THE *Vintage rose*

Winter 2022, Issue 27

THE FRIENDS OF VINTAGE ROSES

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NEWSLETTER FOR THE FRIENDS OF VINTAGE ROSES
Winter 2022, Issue 27

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FROM THE EDITOR

A decade or so ago, so many nurseries, one after the other across the country, were closing and locking their doors as though prompted by contagion or fad. Indeed, it seemed to the trowel-and-clipper carrying, green-thumb public that gardening might become a pasttime of the past. And then COVID swept in and swooped down upon the populace. In lockdown and isolation from society, people—suitably masked—likewise swooped down, but into nurseries. If they were restricted more or less to their homes, they could avail themselves of healthy fresh air while gardening. In the last two years nurseries have been harvesting an exuberance of customers. Gardening is good.

Well, to us oldtimers that has long been obvious. But to those rather new at it and to those thrilled by the beauty of roses, we again here offer guest gardeners who write of their experience. Both are country gardens, one in South Australia, one in Austria. Both began, as it were, from scratch. But both reveal in photo and text that they have created something meaningful and beautiful. We hope you enjoy their articles.

'Black Prince' (photo by D. Schramm)

Featured Rose: 'Black Prince'

Darrell g.h. Schramm

I first saw it in the gardens of Mottisfont. Somewhat hidden behind taller rose bushes, its deep blackish red attracted my eye. Once again: love at first sight. I wanted it. Now it grows beside a wall in my garden, partly sheltered from hot afternoon sun.

'Black Prince', a Hybrid Perpetual of 1866, is a commercially available rose sold in seven rose nurseries overseas but only one in the USA, Freedom Nursery in Ohio, where it must be custom-ordered.

Illustration from La Belgique Horticole 1867

The color, as one would suspect, boasts a blackish-crimson or dark maroon. Because it inclines to burn along the edge of the petals in hot climates, it does well in part shade or filtered sunlight, especially in the afternoon. The flowers are globular and full. The plant stands as an upright bush, unabashed about its prickles. While strongly fragrant and vigorous, growing to about three feet, this repeat-bloomer is not generous with its flowers. But beauty in frugality does not detract its beauty. It was bred by the renowned William Paul.

The rose honors Edward, the Black Prince (1330–1376), son of King Edward III, Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, and Prince of Aquitaine. At age sixteen in 1346, his father had him fight at the Battle of Crecy. Tradition has it that prior to the battle, the King presented his son with a black cuirass (armor to protect back and breast), from which he acquired his nickname. The Battle of Crecy was the first of three major victories by the English in the Hundred Years War. This victory marked England's rise as a world power. Ten years later, though greatly outnumbered, the Black Prince demonstrated his military genius by not only defeating the French but also capturing King Jean at the Battle of Poitiers. He died, probably of dysentery, a week before his 46th birthday. His son became the notorious King Richard II. ■

VOLUNTEER TO WORK FOR US!

DIRT DAYS TO BEGIN IN MARCH.

See article on page 18 for more information.

Our Garden

Billy West

top: spring 2009
top right: early days c1990; 'Climbing Lorraine Lee' and daughter Ellie
right: Erythrina coral trees in winter (all photos by Billy West)

In 1985 my husband Gary and I decided it was time to put down roots in his home city in Western Australia. At that time there were still pockets of semi-rural land in Perth, so we searched for a few acres with established trees, a habitable dwelling and a creek. After dispiriting months of 'yet another property under high-voltage power lines or over old rubbish dump sites', our place came onto the market, and it was perfect. A little over three acres opposite a native bush reserve, it had a tree-lined creek, areas of open pasture and avenues of huge coral trees—an Erythrina hybrid that signals the sites of old poultry farms around Perth. The house was small and damp and the neighbours were smelly (a garden supply business and a poultry farm), but these were small prices to pay.

Our first plantings were native trees and shrubs, fruit trees and a vegetable and herb garden. Perth's climate is warm temperate. The summers are long, hot and dry and winters are mild. Frosts are rare so we cannot grow fruit that needs a chilly winter, but citrus fruits thrive here. And so do many roses.

How often do you read "My first rose was the Hybrid Tea 'Peace'"? Yes—mine too. It was the standout rose in the garden of my childhood. While all the other roses my parents grew were uncertain, 'Peace' always seemed robust, happy and healthy. That was the sort of plant I wanted to grow.

top: 'Lamarque' and 'Reve d'Or'
middle: 'Indian Summer'
above: 'Souvenir de St. Anne's'

A single rose plant is a lonely thing though, and it was quickly joined by more—Hybrid Teas and Floribundas mostly. The first bed was soon full and another started, and every so often I would slice out another metre of lawn to make room for more roses. Visits to nurseries and rose shows, the recommendations of friends and photos in rose books all resulted in new plantings. Some of these roses have endured and are now the elders of the garden—among them that first 'Peace'. Countless others are long gone. They were not strong enough or grew old quickly or, like some of the fruit trees, did not like the climate. They were shattered by the intensity of our summer heat or really did need a frosty winter.

