount of labor and planning was undertaken when the idea of transporting the members of the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA on a barge from Seattle across Lake Washington to the Medina District was conceived.

Lake Washington is a body of water lying directly east of Seattle. It parallels Puget Sound, and is twenty miles long.

The busses left us at the pier at Madison Park, and there a most unusual sight met our eyes. No ferry-boat reminiscent of the East River met us, but a huge barge, hung with blue awnings, flags, garlands of green, wreaths and pine branches, Japanese parasols and lanterns. The floor of the barge was strewn with gravel. Beds of flowers were inset, the formal garden effect heightened by a huge vase in the center filled with cat-tail bushes

and berried branches. At the entrance on either side of the central pathway, were two parterre boxes, with awnings, their red poles wound with green garlands; flower boxes enclosed them. Garden benches, chairs, gay cushions were comfortably placed around iron tables holding cigarettes and fruit.

At the rear a grand-stand was erected decorated with greens and the same blue awnings. This hid the tug which pulled us. We seemed to go by magic. All about the barge were placed garden seats, iron benches and chairs, with gay cushions. It was a spectacular achievement. One thought of Cleopatra—of Caligula.

Ranged about the Lake through the dim haze we saw the snow-clad mountains. Nowhere else in the world could have been found such a stage setting.

Lake Gardens at Medina

Our barge was moored at the foot of a woody cliff and we were given the choice of two ravines, either of which would lead us up to the gardens above. We happened to choose the left-hand ravine—the younger planting of the two—which led to Mrs. James Clapp's.

We followed the chuckling, babbling brook up and up to where the ravine broadened to a wide naturalistic pool, planted with Japanese iris and the water-loving spirea luxuriated in the flickering sunshine and shade. Here the roots of old, old trees were planted with myriads of wildflowers. They were naturalized everywhere; bluebells, dwarf corns and forget-me-nots.

After seeing the two ravines we were amazed that they could be within hailing distance of each other and yet so entirely different. They were *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*; for Mrs. Clapp's radiated color with its sunny dancing water; its green undulating grass;—all light and cheerful in tone; while Mrs. Winter's shadowy canyon, planted so skillfully with evergreens—the sun shining only on its fine central rock garden—was eerie and ghostlike in its charm.

When we arrived (a little breathless) on the plateau above to be revived with cooling beverages and breezes, we found that the houses themselves were surrounded with lovely gardens. Mrs. Winter has an especially fine picking-garden, where dahlias are already in bloom.

Near by was the garden of Mrs. James Eddy, planted to the choicest annuals and here we picked luscious cherries from the trees. I blushed when I remembered my own poor scrawny pale-toned annuals, planted from the sister packet. I realize now

what an advantage it is for children to have ideal surroundings. I hope our Northwestern sisters appreciate the blessings of their climate and their soil!

An interesting thing about these three totally different places is that they were all designed and planted by the same man, Mr. O. E. Holmdahl, who also is responsible for many of the city gardens we had seen.

We floated noiselessly back on our barge with the lovely snow-clad mountains in the distance on every side. The Cascades on the East; the Olympics on the West; to the North, Mt. Baker, 10,000 feet, and to the South, Mt. Rainier, over 14,000.

An experience none of us will ever forget. Our compliments to Mrs. Edward Garrett who conceived and carried out the novel scheme.

Dinner and Entertainment at the Rainier Club

Evening of July 9th.

That evening we were entertained at delightful dinners at the Rainier and Sunset Clubs, all gathering afterward in the large auditorium of the Rainier Club to enjoy the interpretative dancing of Mrs. Martha Graham of Santa Barbara. She seemed a combination of earth and sky; of the flesh and the devil, "Tanagra"—one of the last numbers—was liked the best. There were two piano interludes, exquisitely fine.

The Rainier is a town club for women only—a beautiful modern building with spacious reception and dining rooms. It easily accommodated its large number of guests.

Drives about Seattle

July 10th.

We drove about Seattle on Thursday morning before going to the Highlands. Many fine parks, connected by a system of boulevards, follow the plans laid out by Olmsted Brothers. The University of Washington, known best to many of us by the stalwart crews it sends to the Poughkeepsie Regattas, is on a high plateau within the city limits. It has three hundred and fifty acres running down to the shores of both lakes. The campus is on the site of the World's Fair.

Luncheon at Mrs. Stimson's

Along the straight road to the Highlands rows of fine trees had been planted under the personal supervision of Mrs. Thomas D. Stimson, to whose beautiful home we were all invited to an

al fresco luncheon. The charmed touch of Charles A. Pratt shows here in the dignified relation of house, drives and great rolling lawn. Long copper and blue awnings backed by a huge copper-colored tent, holding the serving facilities, had been erected on the level side lawn which (Mrs. Stimson told us) was eventually to be her flower garden. Here she fed this gay multitude in the daintiest manner with delicately cooked brook trout—six hundred little fish! Her terrace faces a broad long sweep of green lawn below. Beyond were groups of fine trees, leaving the space between the terrace and trees as a playground for the family of children and a landing-place for the family airplane. Two small ponies were harnessed to the diminutive Roman chariots and they raced up and down to the great delight of the visitors.

After luncheon our party was divided in half; some of us walking through the woods and eventually taking the busses at Mrs. Paul Henry's to go to the Country Club; while the others went first in the busses to Mrs. Henry's and saw the gardens from that end first. One by one, like a string of rare curved heads they hung along the woody slope of the Highlands, connected by wide wood paths, yet so cleverly placed in relationship to each other by Mr. A. A. McDougall, the engineer, that one was not conscious of neighbors.

Those who started by busses were whisked along a fine shady road to the other end of the mountain, driving in and out of Mrs. James D. Hodges' place with its superb flowering window-boxes and tennis courts, surrounded by pink roses; through Mrs. Kerry's, with its long vista; then on through the unfinished Douglas gardens, which hold promise of glories to come.

Mrs. Henry's Garden

We got out of the busses at Mrs. Paul Henry's home.

This was spoken of as a new garden. It certainly belied that caption. We entered from the left side of the drive and walked through a wide "new" planting of perennials, backed by the great trees of the forest. This was at right angles to the garden proper. A choice salmon-yellow lonicera climbing up a tree was especially good right here. A low cement wall enclosed the main garden, which lay south of the house. It had a particularly nice arched fountain and pool, which was a part of the wall. The terrace was tiled and wide and overlooked the water, leading on to a perfectly charming grass terrace bordered with box. Peeping from the border pink and blue Canterbury bells, foxgloves, lupines and delphinium and at intervals enormous pink rose-bushes. There was another terrace below where rose-bushes of different kinds were laid out in formal effect.

Masses of the large blue campanula *Telham Beauty* were showing to great advantage against the grey stucco, combined with Jackmanii clematis in graceful festoons. Beds of nemesia, in shading yellow, from palest straw to warm saffron, dexterously combined, delighted us. Beyond all this wealth of bloom was that glorious view of the Olympic Mountains and Puget Sound.

Mrs. Landgon Henry's Garden

The adjoining place was that of Mrs. Langdon Henry, designed by the same landscape gardener—A. A. McDougall—yet absolutely different in its natural features. Here a fine swimming-pool was one of the chief attractions. Also there were particularly fine sweet-peas lavishly used.

The house is of the French type and stands high above the lawn, the terrace being reached by a flight of wide stone steps. Japanese tubs of interesting plants flank the sides. The view from the terrace again enthralled us. The same view; yes, but seen each time from a different angle and with such different foregrounds.

Mrs. Ballinger's Garden

Next we saw the beautiful Italian garden of Mrs. John H. Ballinger. Olmsted Brothers designed a unique garden starting far above the house on the hillside. Here a choice old Italian statue crowned a low wall and flowing straight down from it, bordering the grass steps, the stream seemed to mingle with the flowers. It was a masterly piece of work—very foreign. The garden was connected by the flight of steps with pools in various levels. Fruit trees bordered each side of these terraces. It must be a lovely vista in spring. The garden was full of pink and blue viscaria, blue hydrangea and blue delphinium. Pots of flowers everywhere added to the gaiety of the garden.

Below the house a shady pergola contrasted restfully with the brilliance on the terrace above it; the steps leading down were hung with wine-colored clematis, *Mme. Edouard André* and Jackmannii. Here punch was served. A huge block of ice had been carved out in the center to form a punch bowl, bunches and leaves of grapes had been laid on its edge and had gradually thawed into the block, forming a Bacchanal wreath of great beauty.

Rested and refreshed, we walked a few steps through the pickering garden, to the next bead on this chain—the home of Mrs. Alexander Stewart, the mother of Mrs. Ballinger.

Mrs. Stewart's Garden

A long, low grey house set among shady trees, wide hospitable verandas, purple clematis trained charmingly over the entrance

door. A brook, which happened to be meandering down the hillside, had been led through a grotto into the entrance ramp and here the hanging maiden-hair fern luxuriated. The impression of cool greenery was most satisfying. A large fish was swimming comfortably about in the violet-bordered pool. It was a real brook with stepping-stones.

As we left Mrs. Stewart's by a winding road we saw the rare canary creeper, *tropaeolum peregrinum*, climbing happily over the stone wall and the ramp. In our eyes that was a horticultural achievement.

Mrs. Elmer E. Todd's Wood

About this time we began to get a little mixed as to the order in which the gardens came. I think the walk through Mrs. Elmer E. Todd's lovely wood came next. High ferns and all the dainty denizens of the wild wood. Great boles of cedars laid together made the bridges; birds sang; everything was hushed. A dramatic contrast to the brilliancy of the next garden which we entered from its extreme end.

Mrs. Archibald S. Downey's Garden

This again we were told was brand-new. A lovely low Spanish house of palest pink and cream stucco with an original little courtyard towards the view; its colored sand used in the stucco floor of the court was particularly new to us. It gave a tone, not a color, to the cement and was delightfully restrained.

Opposite the entrance door a very new planting attracted our attention. It will be most beautiful in a year's time. From the high stone wall and a ramp which holds up the driveway a central rill comes down with a semi-circular basin and then disappears. On either side against the ramp are placed stones from which stone paths lead down around this pool and join in broad steps opposite the front door. This whole slope was planted with cotoneasters, taxus and Pfitzer's juniper, interspersed with low-growing flowers.

Mrs. A. Scott Bullitt's Garden

This is a formal sunken garden, the work of Olmsted Brothers and Miss Salmon, who is responsible for the garden plan. It was beautifully planted with Regal lilies, standard roses, delphinium, clematis and heliotrope. The walks from the rose garden have a low brick wall against which were planted lilies and daphne odorata. The azaleas, the climbing roses against the house and the height of the wall with its arched fountain, were particularly interesting high lights in the garden. Such a nice lead fountain—two children at play—was placed in the center of a blue pool.

Mrs. Charles D. Stimson's is one of the oldest places at Highlands, and has had time to mature gracefully under the skilled supervision of Mr. Soderburg, the well-known gardener, who was on hand to show us about. Here we saw *Lewisia Tweedyi* growing happily in the flagging. He had a baby gladiolus that I fear would only do in greenhouses in the East—a delightful little thing. Bird's-eye ivy was here and the *Selma* and *Lothaire* phlox.

From the terrace above and over an ivy-covered balustrade one looked down upon a small green court upon which the basement ballroom opened. The brick paths were moss-grown; myrtle flourished; a wall fountain dripped gently into a pool below; ivy-covered walls shut out heat and sun. The charm of a green garden through the year added one more touch to one of the most attractive places in Seattle.

A short distance from the house and reached by a woodland path one came upon a green sward comparable to an English lawn of real antiquity—oval in shape and surrounded by towering Douglas firs. A real Mother Goose playhouse, of white clapboard with a peaked roof, and over the center doorway hung with vines was a stencil portrait of the nursery rhyme witch riding a broomstick. Diamond panel casement windows gave a glimpse of the interior, furnished with Lilliputian furniture; a fire-place; a doll's tea-party in progress; low bookshelves; a hobby-horse and all the dear things of happy, romantic childhood. Two small gardens flanked the playhouse, surrounded by low white picket-fences—charmingly planted little gardens with low-growing annuals in perfect harmony.

A stalwart young grandson stood at attention by the doorway. He preferred water-sports he said. One wondered how one so young could be scornful of a place so unique and attractive.

Mrs. James D. Hoge's Place

This is another place with a fine view; but it is of the interesting brick and stucco wall fountain that we wish to speak. A fringe of tree branches hanging down on the wall makes the ideal background. The wall is about five feet high, of stucco topped by an open brick border and broken by brick pilasters. The central panel is much higher and rather narrow, containing a niche edged with half brick and lined with tiny Roman tiles and a water mask, water from which dripped down to a curved basin below, and dripped again into a long narrow basin edged with forget-me-nots and guarded by two quaint frogs. Mr. Carl Gould was the garden architect.

Mrs. Stimson's garden is another of Mr. McDougall's successes. The curved wings at either side of the gate are mantled with ivy so perfect the leaves seem glazed. An imposing driveway terminated in a spacious circle of glossy rhododendrons with an outer border of clustering myrtle. An occasional pardalium lily provided a high light amid the dark leaves. Only a short walk to the garden making its picture right to the doorstep.

The entire surface not occupied by flower beds was bricked, with many a moss-filled crevice embroidering its design or tiny starry flowers punctuating uneven joinings. This garden is formal in design with Japanese cherry trees of strong trunk emphatic in positions of shade and balance. Inviting stone seats follow the curve of the formal beds and the beauty may be viewed without effort from any angle. The arched corridor that leads from the main entrance driveway to the house is enveloped on the garden side with quivering wistaria. The pruning had kept the leaves lacy and fresh.

