



THE *Vintage rose*

Dec-Feb 2016-2017, Issue 15



THE FRIENDS OF VINTAGE ROSES

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**NEWSLETTER FOR THE FRIENDS OF VINTAGE ROSES**

*December–February 2016–2017, Issue 15*

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*Thornless Roses*

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*On the cover: 'Lady Hillingdon' (photo by D. Schramm)*

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## DIRT DAYS FOR 2017

### *Join the Volunteers—Save a Rose!*

Our volunteer efforts in 2016 resulted in 1245 hours of work on our preservation efforts. As we work to save a beautiful collection of living history, our heritage rose collection, our 'Dirt Days' are joyful affairs. Discovering rare beauties in need of help to thrive, sharing our delights with fellow volunteers, lunching in fellowship after the morning's labors; these experiences bind us together in a mutual commitment to the old roses. We hope you will join us in 2017 at our Sebastopol site and help us to increase the accomplishments of preserving a history of living things!

On two days we will share a potluck lunch, to be announced on our website in January. Other Dirt Days, please bring your lunch, weeding and pruning tools. We begin at 10 am and break for lunch in the garden at 1 pm. Our new volunteer coordinator, Paula Larkin-Hutton, will keep you informed of the work we will focus on and any changes to the dates this year. If you have questions, or if you've not attended before, please contact Paula at [volunteercoordinator@thefriendsofvintageroses.org](mailto:volunteercoordinator@thefriendsofvintageroses.org). She will send out reminders of our dates and provide the curator with a head count of volunteers to expect.

3/11 – SATURDAY	6/10 – SATURDAY	9/10 – SUNDAY
3/26 – SUNDAY	6/25 – SUNDAY	9/23 – SATURDAY
4/9 – SUNDAY	7/9 – SUNDAY	10/7 – SATURDAY
4/22 – SATURDAY	7/22 – SATURDAY	10/22 – SUNDAY
5/7 – SUNDAY	8/12 – SATURDAY	11/4 – SATURDAY
5/20 – SATURDAY	8/27 – SUNDAY	11/19 – SUNDAY



*'Anaïs Seglass' (photo by D. Schramm)*

## Anaïs Segallas

*Darrell g.h .Schramm*

A woman with an unprepossessing, mannish face, Anaïs Menard Segallas was graced with an intelligent mind and a most beautiful but a most thorny namesake, a Gallica hybrid rose introduced by the great Jean-Pierre Vibert.

Anaïs Segallas was born—according to modern sources—in 1819 or—according to older sources of her own era, such as the memoirs of Vicomte de Chateaubriand—in 1814. At the age of fifteen, she married Victor Segallas, a Basque lawyer, on her stipulation that she be allowed to pursue her chosen career in writing. From 1828 to 1837, her writings, both poetry and prose, appeared in numerous publications. In 1836 or '37, she published her book *Les Oiseaux de Passage*

(*Birds of Passage*), which may have prompted Vibert to dedicate the rose to her in 1837.

While she considered herself a free and equal woman, as well as an ardent Catholic, she placed a conservative if not timid emphasis on the duties of wives and mothers to enhance the social order by love, charity, and duty as a means to curtail or diminish immorality, violence, and vice. A woman's mission, she wrote, was "to sweeten" and "purify" the world of men. A radical feminist she was not, avoiding all civic and political calls for equality.

Her poems in *La Femme* of 1847 were didactic and moralistic. Chateaubriand declared that her 1844 book of poetry *Enfantines*, was her claim to fame. Indeed, it went through ten editions. By our literary standards today, however, they were rather sentimental and purple.

Initially Anaïs Segalas supported the 1848 revolution in France—as long as from her well-heeled, well-connected, and propertied stance social harmony existed among the classes. Near the end of that year, disorder rearing its snarling head, she quit all association with feminist circles, retired to her mansion, and opened a small literary salon.

