

British-grown Roses.

24.6.33
SIXTEEN thousand five hundred British-grown rose trees, of over a hundred different varieties, are just coming into flower in the new rose garden at the Inner Circle Gardens, Regents Park. The roses are already well worth a visit, and during the next two or three weeks, if weather conditions are favourable, the show should be at its best. This is the garden's second year, and there is promise of a fine display of bloom.

A further gift through the Empire Marketing Board of 4,500 rose trees from the stocks of English, Scottish, and Irish growers has enabled H.M. Office of Works to make considerable additions to the garden since last season. Climbing trees have been planted round the pergola which now encircles the centre of the garden, ramblers have been planted on the back of the lake, and a number of new beds have been laid down.

New Varieties.

ALMOST all the newest varieties, as well as a number of old-established favourites, are to be seen in the 52 beds, flanked by wide side borders, composing the garden. Among them are some interesting fresh arrivals, for some of the latest achievements of the rose-grower's art have been presented by the growers, and are being grown this year in London for the first time. Among these novelties are the New Dawn, Mrs. T. B. Doxford, Madge Wildfire, Picture, and the Golden Rambler.

The display is one of the most comprehensive ever assembled in one garden, and is designed to give a practical demonstration of the unrivalled qualities of British-grown roses for the purposes of cultivation in this country. As a result of last year's display there has been a strengthening in the demand for British-grown roses, and orders, specifically mentioning Regents Park Garden, have been received from as far afield as Italy and Canada.

INTERNATIONALISM

Address by Robert Pyle at Avondale-West Grove Rotary, Aug. 24, 1933.

Gentlemen of Rotary:

to Internationalism
The Chairman of your Committee on Internationalism has invited me to tell you something of my recent trip to Europe. You, Gentlemen of Rotary, are to be congratulated as leading business men who are ~~devoting~~ an evening that so nearly coincides as to date, Aug. 27, next Sunday with the fifth Anniversary of the Signing of the Kellogg Peace Pact.

Therefore, if I might to-night be able to drop into your minds some thoughts of my own impression on internationalism, I should feel very glad. If out of my travel experiences, including not this one trip only, but four previous trips, two before the War and three since, five in all; if from the pieces that I have picked up and the jig saw puzzle of my experience, I could put together those pieces under your eyes here so as to form some picture of a growing internationalism, of a much needed internationalism, that would seem really worth while.

Because no less an economic world authority than John Maynard Keynes in his recent book "Prescription for Depression" says "Nothing short of complete international action can meet the needs of the present situation" and may I add that international action cannot be expected until the leading and influential men of the nation, such as you are in your community, see clearly the significance and importance of cooperation across national boundaries.

This trip was a short one; leaving New York harbor at noon on June 10, returning to New York harbor noon on July 20, making the trip on the fastest boats afloat, the French line over, the North German Lloyd line back. Veritable floating palaces. There is nothing in West Grove, Avondale, Kennett or West Chester that I think of to compare with them in size, but if you will go to Philadelphia down Market Street and imagine buildings as long as Gimbels and Snellenburgs and Lit Bros. put end to end, each of them ten stories high and float them on the water with a prow and a stern, you will get some idea of the actual size of the boats. Their height is most striking when from the top of one of the upper decks the derrick swings out over a little "tender" that comes along side and by dropping rope and tackle grabs hold of an automobile and with electrical hoist drops it again on deck far above the water. These big boats are divided into first, second, and tourist classes; first classes having the forward part of the boat, second class the middle, and the tourist class the stern. Three times around the deck of that part of the ship, which is assigned to the first-class passenger is one mile and with a salt bath every morning and salt air to breath during these walks around the boat, though I travelled tourist class and had to make twelve rounds to get a mile, one is ready for three meals a day and two snacks between.

You can live almost alone on board boat if you like, but what is far pleasanter, you can also be a mixer. There are such splendid chances to make approaches on deck, in the dining room, drawing room, steamer chair, at games, and almost anywhere. So the days on board are really delightful social occasions if one is so inclined.