The Japanese cherries in the garden had a richer bark and deeper leaf than any we have seen—their appearance was almost tropical. The corner beds, overlaying the oblong center, were planted differently yet with such harmony that no clash occurred. Perhaps it was the masses of lavender violas that tied all the loveliness together. In one end, might be pale yellow primulus gladiolus, lemon snapdragon and a citron lily. At another end, heliotrope, *Claude Pernet* roses and pink stock. A delicate phlox, Regal lilies and lavender viscaria might appear in another corner. Tufts of soft blue lobelia near a double pink pyrethrum, with fifty stems on a plant, and an *Independence Day* rose of saffron color might form the fourth. The center bed included all that was most exquisite in rose aristocracy, with a broad border of lavender violas. Roses insinuated themselves near the door and beneath the windows and clinging or outstretched softened all stone and masonry. In some beds, pink phlox and tall pale yellow primulas shimmered and an alpine plant bloom from another part might come in just like a bit of bright enamel. Pyracantha—the fire-bush—was trained against the house. A delightful greenish-blue Palladin tent stood beside the swimming-pool; the roadway was upheld by immense logs laid as a facing, over which kinikinick luxuriated.

Mrs. E. C. Hughes' Place

Mrs. Hughes is an enthusiastic gardener and works in her garden herself. She has a superb view of the mountains and Sound; a lovely border of choice hardy flowers is backed by mag-

nificent Douglas firs. A sun-dial is placed at just the right spot, halfway along the turfy path.

Mr. David Whitcomb's Garden

Mr. Whitcomb's fine English house where some of us dined that evening, faces a broad lawn edged with enormous Douglas firs and overlooks the water with a fine view of the mountains. The sun set behind the peaks and left a streaming red and gold afterglow.

Beyond the swimming-pool a winding perennial border led to the woods. The distance was considerable, and the planting interesting. Delphinium grew here very tall and masses of monkshood made a good foil for the lighter tones of delphinium. Phlox was in seed, but lemon lilies bloomed and Sweet William and an exceptionally fine border of violas—some deep, rich tones and clear whites and blues. This was the only flower garden visible. There are fine hot-houses on the estate, which is being rapidly and consistently developed.

Mrs. T. J. Trafford Huteson's Place

Mrs. Huteson's hillside garden is near the Country Club and was the last that most of us saw that day before we rested at the Club. It was so much enjoyed that three members wrote detailed accounts of it. We can only give you one.

Down the hill from the Country Club, the darlings place in all Seattle; winding shady walk, through a picket gate, to a little white house perched on the hillside, embedded in roses. *American Beauties* up to the second story; *Caroline Testout* just as grand—maybe grander. Flower boxes, climbing roses. Further down the hill a little steep path through a tangle of blooming things. More *Caroline Testout* roses in a glory of bloom, in front of which a little border of feverfew, and—bordering the path—forget-me-nots.

At intervals any little flower that seemed to want to be there—a Canterbury bell or two—a delphinium—a foxglove in the middle of the path. Columbines—one and two year old ones—all sorts of little plants just peeping out.

The hillside around which the path circled a mass of the old-time favorites—planted and encouraged by a hand that knew and loved them.

That evening we dined at these beautiful places and then drove back to Seattle through the moonlight, stopping at Volunteer Park to see the lighting effect which had been arranged in our honor.

Off for Mt. Rainier

Friday, July 11th.

At 8:15 A. M. with many regrets we left the Olympic Hotel bound for Mount Rainier. Another superb day, clear air and the mountains beckoning to us. We were most loath to leave our dear hostesses; but the knowledge that many of them were to join us at Portland made us happier.

Some of our members dreaded the high altitude of Mount Rainier, so stayed over, spending that afternoon most delightfully at Country Club Point; where fifteen of the Seattle members have their country places. It is an enchanting sail of forty minutes on the Port Blakely ferry and gave them superb views of the Sound and far-away snow-capped mountains.

Mrs. McEwan's and other Gardens

Mrs. Alexander McEwan's lovely garden was particularly enjoyed. Mrs. Edward Garrett, whose agile fancy "invented" the Barge, lives there also. Mrs. Carl Gould, whom we have known for so many years. Mrs. Joshua Green, Mrs. Brinkley, Mrs. John Eddy and many other delightful friends—all with lovely gardens.

It is greatly to be regretted that none of the Editors of the BULLETIN, nor our volunteer Reporters were of this party. It has been impossible to secure detailed descriptions. We can only say: "Next time."

Mt. Rainier

Friday, July 11th.

We started out in big busses for our long drive to Mt. Rainier—the high peak, in all senses of the word, of our trip. As we sped along a rather uninteresting road we had one magnificent glimpse of the mountain, from Otop Hill, but it was not until we entered the log gateway of the Rainier National Park that our "ohs" and "ahs" became chronic. Here we reached the land of the Douglas firs—the most impressive trees we were to see on our journey. Mile after mile our road ran through the towering colonnade of their massive trunks—an uncompromising line, broken now and then by a giant specimen of western hemlock. "Six man trees," they call some of them, because the outstretched arms of six men, finger to finger, can barely girdle their great stems.

A thick undergrowth of seedling conifers, ferns, trailing lycopodium clavatum carpeted the forest and gave a park-like appearance to the vistas. Among them we glimpsed carpets of dwarf cornus (dogwood)—an exquisite thing—but had no opportunity to stop and hunt for the other plants that bloomed more shyly there.

As we climbed through the forest aisles, we had a glimpse once or twice of a misty waterfall, or, as our road turned a sudden corner, a breath-taking vision of a great white shape, shouldering the sky. By noon we had left the firs and were passing through scattered groups of lodge-pole pine and mountain hemlock. Then a final grade, a turn, and the glacier-scarred face of Mt. Rainier towered above us, almost, it seemed, within arm's reach. Our drive was over.

Our destination, Paradise Inn, stands in the mountain meadow that is called Paradise Valley.

It is here that the sub-alpine flowers are to be seen in abundance, and some of the enthusiasts could hardly wait for lunch before starting out "for to admire and for to see."

The afternoon was ours to do with as we wished. Most of us climbed—some furiously and far—some less furiously and not so far. But our aim was the same. How many varieties of flowers could we see and identify—by our own knowledge,—by the use of our books,—or by consultation with the better informed. Of course those that knew most, saw most; but even the novice thrilled with pure joy over the fairy carpets of avalanche lilies, or the star-strewn fields of western anemones, and compared jubilant notes with friends over the discovery of mountain lupine, monkey flower, shooting star, purple aster, deer tongue, Suksdorf's buttercup, mertensia, polemonium pulchellum, different colored heathers, the Indian paint-brush, the crimson fire-weed and many others.

Even the long daylight of the mountain heights was not long enough, and it was well after dark before the last happy flower hunter, glancing about timidly, perhaps, for a sight of the omnipresent brown bear,—reached the inn and dinner.

Of that day we will all cherish memories—the towering firs above us, the gleaming rugged peak against the sky, and the tiny nestling flowers at our feet.

The Nisqually Glacier at Mt. Rainier

This is a living glacier moving sixteen inches a day. It has a dark and workmanlike air, as different from the whiteness of Victoria glacier at Lake Louise as a coal miner is different from a ghost or an angel. Fed by the same white snow and green ice, it is colored by the broken basalt rock which it crushes and

grinds without haste, without rest, so that the stream which emerges from beneath the crevasses and below the great moraine of tumbled rocks has not the milky whiteness and pale jade of the Canadian glacial streams, but a more opaque and agate tone.

It is an illustrated lesson in soil formation to walk from the alpine meadows, with its avalanche lilies rooted in that rich earth coating of humus, through the streams, past the heather, to the gravelly crust—coated with humble lichen and moss—which has been creeping in through the centuries, to the sharp lateral moraine of black sand and pebbles where nothing can grow; to the chaotic jumble of rocks in the center and the ice-field with those shuddering cracks, where everything is frozen—winter and summer—day and night.

Tacoma

In the Southern part of that wonderful inland sea, Puget Sound, is the wide curve of Commencement Bay. Seventy-nine years ago the land about this bay was a dense forest traversed by Indian trails. A forest of fir, cedar, hemlock, yew, maple, dogwood and alder, with an undergrowth of huckleberry, ceanothus, mahonia, Shallon ferns and tangles of blackberry vines.

Today, down the bay, to the left rises the tall stack of a smelter chimney, seemingly touching the clouds; to the far right, the tracery of iron bridges, and many smoke-stacks rising from the picturesque marsh lands of Puyallup River. Between, on high terraces, is a city like a gem, in the golden circle of its industries. Its doors are wide; beauty lies in its gardens with their background of evergreen trees. The bold point to the west—Point Defiance—was given to the city under President Cleveland to be used for a park. This point was named by Captain Charles Wilkes when making a survey of the Sound for the Government in 1841. Captain Wilkes, as well as Vancouver, named many places in the Northwest.

The great estuaries in the southern part of the Sound were called for the six midshipmen on his ship—"The Vincennes." Point Defiance today is one of the most beautiful natural parks in the northwest.

Beyond, across the blue waters, in ever-changing beauty stretches the jagged, snow-capped range of the Olympic Mountains. In a hollow, dipping to the sea between the high bluffs of the city is Old Town, where annually a deep-sea fishing fleet goes out to the Pacific. Its people are fisher folk from the shores of the Adriatic. In the early sixties Old Town came into being, the homes of one hundred souls around a saw-mill.

High to the southeast, overlooking the tide-lands, stands in indescribable beauty a solitary mountain peak dominating the

city at its foot. From this "Mt. Tacoma" the city took its name in October, 1868. Then, as now, the gracious spirit and reflection of the mountain lies over a city of high achievement in those things which are the very life of a people.

Tacoma was carved from a primeval forest: laid out by men with vision, whose homes had been along the Atlantic seaboard.

Coming through the fertile Puyallup Valley at the eastern gate of Tacoma, crossing the tide lands, we stop at the Tacoma Hotel, one of the oldest in the Northwest, long a center of the social life of the Sound country, reminding one of an old world hostelry, with its wide verandas and gardens. The Tacoma Hotel; the City Hall, of Italian architecture; the Tacoma Theatre; and the Chamber of Commerce, were the work of Stanford White. Each year a city ordinance set aside a sum of money for a "city beautiful."

The descendants of the builders of Tacoma are taking part at the present day in the activities of the city. Many have beautiful estates to the south, about the lovely lakes, replete with history of the Hudson Bay Company. The bordering plains, wrongly called prairies, are rolling lands of glacial origin. Beneath their gravelly sub-surface are innumerable streams and the country is dotted with oaks, pines, red firs, cedars, yews and occasionally white firs.

At the Southern gate of Tacoma is Fort Lewis—the land a gift to our government in time of need from the people of Tacoma and Peirce County. Through Camp Lewis passed hundreds of our overseas men, adding a link to world history. This the Tacoma Garden Club commemorated by planting a "Road of Remembrance" along the Pacific Highway from the old Military Road south of the city, to a branch of the same road at the southern entrance to Ft. Lewis. The planting is of red oaks with pyramidal English oaks marking each mile.

ANNE S. L. BREHM.

Tacoma Garden Club.

The Tacoma Gardens

"All places that the eye of Heaven visits
Are to the wise man ports and happy havens."

Richard II, I, III.

Saturday, July 12th.

We left Paradise Inn on its spur of Mt. Rainier at 7:45 in the crisp cool morning air. A glorious ride down the mountain.

first among the alpine meadows of avalanche lilies, then the great bunches of squaw grass, and finally the thick lush undergrowth of the lower canyons.

We passed again Charles Lathrop Pack's model forest, where the students of the University of Washington come to study forestry. Here is shown how young trees are grown for re-planting and how they are protected from fire.

Soon we came to the "Christmas-tree Country"—rolling land of glacial origin; fertile, meadow-like, dotted at decorous distances with enormous Douglas firs. But not like the Douglas firs we had seen in the canyons, one hundred and fifty feet high with all their lower branches gone. These were indeed typical Christmas trees, looking like dignified ladies in hoopskirts with their branches spread modestly about their feet. Feminine enough to be called *Mrs.* Douglas firs! It is the easy life, rich food, and plenty of space to withdraw from near neighbors that has developed this phase of the fir.

In these enchanted meadows on the side of American Lake the people of Tacoma have built beautiful homes and glorious gardens.

We stopped first at the Country Club, where we were met by our Tacoma hostesses and sorted out into other busses. The broad, shady verandas of the Club tempted us to linger, for it was a warm day and we felt the sudden descent from mountain top to sea level.

Mrs. Baillie's Garden

Mrs. Alexander Baillie's lovely place was shown us first. It is a low pale pinkish Italian one and a half story house placed under immense trees by the lakeside.

To the left of the entrance behind some fine shrubbery, a long wide path led up a gentle slope far away to an iron gateway which opened onto the golf course. It was a very wide path, with wider edging of exquisite turf, undulating in and out at the feet of magnificent hardy flowers. These bands of emerald green must have been eighteen feet wide, behind them the pink godetias, pale salmon Sweet Williams and then eight foot delphinium, Regal lilies, Canterbury bells and *sidalcea*, six feet high. Again behind all these, glorious golden elders against the great pine trees.

It looked unreal to us, in spite of the familiar material out of which the picture was created. The size of the flowers, their immense height and luxuriousness made me feel like Gulliver in the country of the Brobdingnags!

The soft tones of pink stucco in the house were skillfully played up to in the irregular clumps of the same shade of pink here and there along the extreme edge of the border.

A very fine picking-garden in five levels, was tacked into a sunny sheltered nook among the pines. Here the most superb Wrexham delphiniums luxuriated in the moist soil. *La Marne* roses were seen here in all their elegant perfection.