'Anaïs Segalas', a mauve-pink rose, often with crimson central petals, usually showing a green pointel, is often labeled a Gallica; but the mixture of prolific prickles—the small straight, the larger ones decurved, i.e., a commingling of fine and coarse prickles—is typical of a Centifolia. The flower is rather flat and the canes more branching than erect (another Centifolia trait). Quite likely the rose is a Hybrid Gallica. This strongly fragrant rose will colonize by suckering. But since it grows only about three feet tall, it does well in a large pot, thus containing its propensity to spread far.

In New Zealand 'Anaïs Segalas' has been found frequently in old cemeteries where it has continued to bloom generously despite decades if not a century of neglect. Such endurance attests to its strength and health. It may be a most "thorny" plant, but it remains hale and hearty and a classically beautiful rose.



'Gustav Grunerwald' Top: in March;  
Above: in November (photos by  
D. Schramm)

## Gustav Grunerwald

Darrell g.h. Schramm

'Gustav Grunerwald' is an Edwardian Hybrid Tea of 1903. It is fickle about prickles, that is, some canes and stems have no prickles at all, yet others have decurved prickles scattered along the canes. Old wood loses any prickles it may have had. The plant itself is short, perhaps two-and-a-half feet high, maybe three. The full flowers are quite large, solitary or three to a stem, yet the slender canes uphold them. In spring and summer the rose is a shale pink, in autumn and early winter a purplish lilac color. It is an excellent seed bearer.

Gustav Grunerwald himself was the head gardener of Alexander III's Imperial Court in Gatchina, Russia, about 28 miles from St. Petersburg. The extensive grounds include among others, the Botanical Gardens and the private garden of the royal family. Grunerwald was no doubt kept quite occupied. He is, however, not to be confused with Gustav Grunewald (d. 1878), the German painter of romantic landscapes. Yet he must have been someone appreciated by botanists, for a late 19th century chrysanthemum is also named for him.

## CURATOR'S REPORT: Striving to Save Old Roses for a New Generation

Gregg Lowery



*The old European rose collection strangled by blackberry bushes (photo by G. Lowery)*

times the hours of hired labor that donations have supported in the same time period. Many who volunteered have also joined as members with a \$35 donation, and some have made regular monthly contributions to keep our effort going. This last group, volunteers who have also contributed monthly as 'Guardians of the Roses', see first hand what we are up against in trying to keep alive five to six thousand old rose plants and some 3000 varieties.

The work done by both volunteers and hired workers has accomplished important goals. In stabilizing the collection of plants, they have helped to weed and mulch a number of large beds in the garden, weeded and mulched pots, and joined in the potting of several hundred roses from one gallon into five gallon pots.

The most encouraging news I have to share from our work in 2017 is the time and energy of our volunteers.

Since the start of this year, 1245 hours of hard work by volunteers has made a difference. That is two and a half

We volunteers are sometimes discouraged that our hours are not enough to get complete control over the collection and see all the roses thrive. The simple fact is that it takes a huge effort to maintain the great number of plants we are fostering. We understand that and have continued to engage in sharing portions of the collection with other gardens and nurseries that can foster smaller parts of this large assembly of old roses. This year more than 500 varieties have been duplicated by nurseries and public gardens with a commitment to keep these roses going, and to get them into the hands of others who love old roses. As this work is shared with others, our work will become easier, and our efforts will result in the preservation of the roses we love.

### CROWD FUNDING—SAVING THE OLD EUROPEAN ROSE COLLECTION

At generosity.com, a crowd-funding website connected to Indiegogo, we have launched a special fundraiser to free our old European rose collection from blackberry vines. Fundraising to date falls short of our goal and has left many plants to languish, particularly those in the ground. This fundraiser aims to raise \$10,000 to clear blackberries from the old European rose section of the garden, to improve and mulch the soil, and to provide for a year's maintenance. For the past year this section of the garden has shared hundreds of cuttings with nurseries. Yet many varieties are buried under mountains of berry vines, making maintenance impossible. The Friends' collection of the glories of European cottage gardens is unique in America where few large such collections exist, some of these roses grown nowhere else.

