THE *Vintage rose*

Summer 2021, Issue 25

THE FRIENDS OF VINTAGE ROSES

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NEWSLETTER FOR THE FRIENDS OF VINTAGE ROSES
Summer 2021, Issue 25

IN THIS ISSUE:

'Complicata'

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Wylde Willow Gardens

Walking on to the property that would become Wylde Willow over thirty years ago, my first thought was 'potential', a gardener's paradise. . . . *see page 4*

The Perryman/Whitman Garden in Eugene

In June of 2018 our Eugene Heritage Rose Group members enjoyed a lovely visit to the Perryman/Whitman garden in the south Eugene hills. . . . *see page 8*

Spring 2021—The Curator's Persepctive

A murder of crows claimed the garden this spring. A goldfinch colony of many years fled to safer grounds, . . . *see page 13*

Mosses from an Old Man

The Moss rose seems rather neglected today. Few gardeners I know, other than a few of my heritage rose friends, seem to know what they are. . . . *see page 16*

On the cover: 'Gardenia' (photo by Elaine Sedlack)

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Featured Rose: 'Complicata' 3
Wylde Willow Gardens 4
The Perryman/Whitman Garden in Eugene 8
Spring 2021—The Curator's Perspective 13
Mosses from an Old Man 16

FROM THE EDITOR

This issue is especially rich in garden photos featuring roses. Fran Rawling's five-acre New Zealand garden boasts a creek running through it, a lushly bordered pond, a fruit orchard, various other trees, rhododendrons, and roses, roses, roses, Gallicas, Hybrid Rugosas, Hybrid Perpetuals, some roses known only Down Under, and Ramblers galore.

The Perryman/Whitman garden is a virtual bower on one acre—Ramblers in trees, Ramblers on the house, Ramblers roofing a tool shed A number of these rambling beauties are species roses. Astonishingly, the colors and textures of roses flow congruently one into the next, like a river and its tributaries.

The article on Moss roses is not about one garden, but it might make a reader ask, What if a garden contained mostly or only Moss roses? They are so unlike any other class of roses, they might be museum pieces if they weren't live, organic, vegetal beings.

Non-human organisms—trees, ferns, birds, butterflies, bees, grasses, roses—are living beings that we have shared the planet with for millennia, and as such, they possess an intrinsic value of life. Indeed, they have the same right to existence that we do. They are species that our parents and their parents stewarded and cared for, looked at in wonder, and enjoyed. With the current and vast loss of biodiversity on our planet, ours will be the first generation that has failed in that stewardship duty.

Failing to protect all species is a planetary injustice and potentially lethal to all human beings. Roses, like other species, make the earth habitable for humans.

Where roses are concerned, to grow, collect, conserve, and document what remains of the genetic diversity in old cultivars, our rose heritage, and to promote and encourage their acquisition, whether from the few nurseries that sell them or from private and public collections, promotes that biodiversity. One no small benefit of that stewardship is that it engages us in local and even international friendship and a unifying collaboration. You, dear readers, are a part of that collaboration.

'Complicata' (photo by Darrell Schramm)

'Complicata'

Darrell g.h. Schramm

'Complicata' is most certainly a mystery rose. Even Nancy Drew the botanist and her friends have had a difficult time solving the case. This much we know: Around 1864 the zoologist and botanist Jean Charles Marie Grenier discovered and described this rose. He believed it to be a variety of the species *Rosa reuteri,* which over the

next two decades or so had its name changed three times by the scientific establishment. Not surprisingly, these changes caused confusion, for Grenier had described three or four variants of *R. reuteri*, only one of which was 'Complicata', but now apparently all variants were subsumed under one changed name.

The situation becomes even more mystifying. The further story is that Jules Gravereaux, having read of this species rose, ordered it from the Otto Froebel nursery in Zurich for his Rosarie de l'Haÿ which he was designing and planting in 1902, having in mind to grow every known rose of the time. It seems that Froebel unwittingly sent him the wrong rose, which then became identified as 'Complicata'. About 23 years later, its identity was questioned. Given the species name changes, given their variants, and given the possible mix-up, botanists at the turn of our century were still trying to unravel the threads of this complicated tapestry. Do we have the real 'Complicata' or not?