This trip of mine was not a sight-seeing tour but a business trip, made to re-establish contacts and contracts. In the course of my twenty-six days on land, I called on the heads of thirty-seven firms in nine countries, visited the majority of them in their homes or places of business and also got in touch with the American Consuls in the principle cities of the countries visited. My trip was roughly divided by arriving in Paris on Saturday and leaving Saturday two weeks later, having spent the time with parts of three days in Spain, in Paris, and otherwise travelling down the Rhone as far as the Mediterranean and up the eastern coast under the shadow of the Swiss Alps and through the country of Alsace-Lorraine marked by the well-known battlefields of the late War. After two weeks in Southwestern Europe, one week exactly in England arriving and leaving London on Saturday afternoon, and five days divided between Belgium, Holland, and Germany. So you can very well see that whatever I got of what the tourists go for, I got on the run, that is on trains, on boats and at the hotels, and I enjoyed every minute of it. I feel that I travelled much further and learned much more than indicated by the ground that I covered geographically because of the people that I met and the talks with them in which I enjoyed learning so much that I did not know, about countries where I had not been.

What a man of one tongue runs into is the difficulty with the language. There is difficulty sometimes when both parties of interest are supposed to use the same language. A friend of mine from New York was unable to understand or be understood when talking to the taxi men in London. A lady on boat from Germany with whom I had conversed fairly well in English for four days, she having some of our vocabulary, though an uncertain pronunciation. When this young lady tried to tell me that she was going to meet her husband and going on a honeymoon to a place she called "Neegara", I had to ask her three separate times before I understood that she was trying to say Niagara. As one foreigner said, he could very well understand our "vocabulary" but was much upset by our "abominable emphasis".

(all underlined words pronounced with wrong syllables accented.)
Because of my experience on previous trips the first thing I did upon arrival in Paris was to engage an interpreter for two solid days of business that I had there. During the days for negotiating about Roses, I employed or secured not less than nine different interpreters. In 1930 I had four different ones in one day and a first-class one is a prize. A little knowledge of the language is a dangerous thing as exemplified by a talk with I had with a Hollander, whom I thought understood English, at least sufficiently to say "yes" or "no", but upon arriving at his nursery office in Holland, where his daughter speaks English well enough to be an excellent interpreter, I found that in Paris he had misunderstood me and I had misunderstood him.

Naturally, their money is also a barrier to trade intercourse, especially with the dollar taking nose dives and tail spins, as it was during my time on the continent. One of my friends from America, who had made the trip especially expecting to negotiate a deal came back without having done any business because the foreigners refused to deal in anything except their own currency and he felt too unsafe in banking on what rate of exchange might be possible for the American dollar when the deal was carried out. When I paid my hotel bill at Amsterdam, I had still on my person some American money, some English money, some French money, some Belgium money and some Holland money. I haven't got my accounts all straightened out yet, though I know how many American dollars was spent on the trip.

0 { But let me tell you about some of the people that I met. One of my cabin mates, an Austrian by birth, naturalized American, Professor of Romance languages at Hunter College, New York, returning to continue his research work, which he had begun under Guggenheim Fellowship in the Authurian Legend as he found it in the various libraries in Europe. Another young man, also my cabin mate, going to Paris to study on an American scholarship. One Sunday morning at breakfast before we had regular seats at table, I scanned the dining room to find an interesting face with whom to sit and picked out a young man of thirty-five who proved to have been born in Quito, Ecuador; his parents Spaniards, He a professor at Columbia, who is writing a history of the literature of Ecuador, which he found much better represented at Yale than at Columbia. He was on his way to visit the President of Spain who had been his professor when he got his education at the University of Madrid. One of my table companions at this third-class or tourist dining room was a young lawyer from New Haven on his way to study the situation in Russia; also the bank manager of one of the Lloyd Banks in Plymouth, England returning from a visit to America with his wife. From him I was able to learn the methods of banking as applied in England and also to get their attitude and reaction toward the financial situation in America.

