

The Ruthmere Record

THE RUTHMERE FOUNDATION, INC. • 302 E. BEARDSLEY AVENUE • ELKHART, INDIANA 46514

SUMMER 2007

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ADVENTURES IN PARADISE

ROBERT B. BEARDSLEY, PRESIDENT, BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Before the advent of the jet engine in the 1950s, tourists arrived at what was then the tropical paradise of Hawaii by boat. The Matson Line operated two twin-funnel luxury liners from San Francisco weekly, both 631' long, one the *SS Lurline*, the other the *SS Mariposa*, beautiful ships now long gone to the scrap yard. On the *SS Lurline*, pristine in its white paint and still almost new (launched 1931), my parents, Midge and Walter Beardsley arrived for their first visit in the summer of 1937. We have a happy-days photo of them together the day they arrived. My mother's arm encircles his. Both are bedecked with multiple flower garlands,

continued on next page



Marjory and Walter Beardsley

See Page 3 for the latest update on the Havilah Beardsley House restoration!

BOOKFEST 2007

— SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8 FROM 1:00 TO 4:00 PM

All lovers of books, stories, reading and the "art of the book" are encouraged to attend Ruthmere's second annual BookFest on Saturday, September 8 from 1:00 to 4:00 p.m.

Spend the afternoon with authors and storytellers, bookbinders, and other artisans exploring the world of books and literature in connection with the anniversary of Ruthmere's library. Refreshments will be served. Hands-on activities for adults and children will include bookbinding and making bookmarks.

A highlight of the afternoon will be a performance by Chicagoan Chris Fascione. Full of boundless energy and humor, Chris acts out stories, poems, and folktales in his

fun-filled, participatory show. His audience will see colorful characters from literature come to life in a program designed to promote reading, imagination, and an interest in books. We think Chris will be a treat for the adults as well as the children who attend.

Come and share your love of literature with us and learn more about what makes books special! This year's BookFest is graciously cosponsored by the Elkhart Public Library and is made possible with funding through a grant from the Indiana Humanities Council, which receives funding from the National Endowment for the Humanities.



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Elkhart Public Library

or leis, of fresh pikake, plumeria, ginger, tuberose, and gardenias placed over their heads by smiling Hawaiian girls in hula skirts.

In those days there were really only about three hotels at which to stay: the Moana, The Royal Hawaiian, and the 5-acre beach front resort developed by the Kimball Family in 1917 known as The Halekulani. Today Waikiki, a beach in the city of Honolulu on the island of Oahu in the State of Hawaii (that joined the Union in 1959), is almost obliterated by a skyline of high-rise hotels and condos from Diamond Head to Pearl Harbor. It was quite different then, as it was in 1954 my first visit and in 1995 my last. My parents chose the Halekulani for their two-week holiday perhaps because it was directly on the water and certainly more native and low-key than The Royal Hawaiian, known as The Pink Palace, to give you an idea. I remember the Halekulani as a one story white-painted wood structure with many cottages and a veranda court with a huge banyan tree close to the water and palm trees everywhere. Like all visitors to those tropical shores, my parents enjoyed the sea, the rollers, daring rides in Hawaiian “war” canoes, and just sunbathing on the beach. We have photographs of them doing just that.

My parents repeated their 1937 visit in 1954, this time with me along. We arrived for two weeks in August by air (the *SS Lurline* lasted until 1963. You don’t want to know her end). I had my own little cabin near the water, a single room-and-bath with painted white steps up to it, and I was in paradise. Looking around, as most 20-year-olds do, I discovered the hotel was full of families with girls and boys about my age. In the mix were actor Henry Fonda and his third wife Susan. She was a kind stepmother to Henry’s daughter Jane, then not quite 17, and her brother Peter,

just 14 and therefore not too interesting to us “adults.” (Take that, “Easy Rider!”) I have a photograph of us “kids” standing in front of a yellow bus hired by the hotel for the day to truck us around to local tourist attractions. There I am at a porky 190 pounds, Jane smiling (always-smiling Jane), “young” Peter and, among others, Billy Melon (William P.), a Princeton classmate, whose father and stepmother were there. Paul Melon at the time was in his forties and studying to become an MD and a medical missionary to Haiti, I believe.

