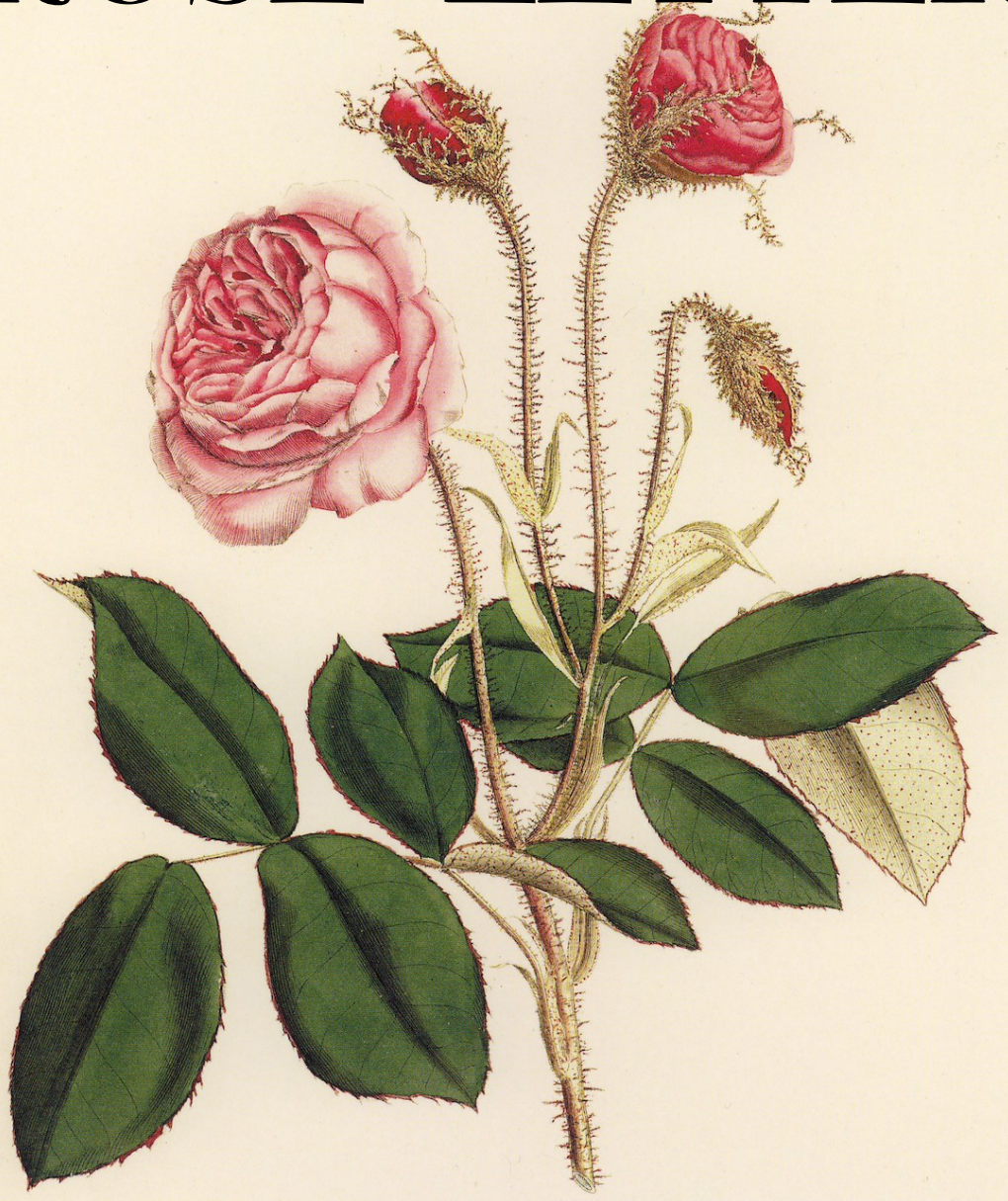


ROSE LETTER



S.P. del.

G. V. sc.

August 2019

Vol. 43, No. 3

ROSE LETTER

The Heritage Roses Group



Editor: Darrell g.h. Schramm

schrammd@sonic.net

101 Benson Ave., Vallejo, CA 94590

Publishers: Jeri & Clay Jennings

Vol. 43, No. 3

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Eleanor of Provence and the Royal Rose	2
Rosalia--A Perspective	4
In Memoriam: David Ruston	8
Mme Edouard Herriot	9
From a Reader	12
Face to Face with a Rose	13
The Perryman/Whitman Garden in Eugene	19
Monsieur Jules Lemaitre	27
Rose Firsts	29

NATIONAL OFFICERS OF THE HERITAGE ROSES GROUP

Convener: Jeri Jennings--heritageroses@gmail.com

Membership: Clay Jennings--e.c.jennings@gmail.com

Secretary-Treasurer: Alice Flores--aflores@mcn.org

Bill Grant--grant@ebold.com

Pam Greenewald--gardenangel22@gmail.com

Jill Perry--oldtearoses@hotmail.com

Darrell g.h. Schramm--schrammd@sonic.net



ELEANOR OF PROVENCE AND THE ROYAL ROSE

Darrell g.h. Schramm

Eleanor Berenger (c. 1223-1291), daughter of Count of Provence, Raymond (Ramon) Berenger IV, who had received the papal Golden Rose from Innocent IV in 1244, chose the white rose as her heraldic badge. It was she who brought the notion of a symbolic rose, a family emblem in the form of a rose, to England in 1236 when she

arrived at age 12 to marry England's King Henry III. (Henry III was the oldest son of King John of *Magna Carta* fame.) In the words of Peter Harkness, "If we want to pinpoint a date when the rose first became royal and English, 14th January 1236 is it," the date of their wedding.