Branch

A young man whom I had met the evening before did not reveal to me his identity, though he said most people thought that he came either from Pittsburgh or Texas. He was six feet 2 inches; had red hair and freckles and was a graduate student from Harvard on his way to the British Museum to continue his research work in English literature. After studying the passenger list, I found that he was no other than Rufus Choats III, his grandfather was the American minister to the Court of St. James and he it was who gave this answer to the conundrum "If you could not be yourself, who would you rather be?" He answered "Mrs. Choats' second husband."

I got a new insite into the Catholic Church by the chance to talk with three different priests. One from the College at Worcester, Massachusetts, another head of St. Mary's Seminary, who graduated the largest number of priests of any College in the United States this past spring; and the third a young priest just ordained in Rome, after five years of study in Rome and in ~~Vaticana~~ ^{Vatican} having taken previous work at Techny, Illinois and coming back prepared to use the things he had studied in psychology and sociology in connection with his missionary work in the Argentines. He was far

more liberal in his conversation than were either the other two older men.

While eating my meals at a hotel opposite the British Museum in London, I had the chance to talk with a fine old farmer from North England, who seemed to me a mixture between Richard Jackson and Mark Hughes, and I learned much about their troubles even up into Scotland, with taxes, providing feed for their cattle, having the prices seriously interfered with, etc. Across the table from him sat a wholesale grocer on a three month's vacation from Winnipeg, Canada, who knew the territory in all directions from his city and knew the attitude of the people. These men left and to the same table came a most charming gentleman, evidently a minister quite at home among the professors and students of Oxford University. He gave me a thrilling account of some literary feat performed by one of our American exchange professors.

Another table companion I had some days was a teacher just retiring from twenty-one years of American service in the Phillipines, where he had been a superintendent in charge of education in some 200 islands. He was glad to be coming back from America, as he said, "Away from a land where the flowers had no fragrance, birds no song, the women no virtue, and the men no honor". While I couldn't follow all his pessimism, he gave me facts to confirm somewhat his attitude.

A part of a Sunday, the only Sunday when I was not on business, that I spent with a relative of my wife in the western part of England, I learned how he had long planned for a three month's trip, from which he had just returned. He and his wife celebrated their twenty-five anniversary by travelling up the Nile from Cairo, and becoming thoroughly acquainted with the British Colony of Kenya in Central Africa. They had travelled most of the distance by airplane and this gave new insight into the areas being opened up by the British as well as other nations in that vast empire on the African continent.

But outside of the economic situation in all these countries which is seriously flat, nationalism growing apace, tariff barriers are being raised higher than ever, unemployment slightly on the decrease; outside of interest in these things no one thing was there, for which I had a greater curiosity than the situation in Germany. Whatever impression I got I picked up from talking with people who had come from there, or who lived there, or during my visit there myself, and these were my impressions: (1) That Germany had been drifting dangerously near to Communism. (2) Granting power to Hitler and the Nazis had saved Germany from a situation that might have been far worse. (3) That 2,000,000 were killed in the Russian revolution whereas in comparison but a handful were killed in what in reality has been a revolution in Germany. In many cases these atrocities have been due not to Hitler but to the men under him who in their zeal and new power think themselves little Gods. (4) That whereas a year ago it would not have been safe for me to be in Hamburg because of Communists and Nazis (of two camps) who went around armed and were likely to shoot each other or bystanders at any time, (5) today, the streets are quiet. Politics have been adjourned. The low life of the citizens as in Hamburg for example

where night life used to equal that of Paris, running wide open until 3:00 A.M.- all that has been changed. The people that plied that trade have been run out and have no where to go. While Hitler leaves much to be desired, he's the best man Germany has for the place at present and there's a new spirit throughout the land. (6) Though there is restraint publicly, only one opinion and that a favorable one regarding the present government is allowed expression. Violation of this rule is a serious matter.