American Lake from Mrs. Baillies' Lawn

A delightful terrace on the side of the house toward American Lake was enhanced by many large choice jars of flowering plants and from under the stone steps which descended towards the lake sprang a luscious little rill, flowing down through a lately constructed rock garden; "almost too new to show," Mrs. Baillie said. The boulders had been brought down from Rainier and the material planted among them was well chosen. We would like to see that again when it has attained its full growth.

Mrs. Frank S. Baker's Garden

This was a place of shady, thickly planted trees, leading down to Gravelly Lake. A wall of cement and cobble stones encircled the whole curve of the beach. Behind this lay a cement walk and a large pool planted with water lilies and aquatic plants.

Mrs. Baker is particularly interested in roses and the rose-beds in two levels held superbly grown plants in choice varieties. The wire enclosing the tennis court was covered with pink climbing roses.

Mrs. Joseph L. Carmen's Garden

"Carmen Villa" is designated by one of our "Reporters" as interesting and different. She speaks of the garden-room with a little pool below; the vista from the four terraces down to the beach of the lake was between two giant spruces.

Another "Reporter" writes: We passed under a splendid highway with a truly superb avenue of hemlock and giant cedars, lined on either side with pink pearl rhododendrons in masses, passing under a magnificent old Wolf tree of gigantic bulk, which gave a real thrill.

To our right was a small path leading to the Japanese garden, a place of ideal peace and beauty; while following a wide grass path on the left of the avenue were splendid broad grass walks with the most magnificent herbaceous borders ever dreamed of, leading through a lovely gateway to the lake.

The very tall old oaks, ferny native cedars and the natural slopes of velvety grass made a place of such dignity and repose that we shall always be grateful for the memory.

Mrs. Everett G. Grigg's Garden

The entrance to Mrs. Grigg's place shows kindly thought for the pleasure of others, for as we passed and re-passed her boundary lines before eventually going in, we enjoyed the masses of beautiful flowers planted between the stone fence-posts. Tall evergreens flanked the gate and followed you along the drive and more enormous "Christmas trees," well spaced, were at the side of the lawns which ran down to the lake. The wide verandas of this low, delightful grey house were a precious refuge from the rays of a too energetic sun.

In axis with the front door but on our left hand as we drove in was a very wide, placid, well-planted border, running far down to a garden tea-house. There at your left was another lovely vista of Gravelly Lake. As one turns and looks back at the house one is carried away with the beauty of the picture; two Douglas firs stand guard, their branches hang lovingly across the

borders, but high enough not to interfere with the continuous line of flowers. Just where these trees overhang Mrs. Griggs has planted masses of maidenhair fern. It is such a contrast of light and shadow—quite different from any other border. Exquisite taste and restraint is shown. We lingered under the dense shade of the tree near the door and looked covetously out on the myriads of cool, dancing flowers.

Mrs. Keyes' Garden

Mrs. Keyes is a very good gardener, as well as horsewoman, and her place is a nice combination of her two hobbies. She goes in for tulips in her hedged Dutch garden next to the house. It was an attractive white, New England-looking house with very jolly white fences and lots of color in the planting. She had fine alstroemerias, a green-house and a lovely wild garden toward the lake.

Mrs. Rhodes' Garden

Still another lake, this one named Steilacoom, and along its shores Mrs. Henry A. Rhodes has built her garden. Pools along the lakeside held water lilies and other aquatics—indeed these pools were only eighteen inches from the lake. Masses of pink astilbes in two shades enjoyed the moisture. There is an island whereon the virgin forest has never been disturbed, connected by a long bridge, and it is here that the lucky Rhodes children play. The stunning entrance through untouched forest with a green-sward border at least fifteen feet wide, was a revelation to us.

Mrs. David C. Scott's Garden

Mrs. Scott had a small dainty green court in front of her house behind which and through the large trees, were planted fine rhododendrons. A low wall covered with maiden-hair fern—an impossibility in our dry Eastern states—was a cool memory to carry us along this hot day.

Mrs. John Scott's Garden

I doubt if this place was more than seventy-five feet wide, but it was a glorious example of what can be done by a clever gardener with a difficult situation. The entrance was by a long drive passing one magnificent fir tree, then the cute little house blocked the way, perching saucily up on a shady point of rock. All around were rhododendrons and very choice varieties of cotoneasters. The garden is entered by a paved path on your right and immediately you perceive that you are in the garden

of a woman who understands plant material, color and design; for there is subtle design in Mrs. John Scott's garden that is at first hardly perceptible. Though the planting seems to be naturalistic yet the good solid bones are there, and the little central sloping lawn, bordered by the house, the winding garden path, the low rose-covered wall towards the view and the path returning from the lake, are all exactly right in every way.

Her treatment of the lakeside is a masterpiece. You walk down many thyme-bordered steps where the scent of the hardy carnations growing on the wall-top makes you pause and sniff happily. Nestled inconspicuously on the right is a little grey-shingled boat-house, from its comfortable porch you look along the clean pebbly beach, bordered by fir trees and here myriads of tall yellow mullens have been allowed to grow in shapely colonies; while at their feet great masses of orange California poppies run in and out on the grey gravel shore of the intense blue lake beyond.

Mrs. Chester Thorne's Garden

"Thornewood" is a typical English estate landscaped by Frederic Law Olmsted, Sr. Situated on American Lake with extensive views of the Olympics and through a wide cutting of firs a wonderful view of Mt. Tacoma. Many fine specimens of rhododendrons, azaleas, native yews and maples are to be seen here. A walled garden with unusual box hedges has a ramp leading to lily pools. Beyond are rose garden and herbaceous borders and cutting garden.

To those of us who had not happened to hear of Thornewood it came as a thunderclap of astounding beauty. To those who had long known of this renowned garden it came as the perfect consummation of the ideal garden.

It has long been classed as one of the three finest gardens in America and justly so. Ever since 1880 Mr. and Mrs. Thorne have put their consummate taste and their enthusiasm and their knowledge to work on perfecting this glorious place. Not too large, not too elaborate—simply PERFECTION.

The house is one of those truly English ivy-covered buildings with clustered chimneys like that of Compton Wyngate in Warwickshire. It faces American Lake and the lawn with its tall trees is on that side. Across the driveway from the entrance door is an inconspicuous high vine-covered wall. Around an angle of this wall you enter the garden and as you enter the pergola on its other side the astounding beauty of the garden and its guardian mountain bursts upon you. It is an oblong garden on axis with its owners' bed-room windows. Through the center, ending in a delicate iron-work gate, runs a velvety grass path, edged on both sides with immense violas at the foot of closely clipped box hedges. This path is flanked by beds of

gorgeous flowers, lilies, belladonna, delphinium, Canterbury bells predominating. Then come flagging paths, parallel with the main paths, and more flowers. Then high on either side are garlands of fine topiary work, connecting vases of flowers on topiary pillars. This lovely motive conceals two raised side paths which lead to the two corner gazebos at the end—paths from which you look down on all this beauty, and around the whole garden runs the high vine-covered wall.

One feels that the great Mr. Olmsted must have been inspired with the tools he had at hand; never was there such soil, such climate and such a mountain within reach of a garden builder. And when you think that this was done in 1880 and has each year been growing in beauty, it makes you very humble.

Mrs. Thorne takes great interest in the color scheme of her garden and has one man who is the color gardener. At last we have seen Sutton's catalogue come to life. Here we found the godetias and the stock larger and more brilliant even than in that splendid catalogue. Such schizanthus, salpiglossis, nemesia and viscaria we had never seen before. The new Sutton annuals—blue heliophila and its companion plant—the yellow ursinia—were here in great perfection. Coral-pink diascia Barberae was combined with lobelia—cambridge blue.

In the cutting garden was a long double border of all shades of yellow, the lighter sulphur tones most in evidence. It was backed by espalier pear trees and here and there among the yellows there were touches of pure blue. It was like a vibrant band of sunshine.

Not since I visited Mrs. Gertrude Jekyll in her Surrey garden have I seen such brilliant, soft and glowing combinations of color.

A detailed article, with plans, should be written about Thornewood. There are pictures of this and many other of these Northwestern gardens in Miss Louise Shelton's *Beautiful Gardens in America*.

Mrs. Osgood's Tea

After seeing the Lake Gardens we drove in to Tacoma itself and had tea with the President—Mrs. George J. Osgood.

As we entered her doors pretty girls handed us each a nose-gay of sweet peas. Mrs. Osgood entertained us with music and tea in her large basement room. It was a unique place—this enormous room way down somewhere below the earth's surface. On our way down we discovered her lovely little terraced garden of standard trees of yellow roses and a clipped hedge of shrubby veronica and a delightful little wall niche standing guard over a view of the Sound.

After tea, a cool breeze having sprung up and revived us we went to see more gardens.

Mrs. Robert Polk's Garden - "Robin's Nest"

A white clapboarded house, set back almost twenty feet from steps which led to a street right in the town. Very informal planting; lovely hedge of rosemary inside of trees which shut out the city's traffic. Pale mauve and white candytuft in full bloom in front of rosemary made a lovely effect. Catananche coerulea and testaceum lilies were a superb combination. The climbing roses were everywhere over fences and over the end of a garage and the lawn was beautifully green and free from weeds. A big tree gave pleasant shade and comfortable chairs made us long to linger. The whole place was a proof of what one can do, if one has the taste and skill, with a small place, right on the street in a city like Tacoma.

Mrs. Marvin McNeill's Hillside Garden

A high square wooden fence made a fine background in Mrs. McNeill's garden. The rock retaining-wall was crowned by fine shrubs and the axis with the house of the fine central tree was restful. A lovely, simple garden of fine design and coloring. Mrs. McNeil gave her dinner guests charming colored photographs of her garden as souvenirs.

Mrs. Weyerhauser's Garden

On a high bluff, overlooking Puget Sound, Olmsted Brothers laid out a superb garden for Mrs. John P. Weyerhauser, whose real horticultural intelligence has carried it to a distinguished finish. Paths crown the upper edge of the lawn and descend over a wooden bridge to the heather-planted hillside. Here we glimpsed a steep wall, draped with rock plants which must be glorious in Spring. The natural growths of the hillsides have been carefully preserved and skillfully augmented by choice shrubs as well as masses of heather. An occasional pool forestalled any danger of monotony. Our path led up again to the extreme end of the lawn and came out under a delectable shelter—where a comfortable seat afforded a fine view of the walled picking garden. Here the true gardeners revelled in the unusual. Great masses of orange and yellow alstroemerias luxuriated in the warmest corner, mauve galega, six feet high, looked up to the delphinium towering above it. Glorious sweet-peas in all colors hovered among godetia and clarkias, nemesias and scianthus—all were there. The rose garden, also walled—opened into this. Roses such as we never see at home, bloomed as prolifically as a *Madame Plantier* in June!

It was a great pleasure to talk of flowers with our hostess, who was such an intelligent gardener and from whom we felt we could learn so much if we had the time.

"Cherry Court," the garden of Mrs. Ralph Metcalf in Tacoma, is a delightful small formal town garden on a hillside. The entire lot cannot be more than one hundred by one hundred and fifty feet, and the garden has been laid out so as to make the most of the existing features. The main garden is on a corner lot and is three or four steps below the level of the house. A lattice covered with American pillar roses screens it from the street and in the center at the back is a willow tree. On the sides are borders planted with delphinium, double lavender and purple stock, blue and pink Canterbury bells, and pink Sweet William. Two or three steps lead down to a lower terrace in front with two rectangular lily pools—one on either side—as the chief features of interest. Above the border opposite the rose-covered lattice, and on the same level as the house, is a three foot bed of standard *Mme. Edouard Herriott* roses, carpeted with mauve violas and purple and lavender petunias. Between this rose bed and the house a walk leads to a court at the back of the house. In the center, surrounded by a paved walk is a beautiful cherry tree—the oldest in town. The courtyard is screened with high lattice and between the walk and the lattice are raised beds of ferns, astilbe and violets, together with small rock plants and spring flowering bulbs. It is a cool inviting spot and is much used by its owners as an outdoor dining room. There was a fine planting on the front terrace of cotoneaster Dammeri, listed often as *C. Humifusa*.

Mrs. James M. Ashton's Garden

The last garden that we saw that day in Tacoma was that of Mrs. Ashton. It is situated on a high bluff overlooking the Sound. The ground slopes away gently from the house and there the garden has developed, for this is one of the oldest of the gardens of Tacoma, as Mrs. Ashton is our oldest Tacoma friend.

One side of the house is entirely covered with an immense climbing hydrangea—*H. petiolaris*—which was among the first ever imported from China.

When Mrs. Ashton was on the trip to England last summer she bought four lead statues of the Seasons, which she has placed at the corners of her box-hedge in her rose garden.

Choice varieties of tree peonies, iris, as well as many rare shrubs, make this garden famous. Cherries and plums in abundance proved the fertility of the soil.

For those of us who were fortunate enough to stay here for supper or who were so near that they could return after supper, our hostess had staged a pleasurable surprise. After sunset as the stars appeared, a large bonfire was kindled on the lawn and

a troupe of Japanese children appeared carrying lighted lanterns and singing a strange haunting little song. They made a circle around the fire and the little girls came forward and danced with a song of welcome; weaving back and forward gently and waving long branches of cherry blossoms in slow rhythm. Dainty little things they were, their childish voices dying away into the night as they trooped away after their "superior in education," the lanterns glimmering through the pines as they passed.

Then it was time to say goodbye to our Tacoma hostesses and go down to our waiting train. It was a long, long day. We had seen a great deal since we had left Mt. Rainier in the morning. Our regret was that we could not linger to see it all more slowly.

Portland

Sunday, July 13th.

We awoke early at Portland, Oregon, but our hostesses must have stayed up all night, for as we trooped off the train, even before we entered the station, we were met by young girls with trays of roses—such roses—for each of us.