But why did Grenier name this simple rose 'Complicata'? If indeed it is this very rose I grow, some rosarians such as Francois Joyaux claim the name refers to a fold (*pli* in French) or pleat in the petals. Well, perhaps. If I strain the eye and the definition, I might discern a pleat in an occasional petal, but certainly it's nothing remarkable. Frankly, I think a stronger case could be made for the center vein of each leaf, which is deeply creased. But then we may not even be discussing the original rose. Be that as it may, the rose, a single, is large and beautiful, and as a bush it's spectacular. The flowers are very bright pink, paling at the center. The leaves are as profuse as the flowers, a soft almost Kelly green—a very full and vigorous plant. Its long, tentacle-like canes, covered with blossoms in season, strive to invade anything nearby. I grow it in a huge, half wine-cask under a mulberry tree that it has begun to climb. It does not shy from the shade. Although a once-bloomer, this tapestry of pink at its peak will arrest anyone who sees it. ■

View of creek garden (photo by Flora T.)

Wylde Willow Gardens

Fran Rawling

Walking on to the property that would become Wylde Willow over thirty years ago, my first thought was 'potential', a gardener's paradise. The open spaces were waiting to be filled with treasured plants and a creek overshadowed by crack willows was inviting a sympathetic planting. A five acre, blank canvas was ready to do exactly what I wanted—to dream and create, an opportunity to plant trees and create an arboretum. No thought of roses at this point.

top: Perennial border; above: 'Ispahan' (photos by Flora T.)

'Eugenie's Rose' found in goldmine region (photo by Flora T.)

'Madame Plantier' (photo by Flora T.)

'Dinah Catherine' (photo by Ann Chapman)

My initial priority was practical. As it has always been important that I grow my own food, the first priority was to create an orchard. Today plums, apples, pears, quince and walnut trees cover more than half an acre. Feijoas, with numerous 'Crépuscule' roses lacing through the branches, act as a windbreak.

A perennial garden near the house followed but first an inherited cut flower crop of 22,000 calla bulbs had to be dug up and replanted elsewhere. Once they were cleared, nepeta, asters, dahlias, delphiniums, digitalis, monarda and numerous geraniums were planted. Fortunately, heritage roses entered my life about this time. They came as a gift of a trailer full of plants, mostly roses. All the roses were unknown but added to the growing perennial garden beds. Monoculture planting was never an option. Gradually the roses were identified and included 'Ispahan', 'Duc de Guiche', 'Rosa Alba semiplena', 'Mme Plantier', 'Applejack', 'William Lobb' and 'Martin Frobisher', to name a few.

The roses thrived. So too did my awareness and appreciation of their wide-ranging attributes and intriguing history. More enlightenment was to come when the local Heritage Roses group came to visit the garden .I joined HRNZI, and so began a 30-year journey of learning about the rose. My interest and fascination was piqued. More roses planted.

I became interested in seeking out the roses that gardeners long before me had planted, cared for and enjoyed. The first search saw cuttings taken from an old gold mining cemetery in my hometown. Nancy Steen (New Zealand's most noted rose historian and

top: The pond; above: 'Ann Endt'; top right: 'Aimee Vibert' (photos by Flora T.)