This has been a challenging year as curator. Deciding what is most critical has been rather like parcelling out a small amount of food to a very large family of children. Some roses have suffered, some have died, more will likely fail. But being part of a community of volunteers who believe in our mission lifts my spirits and fills me with gratitude and hope.

## Small's Scales

Katie Watts

It was the color-clashing juxtaposition that caught my eye: a brilliant pink rose twined in and around a red Volkswagen. Both rose and car were splotted in orange rust. The derelict Beetle was parked next to a shabby one-room building on a quarter-block dirt lot in a tired part of downtown. Outside, an equally shabby sign announced Small's Scales. Who Small was I didn't know, but his scales appeared to be, or have been, a vehicle-weighting business.

I was new to Petaluma—and to rose rustling. When I found a rose that looked as if it needed saving, I'd wake my 7-year-old son before dawn. Richard's larcenous tendencies matched mine; or was it the thrill of early morning trespassing, knowing his mother *wanted* him to commit illegal activities and the promised bribe of unlimited free doughnuts?

Several houses away from our destination, I'd douse the lights and kill the motor. Gloved, armed to the teeth with pruning shears, we'd sneak out of the car, leaving doors unlatched for a quick getaway, and begin reconnaissance. When we determined the area to be secure, except for the odd cat returning home from an all-night date, we'd zero in on our prey, eyes and clippers wide.

With our quarry determined, a clipper-clenched left hand would shoot out and slice the branch in question. Our trophy was carried back to the car quickly, stealthily, and at arm's length due to thorns. There it was temporarily labeled, by location name.

Thus the pink rose became "Small's Scales." The branch we liberated



'Duchess of Sutherland'  
(photo by C. Orent)

was sliced into three- to five-inch sections, each stripped of leaves save the top few, dipped in water and rooting powder, poked into a large pot and covered with a plastic bag: instant mini-greenhouse. The cuttings rooted eagerly, and I transplanted the two lustiest into their own pots.

Eventually "Small's Scales" ended up in the catalogue of Sebastopol's Vintage Gardens, then one of the world's great homes for antique roses. Owner Gregg Lowery couldn't identify the rose, so he kept the study name.

But. When a Petaluma customer saw the name, he called Gregg. "Zat the Small's Scales from Petaluma?" Gregg said it was. "Well," the caller drawled, "y'know the story don'tcha?"

Gregg said he didn't. The caller chuckled. "That rose grew outside Fanny Brown's. Fanny ran the best whorehouse in town, down't the enda Second and C. The night the cops had to close Fanny's f'rever 'cause the good ladies of Petaluma wouldn't stand for it no more, some of Fanny's customers dug up the rose 'n' planted it coupla blocks down the street. S'where it's been ever since."

The rose was eventually identified as the 'Duchess of Sutherland' from the Hybrid Perpetual branch of the rose family, introduced in 1839. To put it in perspective, that was the year Martin Van Buren was president, the daguerreotype photo process was introduced, dueling was prohibited in the District of Columbia, and the first recorded use of *Okay* appeared in the *Boston Post*.

Gregg told me the Duchess was the ultimate survivor, often discovered near abandoned homes or in graveyards in California, growing without care and receiving water only when it rained.

Local newspaper columnist Gaye LeBaron penned a column about our rose discovery and, when the Small's Scales area of downtown began to be redeveloped by Basin Street Properties, one of the city's stipulations was the rose be saved and replanted in the area.

During construction, she was moved to a private home and cared for by a local gardener-historian. Meanwhile, a planter box was prepared, attractively framed in dark blue tile. The fine folks at Basin Street meant well, but knew little or nothing about what a rose considered a good place to grow. The Duchess now lives in almost complete shade. As befits a survivor, she doesn't seem to care. She doesn't bloom as much as she would in full sun, but she does bloom.