Eleanor was an avid letter writer and lover of books. No doubt she read the c. 1230 *Le Roman de la Rose*, a book-length, allegorical poem replete with rose imagery. She was also an avid gardener. Given the global warming of the mid-thirteenth century, agricultural and horticultural growth were bestowing unprecedented yields for landowners and gardeners alike. Old records show that nine significant palace gardens as well as smaller ones were constructed, along with orchards, lawn pathways, herb beds, and rose arbors. The Palace of Westminster was one of these. There the royal gardener, a William, invoiced numerous white roses of fifty to sixty petals (if still extant, they were probably 'Alba maxima') and another 500 undescribed roses. At Eleanor's Windsor Palace, the queen gave orders to whiten her chamber in the tower and to decorate it with roses.

Unfortunately, because of her imperious manner and her nepotism (she installed her French uncles in key government offices), she was strongly disliked by both barons and the London populace. Once, when sailing on a barge down the Thames, she was pelted from London

Bridge with rotten eggs, vegetables, mud, and stones and had to seek refuge in the Mayor's home.

In 1272 King Henry III died. Two years later Eleanor's grandson Henry died. In his memory she established the priory at Guilford, and in 1286 she retired to a convent. When she died in June of 1291, her body was buried at the Abby of St. Mary and St. Melor, and her heart was buried at the Franciscan Priory in London.

No doubt influenced by her love of the flower, Eleanor's two surviving sons each chose a rose for his representative badge. Edward I (1272-1307) chose a golden roses. Nonetheless, he may have been familiar with the Damask rose, for in a bill of medicines given to him a year before he died, is listed the then-costly *aqua rosata de Damasc*, i.e. Damask rose water. The younger son Edmund adopted a red rose (likely *Rosa gallica officinalis**) in becoming the Earl of Lancaster. The Earl died in 1296, but his Lancastrian descendants passed on the red rose as the family seal.

In the mid-1300s, the first Duke of York chose a white rose for his insignia, supposedly 'Alba semi-plena'. About 200 years after Eleanor's death, the two family badges were united through marriage, one rose superimposed upon the other, resulting in the Tudor rose becoming the symbol of a unified England. Today, the rose is the national flower (it became more recently so in the United States) and the emblem of England. And all because eight centuries ago Eleanor of Provence loved roses.

*The *Tractatus de herbis* of late 13th century provides what may be the first depiction of *R. gallica officinalis*, also called 'Apothecary's Rose', showing a semi-double red rose with golden stamens and five somewhat rounded leaflets, and slender prickles on the stems.



Alba Semi-Plena

ROSALIA — A PERSPECTIVE

Alice Flores

I first met Gregg Lowery in 1991 at a conference that he and Virginia Hopper had organized in Santa Rosa, CA. I was immediately impressed by his depth of knowledge about roses as well as being charmed by his easy-going personality and open nature. Since that fortuitous meeting, I have been honored to continue a relationship with him as a colleague and a friend. Over the nearly-30 years we have interacted, I have exchanged roses and information with him regularly, as well as purchased roses from his former nursery Vintage Gardens, and I have enjoyed his generosity, good humor, and willingness to share his ever-increasing encyclopedic knowledge about roses.

A few years ago Gregg realized that his days running a large mail-order nursery were numbered. As he considered closing his business, the question of the fate of his now-enormous and eclectic rose collection loomed. The collection is probably the largest, and most wide-ranging, in the country, and Gregg wasn't the only one concerned about its survival. He received some support from individual donors and rose organizations—enough to keep his head above water as he sought some permanent solutions. Some parts of the collection were “farmed out,” often by class, to other rosarians with space to foster them. Ramblers found a home in the sprawling hillside gardens of Pamela Temple. Sherri Berglund and Daniel Naumann took on many of the Pernetianas, and so on. Eventually a core group of rose lovers and friends of Gregg formed a non-profit called The Friends of Vintage Roses with the goal of finding creative ways of preserving this treasured collection.

A dedicated part of this core group (particularly those living fairly near the gardens in Sebastopol) committed themselves to regular Dirt Days which



Ava Rose, a Rosalia Celebrant

they spent in such prosaic tasks as weeding, feeding, pruning, and general maintenance. Eventually, they began to learn propagation techniques, and some of the rarities in the collection could then be preserved and find homes in more gardens. However, the difficulties in maintaining an online or mail-order distribution service were more than these volunteers could take on. Fortunately, a few venues existed in Northern California where TFoVR could sell some of their young plants. The Celebration of Old Roses offered one outlet, and Gregg teamed up with the Heritage Roses Group to distribute some of his group's efforts at the National Heirloom Expo. It became clear that one good way to fund the ongoing needs of the collection would be to propagate and sell.

Thus, the concept of Rosalia was born. Gregg was inspired by his research about ancient Roman festivals held in the spring, and featuring roses in many aspects. One part of the festivities involved memorializing departed loved ones with altars featuring roses and memorabilia. The festivals also took on a Bacchic quality over the years and created a pretext for much celebration, revelry, along with introspection. The idea of a rose festival grew as Gregg discussed it with friends and colleagues, and it began to take shape as a way to showcase roses, memorialize beloved rose mentors, gather rosarians together for discussion and celebration, and also to offer sales of roses (and companion plants) from the collection as well as from other growers. Excitement grew and plans were laid.

A spacious hall was provided in Gregg's hometown of Sebastopol. The date was set for mid-May, when roses would be at their peak and the decorations were envisioned as lavish. The event was announced well in



advance and various organizations and individuals agreed to tend information tables and help with the ambitious set up. I spoke with Pam Temple and Gregg two weeks before the big day and discussed last-minute details. Then ... Mother Nature spoke.