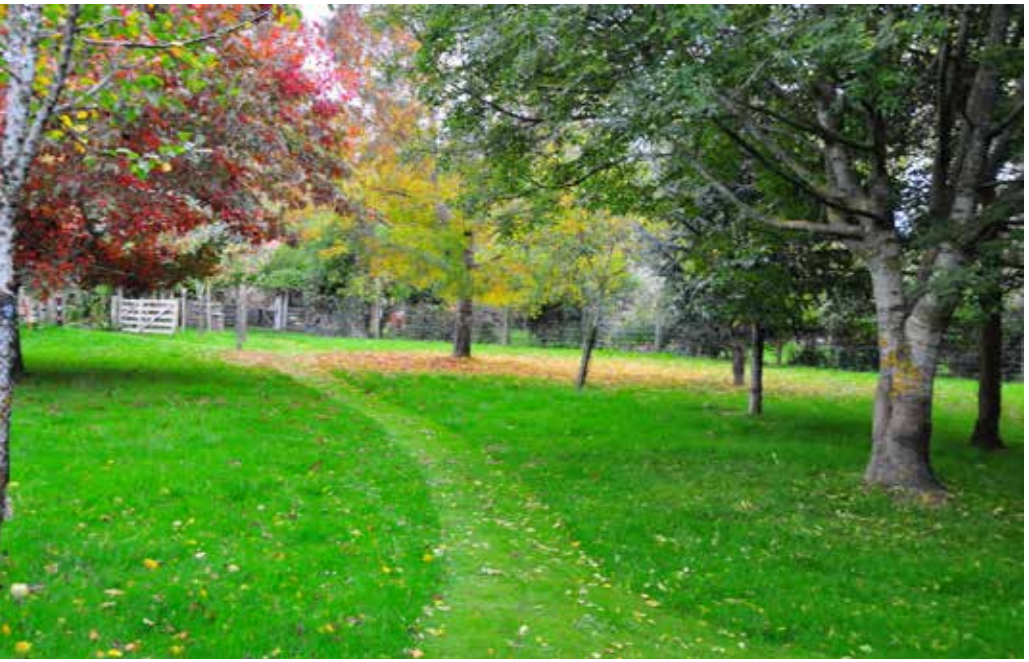
author of *The Charm of Old Roses*) had talked of finding roses on long neglected family plots in this cemetery. Gradually the roses were identified, some being 'The Bishop', 'Anaïs Ségalas', 'May Queen', 'Félicité Perpétue'. I was now on a mission and visited other gold mining areas of New Zealand, exploring forgotten settlements and neglected cemeteries. Cuttings were taken from the remains of roses planted by folk possibly wanting to connect to their far-away home. Roses first arrived in New Zealand in 1814.

As the rose collection grew, a parcel of land was taken from our grazing sheep and developed into a rescue garden for found roses. Over time many were identified to include 'Amélia', 'James Veitch', *R foetida bicolor, R moyesii*, 'Alain Blanchard', 'Ann Endt', 'Tuscany', 'La Ville de Bruxelles'. Others still not identified are tagged as Scots logo 2005, "Outram #'s. 1,2,3 and 4", "Betty's Mother's Rose", etc . One unusual find is a rose we've named "Eugenie's Rose," a Rugosa with semi-double mauve blooms. This garden, with its blooms, perfume, hips and autumnal foliage colours, is a special place to linger.

As a team member of the NZ National Heritage Roses Register Team, I've set aside a small corner of my garden to grow rooted cuttings of found roses. A wholesale nursery generously helped get the cuttings started. Once these treasures have reached a safe size in my garden, they are distributed to public gardens around New Zealand where they are grown as a 'mother' plant from which propagation material can be taken. Other members of the Team take care of the budded roses.

As the fruit trees in the orchard matured, some were obviously more suited to act as a support for a rose rather than just producing fruit. The roses chosen in this collection were those of a NZ breeder Ken Nobbs. Ken was one of the founding members of Heritage Roses New Zealand 41 years ago. Ken's passion for roses led him into a breeding programme to produce a series of thornless roses, often using 'Thornfree Wonder', 'Veilchenblau' and 'Tausendschön' as parents. Many are ramblers, a very popular exception being 'The

Active', a creamy-yellow 'Mutablils', which is a parent plant. 'The Active 'was named after the Reverend Samuel Marsden's ship. Rev Samuel Marsden was the first missionary to arrive in NZ in 1814. Ken's ramblers, which have been planted to thread through the fruit trees, are 'Charlotte Kemp', 'Harriet Shepherd',



top: 'Lamarque'; above: The pathway (photos by Flora T.)

'Diana Catherine', 'Hannah Hansen', all named after the missionary wives as an acknowledgement to their hard lives in early New Zealand. Other ramblers named after the indigenous Maori who influenced and supported the missionaries and early settlers, 'Rawiri', and 'Ruatara', are now both growing through fruit trees. Living in harmony with the fruit trees and the roses are thousands of daffodils and a flock of araucana chickens, joined from time to time by a flock of sheep to keep the soil fertilized.

