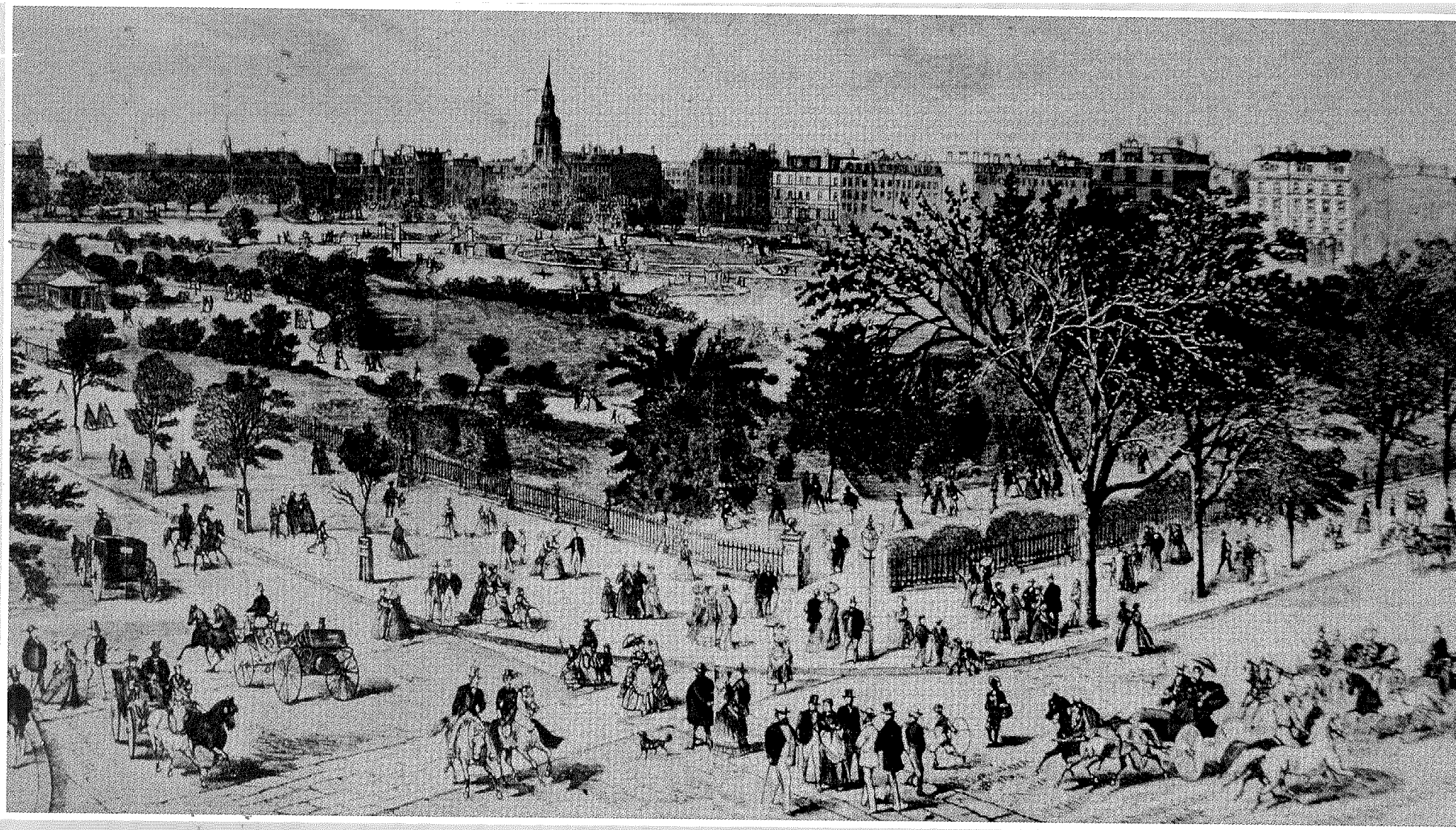

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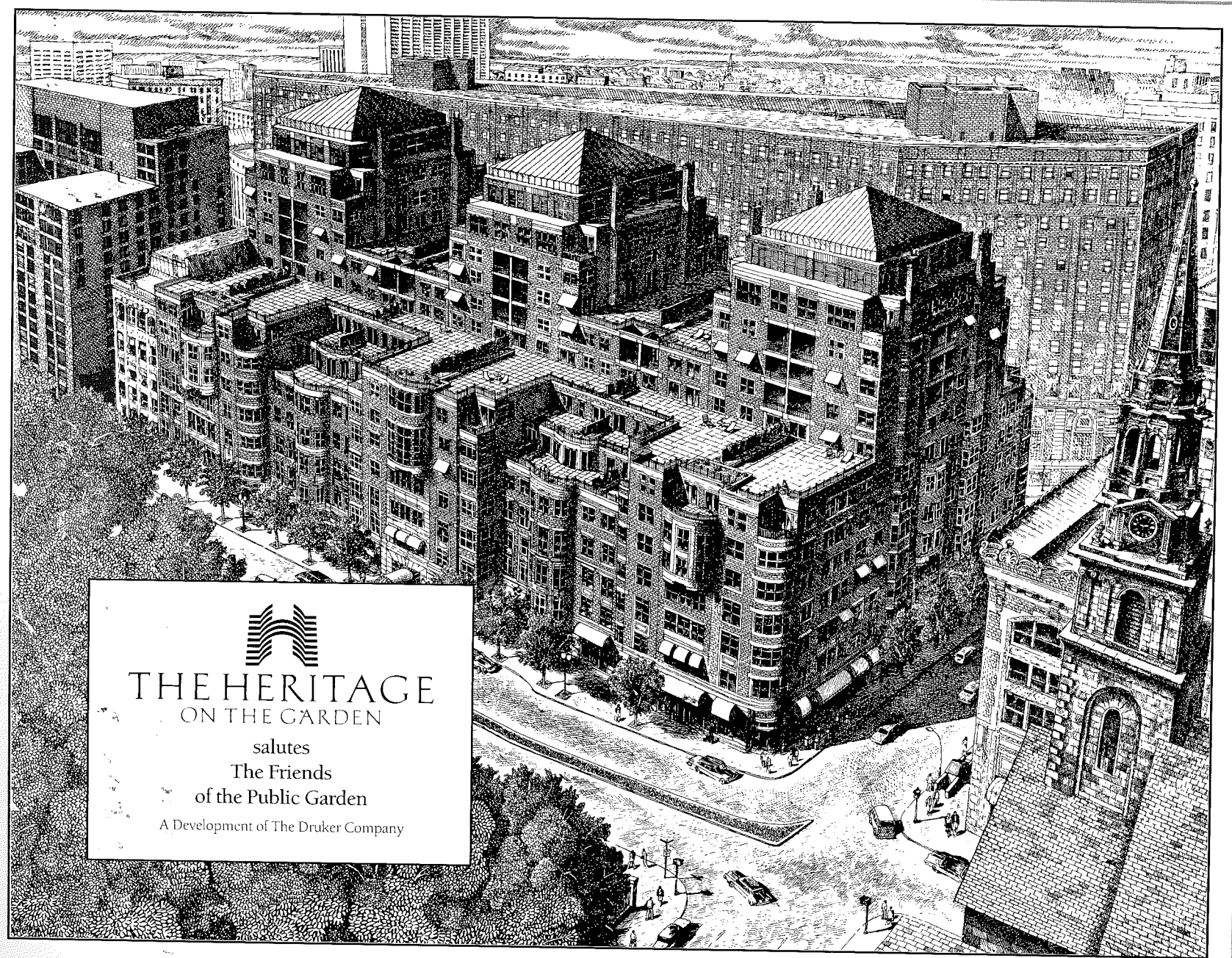
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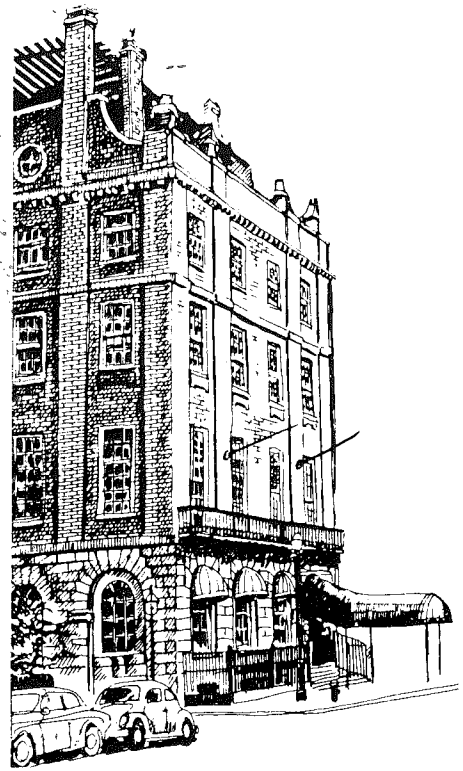

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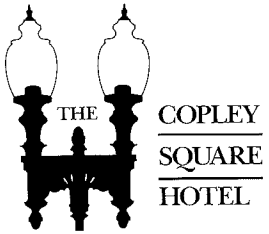

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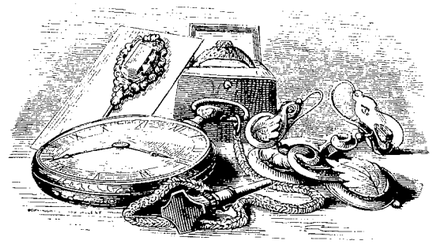

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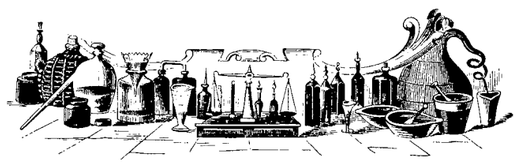

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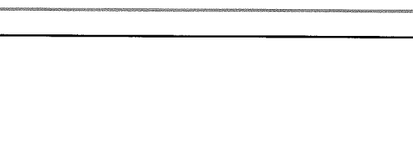

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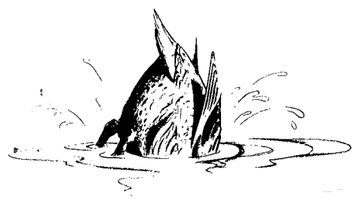
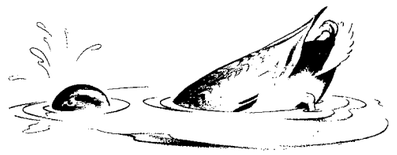


Make Way for Ducklings



From Storybook to Bronze Sculpture

SUZANNE DE MONCHAUX

This is the story of how the *Mallard Family Sculpture* came to Boston's Public Garden. It began, as most adventures do, with events that I would not know were to be its beginnings until much later.

In 1974 I had moved from New York to Australia with my husband and two small sons, soon to be into the ritual of bedtime reading. A dear friend in New York sent them for their third birthday a copy of Robert McCloskey's *Make Way for Ducklings*. First published in 1941, and earning the prestigious Caldecott Medal for children's books, it has remained a constant favorite among children – and their parents – ever since. As well as the very obvious appeal of the ducklings and the recitable resonance of their names, "Jack, Kack, Lack, Mack, Nack, Ouack, Pack and Quack," the simple story of a family of ducklings seeking – and finding – a home in Boston is in essence a wonderful metaphor through which children can recognize their own vulnerability, their intimidation by city scale, and the assurance that the city can be made welcoming and safe for them through the intervention of caring adults. Through the story my children became familiar with the landmarks of Boston: Beacon Hill, the State House, Louisburg Square, the Charles River, and the Public Garden with its pond and Swan Boats.

