

From the point of view of Pinus production the position is satisfactory as even this amount of undergrowth is unusual, but from the point of view of our native forests the warning is plain---pines can kill.

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It is good to hear of old friends at Christmas time. We have much pleasure in printing an extract from a letter from Mrs. Cranwell-Smith, sent to her family when she and her husband had just moved into their new cottage, Mount Desert Island, Maine. The letter was written in July.

"The house is wholly satisfying. Every window has a view, sometimes of sea (and mud, when the tide is very low), sometimes of a group of great spruces, or again--just one large perfect oak and some smaller spruces nearby. Everyone admires the oak: and the architect had wanted to have cupboards all along that wall. To the west there is a vast view of sky, which is a rare one here. There is a rounded granite ledge, covered with coarse grass - and above it only the sky.

We were able to go yesterday to see the library of Mrs. Max Farrand at Reef Point Gardens. It is right against the sea at Bar Harbour and is easily the best private garden I have seen in this country. It is run as a memorial to the late Max Farrand, a professor at Yale. Owing to Mrs. Farrand's infirmity it is difficult to get to the library. We went in with our architect, to whom she is a sort of patroness, and found a very superior, if small, library. It had very many old books on gardening, and even one great cupboard full of the garden plans of Gertrude Jekyll, who worked vigorously in England (at Godalming) until she was over 80 years old. A portrait of this woman showed her to be a fine specimen--such a strong and interesting face. There were lots of herbals from the 17th century -- e.g. Gerard's and Parkinson's (the latter all in English)--and all sorts of gardening books over the years. One outstanding thing was the set of illustrations of Anglo-Chinese gardens by Le Rouge. I hadn't seen them before. Money hadn't been spared on any part of the garden, the library, or the interior of the house, which was 19th century, refurbished and strengthened, and then mercifully smothered with creepers such as Clematis crispa and a number of honeysuckles. There were four gardeners and a head woman outside tending the garden. You may be sure we did not see a single weed! However, there was a good balance between garden flowers and wild flowers, and there was a handsome area set aside for Calluna (the purple heather of Scotland) and various forms of Erica. I saw quite a lot of Erica tetralix (the Cornish one) in bloom. The most striking single show was provided by the giant Cow Parsnip - Heracleum. It wasn't an American one, and unfortunately there was no indication of its source. It stood about 9 ft. high, the flowers in their grand umbels reaching the greatest height. I plan to get photographs of it soon.

We hope to get some of the species established in our new--and almost non-existent garden. At present it is just a smooth patch in a ploughed area, and we have only Shasta daisies, tomatoes and lettuce, with odd masses of seed coming up."