I loved the individual varieties and individual blooms, but the beds and borders of mixed Hybrid Teas and Floribundas lacked grace and looked awkward as bedding roses so often do.

Enter (quietly) heritage roses and with them, a portal to a world of glorious possibilities, of deepening interest and enduring friendships.

At that time, Perth was fortunate to have some excellent rose nurseries that offered a range of older roses as well as the popular modern ones. The best of these had established stock plants in orderly beds and wild spaces where you could easily lose yourself among climbers and ramblers and pillar roses and scramblers and gracious shrubs, large and small.

top: 'Cl Lorraine Lee' on stronger arch with 'Lady Hillingdon' and 'Mme Alfred Carriere'
above: 'General Schablikine', 'Safrano', 'Isabella Sprunt'

above: springtime; top right: 'Anna Olivier'; middle right: "Almerta Orchard Pink" (tea rose found in Barossa Valley, S. Australia); in background 'Souviner de la Malmaison', 'Zepherine Drouhin'; bottom right: 'Bardou Job'

Things of grace and beauty. The old roses cast their spell, so lovely, so fascinating.

It began with the Hybrid Musk 'Felicia' and with 'Frülingsmorgen'—three of each as suggested in the books. 'Felicia' has flourished and owned its corner of the garden for more than thirty years: healthy and so generous with its fragrant flowers. The sublimely beautiful 'Frülingsmorgen' planted nearby tried bravely but only lasted a few summers. And so it went with the other older roses that followed them. Teas, Chinas and Noisettes grew slowly and steadily, gathering strength as they aged, and other classes like the Hybrid Musks and Bourbons mostly grew easily and well. But Gallicas and Mosses hated it here and the Hybrid Perpetuals struggled along unhappily, growing weaker each summer. Most Ramblers came into bloom just in time to be blighted by summer's first fierce heat waves. Roses like 'New Dawn' grew so rank they swallowed up enormous sections of the garden, flowering infrequently and smothering their neighbours.

In the heady early days, I was a completely indiscriminate buyer of roses. I wanted to grow everything. Impatient to know them better—to try to understand what made each rose unique and try to make sense of the classes and stories and connections. The losses and failures were keenly felt. These were the years of trying to figure out what I wasn't doing right. There was much consultation of experts and much spraying.

There is little joy in watching a rose unable to thrive and little joy in self-recrimination. The realisation slowly dawned that not all roses are happy in Perth's climate; that one of the keys to growing healthy roses is to choose varieties that love your conditions—to work with nature and not against it. And if you want to see what heat-hating, snow-loving roses look like when they are in their comfort zone, then you must visit them

and glory in them elsewhere. Seems obvious really but it took a while to know this. The spraying stopped.

The soil at our place is referred to as 'gutless grey sand'—ancient, impoverished, easily dug and slightly acid but unforgiving in the heat, quickly water repellent and always hungry for humus. The glorious, generous coral trees that blaze into bloom on bare limbs in winter and give us blessed shade through the long hot months send their roots to wherever there is food and water, as do the native plants and the running grasses—couch and kikuyu. I eventually found a way to keep unwanted roots out of the rose beds, digging narrow trenches about a metre deep and using corrugated roofing iron as root barriers. It proved to be one of those tools that paid dividends for decades. Not so the manuring and mulching. There's no resting on laurels where that is concerned. Manure and mulch (and water of course) are so important but as it dwindles, the soil quickly reverts to dry sand. Before it became too costly, I mulched the beds each year with sheep manure and lucerne (alfalfa) hay, and it made the most marvellous soil—so friable and full of life and the roses were never healthier.

Preparing new beds for the old roses came with the discovery that the old poultry sheds once standing beneath the coral trees, now lay just beneath the earth. I dug out tons of bricks and wire and asbestos roofing, reclaiming spaces suitable to grow roses. To support the climbers, I made curved frames from bundles of long, flexible canes cut from the Brazilian pepper trees that flourished and suckered along the creek. These arches were surprisingly strong and quite lovely. Unfortunately they crumbled to dust after a few years but they did wonderful work as temporary supports while Hybrid Musks and Bourbons and Noisettes and other climbers were getting themselves established.

My husband took pity on me and made strong metal arches to replace the crumbling cane ones. We built strong fences so sheep and roses could co-exist. An eyesore but a necessary one. We bit the bullet and had a water bore installed and dug miles of trenches to reticulate the beds. What a gift that has been—to be able to send sweet, sweet water to the plants in this way.