Make Way for Ducklings is a story about a family of ducks, but it is also a story about a city and its response to a particular group of visitors. As an urban planner, one of my abiding concerns has been the degree to which cities are inhospitable to small children. It is not simply that we do not specifically address their needs and behaviors in the design of our environment, or even that we forget that they cannot reach handrails or manipulate door handles as easily as we can. It is that we overlook the very different way that children see and use the environment from the way we see and use it as adults – there is, for example, none of the artificial distinction between the formal playground and the rest of the world that we as adults tend to insist upon. Not only do we rarely provide for such a different view of the world in any creative and attractive way, we all too often restrict the behavior that follows from the imagination and the perceived physical challenges with which children greet their environment. In the course of my work there were times when I used *Make Way for Ducklings* as an example of an unusual perspective on a city for most planners and administrators, with a wish that we could somehow convey our policy concerns with the same compelling simplicity.

When our children were seven we decided to move to the Boston area. To two children reared in the relaxed freedom of a small Sydney neighborhood, a move to America was an intimidating prospect. In the conversations in which my husband and I as parents tried to reassure, excite, and interest them, references to Boston revived memories of *Make Way for Ducklings*, long put away with other childhood treasures. It provided a tangible basis for questions to be asked and reassurances given. Yes, there really was a Charles River and a Louisburg Square and a State House and a Boston Public Garden and Swan Boats, and yes, we would go and see them when we arrived. And we did, and the children were impressed to find it all there, and I

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has made Boston familiar as a welcoming place to children all over America and in many other parts of the world. When you make a city familiar and attractive to children, you make it familiar and attractive to adults, and that has to be of some benefit to Boston."

From the reaction of my fellow guests, I had the feeling that what I had said was received as simply a throwaway remark, but some moments later I noticed that the mayor was writing on a scrap of paper. Passing it to me he said, "If anyone in my office can help you, this is the person to get in touch with." Given my luck with the lottery, I was not sure how much further it might be taken, but I did not reckon then on the reaction of my family and the enthusiasm of Nancy Schön.

After hearing my tale of the lunch, including my remarks about the McCloskey tribute and the mayor's reaction, my family urged me to pursue the idea. We talked about the form the tribute should take. For many reasons – including the opportunity it gave to acknowledge children in the city – we concluded that it should be a sculpture, and it should be of the ducklings entering the Public Garden so that along with the Swan Boats, children would also find the Mallard Family. I had done a

as an artist, as well as the degree to which her love of her children and grandchildren clearly translated into her work. I spoke to her about the idea, and her immediate enthusiasm created the momentum that forbade any further uncertainty.

Nancy instantly engaged in the development of the idea, and at the end of our most preliminary of conversations, we had established the principles that were to guide the effort. The sculpture was to be respectful of Robert McCloskey's work; it was to be for children; and it was to be a work of art in its own right irrespective of its intended significance. Ducks and particularly ducklings lend themselves to sentimentality and even caricature. A sculpture for children had to be touchable and accessible – no pedestals giving them only a remote and distorted view of the work. But perhaps the greatest challenge was for one artist (the sculptor) to be respectful of the other (the illustrator) and yet true to herself in interpreting two-dimensional illustrations into recognizable – but personally satisfying – sculptural works.

Nancy's efforts deserve a story of their own. It would begin with her scrutiny of McCloskey's original drawings at the Boston Public Library and her considerations of material and casting ap-

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from a professional perspective realized how a simple, rather old-fashioned story about the city had made a difference.

I shared my thoughts with new friends and was interested and surprised to learn how common an experience ours had been. Adults and parents told of reading the story as children – and to children – long before coming to Boston. They spoke of their own and their children's anticipation of the places and activities described in the book, and of the pleasure evoked by discovering them.

In the summer of 1984 I was invited to a reception given by the City of Boston for the President of Switzerland. In addition to the President himself, the guests at my table included some well-known Boston names: John Kenneth Galbraith, John Silber, and Mayor Raymond Flynn. I was a foreigner and a recent arrival in the city, and so I listened with some attention to what were obviously in-stories about things that had happened in Boston and about how Boston was perceived by the outside world. Reflecting on my own recent experience as a newcomer, I caught an opportunity to address Mayor Flynn. The exact words escape me, but it went along the following lines: "Mr. Mayor, I would like you to know what I would do

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where the sculptures were produced, and her gymnastic attempts to feed a flock of very cooperative local ducks in order to see inside their mouths. It would include the personal delivery by Boston's generous Museum of Science of a magnificent stuffed male mallard from its collection, the help of the Audubon Society in providing specimens of skin and beaks as well as a stuffed female mallard, and the assistance of the staff of Tufts School of Veterinary Medicine in examining details of frozen specimens in their own laboratories.

My own sense of Nancy's deep commitment to accuracy of form is recalled by the horror of a moment when I remarked somewhat casually that I thought the beautifully crafted beak of the mother duck might be a little too long. Without hesitation she simply snapped it off at the head with no more than the comment, "You're absolutely right. I'll do it again."

While Nancy worked on the sculpture, I attended to process. I had heard that nothing can happen in the Public Garden without the approval of the Friends of the Public Garden, who for many years have acted as thoughtful and rigorous stewards of a precious and vulnerable city asset. Clearly I would need to persuade them first.

I put in a formal proposal explaining the idea to the Friends, and we were delighted when we met to discuss it that the first question that the President of the Friends, Henry Lee, raised was, "Where would you like to put it?" Though it was a bitterly cold day, Nancy and I accompanied Henry Lee, his wife Joan, and a fellow Friend, Peter Thomson, into the Garden and pointed out the spot where we wanted the sculpture to go – just inside the Charles Street entrance where in the story itself the ducklings and their mother begin the walk toward their future home – the pond in the Garden – and where every child encountering them for the first time could believe he or she had made a personal discovery.

With the approval and sponsorship of the Friends, we could now begin seriously the task of getting the required approvals and raising the necessary money. It seemed a surprisingly smooth run so far, so it was with some concern that I realized how far we had in fact come without yet securing Robert McCloskey's approval. I had learned that he was a somewhat retiring man and that he had over many years resisted any effort to commercialize his work, and that he had opposed some earlier form of tribute. It seemed less than encouraging, and all our efforts seemed suddenly at risk.

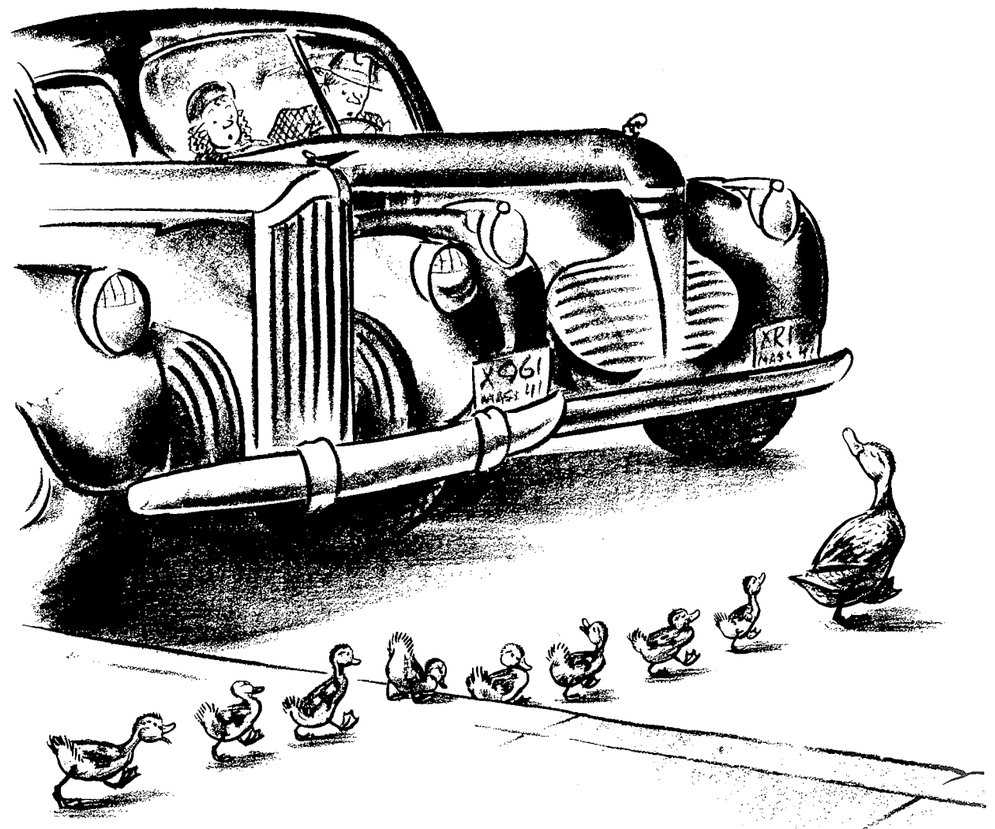
Obviously I had to reach McCloskey and try to persuade him to approve of what we were doing. We had no address, and his publishers – though they

were later to become involved in a generous way — did not respond. Not only did we not have McCloskey's approval, but it seemed highly possible that we would not get it. In any event, we did not know how to reach him to find out.

We were at an impasse, and Nancy, already deeply into the process of producing the sculpture, was particularly distressed. The impending visit of a friend of many years, whom she had not seen for some time, served as a welcome distraction. Naturally enough, Nancy and her friend spoke of the sculpture and of how it now seemed to be at risk. "Oh you don't have to worry any more," said Nancy's friend. "Robert McCloskey is my neighbor in Maine!"

So we had found McCloskey, but he could still have said no. Nancy's friend offered to be our advocate, and she persuaded him to come and see the developing sculpture. On the appointed day, we fussed like prospective parents-in-law over where and how to put the figures in the best possible light. As McCloskey entered Nancy's studio with his wife Peggy, his face revealed nothing. After the formalities of our introduction, he walked slowly around the sculptured ducklings and the mother duck and paused a while before turning to us and saying, "They seem rather big to me."

Nancy had worked long and hard on the issue of scale, visiting and revisiting the Garden to reconcile the need to retain the apparent vulnerability of the figures with the need that they be sturdy and safe enough for children's repeated attention. We talked about why the scale had been chosen. But



McCloskey is an artist and not persuaded by words alone. "Can we take them outside?" he asked.

