

# ROSE LETTER

Heritage Roses Group



MAY 2012

# ROSE LETTER

of

## The Heritage Roses Groups

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*The Heritage Roses Group is a non-profit association formed in 1975 as a fellowship of old rose lovers. Members receive four Rose Letters a year: February, May, August, & November*

### **TO JOIN OR RENEW**

Send \$16 for printed format or \$10 for a digital format (download at [www.theheritagerosesgroup.org](http://www.theheritagerosesgroup.org)) to Clay Jennings, Membership Chair, 22 Gypsy Lane, Camarillo, CA 93010-1320, or contact him at [e.c.jennings@gmail.com](mailto:e.c.jennings@gmail.com).

Print format for Overseas membership is \$26 in U.S. funds.

*The following article comes from our friends in the Pacific Northwest:*

## **Growing Roses on Glacial Moraines**

Like many residents of South King County, WA, our city lot is located on a glacial moraine. During the last Ice Age, there was about a mile-high sheet of ice right over our current garden. The tremendous weight of the ice compressed all the sand, cobbles, and boulders deposited during previous melting of the ice so that while the “bedrock” we dig is not actually cemented, it is so “pressed” together that we have to use a pickaxe to loosen the rocks before we can dig a hole. This was made worse by the developer who scraped off any good topsoil that had developed since the Ice Age and sold it to someone else before beginning construction. Thus we have a very lean and rocky soil in our yard that needs lots of added soil and amending before a rose can grow there.

Recently, Carol Dakan and I went to visit Nancy and Harry Hintlian in Silverdale, WA, across Puget Sound from Seattle. They have the same problem of having poor to no soil on a glacial moraine. Their backyard slopes steeply upward and away from the house making it very hard to dig and plant roses. Knowing this, you probably would not guess that Nancy has lots and lots of roses and she frequently would bring roses outstanding in appearance, health and vigor to our Heritage Roses Northwest meeting. How did she do it in a yard like that?

Years ago while they were still trying to decide what to do to grow better roses, Harry happened to have had some cedar fence slats which needed to be replaced. He decided to recycle the good parts of the wood by cutting them into two-foot lengths, mitering the sides so they would fit together around the plant in a closed, vertical arch or cylindrical

“barrels” to use as giant flower pots for their roses.

He already had a barrel with a diameter of two feet and used it as an internal brace while he made his own new barrels around it. He could measure the circumference and get an idea of how many slats he would need to cover it. Once the slats were cut and mitered, he set them vertically, side-by-side around the slightly smaller, removable barrel, using it as an internal pot form and holding them together with a bungee cord while he worked. When satisfied the boards fit together properly, he wrapped one steel band around the upper and another around the lower parts of the new barrel, fastening the bands with wood screws. This allowed him to open the bands at a future date to replace any boards or even make it easier to get the plant out.



At first, Harry and Nancy left the barrel bottoms open to the ground when filling them with soil. Then they realized that every root from the neighbor's hedge would find its way into the pots and steal nutrients and water from the roses; they had to find a way to stop them. Harry then began to pour cement discs and place one beneath each pot. This not only keeps foreign roots out but helps to keep the pots level on the slopes. They then used their own mixture of topsoil, perlite, bone meal, pumice, alfalfa pellet, and other amendments to create potting mix, put it into the barrels, planted the roses and set up a drip irrigation system to ensure they were watered.

When we visited the Hintlians, there were neat rows of these pots in the front and back yards, each filled with a special rose with enough room for its roots and controlled soil and water. It appears easier to weed the pots rather than a rose planted right into the ground as sideways-traveling, invasive roots cannot get a foothold. Feeding the roses is easier, too, as the soil area is controlled. Harry feels that because the roses are on their own roots, they have been able to live through the winters in these raised pots without further winter protection at this low elevation. What a great way to raise beautiful roses in difficult conditions!

Told by Harry Hintlian to Margaret Nelson. Contact Margaret at [oldrosen@gmail.com](mailto:oldrosen@gmail.com)