In the early 1990s, a local rose nursery began enlarging its heritage rose collection, increasing the number of Tea rose varieties on offer.

left: 'Octavus Weld' near Eureka lemon tree
above: 'Mons Tillier', late autumn

Tea roses positively exult in our climate, so more and more of them found their way to our place and land was appropriated from the sheep pasture for a bed where they would have room to grow as large as they liked. The Teas kept comin —among them a number of local and interstate foundlings, so an overflow bed was made near the creek. I also planted Teas and Noisettes along the roadside, and these grew into marvellous shrubs and mounds, making a glorious, ever-blooming hedge that has given us, and many passers-by, so much pleasure over the years. And as I was doing this, Gary was also looking for places to plant groves of palms and cycads, and camellias and other shade-loving plants, while the natives we had first planted were maturing into large trees and shrubs, filling the sky.

Heritage Roses in Australia became an important part of life and with it, special friendships and a growing awareness of the importance of conserving and sharing roses that have stood the test of time in old gardens and cemeteries. Since this time, most of the new additions to our garden have been roses with study names. It will be no surprise that these roses are among the best, most beautiful and most interesting roses I know.

left: roadside roses in spring
above: 'Lamarque', late winter

The zoning of our district changed from 'rural' to 'urban' around the turn of the century and the big neighbourhood trees and horse paddocks and backyard businesses have almost all gone now, replaced by open sky and thousands of houses on tiny bare blocks. Ours is one of the few original properties remaining and one of the few properties with established trees. The day the machines moved onto the land next door and tore all the big trees from the earth, I felt part of a collective shocked anguish. More recently, the creek and an acre of our land on the rear boundary was acquired for public open space—a good thing for all the families who live on those tiny blocks but a wrench for us, especially when most of the trees near the creek were removed. Roses that were by then very large had to be moved out of the area along with our vegetable garden and Gary's palm house. The roses took it in their stride. There were no casualties. A year later we received notice that the road was to be widened and land would be resumed from the front of our property. This meant the now-huge old roadside roses so dear to

my heart—'Général Schablikine', 'Safrano', 'Isabella Sprunt', 'Rêve d'Or' and all their companions—had to be moved or they would be bulldozed. I was gutted, but Gary was an absolute rock. He prepared a large bed and brought in truckloads of good soil. I cut the roses back hard and dug around them and he helped me to lift and transplant them. All but two survived and they are slowly building up again.

I love our home. We have been here for 37 years and grandchildren now play where our children played. There have been adventures and challenges along the way: The perennial problem of herbicide drift when contractors spray the road verges; the perennial problem of sheep for whom the rose bush is always greener. The night we were threatened by bushfire and fortuitous wind changes sent the fire front first to our northern boundary and then to our southern boundary, sparing our home and most of the garden and barely scorching the roadside roses. We truly felt protected that night.

For my part, there has rarely been any planning with garden form in mind. Unlike many of you, I am not a gardener in that skilled sense. I am a rose lover, fortunate to have space and water, so the rose garden has grown and evolved in response to the need to find a spot for a new rose or three. Tea roses, China roses, Noisettes, Hybrid Musks, Poly-Teas and the gracious early Hybrid Teas that survive in older gardens have proven to be the types of roses that do best in our conditions. If they receive enough water and care through their first summers while they are establishing a good root system, they mature into remarkably self-sufficient plants. Most are evergreen in our climate. They bloom through winter and prefer trimming to pruning. In an ideal world, this would take the form of regular deadheading to keep them in shape, keep them to their allocated space and encourage the continuous production of new foliage and blooms. More realistically, three good trims a year when they begin to look shabby after a big flush works well.

I used to do this, and this is what I still aspire to, fantasize about—that and regular weeding and mulching, but between the intent and the action falls the shadow etc. and parts of this garden have not seen the secateurs for many years. Each year, fewer and fewer of the tasks ,once deemed essential, are completed. Despite this the roses are fine. They have strong roots and can fend for themselves. Above the ground it's a jungle, a wilderness, a sanctuary. Mostly unkempt, sometimes mortifying, sometimes demoralising, it is occasionally so astonishingly beautiful that words fail. I love the roses and they lift my heart in large and small ways every day. They never stop surprising; never stop revealing new things about themselves, even after all this time. And there are always bunches of roses for friends and blooms for Heritage Rose displays at rose and garden shows where members of the local group of HRIA share the stunning diversity of rose form and habit. Is this enough? I think it is.

Sheep grazing near tea roses in spring

Wattle Grove, Western Australia.
January 2022

Roses and Apricots—Our Gardens in Kittsee, Eastern Austria

Dr. Johannes Reitter

My wife and I both grew up in rural areas of Austria but since then have been living and working in inner city districts of Vienna. However, since 1993 we also have been lucky to own a place in the country. This excellent retreat from busy city life consists of a large former farmhouse with outbuildings and a garden. It is located in the small municipality Kittsee in Eastern Austria, in the northern part of the province Burgenland, 60 kilometres from Vienna, right at the border to Slovakia. The area is a wine region, renowned for its apricots and definitely a challenge for weekend gardeners because of the hot continental Pannonian climate (long periods without rain,

above: Peak flowering, May and June (photo by Brigitte Rieser)

above: 'Marie Dermer'
top right: 'Alchymist' (photos by Johannes Reitter)
bottom right: 'Geschwinds Schönste' (photo by B. Rieser)

hot summers, rather cold winters, very windy).