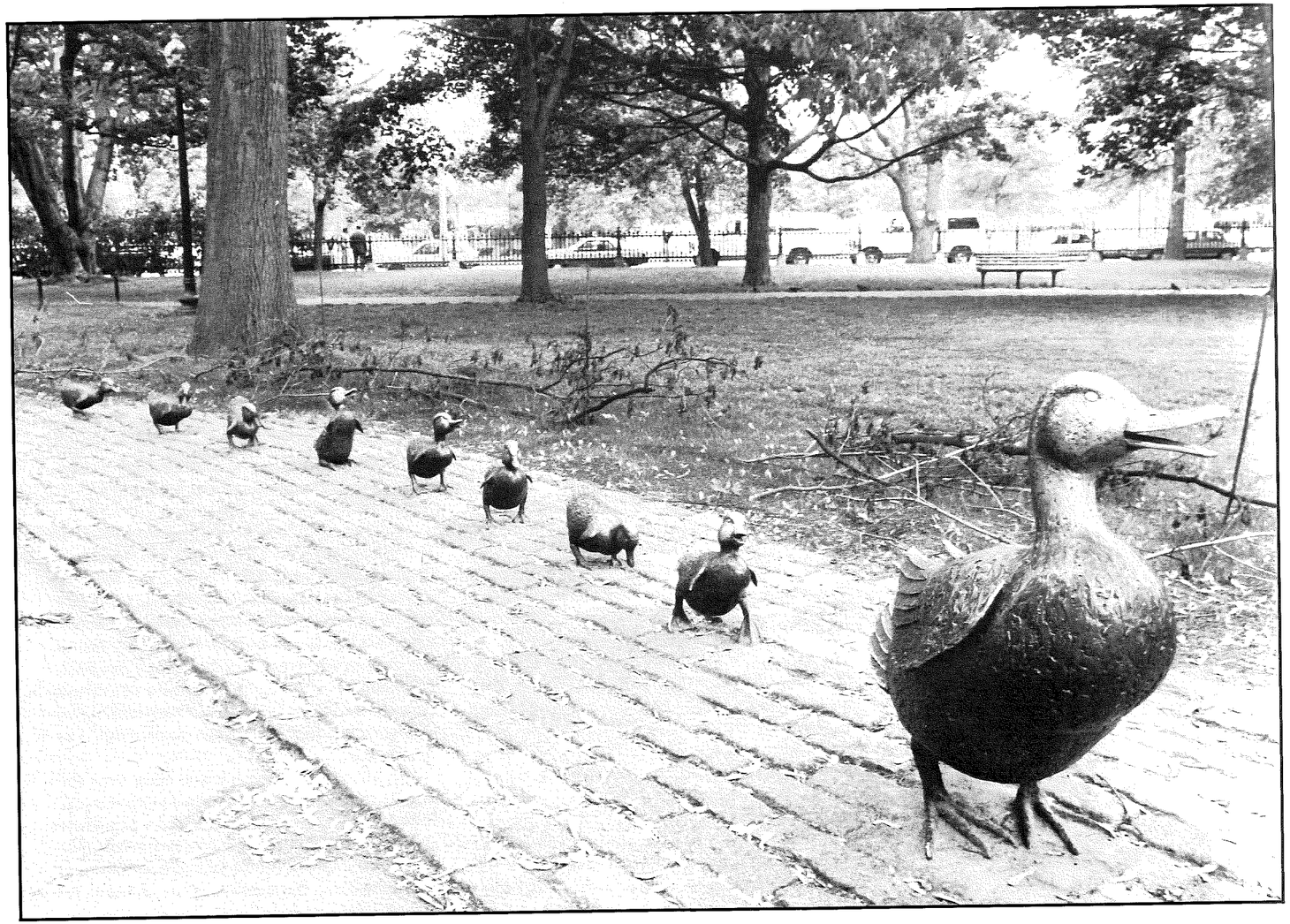
Struggling mightily, we managed to get the heavy figures onto a grassy bank near the studio. It was a cold day with snow still on the ground from a recent fall. The studio was way off the beaten track, and it seemed utterly improbable that we would get what we needed most to complete the scene – some children. I confess to a silent prayer but refuse to connect it with the astonishing, sudden appearance of three small children and their parents. With delighted yells and lots of quacking – oblivious to our presence – they ran to the ducks, calling out to their parents to take note. Squatting down, they examined them and patted them tenderly. A smile covered Robert McCloskey's face and, lifting his hands in a gesture of "So be it," he turned to us and said, "They are fine, just fine." And so began what was to become for Nancy and me a warm and treasured friendship with Robert and Peggy McCloskey as they became involved in a delighted – and delightful – way with the venture as it progressed.

We secured the approvals of the Landmarks Commission and the Art Commission, both of which had been very helpful in steering us through the necessary procedures. We struck a problem, however, with the Parks and Recreation Department. Rightly, they were concerned that the placement of the sculpture not threaten the health of nearby trees. There seemed to be no way to demonstrate that they would not, and despite the arguments for the chosen site, ideas for alternative sites were being considered.

We had successfully applied for financial support from the Henderson and Brown foundations but were still short of the full amount we needed. While I am no stranger to process, I have never been involved with major fundraising activities, and in a city to which I was relatively new, the task seemed daunting – until out of the wings came our fairy godmother in the form of Nancy Coolidge of the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities. She had heard of the project and been delighted by it. Hearing of our problem, she graciously offered her considerable experience to help us. Her Adopt-a-Duck campaign enchanted some generous donors and raised what was needed to complete the costs of the sculpture and its ongoing maintenance.

As the work drew near completion, we had to find a contractor who would respond to the unique demands of the sculpture, and in a way that was respectful of its purpose. After a long and frustrating search, we found Ollie Capesi, who was recommended to us largely because after a long line of failed attempts on the part of others, he had finally succeeded in making the basement of a friend damp-proof! Though the tasks had nothing in common, we hoped that the success rate was transferable.

Not only did Ollie respond magnificently to the task, but it turned out that he had worked in the Public Garden for many years and knew every shrub and tree. With his help we were finally able to secure the approval of the Parks Department and assure them that the nearby trees would not suffer from the placement of the sculpture. As another



coincidence, we discovered that Ollie and Nancy Schön's father had worked together for many years in the landscape design field.

We now had all the approvals. We had the money. We had employed Carr, Lynch and Associates to help us with the details and programming of the installation, and we seemed to have tapped into a wellspring of warmth that was as apparent in the bureaucratic processes as in the personal responses of many individuals. We had not launched any serious publicity campaign, for example, but we received contributions from as far afield as San Francisco and Chicago, and from a man in New Jersey who reported that he had been McCloskey's model for Officer Michael – the policeman who stops the traffic to let the line of ducklings pass.

Finally, on a chilly day in October of 1987, a hundred or so people braved the cold and the wind to witness the formal dedication of the sculpture. Robert McCloskey and Peggy were there, and after the speeches and book signings there was a wonderful reception generously donated by the Four Seasons Hotel, which coped magnificently with an unexpected number of hungry visitors; and Viking Penguin gave an elegant dinner for those most closely involved in the venture.

A few days later I spoke about the effort and its meaning for children at a reception at the Boston Public Library, which had generously given Nancy complete access to its collection of Robert McCloskey's drawings. Through Diane Farrell, they

drawings to coincide with the dedication of the sculpture. Totally unexpectedly Robert McCloskey presented me with a sash on which he had drawn his ducklings. I was deeply moved. What we had done was, after all, a small gesture in a big city, and a certain routineness had developed as it drew near completion. Looking around me as I received the sash, I felt very palpably the warmth and generosity of the cast of characters who had worked and contributed with such goodwill to make it all happen.

A sad postscript to the story, of course, was the theft of one of the ducklings fourteen months after the dedication, but even that had its own generous turn of events. A professional job that not even the most determined effort to secure the ducklings could resist, the theft fanned the fears of those who view as inevitable such a reaction to any effort to bring delight and lightness to the city scene. These fears were clearly not shared by Boston bartenders Eddie Doyle and Tommy Leonard. They launched a "Bring Back Mack" campaign that included an evening skating party on the Garden's pond, a dance at the Hampshire House nearby, and the sale of lapel buttons that they themselves had designed. They raised more than enough money to cover the cost of replacing Mack, and on April 24 of this year he was returned to his family in the Garden.

It would have been hard to imagine such a turn of events as I read my children to sleep twelve years ago, and though I do not want to finish on too

what has happened. In simple terms the sculpture was placed in the Garden for the enjoyment of children and as a symbol of the hospitality that all cities should offer to them. One sculpture alone cannot make a city hospitable to children, but the *Mallard Family Sculpture* does say in a quiet way that there is a small corner of the city that is very specially and very clearly for little children, that it has been given to them by people who care about such things, and that it is there because a wonderful storyteller once told a story about a family of ducks who made some friends in Boston; and in our clamorous world, the story of how it got there speaks to the generosity, caring, and delight that still exist to make some simple dreams come true.

Suzanne de Monchaux is a sociologist and urban planner who has worked in England, Australia, and America. Her professional focus is on the political, institutional, and community aspects of urban change. Her special area of concern is the ways that cities and towns can understand and respond to a wide variety of human needs and interests, including those of children and other special needs groups. She lives in Brookline with her husband and two teenage sons.

The original drawings from *Make Way for Ducklings* by Robert McCloskey, The Viking Press, 1941, were used by permission. The *Mallard Family Sculpture* by artist Nancy Schön was photographed by Clarissa Pearson Erving.

The First Enthusiast: Edwin Whitefield View of the Public Garden in 1866

BETTINA A. NORTON

When Edwin Whitefield, a nineteenth-century American topographical artist, reappeared in Boston in June, 1866, this time with the intention of living in the area, the first view he decided to produce and sell was a lithograph of the Public Garden. For almost thirty years, he had been drawing, lithographing, and sometimes publishing views of towns and cities in the United States and Canada – from Albany, New York, in 1845, to a series of seven Chicago street views in the early 1860s. He had already been in Boston once before – in 1848, to draw his view of the city from the wharves of East Boston.

The *View of the Public Garden & Boston Common* was ready for distribution in the fall of 1866. It had been printed by J. H. Bufford's, one of the biggest lithographic firms in Boston at the time. Whitefield probably sold his view for around $10. Almost 125 years later, this tinted lithographic view is still popular; it has caught the fancy of many American print collectors, and as for Boston businesses, practically every one of the publishing houses that line the Public Garden and the Boston Common has a copy in its reception area; today a print in fairly good condition would fetch close to $3,000.

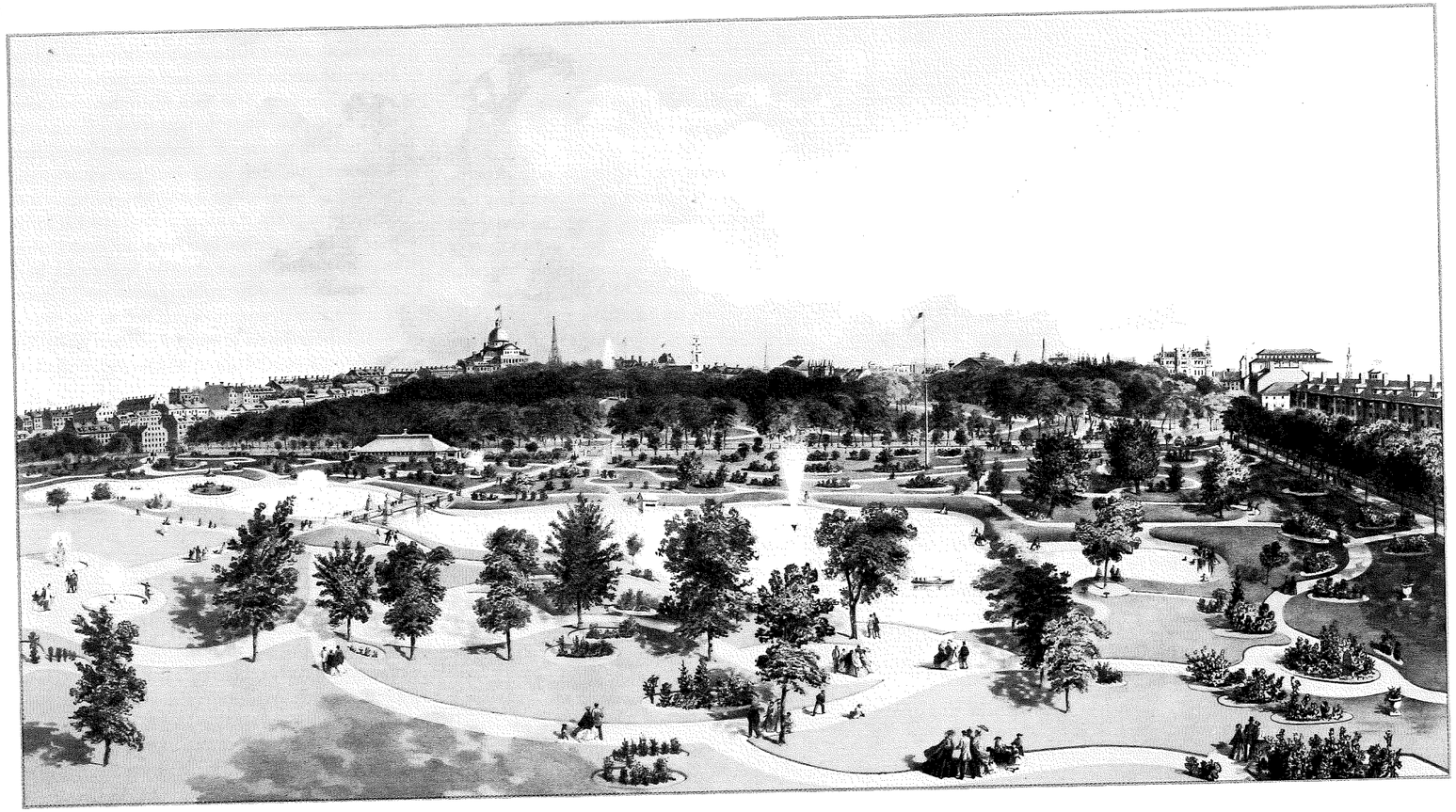
Why is it so coveted? It is one of a kind – the first and only large nineteenth-century lithographic view of the Public Garden. But it is also typical of Whitefield's best work, a breezy, charming, yet delicately drawn scene, one so carefully detailed that the viewer instinctively trusts that facets of the view are accurate. They are, even on the occasions when they are not actual. To document and explain: the sinuous edges of the pond, the curving paths, and the young plantings conform to what is believed to have been there – even to a row of trees along the fence at Charles Street, in the background of the view. The little lattice gazebo that was once on a peninsula at the north side of the pond is seen in slightly later photographs. The greenhouse, though again no longer there, is not only identical to the image in contemporary photographs, but is also much more sensitively drawn than in contemporary wood engravings.