The railway station is lined with creamy Caen-stone which made the most stunning background for glorious flower arrangements. They told us there were always some fresh flowers in the station, but of course these were especially in our honor. Charles F. Barbour, of Hood Acres fame, had sent in his tallest, finest delphinium such as none of the stay-at-homes had ever seen. There are no such delphinium anywhere else. We were spellbound—stupefied at their beauty and before breakfast too!

At the comfortable Multnomah Hotel we met a number of our hostesses as we registered at the Garden Club desk. That morning we had requested to be left to our own devices. Some went to their rooms and ate the glorious cherries that were sent to each member, some went to church and two groups went to outlying nurseries, where they gleaned much information which will, I hope, appear for sometime in these pages.

The day was overcast and we rejoiced in the quiet of it. At three we were taken in private motors for a drive around the city. As we wound around the hills of Portland in our impressive cortege we were taken for a Chinese funeral.

Portland was built in 1844 and is the oldest city in the Northwest. In 1859 Oregon became a state and since then Portland has gone on quietly developing in size and importance and character; for it is a most individual place. It is too far south to be influenced by the gold rush as was Seattle and it is more like an English city. There is the solid feeling about it that

there is in all things that have developed slowly. The inhabitants seem to have plenty of leisure. It appealed very strongly to our mood.

The Willamette—not the Columbia—is the river along and above whose banks the city stands. The Columbia is distant a few miles. The city is hilly, with winding, shady, pleasant streets often bordered by the roses that have become so famous. They say that when a street is to be paved the contractor comes to one's door and asks "White, pink or red?" This refers to the roses which he eventually plants for you between your sidewalk and the curb.

We asked why the superb things were not stolen by the populace and the reply was that they were too common, everyone having more than they can use of roses!

We coveted them their superb wood-piles—great logs brought down from the mountain as cordwood and stacked up by the curb to dry before being placed in the cellar. The people must be very honest. Even in Boston not a log would be there by the morning and in New York—! Maybe everybody has more wood than they can use too.

After a delightful drive through the parks and the residence section of the city we were taken out to two famous rock gardens, where we had tea and met many charming and intelligent people, all of whom had forgotten more gardening lore than we had ever known. Oh, what people! What a privilege to talk to men who really know plants and alpine in their native haunts. One is conscious that Mt. Hood and its flora is only two hours away.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kerr's Garden

The house is on a hillside with a wide terrace toward the view. A perfect grass tennis court is on one side, enclosed by a natural rock wall, with ferns and mosses coming from every crack and crevice. Back of the house on the hillside the garden begins with a grotto in the center, water trickling from above and all sorts of green things within. In one corner of the wall is another little grotto. Up a steep path, through a rock garden, to rose and carnation gardens above, each bordered with box and containing an amazing amount of fine bloom. There is here every variety of carnation—forty or fifty at least—and many beautiful roses.

In a glass-enclosed room adjoining the house was a most unusual cactus exhibit—big ones, little ones—many very rare—all beautifully arranged. One stapelia with its hanging brown flowers fascinated us all. The ivy was simply gorgeous. One could spend weeks studying the beauty and variety of this garden.

Mrs. Thomas Kerr's Garden

One entered this garden through her celebrated rock garden. How we longed to turn the calendar back to Spring to see this in its glory. The approach to the house was through walks of heather and of azalea bushes, by pots of superb fuchsias and always under beautiful trees to a wide stretch of lawn.

Tea was served on the terrace. Two tables were spread with beautiful fruit for our delectation. Mounds of fruit in the center for decoration, and bowls of every fruit the Portland season afforded in perfection—lovely black figs, cherries, red and yellow raspberries, apricots and plums, powdered sugar and pitchers of cream. Again we were surrounded by delightful people, who were such intelligent gardeners.

The dainty rose garden was well laid off in grass-bordered beds and the roses, as usual, were a mass of bloom.

The Columbia River Highway

Monday, July 14th.

This was our last day on "The Coast." Our last day of seeing gardens on this excursion to the great Northwest. At nine o'clock our hostesses came for us in their cars and we started out for the Columbia River highway.

The Garden of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Meier

The house is built on a great promontory overlooking this immense river which is very like the Hudson as it looks above West Point. The gardens are new and lay mostly up the hill back of the attractive long low house. The rock garden was extensive and ran on out into herbaceous planting. Regal lilies and pink statice suworowi were unusual. In the house there were the most beautiful huge arrangements of flowers. They tell us Mrs. Meier makes a specialty of this gorgeous flower combination. A comfortable open fire blazed on the hearth. The great lawn sloped away toward the view, a fine swimming-pool was in the foreground on another promontory, with a still finer view up the River toward Mount Hood.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lawrence's Garden

In front of the house an oval pool, in an oval grass setting around which the driveway went. Pink and white pond lilies were used and in the center was a small bronze crane, seemingly devouring the gold fish. An Italian house through which we went to an Italian garden down steps to a lower garden. On each side was a tall cedar, which gave a real Italian feeling. Standing in the lower garden and facing the house one saw the foothills of Mt. Hood, with a waterfall in the exact center.

Continuing to the right from the garden we walked up to the waterfall which supplied the gushing water for the garden below.

Luncheon at Eagle Creek

We continued our ride along the stupendous river past the fine masonry Lookout on its point and then down superbly engineered roads to the river level. Here we sped along under the spray of fine waterfalls and came at last to Eagle Creek where in a grove of giant firs and cedars our Salmon Bake was served.

You have seen photographs of the annual high-jinks of the Bohemian Club in the Redwood groves. Well, that is the only thing that can convey to you how we looked as we sat at the long tables, each with a sateen cloth of a different shade of orange—colors so beautiful that we kept our napkins as souvenirs. We were so many, but we looked so small with these giant trees towering above us. Members of the Portland Symphony Orchestra played exquisite Indian airs; a sweet-voiced woman sang the Indian Love-song to the undertone of the mountain stream which dashed down beside us. It was very beautiful.

Then our hostess President, who had been with us since we landed in Victoria, spoke a few words of greeting and a most agreeable speaker, Mr. Frank Branch Reilly, talked to us in a fine, clear voice, which resounded among the trees. He spoke of Oregon, as one inspired by a subject he loved. We were deeply stirred.

This was the last time that we were all to be together—members of all the Western Clubs and those of us who came out from the East. Mrs. Lockwood introduced our first Vice-President, Mrs. Jonathan Bulkley, who rose and said just what we all longed to say.

Mrs. Bulkley's Adieu to the Northwest

"It is a far cry from that first day in Seattle when the pleasures you had so generously planned for our entertainment were still in anticipation, until this morning when the end of our stay is near and we are about to say goodbye to so many friends, both old and new. These days have been full of interest and replete with happiness for us all. I am sure I express the feeling of each of your guests when I say that in spite of the beauties of your gardens and of your homes it has been your unfailing cordiality and hospitality that has made our visit most memorable.

At every turn we have been conscious of your care and thought for us and we do indeed feel ourselves privileged to have experienced anything so delightful. As a result we are leaving bits of our hearts behind as we turn our faces homeward. We are selfish enough to hope that you too feel just a little of the regret we do, at our parting. May I quote a motto on a sundial in my

own garden which expresses better than can I the message we should like to leave with you.

'Hours fly
Flowers die
New days
New ways
Pass by
Love stays' "

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Frank's Garden

There was yet one more garden to see and after a long, interesting drive, rambling all over the country-side with the three great mountains always in view from ever-changing angles, we turned into the extensive grounds of Mrs. Lloyd Frank, where we had tea on the terrace with a fine view of Mt. Hood over the long garden vista.

Never had we seen such grass. Near the house it was of the serviceable variety but down the long panels of the garden it was of the finest putting-green kind, and I fear the high heels of the visitors created havoc thereon.

The house is very beautiful—a rambling type very like the lovely houses of our Mr. Linderberg. The gardens, the largest and most extensive I have ever seen, designed by Mr. Herman Brookman, architect of the house. They were like some enormous showplace in England, on axis with the terrace they led on and on down towards a rampart from which spread out a superb fan-shaped rose garden.

Half-way down the vista, yet concealed from the house, was a large swimming-pool with ten foot borders of white sand—a novel and delightful place to sun oneself. Near by were the superb grass tennis courts and the conservatories.

Hanging baskets of veined petunias were superb in two side pergolas which flanked the pool.

The coloring of the flower-garden was intended to simulate a great Persian carpet unrolled at the door. It was exact in its likeness. The vegetable garden off to one side and back of a wood, was unbelievably fine and bordered with brilliant annuals for picking. They told us that Fir Acres was a new estate, cut out of the Virgin forest!

It would take one weeks to see it thoroughly and it was overwhelming in its magnificence.

Mrs. Talbot's Garden

The fortunate guests at Mrs. Guy Talbot's dinner that evening will never forget the view of Mt. Hood at sunset, its snowy peak framed by tall evergreens, its foreground a terraced garden.

As we drove up to the house through a lovely woodland, with ferns and all the soft shadows that come under high trees just before sunset, the place seemed delightfully quiet and remote. Despite the formal terraces the house gave us the same friendly welcome that its charming mistress extended. Although it was almost impossible to think of flowers with Mt. Hood before us, we did carry away impressions of wonderful turf with borders of violas and pansies in shades of violet and blue, tall lilies and lovely pink phlox; of beautiful trees and a smoke-bush over thirty years old; and of a new cutting-garden with a hawthorn hedge at the rear of the house.

Mrs. Cameron Squire's Flower Room

This opened off the living room and also from a pleasant porch where grew fragrant heliotrope and lemon verbena in pots. This room was finished with silver foil, cream woodwork, its panels touched with silver and black. A black and white marble floor tied the room together and a black and white marble shelf enclosed a small silver sink. Four corner cupboards, lined with mirrors and with black glass shelves held lovely pieces of ruby, amethyst and sapphire glass, and some old Venetian pieces that shone like jewels in the concealed lighting. A modernistic fixture in the ceiling, cabinets below the sink for vases and a small frigidaire, and a tall modernistic holder set in the floor-length window, holding pots of trailing vines, completed the picture.

Then came informal suppers at the homes of the following ladies:

Mrs. Elliott R. Corbett	Mrs. Don McGraw
Mrs. Hamilton Corbett	Mrs. J. V. G. Posey
Mrs. Henry L. Corbett	Mrs. Cameron Squires
Mrs. C. S. Jackson	Mrs. Guy W. Talbot
Mrs. Thornton Ladd	Mrs. John E. Weeks
Mrs. Theodore Wilcox, Jr.	

After the suppers we were driven back to our train where we said a regretful goodbye to all our good friends and tumbled into our familiar berths, which I, for one, did not leave until we reached the Yellowstone.

All Monday night we followed the Columbia River through the country of Lewis and Clark.

On the Hood River Highway

"Don't dump your cats and dogs here.—Portland Humane Society."

The above disconcerting sign was seen on the Hood River highway which was otherwise blessedly free from bill-boards.

Spokane

Tuesday, July 15th.

Tuesday morning as we stopped at Spokane a group of ladies from the three Spokane Garden Clubs brought us beautiful flowers and chatted with us awhile. We heard that there were fine gardens there along the river.

One day of absolute rest on the train greatly revived us, although it was our one hot day en route.

Yellowstone National Park

Wednesday, July 16th.

On Wednesday we arrived at Gardiner at ten o'clock and were "checked in" to the Park and clambered into busses again. We drove first to Mammoth to see the Angel Terraces, but only stayed for lunch and started off at three o'clock for Old Faithful Inn, where we were to stay quietly for a whole blissful day.

Every kind of geyser and every kind of bear that can be seen we saw. We arrived at the hotel just as Old Faithful went off with a terrible burst.

Thursday, July 17th.

A whole day of rest at Old Faithful Inn was much appreciated by all. It gave us time to gather together the impressions of the gardens we had seen and to talk quietly over the marvelous flora of the great Northwest.

Some of us went botanizing in the meadows near the geysers, where the warm overflow makes luxuriant growth; others went on a "nature hike" with two hundred of the great American public bound for a neighboring camp, led by a park botanist. And some left early for the newest National Park among the Teton Mountains.

Old Faithful Inn is a Norwegian building of great charm in a vast pine wood. Its central hall is many stories high, but built of rafters only, the sleeping apartments spreading out on either side in modern wings. Up among the dark brown rafters was a most attractive platform or landing, on which we had an informal and amusing meeting of the Garden Club on Thursday.

Informal Meeting at Old Faithful Inn

We met to talk over what we had seen and how best to bring all the beauty and charm back to our home clubs. It ended in an enthusiastic acclamation of our "Save the Redwoods" crusade,

and the entrancing thought that, as we seem to come Westward every five years as a body, why not come to our own Grove in 1935 and have an Annual Meeting in the exalted beauty and grandeur of this—the world's oldest living wonder—which we will have helped to save.

Trip to Yellowstone Lake

Friday, July 18th.

We left Old Faithful early on Friday morning. The road to the lake led up through an exquisite ravine where quantities of crimson and pink monkey-flowers (*mimulus Lewisii*) and *mercurialis* and the short-spurred yellow columbine (*A. lutea*) luxuriated in the rich soil and moisture. Above us towered great Douglas firs.

Soon we came to the Great Divide, but instead of its being a rocky spine with streams running down East and West, this was a small peaceful lake fed by springs and full of water lilies. At either end a stream flowed out, one to the Pacific and one towards the Mississippi River!

Then a superb view of the Teton mountains to the South and then the vast Yellowstone Lake—the largest lake of its altitude in the country. We drove for miles along its shores under the lodge-pole pines—those tall, thin pines that are packed like sardines all over the park. Even here a few geysers spouted steam; one could see their curious turquoise blue caverns under the shallow water at the lake's edge.

