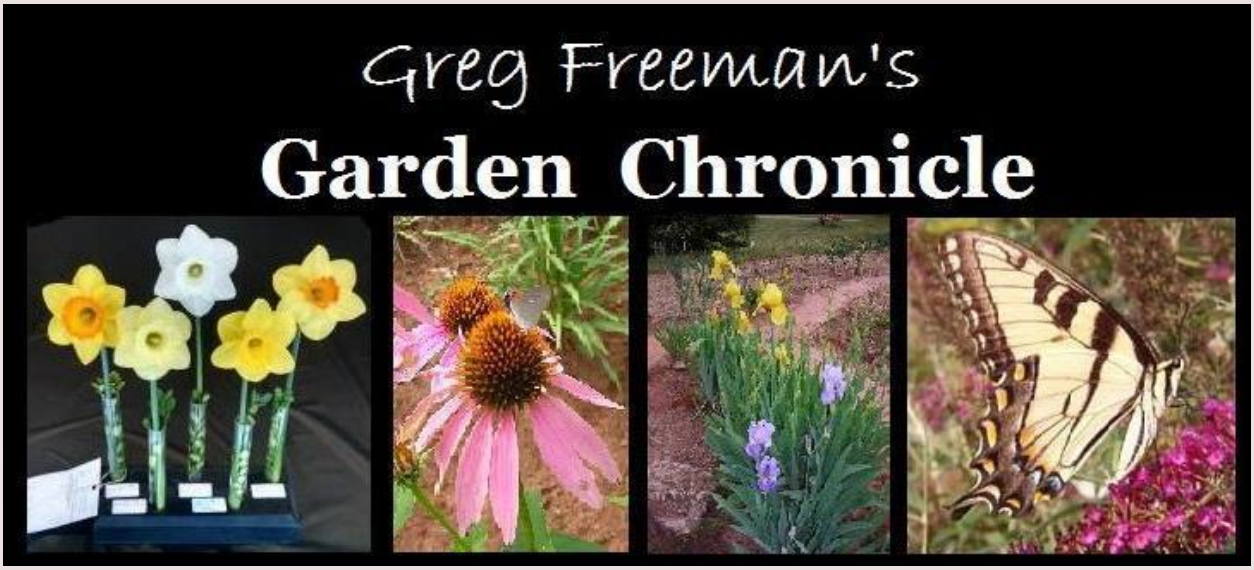

Issue 12 **ISSN 2575-9744** **December 2021**

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Vivid coleus foliage punctuates this lovely view of Villa Philbrook in Tulsa. Oklahoma. USA.

The summer of 2021 was largely unremarkable for me. My mother's passing in late May and other circumstances had left me unmotivated and listless, and my creativity – as well as my garden – suffered neglect, as a result.

A highlight of the summer months was a trip to Liberty University in Lynchburg, Virginia, with my friend and songwriting collaborator, Babbie Mason, to see the Grammy-nominated Collingsworth Family perform before a packed performing arts center with a live band and orchestra in a special DVD taping that would include one of our songs.

It wasn't until the fall that I began to really live again. Having purchased Gaither Vocal Band Reunion tickets and plane fare months earlier, I flew to Tulsa in October to attend two days' worth of concerts at the Mabee Center. While in Tulsa, I drove my rented car to the stunning Philbrook Museum of Art, which is situated on twenty-five acres of lovely formal and informal gardens.

The Tulsa trip not only allowed me to network among fellow musicians, it opened my eyes to gardening possibilities, and I returned home refreshed and ready to tackle the tasks ahead of me: my daffodil talk the following week in Atlanta with the Spalding Garden Club, my fall bulb plantings and my plans for 2022 shows/garden events.

One week after traveling to Tulsa, I addressed the Spalding Garden Club in suburban Atlanta, presenting what I called *Georgia on My Mind: Twelve Essential Daffodils for Georgia Gardens*. I gave away dozens of bulbs from my own garden, and demonstrated how to do a "lasagna" (layered) planting in a container. I then had someone draw the winner's name out of a pot, and one lucky lady took home the painted terra cotta container newly planted with daffodils, tulips, crocus, lavender and violas. I've learned to strive for brevity and focus on humor and visuals when giving my talks. I felt that I was very well-received, and was told as much.

Following the Spalding talk, my friend and longtime supporter, Jane Cox, treated me to a lovely lunch at nearby Novo Cucina, where we were joined by her friend and fellow Spalding member, Brenda Brettschneider. Gorgeous patio setting, delicious food, great conversation!

On the following day, I was back in Atlanta for the Georgia Daffodil Society meeting at the Cathedral of St. Philip, where I was made 1st Vice President and placed in charge of programs. The forthcoming year will serve as a time for our preparation for the 2023 American Daffodil Society National Convention and Show, which will be held in Atlanta, hosted by GDS and supported by our fellow ADS Southeast Region member clubs.

In October, life for me was finally getting back on track. Having received some daffodil bulbs from my friends, Suzy Wert in Indianapolis and Sara Van Beck in Atlanta, I had already planted some of the bulbs when that fateful day came.

On November 6, 2021, I broke my ankle, and had surgery ten days later. My skeletal anatomy now includes a plate and about nine screws. Still recovering, still receiving physical therapy, I have had to rely on Case Sheriff, a teenage buddy of mine, to help me with my remaining bulb plantings, and my activities remain quite limited.

That said, I am looking forward to 2022 and holding out hope that it will be our best year to date. For a while, I had to literally hold onto whatever I could to get by. I will hold onto faith that better days are coming in 2022.

Happy gardening, my friends.

Greg Freeman, **Publisher**

What's Inside?

Jenks Farmer Publishes

Crinum

Unearthing the History and Cultivation of the World's Biggest Bulb

Be sure to check out www.GregFreeman.garden for original video content and other helpful information.