For those who nostalgically remember when the State House with its golden dome did indeed sit atop Beacon Hill and dominate the skyline of the city, under an expanse of sky, the view has a particular appeal. But this is a feature of most city views of the time. Whitefield's view has more to offer. Architectural historians can recognize the houses lining Beacon Street, the Masonic Temple and first building of the Boston Public Library near the corner of Boylston and Tremont streets, and the row of bowfront houses that used to face the south side of the Public Garden. Tiny bits of other buildings peep out over the trees of the Boston Common: the (now Old) City Hall, the first Masonic Temple, Park Street Church . . .

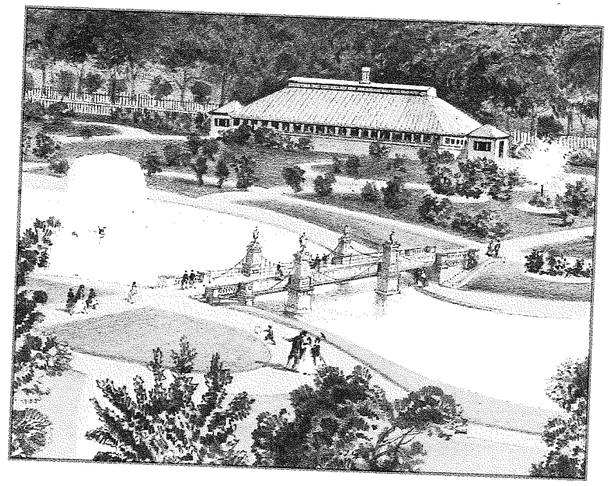
Whitefield's view, upon examination, actually has more to offer than was really there, all in the name of accuracy. When he decided to offer the view for sale, the Public Garden was only partially finished. Paths had been laid out, but the bridge was still under construction. So Whitefield sought out the architect, William G. Preston (responsible for the designs of the Museum of Natural History – now Louis of Boston, the Boston Art Club – now the Muriel Snowden International School of Boston, the older part of the Hotel Vendôme, and over a dozen houses in the Back Bay), and very carefully copied the rendering for the bridge.

The finished print, however, shows urns on top

Blue-Eyed Grass from a hand-colored plate by Edwin Whitefield, published in *American Wild Flowers* by Emma C. Embury, D. Appleton & Company, New York, 1845. (Courtesy of Bettina A. Norton)



View of the Public Garden & Boston Common, 1866.



Detail of the bridge.
(Courtesy of the Boston Athenaeum)

of the four supporting piers, yet urns did not appear – as far as is known at this time – until the 1870s. So, was Whitefield careless? He could have been considered careless if the view had been published later than 1866. But he offered it to the public *before* the work on the bridge was done. Puzzling, though, is the fact that the one scale plan for the piers in the Preston collection of architectural drawings at the Boston Public Library does not show urns, either. One has to conclude that the architect probably showed Whitefield another rendering or told him that he intended to install them. Perhaps the usual vagaries of city finances precluded that, until a later decade.

Arriving in Boston after not having visited the city for many years, Whitefield must have been aware of the enthusiasm that greeted the newly laid out, green oasis in the heart of the residential area. Nonetheless, at first he was promoting a view of the Boston Common:

June 9. In the afternoon getting subscribers for the "Common view."

June 11. Getting subscribers in Boston all day. Obtained only 5. This is slow work.

By June 19, he was assessing the economics of the view, but some time before the Fourth of July (ten days have been cut out of his diary), he had given up the Common as a subject. He spent the rest of the rainy month drawing indoors, on his "fruit and flower pieces." By August 1 he had decided on the view of the Public Garden, and he spent the rest of the month sketching a drawing to the exact size he intended to make the print (the image is 15¼ by 28½ inches); the project must have been part of the reason why he noted in his diary for August 31, "This has been on the whole the most delightful August I ever spent in this country."

Sept. 4. Finished my drawing of the "Public Garden" this morning and after dinner went to Mr. Bufford's. He likes the view very much, and thought he could not do it for less than $250 and that it would take about 6 weeks. I did not close the agreement with him, but shall probably make some arrangement to-morrow.

Called on two or three parties who like the new view much better than the old one. I showed it to Mr. Williams, picture dealer, and he subscribed.

Sept. 5. Saw Mr. Bufford again to-day and made my arrangements for $250 for lithographing the view and $45 per 100 copies printing and paper.

He has promised to have it finished by the first week in October.

Before actually committing himself to having any of his more than 60 views printed, Whitefield assessed the potential market. First he made an original drawing or watercolor, then went around town with it under his arm to solicit subscriptions. His usual method was to start with the mayor and top businessmen, and then work down, although he tailored this pursuit in Boston by seeking out an unusual number of the city's well-known literati. Whenever possible, he urged statements out of prominent citizens that could be used to persuade others to sign on. As soon as he was satisfied that the economics worked in favor of a view, he himself usually then drew it on stone to be printed. In the early years, he would get his children to color some of the prints (a common practice at the time by other lithographers as well), and then go back on his rounds to distribute them and collect the money.

He had been producing city views while he lived along the Hudson River in New York, in Brooklyn, in Canada, and then in the wilds of Minnesota, where one of his entrepreneurial schemes was to encourage settlement – or at least investment – in the little town of Kandotta (where he and his family were the sole residents) before he came to Boston and settled in Reading, Massachusetts.

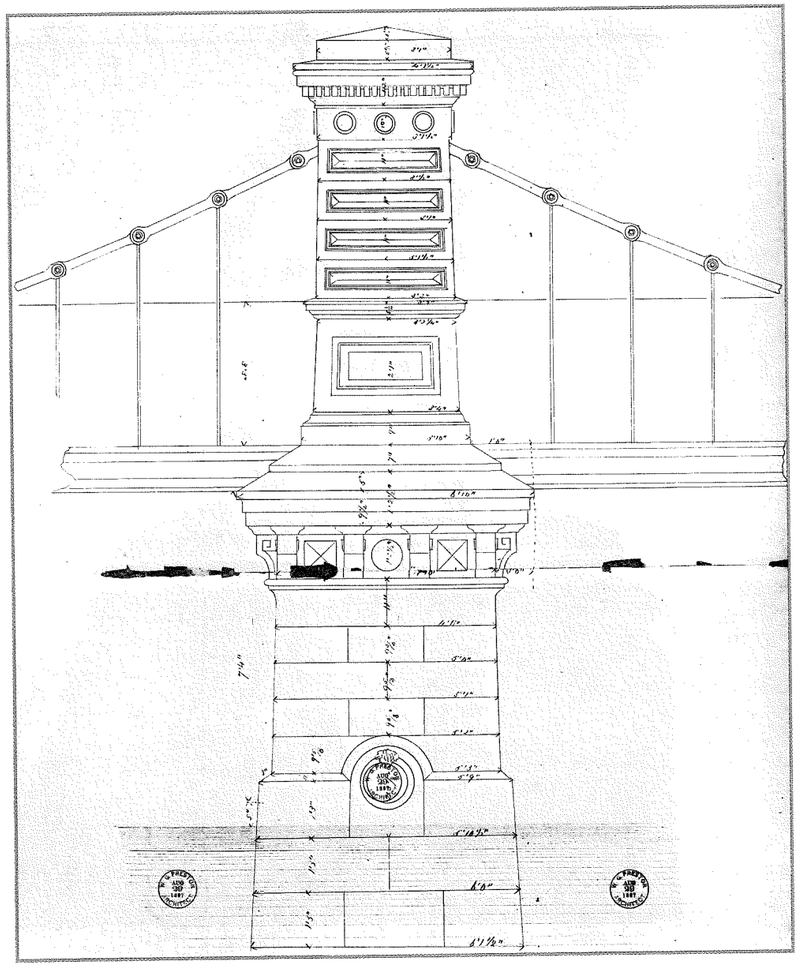
For the next twenty years, he produced another series of views – all of towns fairly close to Boston. The lure of travel away from home for weeks at a time, which had occupied so much of his early years during his first, unhappy marriage, gave way to ways of making his living as an artist closer to home. Spurred on by the nation's Centennial, he brought out a series of books, *Homes of our Forefathers, being a selection of the Oldest and Most Interesting Buildings, Historical Houses, and Noted Places in Massachusetts*; similar volumes for Connecticut and Rhode Island; Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont; and a volume comparing the houses and buildings of Boston with Boston, England.

Because his family remained in the Boston area after his death, his diaries, other personal papers, and many prints and watercolors came to the attention of Charles D. Childs, founder of Childs Gallery, and are now part of the collections of the Print Department of the Boston Public Library. They provide an unusually rich insight into nineteenth-century American art and social history. Whitefield was quite free with his opinions and believed that others would benefit from knowing them, too. He wrote letters to newspapers and published numerous articles in journals. Less than two weeks into his diary for June, 1866, after his usual notes on the progress of a view (of Roxbury, which he never had printed), he added:

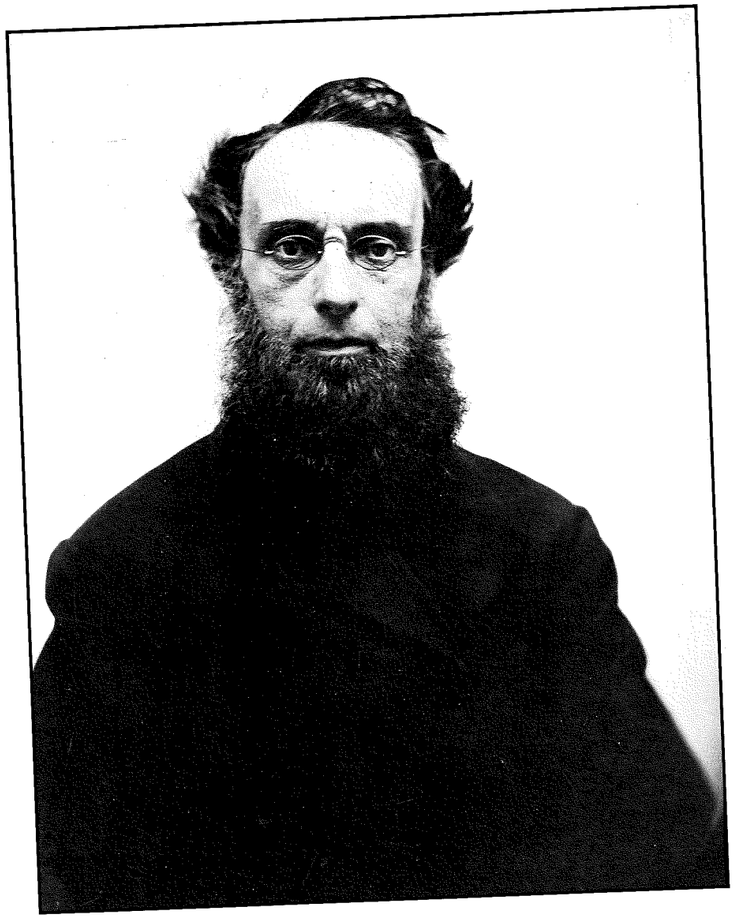
> *Yankee Ignorance —*
> *1) A lady who keeps a school in Boston was speaking about poetry and I asked her how she liked Whittier's poetry. "Whittier? Is he an English poet?" she asked. She had never read him, never heard of him.*
> *2) I asked three young men who had been educated in Boston how the word "Chocorua" was pronounced. They could not tell me, had never heard the word before!*

Closer to the theme of this article is Whitefield's letter written after he had settled in Reading, which was published in the *Boston Transcript* for July 22, 1890. Whitefield was giving his opinion of the controversy being touted in the press at the time over the practice of scattering poisoned food to kill sparrows. Whitefield proposed getting rid of robins, instead:

> *A friend brought a gun and killed 39 in two days . . . . It appeared to me that for each and every bird he killed about a dozen came to his funeral.*



Architect William Preston's rendering of a bridge pier. (William G. Preston Collection, Fine Arts Department, Boston Public Library. Reproduced courtesy of the Trustees of the Boston Public Library.)