We lunched at the Lake Hotel and made mental notes of the many things we longed to stay and do, for the wild, almost unexplored shores across the lake are accessible by motor boats and hold out tempting promises of absolutely undisturbed camping and fishing.

That afternoon we passed through a peaceful meadow country along the shore of the placid Yellowstone River. Wet meadows, rank with grass and rushes and stunted willows bordered the quiet twisting stream for a long way when suddenly it comes to an innocent looking cleft between the hills and drops one hundred and ten feet, dashes down a superb canyon and takes another precipitous leap of three hundred and fifteen feet. We followed it as fast as we could across a large masonry bridge and up to a high point on the right side of the canyon where we could look back to see it in all its glory. This is Artist's Point, made familiar to all of us by those superb paintings of Thomas Moran who painted here until he was over eighty.

Mist rises from the falls as the water leaps down, then the water turns deep peacock green, as it dances down the deep,

deep ravine, which it has worn through the red clay and amber rock. It is like a narrower Grand Canyon of the Colorado. The coloring is similar, but with strange slender pinnacles of rock standing at attention along the steep sloping sides of the Canyon.

An osprey flew by. He seemed as large as an eagle as he passed near us, but like a butterfly as he alighted on the opposite side.

The Canyon Hotel is up on the hillside beyond and above the falls, but within easy walking distance.

Those of us who walked out at sunset to see the Falls from the floor of the canyon found the flight of five hundred steps most useful as shelter under which to crouch when a sudden thunderstorm whirled over us.

We must say a word about the four large hotels in the park. Mammoth is really just the office or starting-point and few people would want to stay there except for the convenience of reaching near-by sights. Old Faithful Inn, among the pines and geysers is picturesque in its Scandinavian dark brown way. The Lake Hotel is a large, well-ordered hostelry like those in the White Mountains, but the Grand Canyon Hotel is the most original, the newest and most surprising of buildings for one to find away out in the Yellowstone Park. Its dining-room and its living-room are gigantic in their proportions. The columns are monoliths of pale wood, Japanese in finish but very modern in their strange simple lines. The very good Hollywood orchestra was an unexpected feature.

The Drive Back to Gardiner

Saturday, July 19th.

Some of our party started early and went to Mammoth by Mount

Washburn — the highest point in the park where one can turn and see the world at a glance. Low alpine plants clung to the surface of the rocks and all herbage and trees were stunted and gnarled.

Most of us went out by Dunraven Pass, starting after luncheon. A beautiful sweeping hill-country covered with grey-green sagebrush and an outcropping of rocks. Dark pines and blue mountains as background.

On this drive the flowers were especially beautiful. Hillsides of the three varieties of *erigonium*, called false buckwheat, sulphur plant or butter-balls. These were in shades of creamy white to sulphur yellow; the effect very like a mass of mixed *polyanthus* primroses.

We saw clumps of the big blue *phacelia serica*, water-leaf, bristling like a fuzzy blue caterpillar. Yellow *arnica* and the

little blue-bells of Scotland, which had followed us consistently from Banff, said farewell to us at Roosevelt Camp, where John Burroughs and Theodore Roosevelt met and explored these trails together. This looked like a great place to bring a family of lively children for a semi-camping experience.

Soon after this the scenery became rugged and austere again, and we drove on out of the park by the road on which we had entered three days before.

Homeward Bound

July 20th.

We entered our train for the last time and settled down for our cool and comfortable homeward trip. The ladies of Gardiner brought us charming flowers from their gardens.

The night before we reached Chicago where so many of our Southern members were to leave us, word was sent around anonymously that we were to appear in the diner in fancy dress! As we had no fancy apparel, we used our brains and concocted the most amusing costumes out of whatever we had.

After dinner our diner was cleared of tables and a saxophone and banjo band appeared as if by magic. Our officers were attired as dignified Roman senators in togas. They were the Judges and a spirited cake-walk followed opened by our youngest club. There were squaws, Southern mamnies, wildflowers and Chinese ladies, elegant Spanish grandees in their lace mantillas and beggars in rags. The Terrible Turk was there with his harem and the thin Pullman pillow, which had developed a head and legs and arms at its four corners. The victim of a motor wreck was there, all bandaged with adhesive tape and gory with mercurochrome. Mt. Rainier—a mass of white absorbent cotton, and a stranger—a slim, graceful girl in full evening dress and diamond lorgnettes, named "Miss Brown." One woman took an unfair advantage of us. She had her husband with her and she appeared in his white flannels and straw hat.

The passing motorists seemed highly interested in the gay doings they glimpsed through the windows and raced us many miles to solve the enigma.

After this no one can call the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA stiff!

It was a fitting culmination of our three weeks together and as group by group our members left us, at Chicago, Cleveland, Albany and Harmon, they acclaimed this the finest Annual Meeting and trip that they had ever attended.

And so ends the story of our Northwestern trip. The following members consented to act as Reporters on the trip and it is to them that this number of the BULLETIN owes much of its interest.

Mrs. Gordon Abbott	Mrs. Telesio Lucci
Mrs. Rodney Cohen	Miss Hilda Loines
Mrs. C. D. Corbin	Mrs. Colin S. McKinney
Mrs. Florence Evans	Mrs. Horace B. Peabody
Mrs. Roy A. Hunt	Miss Mary Lou Phinizy
Mrs. Robert Huntington	Mrs. C. D. Smithers
Mrs. Henry W. Harris	Mrs. R. D. Sears
	Miss Adeline Wing

Thank you kindly, good Reporters.

ANNA GILMAN HILL, Acting Editor.
SARAH G. FIFE, Inter-club Editor.
ELOISE P. LUQUER, Conservation Editor.

T H E E N D .

7

Credentials

You ask credentials?

There's a pine on the top of the hill
that knows me like a brother.
There's not a bypath but knows my daily way.
The fields exude welcome as I pass,
the streams chortle as I near,
the grasses embrace my feet.
The trees incline with gentle whisperings and
graze with their soft leaves my cheek.
The plowboy stops to call me friend.

I am coming the upward route, the hill road,
I am leaning hard on my staff, my mountain
boots are torn—but I am coming,
I am on the far, high ledge
I am coming with a spray of kinnikinnic in
my mountain coat, and the autumn
colors in my mountain soul.

MURIEL STRODE

Wildflowers Found at Lake Louise, Mt. Rainier, and in the Yellowstone

By Eloise P. Luquer

(Nomenclature, *Western Wildflowers* by Margaret Armstrong, and, where noted, *Rocky Mountain Flowers* by Clements and Clements, and also where noted, *Alpine Flora of the Canadian Rocky Mountains*, Stewardson Brown.)

Family	Page	Botanical Name	Common Name
Lily (Liliaceae)	8	<i>Zygadenus venenosus</i>	Death Camass
	10	<i>Veratrum Californicum</i>	False Hellebore
	14	<i>Allium acuminatum</i>	Wild Pink Onion
	28	<i>Erythronium montanum</i>	Avalanche Lily
	44	<i>Xerophyllum tenax</i>	Dog-tooth Violet
	46	<i>Streptopus roseus</i>	Squaw-grass
	50	<i>Clintonia uniflora</i>	Pink Twisted Stalk
	52	<i>Vagnera amplexicaulis</i>	Queen-cup
	54	<i>Disporum trachycarpum</i>	False Solomon's Seal
Iris (Iridaceae)	70	<i>Sisyrinchium bellum</i>	Drops of Gold
Ochid (Orchidaceae)	76	<i>Corallorrhiza multiflora</i>	Blue-Eyed Grass
	78	<i>Limnorchis leucostachys</i>	Coral-root
Birthwort (Aristolochiaceae)	84	<i>Asarum Hartwegi</i>	Sierra Rein Orchis
Buckwheat (Polygonaceae)	92	<i>Eriogonum orthocaulon</i>	Wild Ginger
	92	<i>Eriogonum Bakeri</i>	Butter Balls
	94	<i>Eriogonum fasciculatum</i>	Sulphur Flower
Goosefoot (Chenopodiaceae)	15	<i>Chenopodium capitatum</i>	Buckwheat Bush
Pink (Caryophylliaceae)	112	<i>Arenaria Fendleri</i>	Strawberry Blite
	118	<i>Cerastium arvense</i>	Fendler's Sandwort
Purslane (Portulacaceae)	122	<i>Claytonia lanceolata</i>	Field Chickweed
Buttercup (Ranunculaceae)	126	<i>Ranunculus Californicus</i>	Spring Beauty
	102	(Alpine Flora)	Common Western Buttercup
	128	<i>Ranunculus Suksdorfii</i>	(Rainier)
	106	<i>Delphinium scaposum</i>	Suksdorf's Buttercup
	136	<i>Aquilegia flavescens</i>	Blue Larkspur
	140	<i>Aconitum Columbianum</i>	Yellow Columbine
	140	<i>Actaea arguta</i> (white)	Monkshood
	144	<i>Actaea viridiflora</i> (red)	Baneberry
	144	<i>Anemone deltoidea</i>	Baneberry
	144	<i>Anemone parviflora</i>	Three-leaved Anemone
	146	<i>Anemone pulsatilla occidentalis</i>	Northern Anemone
	146	<i>Caltha leptosepala</i> (white)	Western Anemone
	148	<i>Clematis lasiantha</i>	Marsh Marigold
	150	<i>Clematis atragene occidentalis</i>	Virgin's Bower
	150	<i>Thalictrum Fendleri</i>	Purple Clematis
	104	(Alpine Flora)	Meadow Rue
		<i>Trollius albiflorus</i>	(Lake Louise)
			Western Globe Flower

Family	Page	Botanical Name	Common Name
Barberry (Berberidaceae)	152	<i>Vancouveria parviflora</i>	Inside-out-Flower
	154	<i>Berberis repens</i>	Oregon Grape
Caper (Capparidaceae)	188	<i>Cleome serrulata</i>	Bee-plant
Water Lily (Nymphaeaceae)	156	<i>Nymphaea polysepala</i>	Indian Pond Lily
Poppy (Papaveraceae)	160	<i>Romneya trichocalyx</i>	Matilija Poppy
	164	<i>Eschscholtzia Californica</i>	California Poppy
Orpine (Crassulaceae)	192	<i>Sedum Douglasii</i>	Stone-crop
	192	<i>Sedum Yosemiteense</i>	Yosemite Stone-crop
Saxifrage (Saxifragaceae)	198	<i>Muscaria caespitosa</i>	Tufted Saxifrage
	200	<i>Heuchera micrantha</i>	Alumroot
	204	<i>Mitella ovalis</i>	Bishop's Cap
Hydrangea (Hydrangeaceae)	208	<i>Philadelphus Californicus</i>	Syringa
Gooseberry (Grossulariaceae)	210	<i>Grossularia Roezli</i>	Wild Gooseberry
	212	<i>Ribes Hudsonianum</i>	Black Currant
Plum (Drupaceae)	216	<i>Amelanchier alnifolia</i>	"Saskatoon"
Rose (Rosaceae)	220	<i>Rosa Fendleri</i>	Service-berry
	165	(Alpine Flora)	Fendler's Rose
	238	<i>Rosa Macounii</i>	(Lake Louise)
	226	<i>Rubus parviflorus</i>	Macoun's Rose
	228	<i>Aruncus sylvestris</i>	Thimble-berry or
		<i>Adenostoma fasciculatum</i>	Salmon-berry
	230	<i>Spiraea Douglasii</i>	Goat's Beard
	232	<i>Dryas Octopetala</i>	Chamise or
	164	(Alpine Flora)	Greasewood
	234	<i>Dryas Drummondii</i>	Hardback
	234	<i>Potentilla pectinisetia</i>	Alpine Avens
	163	<i>Dasiphora fruticosa</i>	Yellow Mountain Avens
	236	(Alpine Flora)	Silky Cinquefoil
		<i>Sieversia ciliata</i>	Shrubby Cinquefoil
	240	<i>Sericotheca discolor</i>	Long-plumed Purple
		<i>Fragaria bracteata</i>	Avens
Pea (Fabaceae)			Holodiscus
		<i>Melilotus alba</i>	(Ocean Spray)
		<i>Melilotus officinalis</i>	Wood Strawberry
		<i>Melilotus eyraianum</i>	White Sweet Clover
	246	<i>Thermopsis montana</i>	Yellow Sweet Clover
		<i>Lupinus subalpinus</i>	Hop Clover
		<i>Lupinus Lyallii</i>	Golden Pea
	264	<i>Cytisus scoparius</i>	Lupine
	258	<i>Astragalus nothoxys</i>	Blue Lupine
	173	(Alpine Flora)	Scotch Broom
		<i>Aragallus monticola</i>	Purple Astragalus
Flax (Linaceae)	270	<i>Linum Lewisii</i>	Mountain Oxytropis
			Blue Flax