One day Billy and I decided to bodysurf at Makapuu, a small cove on the northeast side of Oahu with a beach designated “too dangerous for swimming” because of the strong undertow. What did we know? We tried it, had a fine time, but I did think twice about doing it again. I decided on one last ride, however, something spectacular with the cameras rolling for Hollywood, no doubt. But when the crashing water disappeared under me as my 20’ wave crested and I saw big, black rocks below and no water near them, thank you very much, that was the end of my surfing days.

When we all met that summer at The Halekulani, Henry Fonda was resting up for shooting *Mister Roberts* with James Cagney and Jack Lemon in the South Pacific. “Getting a tan” is how he put it. He was 49 years old at the time and a devoted father. Yes, I could take Jane to dinner, but, “What time will you be back, where are you going, come see me when you return,” all of that. As far as I was concerned, about to enter my senior year at Princeton in September, Dad was a bit over the top. He did have rules.

Our days were spent swimming, hiking, sightseeing, picnicking and playing games of all kinds. One afternoon we went to Pearl to see the *Arizona* sunk not quite 13 years before. Oil still bubbled up from the sunken wreck. We

came away awed. Once we went Ti-leaf sliding (rhymes with tea) in the Pali, that damp green valley between the end of Diamond Head and some low mountains to the west. Japanese Zeros flew through this mountain pass early Sunday morning December 7, 1941 for their surprise attack on Pearl Harbor. The sport is something like tobogganing, with a broad leaf as a sled, and the run one of many mud gullies that cover the slopes of the valley. Jane was very good at the tobogganing part but liked me to piggyback her up for the next ride down. Guess who got tired first!

Mostly I remember Jane for her enthusiasm, youth, and love of life. She put her hair up for the first time that summer. One beautiful sunny day, and they were all beautiful that August, she wore a daffodil-yellow shirtwaist to pose beside the banyan tree while I took pictures. I took a lot of pictures of her. She was already quite used to it. She was going to be a movie star. Jane even then knew how to pose, tilt her head, smile, bat her eyes, and rattle men’s cages. “Jane, you big ham. You can’t do that!” Of course she could, and with spectacular success, not that it ever went to her head. With all her looks and charm, I say here that Jane was, and I am sure still is today at almost 70, one of the nicest, kindest, and most normal women I have ever met. (As a P.S., I add that we met in Rome the following summer at the Excelsior Hotel. Her father was in Italy filming “War and Peace.” I also was there, also with my father, finishing-up a Grand Tour after graduation, lucky me. Jane and I had several evenings together. The most memorable was the night we took a horse-drawn “fiacre” to the Coliseum after a candlelit dinner at a restaurant owned by Mussolini’s mother, of all people, I think it was. Fearlessly, quite alone, crazy as it sounds, we descended to

RESTORATION PROGRESS REPORT: HAVILAH BEARDSLEY HOUSE

Members of the Elkhart Historical and Cultural Preservation Commission recently volunteered to remove more aluminum siding from our newly acquired National Register listed property, the Havilah Beardsley House. The next time you are near Main St. and Beardsley Ave. be sure to look up

and note the progress our community is making on the restoration of this important landmark. The c. 1950s siding has now been removed to reveal the original brick on the second floor.

Help Make History: if you'd like to volunteer your time and talent toward this exciting project, or would like more

information, please call (574) 264-0330 or email us through the "contact" section of our website at www.ruthmere.org.

Volunteers are needed to help with research, gardening and landscaping, and hands-on restoration activities. ✚



Siding removal by a volunteer work party in June reveals the original masonry on the second floor and west wing of Elkhart's oldest brick house.



Two portal windows, hidden for over fifty years by aluminum siding, were revealed during the recent siding removal. The original brick is in good condition, although tuck pointing will be required.



The original appearance of the house, c. 1848, can still be seen at the rear of the building in what was once the kitchen area. All of the house's windows were originally rectangular (or six over six) like these, which retain some of their early panes.