There is no plaque, no explanation of who she is or why she's there. But I know, and now you know. If you visit Petaluma and walk down Second Street, you can see Fanny Brown's lusty, blowsy, uninhibited, round, pink and fragrant rose.

### **A Thorny Subject: Not Everything is Coming Up Roses!**

*Help Us Spread the Word About Our Crowd-Fund*

The Friends have posted a funding request online at Generosity.com, and we hope you can help us get the word out. This special appeal is aimed at saving our collection of Old European Roses, more than 500 varieties that have thrived for 30 years, probably the most complete collection of these old roses in America. It is a rare example of an old European rose garden in California where visitors can learn about this significant and beautiful remnant of the history of roses.

We urge you to visit our Generosity.com page, 'Save Historic Rose Collection from Blackberry Vines', and to share it with your friends. We will be keeping this effort in the public eye on our Facebook page, and members of the Friends will share through their own social media. Our goal is to raise \$10,000 to cover the cost of labor and materials. If we can succeed with this, perhaps the garden can at long last be opened to the public in the coming Spring, 2017.

—Gregg Lowery, Curator



*'Reichspräsident von Hindenberg' (photo by M. Hartley)*

### **Reaching Out: The Friends of Vintage Roses on Facebook**

*Pamela Temple*

Several years ago when we decided on a Facebook page, I figured that with over 4000 roses in the collection we could offer a "Rose of the Day" for at least the next ten years. Other features of the page include a link to our website, a donation link, and an opportunity for visitors to make remarks on the posts.

The page has grown beyond my expectations. As of today (mid-November) we have 3101 likes with an average of 15 more every week. This week our posts reached 5591 people. It is wonderful to see people from all over the world visiting and enjoying the roses. The

comments section has become lively with people sharing their experiences, knowledge, appreciation, and support.

Our friend Katie shared a humorous and entertaining report of the trials and tribulations of 'Reichspräsident von Hindenberg', a difficult rose: "Ours was a one-sided relationship, the Reichspräsident and I. I babied him, nurtured him, sang lullabies, played cribbage with him when he was bored standing in the front yard all the time, let him read the newspaper first, asked everyone who walked past to compliment him. Grudgingly he'd produce a dozen tempting, promising buds, then change his mind and open them—halfheartedly. Finally I told him he had to shape up or prepare to ship out. He sneered. I threw our wedding ring in the gutter and grabbed the shovel. Still, on gentle spring days, I remember our brief courtship, how tender and fragrant he was, how I trusted him, believed in him, loved him."

Fred (post-election) replied: "This is the only nice thing on Facebook today. Thanks."

Krista responded to this same rose: "I grow two of this variety. They are in beds mixed with modern Hybrid Teas and antique roses. The blooms are wonderful, love the fragrance."

Bob wrote, "Thanks for the photo! I have never grown this one, but have been intrigued by descriptions since it has old rose form and an exceptional fragrance. Its pod parent is 'Frau Karl Druschki', and I find it interesting that it shows classic rose form rather than the high center and lack of fragrance of its HT-leaning mother. Named for Paul von Hindenburg, the Reichspräsident (president) of Germany in the 20's and 30's. I appreciate you posting a picture of this one!"

If you haven't done so already, check us out on our Facebook page. If you're looking for some old roses or enthusiasm, you'll find it here.



*'Zepherine Drouhin' (photo by D. Schramm)*

## Thornless Roses

*Darrell g.h. Schramm*

### PT I: WOMEN WHO DON'T BEAR ARMS

When I have lectured to garden clubs on rose topics, I have several times been asked afterward, "Why are there no roses without thorns?" "But there are, Madge," I reply, "there are!" Leaving aside the fact that roses do not produce thorns but prickles, a thorn being an actual part of a stem, a prickle being a detachable outgrowth of it, I will here use the common terms "nearly thornless" or "thornless" inter-

changeably with prickles to refer to the roses under discussion.