Tintype of Edwin Whitefield, circa 1860. Signature from an inscription on a collotype of Edwin Whitefield. (Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library)

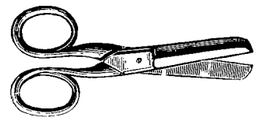
Whitefield's view of the Public Garden is carefully rendered – with his spidery yet assured and delicate freehand pencil. No heavy, straight, and rigid lines, a short-cut measure taken by so many other artists of city views, whether lithographs or wood engravings for periodicals. A dominant Whitefield signature is his trees – characteristically looking like freshly leaved, lacy specimens. Only the marble Venus, the "Maid of the Mists" who once graced the path approaching Commonwealth Avenue, is sketchily rendered by Whitefield and is shown under water, a decorous veil of spray carefully obscuring her nakedness. But then, she doesn't appear at all in any other contemporary print of the Public Garden that this writer has seen.

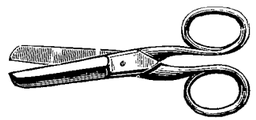
Whitefield felt he was better at drawing city views than most – if not all – of his contemporaries and collected hundreds of testimonials that agreed with him. As for his view of the Public Garden, it would be hard to argue with him.

Bettina A. Norton is author of *Edwin Whitefield: Nineteenth-Century North American Scenery* (Barre Publishing, distributed by Crown Publishers, 1977) and numerous other works on Boston history and American graphic art. She lives on Beacon Hill, in the house in which she grew up.

The Victorian Trousseau of 1901

A Paper Doll





CATHERINE SHEPLEY ZIMMERMAN

The paper doll in Victorian costume on these pages illustrates the trousseau of a fashionable young bride of 1901.

What we describe as the "Victorian look" in costume design continued from the nineteenth century into the early years of the twentieth century. The elegant, long-stemmed silhouette with the high neckline, tiny waist, and distinctive S-curve owed its look to a new innovation – the straight-front corset.

The bride wears a straight-front corset (1) made with whalebone stays and decorated with insert lace and satin ribbon. It is worn over a chemise and a long petticoat of silk faille gathered with satin bows.

The silk bridal gown (2) features long sleeves gathered into puffs and extravagant handmade lace. The full-length veil is made of tulle. The tulle veils worn at this time were so voluminous that they often obscured the gowns, and it was customary to have the bridal photograph taken without the veil.

The trousseau also includes a camel's hair skirt (3) tucked at the waist. A panel of panne satin is set into the top-stitched hem.

The skirt is complemented by a jacket (4) of pastel blue satin cloth with revers (the lapels, turned back to show the reverse side) and cuffs of alternating bands of black and white satin.

The bride's afternoon silk bodice (5) of pale blue crêpe de Chine is trimmed with folds of black satin, stitched. It is adorned with dots worked by hand in heavy black floss.

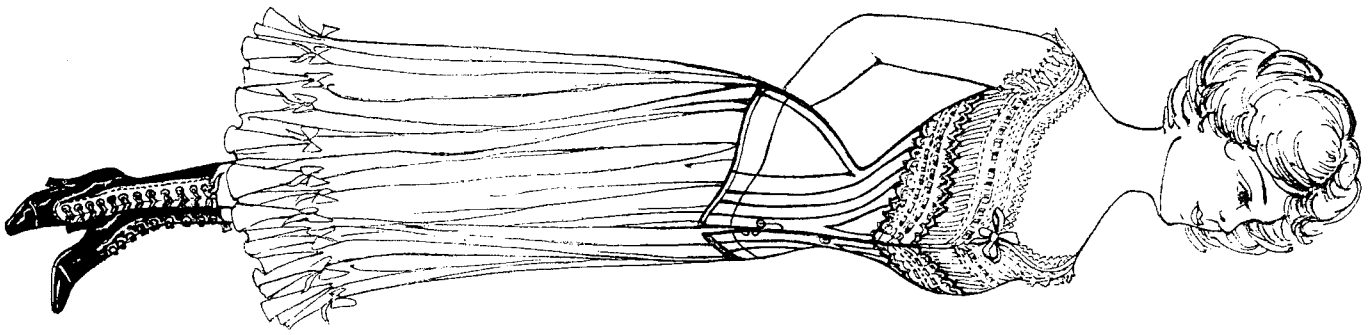
A broad-brimmed straw hat (6) decorated with fine folds of tulle and large pink silk roses completes the "Victorian look."

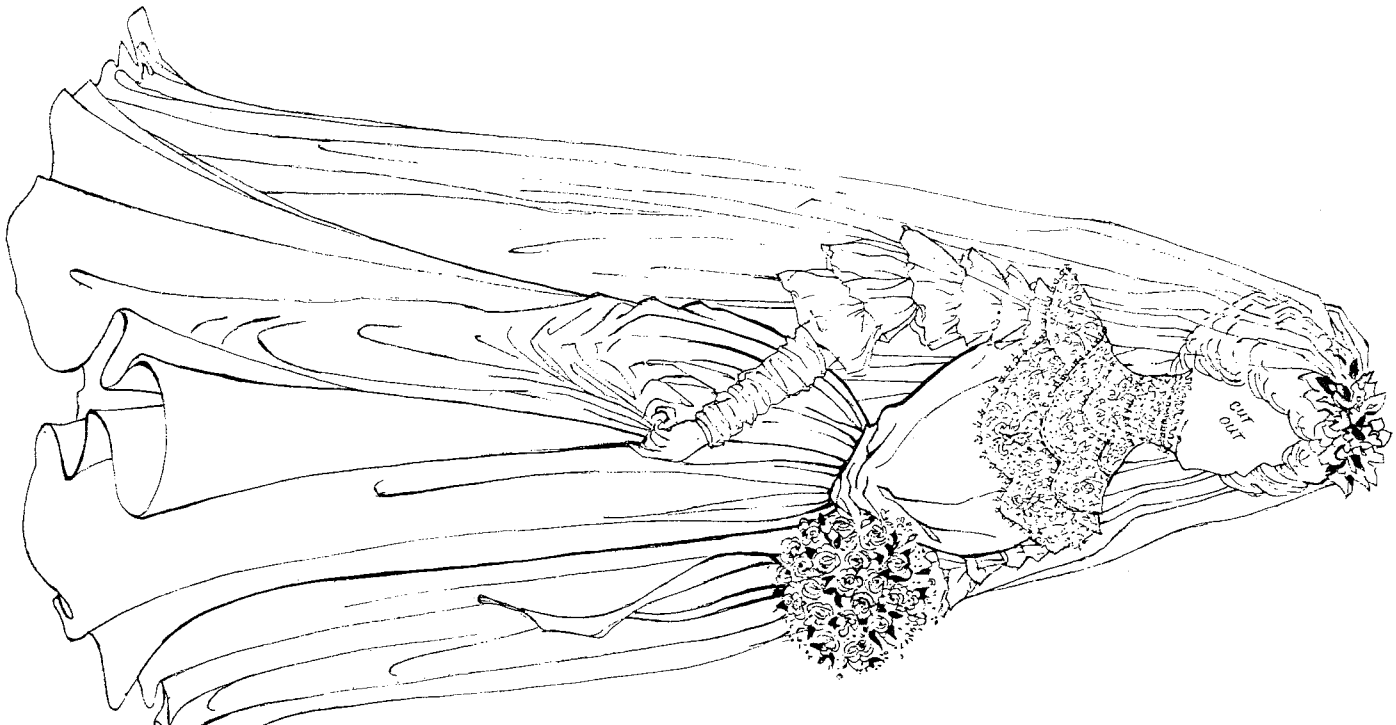
The bride's reception gown (7) is constructed of black silk with ornate gathering and Renaissance lace.

The bride has selected a visiting gown (8) of réséda green (light olive green) crépon and guipure (heavy lace with a large pattern). It is trimmed with black velvet in which little lozenges of guipure are inserted. The front of the bodice is embroidered.

Young readers are invited to have this paper doll photocopied onto heavy paper, to be colored, cut, and enjoyed.

Catherine Shepley Zimmerman is an artist, designer, illustrator, and author who lives in Port Royal, Pennsylvania. In 1985 she published *The Bride's Book*, a history of American bridal costume. She is now working on a book about bridal trousseaus of the nineties – from 1590 to 1990!

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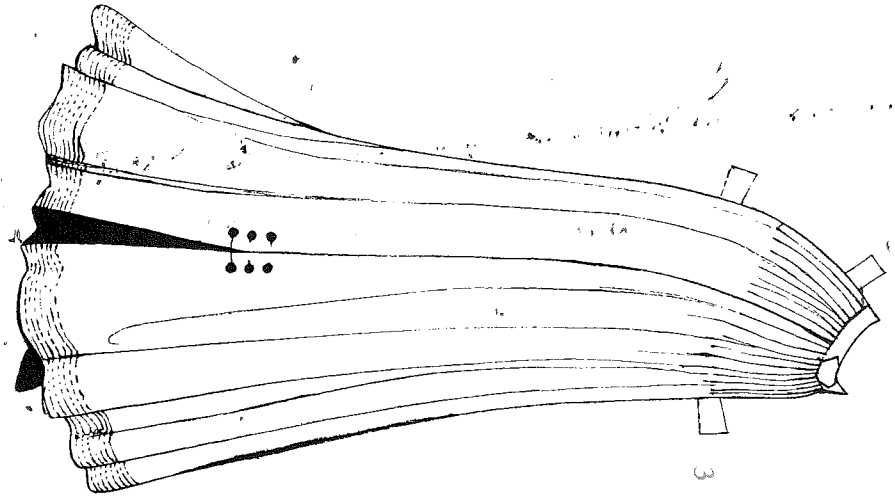

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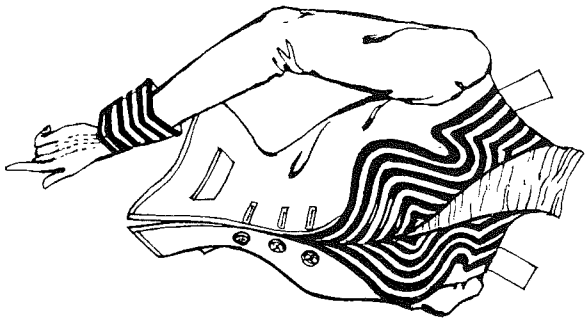