I well remember receiving my first crinum bulbs from my friend, Mary Winkler, in the early 2000s. Old-timers often erroneously referred to the species *Crinum* as *Amaryllis*, a term they also used interchangeably to describe cultivars of *Hippeastrum*. My dearth of knowledge was quite evident at the time, and I set out to discover more about the bulbs, particularly their proper botanical name and what distinguished them from seemingly similar cold hardy bulbs in my area, including the commonly grown *Hippeastrum* x *johnsonii*.

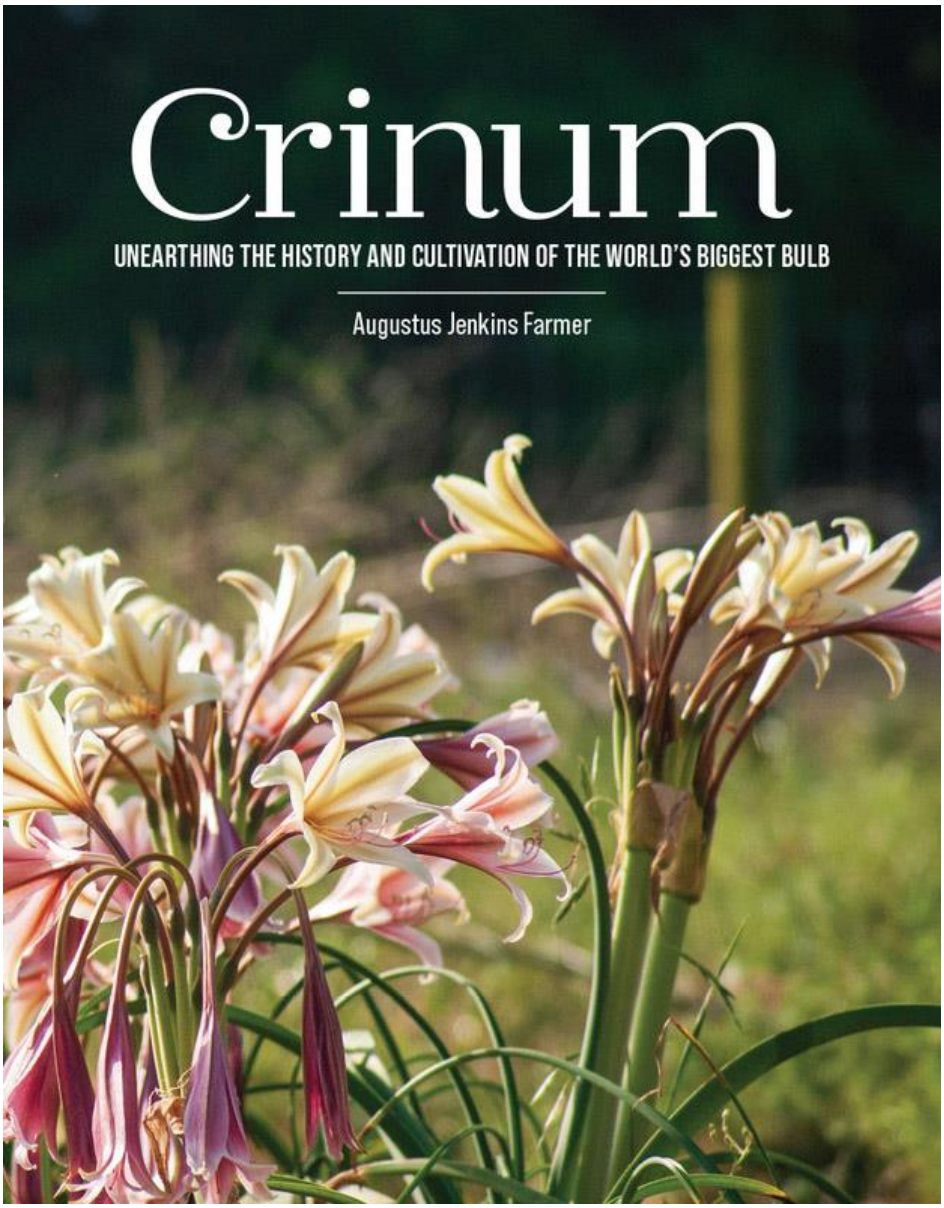
Shortly after acquiring my first crinum bulbs, I learned about my fellow South Carolinian Augustus Jenkins "Jenks" Farmer and his passion for these rather obscure plants, and we connected on social media. I gleaned a great deal just by visiting his **website**, and some books from nearby Clemson University's Cooper Library filled in a few blanks. When our mutual friend Sara Van Beck recently informed me of Farmer's newly published book, I became excited. At last, a recognized authority on growing and hybridizing crinums could further enlighten me, and it is an added bonus that the author lives just a little over two hours away in a climate similar to mine. His experiences should not be all that different from my own, one would reason.

Upon delving into Farmer's richly and beautifully illustrated book, one gets the sense that growing, hybridizing and promoting crinums is as essential to the author's life as breathing itself. Farmer's enthusiasm for crinums is abundantly evident in his noteworthy garden designs, which include Columbia's Riverbank Zoo and Botanical Garden where he has served as director of the garden.

Interweaving the stories passed down from one generation to the next regarding some of these amazing bulbs, as well as employing practical growing advice and horticultural lingo, Farmer is able, as he puts it, to "write the way [he] talks," which is particularly advantageous to both non-specialists and seasoned gardeners who, respectively, find his communication style educational but far from dumbed down. "We'll teach you how to garden with crinum lilies," he insists. "You can grow them on rooftops or in formal gardens, pots, borders or drainage ditches. You'll fall for the hidden stories, the hidden plant parts. In a few years you'll share too and you'll leave a happy trail of crinum lilies marking your travels, telling your stories, sharing your passion too!" (2021, 3).

Through reading Farmer's book, I discovered that the old myth that crinums can only thrive in the American South, particularly in what is regarded as the Deep South, is quickly dispelled. Farmer states, "Some species thrive in Miami but won't tolerate South Carolina winters. Others thrive in South Carolina but won't live in Cincinnati's cold. And still others can survive all three places" (2021, 31). This statement is followed by accounts of crinums performing well for both

renowned Kansas City botanist Dr. Jim Waddick and Jason Delaney at St. Louis' Missouri Botanical Garden. From the Pittsburgh Zoo, Denver Botanical Garden and clients residing in Martha's Vineyard, as well as many points in between, Farmer's bulbs have merited positive evaluations.