The origins of our weekend home, a historic dairy farm, go back to the last third of the 18th century. This also means that the property has had numerous owners, the buildings were extensively converted over the years, and tons of building rubble, layers of gravel and cinders ended up in the plot that now is our garden. Digging a planting hole is truly a sweaty affair, and you also might find a few shards or rusty nails from previous owners. Surprisingly, the mix of soil, broken bricks, sand and gravel has turned out to be not so bad for growing roses sustainably.

It took a few years to renovate the house, sheds and barn ,and each year we also restored a small part of the completely overgrown garden. We removed car wrecks, debris and heaps of building rubble as well as brambles and shrubs. So we didn't create our garden from scratch but adapted and used what was already there, mainly a number of different trees seeded by wind and birds. Over the course of ten years we built about ten different garden rooms with different functions, spots for sitting, a hedge for birds and a place for barbecue. In 2002 we constructed a large garden pavilion. This also was

the time when I began to get particularly interested in roses. I didn't care much for the seemingly pretentious Hybrid Teas of my youth in the 1970s but loved the old-fashioned and highly scented roses I remembered from my grandmother's garden. Luckily, I then discovered the roses that in my part of the world usually are called

top: 'Spectabilis'
above: 'Gypsy Boy' and 'Karl Foerster' (photos by J. Reitter)

old garden roses (or old roses), and they have held me under their spell ever since.

It wasn't that easy to find and obtain old roses; only a few nurseries still had them on offer. Gradually though, I found out more about the different varieties and rose classes, mostly via printed rose catalogues and old rose books. And these stimulated my interest. I very much loved diving deeply into the history of gardeners, rose breeders, plant hunters and rose enthusiasts of bygone days. There was no active rose society in Vienna at that time, but fortunately these were the years of the nascent Internet, new information and communication technologies emerging. For me the rose fora on the WWW were a blessing, excellent opportunities to exchange ideas and information about all aspects of my love of roses. I especially loved the Peter Beales rose forum as it had members from all over the world.

In those years I also gained first-hand experience about old roses by growing them in our garden by the dozens. There were so many lovely roses that seemed to be worth having. I usually planted bare root roses in the spring and in autumn, and it wasn't unusual for me to order 30-40 rose varieties per planting season. Talk about rose mania! Anyway, this was an excellent way to find out which roses might thrive in our garden, which ones could be grown sustainably in our climatic conditions and what amount and measures of rose care I had to provide in order to have healthy plants all year round. I also learned to propagate roses from cuttings and via T-budding.

We do have a very rich horticultural history in Europe. Interestingly, many of the successful cultural practices I have learned in recent years originated in the USA. I owe a number of effective methods and good gardening recommendations that are backed by sound horticultural and botanical science to Dr. Linda Chalker-Scott, for example. She is a professor at Washington State University and promotes sustainable landscaping practices that are strictly evidence-based.

From the beginning of my passion for roses I have held climbing and rambling roses in high esteem as especially versatile and charming garden plants. They are most rewarding to have in a garden. I wanted to grow as many climbers and ramblers as possible, and

they definitely have become the most characteristic features of our garden. We have ramblers on the walls and growing over the roof of sheds, ramblers growing on pillars and on obelisks, arches and pergolas and a number of ramblers growing high into trees. I have never been put off by the fact that most of these roses only flower once in early summer. The abundance of their flowers is spectacular and many ramblers also produce beautiful hips that not only are decorative but valuable as a source of food for birds.

Our garden currently contains about 300 different rose varieties, about 100 of them climbing or rambling roses, the rest a mix of modern and old shrub roses. I have tried to include a few plants from each rose class in our collection, and there also are a few focal areas with regard to Central European rose breeders, most notably Rudolf Geschwind.

A ROSE STUDY GARDEN IN THE ORCHARD

The extensive planting of apricot trees in the Kittsee area started in the early 1930s. Today there are about 35,000 trees spread over more than 100 hectares. A tiny part of this is our apricot orchard meadow on a 1.5 acre plot. It consists of roughly 100 trees, some of them 80 years old.

I consider apricots distant cousins of roses as they too belong to Rosaceae, the rose family. So I think it is ideally suitable to grow a few

left: Arch with 'Gardenia', 'Mme Lauriol de Barny', and 'Russelliana' (photo by J. Reitter)
top: Rose study garden at end of orchard (photo by B. Rieser)
above: 'Iceberg' with 'Albertine' in background (photo by J. Reitter)

above: 'Parkfeuer' in the apricot orchard
right: 'Flora'; in U.S. 'Raspberry Ripples' (photos by J. Reitter)

roses among the apricot trees, and since 2010 I also have included a rose study garden in our orchard. This study garden is a main part of my efforts as a supporting member of the "German Gene Bank for the Rose" project and a partnership with the Europe Rosarium Sangerhausen in Germany for hybrid Sempervirens roses.