FOUNDER'S CIRCLE

\$50,000 Lead Donors

Robert Beardsley
 Arthur J. and Patricia C. Decio
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 Rex and Alice A. Martin Foundation
 Joan Beardsley Norris,
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 Andrew Carter Norris

Contributors: \$2500-\$5000

George and Kathy Freese
 Dorinda Miles Smith
 Laurel Spencer Forsythe

NOTES FROM AN OAKEN AERIE...

MARILOU RITCHIE, ARCHIVIST/LIBRARIAN

Very little matches the joy of opening a new book – even when it is only new to the opener. That is what I experienced recently when I delved into a box of books donated to the arts reference library by Robert Beardsley.

Not all of the books, however, are destined to be cataloged into the library. For example, the letters of Lord Chesterfield, whose letters to his son helped form the manners of gentlemen for the next century or two, and a beautifully bound copy of Thomas Carlyle's French Revolution, which helped form Charles Dickens' view of that event in *A Tale of Two Cities*, are books which might have been found in an educated household in the time of Ruthmere at the beginning of the 20th century or in the Victorian period of the Havilah Beardsley house.

Therefore they will go to one of those destinations.

On the other hand, a book on bed hangings fits well into the scope of the collection of the arts reference library, as does *Blanc de Chine; Divine Images in Porcelain*, which reports on the white porcelain that is imported from China. Another book on porcelain, *Vista Alegre*, is on the oldest porcelain industry in Portugal, founded in 1824 under the guidance of the director of Sèvres, one of the most famous of the French porcelain makers.

My favorite, however, is a beautiful coffee-table book on Berthe Morisot, the only Frenchwoman accepted by the Impressionists. Like the American Impressionist Mary Cassatt, she chose women and children as frequent subjects,

but unlike Cassatt, she also painted many landscapes and frequent water scenes that number among my favorites. Another fine art book is *An American Vision; Three Generations of Wyeths*. Beginning with the illustrations of N. C. Wyeth, through the distinctive paintings of his son Andrew that dominated the late 20th century art scene, to the current work of both Andrew and his son Jamie, this book is a delight.

I hope you can find a lazy summer afternoon to come up and browse through our books, new and old. We welcome you from 10 am to 3 pm on Wednesday or from 1 pm to 3 pm on Thursday, but we will be happy to arrange a time more convenient to you if you call (574) 264-0330. ❀

VOLUNTEERS MAKE A DIFFERENCE AT RUTHMERE

KATHY SPONSELLER, DOCENT AND VOLUNTEER COORDINATOR

Volunteers sure do make a difference at Ruthmere! As of July 2007 our volunteers have logged in 702 hours!

The value of these volunteer hours is in excess of \$10,000. This in-kind donation of service demonstrates significant community support of Ruthmere. Thanks to all of our valuable volunteers! We could not do what we do without your generous gifts of time and talent.

We had several 3rd grade classes through Ruthmere last May, and all of our volunteer docents were a big help. During our Free Family Sundays, the first Sunday of each month, docents

were stationed in each room; this has worked out great with the large number of patrons through Ruthmere on those days—sometimes up to 150 people in under three hours! We can not forget Bob Frey whom we see twice a week to help with our accounting. Paula Barb is a big help with cataloguing the collection on our computer. Again, our governing body, the Board of Directors, is another special group of volunteers. They give of their time and expertise to chart the course of the Foundation's future.

Recently, the Elkhart Historical and Cultural Preservation Commission came to help with the removal of the

1950s aluminum siding at the Havilah Beardsley house. During June's Children's Summer Garden Party volunteers from Elkhart Kiwanis Club scooped ice cream and Marilou Ritchie's watercolor club, along with Ruthmere volunteer Agnes Grahmbeek, demonstrated their artistic talents.

If you have an interest in volunteering at Ruthmere, please contact Kathy Sponseller or Laurel Spencer Forsythe at (574) 264-0330. Whether you have a few hours a week or a month to offer, we will welcome your interest and are willing to work with your schedule.