Perhaps to my surprise, Farmer's book has further enlightened me on the various options available to gardeners. In my own garden, I grow *Crinum* x *herbertii* and *Crinum* x *powelli* 'Album', but I am now aware of other species as well as various cultivars, several of which have come from Farmer's own hybridizing program. Prior to reading this new resource, I had known of only a few hybrids.

The final – and perhaps best – reason for reading this book is to remind ourselves of the simple pleasures of growing and sharing wonderful pass-along plants such as crinums. This informative resource will not merely pique the curiosity of gardeners. Whether one has a bulb or two or an entire collection, the reader will find inspiration and gain a broader scope where incorporating these lovely bulbs into the landscape is concerned.

Farmer, Augustus Jenkins Farmer III. *Crinum: Unearthing the History and Cultivation of the World's Biggest Bulb.* Independently Published, 2021.

Chriss Rainey Honored with Newly Named Daffodil

When I first became seriously involved in growing and exhibiting daffodils, Chriss Rainey of suburban Washington shared a number of cultivars with me via mail. Years later, I would have the pleasure of meeting Chriss and her husband, Spencer, at the October 2013 fall board meeting of the American Daffodil Society in Tucson. We had an opportunity to become better acquainted one evening when I, along with my longtime friends Bonnie and Phil Campbell, as well as Becky Fox Matthews, Dr. John Beck, Jan and Ans Pennings (of the Netherlands) and the Raineys, drove from the Westward Look Wyndham Grand Resort & Spa near the escarpment of the Santa Catalina Mountains to the famous El Charro Café in downtown Tucson where we talked daffodils and feasted on wonderful Mexican cuisine.

After the 2013 board meeting, I lost touch with the Raineys. However, Suzy Wert of Indianapolis sent me a couple of bulbs of a delightful little Delia Bankhead (1932-2009) tazetta seedling, 02-7-25, in November 2017. As we discussed the exciting, unnamed daffodil bred by one of the great hybridizers of miniature daffodils, Chriss Rainey, having received the

Greg Freeman

***Narcissus* 'Miss Chriss' 8W-YWP**

('Pink China' x *N. dubius*; Hybridized by Delia Bankhead, Hendersonville, North Carolina, USA; Registered by Greg Freeman, Walhalla, South Carolina, USA)

Pictured after winning its class at the 2018 East Tennessee Daffodil Society Show, Bankhead seedling 02-7-25 had been part of a winning Bankhead collection (nine miniature cultivars) for Suzy Wert at the 2017 Indiana Daffodil Society Show in Indianapolis.

seedling and many other daffodils upon the death of Bankhead, came up in conversation. Chriss had subsequently shared bulbs of the seedling with Suzy Wert and others. If memory serves me correctly, Chriss eventually lost her stocks, and Suzy did not find it to be particularly content in her Indianapolis garden. However, the Bankhead flower has not only been a winner for me on the show bench, but it has been steadily increasing here in the American South.

Bankhead seedling 02-7-25 had resulted from crossing the daffodil cultivar 'Pink China' with the species *Narcissus dubius*, the same mating that produced stunning cultivars for internationally-esteemed daffodil hybridist and former ADS president, Dr. Harold Koopowitz. His registrations, all of them stunning and show worthy, were 'Little Dianne' (named for Dianne Mrak), 'Little Karen' (named for Karen Cogar), 'Little Mary Lou' (named for Mary Lou Gripshover) and 'Nancy's Fancy' (named for Nancy Tackett). An additional cultivar, 'Martha Cash' (named in honor of the wife of a former U.S. Consul General to Spain), was hybridized by Koopowitz in partnership with fellow Californian Marilynn Howe.

Earlier in 2021, Suzy suggested that I register the Bankhead seedling. I replied, "Okay. But let's put our heads together and come up with a really good name." After giving it much thought, I felt that naming the daffodil 'Miss Chriss' in honor of Chriss Rainey would be both appropriate and in step with the same method Koopowitz had employed to name his seedlings by honoring dear friends. When Suzy and I spoke in August, she agreed with my plan.

Greg Freeman

***Narcissus* 'Miss Chriss' in the garden**

Having measured the flower back in the spring, I began filling out the registration form that would be submitted to the Royal Horticultural Society in the United Kingdom. Though I sent in the registration after the deadline, the ADS' cultivar database site, www.DaffSeek.org, lists 'Miss Chriss' as a 2021 registration.

After I submitted the registration, I learned that Spencer and Chriss Rainey were battling serious health problems, and I was saddened to learn of Spencer's passing on November 2, 2021. With the naming of this daffodil cultivar, I hope that Chriss feels honored and appreciated not only by me for how she gave me a great start early on, but for all of her contributions to the world of daffodils and the American Daffodil Society.

"Living on Tulsa Time"
Stepping Back in Time at Tulsa's Villa Philbrook

Danny Flowers (b. 1948) penned a popular song called "Tulsa Time" that was released in 1978 by American country music artist Don Williams (1939-2017) and British rock and blues singer Eric Clapton CBE (b. 1945). Both versions of the song were commercially successful. The lyrics are a first-person narration by an aspiring actor and songwriter, an "Okie" boy, who is a very little fish in a big sea, so to speak, upon his arrival in Hollywood. After achieving no success, he's ready to set his watch back to Tulsa time in defeat. In October 2021, I was not exactly a Hollywood wannabe from Oklahoma, but I did travel to Tulsa for a two-day music event, and found myself taking in the local sights, including the beautiful Philbrook Museum of Art and its expansive gardens. Ever since that visit, I – like the narrator delivering the lyrics of that great song – have longed to be "living on Tulsa time" once again.