## **Rose Walking Tour**

**with Jill Perry**

**SAN JUAN BAUTISTA MAY 19TH**

**10:00 a.m.**

**Meet at the bottom of the Cemetery hill**

**For more information contact [oldtearoses@hotmail.com](mailto:oldtearoses@hotmail.com)**



**GERRI MORSE Finding THE CLARK-WHITLOCK ROSE**

## **Clark-Whitlock Heritage Rose**

Late last spring on a rose hunting trip in Oregon's bountiful Willamette Valley, Gerri Morse spied a real humdinger on the outskirts of the tiny town of Scotts Mills. Gerri, who was sitting in the front seat, cried out, "Stop the car! Stop the car

right here!" We screeched to a halt, and she was unbuckling her seat belt before the motor was turned off. Several seconds later, Gerri stood in front of an enormous rose bush that was covered with thousands of beautiful, small white roses with a blush of pink. While Laura King took photos and Kathleen McMullen made notes, a farmer walked over to see what we were up to. Gerri immediately introduced herself and said that we were the Northwest Rose Historians, searching for pioneer roses. The farmer introduced himself as Fred Kaser, owner of the property for 57 years. He told us he planted the rosebush himself, right after he and his wife bought the place. He discovered the rose growing near a creek, over remnants of an old cabin site near a hand-dug well and an old fruit tree. Later we learned of Mitchel Whitlock and Malvina Engle who met on a wagon train, were married after arriving in Oregon, and staked this property as a donation land claim in 1845. In 1893, their daughter Sarah and her second husband, John Clark, bought a portion of the property and build their cabin where the rose was found growing. Root cuttings of the rose were planted on the grounds of the Scotts Mills Area Historical Society Museum and a commemorative plaque was placed. The Clark-Whitlock Heritage Rose was dedicated with old-time fanfare and lots of Americana this past February 19th. More than 100 townsfolk and family descendants turned out for an afternoon of history, roses and a very lively five-piece string band. Every rose hunting trip is an exciting adventure. One never knows where the road will lead when on the pioneer rose trail.

This story was a collaborative effort of *Northwest Rose Historians*. For more information, contact Laura King at [reef@teleport.com](mailto:reef@teleport.com) .

## SUDELEY CASTLE: ROSES AMONG THE RUINS

Anne Belovich

Last summer I visited England for the first time and went to as many rose gardens as I could fit into my schedule. There were many regrets for those that remained unseen, but those I included were a memorable experience. Sudeley Castle and its rose garden was one of the highlights. Located close to Winchcombe, near Cheltenham in the heart of the Cotswolds, it is surrounded by rolling hills and pastures. The castle, which was begun in 1442 and has passed through many hands, is presently the private home of Lord and Lady Ashcomb. The family's quarters are off bounds except for some special tours, but the public is allowed to visit all parts of the garden during the open season (April to October). There is a nice restaurant on the grounds for lunch or tea (a meal in England).

My first book on roses was *Rose Gardens* by Jane Fearnley-Whittingstall, an English garden designer. She was commissioned by Lady Ashcomb in 1988 to design a rose garden that would be called The Queen's Garden to commemorate Catherine Parr, Henry VIII's last wife who survived him. Later she married Thomas Seymour, the owner of Sudeley Castle. A lovely garden plan was included in the book and caused me to dream occasionally over the years about visiting the place myself. I was really excited about my dream coming true as we approached the estate.

Not far from the official entry, I passed a big stone gatehouse looking like a miniature castle with crenellated walls and a large portal in the center, now closed off by an iron gate. It must have been the entry to the castle in ancient times. There appeared to be rooms in the structures over the top and at the sides of the gate, and curtains in some of the windows gave the impression that the fairytale building might be occupied. I couldn't help having the foolish notion that there had to be some way for me to be able to live there, perhaps in another life.

On entering the grounds, the tithe barn was the first structure I saw. I can't say the first "building" I saw because only the walls are now standing. This grand stone barn and much of the castle itself were destroyed during the English Civil War in 1649 by cannon fire from Cromwell's forces. It was a Royalist stronghold where Charles I took refuge for awhile. A fine collection of species roses is planted within the walls of the tithe barn where offerings for the local church were once

stored. I walked past the barn and through a charming garden gate decorated with clematis and a white single flowered Rambler ('Seagull?') to get to the rose garden behind the castle. From there I was able to see the side of the castle, which was not restored as other parts had been when extensive renovation took place in the 19th century. Parts of walls are still standing, pierced by holes from cannon blasts and spaces that were once ornate windows. Although sad in a way, it is also very romantic with roses growing everywhere.

The Queen's Garden is laid out as a formal parterre along the lines of an old Tudor garden that once grew there. Low, trimmed yew hedges enclose a large rectangle where four large and four small, separate planting spaces surround an octagonal pond. Each large planting area contains a circular bed in the center surrounded by four separate beds, each of those with its own color scheme. All the beds are planted in proper Elizabethan style with a central stone urn as a container for seasonal flowers and historic roses such as Gallicas and Centifolias mixed with herbs and flowering perennials. Ramblers planted as weeping standards complete the picture.