The partnership with Rosarium Sangerhausen aims at identification and conservation of old garden roses, and I have selected hybrid Sempervirens ramblers as my specialty. So I do grow rare varieties of the Sempervirens rose class as "backup copies" for the rosarium. And I collect rose varieties from different sources (nurseries, private and public collections) for so called *in vivo* comparison plantings. This means, for example, that I obtain five or more cultivars of the hybrid Sempervirens rambler 'Flora' from different countries and plant these next to each other to see if they are identical or different and also try to find out which of the cultivars might be consistent with historical descriptions of this rose.

The study rose garden currently contains about 120 roses, 15 varieties of hybrid Sempervirens roses (60 cultivars) as well as 60 varieties from different rose classes, mostly old garden roses from Central European breeders.

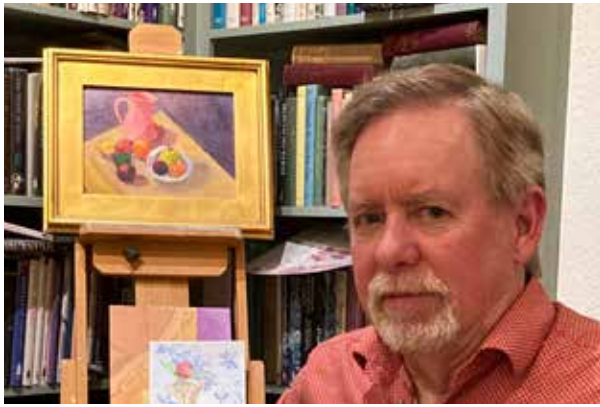
In my family it is I who am crazy about roses, but some of this passion also rubbed off on my wife. I'm most thankful for her help and support. In my opinion, gardening together brings much more joy than gardening alone. Growing and researching roses for more than 20 years now, I have experienced an amazing amount of happy moments and learned a lot about gardening and things related, e.g., art, culture and history. And I have met a large number of wonderful people, generous gardeners, helpful rosarians, knowledgeable nursery workers and considerate rose lovers. To sum it up: roses have enriched my life immensely. ■

Curator's Report for January 2022

I'm dreaming of roses. Our heavy October rains this year put an early end to bloom here in the garden. But the warming of this January promises plenty of color and fragrance ahead!

It has been great fun sending folks away with roses after our sales last year. Starved for contact with our supporters, we have been provided a chance to chat with so many of you. Your joy in the roses is heartening, and sharing my passion with you has been a pandemic tonic!

In the past few months a great deal has been happening. We drove roses down to Orange in November, for our friend and treasurer Andrea to distribute to Southern California rose lovers, and took a new batch of Hybrid Teas to our curator John Bagnasco in Fallbrook, where he is breaking ground on a new garden. John shared some very rare plants and cuttings with us, some of which may make it into our Summer 2022 rose sale. John and the California Coastal Rose Society curate the Friends' collection of Hybrid Teas and duplicate collection of Floribundas. CCRS staged another online Rare Rose Auction in November, and for those of you seeking really unusual roses, both old and new, we encourage you to check out CCRS, as well as Garden America Radio, both on Facebook.



top left: Dawn, December 2021;
left: New volunteer workspace;
top: October roses; above: Ron Robertson
(all photos by Gregg Lowery)

In November our old friend Ron Robertson, who once ran Garden Valley Ranch in Petaluma, came for a visit. Ron volunteered his technical skills with databases and computers to set up our computer to print labels more easily for the plants we propagate. He's helping me to set up a proper invoicing system for our rose sales, so

that more of my time can be spent on the roses.

And just this month of January we hosted Peter Winne, head gardener at the Elizabeth Park rose garden in Hartford, Connecticut. Stephen Scanniello of the Heritage Rose Foundation connected Peter with us to come and help prune our roses. Peter is a talented and knowledgeable rosarian and rose garden visionary. His future career is certain to make a difference for the world of old roses!