Greg Freeman

Historic Villa Philbrook, as seen from the formal garden

Big House on the Prairie

Tulsa is situated in northeastern Oklahoma along the Arkansas River between the Osage Hills and the foothills of the Ozark Mountains. Historically, the city and its environs became enormously consequential in the early twentieth century due to the discovery of oil, garnering the moniker, "Oil Capital of the World."

Among the oil pioneers and barons whose personal coffers were filled with profits from oil were E. P. Harwell (1883-1950) and Waite Phillips (1883-1964). The Tulsa oil boom fueled the construction of beautiful examples of art déco structures, including high-rise buildings and luxurious homes, for which the city is widely known today. Today, Tulsa remains an architecturally significant city, with areas such as its Midtown district being known for elaborately lavish and distinguished residences designed in an array of styles by such renowned architects as Frank Lloyd Wright (1867-1959) and Bruce Goff (1904-1982), a prodigy who designed Tulsa's landmark McGregor House as a teenage apprentice for the firm of Rush, Endacott, Rush.

An astute businessman, even at a young age, Waite Phillips sold his oil interests in 1914 to his older brothers who had established the Phillips Petroleum Company, eventual progenitors of the ubiquitous Phillips 66 brand. Meanwhile, Phillips went into business for himself, handling all aspects – production, refinement and marketing – of oil, eventually headquartering his company in downtown Tulsa. His contributions to the Tulsa cityscape include downtown high-rise towers, Philtower and Philcade, and Midtown's stunning 72-room Italian Renaissance-style Villa Philbrook, known today as the Philbrook Museum of Art. All three structures are listed on the National Register of Historic Places.

The Collection

The extensive art collection at the Philbrook Museum of Art includes works by Thomas Moran (1837-1926), Auguste Rodin (1840-1917), William Merritt Chase (1849-1916), George Bellows (1882-1925), Pablo Picasso (1881-1973) and Andrew Wyeth (1917-2009), as well as an exhaustive collection of Native American art, artifacts and Western art. Other fascinating items housed at the museum include a number of ancient Egyptian artifacts that would make any Egyptologist salivate and intriguing pieces of furniture, including a desk replete with beautifully painted Biblical scenes.

Greg Freeman

George Bellows (1882-1925), oil on canvas, 1916,
Matinicus Harbor, Late Afternoon

I was particularly taken by *Nice, Le Baie des Anges* ("Nice, The Bay of Angels"), a 1927 oil painting on canvas by Raoul Dufy (1877-1953). Reminiscent of one author's discussion of an Edgar Degas (1834-1917) depiction of racehorses in which the artist intentionally did not paint all of the horses' legs but, nevertheless, managed to convey both the movement of the horses and the anticipation preceding the forthcoming race, Dufy's fauvist style had rendered a work devoid of meticulous detail. However, upon first glance I knew that I was looking at a painting of some exciting city along the *Côte d'Azur*. Upon further examination, I found that I was no more disenchanted with Dufy's smattering of palm trees and buildings lining a seaside promenade than I am with Degas' two-legged steeds.

Greg Freeman

While I certainly could have overlooked any works by Oklahoma sculptor James Lee "Jim" Hamilton, Jr. (1920-2000), I regretfully failed to see one example of his sculpture at Philbrook, although his work could very well be found at Philbrook's satellite location in downtown Tulsa. Presumably the permanent collection housed at Villa Philbrook is comprised of items collected by Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, and such purchases would have predated Hamilton's artistic career. Originally a working rancher and cowboy, Hamilton took up sculpting later in life and became known for his cowboy- and Western-themed bronzes. Years ago, I added to my art collection a "J. Hamilton" piece that is outside the realm of Southwestern art. In 2016, through electronic mail correspondence with his daughter, A.J., I confirmed that my bronze is, in fact, one of Hamilton's works. Titled *The Naked Ape*, it is dated 1975, and is number eight in an edition of twenty-one. Presumably deriving its title from the controversial book, *The Naked Ape: A Zoologist's Study of the Human Animal* (1967), by Desmond Morris (b. 1928), the male nude sculpture of an older man of slightly above-average build has prompted me to ponder if it might be a self-portrait. It is interesting to note that quite some time after I returned home, I reread an article on Hamilton and realized that years ago his Hamilton Galleries had been located in Tulsa's Kensington Galleria at 7130 South Lewis Avenue, literally next door to where I stayed in October 2021 at the Marriott Tulsa Southern Hills Hotel.

The mansion proved overwhelming at times. One open doorway would transport the visitor from one amazing display to another, and each staircase, corridor or nook seemed to beckon, building a sense of dramatic anticipation of what might await around the corner. Several rooms allow entry from other rooms, not just the main hallway, and I actually entered more than one room twice, not realizing right away that I had already visited the room because of the different perspective an alternate entrance afforded. I subscribe to the belief that art should stand on its own and not merely occupy space to blend into or enhance the décor. At Philbrook, the house is all about the art.

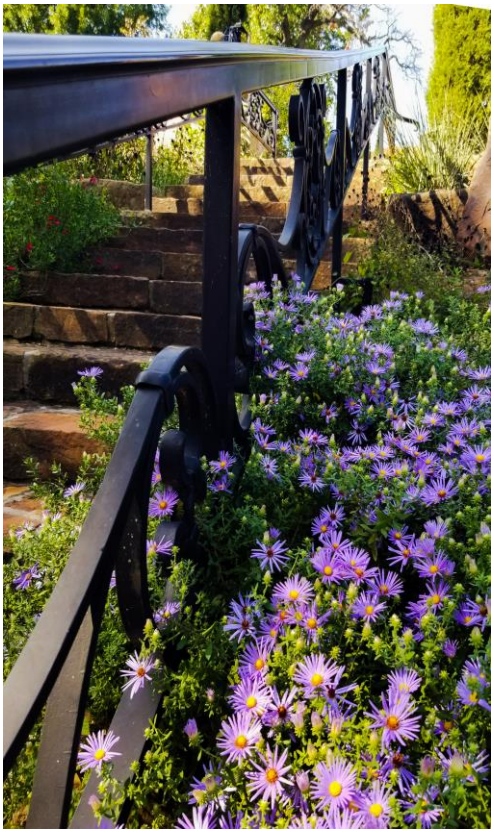
The House and Garden

Designed by famed Kansas City architect Edward Buehler Delk (1885-1956), Villa Philbrook served as the primary residence for Waite and Genevieve Phillips from 1927 until Phillips donated

the mansion and its twenty-five acres of formal and informal gardens to the city of Tulsa. The garden, originally designed by the Kansas City landscape architecture firm of Hare & Hare was inspired by the centuries-old, Giacomo Barozzi da Vignola (1507-1573)-designed Mannerist garden of Villa Lante just outside Rome.