A few days before Rosalia, California was struck by an unprecedented May storm. An “Atmospheric River” flowed powerfully across the state bringing heavy rains, high winds, hail and snow to the mountains, flooding and mudslides affecting many roadways. It continued for days, one wave after another, with predictions of it lasting through the weekend. Roses suffered serious damage everywhere and several planned “picking parties” were canceled as a result. There were some moments of serious dismay as the planners reconnoitered and made some last-minute decisions. Luckily, a few gardens in Marin and Sonoma County had roses that survived the rains, and people like Theresa Doss came with offerings on the Friday before the event. Pamela and Michael Temple plundered their gardens and found buckets of blooms that were in useable condition. Gregg did the same. People began gathering on Friday to festoon the hall with garlands and bouquets. The hanging chandeliers shaped like wagon wheels in the western-décor hall were transformed into rose wreaths. It began to come together!

If there is such a thing as karma, then Gregg Lowery’s is pretty good. That Saturday in Sebastopol his chickens came home to roost, so to speak. Rosarians descended on the little town to participate in

fulfilling his visions of Rosalia. They came from Southern California (Jeri and Clay Jennings, Kim Rupert, Burling Leong), the East Coast (Cydney Wade and Connie Hilker), Santa Cruz, the Bay Area, the Central Valley, Oregon. They helped set up long tables filled with books and art work for sale to benefit the Friends. They gathered to enjoy talks, ask questions, share knowledge, and (as my granddaughter put it) geek out. And they bought roses. They braved an all-day incessant downpour to peruse outdoor tables of interesting roses and



Memorial Altar

other plants. It was a great gathering.

The altar honoring some of our past mentors was beautiful, with arrangements of roses and memorabilia displayed along one side of the room. I was pleased that Gregg asked me to create a presentation for Joyce Demits; that task gave me the opportunity to go through her old catalogues, some of her papers and photos, and remember long days in her garden. The entire table evoked poignant reminders of colleagues and friends. Seeing Barbara Oliva's hat, Miriam Wilkins' namesake rose, a bouquet in one of Barbara Worl's vases, the rose created to honor Mel Hulse by Paul Barden — these displays brought both smiles and sighs.

The socializing was also epic. Friends I hadn't seen for a while stopped at the HRG table to talk and catch up. Folks from the Sacramento City Cemetery tended a table anchored by Judy Eitzen and Anita Clevenger.

Darrell Schramm was selling copies of his book *Rainbow* to benefit TFoVR. The Santa Rosa Rural Cemetery crew was there. Jill Perry had a table for the San Jose Heritage Rose Gardens and displayed several beautiful roses that had "volunteered" in that rich environment. Even my granddaughter, Ava Rose, drove up from the Bay Area in dismal



Alice Flores & Jeri Jennings

conditions to share one more rose event with me. Ava has been attending rose gatherings since she was four years old, knows many of my associates, and this will be the last of these spring events for her as she heads off to college next year. The Friends were there in force, Linda Perry, Sue Bunte, the Temples. Michael filled the air with boisterous greetings and jokes as he carried buckets, set up tables and chairs, and pitched in where needed, while Pamela spent hours (some of them outside on a



Pamela Temple

decidedly dank back porch) making rose crowns for all who wanted them.

At the end of the day, the bouquets were sold—in the vases that held them. Some beautiful, donated vases found delighted new owners who left thrilled with their lovely arrangements. The weather didn't dampen the spirits of the participants. Everyone pitched in at the end to clear the hall in a flurry of happy activity and camaraderie. I believe I can sum up the whole experience succinctly: It rained. A good time was had by all.

IN MEMORIAM: DAVID RUSTON

The great rosarian—rose grower, rose arranger, rose authority—David Ruston died May 19, 2019. Son of an ardent rose grower in Australia, at the age of 18 David joined the Rose Society of Victoria in 1948 and soon began exhibiting his roses. By 1968 he had increased his father's 500 rose bushes in Renmark to 3000. Eventually his eleven hectares were covered with 50,000 bushes. His passion was such that he imported countless roses now lost overseas. Needless to say, his knowledge of roses was extensive; he could identify any rose without much hesitation and relate its history. From 1991 to 1994, David served as president of the World Federation of Rose Societies. Most recently, he had served as chairman on its Heritage Rose Committee. With James Young in 2005 he published the book *The Joy of Roses*. In Virginia Hawker's words, "His enthusiasm to impart his specialist knowledge without obligation was the hallmark of his life."

David,
down under,
beneath
'Mermaid'





Mme Edouard Herriot

Darrell g.h. Schramm

It has been quite some time since the rose ‘Mme Edouard Herriot’ has been written about. Lest we forget this once famous Pernetiana—though she still thrives in public gardens and private collections—this tribute to the rose seeks to remedy that oversight. After all, it is still available from a few rose nurseries.

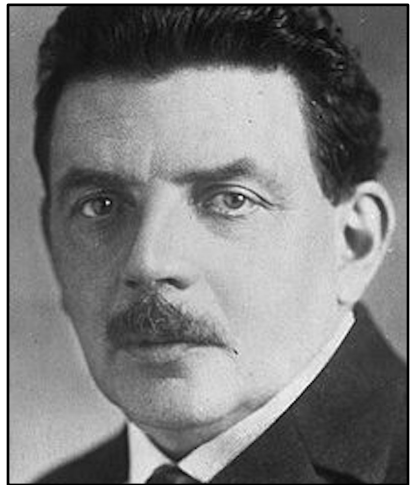
In 1912 the rose won the Daily Mail Cup and the prize of £ 1000 at the International Exhibition in England. The prize had been offered for the best rose of the year by the newspaper *The Daily Mail*, which sought also to award the rose with its own name. Unfortunately, the breeder Pernet-Ducher had earlier promised a close friend to name the rose for his wife, ‘Mme Edouard Herriot’. Nonetheless, the British persisted in calling it ‘The Daily Mail Rose’. It should not, however, be confused with the dark, velvety red “Daily Mail Scented Rose’ of 1929 by W.E.B. Archer and Daughter.