VOLUNTEERS

Barbara Adcock	Judy Bechtold	Marie Smith	Brad McIntire	Bob Frey	Dawn Ratkovich
Carrie Mathews	Judy Fair	Kathy & George Freese	Jim Fair	Paula Barb	Delores Stevens
Agnes Grahmbeek	Eric Trotter	George & Darlene Adkins	Betty Foltz	Board of Directors	Jack Foltz
Isabelle Freeman	Randy Zimmerman	Debbie Zimmerman	Peg Trobaugh	Paul Haiden	Dean Hupp
Dave Ermis	Annette Kozak	Marilou Ritchie	Marguerite Butler	Pat VanRyn	

LOUIS COMFORT TIFFANY LEADERSHIP CIRCLE MEMBERS

PLATINUM \$5,000

Arthur J. & Patricia Decio
Dorinda Miles Smith
Joan Beardsley Norris

ROSE GOLD \$2,500

Jack & Karen Cittadine
Robert & Mary Pat Deputy
Robert & Peggy Weed
Scott & Kim Welch - Welch Packaging

GOLD \$1,000

George & Darlene Adkins
Robert Beardsley
Thomas & Dorthy Corson
Thomas & Lois Dusthimer
George & Kathy Freese
Craig & Connie Fulmer
Jonathan Norris
Laurel Spencer Forsythe
David & Janet Weed

SILVER

Phil & Jeannette Lux
Robert & Gail Martin

BRONZE

Thomas & Dorothy Arnold
Laura Funk
Bart & Nancy Lefever
- Lefever Plumbing
Steve and Kathy Sponseller

PATRON

Stuart & Paula Barb
Stephen & Jean Barton
Jane Burns
Jan Cawley
Mr. and Ms. William Cloar
Peter Combs
Virginia Combs
Mr. And Mrs. Linne Dosé
Steven & Carol Eldridge
Donald & Judy Findlay
Robert & Karin Frey
Desco Glass
LaVerne Herzberg
Charles Himes
- Borden Waste-Away

Dean & Judy Kelly
Neil & Pat Klockow
Brad & Pam McIntire
Douglas & Karen Mick
Lawrence & Lynne Miles
The Rev. George Minnix
Peter & Becky Parmater
Bonnie & Phil Penn
James & Susan Pettit
Marilou Ritchie
Harold & Patricia Smith
Robert and Mary Lou Stackhouse
Mrs. Frances L. Stock
Don and Claudia Stohler
Donald & Cidney Walter
Arthur & Suzanne Wyatt



The Board of Directors and Staff of the Ruthmere Foundation, Inc.
dedicate this edition of the Ruthmere Record to the memory of Robert Weed.



the once blood-filled arena — closed to the public these days — and there under a full moon hugged and kissed, thinking we were perhaps the two most glamorous kids in the world.)

In 1995 on my way to China, once again I stopped in Honolulu, a mere 42 years later. Canliss’ Restaurant and its potatoes baked with butter, sour cream, chives and bacon were long gone, and looking around, I did not recognize much of anything at all. Rip Van Winkle, indeed. The beach was still there, smaller

now, of course, but everything else was high-rise condos and hotels, honking cars and taxis, buses spewing diesel smoke into the atmosphere, and thousands of hurrying pedestrians going I know not where. Honolulu had turned into a metropolis. And the Halekulani? It was not there anymore. At least it did not look like the Halekulani anymore. Bewildered, I entered its high glass front doors guarded by doormen blowing whistles to summon and dispatch Mercedes, BMWs, Rolls Royces, and a few measly Cadillacs. I approached the desk for a brochure. Yep, it was the Halekulani, all right, “renovated” and then some. It now consists of four towers of hotel rooms, maybe eight stories each, with pool courts, food courts, cocktail lounges and verandas of all sorts and sizes. Everything familiar was gone, even Jane’s banyan tree. I finally found what remains of it, a dying trunk with no future and no discernable past.