Usually I quickly refer the questioner to 'Lady Banks' roses, both white and yellow, as well as to the 'Mlle Cecile Brunner'. (Note that Cecile is a mademoiselle, not a Cecil, as is so commonly mispronounced.) But this answer is often shrugged off because these roses



*'Yolande d'Aragon' (photo by K. King)*

are ramblers or climbers. What follows then are several considerations of thornless roses from seven different classes.

I begin with the most commonly mentioned "thornless rose," the Bourbon 'Zepherine Drouhin'. The plant is luxuriantly dressed in large, cerise-colored roses, their somewhat loose petals forming

an almost double flower and exuding a lovely fragrance. While the plant can be grown on a pillar or as a climber, I simply allow mine to cascade to the ground in folds of flowers.

And who was 'Zepherine Drouhin'? According to *La Repère Horticole* of 1899, a Monsieur Pigeon, secretary of a horticulture and viticulture organization in the state of Cote d'Or, wrote that the breeder Bizot introduced the rose not in 1868, which is the date usually given, but in 1873. Bizot had been asked by an abbot of Notre Dame de Dijon, Father Drouhin, to name the rose for the wife of his brother who was a well-known property owner and amateur horticulturist of Semur, a town west of Dijon. That is as much we know of the woman.

'Yolande d'Aragon' is also a rose without prickles, but it is a Portland rose of 1843. A lush mauve or purplish pink, it emits a wonderful, strong fragrance from its clusters of huge blossoms. Being a Portland, it does of course repeat its bloom, abundantly, I might add. The rose even tolerates some shade.



*'Mme. Legras de St. Germain' (photo by K. King)*

Yolande of Aragon herself, living during the late 14th and early 15th centuries, was considered "the prettiest woman in the kingdom" according to a contemporary chronicler. Wife of Louis II of Anjou, ruler of Aragon, Provence, and Sicily, she was an early and strong supporter of Joan of Arc, financing 7000 knights and foot soldiers to help free Orleans, which they did under Joan. After Joan

was captured and burned at the stake, Yolande's son Rene was also captured; resolutely she set out to free her son, at which she succeeded but only after paying a high ransom. Later, he would become "The Good King Rene," after whom a Moss rose is named. Throughout her years, part of the 100 years War, Yolande of Aragon manipulated counts and dukes, maneuvered court marriages, initiated peace treaties, playing an influential role in history. She was no shy, retiring violet.

'Mme Legras de St. Germain', smooth from root-crown to tip of the tallest cane, is surely one of the most beautiful of Alba roses. That beauty, her lack of prickles, her inebriating scent, and her profuse flowering is no doubt why this rose is found in pioneer cemetery after pioneer cemetery in Oregon. The big blooms, mostly solitary but some in small clusters, thick with petals, show a pale lemon center and a yellow button eye. They hang as though too heavy for their long stems. The plant tends to create generous mounds with stems as long as ten to sixteen feet.

The woman Madame Legras seems to have been Louise de Marillac (1591–1660), founder and first Superior of the Daughters of Charity in France. She married Antoine Legras, secretary to Queen Marie de Medici (or to the Queen Mother, according to one account); unfortunately, he died when she was in her 30s. They had a son, but she, having met Vincent de Paul (later to be designated a saint), took her vows to work beyond the cloistered walls to serve neglected children, the poor, and the sick. Patroness of Social Workers, she was canonized in 1934. Yet, if indeed 'Mme Legras' refers to Louise de Marillac, it is unclear why 'St. Germain' has been added to her name. The answer may be that the addition was used to distinguish Louise de Marillac from a Mme Legras of the aristocratic district of Paris known as St. Germain for whom the rose really may have been named.