Not all the garden is about roses. A creek that flows through the property is a gentle but key feature, sometimes quiet and reflective and in other places, a rippling movement of water as it passes over the stones. The strip of land on either side is now landscaped with magnolia, cornus, viburnum and rhododendrons, including a collection of Rhododendron Loderi, a family renowned for its large trusses and perfume.

Trees are a passion. A large maturing arboretum surrounds a pond as its centrepiece. The pond was dug in a spot which was depressed due to coal mining in the area. The pond is home to a variety of ducks and an army of vocal frogs. The trees cover all seasons' interest, and include oaks, elms, elders, prunus, malus, rhododendrons and a collection of special salix and sambucus.

To enter this special rose garden one takes a wander down the long drive, past a hedge of white ramblers. 'Félicité Perpétue', 'Wedding Day', 'Sanders White', 'Kiftsgate', 'Tasman Bay' and 'Lamarque', with good old 'Iceberg' stretching down the opposite side of the driveway. This entrance, leads into a five-acre garden known as Wylde Willow Garden. Thirty years ago, the land was once a large horse paddock with the delightful stream, Abbots Creek, meandering its way through the property. Today it's garden to share and enjoy. ■

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 37 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, 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 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 the past winter's ice storm caused considerable tree damage, though that year the roses were 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

'Treasure Trove' (photo by Elaine Sedlack)

with each other and interesting hybrids randomly appear. There is an extensive rhododendron collection along with many choice woodland perennials, shaded by some of the tallest white oaks I have seen (*Quercus garryana*), which 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 its 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 feet 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 feet. 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 feet 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'.

below: R. mulliganatii; right: 'City of York' (photos by E. Sedlack)

top: 'Seagull'; above: 'Alberic Barbier' (photos by E. Sedlack)

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 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, 'Danäe'. 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 1920s: '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, 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

top: 'Lillian Gibson'; above: R. gentiliana (photos by E. Sedlack)

the leaves. [An aside, 'Red Star' was also the rose that another Dane, 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 treillage 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-foot 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

top left: 'Francis E. Lester' and 'Blue Magenta'; top right: 'Gardenia'; above: 'Sander's White' and 'Princess de Nassau' (photos by E. Sedlack)

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

top: 'Chloris'; above: 'Foliosa' growing in a oak tree (photos by E. Sedlack)

'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. Pam and Bob grow numerous Albas, a tough group; among them are 'Chloris, 'Maxima', 'Semi- Plena', and an impressive plant of 'Foliosa' growing 12 feet into a large oak. A different clone of *Rosa gentiliana* clambers 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! ■

Spring 2021—The Curator's Perspective

Gregg Lowery

A murder of crows claimed the garden this spring. A goldfinch colony of many years fled to safer grounds, and the red tailed hawks who owned the great old oak were bullied and chased away from their nesting site of 35 years. Blue jays were banished, and even the huge, lumbering vultures were dived bombed from above, heckled from the sustenance they shared with one another. The great blue heron who perched in the redwoods stalking gophers in the roses never returned. And the barn owls have moved on.

It was disorienting to watch this loud theater, and it felt as though something was changing. Was the new world to be better or worse? Would the beauty of the roses in May be somehow diminished?

Something was afoot, and everything was different for the Friends. There was little sign that volunteers would return soon to help us with the roses we had propagated to fundraise for our preservation effort. And yet, the riches we had propagated in 2020 were part of our new effort to offer sales of plants on a regular basis. Last year's two sales went smoothly. We were able to hold them online and

left: 'White Sparrieshoop' growing in curator Susan Feichtmeir's garden; above: 'Dinky' growing in curator Pamela Temple's garden (photos by G. Lowery)

open the gates later for plant pickups. We have seen donations increase, and the ranks of our Rose Guardians grow as well! We are getting closer to sustaining our mission of preserving a collection of heritage roses in many hands that are joined—with many curators sharing the responsibility and the joy.

left: 'Emmanuella de Mouchy' growing in curator Susan Feichtmeir's garden; above: 'Etoile de Portugal' growing in Jody Doss's garden (photos by G. Lowery)

In this issue of our newsletter Fran Rawlings of New Zealand shares her garden near Dunedin on the South Island. A decade ago she invited me to speak at a national Heritage Roses convention in her role as president of her local chapter. I got to spend time with her in the magical garden she has created around the bend in a stream.