The gardens are filled with a wide variety of flora, including the obligatory bedding plants one might find at any garden center or big box store. However, further examination, particularly around the rock garden and its cascading falls and the rustic pool below, reveals much more than the average cookie-cutter plantings.

Even in October, terraces of colorful flowers grace the sides of the stairs that flank each side of the rock garden, as one leaves the formal garden nearest the house. As one strolls over to behold the water fixture, one's senses are stimulated with colors, textures and fragrances. At this juncture, one plant particularly caught my attention. From a distance it had appeared to be a hibiscus, but closer examination revealed that I had been lured closer by *Ipomoea carnea*, a bush morning glory.



Greg Freeman

Proceeding down the hill to the large, rustic pool in which koi gleefully swim toward passersby, undoubtedly used to receiving tasty handouts by caretakers, I encountered various plants well-suited for growing along the wet margins of ditches, streams and ponds. Island plantings around nearby trees included culinary herbs, Columbine, zinnias, and, to my surprise, quite a few plants most

Greg Freeman

of us would regard as weeds. I was somewhat relieved to discover that even a lovely property such as Philbrook is forced to contend with these nuisances, and I left feeling a bit less inadequate as a gardener.

Greg Freeman

Upon reaching the other end of the pool at the foot of the classical Tempietto, I was awestruck by the view looking upwards to the house. Nearby, I overheard two ladies discussing plants. "My kind of people!" I thought. As I made my way up the steps of Tempietto to photograph the view, I saw that one of the women was manning a table and answering questions from visitors. As I descended the stairs and made my way to her station, I realized she was a resident horticulturalist. The two women, one of them a native Tulsan and Master Gardener, the other the plant expert, and I chatted for some time about the garden, and I was delighted to learn that there are many daffodils grown at Philbrook. Perhaps in the future I can return to Philbrook one spring and see their daffodil display.

Greg Freeman

Getting Back to 'Tulsa Time'

Not to slight other homes and gardens that have been converted into art museums, such as Nashville's Cheekwood estate, but I must say that my visit at Philbrook was most intriguing and memorable, so much so that I do have a deep longing to return.

Philbrook, its wonderful collection of art and the picturesque landscape on which it sits are reason enough to venture back to Tulsa whenever the opportunity arises. Now, if I could just get that song out of my head.

Greg Freeman

"A Rose by Any Other Name?"

Champneys' Creation and the Noisette Class of Roses

In one context or another, we have all pondered that question from Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet: "What's in a name?" One can easily argue that a rose by any other name is still a rose,

right? Well, what does one say about the name by which one particular group of roses has been called – for two centuries, in fact – when some still find it detestably misattributed?

I must admit that roses are not my forte. For years, I have read about the historic Noisette roses and have pondered buying one or two, but each time I have explored the matter I have only become more confused. I have asked legitimate questions about what makes a rose a Noisette rose. For example, are Noisette roses limited to those that bear the word 'Noisette' in their cultivar name? My background includes ownership of purebred horses and dogs, and breeders often attach a farm or kennel prefix ('Willowhurst', in the case of my own Belgian horses) to the names of the stock that they raise. Were Noisette roses limited exclusively to those raised by Mr. Noisette of Paris?

My initial confusion was justified until I took the time to study these roses and gain a better understanding of their history. As fascinating and significant as the emergence of the Noisette class of roses came to be, the very name by which they are known stirs strong feelings in some camps today, a little over two hundred years after Charlestonian John Champneys developed his groundbreaking rose, 'Champneys' Pink Cluster'.

In Colonial-era Charles Town, John Champneys (1743-1820) and others like him had envisioned a place abounding with country estates and landed gentry, a Shangri-La, if you will, free of commoners. Of course, these wealthy planters had no issues with utilizing slave labor to accomplish their objectives. Different accounts of what happened to Champneys as a result of the American Revolution vary, both in detail and consistency, but essentially he declined to support the new state of South Carolina, and was forced to leave because of his Loyalist leanings. By 1790, Champneys had returned to *Charleston*, but was regarded as a traitor because of his stance during the Revolutionary War. Acquiring the property of William Williamson, a place called *The Garden*, Champneys developed a portion of his rice plantation into a nursery.

"Sometime after purchasing the Williamson plantation, probably between 1800 and 1814, Champneys," C. Patton Hash writes, "developed a rose that was a hybrid of 'Old Blush' (*Rosa chinensis*), and the 'Musk Rose' (*Rosa moschata*)" (2009, 12). This cross proved consequential, to say the least, as the combination of the Asian and European species produced a rose that was truly groundbreaking for its day. "The new rose, called 'Champneys' Pink Cluster', is the first rose in the western world to be truly remontant, or ever-blooming" (2009, 12), Hash states in *Noisette Roses: 19th Century Charleston's Gift to the World*, and it is from 'Champneys' Pink Cluster' that the Noisette class of roses was developed.