And last of all I might refer to Russia. On the boat going out was the son of Edward Bok with his wife on the way to study conditions in Russia, I think, as Chairman of a Committee who had been appointed for the purpose. Dr. Jern a fine young lady, doing research work at Columbia University, whose father and mother are in Russia, also told us much about conditions there. One evening I had off in London I listened to Sherwood Eddy in the new, large Quaker Meeting House address a large audience regarding "What we had to learn from Russia". He characterizes as the most important experiment on the ~~continent~~ at present and showed how we in America and the English to whom he was speaking could learn from Russia, who are at present doing something better than we are today.

What impression does one get after mingling and mixing with people from all countries in a thoroughly friendly and democratic fashion such as I have endeavored to portray? He gets the impression that the majority of men in all countries are men of good will. He has the conviction that these men in the different countries have nothing whatever against each other, and that when there is conflict between the countries it is because prejudice and ignorance and selfishness have ~~been in the~~ ^{begun in the} battle, that statesmen have blundered, that "old men have made wars and that the young men fight them," and that, if we are to change these things, the rank and file of the men of the various nations must build up international relationship of good will, such as Rotary is building. 41 Some months ago Clarence Fell brought to me Tom Sykes of North Carolina. I learned to know Tom Sykes when I was studying at an International School in England in 1906 because he had there trained to do what he is now doing in North Carolina. There days ago my wife had a visit from Alice Page White of Tom Sykes' town in North Carolina. She said of Tom Sykes, and Clarence Fell knows this, that "he leaves behind him a trail of best friends wherever he goes". Tom Sykes has learned that there are men of good will in all nations and he knows as Dr. Ewing will tell you that whether his patient be a Negro or a Jap or a white man, the blood in the veins of all of them have both white and red corpuscles; biologically ~~the developments~~ they develop in the same fashion and react to the same hypodermic. We all need to learn that "the Colonel's Lady and Mrs. O'Grady are sisters under the skin." If the men of good will in all nations realized the true inwardness of the men in other nations, that is the majority of the men, they would all and we should all resolve to fight for understanding each other, for sympathy with the problems of each other and for cooperation in solving them.

(Insertion)

.1.

Vines
Furthermore, unless one eats alone, he may ^{and I did} discover that the air in conversation was more or less electrified by the English outdoor sports in progress. In these America figured in no small way. The rowing regatta at Henley on the Thames near Oxford. Cricket I know less about. Walter Hagen did his 68 points on the St. Andrews Golf Course only to flunk out in favor of another American. ~~Wills~~ in Tennis lost to an Australian, but Mrs. Wills-Moody of California held up the reputation of America in the finals at Wimbledon where two Kings, the Queen, a couple of Princesses and all Tennisdom were there to watch those thrilling plays. Twenty-six nations I believe were represented in this Championship contest which makes for a common international interest that is much needed in these days of growing nationalism and tense commercial rivalries.

I had been entertained at dinner that day by Dr. Marsh, but recently returned from a three-months holiday in Kenya, Central Africa. His photographs and account of their return journey by air most of the way to Cairo, Egypt, was full of interest and information.

The next morning my breakfast companions were a wholesale grocer from Winnipeg, Canada, on a three-months vacation in England and a dear, wise old farmer from Yorkshire whose business is fattening cattle and who was in London for a few weeks medical treatment. Each one reflected a different background and point of view, as did the Manager of one of Lloyds branch banks in Plymouth who gave me many pointers regarding Banking business in England. He and his wife were table companions on the boat over; while *on the return voyage* returning, at table with me, is a Division Superintendent of Education in Phillipine Islands returning after 21 years service.

From London to Har^Wrich I rode with the Germans who had been defending their country's title in Tennis at Wimbledon. I talked with them; later with a capable looking man of 34 from Oslo, Norway, at the breakfast table in Amsterdam; and last with our good friends Messrs. Kordes and Tantau of near Hamburg. They were in general agreement on these points: (1) That Germany had been drifting dangerously near to Communism. (2) Granting power to Hitler and the Nazis had saved Germany from a situation that might have been far worse. (3) That 2,000,000 were killed at the Russian revolution whereas in comparison but a handful were killed in what in reality has been a revolution in Germany. In many cases these atrocities have been due not to Hitler but to the men under him who in their Zeal and new power think themselves little Gods. (4) That whereas a year ago it would not have been safe for me to be in Hamburg because of Communists and Nazis (of two camps) who went around armed and were likely to shoot each other or bystanders at any time, (5) Today, the streets are quiet. Politics have been adjourned. The low life of the citizens like Hamburg for example where night life used to equal that of Paris running wide open until 3:00 A.M.-all that has been changed. The people that plied that trade have been run out and no where to go. While Hitler leaves much to be desired, he's the best man Germany has for the place at present and there's a new spirit throughout the land. (6) Though there is restraint publicly, only one opinion and that a favorable one regarding the present government is allowed expression. Violation of this rule is a serious matter.