When we asked Fran to write for us, I was reminded of so many gardeners I know who grow and love old roses with a passion that surpasses all other rose lovers. They have a strong feeling for the value that history places on a rose and the chain of owners that have brought roses to us, to our own gardens. Fran is one of those people. She has led her community in preserving a collection of roses in the Northern Cemetery of Dunedin. She has worked with Murray Radka and others in creating a national register of all the rose varieties growing in New Zealand.

Amid all of the work of organizing and running our spring rose sale, I took time to catch up with rose curators. We visited those gardeners for the joy of the spring bloom, and to bring back cuttings to grow on for our rose sales this fall and next spring. Susan Feichtmeir's magnificent creation, which sadly we could not open for the public this year, showed off the work of her new hillside of roses which houses the Vintage Roses collections of Modern Shrubs and Polyanthas. I was able to record most of the collection with photos which will soon take the spotlight on our Facebook page.

We saw Jody Doss's etherial garden in Lagunitas, and Margaret Spaulding's Sissinghurst-meets-Wild-West, both teeming with very rare old roses they planted years ago.

left: Margaret Spaulding's garden; above: 'Lavender Lassie' growing in longtime TFoVR board member Carolyn Sander's garden (photos by G. Lowery)

For the hundredth time we spent a day at the San Jose Heritage Rose Garden where our collection was shared many years ago and still is preserved in part. In our effort to continue to place varieties with our curators, we took many cuttings that will find their way to curators of groups like the Hybrid Teas, Polyanthas, Floribundas, Ramblers and Austin Roses.

Pamela Temple's garden was particularly beautiful in mid May, and she continues to share the wealth of her garden through cuttings we grow to share with everyone.

As we move ahead preserving and sharing this wealth of roses we face some challenges. Just as we have shifted our efforts toward rose propagation for sale as a means of subsidizing our mission, we are transforming our site here so that we can more efficiently grow and maintain the crops of roses. The rebuilding of our upper pot site into a mini nursery is underway. We are creating a work space that will facilitate the work of volunteers. And we are rethinking the way people can volunteer, via small work groups, individual projects, and the occasional old fashioned Dirt Days.

I hope you'll keep up with our changes, via updates we will share with you in emails over this summer. We will soon be outlining our plans for volunteering, and some of the needs we have to make these plans succeed. And start planning for our sale in late July which will offer some bargains, as we make room for more than 2000 new plants we have rooted since early May. More news to come soon in your email inbox!

DO YOU HAVE AN UNUSED PC?

The Friends are in need of a PC with Windows 10.

We recently obtained a plant label printer to label our sale roses. Our Mac computers are not compatible with it.

If you have a device that we can borrow for a few months and you'd like to share it, please contact Gregg at curator@thefriendsofvintageroses.org — Thank you!

Mosses from an Old Man

Darrell g.h. Schramm
first published in 2011

above: 'Henri Martin'; right: 'Common Moss' (photos by Darrell Schramm)

The Moss rose seems rather neglected today. Few gardeners I know, other than a few of my heritage rose friends, seem to know what they are. Indeed some have expressed surprise, even wonderment, at the appearance of this rose when in bud—the mossy look of the glands on sepals, on calyx, on flower stem, and sometimes on leaflets. I grant you that one does not expect to see moss on roses any more than on a rolling stone. But the mossiness is both fragrant, especially if lightly rubbed, and attractive, giving a soft appearance to the buds, as well as to a bouquet of mixed roses. Though the amount or thickness of the moss varies from one variety to another, if we study the sepals moving from left to right, we see that the first two sepals are mossy, the next is smooth, the fourth is mossy, and the last one smooth. Because these old lovelies add interest and texture to the garden, not to mention a pleasant scent from many of them and a certain, unusual *je ne sais quoi*, I feel compelled to put in a partisan word on their behalf.