And finally, we are saying a very sad farewell to our curator of the Pernetiana roses, that original flame colored group of HTs bred at the beginning of the 20th century. Daniel Naumann will be leaving his current home in Red Bluff, CA, to move to the Oregon Coast. He spent the past year working hard to duplicate the collection so that plants can be passed on to new curators. Copies of nearly all the Pernetiana roses will go first to Fallbrook and the Hybrid Tea collection of John Bagnasco and the CCRS. Our sincere thanks to Daniel for the great care he gave to the collection and his work to assure the preservation of these roses that he loves so much.

top left: Fallen arbor; bottom left: Peter Winne pruning 'Florence Bowers Pink Tea'; above: The Friends of Vintage Roses rose pots, October 2021

The biggest news I can share with you from 2021 is the success of our three rose sales which have helped to increase our revenues and to support our needed workers who now try to fill part of the gap left by the loss of volunteer days with the rose collection. So many of you have joined our Guardians of the Rose, making modest monthly donations to help underwrite the cost of caring for several thousand mother plants here. We thank you and encourage you to continue helping us to help other curators to preserve this treasure trove of roses.

Be sure to check out our plans for volunteering with the roses in 2022. The new Dirt Days will provide for greater flexibility for those who would like to make a long-term impact on our rose preservation mission.

—Gregg Lowery, Curator, The Friends of Vintage Roses

Completing the new workspace

DIRT DAYS FOR 2022

We launch today our new volunteer days for 2022. It has been more than two years since we have organized our traditional 'Dirt Days' that began almost 20 years ago at the Vintage Gardens nursery. These days quickly became formalized as a monthly gathering of two or three dozen volunteers to work on large tasks in the maintenance of the roses planted in the garden. The workforce was large. We were planting new sections of the garden as well as weeding and mulching older garden areas. With the establishment of our non-profit, the volunteer group joined to help us with our IRS application as well as with continuing to provide garden assistance for the roses. In time that stretched to working with an increasing number of mother plants in containers.

Today we maintain more that 4000 mother plants, mostly in 5-gallon pots. Areas of the garden have fallen into decline, and a slow process of restoring those garden areas has followed. For several years we have focused volunteers on propagation of roses. Each year we supply several hundred plants to fellow curators who duplicate specific classes and groups of roses. The excess propagation is now growing to be large enough to offer plants for sale, as a means of increasing our revenues to hire assistants to help care for the roses.

As we have expanded and improved our propagation area; we have created a space that is safe and well organized with comfortable conditions to work. Volunteer interest in propagation has continued to grow. We are now ready to launch a new era in volunteering with the old roses. I think you'll be interested in the way this may work for you if you are keen to gain more knowledge and experience and would like to make a long term difference in rose preservation.

Starting in March we would like to launch a new way of volunteering. We are hoping to engage a dozen or more volunteers as a team to propagate and maintain young rose plants that are grown for curators and for sales. We would like to work in small groups, even "groups" of just one, with teams meeting at intervals that fit their schedules and provide continuity with their work.

I will train volunteers in our system, the way we propagate, organize and maintain the plants. Heavy duty work will be supported by our paid workers, and I and one or two other coordinators will provide continuity with the work being done. These propagation team volunteers will be able to set their own schedules within reason. What we hope to establish is a schedule of weekly or bi-weekly volunteering, and we'd like to encourage folks to team up with a friend or two. That just makes it more fun!

We will also organize one or two general Dirt Days to assist with larger projects. Currently we are hoping to inventory the entire collection of roses in pots. And in April we hope to be prepared to do our first re-planting of a section of garden that has been in decline. Because of the ongoing pandemic we are approaching these larger group projects cautiously. To resume with volunteer work our focus for now will be on small gatherings, tailored to individuals.

Here are a few areas we are asking for your volunteer help:

1. Plant propagation teams, attending weekly or every-other-week, at the nursery.
2. Volunteer coordinators: 1 or 2. Organizing and communicating work projects (with Gregg). Volunteer coordinators are critical to provide guidance to propagation teams.
3. Inventory crews. 2 to 6 volunteers to attend pre-scheduled weekly groups at the garden, and to provide basic training to new volunteers.
4. Garden cleanup & weeding. Individuals or small groups, working with Gregg.
5. Pruning. Individuals or small groups, working with Gregg or other coordinators.

Please email me with your interests:
curator@thefriendsofvintageroses.org
Thank you for considering to become a Friends volunteer!

Gregg Lowery, Curator, The Friends of Vintage Roses

The Jamain Family of Roses

Darrell g.h. Schramm

'Souvenir du Dr. Jamain' (photo by D. Schramm)

Many a heritage rose lover has heard of 'Souvenir du Docteur Jamain', clearly a very popular old rose. It is widely available in England, Western Europe, Scandanavia, Serbia, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Japan, and the United States. But five other surviving roses in the Jamain family are also commercially accessible: 'Dr. Jamain' (1851), 'Dupuy-Jamain' (1868), 'Marguerite Jamain'(1873), 'Hippolyte Jamain' (1874), and 'Mme Ferdinand Jamain' (1875).

A few other roses bearing the name Jamain have gone by the wayside—vanished, unless to be found growing in a private garden or an abandoned site. A Hybrid Perpetual also named 'Hippolyte Jamain', while not on the market, can be viewed in the public garden Roseraie du Val de Marne in France.