The presence of soldiers about has seemed to me much less apparent than in either 1925 or 1930, though we're told that France and the Little Entente are armed to the limit. The place of the Church in the life of the people cannot escape one, especially since it's representatives are always in uniform, be it a sister or priest. Travelling from Strassbourg to Paris one of the latter approached me as we were leaving the Restaurant Car together. He said "How would you enjoy an American after dinner cigar with me?". He smoked a good cigar and I enjoyed his conversation. He proved to be the "Very Rev. John F. Fenlon", Directing head of St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore. No less interesting has it been to hear from the lips of a recently ordained young priest, the steps he has passed through in his education, he being one of the Techney brothers, now returning with the prospect of taking up a Mission Post in Argentina, South America, after five years study here, two years in Rome and three at the University of Vienna specializing in anthropology and sociology.

My last week worked out quite satisfactorily. Leaving London Saturday evening I slept on the boat most of the way to Antwerp, had four hours promptly on arrival at the National Rose Show of Belgium at Brussels on Sunday afternoon and by bedtime was in Holland prepared for an early Monday visit to two large Rose growers, before going on to Amsterdam and the Annual Meeting of the Holland growers there on Tuesday. Much of Wednesday was spent on train to Hamburg where, close to the Kiel Canal and with a climate like Belfast, Ireland, the Rose among various growers figures upon a more extensive scale than at West Grove. Happily two of the three

growers here spoke English having learned it while confined in the war by the English for five years on the Isle of Man. So my last day abroad was, I felt, worth while and wound up at Bremen ready to take boat for home next day, Friday the 14th.

Passengers from Germany on the North German Lloyd lines start from Bremen, where all regulations as to passports, tickets, baggage, etc. are disposed of. A special boat train carried^s you 70 ~~kilometers~~ directly to the quay and alongside the waiting boat at the mouth of the Weser River at Bremer-Haven. Going abroad there, as I did, seems far more simple than for passengers boarding the boats of the North German Lloyd line at Southampton or Cherbourg. We arrived at the former 9:30 A.M. Saturday, entered only the outside harbor still five miles from Southampton and kept close to Canne~~s~~, in the waters where the King of England comes for the summer yacht racing. Three "Tenders" presently came nosing out to us, one loaded with some tons of mail bags, another with trunks and two automobiles that were hoisted out and up over the sides by electric derricks, and on the third were officers from the English port who came aboard this German boat for inspection (1) of the fire-fighting apparatus and (2) of life saving facilities. For an hour at least did the latter last including a drill in which men came from every department of the boat including cooks, bakers in their white round caps and men from engine rooms, from radio department, room steward~~s~~, bath stewards, deck stewards, officers, all showed up, wearing life preservers. They then lined up in groups, answered to a roll call and each group in turn, (enough groups to man twenty eight big life boats,) marched past the English officers sent to see carried out the law of England which applies to all steamers on which English citizens may emigrate. Two life boats were lowered and made short runs. Soon after this the fourth tender arriving ~~and~~ bringing passengers and taking off some who had made the short run from Bremen. It was 1:30 before we raised anchor and steamed almost directly south for passengers from France at Cherbourg. We left here 6:00 P.M. Saturday, the 15th, our last stop. Due New York at noon Thursday the 20th.

West Grove Roses Blooming About English Dooryards

Robert Pyle Says He Saw Varieties Familiar Which
Had Been Propagated in This County—Business
Generally Poor, But Landscapes Alluring
in Their Beauty 7/27/1932.