**Sudeley  
Castle  
Walls**

**The  
Queen's  
Garden**



The rambler planted at one side of the pond raised some questions for me that have caused me some thought. Although unlabeled so far as I could see, the garden plan indicated that it should be 'May Queen', but it looked different from the 'May Queen' I grow and those I have seen elsewhere. In the past, there were thought to be two roses with this same name, both bred in 1898, one by Dr. Walter Van Fleet (introduced by Conard and Jones) and the other by W. A. Manda. The parentage and descriptions of both were said to be the same, but only the descriptions of Van Fleet's rose are available now. In *The Old Rose Adventurer*, Brent Dickerson makes the case that there was never more than one variety, that of Van Fleet, but 'May Queen' is still listed for sale by many nurseries as Manda's rose. The rose that we usually see as 'May Queen' in this country and in Europe has a full, flat bloom form with some quartering of the petals. The color was originally described as coral pink, but the present rose is just clear pink, fading a little on the edges as roses of this sort usually do. The rose on the pond at Sudeley Castle is on the lilac side of pink, and rather than having a quartered petal arrangement, the petals reflex at the tips. My first thought was that it might be the Manda rose, but now that seems unlikely. Perhaps it is a different variety entirely.



**Anne's 'May Queen'**

Some large arbors have been constructed near the ruined wall of the castle. 'Bobbie James', a huge white rambler, grows on one and 'Blush Rambler', a pink one, graces another. If you stand next to 'Bobbie



### **Sudeley Castle's 'May Queen'**

James', you can see St. Mary's church where Catherine Parr is buried. She died of complications from childbirth in 1548 at the age of 36, less than a year after she and Thomas Seymour were married. Not long after that, Thomas Seymour became involved in a power play involving his brother, the young Princess Elizabeth, and the short-lived King Edward VI. He was tried for treason with what may have been trumped up charges and executed. As I stood there among the roses, thoughts about the castle's violent past came to my mind and contrasted strangely with the vision of beauty around me. Walking slowly by the church, I quietly said a little prayer of thanks that I was visiting there in the 21st century and not the 16th or the 17th.

For comments or questions contact Anne at [AnneBelovich@aol.com](mailto:AnneBelovich@aol.com).

**SOME ROSES in THE QUEEN'S GARDEN:** *Alfred de Dalmas, Belle Isis, Baron Girod de l'Ain, Cardinal Richelieu, Complicata, Charles de Mills, De Meaux, Duchesse de Buccleugh, Empress Josephine, Ferdinand Pichard, Gloire de Ducher, General Kleber, Jeanne Duval, La Reine Victoria, Laure Davoust, Leontine Gervais, Maiden's Blush, Mme Isaac Pereire, Mme Hardy, Marie Louise, Nathalie Nypels, Queen of Denmark, Reine des Violettes, Rose de Rescht, Rosa Mundi, Stanwell Perpetual, Sombreuil, Tuscany Superb, Variegata de Bologna, Veilchenblau, Yvonne Rabier*

## Notes from the *Salisbury and Winchester Journal*, August 31, 1829

"It is an interesting fact that the ever-blooming China rose, which now graces alike the lowly casement of the cottage and the proud balcony of the palace, has not flourished in England more than half a century. It was first introduced in the year 1789, when it was considered so delicate and precious that it became an inmate of the greenhouse, and the smallest cuttings sold for many guineas each. It by degrees found its way to the rustic casement, until the cottager, for the want of pence to purchase the depository of a flower-pot, planted it outside in the open air; when, as if rejoicing in its emancipation, it climbed luxuriantly to the attic, and, when every other Rose-plant was bare and denuded, displayed its blushing petals through a veil of December snow. The fact being established that the smallest cuttings of this Rose will grow, we take the liberty to propose to gentlemen of landed estates to beautify our roads and spread enchantment over the face of Nature by allowing it to creep into their hedgerows, where it would propagate itself both by suckers and seed. There are other Roses which might be diffused more generally though the country, of not very remote importation. Sir George Stanton's Rose,\* brought from China in 1795, is admirably adapted for covering arbours or trellis work, decorating arches and alcoves, climbing palisades, covering the dead wall, or wildly luxuriating among the shrubs of the wilderness walk. Its flowers are not only white, but redolent of perfume, and it blossoms in Autumn. It is of very elevated growth, and thick in branches, whose shining foliage is of an intensely deep green. This Rose is, however, surpassed by Lady Banks's Rose [*R. Banksia alba*], which displays small double white blossoms in such astonishing profusion that the branches are literally veiled in their expanded shower. It first visited England in 1807, and is yet confined to the conservatory; but it will probably soon be relieved from its bondage."

\*Sir George Staunton (note misspelling above) was a botanist and later English Parliamentarian who died in 1859.