'Comtesse d'Oxford' is a rich carmine-pinkish red rose, a short Hybrid Perpetual that seems to feel at home in a large pot. Granted, she does expect a generous treatment of fertilizer and water, one of those roses that, if coddled, will repay the gardener with winsome loveliness. Damp weather may invite rust, but that fungus doesn't seem to harm her constitution. And according to the Reverend Foster-Milliar, she does not like "light soil"; clay is ideal, so if growing her in a container, add some clay. She will reach a height of three to four feet, and will produce a very occasional prickle. The flowers are large, double of course, and sit handsomely in a vase.

The rose was introduced by Guillot pere in 1869, a seedling of the important Hybrid Perpetual 'Victor Verdier', parent to a number of famous roses, such as 'Captain Christy', 'Charles Lafevre', 'Dr. Andry', 'Lady Mary Fitzwilliam', 'Mme Abel Chatenay', 'Marie Baumann', and 'Paul Neyron', to name a few. In 1882, the breeder William Paul, who was especially fond of 'Comtesse d'Oxford', introduced its sport 'Pride of Waltham'.

This rose was apparently *not* named for Margot Asquith, Countess of



*'Comtesse d'Oxford' (photo by D. Schramm)*

Oxford, who was born five years before the rose and did not marry until 1894. It seems to have been named for the English countess Eliza Nugent (1807–1877). She was the illegitimate or natural daughter of the Marquess of Westmeath. Several sources, including a biography of the official classes of Great Britain published the year of her death, declare her the natural daughter of the Marquess. However, he did not marry his first wife until 1812 and was not made a Marquess until 1822; the interpretation of these facts is all.

Eliza Nugent married Alfred Harley, the 6th Earl of Oxford and Mortimer in 1831. Her mother-in-law, Lady Jane, said to have been in an unhappy marriage, took several lovers, including Lord Byron in 1812–13. She was not well received by Society. Eliza, on the other hand, with Alfred lived a rather quiet life. They produced



*'Duchesse de Buccleugh' (photo by M. Furness)*

no heirs. The Earl died in 1853, at which time the title became extinct. The Countess of Oxford died in 1877.

'Duchesse de Buccleugh' also exhibits few prickles. An old gallica rose of 1837, it varies its color according to climate and soil—pink, lavender, crimson, or a blend of any

of those, the outer petals gradually fading in color. A green pointel punctuates its center. Like most gallicas, its prolific blossoming compensates for its one-season-only bloom.

The Duchess of Buccleugh was Charlotte nee Thynne Montagu Douglas Scott (1811–1895). She married Walter Montagu Douglas Scott, the Duke of Buccleugh in 1829 and gave birth to seven children. From 1841 to 1846, she served as Mistress of the Robes to Queen Victoria, remaining friends with the queen long after her resignation. Though she and her husband built the Episcopalian Church of St. Mary the Virgin in Dalkeith, Scotland, she converted to Catholicism in 1860. The Duchess pleasantly occupied herself in gardening and landscaping, and even advised the gardening at Drumlanrig Castle. When she died, she was buried at Dalkeith Palace.

'Archiduchesse Elizabeth d'Autriche', a rose of 1881, defines itself as a rose-pink Hybrid Perpetual shy of prickles. The satin-like petals,



*'Archiduchesse Elizabeth d'Autriche' (photo by C. Orent)*

somewhat pale at the circumference, create huge blooms on a bush slightly more than three feet high. The repeat bloom is rather penurious. It sported a striped form, also nearly thornless, called 'Vick's Caprice'.

One important source states she was the daughter of Emperor Franz-Josef, but the Emperor had no daughter by

that name. Although he had a granddaughter so named, she was not born until two years after the rose was introduced by Moreau-Robert. Indeed, the source of the rose name can be confounding, for there were three archduchesses named Elizabeth, not to mention an Empress of Austria. The archduchess most likely to be honored by the rose was a contemporary of the breeder. She was Archduchess Elizabeth Franziska, born in 1831 (not a later one, a beauty with the same first and middle name), who in 1847 married Archduke Ferdinand Karl Viktor of Austria-Este. They had one daughter. However, Ferdinand Karl died two years later, and Elizabeth remarried in 1854, her second husband being her first cousin Karl Ferdinand (notice how close this name is to her first husband, a further source of possible confusion), by whom she had six children. Her father was Archduke Joseph, Palatine of Hungary (1776–1847), who was not the Archiduc Joseph for whom a stellar tea rose is named, nor was he Franz-Joseph. Archduchess Elizabeth died of



*'Lady Hillingdon' (photo by D. Schramm)*

pneumonia at her son's Viennese palace in 1903.