Family	Page	Botanical Name	Common Name
Geranium (Geraniaceae)	274	<i>Geranium Fremontii</i> (Pink)	Wild Geranium
	274	<i>Geranium incisum</i>	Wild Geranium
Buckthorn (Rhamnaceae)	284	<i>Ceanothus integerrimus</i>	Mountain Lilac
	284	<i>Ceanothus parvifolius</i>	Blue Mountain Lilac
Mallow (Malvaceae)	286	<i>Sidalcea Californica</i>	Rose Mallow
St. John's Wort (Hypericaceae)	292	<i>Hypericum formosum</i>	St. John's Wort
	292	<i>Hypericum anagalloides</i>	Creeping St. John's Wort
Violet (Violaceae)	298	<i>Viola lobata</i>	Pine Violet
	298	<i>Viola Canadensis</i>	Canada Violet
	298	<i>Viola adunca glabra</i>	Pale Mountain Violet
	300	<i>Viola adunca longipes</i>	Blue Violet
Loasa (Loasaceae)	300	<i>Mentzelia laevicaulis</i>	Blazing Star
Evening Primrose (Onagraceae)	312	<i>Eulobus Californicus</i>	Yellow Eulobus
	314	<i>Chamaenerion latifolium</i>	Water Willow-herb
	316	<i>Gayophytum eriospermum</i>	White Willow-herb
	330	<i>Onagra Hookeri</i>	Evening Primrose
Ginseng (Araliaceae)	200	(Alpine Flora)	
		<i>Echinopanax horridum</i>	Devil's Club
Parsley (Umbelliferae)		<i>Angelica atropurpurea</i>	Angelica
		<i>Conioselinum Chinense</i>	Water Hemlock
	204	<i>Thaspium trifoliatum</i> (Yellow)	Meadow Parsnip
		(Alpine Flora)	
		<i>Heraeleum lanatum</i>	Cow-Parsnip
Dogwood (Cornaceae)	340	<i>Cornus Canadensis</i>	Bunch-berry
	338	<i>Cornus Nuttallii</i>	Pacific Dogwood (Six white petals)
Heath (Ericaceae)	346	<i>Arctostaphylos Uva-Ursi</i>	Kinnikinnie
	352	<i>Phyllodoce empetriformis</i>	Red Bearberry
	352	<i>Phyllodoce glanduliflora</i>	Red Heather
	354	<i>Cassiope Mertensiana</i>	Yellow Heather
	350	<i>Kalmia microphylla</i>	White Heather
	342	<i>Gaultheria Shallon</i>	Swamp Laurel
	350	<i>Ledum Groenlandicum</i>	Sala, Shallon
			Wooly Labrador Tea
Wintergreen (Pyrolaceae)	354	<i>Moneses uniflora</i>	Single Beauty
	356	<i>Pyrola bracteata</i>	Shinleaf
	356	<i>Chimaphila Menziesii</i>	Pipsissewa
	208	(Alpine Flora)	
		<i>Pyrola uliginosa</i>	Bog Wintergreen
Indian Pipe (Monotropaceae)	358	<i>Sarcodes sanguinea</i>	Snow-plant
	360	<i>Pterospora Andromedea</i>	Pine-drops
Primrose (Primulaceae)	364	<i>Dodecatheon Jeffreii</i>	Large Shooting Star
	228	(Alpine Flora)	Sweet-flowered Androsace
		<i>Androsace carinata</i>	

Family	Page	Botanical Name	Common Name
Mountain Gentianaceae)	368	<i>Frasera speciosa</i>	Deer's Tongue
	372	<i>Gentiana acuta</i>	Northern Gentian (Mt. Washburn)
Dogbane Apocynaceae)	378	<i>Apocynum androsaemifolium</i>	Spreading Dogbane
Morning Glory Convolvulaceae)	382	<i>Convolvulus arvensis</i>	Field Morning Glory Bindweed
Phlox Polemoniaceae)	384	<i>Polemonium occidentale</i>	Jacob's Ladder
	390	<i>Phlox Douglasii</i>	Alpine Phlox
	396	<i>Gilia multicaulis</i> (lilac)	Small Prickly Gilia
	398	<i>Gilia capitata</i> (blue)	Large Prickly Gilia
		<i>Phlox diffusa</i>	
	400	<i>Collomia grandiflora</i>	Butterfly Flower
Waterleaf Hydrophyllaceae)	404	<i>Phacelia sericea</i>	Purple Phacelia
	406	<i>Phacelia Fremontii</i>	Phacelia
	410	<i>Phacelia alpina</i>	Manor Alpine Phacelia
Forget-me-not Boraginaceae)	424	<i>Lappula velutina</i>	Wild Forget-me-not
	430	<i>Mertensia Sibirica</i>	Languid Lady
Verbena Verbenaceae)	434	<i>Verbena prostrata</i>	Common Vervain
Violet Labiatae)	448	<i>Salazaria Mexicana</i>	Bladder-bush
	444	<i>Prunella Vulgaris</i>	Self-Heal
Figwort Scrophulariaceae)		<i>Linaria Linoria</i>	Butter and Eggs
	472	<i>Castilleja pinetorum</i>	Scarlet Paint Brush
	472	<i>Castilleja angustifolia</i>	Paint Brush
	476	<i>Veronica Americana</i>	American Brooklime
	478	<i>Pentstemon glandulosus</i> (purple)	Large Beard-tongue
	478	<i>Pentstemon Minor</i> (blue)	Pentstemon
	484	<i>Pentstemon Heterophyllus</i>	Deepest Blue
	482	<i>Pentstemon Parryi</i> (red)	Cardinal Pentstemon
	482	<i>Pentstemon confertus</i>	Variable Pentstemon (Yellow, blue and purple)
	484	<i>Pentstemon laetus</i>	Blue and Purple
	492	<i>Mimulus Lewisii</i>	Pink Monkey-flower
	494	<i>Mimulus primuloides</i>	Little Yellow Monkey-flower
	504	<i>Pedicularis Groenlandica</i>	Elephants' Heads
	498	<i>Orthocarpus luteus</i>	Yellow Owl's Clover
Nadder (Rubiaceae)	506	<i>Houstonia rubra</i>	Desert Innocence
	508	<i>Galium boreale</i>	Northern Bed-straw
Valerian (Valerianaceae)	510	<i>Valeriana Arizonica</i>	Arizona Valerian
Honeysuckle Caprifoliaceae)	512	<i>Lonicera involucrata</i>	Black Twinberry
		<i>Sambriens pubens</i>	Red-berried Elder
Bellflower (Campanulaceae)	520	<i>Campanula rotundifolia</i>	Harebell
Sunflower (Compositae)		<i>Cirsium foliosum</i>	Stick-leaved Thistle
	522	<i>Carduus Coulteri</i>	Common Thistle

Family	Page	Botanical Name	Common Name
	1163	(Jepson's Botany)	Pink Thistle
		Cirsium Edule	Indian or Edible
	526	Anaphalis margaritacea	Pearly Everlasting
	528	Helianthus annuus	Common Sunflower
	530	Chrysopsis villosa	Hairy Golden Aster
	532	Erigeron divergens (pink or violet)	Spreading Fleabane
	534	Erigeron salsuginosus	Mountain Fleabane
	542	Corethrogyne filaginifolia	Woolly Aster
	544	Arnica cordifolia	Heart-shaped Arnica
		Arnica fulgens	Alpine Arnica
	546	Anthemis Cotula	Mayweed, Chamomile
		Achilla Tarnica	Yarrow
	312	(Alpine Flora)	
		Petasites palmata	Sweet-scented Coltsfoot
	544	Artemisia tridentata	Common Sage Brush
	548	Chamaetis Douglasii	Downy Pink Chamaetis
	556	Gaillardia aristata	Western Gaillardia
	546	Eriophyllum laetum	Woolly Yellow Daisy
	314	(Alpine Flora)	
		Achillea lanulosa	White Yarrow
		Antennaria Media	Cudweed
	320	(Alpine Flora)	
		Antennaria Rosea	Pink Pearly Everlasting
	317	(Alpine Flora)	
		Antennaria lanata	Alpine Everlasting
	311	(Alpine Flora)	
		Senecio triangularis	Giant Ragwort
	564	Senecio perplexus	Yellow Ragwort
	562	Solidago trinervata	Arizona Goldenrod
Chicory (Cicoriaceae)	576	Chicorium Intybus	Blue Chicory
	574	Tragopogon porrifolius	Salsify, Oyster Plant

Grasses

Foxtail
Wild Oats

Isophorus
Viridus

Fern

Botrychium

Evergreen Trees

(Jepson's Manual of Flowering Plants, Edition 1925, used here)

Page	Botanical Name	Common Name
46	White Bark Pine	Pinus Albicaus
46	Limber Pine	Pinus flexilis
47	Lodgepole Pine	Pinus Murrayana
47	Yellow Pine	Pinus ponderosa
50	Coast Hemlock	Tsuga heterophylla
50	Mountain Hemlock	Tsuga Mertensiana
51	Engelmann's Fir	Picea Engelmannii
52	Douglas Fir	Pseudotsuga taxifolia
53	White Fir	Abies grandiflora
56	Giant Cedar	Thuja plicata
59	Western Yew	Taxus brevifolia

Miscellaneous Matters

Handbooks on Northwestern Wildflowers

Before leaving home we enquired at the New York Botanical Gardens as to what were the best practical handbooks to use on our trip. The answer was: "For Lake Louise the best is undoubtedly *Alpine Flora of the Canadian Rocky Mountains*, by Stewardson Brown of Philadelphia, illustrated by Mrs. Charles Schaffner (now Mrs. Warren of Banff), published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1907, but now out of print." This we advertised for and were able to secure two copies, which we found invaluable.

A small popular *Handbook of Wildflowers*, by J. C. Jones, sold at the desk at Banff contained no indigenous plants and was suitable for Canada only. Almost all of the flowers blossom along the Hudson River.

For the general Northwest *Rocky Mountain Flowers* by Clement and Clement, H. W. Wilson & Co., New York, 1920, Field Edition, was recommended by the Botanical Garden; but I believe this is better for the vicinity of Denver; for although it is profusely illustrated in color, we only identified thirty-five of the flowers that were pictured, and the descriptions being technical with never a hint as to whether the plant grew in bog or on alpine cliff rendered it useless to the hasty traveller.

The Department of the Interior has published a small, illustrated pamphlet called: *Features of the Flora of Mt. Rainier, National Park*, which was very helpful there, as it is arranged in zones according to altitude and well illustrated.

At Old Faithful we found a little *Handbook of the Trees and Flowers of the Yellowstone*. This proved invaluable, as far as it went. But only the common name and the family name was given. This for pentstemon and eriogonum, which needed much untangling, was very trying.

But by far the most useful book, with good illustrations and clear descriptions, for use (except in the two alpine regions of Mt. Rainier and Lake Louise,) was *Western Wildflowers*, by Margaret Armstrong Putnam, 1915, and with this we identified over two hundred varieties of flowering plants.

The flora about Banff and Lake Louise seemed to me especially interesting, being truly alpine and it is to be hoped that the efficient Canadian Railway, or some others in authority, will soon finance another edition of Mr. Stewardson Brown's invaluable book.

A. G. H.

For those who did not attend this Meeting—Attention: The Columbia River does not flow into Puget Sound.

The Teton National Park

Jackson's Hole

A tradition in a certain family that the Teton range of mountains were surpassingly beautiful led one group of Garden Club members to leave the larger group one crisp early morning and take motor from Old Faithful and journey towards Jackson's Hole, now Teton Park—the newest National Park. Only on February 26, 1929, was the Grand Teton National Park established.

The area of the Park is approximately one hundred and fifty square miles, or ninety-six thousand acres. Five large lakes and a number of smaller ones dot the Park; pine, spruce and fir forests abound and the floor of the Valley is massed here and there with the characteristic aspens.

The Grand Teton mountain group beggars description. They are more dramatic than any other known range. They rise in sharp peaks like Matterhorns; there are no foothills, so they stand alone—sharply outlined against the blue sky—snow-capped, glistening with glaciers, granite-like and to quote the U. S. circular "Cathedral-like." They rise from 3,000 to 7,000 feet above the valley known as Jackson's Hole—a valley which gets its name from an old trapper who still lives, and they are all from 12,000 to 14,000 feet above sea level.

It is a happy hunting-ground for botanist and naturalist; it is an area from which to draw inspiration for the tasks of life; the air is exhilarating and balm to the soul as well.

A pleasant Inn with cozy cabins sheltered us for the night. There are a few camps in the Park. Happily none are very obvious. Roads are smooth and free from dust. A number of "dude" ranches lie beyond the several Park entrances. It is the summer resort of America par excellence.

Solitude

Have you breathed the faith of fir trees,
by the lure of camp-fire light?
Watched the wistful shadows creeping
towards the restful lap of night?
Have you sent your thoughts a-homing to
the source of space and time?
Felt the pulse of soul communion full
and firm with the divine?
Sensed the wonders of creation? Gripp'd
the purpose of the whole?
Then you know the mystic sweetness that
comes stealing o'er the soul,
As on balsam boughs spread thickly on
the mossy mountain sod
One with questioning eyes looks upward
to the very heart of God.

Canadian Forest and Outdoors.

M. D. GEDDES.

Sweet Peas of the Northwest

Can the moisture-laden winds that reach the western slopes of the Coast and Cascade Ranges be the sole cause of the magnificence of fruit and flower and tree in the gardens of the Northwest, or have the gardeners some special magic of their own?

This perfection of bloom and the unfailing superiority of each specimen over the types with which we easterners are familiar, was the source of unending comment and question on the Garden Club Special on the trip, which first showed to many of us, to what perfection roses and cherries, cedars and sweet peas can attain.

We all know the look of over-fed or over-watered plants, which, forced to exceed nature, become rank of growth and coarse in texture, but the flowers that greeted us in Victoria and Seattle, in Tacoma and Portland, had no forced welcome. Their exquisite quality and fragrance were in proportion to their size.

Refusing to accept any responsibility for our less perfect flowers, we, for our comfort, laid it all to the "climate." That this is not the only possible factor had to be admitted when we learned the wholly different cultural methods often employed, and though they may not be applicable in other sections, it will be of great interest at the next Annual Meeting to compare experiences with those who have tried these newly-learned methods, and to hear the measure of their success or failure.

In Victoria we visited a Sweet Pea Farm, where are grown only carefully chosen varieties of perfect form and color. The farm is the hobby of a lawyer, who raises the plants for seed. At the busiest hour of a week day, the owner, who was as generous with the secrets of his success as with his time, led four amateur gardeners up and down his great fields of color, answering their eager questions.