The early Moss roses, like some today, were sports of the Centifolia rose. The Moss is a difficult rose to propagate since it rarely suckers, it rarely develops roots from cuttings, and it does not guarantee mossy glands on the plant if grafted. Moss roses appear to be sterile. Not until after 1807 were seedlings raised but none, according to rose authorities Graham Thomas and Roy Shepherd, as beautiful as the original 'Common Moss'.

The first Moss, *Rosa centifolia muscosa*, usually referred to as 'Common Moss', is a clear, softly rose-colored flower, full and many-petalled like the Centifolia. An early mention of the Moss rose was that by the Frenchman Freard du Castel in his book on flower gardening in which he asserts that in 1696 he had acquired it from Carcassonne, in the south of France. Apparently it had been known there for about fifty years, a fact which calculates its first recorded appearance as about 1646. But the ninth issue of *Journal des Roses* claims that "the double moss [was] introduced into France from Holland in 1596," a full fifty years earlier yet. Rose G. Kingsley in 1908 echoed that claim when she wrote that the Moss rose, "a sport from the common Provence or Cabbage rose, was also introduced into England from Holland in 1596." At any rate, its introduction goes back some four hundred years, give or take

fifty. Sometime between 1710 and 1720 a Dutch professor of botany and medicine, Dr. Hermann Boerhaave, obtained a Moss rose and recorded it in his 1720 index of plants growing in his garden. And although to my knowledge no record of it in the British Isles occurs between 1596 and 1710, by 1724 this rose was definitely growing in England, for it was named in a rose list of Robert Ferber's nursery in Kensington as "Moss Provence Rose."

The first important variation was discovered and introduced by Henry Shailer in 1788 as 'Shailer's White Moss'. Along with 'Common Moss' and 'Rene d'Anjou', Graham Thomas considers it superior in beauty to all other Mosses.

Vilmorin in Paris came out with 'Vilmorin' in 1805. A single, pink Moss of five petals appeared in the garden of Countess of Wandes in Bayswater in 1807. 'White Bath', also known as 'Clifton Moss', even whiter and mossier than 'Shailer's White', which it replaced in popularity, was introduced in 1810. In 1814 'Pompon Moss', also called 'Mossy De Meaux' made its appearance. The 1820s produced a few single Mosses, which have all disappeared. Then, with the exception of 'Gracilis' and 'Zoe', there occurred a lull in new Moss roses. Not until 1839 with 'Angelique Quetier', a dark pink with bright brown moss, did production of Mosses contribute handsomely to nurserymen and gardeners alike, especially in France.

By 1850 about fifty varieties of Moss roses were in commerce. Indeed, in the 1850s and 60s the popularity of the Moss was at its peak. The Frenchmen Laffay and Robert (often with Moreau) as well as Moreau-Robert were the outstanding producers of Moss roses from the mid to the late 19th century. Eventually that selection of fifty would grow to four times as many, only to be reduced to about half that number commercially available today, and some of those difficult to obtain.

What follows is a short list of twenty Mosses with a brief description and a brief history or commentary.

'Captaine John Ingram': 1854; a dark purplish crimson rose with lilac pink reverse petals, one of the darkest Mosses; it mottles softly with age. Ingram was Captain of the Horse Guard for Queen Victoria.

'Captaine John Ingram' (photo by D. Schramm)

'Catherine von Wurtemburg': 1843; a deep, delicate pink, a color that suits its namesake. Princess of Wurtemburg and Queen of Westphalia, she was the wife of Napoleon's youngest brother Jerome. In the upheaval following Napoleon's return from Elba, Jerome sought refuge at his father-in-law's palace, but when Catherine's father, though granting his daughter refuge, refused to harbor him, she stood up to her father, saying of Jerome, "He is far dearer to me now, in the hour of his adversity, than ever he was in the time of power and prosperity. . . . I was once a queen, and I am still a wife and mother. . . . With this husband I shared a throne; with him will I share exile and misfortune." And they left.