Over the decades, the rose 'Lady Hillingdon' has acquired a number of superlatives beyond *beautiful*: "marvelous," "unsurpassed—even unequalled," "exquisite," and "the quintessential Tea Rose."

She was bred by Joseph Lowe and George Shawyer in Uxbridge, England. The parents were both teas. Mama was 'Papa Gontier' and Papa was 'Mme Hoste'. How exciting to have had gender-bending parents! Perhaps that accounts for two memorable remarks attributed to the actual Lady—to be addressed later.

The rose is a deep but soft yellow with inner apricot shading, not a loud or garish yellow. In hot, dry climates, it is a lighter yellow, and with age the flower fades gently to a paler hue. Graham Thomas calls it a "cool" color, without "the vulgar blatancy that obtains today." The rose is borne on plum purple stems and bears only a few reddish prickles, usually lower on the branches. The dense foliage appears sometimes plum purple also, sometimes dark olive green. Depending on the climate, the vigorous bush grows from three and a half to six feet—the warmer, the taller. This is the form most commonly grown in Australia and New Zealand.

A climbing version was found and introduced in the UK in 1917,

"another example of survival by natural cunning," as Peter Beales put it. It is the 'Climbing Lady Hillingdon' that is more popular in England and the United States, where it enjoys an "illustrious life" from 18 to 30 feet in height. She is a luxurious, continuous bloomer, said to be "particularly elegant in autumn." But she does seem to prefer the protection of a wall.

Daughter of Baron Suffield, Lady Alice Hillingdon (1857–1940) was a British baroness who married Charles Mills, Second Baron Hillingdon, in 1886. She was 29. Though owner of two country manor houses (Overstand Hall and Edwinstowe Hall), she preferred London society and lived mostly in the city at Hillingdon Court in Uxbridge.

A number of arch and forthright statements have been attributed to her. Two are especially famous. "I once had a rose named after me," she reputedly declared, "and I was very flattered. But I was not pleased to read the description in the catalogue: 'Not good in a bed, but fine up against a wall.'" A variation of this anecdote attributes the remark to one of two parsons strolling in a rose garden when they came upon a splendid bush of 'Lady Hillingdon'. The host informed the other parson that in this cooler part of the country, the Lady was "no good in a bed but great against a wall." Either version contains the particular rose as its theme and seems to attest to its need for a protective shield from wind and cold.

Another quotation attributed to Lady Hillingdon is said to be from her 1912 diary, though no such entry has ever surfaced. Her husband the Baron was the Viceroy of India, not always at home. Accordingly she supposedly wrote, "When I hear his steps outside my door, I lie down on my bed, close my eyes, open my legs, and think of England." Apparently that statement became a bit of Victorian mothers' advice to worried young virgins before their wedding: "Just lie back, dear, and think of England." I'd rather think of roses.



*'Aimée Vibert' (photo by K. King)*

The Noisette 'Aimée Vibert' can be found as a shrub and a climber. The globular flowers have been described as "very double, porcelain-white," growing in profuse clusters of about twenty, the buds and blossoms sending out a sweet musky scent. As a shrub, it pulls itself up only about to two feet; on the other hand, the climber, compact and vigorous, throws out canes to seven feet but, unfortunately, does not always re-bloom.

Because of its prettiness, Jean-Pierre Vibert named the rose for his daughter. If we consider variety, quality, quantity, and perseverance, Vibert arguably remains the greatest rose breeder in the Western world. To grow one of his roses is to feel no regrets.