It was an exciting experience (as all perfection is) for the vines lay on the ground and showed the whole mass of their dazzling color at a glance. One does not often have the spectrum as a play-ground.

Here are a few of the rules followed by this most successful grower, whose seeds may be bought by writing to the office of the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA for his address and for the list of his named varieties.

To prepare the ground it is packed tight, not trenched.

The seeds are planted about one and a half inches deep, (never more than two inches), and several feet apart each way.

As the vines grow they are trained out from the center in rays to prevent tangling and to give the greatest possible exposure to the sun. They are not watered.

From the short joints of the main stems, (a condition always produced by hard ground) rise long, strong stalks with flowers larger and finer in every way, than even our exhibition blooms and most of the varieties are very fragrant.

If it is possible to grow sweet peas generally in this way what brilliant edgings may be made to flower borders by training the stems in close parallel rows, only the flower stems regulating the height of the edging.

This "Ground Method," if one may invent the term, has many advantages over our long season of chicken wire or brush before our vines reach their height.

Later, in a most lovely Tacoma garden, I saw a luxuriant hedge of pink peas and in the house the usual splendor of cut bloom. The owner was my kind hostess and I begged a mammoth flower and its long stalk for my gardener, knowing my description would need proof to be convincing, and I also asked for her rules for planting. To my despair her answer (which I hope my gardener may never suspect) was that her plants seeded themselves! Can it be that a sweet pea in Tacoma can be persuaded to use the same bed again, no matter how carefully made?

Comforted by this final proof that our successful western rivals were aided by the Japanese current, packed up by the Giants of the Rocky Mountains, I caught the train.

KATHARINE ABBOTT.

North Shore Garden Club.

At Old Faithful

Thursday and Thursday night at Old Faithful we saw the bears fed, and heard a remarkably interesting talk by one of the rangers on their life and habits in the park,—the largest natural game preserve in the world. We are crazy about the bears. The black bears are scared to death of the grizzly ones; ten black ones scatter at the approach of one grizzly. Kind treatment makes the bears almost as tame as puppies. Mother bears teach cubs to beg along the roadside.

Tourists frequently return to automobiles and find bears within; having eaten all the provender, they turn over and go to sleep on the comfortable cushions.

They look so sad if you fail to throw them food.

One darling little black bear cub went up a tree like lightning as we approached.

The Portland Vegetable and Flower Market

The vegetable and flower market of Portland is all fresh and spread for your temptation on pushearts every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning on both sides of Yamhill Street between Second and Fifth. Only the Chinese, Japanese, Italian and "Web-foot" planters are licensed to sell.

In they come early in the days with bunches of gladiolus pricking out of the front seat of their Fords, and pails of the pearly smoke of gypsophilas on the back seat and potatoes in the tonneau as in a bin. The Chinese growers on the Second Street end have the best and cheapest vegetables. There is no room in the center of the street except for these gardeners without their queues, eased in overalls, their faces grave, their hands pany, sprinkling their wares from the corner faucets.

Leaning over their stalls higher up by Fourth Street, Italian girls pretty and broad, are shelling peas, putting up price marks, and enjoying the world after days of transplanting and weeding. On each side of the street the housewives pass between these gay pushearts and the soberer butter and beef markets—under roof and permanent. Flowers punctuate and border these long aisles, ruffled petunias in pots, sweet peas, larkspur in crockery jars, fuchsias, begonias, Shasta daisies, clarksia and godetia.

But it is the vegetables which are the queens of the market. Potatoes scrubbed ivory white; onions glistening and pearly; leeks, slender as flappers; exuberant cabbages, who never had a waistline and do not care who knows it; cherries as big as plums; Italian squash or yucetti as dainty as cucumbers; butter beans all pin-cushions within; peas with green marbles; celery raised in clay and smelling like Thanksgiving in far away New England; the carrots like orange tapers; broad beans, any three of which should fill a strong man; broccoli enough to suit even Mr. Baldwin; beet-greens, red, veined and curling and lettuce so tender-hearted and melting as to start the gastric juices in a dyspeptic. All these vegetables,—children of a marvelous soil and climate—seem to call out together: "Take me home and cook me and eat me!"

They Have Them There Too!

One member mistook a Tom Thumb Golf-course, brilliantly lighted and crowded with people bending with great interest over some objects on the ground, for a group of enthusiastic rock plant specialists of the Northwest pursuing their hobby after office hours.

Our Redwood Grove

A Committee was appointed at Seattle to visit the Redwoods area and five members left our party at Portland for this purpose. They, together with officers of the California State Parks Commission and Redwoods League, unanimously selected the Kerr Grove in the Bull Creek Dyerville Park Project as the one most suitable for preservation provided the sum of *not less than* \$30,000 is raised before November 1st, 1930.

This grove was chosen because of the accessibility of its location (within a day's motor trip of San Francisco and near a comfortable Inn) the magnificence of its trees, the charm of its undergrowth and for the definiteness of the area—about one thousand acres.

Instantaneous interest had been created at the Annual Meeting. The Council of Presidents was unanimous in endorsing the project and the Directors approved the action of the Council. The members who went out by the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA Special Train were so enthusiastic that they individually subscribed a sum in excess of \$12,000 toward this objective. Therefore, the acquisition of a grove has been assured, its size will be governed by the amount contributed. The grove will be suitably marked and known as the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA Grove and perpetual care will be assumed by the State.

Those with a great love and reverence for trees and interested in Conservation have been deeply concerned because of the continued destruction of that band of virgin Redwoods stretching some four hundred miles along the coastal slope of Northern California. These trees are the oldest horticultural treasures on our planet. Many are estimated to be more than three thousand years old. They constitute one of our national beauties and have international importance. Great forests of these Redwoods at one time spread over Austria and other European countries but they have disappeared. Like our Niagara Falls, they should not be thought of as belonging to any particular state or locality. These trees are now in the hands of the lumbermen—they will disappear through the agency of the saw-mill before another generation of American men and women can come forward for their salvation.

It is to our nation that should belong the high privilege of the protection of these trees for all generations. The GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA is a national organization and the purchase of a grove of Redwoods gives us the rare opportunity of accomplishing in a beautiful, tangible and definite way one of the objectives of our existence.

We hope that everyone will take this as a personal appeal, not only to her interest in the preservation of the beauty of our country but also to her loyalty to the ideals of the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA, and will give such a sum as he or she may be happy in contributing, be it large or small. Maybe five years from now we may again go Westward and have our "High Jinks" in our own Redwood grove!

Roses of the Northwest

The rose gardens of Persia may be tinged with deeper symbolism and the perfumes at Grasse accumulate more thousands of petals, but I believe the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA have perceived the essence of the rose. We have seen them tumultuous, regal in dignity, in abandon of youth and again in stalwart age. In Victoria, we first glimpsed the scene that would be staged with roses. At the Governor's mansion, a certain grandeur of scheme, at Mrs. Butchart's, a joy that was as exuberant as the Highlanders who piped for us.

The rose that takes distinctive prizes at the Portland and Seattle shows is *Isabelle*, a large single pink one, with exquisite points for a judge. *Dame Edith Helen* is a beautiful pink sweet-scented one. *Etoile de Holland* is another sweet-scented pink one, with silk rolled back petals. *Florez*, a seedling of *Madame Butterfly*, is a coral-salmon. *Julie Strahl* is a rose of wonderful color. *Caroline Testout* roses grow to a height of fourteen feet. *La Marne* was one of their finest roses, also *Cuba*—a single rose. *Claude* and *George Pernet* were our constant companions. *H. W. Dreer*, a cream rose of fine form and habit; the buds as appealing as a full rose. Certain nurseries declared their stock of this was almost exhausted. *Hoosier Beauty* and *Hadley* were two roses that suggested "drip red" of the color box. *Ulrich Brunner* was growing to the tops of the Hill Top Lodge, Seattle. *Elsie Poulsen* was the favorite polyanthus.

Among the climbing roses was *Dr. Van Fleet*, with delicate shell tints, honey fragrance, wealth of bud and bloom, draped miles of the way. *Paul's Lemon Pillar*, *Cant's Blush* (a single cluster rose), *Emily Gray*, *Goldfinch*, *Hiawatha*, *William Allen Richardson* and *Mermaid* are very hard to beat. *Frau Karl Druschki* among the old white roses is not only standard in form but in solid perfection. It reminded me of Mme. Schuman-Heink. One of the thrilling rose-gardens belonged to Mr. Frank of Portland. It was fan shaped, surpassingly varied and blooming, with Mount Hood snow-capped as its background—a looming guardian spirit.

F. M. E.

Reciprocity

On the evening that the Garden Club left for the Northwest Mr. Pierre S. du Pont was wandering disconsolately around his garden when he spied a family Ford parked inside his gates—a forbidden thing after sundown. On going down to remonstrate with the owners he found they were from Seattle, Washington, and had journeyed East to see the sights—one sight being the du Pont fountains which, like Versailles, play on stated occasions for the pleasure of the public. The fact that the fountains did not play every night had not reached Seattle. Their disappointment was so real that Mr. du Pont hunted up an under-gardener, who had just gone to bed and with his aid turned on and played the magnificent fountains and lights until midnight for this very small and amazed audience. Had they hailed from any city but Seattle he would have turned them away, but as Mrs. du Pont had just left to be the guest of Seattle her husband felt he could not turn these Seattlites away.

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A Cleveland Garden Center

Some six years ago the Garden Club of Cleveland set for itself the task of beautifying the area between the Cleveland Museum of Art and Euclid Avenue; and through the money made at our Italian Street Fair in 1924, we were able to present to the city plans which alone cost \$18,000.

From this beginning, the Fine Arts Garden has resulted, representing an expenditure of nearly half a million dollars. With the development of the cultural, architectural and recreational idea in the University group, this spot becomes a focal center.

Important as it is, the Garden Club feels that there is something more significant than mere beauty connected with the Fine Arts Garden. The same group is now undertaking to extend its influence so that it will have practical value for the people throughout greater Cleveland, and help to stimulate a natural hunger in our community.

To do this, the Fine Arts Garden, which is in itself a miniature arboretum, planted under the direction of Mr. William Law Olmsted and with the advice of the Arnold Arboretum, will be used as a landscape laboratory. The shrubs, plants and trees will be carefully labeled and their habits concisely explained.

To accomplish this end, a library will be established in the boat-house. This will contain volumes on gardening, landscaping, horticulture, floriculture, and ornithology.

A woman trained in landscape architecture, with an assistant, will be placed in charge. Through the use of small scale models of trees, shrubs and buildings, she will be able to work out plans with garden lovers for the development of their homes so that the garden and house may present an attractive and harmonious unit.

Competitions of various sorts designed to stimulate interest in gardens will also be instituted. At appropriate seasons small flower shows will be held, opened to amateur gardeners. There will also be held exhibitions of garden sculpture by local artists.

Through the co-operation of the landscape architects, series of interesting talks, illustrated by slides, will be given. The Center will also serve as a plant exchange where surplus plant material will be disposed of at a minimum charge.

Special attention will be given to children. They will be encouraged and helped to start their own gardens, thus carrying along in an organized way the work being done in the public schools during the winter months. If feasible, groups of children will be taken on nature and bird walks and will be shown the beauty in the out-of-doors.

The Garden Club wishes to offer this service to the people of Metropolitan Cleveland. It will be repaid for the expenditure of thought, time and effort by the liberal use of the facilities it offers. It is therefore hoped that the time will come when the boat-house and the Fine Arts Garden will prove entirely inadequate for the use which we now wish to make of it.

ALICE K. HOWELL.

Cleveland Garden Club.

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French Street Fair

For the Garden Center, Cleveland, Ohio

On the days of July 12th, 13th and 14th the Garden Club of Cleveland gave another evidence of its civic spirit when they staged a pageant entitled "The French Street Fair" to raise funds for the support and development of a Civic Garden Center. The setting for such an affair was ideal. The beautiful steps and terraces of the Museum of Art were used for the booths and other features. Stretching below around the lake is the Fine Arts Garden accomplished several years ago by the

Club, this having been financed by an Italian Street Fair of notable and recorded success. Adding much to the charm of the setting were the flower-laden floats and large pink petalled tulips floating in the water, cleverly illuminated under the blossoms, which at night gave great witchery to the scene.

Entering from the north end of the Mall one found a bewildering array of kiosks where gayly dressed maidens speaking in voluble French were selling magazines and posters, the visitors being much entertained by the captions of the kiosk advertisements. Along the balustrade and overlooking the lake (which with a little imagination might be mistaken for the Seine) were book booths, so Parisian in their air we were readily transplanted to Paris. The bargain hunters took on the same expression to be seen along the river on any bright morning. Several members of the Club presided over these booths, dressed exactly as the women of the Seine with whom we are familiar, even the inevitable dust brushes always to be seen flicking away the street dust. Besmocked and tam-o'-shantered students strolled along the supposed quay—another amusing touch. Charming arranged flower-market and vegetable-booths were displayed as well as a canopied garden accessories house, where many unique articles could be purchased. Near by there were eager groups waiting to have their silhouettes done, while across the Mall almost anything could be purchased, including some really rare bits from a rag market.

For those who were thirsty there were soft drinks, cigarettes and light refreshments to be had. These were presided over by quaintly-clad French maidens in all sorts of peasant garb.

In sharp contrast were the girls gowned as if for the Lido in costumes of bright colored, flaring pyjamas and huge brimmed hats, carrying trays painted in vivid colors and mingling with the crowds selling their wares.