Noisette and His Role

It has been reported that Champneys frequently provided plants for the Charleston Botanic Garden, and this is key to the story because French horticulturalist Philippe Noisette (1775-1835) moved to Charleston in 1793 from Santo Domingo and became superintendent of the Garden in addition to operating his own commercial nursery outside the city. Concerning 'Champneys' Pink Cluster', James R. Cothran writes in his *Gardens and Historic Plants of the Antebellum South* that "Champneys gave cuttings of the rose to Noisette who in turn sent specimens to his brother, Louis Noisette (1772-1849), a celebrated French garden writer, horticulturalist, and hybridizer, who owned a nursery outside Paris" (2003, 290). Cothran maintains that Louis Noisette crossed 'Champneys' Pink Cluster' with other roses to produce what became known as the Noisettes.

Even though 'Champneys' Pink Cluster' had been a landmark achievement in rose hybridizing, the rose and its offspring pale in comparison to the many exciting roses that descend from them. "The subtle variations found in the Old Noisettes, the 'Champneys' Pink Cluster' types, may not

excite a modern rose grower accustomed to large flowers in a palette of vivid hues," Gregg Lowery writes, "But to lovers of old things, gardeners touched by demure flowers that bespeak an earlier life in America, the Noisettes are treasured heirlooms" (2009, 33).

The Noisettes were certainly treasured early on, and it was practically fashionable to be in possession of them. Phillipe Noisette's cultivar, 'Blush Noisette', as exciting as it was – thanks, in large part, to artist Pierre-Joseph Redoute's depiction of it – preceded even more exciting roses, and the advancement of the Noisette roses was not limited to the tireless efforts of Parisian rosarians. Some sources say that Redoute's decision to title his work *Rosa Noisettiana* and use the caption "Rosier de Philippe Noisette" played a role in how the roses became known as the Noisettes, and this is quite plausible.

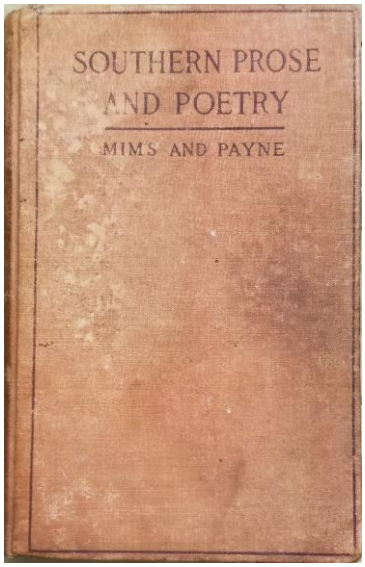
As the popularity of the Noisette roses grew across Europe and the United States, a number of hybridists began crossing the original forms (*à la* 'Blush Noisette') with other

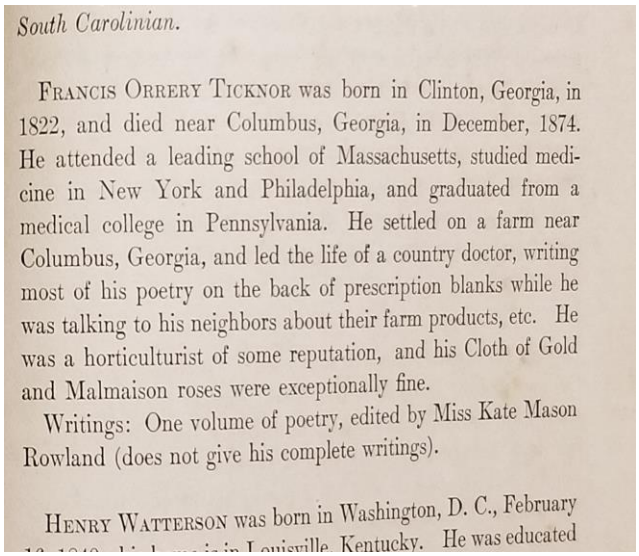
Pierre-Joseph Redouté (1759-1840), *Rosa Noisettiana*, 1820

This rose is actually 'Blush Noisette', or 'Noisette Carnée' as the French might say. Redouté, the "Raphael of Flowers," was an official court artist for Marie Antoinette (1755-1793), and is largely associated with his depictions of roses and other flowers at Château de Malmaison, residence of Empress Joséphine de Beauharnais Bonaparte (1763-1814). At the time she purchased Malmaison near Paris, her husband General Napoleone di Buonaparte (1769-1821) had not yet become France's Napoleon I.

roses, such as tea roses, to attain a diverse array of colors and increased flower size. Astute gardeners added the resulting cultivars to their collections, and many of these exist today, including 'Chromatella' (also known as 'Cloth of Gold'), 'Lamarque' and "Fellemburg'.

My library includes several very old titles I received as a boy from the estate of Mrs. Sallie Hoops Moser (1891-1983), who had occupied an old farm about two properties over from where I live outside Walhalla, South Carolina. The books, subjects of a *Southern Edition* **article** I published years ago, include Mims and Payne's *Southern Prose and Poetry for Schools* (1910), an edited collection of short stories, book excerpts, poetry and letters. Attesting to the popularity – and status symbol, perhaps – of growing Noisette roses, at least one noted writer from the American South, namely Dr. Francis Orray Ticknor (1822-1874), joined the ranks of Europe's aristocracy and some of the Continent's important gardens in procuring and enjoying the distinguished roses. Ticknor "earned a lasting literary reputation on the merit of a single poem, 'Little Giffen'" (Mallard, 2002), and is described in the biographical sketches by Mims and Payne thusly:





South Carolinian.

FRANCIS ORRERY TICKNOR was born in Clinton, Georgia, in 1822, and died near Columbus, Georgia, in December, 1874. He attended a leading school of Massachusetts, studied medicine in New York and Philadelphia, and graduated from a medical college in Pennsylvania. He settled on a farm near Columbus, Georgia, and led the life of a country doctor, writing most of his poetry on the back of prescription blanks while he was talking to his neighbors about their farm products, etc. He was a horticulturist of some reputation, and his Cloth of Gold and Malmaison roses were exceptionally fine.

Writings: One volume of poetry, edited by Miss Kate Mason Rowland (does not give his complete writings).