Daily Local News

This is from a letter written by Robert Pyle, of West Grove, who has just returned from a season in Europe:

My guide book advises the study of architecture as a preparation for "travel abroad," and for the average tourist that is good advice. But I've not tarried much in the cities. On the other hand, there's been a pleasure in the miles upon miles of countryside of all kinds, made the more keen, I think, by a fair familiarity with the plants and trees and farm crops one sees and recognizes. From Spain to Northern Germany, one continues to be impressed with the universality of wheat as a crop; rye, too, figures, as do oats and potatoes. I did not see a single patch of field corn, but instead, beans and beets and other root crops. Generally speaking, there are half-day stretches from the railroad window where fences are few and crops as closely contiguous as we should grow crops in our gardens. Indeed, many tree plantations, for production of timber, are as evenly spaced and well kept as our orchards. It was, except in Spain, too early for harvest, which may account for the very few tractors I saw, and indeed not many horses—frequently one horse, and quite as often a donkey or bullock to a cart.

In the cities fewer American automobiles than formerly. Quite as numerous were bicycles, both motor and "push-bikes." There were weeds enough to recognize many of our own, but best of all was the almost universal custom of flowers 'round the houses of even the humblest. These, too, one could easily recognize—in Spain, the Bougainvilleas and Passion flowers were in their glory; everywhere a great variety, with certain favorites among the more brilliantly blooming sorts. I think my greatest thrill from the car window was in riding from the seaport Folkestone to London, for blazing away in a surprising number of little gardens were luxurious archways covered with the rose American Pillar that was first sent out from West Grove.

My host in Grenobee had known of this as a rose which we introduced, and had used it as a centerpiece on the table, in my honor. In the opinion of certain English rose men, American Pillar is still the most popular climbing rose in English gardens.

I think it was Robert Browning who wrote "O! to be in England, now that April's there," but for an American visitor, I would recommend the week of the 4th of July. First of all, the roses are apt to be about at their best. It was the week of their National Rose Show where I spent the solid day, with other precious days, at the Trial Grounds of the National Rose Society, at Rose Nurseries, and viewing the most recent triumph of rose men, aided by the Empire Marketing Board, who have, within two years, established in the inner circle of Regents Park a delightful rose garden of 100 varieties and 17,000 plants.

Much more can be told about all these events. There is a joy on coming into England, that may be

due to many causes. In the first place, there is a new freedom that comes with understanding the language of those around you, as you could not on the continent. There is the news of the day, available with more American news, for which one has become hungry.

PUZZLING FINANCE.

I had landed in London just when President Roosevelt had issued his reverberating "no" to the Economic Conference, which had asked him to join in stabilizing the currency. With the dollar doing tailspins, I again consulted my banker with references to further changes of my English pounds into such moneys as I should use in Belgium, Holland and Germany, where I still had to go. I had arrived Saturday afternoon, and that was my first errand Monday morning. There, on the tickertape of Murphy & Co., direct from Reuter, came news of the dollar dropping another 5 cents, after I'd bought the money I needed before I left the place.

Later in the week, while standing in front of one of the largest and prize-winning displays of roses, at the Chelsea Show, I heard two Englishmen talking, very well dressed:

First Englishman—"How President Roosevelt let us down! didn't he?"

Second Englishman—"It wouldn't have been so bad if he had not made claims that he was a believer in internationalism."

They and I were moving in opposite directions and as I passed them, I noted what I guessed had led to this political remark in a rose tent, for they had just passed by a lovely display of the rose, "President Hoover." One could scarcely escape the talk. "What does President Roosevelt mean?" I was asked more than once. News of the Economic Conference figured large in the Press-Courtney Page told me it is being called the "Comical Conference."

I have found on this side a better interpretation of the position of America in this entire matter of international maladjustments than those of Walter Lippman, which are reproduced in English press and on the continent in New York Herald-Tribune Paris edition. While riding from Amsterdam into Germany, one substantial looking business fellow invited me into his first-class compartment to ask me, "What about the dollar?" My friends and I bought with solid faith in America, believing she never would slip. He seemed somewhat satisfied with the Lippman explanation.