These eight roses are just a few of those named for a female, all without or scarcely any prickles. Of course, there are others:



*'Clotilde Soupert' (photo by D. Schramm)*



*'Reine des Violettes' (photo by D. Schramm)*

'Chloris', 'Clotilde Soupert', 'Frau Karl Druschki', 'Honorine de Brabant', 'Königin von Danemark', 'La Reine', 'Mme Doré', 'Mme Laurette Messimy', 'Mme Sancy de Parabère', 'Mrs. Dudley Cross', 'Mrs. John Laing', 'Reine des Violettes', 'Thelma', and so on. True, modern roses such as 'Annie Davidson', 'Countess of Wessex', 'Marie Daly', 'Muriel Humenick', and others are fairly unarmed as well, including the stunningly beautiful 'St. Elizabeth of Hungary'. But the older roses, like Vibert's creations, are roses that persevere. Yes, Madge, there are roses without thorns.

*See more pictures of thornless roses on the next page.*



*'Mme Doré' (photo by B. Ciragan)*



*'Chloris' (photo by B. Grant)*



*'La Reine' (photo by D. Schramm)*



*'St. Elizabeth of Hungary' (photo by D. Schramm)*



*'Rose Centfeuilles' by Maubert*

## Classic Roses

In addition to its early Hybrid Teas, the collection at The Friends of Vintage Roses is renowned for its old European roses, classics all.

Most, if not all, old roses can be considered classic roses, especially those in the categories of Gallica, Damask, Alba, Centifolia, Portland, and Bourbon.

But what is meant by *classic*? That which is classic is defined by survival. Heritage roses that

we know today obviously have survived. By putting ourselves in touch with the classical (as in music and art), we touch something in ourselves, something that deepens us. And we become in touch with other human beings of the past which merges with our present where we lovers of the classical also touch each other. The classical is the medium for sharing our experience with the rose. Through us, beyond yet linked to the past, it gains new life. And thus what is classic survives.

Virtually no other collection of Gallicas, Damasks, Albas, Centifolias, Portlands, and Bourbons of such quality exists in this country. Please contribute to the preservation of these classic roses.

—The Editor

## MISSION STATEMENT

The Friends of Vintage Roses exists to preserve and enhance the unique and extensive collection of historic roses developed by Gregg Lowery and Phillip Robinson, to establish the collection in a garden, and to share the collection with other public rose preservation efforts, all for the purpose of educating the public about the importance of the rose to human history, cultures, technology, and science..

## OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE BOARD

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*The old European rose collection before the blackberry invasion (photo by G. Lowery)*

## CHOOSE HOW TO SPEND YOUR TAXES: HELP US PRESERVE OLD ROSES!

This year, more than ever before, we count on our faithful donors to help us with the basic needs of this old rose collection. More than 6000 roses live in containers, demanding of water, nutrients and weed suppression.

Another 2000 roses reside in the old garden beds. We hope to turn these numbers around by planting empty spots in the ground where the maintenance is much less demanding of us.

The Friends have launched a crowd-funding to accomplish a specific task this year; the renovation of the roses in the old European rose garden, removal of blackberries and holding our ground with effective mulches. We hope to raise \$10,000 on our Generosity.com web page for this special task. However we still will need funding for the basic needs of the whole collection.

If you have been a donor in the past, making a yearly contribution, we urge you to continue to make those donations directly to the Friends, on our website: [www.thefriendsofvintageroses.org](http://www.thefriendsofvintageroses.org). If you've considered making a donation, and this is your first opportunity, please look at our crowd funding page at [Generosity.org](http://Generosity.org), and donate there. Helping with this one-time project could make a great difference to a rose!

Remember that your donations are tax-deductible to the fullest extent allowed by the law. Our 501(c)3 non profit was formed to prevent an amazing group of old roses from going extinct.

—Gregg Lowery, Curator