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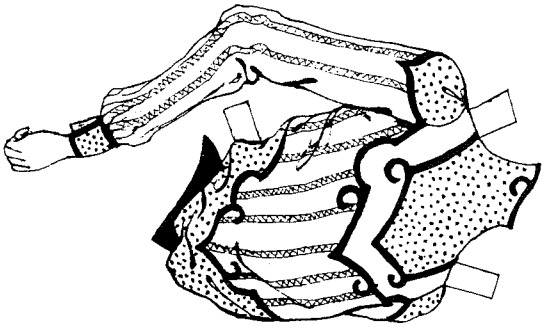

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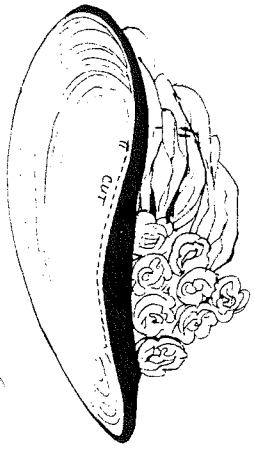

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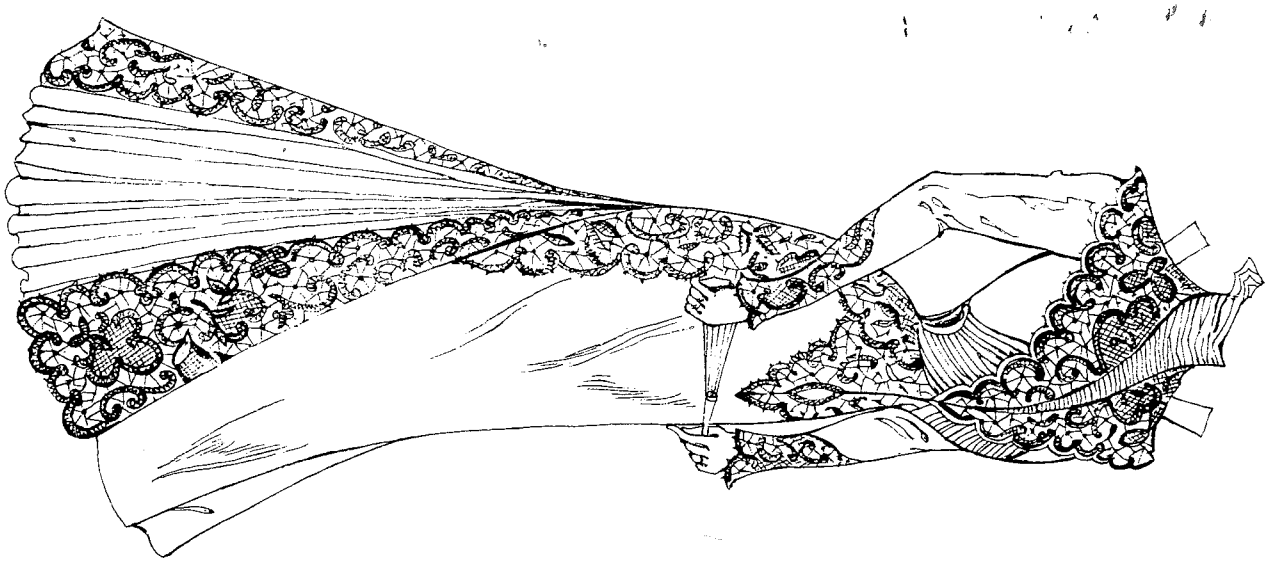
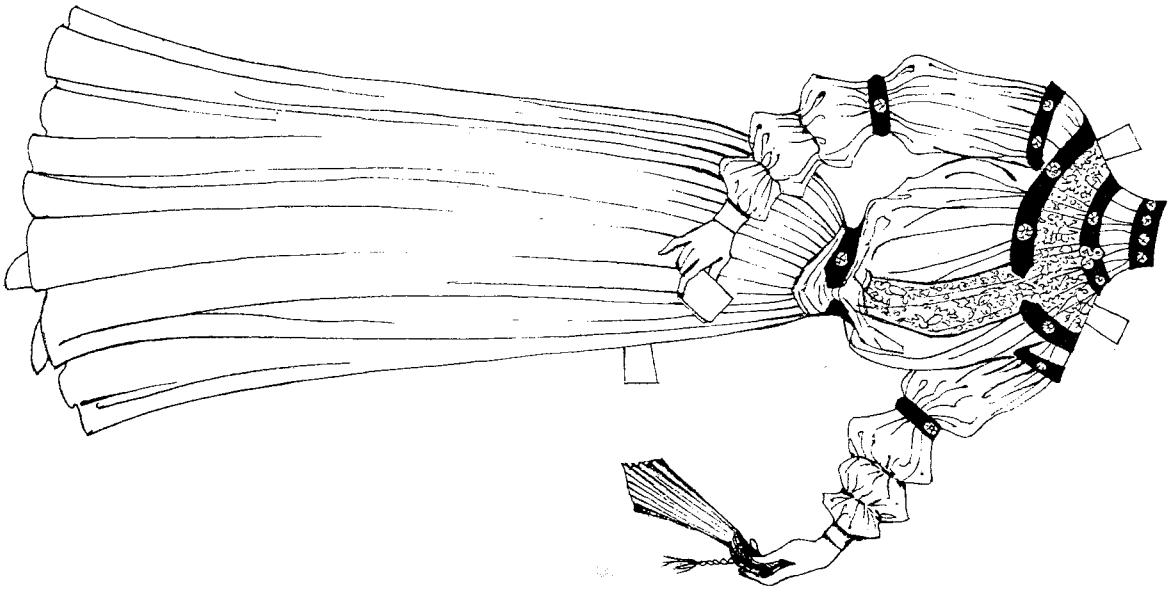




Meet Mr. Doogue: He Colored the Public Garden

JOHN T. GALVIN

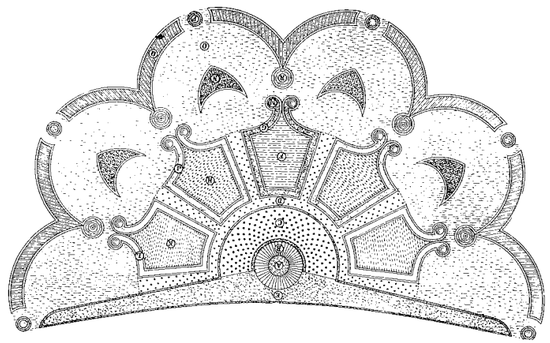
William Doogue was the public servant *par excellence*. Professionally trained for his job, a man of integrity, courage and imagination, he was proud, prickly and a master of the English language. His reports to the mayor of Boston and the City Council – in which he included other people's criticism of his work, and his own devastating replies – are a joy to read, perhaps the best such documents ever fashioned by an employee of the City of Boston.

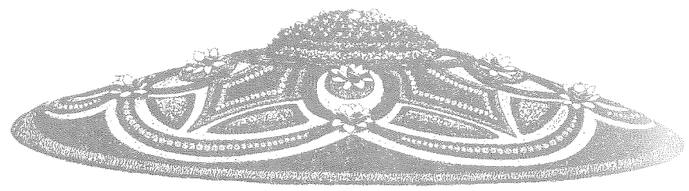
As superintendent of common and public grounds for the city from 1878 to 1906, Doogue introduced to the Public Garden and other Boston parks colorful and unfamiliar plants, often in complex patterns – a process called "bedding out." This brought him into sharp conflict with the Boston establishment, which favored "the dignity and grandeur of curved drives and paths, with trees and shrubs in clumps leading to vistas." Still Doogue held his job for 28 years under Mayors Pierce, Prince, Green, Palmer, O'Brien, Hart, Matthews, Curtis, Quincy, Hart (second administration),

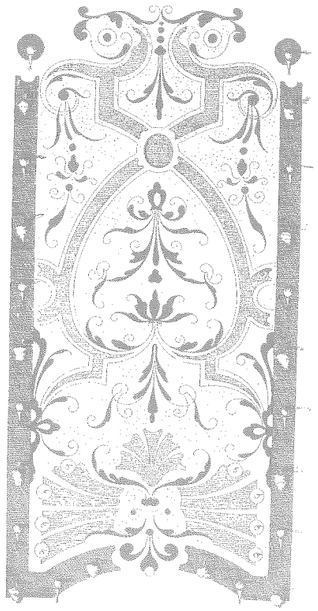
Collins and Fitzgerald. More than any other individual, he is responsible for the way the Public Garden looks today.

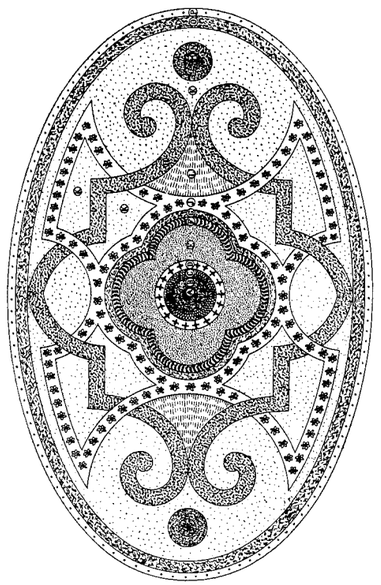
The son of a gardener, Doogue was born in Brockley Park, town of Shadbally, Laois (formerly Queen's) County, Ireland, in 1828. He came to the United States with his parents, four brothers and four sisters, in 1840 when the family settled in Middletown, Connecticut. After graduating from high school, young William was apprenticed to Affleck, Whitman & Co., of Hartford, the largest nursery in New England, where he learned horticulture, floriculture and landscape gardening. After five years, he was made a member of the firm.

For three years he studied botany at Trinity College. In 1854, he married Elizabeth Harpur, and, in 1856, brought her to Boston, where he became manager for Charles Copeland, one of Boston's









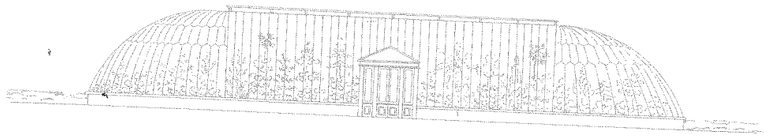
Architect T. James objected to carpet bedding in 1839 as "scores of unmeaning flower-beds, disfiguring the lawn in shapes of kidneys, and tadpoles and sausages, and leeches and commas."

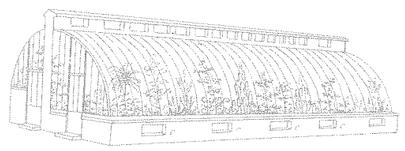
In 1873 Frank J. Scott compared carpet beds to "the lace, linen, and ribbon decorations on a lady's dress essential ornaments, and yet to be introduced sparingly."

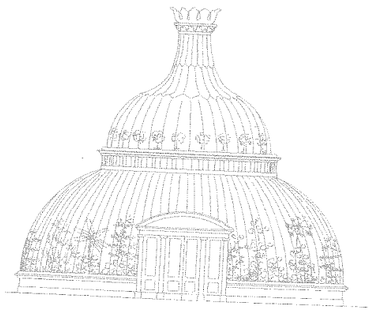
leading restaurateurs who had added, as an adjunct to his regular business, the sale of bouquets and cut flowers cultivated at his nurseries in Boston and Melrose.

In 1864, Doogue established his own floral business in Boston's South End. "From that place," wrote *The Boston Globe*, "floral decoration may be said to have its first strong impulse in Boston." Doogue prospered and his reputation grew. In 1876, he was chosen to lay out the grounds at the Centennial Exposition held in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, where his floral displays won two gold and two silver medals.