'Comtesse de Murinais' (photo by Bill Grant)

'Comtesse de Murinais': 1843; white with some initial tawny overtones; probably the tallest of all Moss roses—between eight and nine feet. Vibert raised it from seed. It was exceedingly popular in early California. While a number of countesses passed on the inherited title over the centuries, it is likely that the rose was named for the wife of

Comte de Murinais who was active in the Horticultural Society of Paris between 1825 and at least 1836.

'De Condolle': 1857; deep pink with a button eye and brownish moss; a short rose, upright, about three feet tall. It was named to honor Augustin Pyramus De Condolle, a Swiss botanist (1778–1841).

'Deuil de Paul Fontaine' (photo by Kathy Granlund)

'Deuil de Paul Fontaine': 1873; purple-red and remontant. Francois Fontaine was a rosarian and horticulturist near Paris who discovered this rose among his seedlings in 1867; he studied its health and vigor carefully before offering it to the public six years later. Translated, its name means "Mourning for Paul Fontaine."

'Duchesse de Verneuil': 1856; a bright pink with a paler reverse. Graham Thomas asserts it is "one of the brightest and most effective Moss Roses for the garden." Ostensibly, the rose was named for Catherine Henriette de Balzac d'Entragues, a favorite mistress of Henry IV, the first Bourbon king of France. When the king died, the queen promptly banished her from Court.

'Eugenie Guinoisseau': 1864; cerise, changing to violet or lilac purple; a recurrent bloomer. It was grown from seed by Bertrand Guinoisseau, a horticulturist in Angers, France, and named after his daughter. Gregg Lowery, one of the very few aficionados of Moss roses that I know, singles out 'Eugenie Guinoisseau' as among his favorites.

'Henri Martin': 1863; deep purplish red with camellia-like petals. Henri Martin was a socialist, a Mason, a Parisian senator, first president of the Patriots' League, and the author of a nineteen-volume history of France. He was instrumental in collecting funds to present the Statue of Liberty to the United States as a gift, the presentation of which occurred three years after he died.

'James Veitch': 1864; violet crimson; a short plant. James Veitch was a British horticulturist and nurseryman who owned two large nurseries that sold plants from the world over. William Lobb was his primary plant collector (see 'William Lobb' below).

'Jeanne de Montfort' (photo by D. Schramm)

'Jeanne de Montfort': 1853; a tawny pink with some pale violet on the lips of the petals. Perhaps one of the most vigorous of Moss roses. Jeanne de Montfort was a famous female pirate known as "The Flame" because, it was said, she carried a flaming sword. Her husband was Count of Brittany, but when French nobility sided with Count de Blois who wished to claim that kingdom in the 1340s, a battle ensued. When Blois captured her husband Jean, Jeanne (given name Marguerite) rallied the people to her side, suited herself in armor and rode off to battle. With her troops she defeated Blois who asked for peace. Jeanne rightly suspected treachery, for he soon attacked other towns. In a navel battle she found in hand-to-hand combat. Her ship patrolled the English Channel, plundering the ships of the French. In the end, the House of Blois was completely defeated.

'Mme Landeau' (photo by D. Schramm)

'Mme Landeau': 1873; supposedly the original rose was pink speckled with white, but today the rose is pink "veined and speckled with darker pink," so perhaps the name is incorrect. Over the years there have been numerous Madame Landeaus, including a racehorse in England in the late 1850s and a madam of a brothel. This Mme Landeau may be related to Victor Landeau for whom a prolific, huge, light purple hybrid perpetual was named.

'Mme Moreau': 1872; vermillion or reddish rose with some white stripes; repeat blooming. This is one of the later Mosses that has not lost its fragrance. It was raised by Moreau-Robert; the name would seem to commemorate a relative of Monsieur Moreau (not to be confused with Monsieur Moreau-Robert). But it could be named for the wife of General V. Moreau who had a reputation on the battlefield to rival that of Napoleon, whom he intensely disliked. In 1804 the new Emperor exiled Moreau from France. Part of an international coalition organized against Napoleon, Moreau returned to Europe in 1813. As architect of the Battle of Dresden, he was riding on the battlefield with Czar Alexander when he was struck by a cannon ball, resulting in the amputation of both legs. On August 30, the third day of being carried by Russian soldiers to safety, he wrote a letter to Mme Moreau. Briefly he explained what had occurred, ending it with "Please excuse my scribbling. I love you and embrace you with all my heart." He died three days later. Mme Moreau associated with some of the famous intellectuals of the time, including Madame Recamier and Madame de Stael.