In like manner, I, too, have asked questions. For example, from E. Turbat, a rose grower, who is Mayor of Orleans, and recently elected to the National Senate of France: "How is business in France?" He estimated (June 19th) "Local business near normal, export, 90% off due to tariffs and bad rate of exchange."

Nationalism appears to be running rampant and for countries like Holland, which has so largely depended for income upon export business, the resulting slackness is most disastrous.

England, for example, formerly a free trade country, now for protection of British rose growers, exacts 100% duty, I believe, on roses from Holland.

BUSINESS TROUBLES.

In Elmsborne and the Holstein country, Mr. Kordes in driving with me to the station referred to the experience of two firms since my former visit in 1925. He said that in the industry there devoted to the growing of forest tree seedlings the largest firm had gone bankrupt for \$400,000. We soon passed a nursery growing evergreens and fields were packed full of excellent stock. The sign up read, "J. F. Miller." "That firm," he said, "now owe the banks \$200,000. They are 'carrying him' in the hope that he will make a 'come-back.'"

GUESS ON HITLER.

"What about Hitler?" is the question I've oftenest asked, especially when among Germans. Sometimes the answer has been a wry face expression of opinion of the situation which many deplore, but must keep mum.

The hotels and restaurants wherever I've been report business poor, indeed. American tourists have not been so few for many a year, though the streets seem as full as ever. It was striking in London to see about the town a considerable number of natives from India or from other parts of the Orient. These people and others one is apt to meet, and sometimes the ice of personal reserve is broken and again one's horizon is broadened. For example, on a Sunday trip to Bath, in my compartment going out was a young man from Germany and an English woman and talkative, just returning from a six weeks' vacation on the Rhine, also a native girl from Shanghai, China, on her way to Oxford University. Returning the 100 miles by the long twilight of the evening the two hours were made lively by the conversation between an up and coming young fellow from Johannesburg, South Africa, who was quite critical of things as he found them in England, while a young woman from Ireland, who had lived in Australia, in New Zealand and in Central Africa (British) stood up for England like any Californian boosts his own State.

Please return to Robert Pyle West Grove Pa

DAILY LOCAL NEWS, WEST CHESTER, PA., MONDAY, JULY 24, 1933

West Grove Man Writes of Roses in Old Europe

Unexpected Calls Result in Difficulties of Travel—
Specimens From Many Countries Are Seen at Great
Show Where New Varieties Are on Exhibit

Robert Pyle, of West Grove, sends the following by air mail, as he is on his way home from Europe:
Dear Folks at Home:—

"Four weeks in Europe," during which the letters home have been far too few, I know. But the idleness, if any, has been chiefly confined to railway trains, usually too rough for writing and often even for reading. Hence I am seizing this chance on the first unoccupied Sunday I've had since leaving home to write a composite which I hope that as many of my friends as possible will accept instead of a personal letter to them, even though it may appear in the hospitable columns of our indispensable Daily Local News.

But why to Europe at all in days like these, when dollars are scarce and economic conditions so unsettled? Why spend money when every one knows the importance of watching every penny of outgo and planning for that only, which may prove profitable?

'Twas the latter reason, for this was a business trip, from start to finish, carefully weighed in advance and calculated to return in eventual dollars more than the outlay involved.

To be sure, many a business may be carried on without stirring beyond a ten-mile radius from the seat of operations, but not so with one of Chester county's oldest industries. I refer not only to the fact that the sale of rose plants, which are grown at West Grove, Pa., are shipped into every State in the Union and beyond—but the very life and success of such an enterprise is dependent upon not only well grown plants, but quite as much in these days of cheap competition, upon the ability to offer each year the choicest of the entirely new varieties. Our firm is one of the few in America which has developed a reputation for doing just this thing.

AFTER NEW SORTS.