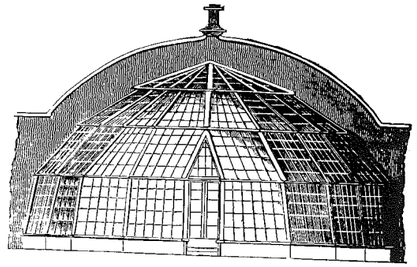
In 1878, Boston Mayor Henry Lillie Pierce persuaded Doogue to take the position of superintendent of common and public grounds for the City of Boston, in charge of the Public Garden, Boston Common, lower Commonwealth Avenue, and about 70 small parks and squares across the city.

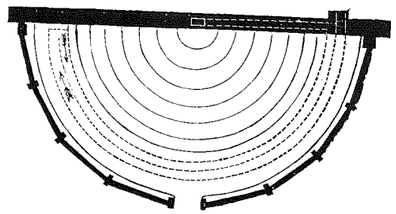






At right, design for a polygonal conservatory by John C. Loudon, designer of glass houses for display and propagation of plants.





This responsibility also included the care of thousands of trees in parks and on city streets. (A park commission for the City of Boston, established in 1875, concerned itself with the purchase and administration of larger parklands and, eventually, playgrounds.) On taking over, Doogue reported that his department "was not only running to waste, weed and rubbish," but that the only tools available were "a few broken-down wheelbarrows, two or three hand water sprinklers, a lot of old shovels and spades and other useless trumpery."

Establishing a base

"A new era, in fact, had to be opened in the management of the department," Doogue said, "a new life infused; a new system tending not only to adornment, but the care, culture and development of the natural and acquired beauties and resources of the grounds had to be inaugurated."

Doogue placed his own greenhouses and equipment at the disposal of the department, at a nominal cost to the city. He realized at the outset, however, that these facilities were inadequate to the large needs of the city parks. Forced to go into the marketplace to buy plants he knew he could propagate at a fraction of the price, if only the city would provide the needed land and equipment, Doogue also pointed out that "the promiscuous collections grown in the neighborhoods and sold in the city every year are ill-adapted for the public grounds."

It took seven years of constant badgering before the city government voted Doogue a plot of almost 3 acres of land in an area known as the Roxbury Canal (about where the Boston City Hospital Annex is today) together with $2,500 for its improvement. There, Doogue built greenhouses and sheds, and established a heating system. "I can now decorate our garden, parks and squares with the flowering plants of the season, and before the season, too, from the city greenhouses," Doogue announced. (The city nurseries have moved several times since then and are now located on the Morton Street side of Franklin Park.)

Greenhouses extended the season

On his 10th anniversary as superintendent, Doogue was able to tell Mayor Hugh O'Brien that "the grounds under my charge have been growing from decay to healthfulness, from poverty to wealth, from chaos to a respectable, thoroughly organized

city department in the City of Boston should be, yet not fully, I must say, up to the standard that my taste and feelings would desire, and for which I intend to bring it in the future."

By raising plants in the greenhouses, which Doogue called "a labor of love," and then setting them out in the Garden and other public parks in regular succession, he added months to the colorful plantings and, as *The Boston Herald* said, transformed it from a place of monotony "to one

plants . . . which have been the delight of visitors." In his report for 1891, Doogue informed Mayor Nathan Matthews Jr. that "during the past season there were floral displays in the Public Garden for over a period of six months without any break."

Crocuses and scillas led the procession, followed by hyacinths, tulips, narcissus, pansies, forget-me-nots (with a special display of roses and forget-me-nots around the statue of George Washington), daisies, cowslips and polyanthus, summer bringing tropical and other bedding plants, rhododendron and azalea.

Not everyone was delighted with Doogue's colorful innovations. From the beginning it was a running battle between Doogue and conservatives, who found his plants extravagant. Colonel Henry Lee, an old-fashioned man with old-fashioned tastes, was irate about what he called "the vulgar bedizening of the Public Garden" where "many thousands of dollars [are] spent every year to lessen instead of to increase its charm . . . grass, trees, flowering shrubs and sparse perennials are the proper ornaments of a public garden . . ." Colonel Lee went on to say that Frederick Law Olmsted, creator of Central Park in New York and of Boston's "Emerald Necklace" of parklands, sins as well as Doogue: "He spends vast sums in too much intervention, too much fussing . . ."

Another "malicious critic" of Doogue was Colonel Lee's friend and Brookline neighbor, Charles Sprague Sargent, director of Harvard College's Botanic Garden, who, according to one observer, "seemed to have no credentials for the job beyond his social position and a modest reputation as a gentleman landscape gardener." Sargent, who also served as director of the Arnold Arboretum, was described by Olmsted (who was 19 years older) as "the most obstinate and implacably 'set' old man I have ever known."

Sargent was cofounder of a publication called *Garden and Forest*, where he published an article by Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer, a writer on architecture and allied subjects, who severely criticized Doogue's landscape and flower gardening methods. "In the Public Garden," she wrote, "color is much too profusely used . . . and it is badly used . . . look in every direction at the scores of flower beds, planted solid with the crudest hues that the ingenuity of the gardener's craft has been able to produce."

The article was reprinted in *The Boston Evening Transcript*, and Doogue included it in his annual report for 1888, along with some comments of his own about an effort he had made to learn something from Mrs. Van Rensselaer. Doogue took the train to Marion, on Buzzards Bay, where the lady had a summer home, and, he reported:

"I was struck with its appearance and surroundings . . . the path to the front door was narrow, and fringed with the commonest and ugliest weeds that grow. Oscar Wilde sunflowers were seen here and there, with heads drooped, as if ashamed of their surroundings. A few bilious-looking geraniums flung their branches despairingly aloft from their

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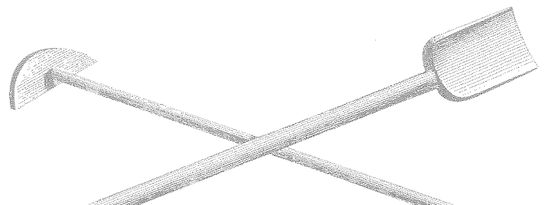
impressed was I with the 'artistic' surroundings of this lady's house that, in kindness to her, I did not call, feeling, perhaps, that my presence under such circumstances might cause her some embarrassment . . . returned to the station, I took the next train back to Boston, reflecting as the train sped on its way . . . how wonderful is the 'art' of some 'artists' and what a vast difference there is between the theories of one and the practices of the other."

Choice words for Harvard

Doogue believed that Mrs. Van Rensselaer's article had its origins "in the brain" of Sargent who, because of his connection with Harvard, Doogue called "professor."

"Harvard," Doogue explained, "like other similar institutions has to stand sponsor for many a blockhead who has passed under her portals. If these fellows would only keep quiet . . . it would be doing the college a favor . . . Harvard is unquestionably a creditable appendage to any man's name . . . but it must be understood that it is never intended that it should be dragged in everywhere a son of Harvard may obtrude himself."



He accused Sargent of being a snob who felt that Doogue's collection of rare plants was not understood or appreciated by the "masses" and should not be "so commonly and openly exposed to their vulgar gaze." Doogue assured the public that when the proper season came these plants "will not be kept hid away, but will be out and about on our public grounds wherever I see an opening to place one in harmony with the surroundings.

"My endeavors," he said, "are to cater to the general taste of the public [for whom I am employed] . . . and I am satisfied that I have been successful in doing so.

"The Public Garden is not a private eden for sacred elephants, birds of fine plumage," Doogue declared, "but a pleasant ground for the mass of God's people, without any distinction as to race, color or condition, to whom the City of Boston throws it open gratuitously for their enjoyment."

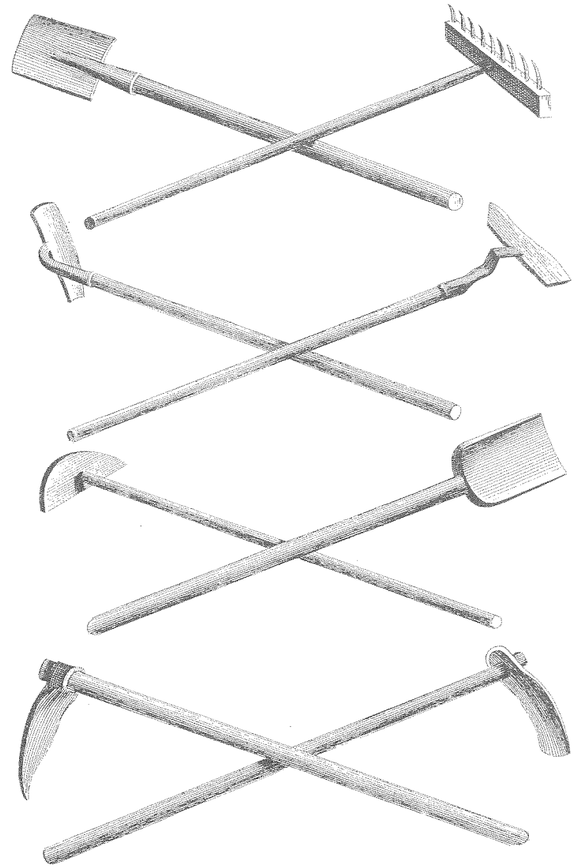
A need for improvement

Doogue's time, particularly in the beginning, he did not neglect the other parks under his command. In his 1881 annual report he wrote that he had remodeled many of the smaller parks and "laid out and planted over 120 flower beds in the different outlying squares of the city proper . . . which have been fully appreciated by the residents in the various localities."

Doogue called for the creation of special park police (100 years before the appearance of the park rangers) not only to protect against vandalism in all the parks and squares "where depredations are continually and wantonly committed with impunity," but also to provide for the safety and well-being of the public.

He was particularly incensed at the "overgrown boys and men" who, on winter days, used double-runner sleds on Boston Common, driving away all the younger boys and girls, and endangering pedestrians. "To my mind it is questionable wisdom," Doogue said, "that allows these lightning hurricanes of destruction to sweep into an unthinking multitude."

Trees presented Doogue with myriad problems. Those in the South End and the Back Bay had been planted in soil that was a combination of ash and gravel brought in as fill from other places. Doogue had to fight constantly for appropriations to excavate and refill the land with material suitable



He found East and West Chester parks (now part of Massachusetts Avenue) in the South End, "mere gravel beds, with a skimming of loam not over three inches deep, and without the least trace of clay or any other substance to retain the moisture necessary for the growth and development of trees." He also revealed that "out of 12,000 yards of refuse and other materials excavated from these parks there was not obtained over 500 cubic yards of loam."

Common sense over sentiment

As a consequence, Doogue declared in 1883 that a considerable amount of the appropriation his department had received over the previous eight years "was spent in undoing and re-doing work for which large sums of money had been appropriated, the expenditure of which, for all practical purposes, was a dead loss to the city and its taxpayers."

Taking down the most decayed and dangerous of the old trees on Boston Common was a sensitive issue, because many people objected to their removal. Doogue said he did not "blame the sentiment which would protect these old trees from vandal hands, especially when it had its origin in early associations, when the trees and their protectors were young and strong.

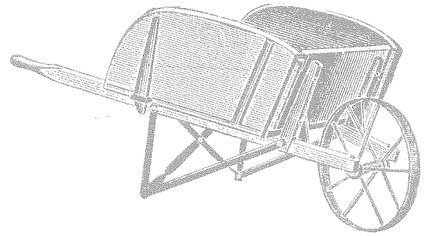
"The old trees yet remaining have been carefully trimmed and pruned, and the living stock left is in as good condition as intelligence and skill could place it, for I do not wish to remove or cut down any of these old citizens as long as there is a vestige of vitality in them. Let them live out their length of days, and when there is need of it let us help to prolong their lives by what in human life would be called medical assistance. But when decay makes these trees unsafe and liable to fall at any time, then sentiment should give way to common-sense and public security, and the trees should come down.