HENRY WATTERSON was born in Washington, D. C., February

> *He settled on a farm near Columbus, Georgia, and led the life of a country doctor, writing most of his poetry on the back of prescription blanks while he was talking to his neighbors…He was a horticulturalist of some reputation, and his Cloth of Gold and Malmaison roses were exceptionally fine* (1910, 439).

Ticknor was merely one of many plant lovers who embraced the Noisettes, namely 'Cloth of Gold', in the Old South, and reports of Noisette-type roses growing on old homesteads in the remotest of locations have been common.

A Different Take on the Name

An article published by Charlestons's *Post and Courier* in 2019 reported on the current occupants of the land where John Champneys had once lived and maintained his nursery. The residents are adamant in their belief that Noisette roses should be called Champneys roses. Referencing an 1882 book as a "smoking gun," journalist Paul Bowers quotes from the book, *The*

Rose, that [Phillipe] Noisette "raised from seed of Champney's Pink Cluster a blush variety, which he sent to his brother, Louis Noisette, of Paris, France, under the name of Noisette Rose, not giving credit to Mr. Champney as the originator of the class, which has since borne the wrong title of Noisette Rose" (Ellwanger, 1882). Without qualification, Bowers goes on to declare, "The rose, in other words, should rather be called by another name" (2019).

Ellwanger's account seemingly contradicts Cothran's. Ellwanger maintains that Phillipe Noisette "raised from seed of Champneys Pink Cluster a blush variety," obviously referring to 'Blush Noisette', while Cothran states that Phillipe sent specimens of Champneys' rose to Louis Noisette, and it is with Champneys' rose that crosses were made to produce the early Noisette roses. Either way, I scarcely see how anyone can maintain that Noisette took credit for something Champneys had done. It was Phillipe Noisette who bred 'Blush Noisette', introducing the offspring of Champneys rose in 1817, which is not contradictory to Ellwanger's statement. As the breeder of 'Blush Noisette', Phillipe Noisette was entitled to name his rose. If Louis Noisette used 'Champneys' Pink Cluster' as a seed or pollen parent to produce the earliest Noisette roses, as Cothran suggests, he, too, could call his roses whatever he wished!

A fact often overlooked by those who suggest Louis Noisette was an opportunist is that he, not Champneys, devoted time to breeding on with the roses. Noisette had the resources and the wherewithal to make crosses, select the best seedlings and propagate them for commercial sale, and, more importantly, he lived decades more following the death of John Champneys. As with any dedicated breeder, Noisette would have strived to supersede the previous generation with each cross he undertook. In other words, 'Blush Noisette' is regarded as more refined than its parent, 'Champneys' Pink Cluster', and offspring of 'Blush Noisette' could have been declared far better than their parent and so on. If that was the case, why would Noisette have credited Champneys for something he himself had been working to improve upon?

One could also argue that Noisette did not live long enough to fully appreciate that a definitive class of roses had been spawned. Plant breeding takes time. Lots of time. And it is easy to examine history and scrutinize others in the age of the internet and globalization and assume that Noisette was aware of all the roses that emerged from other breeders, both in Europe and across the Atlantic. Cultivars such as 'Jacques Amiot', 'Deschamps', 'Multiflore de Vaumarcus' and 'Princesse de Nassau', just to name a few, were all introduced by other breeders *after* the death of Louis Noisette.

Whether due to Redoute's famous painting or Phillipe Noisette's "want of character," as nurseryman William Prince (1766-1842) once put it, the use of the name Noisette to describe the class of roses persisted in much the same way Xerox and Frigidaire would respectively become synonymous with photocopies and refrigerators to the chagrin of the trademark holders. It has been argued that Louis Noisette capitalized on the use of the name and did little or nothing to acknowledge Champneys' role in the development of the roses, and that might be a valid argument. Still, horticulturalists and garden writers from the twentieth century to the present have recognized Champneys' significance, and his efforts have not been forgotten as some journalists have erroneously suggested.

It basically comes down to an old-fashioned review of Flower Sex 101. If Phillipe Noisette shared cuttings of a specimen of 'Champneys' Pink Cluster' with Louis Noisette in Paris, those cuttings were destined to grow into full-grown 'Champney's Pink Cluster' bushes. In other words, they were clones of the original plant. If Louis Noisette then crossed other roses with 'Champneys' Pink Cluster', the resulting offspring would be different clones, products of his own breeding, not Champneys'. The same is true regarding Ellwanger's account that Phillipe Noisette raised a blush

variety from seed of 'Champneys' Pink Cluster'. Each seed, even if from open or self-pollination of the original 'Champneys' Pink Cluster', would have produced a different clone, no matter how similar looking to the parent. Basically, Noisette could call his roses whatever he wanted; we call it brand-building in the twenty-first century. One way or the other, the roses were from his own breeding program, and it doesn't matter if Champneys' rose was a great-grandparent, grandparent or parent. No self-respecting plant hybridist today would agree that someone else should take credit for their own toil, and it would appear that the rose-breeding world in the nineteenth century shared the same sentiments regarding Louis Noisette and his introductions.

Why the name of the roses is even debated today – especially when modern-day cultivars are nearly all descended from the Noisettes and one might not even know that some of the old Noisettes are, in fact, Noisettes without doing research – is beyond me. I think the part that I find most shocking about the debate over the naming of the Noisette strain is not the discrepancies or inconsistencies one finds in historical accounts, but rather the absurdity that a Pulitzer Prize-winning newspaper such as the *Post and Courier* would give credence to ill-informed opinions that perpetuate utter nonsense.

Bowers' article quotes one person arguing apples and oranges, in a sense, regarding plant patents, but the fact remains that if twenty-first century plant patents and trademarks had been applicable in Champneys' and Messrs. Noisettes' day, either of the brothers could have still bred from 'Champneys' Pink Cluster' and the resulting offspring would have been a Noisette creation, and the rights to name new cultivars, patent and trademark them, propagate them for sale and license them for commercial production would have been *de rigueur* for either of them, as a breeder. Additionally, the article includes one woman's outrageous insinuation that Phillipe Noisette stole cuttings from John Champneys, which has never been documented or acknowledged in any published account of the Noisette roses, to my knowledge. As for the argument that John Champneys' contribution to the Noisette roses has been forgotten because they are not called Champneys roses, it is worth noting that the most definitive book ever published regarding Noisette roses has devoted two chapters to Champneys.