Scattered throughout seven or eight of the leading nations of Europe are men with rose nurseries who pursue with amazing zeal the breeding of new roses. These are the men I went to see, because it is upon them we depend in large measure to keep up the flow of new varieties from which are to be expected our best "money makers."

Competitors had been at work striving to get away from us our right of American introduction. Contracts were about to expire and if ever personal contacts are needed and have the power to build mutual confidence between firms who must trust each other to play fairly in all transactions, it is in the case of international relations. The great distances between us and the difficulties of a strange tongue both must be overcome. It was in the interest of building stronger these business relationships that I went to Europe, gaining at the same time much additional information along related lines.

"Four weeks" above referred to include no time at sea. Leaving New York City on the S. S. Paris at noon on June 10th, it was the following Saturday morning when we docked at Havre and by 11 A. M. were in Paris, with little more than an hour to spare before business houses closed for the day.

And on my way back for once I saw in the city of Saverna, in Alsace, their show gardens. Test gardens and the Rose Festival Pageant celebrating the 30th anniversary of this widely known national contest.

It was here that I had an extended search to find some one who spoke English, though the secretary of the Rose Society recognized me promptly and was courteous itself. He stopped the pageant while he introduced me to Mlle. Louise Walter, the daughter of the founder of the Society, who spoke English charmingly, but she was driving her own little roadster in the pageant, exquisitely decorated, and it soon had to move on. Presently I found the town's teacher of English and he stuck by me to the finish. I now feel much better qualified to appraise the importance of the awards that are annually announced from this Rose Test Garden.

It would not be right to pass from the picture of France without reference to that section in Paris from the Louvre to the Arc de Triumph, a broad five-mile tree-lined avenue of perfect proportions and perennial beauty.

Those who know well the city of Washington, with its more recent developments of monumental buildings and broad, tree-lined avenues, will understand, from the viewpoint of a landscape architect, how soul-satisfying such creations can be.

VISITING SPAIN.

Traveling abroad, especially for one like myself, who speaks but one language, is, as of course most of you know, not quite as simple as in a big country like our own, with one language, one kind of money and no passports nor custom regulations needing constant attention.

It takes time to arrange all such matters. For example, I had provided in Philadelphia for visits into all countries I expected to enter, not including Spain, whose representative, as a rule, may be expected at the Great Bagatelle Rose Show, in Paris. He did not this year come to Paris, so to see him a trip into Spain was essential. I did not learn this till Sunday. So on Sunday I wrote my agent, in Paris, to make all preparations for me to leave Paris immediately Monday night on a trip that would proceed into Spain. On Monday I was occupied at the Bagatelle from 8.30 A. M. to 3 P. M.

Business offices open at 9 o'clock. At 3.30 P. M. I called on my agents for tickets and vise into Spain, to learn that Spain required me to have two photos taken, to appear in person to get my vise and their Paris office had closed for the day, at 2 P. M. To attempt to cross the border without official permit was useless. To postpone my trip a day would lose for me two other most important engagements en route, so I took the chance of picking up a vise from Spanish consul in Lyons, where unlike Paris, the office I learned next day, was closed for lunch from 12 to 2 and where the American consul was a "very present help in trouble."

I mention this incident only to indicate the time and patience required and opportunities for misunderstandings that sprinkle one's pathway. On three of my previous trips my wife has been my interpreter and I'm missing her this year here in more ways than one.

SOME BORDER LINES.

The rosemens in Europe are fairly well organized in each nation, so that, if in each, one can manage to visit the National Rose Show, he stands a good chance of "getting a line on" the leading roses and the leading rose growers of that nation. Accordingly I planned my itinerary where possible to include contiguous rose nurseries worth a visit.

Landed in Paris Saturday noon, the 17th. The Famous International Show, at Bagatelle, was covered on Monday, the 19th, with men and roses there from all parts of France and from Portugal, Spain, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg. As yet German and French rosemens have not completely buried their nationalisms which is also somewhat true as between England and France.

To gain the co-operation of some of my friends who had come to the Paris show, I left that night on a trip above referred to, that included (except Orleans) all the rose centers of France, as well as into Spain.