Dazed, I retreated to the huge lavishly decorated lobby to discover an

antique mahogany cabinet where early photos of Waikiki and the Halekulani were displayed on glass shelves with state-of-the-art lighting. There was the Moana, The Royal Hawaiian, and, yes, there, the Halekulani with its bungalows and bathers on the beach. Below one of the beach photos was “Bathers enjoying Waikiki in the 1920’s.” Looking more closely, I saw that they were not bathers, they were my parents! Walter with the black spaghetti-strap one-piece bathing suit (can’t mistake his shape), mother wearing something not far different, both smiling away, only it should have read 1937 not the 1920’s. And why didn’t they give their names? He was a pretty well known fellow after all.

“Do you have a Public Relations director?” As I was ushered into her office to register my labeling correction, a beautiful tall young lady came forward with one of those fixed smiles that says “I-can-handle-just-about-anything-and-that-includes-you, bud.” So I laid it on her good. Of course, she was charming. Within minutes we were having a great chat about my past and her future.

Mistakes are made, nobody was around then, you know, and thank you for telling us, I will have it taken care of today. Here are some brochures about the Halekulani, and will you let me take you to lunch as a guest of the hotel?

I left with her name and address and later sent her stuff about Ruthmere. We corresponded for a while before our lives moved on. Of course, it was pretty pushy for me to march into that reinvented grass-thatched Hawaiian resort to nit-pick about a picture-label dating 50 years before. But a mistake was corrected, I met a charming young woman, and we had a very nice lunch before I left the following day for Hong Kong and Xian and the Underground Warriors. Crab Rangoon, as I remember. 🌸

Ruthmere

DISCOVER THE REWARDS OF MEMBERSHIP

Please fill out this form and mail or fax it to:
Ruthmere Museum Membership
302 East Beardsley Avenue
Elkhart, IN 46514
Telephone: (574) 264-0330
Fax: (574) 266-0474

Individual (\$25) Family (\$50) Patron (\$100)
 Bronze Patron (\$250) Silver Patron (\$500)
 Gold Patron (\$1,000)

Name(s) as you would like to be listed in publications _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Home Phone _____ Business Phone _____

Enclosed is a check for \$ _____
Please make check payable to Ruthmere Museum

Please charge \$ _____ to my:
 Visa MasterCard DiscoverCard

Account Number _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature (Required for Credit Card) _____

This is a gift membership for:

Name(s) as you would like to be listed in publications _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Daytime Phone _____

Matching gift form enclosed. Membership contributions to Ruthmere Museum may be matched by your employer. Ask if your company participates in the matching gift program.

Memorial In memory of _____
Memorials are available anytime at Ruthmere.

Membership Levels

Individual - \$25
3 issues of The Ruthmere Record, one free tour for 2, and information regarding all upcoming Ruthmere events.

Family - \$50
3 issues of The Ruthmere Record, one complimentary family tour, and invitation to the children’s summer party.

Patron - \$100
3 issues of The Ruthmere Record, listing in newsletters, one complimentary tour for 4 plus information regarding all upcoming Ruthmere events.

Bronze Patron - \$250
3 issues of The Ruthmere Record, listing in newsletters, one complimentary tour for 8 plus information regarding all upcoming events.

Silver Patron - \$500
Same as Bronze Patron above plus one complimentary tour for 12.

Special membership opportunities are available at higher levels. Please contact Laurel Spencer Forsythe at (574) 264-0330.

All memberships include a 10% discount in the Museum Shop.

LITHOGRAPHS ADDED TO RUTHMERE COLLECTION

A gift of twelve English prints has been received by Ruthmere from the estate of Marjorie M. Howard, who died in January of this year. The prints, which are on display on the third floor of Ruthmere at this time, are called “Cries of London.” They evoke thoughts of 18th century London’s crowded, noisy streets and remind us of the characters from Charles Dickens and his colorful descriptions of London. With titles like “Round and Sound Five Pence a Pound Duke Cherries” and “Turnips and carrots

ho” and “A new love song only ha’penny a piece” you can imagine Oliver Twist and the Artful Dodger with Big Ben tolling in the background.