By 1922, it was still one of the most popular roses in England

and continued to be admired into the 1960s. Not only has the rose sported several times, but it also has been used as a parent for breeding a large number of other roses. For instance, it has been a parent to such once popular roses as ‘Bloomfield Dainty’, ‘Hortulanus Budde’, ‘Independence Day’, ‘Souvenir de Georges Pernet’, and ‘Yellow Moss’. Its second generation of roses includes ‘Catalonia’, ‘Christopher Stone’, ‘Duquesa de Peñaranda’, ‘Federico Casas’, ‘Mme Cochet-Cochet’, and ‘Nevada’.

The loose flowers of ‘Mme Edouard Herriot’ are perched on upright stems, gleeful with long, sharp, curved spines. The plant reaches four feet. The overall coloring of the blooms is strawberry rose or rich coral pink with brilliant scarlet or coppery shading over its central petals. This was the first Hybrid Tea of scarlet coloring. At times the central petals seem almost on fire. This intensity of color, this flame-like coloration, free of any crimson or purple tint, was the first ever seen in a rose. Henceforth, shades of flame and bright orange and bi-colored roses would become more common. ‘Mme Edouard Herriot’s’ weakness, like that of many Pernetiana roses, is to entertain blackspot as a frequent visitor.

The rose is named for Blanche Rebatel (1877-1962), wife of the man who was to become the 66th Prime Minister of France, Edouard Herriot (1872-1957). Discovering politics, Herriot became a member of League of Human Rights in 1898 and took part in the Dreyfus Affair, championing the Dreyfusards. An excellent orator, Herriot was also an intellectual and a politician of the Radical Party. In 1905 he became Mayor of Lyon, where Pernet-Ducher also resided, serving the city until his death (except for about four years when the French government exiled him during WWII). A new hospital whose construction was begun in 1910 was later named—with a nod to his wife—Grange-Blanche Hospital. In



1912, the year of the rose, he was elected a senator, then continued to serve as a statesman until 1940. As Prime Minister of France, he was in and out of office three times between June 1924 and December 1932. Leading the opposition to right-wing governance, he forced the resignation of President Millerand. Somehow he found time to write and publish articles and books.

In 1940 he lodged a protest against Marshall Pétain and the Vichy government for which he was arrested and deported to Germany for the duration of the war. In 1945 he returned and resumed his mayoral duties in Lyon, was elected to the French Academy, and became president from 1947 to 1954 of the new National Assembly. He retired in 1954.

Blanche Rebatel married Herriot in 1899. She was the daughter of a prominent politician. Rose breeder Alexandre Bernaix in 1888 named a polyantha rose for her when she was only eleven—apparently he was a friend of the Rebatel family. This carmine-red rose with a white base at the petals and white pistils still grows in Roseaie de l'Hay-des-roses and in Italy's Carla Feneschi Foundation Rose Garden.

In 1915 Blanche became a stepmother when her husband's affair with Mme Janin Berard produced a daughter Suzanne. (Mme Berard at first refused to acknowledge her illegitimate daughter.) In his early will, Herriot named his daughter, placing her under the care of his wife Blanche; his updated will asked that the two, Blanche and Suzanne (now married), divide and share his books and manuscripts.

What more we know of Mrs. Herriot is slight. After WWI, she served as president of the Committee of Refugees in Lyon. (War refugees, especially Italian, were common in France then.)

In 1924, as a photo attests, she attended the Grand Prix of Europe. In 1927, during the Beethoven Festival, she hosted a



Mme Herriot at Grand Prix

luncheon for Viennese attendants to strengthen the cultural ties between Paris and Vienna. At the end, she presented a bouquet to violinist Alma Rosé of the Rosé Quartet. (Alma, niece of Gustav Mahler, would some years later end her days in Auschwitz.) These few facts suggest that Mrs. Edouard Herriot may have been as radical and concerned for human rights as her husband. The rose deserves her name.

IMAGE CREDIT

Front cover: Moss Rose, Carl Vilhelm 1803-1809
Pages 3, 13-15, 16 top, 17, 18, 27 & back cover: Darrell Schramm
Pages 4 & 6: Ava Rose Killbourn
Page 5: Jeri Jennings
Page 7: upper: Sarah Schaff; lower: Julia Macdonald
Page 8: Bill Grant
Page 9: Margaret Furness
Page 16 bottom: Don Gers
Pages 19-25: Elaine Sedlack

FROM A READER: I discovered your article on the three hybrid perpetuals, one of which was 'Monsieur Boncenne' rose. [Eric refers to our article "Three Gentlemen of Vallejo" in our May 2017 issue.] I had not been able to discover anything about its performance on the East Coast. I reside in Philadelphia where hot and humid summers can be problematic for roses, although my city block does have beautiful roses for some reason. The China roses do well here, although an occasional abnormally cold winter will knock them back. Thank you. --Eric H.