And who were all these Jamains? To begin with Dr. Jamain is to say that he was the offspring of François Alexis and Marguerite Jamain, as were Hippolyte Jamain and Victoire Marguerite Jamain. That links us to Dupuy-Jamain, brother-in-law of the doctor and Hippolyte, who married their sister Victoire Marguerite. Paul is a son of Hippolyte. Ferdinand Jamain may be a distant relation or not related at all, for he is not listed in the French Jamain genealogies, nor did either Hippolyte or his brother-in-law cultivate any of the three roses using his name.

The most popular of the surviving Jamain roses is 'Souvenir du Dr. Jamain'. Its pedigree is certainly noteworthy. The immediate parents are both Hybrid Perpetuals. 'General Jacqueminot' (1853)—deep crimson, vigorous, remontant, lavishly fragrant—once popular in breeding Bourbon roses and with genes extant in many modern red roses, was himself the offspring of that famous China, 'Gloire des Rosomanes', and perhaps of 'Geant de Batailles' (who may also be a child of 'Gloire des Rosomanes' herself—what an incestuous family tree!). The other parent of this pedigree is 'Charles Lefebvre' (1861), a crimson rose with a purplish center that flaunts up to seventy petals and tolerates rain well. 'Charles Lefebvre' is the offspring of 'General Jacqueminot' and 'Victor Verdier' (the latter which the famous rose breeder Joseph Pemberton asserted was "the chief parent of the class" of Hybrid Perpetuals.

Supposedly, 'Souvenir du Dr. Jamain' can send out wands to nine feet, yet two of my three plants have never done so; they remain at most three feet high. Jeff Panciera of Seattle has one growing lushly to eight or ten feet on a north wall. The taller of my two shorter ones, against a northeast wall, is the more stingy of bloom. My soil,

above: 'Dupuy-Jamain' (photo by D. Schramm)
right: 'Dr. Jamain' (illustration from L'Horticulteur Français, November 1851)

I suspect, is the problem there. But the roses are beautiful, splendidly fragrant, of a dark, velvety crimson red. Although they are somewhat prone to rust, the fungus seems not to trouble them.

As to its namesake, Dr. Jean-Alexandre Jamain was born in 1816, the son of a respected French horticulturalist but was not much interested in cultivating roses nor, according to his friend Dr. Després, "in the ornamentation of English gardens." However, he did enjoy botany, owned a large herbarium and was an archivist for the Botanical Society. Becoming first a medical doctor and later a surgeon, he published several manuals on various medical topics, including *A Manual of Minor Surgery* in 1844, a book that was re-issued some time later near the end of his century. A prolific writer, Dr. Jamain wrote 51 articles for the *Medical Dictionary* and 72 others for various publications, as well as a longer work on the blood of the scrotum. He married in 1849, the year of the Parisian cholera epidemic, and fathered two children. He was also a university lecturer and an editor-in-chief of *Archives of Ophthalmology* as well as of the *Hospital Gazette*. A relaxed, gentle, and generous man, a man much loved, he died in 1862. In 1865 the famous rose breeder Lacharme named 'Souvenir du Dr. Jamain' in his honor.

Hippolyte, brother of the doctor, in 1851 had bred a Hybrid Bourbon named 'Dr. Jamain.'

This plump, very remontant rose fashions itself in a bright crimson red but sometimes also dark pink. The rose rather resembles 'Gloire des Rosomanes' of which it is a seedling. Large outer, concave petals surround the ruffled and somewhat muddled petals of the center. Of the five sepals, three are feathery acuminate at the tip while two are foliaceous. The long, thick peduncle is bristly glandular, the receptacle funnel-shaped. Composed of three to seven leaflets, the leaf bears a large apical leaflet ovate and broad, while the lower leaflets are more narrow and lanceolate and almost sessile. They are finely toothed. A lovely rose, but only one nursery in France carries it.

Another rose bred by Hippolyte Jamain is named for his brother-in-law, 'Dupuy-Jamain.'

Francois Narcisse Dupuy (1816–1888) married the sister of Jean-Alexandre and Hippolyte, Victoire Marguerite in 1842, and

in doing so, added—like Pernet-Ducher—his wife's surname to his own, thus his hyphenated name. Unfortunately, she died the next year. But they had a son named Paul for whom Francois Dupuy-Jamian named a rose. Though he bred three roses, all Hybrid Perpetuals, he was known primarily as an arboriculturist. He established a nursery in Paris, but, to gainsay what several other sources have repeated, it was not "one of the oldest horticultural establishments in Paris." (Rene Morin of Paris was established in 1621, Thuilleaux nursery just outside Paris in 1650, Vilmorin-Andrieux in Paris 1743 and still in business today, Filassier near Paris in 1783, Descemet 1792 on the outskirts of Paris, Du Pont in Paris 1809, Vibert 1815, *et cetera*.)