Francis Wheatley, on whose paintings these prints are based, lived from 1747 to 1801. A genre painter of the sentimental school, he most often chose the homely scenes of city or country as his subjects, but also painted portraits. As early as 1778 he was exhibited at the Royal Academy, being one of their first students, and was elected to the Academy

in 1790 at about the same time that he first exhibited “Cries of London.” By 1795 fourteen of the paintings had been exhibited, but only thirteen were engraved; our set, which consists of twelve, can be seen on the third floor landing.

Ruthmere thanks Margaret Howard McMillan, Marjorie Howard’s daughter, who donated the prints. We wish to express our appreciation for the life of her gracious mother. ❀

HOOSIER TOUR TO VISIT RUTHMERE ON AUGUST 28

On Tuesday, August 28th the Auburn Cord Duesenberg Hoosier Tour will visit Ruthmere. Come and see forty Duesenbergs parked outside of Ruthmere between 1:30 pm to 3:30 pm. Ruthmere

will be open between 1:30 and 3:30 at a special discounted admission of \$6.00. Refreshments will be served.

The Hoosier Tour has been promoting the Auburn Cord Duesenberg

Festival for the past 32 years, traveling around local communities and providing a small glimpse of what the Festival has to offer. ❀



The giant blue spruce planted more than 30 years ago at Ruthmere’s southwest corner by Robert Beardsley had grown so large that it obscured the beautiful architecture. Sadly, it was time for the tree to come down. Happily, the result is more sun and light for the pretty dogwood that grew in its shadow, and for Elizabeth’s heirloom rose bed.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

AUGUST

- Coffee on Piazza Every Saturday (9:30 am-12 noon)
- 11 Ice Cream Social (1 pm-3 pm)
- 28 Hoosier Tour, come and see 40 Duesenbergs (1:30 pm-3:30 pm)
Tours for \$6.00

SEPTEMBER

- Coffee on Piazza Every Saturday (9:30 am-12 noon)
- 2 Free Family Sunday (1 pm-4 pm)
- 8 Book Fest and Library Open House (1 pm-4 pm)
- 15 Teddy Bear Picnic (1 pm-2 pm)
- 29 Bob Milne Ragtime Concert (2 pm-7 pm)
Tickets \$15.00, Reservations Required

OCTOBER

Discounts in the Museum Shop 20% - 60% off! Begin (or complete) your holiday shopping at Ruthmere with unique items inspired by the museum collection

Ruthmere

THE RUTHMERE FOUNDATION, INC.
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ELKHART, INDIANA 46514
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FRIENDS, FLOWERS AND HIGH SUMMER AT RUTHMERE

LAUREL SPENCER FORSYTHE

Ruthmere's garden is simply a glorious place in the summer. New blue butterfly bushes attract dozens of winged beauties to the formal garden. Nearby the hydrangeas are bright and throughout the grounds, the geraniums are simply vivid. In front of the greenhouse, gardeners Pam McIntire and Carla Riley coax Ruthmere's new Tiffany garden to emerge. Black-eyed susans spring forth in front of a row of hollyhocks. In the center of the garden a clematis vine climbs a trellis. Twelve new arbor vitae, straight as sentinels, line the border of Ruthmere's eastern edge, thanks to a contribution from member/volunteer Paula Barb.

Not too long ago the garden set the stage for our third annual Children's Summer Garden Party. Continuing with

last year's theme of multiculturalism, this year's party featured Indianapolis storyteller Deborah Asante who spun tales from African folklore with drama and humor. Puppeteers from Shipshewana's Mousetrap Theatre offered a contemporary marionette play, Circus Nation, and a classic Punch and Judy show that had everyone giggling. Librarian Marilou Ritchie and friends from her watercolor club brought their brushes for an afternoon of painting *au plein air*.

Weekends are an ideal time to stop by and linger in the garden. We serve coffee on the piazza from 9:30 to noon each Saturday, along with iced beverages and biscotti. Free Family Sundays, on the first Sunday of each month from 1:00

to 4:00, often bring more than 100 new friends to get to know Ruthmere, inside and out.

We hope to see you in the garden while the days are still long. 🌸



Black-eyed Susan, a flower featured in the stained glass art of Louis Comfort Tiffany, blooms in Ruthmere's new Tiffany garden.