To become a Heritage Rose Group member and to subscribe to the ROSE LETTER, send \$16 print format or \$10 online format to Clay Jennings, Membership Chair, 22 Gypsy Lane, Camarillo, CA 93010 or contact him at e.c.jennings@gmail.com

FACE TO FACE WITH A ROSE



Alberic Barbier--Rambler 1900



Anna Scharsach--Hybrid Perpetual 1890



Belle Herminie--Gallica 1819



Bleu Magenta--Rambler 1900



Camaieux--Gallica 1826



Etoile de Hollande--Hybrid Tea 1919



Fantastique--Hybrid Tea 1943



Golden Chersonese--Hybrid Ecae 1967



Gustav Grunerwald--Hybrid Tea 1903



Heinrich Wendland--Hybrid Tea 1930



Ibiza--Hybrid Tea 1938



Jacques Porcher--Hybrid Tea 1913



Rosa gentiliana & 'Mutabilis'

The Perryman/Whitman Garden in Eugene

Elaine Sedlack

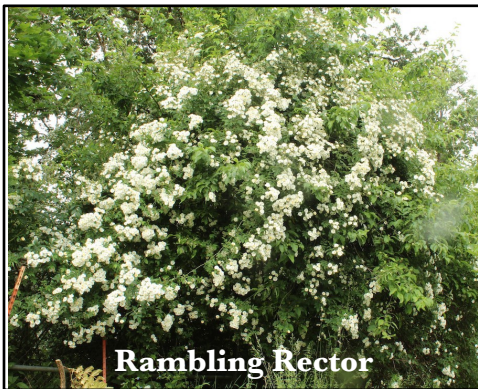
In June of 2018 our Eugene Heritage Rose Group members enjoyed a lovely visit to the Perryman/Whitman garden in the south Eugene hills. We were all amazed by our experience. This garden has been extensively developed over 35 years by Pam Perryman and Bob Whitman from the time they moved to Eugene (relocating at different times from New Jersey and Ohio, respectively). They are much involved in the local horticultural world; Pam having served terms as President of the Willamette Valley Hardy Plant Group, which is going strong; Bob as President of the American Rose Society chapter that was active here until the early 1990's. When I noted the irony, given his history with the Rose Society, that there weren't beds of Hybrid Tea roses in the garden (just one: the old climber 'Guinee'), Bob said that he liked the history and stories of the old roses. They are plant collectors. Many collectors' gardens sacrifice aesthetics to numbers, but this is not the case here. The plants have been sited with much thought as to their cultural needs and associations; a fine balancing act with attention paid to color and light.

Our hosts were welcoming and patiently consulted lists—and

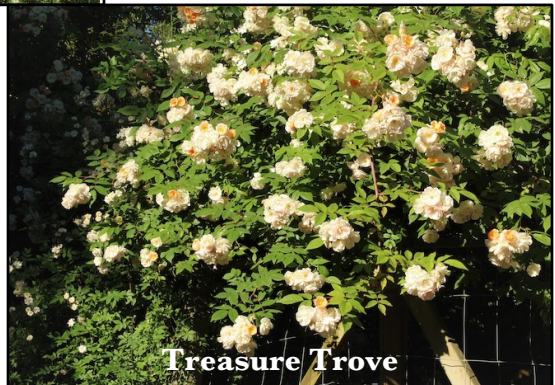
memory—and told us the names of all of the roses, and of many other plants, too. Bob even took a later arriving group around for a full second tour. I am glad we were able to see it then, as this past winter's ice storm caused considerable tree damage, though this year the roses are again blooming their hearts out!

The garden is lovely, comprising just under an acre on a sloping lot, with a stream colonized by candelabra primroses—Bob and Pam grow an impressive number of primula species and cultivars, many of which are of difficult culture. Lots of them are now crossing with each other, and interesting hybrids randomly appear. An extensive rhododendron collection along with many choice woodland perennials, shaded by some of the tallest white oaks I have seen (*Quercus garryana*), are underplanted with swales of the native camas lilies (*Camassia quamash*). These are signature representatives of the Willamette Valley native flora. It is all sited comfortably below and around the house. Pam

believes the architecture of the house, built in 1952, was inspired by the Frank Lloyd Wright house at the Oregon Garden in Silverton. It is very similar, including an elegant, curved wooden fence encompassing part of the upper lawn.



Before even entering the garden through the lower gate, one is greeted by a huge mound of 'Rambling Rector'. and the gate itself is completely blanketed by 'Treasure Trove', probably 15' wide. Several other roses are intertwined, giving a



succeeding display, including the old Wichurana rambler 'Ethel', a real workhorse, and, later, 'The Garland'.

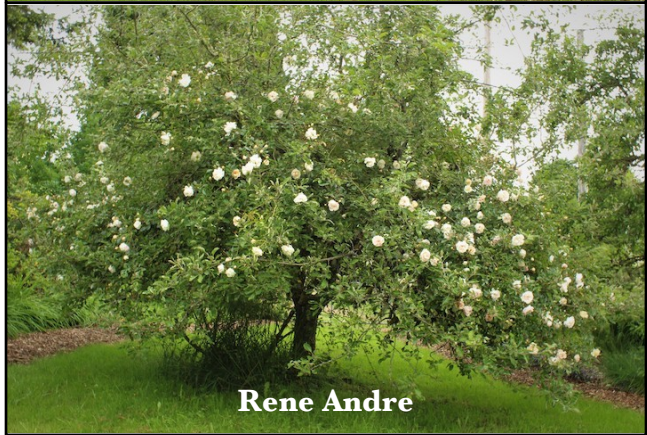
The amazing thing is that so many of the roses they grow are tree-eaters, and yet the garden is large enough to accommodate them. One member, immediately upon taking in the scene, made a reference to "fearless gardening"! There is a magnificent display of old Wichurana ramblers and numerous Sino-Himalayan species, such as *Rosa brunonii*, *R. mulliganii*—known from the White Garden at Sissinghurst—and 'Sir Cedric Morris', which was discovered in a batch of *Rosa glauca* seedlings by the late Sir Cedric Morris of Suffolk, England. These members of the Synstylae group become covered with huge clusters of very fragrant, single white flowers, and on a warm sunny morning these in turn are covered with bees! Massive plants spilled from the trees at heights of at least 40'. Others were growing on fences and structures that Bob had



built for them, and we especially liked seeing the tool storage units covered with a 'drapery' of *Rosa mulliganii* probably 30' wide. Also noted, this is a 3-wheelbarrow family! At the time we visited, many of these large growing roses were in full bloom, and each had their own space, as much as needed. It is so rare to see these without having them crowded among other plants. Vertical space is judiciously utilized, the effect