Simply put, the introduction of 'Blush Noisette' by Phillipe Noisette, as well as the hybridizing activities of Louis Noisette, took rose breeding to a whole new level. If the class of roses became known as the Noisettes because of the dedication and diligence of Louis Noisette, whose name and reputation was widely known, why should that offend anyone?

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Remembering Graham Phillips

Recipient of the Gold Medal from the American Daffodil Society in 2018, world-renowned daffodil hybridist Graham Phillips passed away on October 5, 2021. Based in Gordonton, just north of Hamilton on New Zealand's North Island, Graham frequently attended the ADS national conventions.

On April 2, 2013, I received an out-of-the-blue telephone call from then-ADS 2nd Vice President Michael Berrigan, explaining that he and Graham were road-tripping together and wished to drop by to see me the following day. As I would later recount in an article for the September 2013 issue of *The Daffodil Journal*, "I had been on his 'top ten list of people to visit' on his cross-country American tour, and he was thoroughly pleased we had met" (2013, 72), telling Mike and myself over dinner that evening that "he had heard about me, read some of my writing and found me interesting."

Tom Stettner

Graham Phillips Being Awarded the Gold Medal by American Daffodil Society President Michael Berrigan in 2018

Beginning on the West Coast, Graham and Mike had visited the crème de la crème of American hybridists and made their way eastward, paying visits to Jason Delaney near St. Louis, Becky Fox Matthews in Nashville and Jaydee Ager in South Georgia before coming to

South Carolina where their visit with me preceded their final stop at Suzy Wert's place in Indianapolis the following day or two. I embarrassingly had just a few flowers blooming. Nonetheless, it was an enjoyable, if brief, visit, and Graham and I later connected on social media where he frequently expressed support of my gardening *and* musical endeavors.

Aptly stated in the December 2021 *Daffodil Journal*, "Graham left an indelible mark across the world of daffodils with his hybridizing and advocacy, but most importantly, he shared his kindness, knowledge, and enthusiasm freely with friends, family members, and aspiring daffodilians around the world" (p. 49).

Freeman, Greg. "Welcomed Surprises, Unexpected Visitors." *The Daffodil Journal*. September 2013.

"In Memoriam: Graham Phillips (May 14, 1945 – October 5, 2021)." *The Daffodil Journal*. December 2021.

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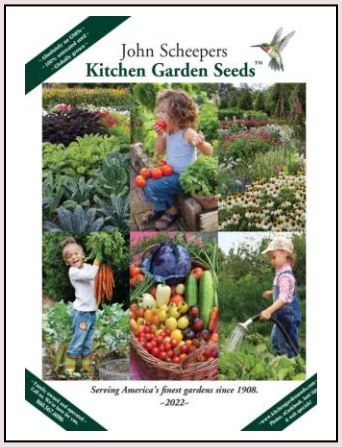
Spring 2022 Garden Picks

With the spring of 2022 just around the corner, I'm already receiving seed catalogues in the mail and drawing up my order list with John Scheepers, which includes *Hibiscus acetosella* 'Mahogany Splendor' and the heirloom sweet peas (*Lathyrus odoratus*), 'Captain of the Blues' and 'Dorothy Eckford'. By the time I get an order in, I'm sure my list will be even longer. What are your gardening plans for the spring? Will you order from a catalogue? Be sure to patronize your local plant specialists and backyard nurseries, but also consider supporting the mail order sources. These companies often offer heirloom seeds not available at the local big box store.



Photograph: *Christmas Camellias*

Greg Freeman (b. 1974), *Christmas Camellias*, 2021, Digital Photograph.

In mid-December, I shared a small vase of camellias with my neighbors. Of course, the freshly picked flowers are short-lived and last only a few days, and I was delighted that she asked for more. Wearing a "boot" and relying on a crutch at the time, I managed to hobble my way to the camellia near my driveway and gather these lovely flowers just in time for my neighbors' Christmas gathering. As much as I enjoy exhibiting and winning with my daffodils, I am always thrilled to share my flowers. Being asked to refill the vase was a bright spot during my Christmas season.

In addition to being an avid gardener and daffodil hybridist, judge and exhibitor, Greg Freeman is an author, editor, recording artist, songwriter, amateur visual artist and life-long horse lover. His nonfiction writing on a number of subjects has appeared in magazines, encyclopedias and books of academic and scholarly interest, as well as *Southern Edition*, Freeman's digital publication devoted to the American South. Published academic/encyclopedic contributions by Freeman include a chapter in Nadine Farghaly's edited volume, *Gender and the Modern Sherlock Holmes: Essays on Film and Television Adaptations Since 2009* (2015), as well as multiple entries in: *Race in American Film: Voices and Visions That Shaped a Nation* (2017), edited by Dr. Daniel Bernardi and Michael Green; *The British Empire: A Historical Encyclopedia* (2018), edited by Dr. Mark Doyle; and *Music around the World: A Global Encyclopedia* (2020), edited by Drs. Andrew R. Martin and Matthew Mihalka. In 2015, Freeman released a country music radio single, "Sunlight and Shadows," garnering international airplay, and his gospel music has received national exposure through television, radio and commercial recordings. His gospel EP, *Blessing and Blessing*, featuring guest vocalists Babbie Mason, a Grammy-nominated artist, and Gospel Music Hall of Famer Calvin Newton, released in December 2018. An owner of Belgian draft horses since 1987, Freeman's horse interests expanded into the world of Thoroughbred racing and breeding with the purchase of shares in Authentic in 2020. Authentic soon after won the Haskell Stakes, the Kentucky Derby and Breeders' Cup Classic before retiring to stud at Spendthrift Farm, Lexington, Kentucky, USA.

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