"Last year," Doogue reported in 1891, "I removed from the Beacon and Park street malls some 15 of these old trees and replaced them with young, well-nourished and vigorous trees, which are thriving well, and which in a few years will present a finer and more comely appearance than those which they have replaced."

Then there was the building of the subway which, said the *Herald*, "entailed the destruction of some of the finest of the old British elms in Lafayette Mall and from the excavation buried the old natural contours of the land in an unfortunate way." The newspaper went on to praise Doogue who "loyally labored to minimize the damage, raising and preserving some of the old trees that were liable to be killed by burying."

Landscaping on a budget

Although, from time to time, Doogue was attacked for his seeming extravagance, he did in fact



run a financially tight department. In 1886, for instance, he was able to report that he had administered his department under budget in each of the previous eight years, a saving to the city of $204,317.87. The average amount spent in each of those years was $58,053.40 (about $4,000 less than the salary of the commissioner of parks and recreation in 1988). Doogue's salary was $2,200 a year until 1883, when it was increased to $3,000.

His accounts, rendered annually, were meticulous: painting fountain in Union Park, $15.20; horse collar, $6.00; manure and fertilizer for Winthrop Square, $13.60; fence wire for Washington Park, Roxbury, $14.08; grass seed for Dorchester Town Field, $14.25; painting bridge in Public Garden, $228.20; horse and vehicle for superintendent, $232.20; labeling trees, $79.71 (Doogue introduced the labeling of trees to Boston; he was responsible for both the handsome willow trees that circle the pond in the Public Garden and for the many rare and valuable specimens that decorate our parks).

No less meticulous was his inventory of tools and equipment. City document No. 55, in 1886, for example, listed (among 80-odd items): 174 shovels, 38 rakes, 40 hoes, 31 iron vases, 18 stone vases, 4 terracotta vases, 35 tub vases, 1,824 fence poles; 1,500 pounds of fence wire.

One annual report contains a list of trees, street by street, in the 25 wards of the city, divided into 15,551 large; 4,202 medium; 3,631 small; 1,948 damaged (in many cases by horses chewing on the bark); 157 dead, for a total of 25,489 trees in the city. The report also contains a list, street by street, of trees "trimmed and removed."

William Doogue's principal interests, in addition to his work, were his family and his church. He belonged to no organizations, but willingly put out special decorations in the parks honoring visiting delegations to the city, such as the Masons, Odd Fellows, Christian Endeavor Society and, of course, the Grand Army of the Republic.

A fitting epitaph

Doogue died at his home, 116 East Cottage Street, Dorchester, on November 2, 1906, 10 years after his wife. Five children survived him. A solemn high mass was celebrated at the Church of the Immaculate Conception in the South End where, for years, Doogue had been a faithful worshipper. The church was filled to overflowing and upon the coffin, as it rested before the altar rail, was a simple wreath of Russian violets and ferns and a small crescent of maiden-hair fern and lilies of the valley.

The Pilot said: "William Doogue has passed, as we may finally hope, from the beloved city which he made beautiful to the unfading glories of the City of God. May he rest in peace."

The *Globe*' s obituary at the time of Doogue's death contained this fitting epitaph to this dedicated man:

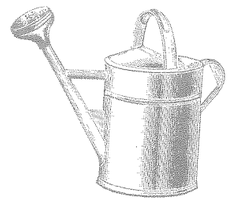
"Flowers had always been the ruling passion in Mr. Doogue's life. He loved each and every plant and bloom, shrub and tree over which he had charge, and his heart was always in his work and his work showed it."

After Doogue's death, there was agitation to merge the Department of Common and Public Grounds with the Park Department. This was done in 1912. It is sad to note, however, that 82 years after Doogue's departure the City of Boston has yet to hire anyone with his professional qualifications to oversee the Public Garden, Boston Common and other Boston parks.

Doogue's techniques have been passed down from man to man. At present, Boston is fortunate to have able veteran Michael D. Connor, a general superintendent of the Boston Parks and Recreation Department, supervising the flowers and trees in the Garden, on the Common and other parklands, assisted (in the Garden) by that remarkably talented volunteer, Mrs. Polly Wakefield of the Friends of the Public Garden.

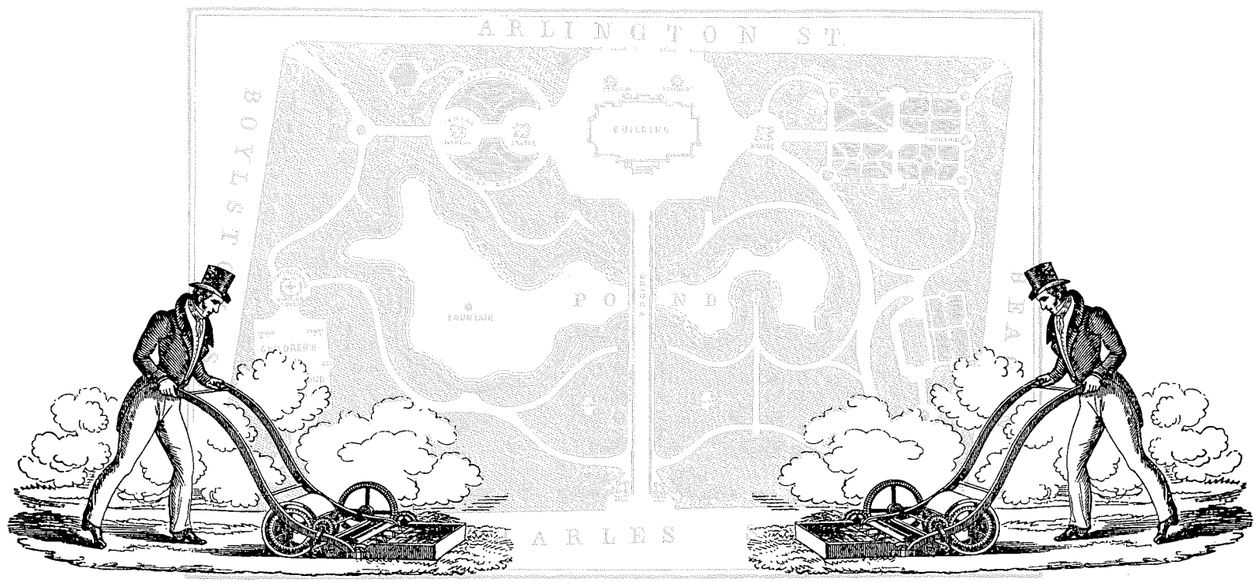
John T. Galvin, a former Associate Park Commissioner, writes frequently on Boston history and politics.

The photograph of William Doogue appears courtesy of the Boston Athenaeum. The garden implements were taken from *A Diderot Pictorial Encyclopedia of Trades and Industry* by Denis Diderot, edited by Charles Coulston Gillispie, Dover Publications Inc., New York, 1959.



A Public-Private Partnership

Shared Stewardship of the Public Garden



The Boston Parks and Recreation Department

& Friends of the Public Garden

The Boston Parks and Recreation Department

COMMISSIONER LAWRENCE A. DWYER

Every open space depends upon the support of capital improvement, maintenance, and stewardship. The Public Garden is no different. In the Garden's case, however, each of these elements takes on symbolic importance. Thus, capital improvement reinforces a city landmark, provision of maintenance supports a botanic garden, and stewardship is shared with the Friends of the Public Garden who participate on a daily basis with all physical and programming aspects of the facility.

The Garden's unique Victorian bedding out is a product of our maintenance unit, which has been resilient enough to survive budget cutting of Proposition 2½ and flourish in the good times of recent years. The fact that we retain these horticultural skills institutionally and use them both downtown and in the neighborhood is important. The city that boasts the oldest botanic garden in the country also takes pride in the provision of basic services — from tree care to flower beds. The way we care for our signature landscapes symbolizes the way we care for all open space.

As we face a new year and the fiscal challenges of a pared-down budget, we are committed to the maintenance of a full range of services. The burden of this responsibility for full stewardship is shared with the Friends of the Public Garden. The Friends serve as our partner in the continual round of capital improvements, our conscience as we struggle with competing interests, our critic, our advocate, and often our benefactor. Their active participation has helped us to create a more vibrant and responsive park.

The importance of the Public Garden to Boston is found in its use as a pleasure ground, its horticultural purpose, and its role as a collaboration between the public and private sectors. More than any other site in the city, the Public Garden symbolizes for all Bostonians the best aspects of public life in our city.

Friends of the Public Garden

PRESIDENT HENRY LEE

The Friends of the Public Garden is a charitable, nonprofit group, formed in 1970 and numbering over 2,000 members, that seeks to preserve and enhance the Boston Common, the Public Garden, and Commonwealth Avenue Mall. We address all aspects of these precious amenities and have worked foremost to create an organized constituency concerned for their welfare. To the Parks and Recreation Department, which carries the responsibility for the care and governance of all city parkland, we serve as resource, helpmate, and advocate, a relationship that has grown more effective year by year.

Since the dark days of the early seventies, heartening progress has been made in the Garden. City-funded capital improvements have included repair of the bridge, fencing, and paths; installation of benches, lighting, and an irrigation system; elimination of the subway entrance; and the dredging of the pond last year. These gains, however, met only part of the need. With budget cuts dictated partly by Proposition 2½, funding for park care fell in the eighties to a level far below that of any comparable city in the nation. Improvements began to slip away for want of maintenance, and problems such as litter seemed almost beyond control. Three years ago matters took a better turn. With increased funding and a revamped managerial system, the Parks Department brought new life to every city park. For the Garden's beauty today, we are much indebted to commissioners and administrators, past and present, to its able and unsung maintenance staff, and to the men and women of the City Greenhouses, who in good times and bad have planted and nurtured the Garden's magnificent floral displays. Their work would not have been possible but for the support and guidance of Mayor Flynn and members of the City Council who have made the revival of Boston's park system a continuing priority.

The Friends have complemented advocacy with tangible contributions. Thanks to foundation, corporate, and individual help, we assisted in establishing the Park Ranger program and have carried out improvements involving tree care, benches, signage, fencing, and fountains. We have joined with the Art Commission in restoring and cleaning monuments, installed new fountain statues, and sponsored Nancy Schön's delightful sculpture of Mrs. Mallard and her eight ducklings, based on Robert McCloskey's famous children's book *Make Way for Ducklings*. Most valuable of all, perhaps, has been a joint committee of the Friends and the Parks Department, chaired by Polly Wakefield, that has guided new landscaping and installed a great number of specimen trees and shrubs, almost all of them the result of individual gifts.

Less visible but also essential have been our efforts to protect these parks from encroachment. The Friends strongly opposed the original plan for Park Plaza envisaging five towers overlooking the Garden and Common, a development that would have diminished public enjoyment of them forever. To defend them we have supported the inclusion of both the Garden and Common on the National Register of Historic Places, their designation as City Landmarks, and the establishment of height limits for buildings on their periphery. The fact that the task is one of eternal vigilance, however, is evident in the constant flow of proposals to appropriate, misuse, or impinge upon these historic places.

A further role of the Friends has been to inform the public about the history, attractions, and needs of the parks through brochures, a Public Garden book, slide presentations, and special events. Among the last have been these Victorian Promenades, which bring together people from all parts of the city and surrounding communities to enjoy their famous garden.

What is now of utmost importance, as Commissioner Dwyer has noted, is the continued growth of a public-private partnership. The day has passed when private or city efforts alone can preserve our green space. In these national treasures, we inherit a great legacy. Only by common effort — city and state, foundation and corporation, civic groups and individuals — can we pass this heritage to future generations still green and flourishing. Please join us.

The Meacham plan appears as published in the Boston Evening Gazette, November 12, 1859. Budding's machine is taken from *The Gardener's Magazine* by John C. Loudon, London, 1832. (Courtesy of B. June Hutchison)

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A Victorian Promenade

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FRIENDS OF THE PUBLIC GARDEN