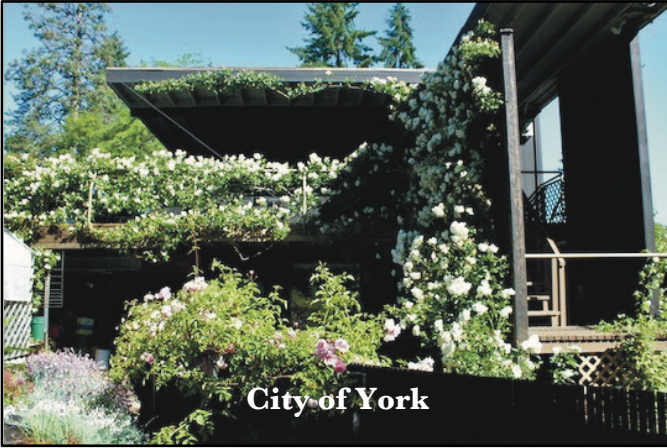
being total garden immersion.

A vigorous 'Seagull', which had lost its perch when the tree it was growing in came down in a storm, now inhabits its own custom-built gazebo. It is interlaced with, and complemented by, a white species clematis. Across from this a lone apple tree has been colonized by 'Rene Andre', one of the lesser known Wichurana hybrids created by René Barbier at the turn of the 20th Century.



Here we saw mature plants of 'Francois Juranville', 'Albertine' (and the multiflora rambler 'Russelliana'), while on a fence closer to the house grows an established 'Auguste Gervais'.

There are many clematis grown throughout the garden, including several richly colored plants of 'Niobe', large flowers of deep ruby—it is one of their favorites. A small blue viticella hybrid weaves its way along the railing with 'City of York'; and 'General Sikorski' complements 'Kathleen' along with her daughter 'Lyda Rose'. *Clematis cirrhosa balearica*, an early flowering species native to North Africa, has pale chartreuse colored flowers. It totally obscures the wall behind it, with a



City of York

full hedge of 'Little White Pet' at its feet.

On one side of the house, the rambler 'City of York' is creatively, and extensively, trained up a wall to the deck railing.

Bob said that as it attained new heights, he would just keep providing it with support. It currently extends more than two stories and is now making its way along the eaves, tied to rebar attached to the house by hooks. Growing into this is an obscure rambler, 'Shower of Gold', reminiscent of the small flowered Hybrid Musk, 'Danæ'. On the east wall is a similarly trained 'Alberic Barbier', the lemony-white Wichurana rambler.

A rose that is unfortunately rarely seen, given its hardiness and other virtues, is an interesting hybrid between *Rosa blanda*, the Labrador rose, and 'Red Star', an old Hybrid Tea from the 1920's: 'Lillian Gibson'. This was developed by Niels Hansen, a Danish man who

immigrated to New York at age six in 1871, eventually moving to eastern South Dakota. He became professor of horticulture at Dakota Agricultural College and also worked for the USDA. Hansen,



Lillian Gibson

whom the USDA designated "Plant Collector #1", traveled widely looking for plants that would survive South Dakota winters, including long treks through Siberia. He was a most productive plant breeder, known as "Burbank of the Plains." He developed 'Lillian Gibson' in his successful quest to breed a thornless, hardy rose. This shrubby climber is hardy to at least Zone 3, and has lovely smooth red stems; the only prickles are found on the leaves. (An aside: 'Red Star' was also the rose that another Danish man, N. Poulsen, used to launch his popular roses, predecessors to the floribundas.)

A second story deck at the rear of the house is home to two roses: the very old (1826) *R. sempervirens* rambler 'Adelaide d'Orleans', and beyond this, a species rose of dubious taxonomic background, *Rosa gentiliana*. This was once described as a



variety of *R. multiflora*, but there are discrepancies in its history. Entering through the sturdy trellage by which 'Adelaide d'Orleans' is supported, one is stunned to see the enormous *R. gentiliana* on the opposite side that has literally grown into a 20' wide wall of roses; in full flower the foliage is barely visible. This 25-year old plant grows from an intricate jumble of gargantuan canes below the deck. Both roses create a cozy space for experiencing sensory overload. From this vantage point one overlooks the garden below and a view to the valley beyond.

All around the house are beds of perennials, rock garden plants, dwarf rhododendrons and other shrubs. Several large *Philadelphus* cultivars (mock orange) add their own sweet fragrance to the heady mix

provided by the roses. Tucked in their midst is a charming arbor constructed over a two-seater bench, on which grow a mature 'Sander's White' and the recurrent flowering old Noisette 'Princess de Nassau' (1835), alongside a slow growing plant of 'Celine Forestier', a tea Noisette.