In 1873 Hippolyte Jamain named his new rose 'Marguerite Jamain' in honor of his mother who had died in 1863. A thickly full rose, its petals attractively layered, it comes in delicately pale pink, an uncommon color for a Hybrid Perpetual, but a color that is constant. The vigorous, upright plant offers a sustained flowering and blooms abundantly in flushes. Slightly arched, the canes sport large but short prickles, especially at the base. A rather grand rose, it is a seedling of 'Baronne Prevost'.

In 1878 Hippolyte named a rose for his son Paul, a crimson Hybrid Perpetual tinged with violet. But in 1885 the National Rose Society declared it synonymous with 'Charles Lefebvre'. Did he merely and deliberately rename another rose, or was the confusion otherwise initiated? Hortico in Ontario, Canada may still sell it.

Of the three roses named 'Hippolyte Jamain', only one is still in commerce, the Hybrid Perpetual of 1874 by Lacharme, he who also bred 'Souvenir du Dr. Jamain'. It can be found at three different German nurseries. A deep pink or carmine red, and a seedling of 'Victor Verdier', its habit is vigorous, its growth strong. The leafage, when young, according to Henry Ellwanger, "has a deeper shade of red than is seen in any other sort, and is also the handsomest."

left: 'Paul Dupuy'
(1852 illustration in the Public Domain)
top: 'Marguerite Jamain'
(photo by Pamela Temple)
above: 'Hippolyte Jamain' (photo by Bill Grant)

'American Beauty' (photo by David Elliot)

Hippolyte Jamain, the rosarian (1818–1884), took over the nursery of his father François Alexis in 1844, the same year in which he wed Louise Augustina Pichon. They produced three sons, Hippolyte Louis Eugene, one who died at birth, and Paul. He cultivated camellias, myrtles, oleanders, oranges, pomegranates, and roses. He produced more than twenty but fewer than 25 new roses. In 1846 he published an article in *Journal d'Horticulture Pratique* belittling the great Jean-Pierre Vibert, who had grown and propagated roses for 35 years, claiming without evidence that no one could sell more than 250 rose varieties, let alone the more than 800 which appeared in Vibert's catalogue, and that Vibert knew nothing about "forced grafts" done off-season, which Vibert had asserted as "contrary to the laws of vegetal physiology" and does nothing for the duration of a rose. The editors took Vibert's side. After all, Jamain had yet to introduce his first rose, a seedling of 'Gloire des Rosomanes', which would occur in 1851. At the Paris International Exhibition of 1867, after his outstanding exhibit of plants, Hippolyte Jamain was awarded the Legion of Honor. Soon thereafter, two other breeders placed on the market roses named for his wife 'Mme Hippolyte Jamain', one a Tea, the other a Hybrid Perpetual. The book he co-authored with Eugene Forney, *Les Roses: histoire, culture, description*, was published in 1873. He died eleven years later.

Another Hybrid Perpetual, 'Ferdinand Jamain', also 'Ferdinand Jamin' is a bright red or vermillion rose that repeats its bloom, developed and put on the market by Louis Leveque in 1888. Only one nursery sells it today: the German 16-Eichen Rosenschätz-Rosenschule. I know nothing more of it.

One last rose deserves our attention, given its surname of Jamain, though also spelled Jamin. That rose is 'Mme Ferdinand Jamain', a Hybrid Perpetual of 1875 launched by Henri Lédéchaux. Of a deep rose color "shaded smokey carmine," it grew on long, stiff stems, perfect for a bouquet. It was also richly fragrant. However, as a temperamental rose, it was mostly ignored in France as well as in England. Somehow, it arrived in the United States, perhaps brought by a George Field, a Washington D.C. florist. But conflicting stories abound: Field discovered it growing in historian Bancroft's garden, or Bancroft introduced him to the rose. At any rate he renamed it 'American Beauty' and introduced it commercially—or Peter Henderson of New York introduced it, or both of them did, in 1885. That year is significant. For the rose became immediately and enormously popular. What made it so was the word *American* in its name and its clever commercial introduction for the 110th anniversary of American independence. Florists could not keep enough in stock. For more than a quarter of a century, it was America's most popular rose. A fabric dye was developed emulating its color called American Beauty Red. But the flower was expensive to grow in hothouses, and it weakened over the years. By the mid-1930s it was virtually abandoned. Nonetheless, customers continued to ask for it, and do so even today. What florists sell to them is a nameless rose from the fields of Colombia or Ecuador, which sell roughly 90% of their roses to the U. S. florist market. Or florists may sell 'Ulrich Brunner fils' in its stead, an 1881 Hybrid Perpetual still very much available. The actual 'American Beauty' itself has long ago vanished.

But Jamain roses do live on. And none, perhaps, are more beautiful and lusciously fragrant than 'Souvenir du Docteur Jamain.' ■

'Willowmere' (photo by Johannes Reitter)

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