A pet shop produced toy dogs, birds and even a St. Bernard, who looked very bored by the proceedings. All the children hovered over a toy shop where the variety of its wares was infinite. More adventurous spirits gathered in the large tent devoted to games of chance, having parked their children at the Punch and Judy show next door. Dancing—classical and modern—added zest to the entertainment each afternoon and evening, taking place immediately in front of the stately facade of the Museum where the heroic-sized statue of Rodin's inscrutable "Thinker" looked down upon the amazing scene.

In a restaurant nearby there was a platform, colored canvas covered, constantly filled with those who came to dine and dance. Strolling musicians, auction sales and vaudeville "stunts" added to the revelry and two orchestras were in constant attendance to keep the crowd in good humor. It might be of interest to add that the illumination consisted of fifteen miles of electric

lights, this being the generous donation of the Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company.

Advertising the pageant was a floral decorated van going through the streets each day filled with gayly dressed children distributing posters. To the Cleveland Art School students should be given high praise for their unusually original and attractive booths.

The Fair was opened by the City Manager, who spoke convincingly of the need of the Civic Garden Center to be made a part of the Fine Arts Garden. The President of the Club gave a brief address of welcome and urged co-operation in the new undertaking.

It was indeed a scene of indescribable beauty—three perfect nights and two brilliant days—readily deservng its financial success of sixteen thousand dollars.

2

(As promised in the BULLETIN we hope to publish from time to time papers by the men who are interesting themselves in the beautification of Washington. The Committee of the National Capital, of which Mrs. Noyes is the Chairman, has, therefore, secured the following article from Mr. Charles W. Eliot, 2nd, the Director of Planning for Washington, D. C. —Ed.)

Park System for the National Capital Region

The manner of growth of great cities indicates that the location, time and improvement of highways, parks and school facilities and other investments of public monies are the controlling factors in the growth of urban areas. American cities usually grow like the fingers of a hand along the main railroad, transit or highway lines, leaving spaces of open development between the fingers. By study and analysis of the causes of growth and the control of those causes, it is reasonable to suppose that public authorities can largely influence, if not control, the manner and direction of growth.

The City of Washington has grown in the past in this octopus form which theorists in regional planning believe to be a proper and functional arrangement. The theory is that by promoting this star-shaped growth, wedges of open spaces may be retained, penetrating far into the heart of the city and making open land easily accessible to all parts of the region.

The National Capital Park and Planning Commission, therefore, has made studies of transit and highway facilities with a view to promoting a more even distribution of population in fingers or arms stretching out from the city and at the same time preserving large wedge-shaped areas between these fingers in

the form of parks, public institutions, private institutions, private estates, golf clubs, and similar open developments.

In planning for future parks and open spaces, the National Capital Park and Planning Commission made a special study of the features of the region which were most worth while to preserve in open spaces or parks and the withdrawal of which from urban development would least disturb the normal or desirable growth of the city. We prepared a series of maps illustrating the physical features of the region and the places of importance from the point of view of those interested in the aborigines, the history of the area, the natural history, and similar features. These studies were then compared with a map showing rough land around Washington, and from the composite plans, a proposed open space scheme was drawn up.

Proposed parks for the Washington Region are five or six in number. The Lower Potomac from Washington to Mt. Vernon and Fort Washington; Upper Potomac from Washington to and including Great Falls; the valleys of Cabin John Creek, Upper Rock Creek, Northwest Branch and Eastern Branch in Maryland; and the valleys of Four Mile Run, Spout Run, and Pimmit Run in Virginia.

In order to set up a basis for cooperation between the Federal Government and the States, Counties, or individuals interested in the execution of this plan, Congress has passed a bill, introduced by Representative Louis C. Cramton, of Michigan. This Bill provides over \$7,000,000 from Federal funds to be matched, in the case of the Potomac, on the basis of 50-50 as between Federal Government and State, County or private parties, and on a basis of one-third by the Federal Government to two-thirds by the local authorities in the case of parks wholly within Maryland.

The same bill carries authorization of a sixteen million dollar Federal advance, to be repaid by the District in the same proportion as other District funds, at the rate of one million a year, which has been the authorized annual appropriation of the National Capital Park and Planning Commission.

With the sixteen million dollars under the Cramton Bill, the Commission proposes to acquire parks within the District of Columbia to carry out three principal projects: 1. Fort Drive, completely encircling the city and connecting the sites of the Civil War forts on the tops of the second row of hills; 2. To provide a system of Neighborhood Recreation Centers of from fifteen to twenty acres apiece, spaced at intervals of approximately one and a half miles throughout the District of Columbia; and 3. To protect natural valleys of unusual beauty in the vicinity of Rock Creek and along other streams where considerable savings can be made by preservation of the natural conditions instead of the construction of storm water sewers.

These projects will provide the National Capital with a park system including notable scenic and historical sites with the principal feature the Potomac River valley from Mt. Vernon to Great Falls. To carry out these plans requires the cooperation of States, Counties and interested individuals. The National Capital Park and Planning Commission, which is charged with the responsibility of carrying on the work, is confident that such organizations as the GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA will continue to support the program as they have in the past.

CHARLES W. ELIOT,

Director of Planning, Washington, D. C.

2

On the Silver Screen

A spirited movie film of our Northwestern trip combining mountains, gardens, geysers and bears has been assembled by Mrs. Robert Mallory from films taken by three of our members. It is regulation size and will fit any movie projector. It can be rented from the Slide Committee at our main office, 598 Madison Avenue, New York. You should apply early if you wish it for a certain meeting of your club as it is being booked up well in advance.

Members will also be interested to know that we have at the office photographs of the English gardens that were taken by members on the Pilgrimage to England in 1929,—and which are sold at ten cents a print.

2

The Visiting Gardens Committee

New leaves for the Locator were mailed in June and the Committee hopes that all members will follow the directions sent out with these leaves, as both visitors and garden owners will be spared inconvenience thereby.

HELEN T. THORNE,
Chairman.

Names and Addresses of Presidents

- ALBEMARLE GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. George Ansten, Rugby Road, University, Va.
- ALLEGHENY COUNTY, GARDEN CLUB OF
Mrs. Roy Arthur Hunt, 4875 Ellsworth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
- AMATEUR GARDENERS OF BALTIMORE
Mrs. William Cabell Bruce, Ruxton P. O., Maryland.
- AUGUSTA GARDEN CLUB OF VIRGINIA
Mrs. H. N. Hills, "Stuart Hall," Staunton, Va.
- BEDFORD GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. Nelson B. Williams, Bedford Hills, New York.
- BENNINGTON GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. George M. Hawks, 234 South Street, Bennington, Vermont.
- CATONSVILLE GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. Hardy C. Gleske, Paradise, Catonsville, Md.
- CHESTNUT HILL GARDEN CLUB
Mr. George Bramwell Baker, 78 Crafts Road, Chestnut Hill, Mass.
- CINCINNATI, GARDEN CLUB OF
Mrs. William S. Rowe, R. F. D. 1, Box 7, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- CLEVELAND, GARDEN CLUB OF
Mrs. William G. Mather, 12407 Lake Shore Boulevard, Cleveland, Ohio.
- COHASSET GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. William H. Brown, 304 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
- DAYTON, GARDEN CLUB OF
Mrs. Frederick H. Rike, care of Rike-Kumler, Dayton, Ohio.
- DENVER, GARDEN CLUB OF
Mrs. George B. Berger, 124 Lafayette Street, Denver, Colo.
- DIGGERS, THE
Mrs. Frank Badgley, 1140 Roselind Road, Pasadena, California.
- DOLLY MADISON GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. Leslie H. Gray, Orange, Va.
- EASTHAMPTON, GARDEN CLUB OF
Mrs. Ansell H. Ball, Water Mill, Long Island, and 800 Park Avenue, New York City.
- ENGLEWOOD GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. Peter S. Duryee, Maple St., Englewood, N. J.
- EVANSTON, GARDEN CLUB OF
Mrs. Clay M. Baird, 1147 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.
- FAIRFIELD GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. DeVer H. Warner, Fairfield, Conn.
- FACQUER AND LOUDOUN, GARDEN CLUB OF
Mrs. Gwynn Tayloe, Middleburg, Virginia.
- FORT ORANGE GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. Van Rensselaer, 385 State Street, Albany, N. Y.
- FOUR COUNTIES GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. J. Packard Laird, Berwyn, Pa.
- FRENCH BROAD RIVER GARDEN CLUB
Miss Jenny Fleetwood Westfeldt, Fletcher, N. C.
- GARDENERS, THE
Mrs. Robert C. Wright, Haverford, Penna.
- GREEN SPRING VALLEY GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. Howard Matthai, Garrison, Maryland.
- GREENWICH GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. Alden Twachtman, Round Hill Road, Greenwich, Conn.
- HARTEN GARDEN CLUB OF BALTIMORE COUNTY
Mrs. Harry Fahnstock, Sparks, Maryland.
- HARDY GARDEN CLUB, THE
Mrs. Duncan K. Brent, Ruxton, Md.
- HARFORD COUNTY, GARDEN CLUB OF
Mrs. J. Alexis Shriver, Joppa, Md.
- HARTFORD GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. Arthur L. Shipman, 1067 Asylum Ave., Hartford, Conn., and Washington, Conn.
- HILLSBOROUGH GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. Laurence I. Scott, 2141 Forest View Road, Burlingame, California.
- JAMES RIVER GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. S. W. Budd, R. F. D. 2, Richmond, Virginia.
- KANAWHA GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. Harry M. Anderson, 11th and Kanawha Streets, Charleston, W. Va.
- KENTWORTH GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. Edward J. Phelps, 328 Leicester Road, Kentworth, Ill.
- LAKE FOREST GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. Howard Phillips, 985 Hill Road, Winnetka, Ill.
- LAKE GENEVA GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. Edwin B. Frost, Williams Bay, Wisconsin.
- LAKE MINNETONKA GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. George Christian, Wayzata, Minn.
- LENOX GARDEN CLUB
Miss Georgiana W. Sargent, 28 East 35th Street, New York, and Lenox, Mass.
- LEXINGTON GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. Edward Clark, 315 South Ashland Ave., Lexington, Ky.
- LITCHFIELD GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. J. Hobart Bronson, Litchfield, Conn., and 56 Church Street, Waterbury, Conn.
- LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, GARDEN CLUB OF
Mrs. T. H. McClure, Lookout Mountain, Tenn.
- MEMPHIS GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. Paul Dillard, Highland Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
- MICHIGAN, GARDEN CLUB OF
Mrs. Dexter M. Ferry, 17100 Jefferson Ave., Grosse Pointe, Mich.
- MIDDLETOWN, GARDEN CLUB OF
Mrs. Joseph S. Porter, 25 Marlborough St., Portland, Conn.
- MILLBROOK GARDEN CLUB, INC.
Mrs. Silas Wodell, Millbrook, N. Y.
- MILTON GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. Bernard W. Trafford, Woodland Road, Readville, Mass.
- MONADNOCK GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. L. H. Wetherell, Jaffrey, N. H., and 8 Browne Street, Brookline, Mass.
- MORRISTOWN, GARDEN CLUB OF
Mrs. E. Kirk Haskell, 63 Hill Street, Morristown, N. J.
- MT. DESERT, GARDEN CLUB OF
Mrs. Gilbert Montague, Seal Harbor, Maine, and 152 East 37th Street, New York City.
- NEW CANAAN GARDEN CLUB
Miss Alice Taggart, Oenoke Ave., New Canaan, Conn., and 1088 Park Ave., New York City.
- NEWPORT, GARDEN ASSOCIATION IN
Mrs. Hamilton Fish Webster, "Pen Craze," Newport, R. I., and 620 Park Avenue, N. Y.

Names and Addresses of Presidents (Continued)

- NETT GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. I. Tucker Burr, Readville, Mass., and 169 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.
- NEPHEW, GARDEN CLUB OF
Mrs. Honning Fernstrom, P. O. Box 160, Route 2, Norfolk, Virginia.
- NORTH COUNTY GARDEN CLUB OF L. I.
Mrs. George S. Franklin, Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, and 111 East 73rd St., New York.
- NORTH SHORE GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. Frederick S. Moseley, Newburyport, Mass., and 144 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.
- ONONDAGA AND DETCHESS COUNTIES, GARDEN CLUB OF
Mrs. Ernest R. Adee, Almost Brook, Tuxedo Park, N. Y.
- ORANGE, GARDEN CLUB OF THE
Mrs. John G. Y. Walker, Llewellyn Park, West Orange, N. J.
- PAUCAT GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. John Fuller, Backner Lane, Paducah, Ky.
- PASADENA GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. George E. Hume, 500 Columbia Street, Pasadena, Calif.
- PEACHTREE GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. Robert L. Cooney, 1810 Ponce de Leon Avenue, Atlanta, Georgia.
- PHILADELPHIA, GARDEN CLUB OF
Mrs. John Hampton Barnes, "West Acres," Devon, Pa.
- PHILIPSTOWN GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. A. Augustus Healy, Cold Spring, N. Y.
- PIEDMONT GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. James Tyson, 25 Sotello Avenue, Piedmont, California.
- PORTLAND GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. Russell Alger, York Harbor, Maine, and 32 Lake Shore Road, Grosse Pointe Farms, Michigan.
- PORTLAND GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. Frank E. Smith, 848 Westover Road, Portland, Oregon.
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- ROCKFIELD GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. Edward L. Ballard, Ridgefield, Conn., and 4 East 74th St., New York.
- ROCHESTER GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. Howard H. Imray, Beach Avenue, Charlotte Station, Rochester, N. Y.
- ROUSON GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. William B. Potts, Red Bank, N. J.
- RYE GARDEN CLUB
Mrs. C. Horace Couder, Purchase Street, Rye, N. Y.
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598 MADISON AVENUE

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1615 TWENTY-FIRST STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C., and NANTUCKET, MASS.

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