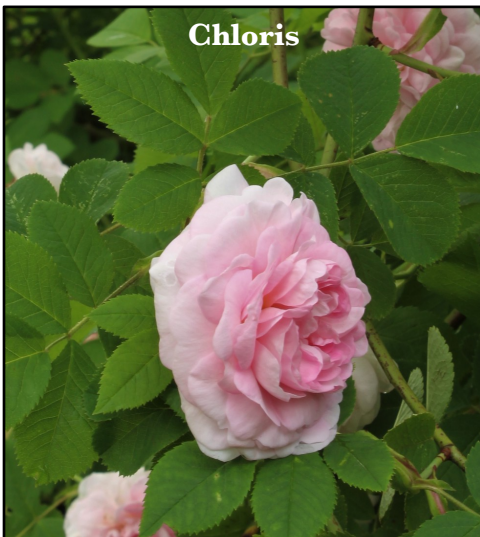
The upper garden is separated visually from the more naturalistic lower oak woodland by an intersecting fence and arbor, where the Ayrshire ramblers 'Janet B. Wood' and 'Ayrshire Queen', together with Wichuranas 'Auguste Gervais' and 'Ethel' all weave together, leading to another strongly built arbor over the stairway. Here is yet another mix of several fully-grown ramblers: 'Gardenia', 'Bleu Magenta', 'Francis E. Lester', setigera rambler 'Baltimore Belle' and another 'Princess de Nassau'. Bob says 'Francis E. Lester' and 'Baltimore Belle' would prefer to have this structure all to themselves, yet they all seem to be in balance



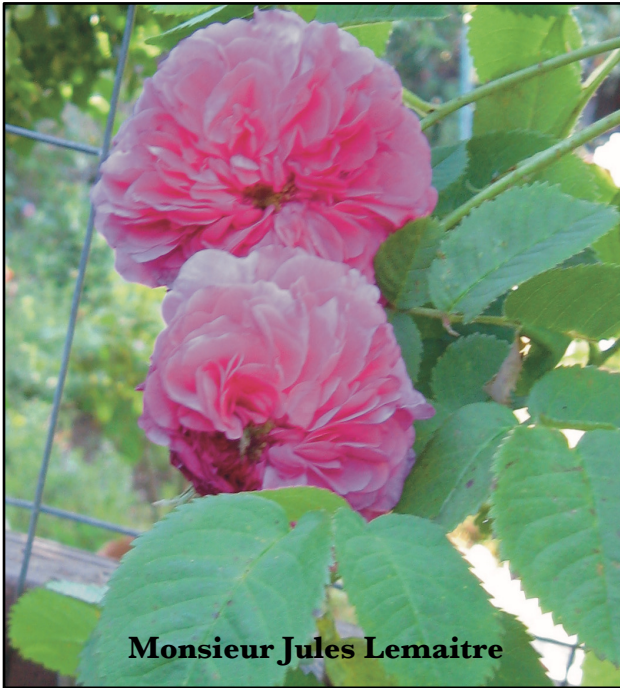
with each other, and their colors and forms complement each other well. What doesn't seem obvious is the careful pruning required to achieve this carefree effect. Near the lawn a plant of 'Paul's Himalayan Musk' has grown to immense proportions, but it also is pruned severely every year.

At the very top of the garden just inside the upper gate, the Noisette 'William Allen Richardson' does very well here, whereas other tea Noisettes (namely, 'Rêve d'Or') may sulk from the cool overnight temperatures which occur throughout the summer in the Willamette Valley. Its flowers are a vibrant apricot color, with a fragrance to match. Then, my favorite touch, there is the mailbox engulfed by 'Harison's Yellow'—the pioneers' rose as a symbolic harbinger of traveling messages.

Among species, *Rosa sericea pteracantha*, *R. pimpinellifolia* 'Altaica', and *R. eglanteria*, the Eglantine rose, are thriving. They grow numerous Albas, a tough group; among them are 'Chloris', 'Maxima', 'Semi-Plena', and an impressive plant of 'Foliosa' growing 12' into a large oak. A different clone of *Rosa gentiliana* clammers through a western red cedar (*Thuja plicata*), the Oregon forest native.



This is a naturalistic *garden with roses*, as opposed to a *rose garden*; the roses are thoughtfully chosen, and flourishing. Gardens are always individual expressions, but this one is truly remarkable in the way it is greater than the sum of its parts, of which the roses are an integral component, evoking a wild and fearless place!



MONSIEUR JULES LEMAITRE

Darrell g.h. Schramm

In 1890 Jacques Vigneron raised from the Bourbon ‘Mme Isaac Pereire’ a seedling he named ‘Monsieur Jules Lemaître’. Why it has been classified a Hybrid Perpetual is unclear. Indeed, very little has been written about this rose at all. Certainly its leaf shape and texture suggest a Bourbon, as do its slender and flexible canes.

Though *Journal des Roses* describes its canes as upright, they do not remain so after growing to three and a half feet or so. The slender canes tend to bow with the weight of foliage and flowers—like many a Bourbon rosebush—inviting the gardener to peg them as they lengthen. Indeed, if not trained or pegged, these wands can become interestingly sinuous and serpentine. While the older canes, like many an old man, lose their prickles and become grey and bald, the feisty younger canes, slender and eager to push out into the world, sport straight prickles from

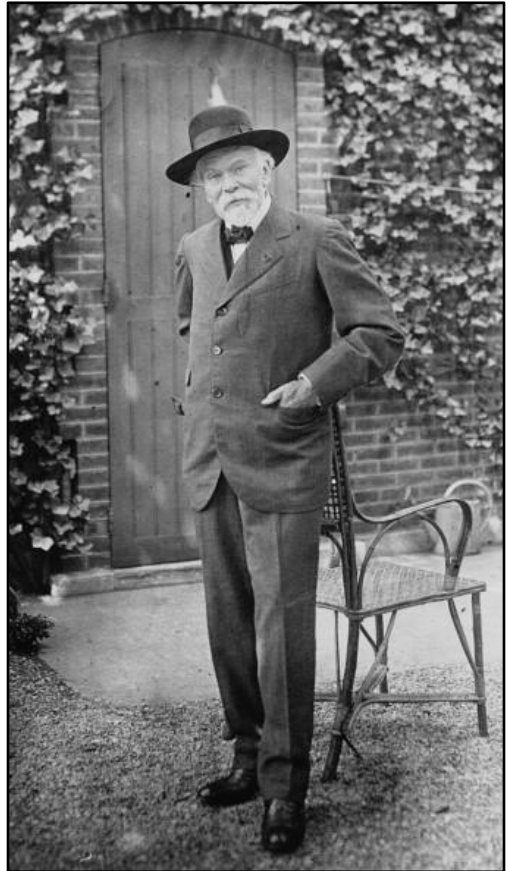
the very bottom upward; even the pedicels grow bristles.