'Mme William Paul': 1869; bright rose, the outer petals often lighter pink; very fragrant; a much neglected but stunning rose. Moreau-Robert (another source states Robert and Moreau) named it in honor of the wife of William Paul, outstanding English rose breeder, who wrote the excellent book *The Rose Garden*. (Perhaps because the rose is sometimes incorrectly called 'Mrs. William Paul'—which is a different rose—, Peter Beales incorrectly assumes it was bred in the U.K. by Paul himself.)

'Mme William Paul' (photo by D. Schramm)

'Marechal Davoust': 1853; bright, rich red but leaning into purple, depending on the weather. Davoust (also Davout) was one of Napoleon's best military field marshals, the object of much jealousy among some of the Emperor's advisors and associates.

'Mousseline': 1855; white, like soft muslin (a translation of the word), continuously blooming. It is also called 'Alfred de Dalmas', but the two are not one. According to Brent Dickerson, 'Mousseline' appears as blush white and fades to white, exhibits no clusters in bloom, displays fine prickles, and grows a medium-sized bloom; 'Alfred de Dalmas', on the other hand,

'Marechal Davoust' (photo by Salicyna)

exhibits a pink center with blush white edges, habitually clusters, displays strong and numerous prickles on a "very thorny" bush, and grows flowers that are small or medium in size. Supposedly, it blooms continuously.

'Nuits de Young': 1845; dark purple, the darkest of all Mosses, also known as "Old Black." A short, suckering, upright bush with small, scented flowers. It was named by Laffay for the poem and author of "Night Thoughts," a rather long, lugubrious but popular work by Edward Young (1683–1765).

'Princesse Adelaide' (photo by B. Grant)

'Princesse Adelaide': 1845; a carmine or pale rose-colored Moss, good for a pot. Princess Adelaide (1792–1849) later became the queen consort of William IV of England. Though she lost all four of her children to infant death or stillbirth, she graciously accepted the King's ten illegitimate children as part of her family. The British people loved her for her dignity, modesty, grace, and strength in the face of much loss. Because she produced no living heir, her sister-in-law Princess Victoria eventually became queen of England.

'Rene d'Anjou': 1853; a dark pink rose with crinkled and veined petals; a repeat-bloomer. Rene d'Anjou (1409–1480) was the son of the famous and powerful Yolande of Aragon, a comrade-in-arms with Joan of Arc, and later the King of Naples. He was known for patronizing the arts.

'William Lobb': 1855; slate-violet, blooming in clusters, growing about eight feet tall. Lobb (1809–1864), an uncertified English botanist and horticulturist from Cornwall, worked as a plant collector for James Veitch, Sr., sending and bringing back exotic plants from the Pacific Coast of the Americas. Three years after Laffay introduced the rose, Lobb retired to California. He died at St. Mary's Hospital in San Francisco. He is probably one of the greatest and most prolific plant collectors in botanical history but also probably one of the least known.

'William Lobb' (photo by B. Grant)

'Mme Louis Leveque' (photo by D. Schramm)

I mention one last Moss rose because it is one of my favorites: **'Mme Louis Leveque'**. Silvery pink, with huge, scented blooms, it grows upright from five to six feet tall, and remontant. It was one of the 175 or so roses bred by the firm Leveque et fils. Louis Leveque had already given the same name to a Tea rose and to a Hybrid Perpetual earlier. One would surmise he was enamored of his wife Clarisse—in fact, five years after naming the Moss, in 1903 he named yet another rose 'Mme Louis Leveque', but it seems to have vanished quickly. Though the Tea rose was still in commerce in the 1980s, the Moss rose is the only one that has survived. Grow it, and you'll see why.

Although none of these roses are as dark as the tales in Hawthorne's *Mosses from an Old Manse,* not even 'Old Black/Nuits de Young', they do share with those stories a rare and lasting beauty all their own. And each has a story to tell. I urge you to read of—and grow—a Moss rose. ■

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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.

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