The leaves, Bourbon-like, large and deep, dark green, display leaflets mostly ovate-obtuse, some almost rotund, but always serrate, with an occasional leaflet subacute.

The tonality (or overall coloration) of ‘M. Jules Lemaître’ is a vivid carmine-crimson, the circumference more carmine-pink than the rest of the flower. The lovely crimson petals—more than a hundred—are puckered, rucked, and ruffled, layer upon layer, into a circular cushion to shape this outstanding rose. Yes, it emits a pleasing perfume. And the plant is recurrent and floriferous. As the song goes, Who could ask for anything more?

Unfortunately, while it still remains in the Vintage Rose Collection and grows in my garden, only *Rosenkwekerij de Bierkreek* in The Netherlands may still sell it.

The rose was named for the French writer Francois Elie Jules Lemaître (1853-1914). Mostly remembered today for his unconventional, idiosyncratic style of prose—witty, broadly knowledgable, original, insightful and accessible—he wrote plays, short stories, poetry, and literary criticism. Though he became a university professor in Grenoble, he resigned after a year to devote his life to writing. For a time he served as the drama critic of two French journals. His collection of lectures in publication was well received. The French Academy honored him with membership in 1896. He died at age 61.



ROSE FIRSTS

- First Moss Rose ever recorded appeared in Leyden's Bontanic Garden catalogue of 1720
- 'Perle de Weissenstein'—first intentionally bred rose in the West, 1773
- The first continuously blooming rose in the Western World, 'Old Blush' ('Common Monthly') brought from China to England about 1793.
- *A Collection of Roses from Nature* by Mary Lawrance—first illustrated book devoted exclusively to the rose, 1796-99
- America's first cultivated rose: 'Champaneys' Pink Cluster' between 1800 and 1812
- *The Rose Manual* by Robert Buist—first book in U.S. devoted exclusively to the rose, 1844
- 'Ma Paquerette' first Polyantha rose, 1875
- 'Reine Marie Henriette', first red large-flowered, everblooming climbing rose, 1878
- 'Souvenir of Wootton', first American Hybrid Tea, by John Cook, 1888
- 'Mrs W. J Grant'—first of the newly named class of HT to win a Gold Medal, 1892
- Elizabeth Park, Hartford, CT—first municipal rose garden in USA, 1904
- 'Juliet'—first cultivated bi-color rose, petals yellow outside, red inside; HP or HT by Wm Paul, 1910
- 'Rayon d'Or', first golden yellow Hybrid Tea (Pernetiana) rose, 1910
- 'Mrs Wemyss Quin'—first really hardy Pernetiana, 1914
- 'Gloria Mundi'—first rose to display neon orange-scarlet color in modern roses (due to compound pelargonidin), Polyantha by De Ruiter, 1929
- 'New Dawn'—first plant and first rose in the world to be patented (1930)
- 'Baby Goldstar'—first cultivated Miniature of 20th century, 1935 by Pedro Dot
- 'Iceberg'—likely first Floribunda to bear somewhat fragrant flowers with high scroll effect, 1958

HERITAGE ROSES GROUPS

San Juan Bautista HRG
San Benito Co., CA
Loryn Ross: Loryn000@aol.com
<http://sjbheritageroses.weebly.com>

Bay Area Group

Convenor: Kristina Osborn
Contact: Joan Helgeson
184 Bonview St., San Francisco, CA
94110; 415-648-0241
brunner1941@yahoo.com

Gold Coast Group

(L.A, Ventura, Santa Barbara & San
Luis Obispo counties
Jeri & Clay Jennings
22 Gypsy Ln., Camarillo, CA
93010; heritageroses@gmail.com

San Diego Group

Becky Yianilos
1364 Nightshade Rd, Carlsbad 92011
760-822-8812; bekizoo@aol.com

North Central Florida Group

Pam Greenewald, 352-359-1133
gardenangel22@gmail.com

South Bay Group

San Jose & Santa Cruz area
Jill Perry
829 32nd Ave., Santa Cruz, CA 95062
oldtearoses@gmail.com or
perry@calcentral.com

Eugene Heritage Rose Group

Elaine Sedlack
1645 High Street
Eugene, OR 97405
elainesedlack@gmail.com

Central Coast Group

Jill Perry (same as above: South Bay)

Cascadia Heritage Group

Pacific Northwest Area
Claire Acord; cacord@gmail.com
Angelique Laskowski
bluecascadia@gmail.com and
<https://sites.google.com/site/cascadiahr/home>

Yolo & Beyond Group

Sacramento, Davis, Folsom areas
Anita Clevenger; anitac@surewest.net

Bidwell Heritage Rose Group

Butte, Glenn & Tehema Counties, CA
Julie Matlin, 341 West Lincoln
Chico, CA 95926; 530-893-5418
Sherri Berglund, 2578 County Rd.
Willows CA 95988;
rsericea@yahoo.com

Heritage Roses Northwest

Washington, Idaho, Oregon, &
Canada
Margaret Nelson
32904 4th Ave SW, Federal Way, WA
98023; 253-874-4007;
oldrosen@gmail.com

North Central Coast

Mendocino Co. & vicinity
Alice Flores, P.O. Box 601
Albion, CA 95410; aflores@mcn.org

Old Dominion Group

Virginia & Adjacent Area
Connie Hilker
335 Hartwood Rd., Fredericksburg,
VA 22406; c.hilker@comcast.net



Common Moss/Communis c. 1696