## EUROPEAN GARDENS FOR WORK AND PLEASURE

Pam Greenwalde

In June of 2011 I was blessed to be able to attend the 25th Anniversary of the Heritage Rose Foundation, which took place in Lyon, France. This city is known for its long heritage of rose breeders who since the early 1800s have contributed to the huge number of roses we enjoy today. Generations of familiar names such as Pernet-Ducher, Schwartz, Guillot, Lacharme, and others have passed their knowledge down through the ages. Today the city can still boast of new rose varieties being produced by the descendants of old. What a thrill I experienced when our group was escorted on a tour to one of the oldest cemeteries in France, which housed the remains of these great men. The cemetery had created rose gardens around each famous family gravesite with roses bred by the familiar names mentioned above. When we were told of the garden containing Josephine Bonaparte's roses, which she had given to the City of Lyon in gratitude for its hospitality, I finally understood the reason France was blessed with so many great varieties of roses through the ages, and I could imagine how the relationship between Josephine and these breeders must have developed. We were there when the city was unveiling and celebrating the painting of two skyscrapers with incredible murals of roses and scenes from the past. Hundreds turned out for the occasion, which included a rose-naming of one of Fabien Ducher's new cultivars.

After a few days of tours, including a visit to the nursery of Fabian and Florence Ducher (one of my own import nurserymen), speakers, luncheons and pure joy in roses there, I proceeded to Switzerland and then to Germany to stay with my friend Werner Ruf. I had arranged to go there and work for one week at Werner's Organic Rose Nursery and Garden Center, Rosenschule Ruf. I was able to help out in the rose fields picking rose petals from fragrant Rugosas and Albas to be dried and made into various food products. I brought home some Rose Liquor, which was out of this world, plus many other rose goodies and gifts from the Garden Center he runs with his wife Sabine. Werner taught me how to bud, among many other tidbits of his multi-generational farming skills. Stuttgart where Werner and his wife Sabine live had been the "Lyon of Germany," for at one time in the early 1900s over 200 rose growers were all located in the general vicinity!



### **SABINE and WERNER RUF**

The next part of my journey took me to Albrighton and the world of David Austin. Working in his gardens for a week was one of the highlights of my journey. I had flown from Frankfurt to Birmingham, UK and taken a train to Shifnal in Shropshire where I stayed at a wonderful B & B. Each day I was picked up and returned by Steve Longbottom, the wonderful head gardener who before coming to work here three years before had been a tomato grower for 30 years. Steve would pick me up in the mornings on his way to David Austin's incredible rose gardens, which were still in full bloom the last week of June. There were peacocks walking around in full dress. My main job was deadheading roses, which is my specialty. There were hundreds of visitors from all over the world each day who were in awe, asking questions like “Where do you cut the rose off the stem?” and enjoying the show. I was in Rose Heaven! I got to meet and speak with Mr. Austin, which brought tears to my eyes. Mr. Austin is an elegant,

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## HAPPILY EVER AFTER OR NOT: A PINK ROSE AND A WHITE

Darrell g.h. Schramm

Not all histories of the rose are charming and rosy. The stories of two queens who had roses named for them begin somewhat similarly but end quite differently. Both women were the offspring of a duke, one Austrian, the other German. Both spoke German. Both enjoyed art. Both were admirable horsewomen. Both were known for their acts of charity. Both married a man who was to inherit a throne. But whereas the husband of the first was indifferent and neglectful of his wife, the husband of the second was charmed by and devoted to his.

The two roses are ‘Duchesse de Brabant’ and ‘Kaiserin Auguste-Viktoria’.

‘Duchesse de Brabant’ was named for Marie Henriette Anne von Habsburg-Lothringen, daughter of Joseph Archduke of Austria and Palatine of Hungary. She was born in Budapest, Hungary, in 1836, sister to Joseph Karl for whom the tea rose ‘Archiduc Joseph’ is named. Her interests in the arts were such that she employed a master painter to teach her, and she supposedly composed an opera; at the same time she enjoyed gypsy music. As a horsewoman, she was outstanding.

As was common among royalty, her wedlock was arranged. At age sixteen or seventeen, she married the Duke of Brabant, crown prince of Belgium but was as disinclined to the marriage as he. Indeed, she married unhappily ever after. Weeks after her wedding, she wrote a letter to her trusted art master, already grieving her unhappiness in this marriage. For forty years the couple endured a miserable relationship, he enjoying ostentatious affairs with numerous other women, much to the disapproval and even outrage of the Belgian public. She persevered. And the Belgian people called her “The Rose of Brabant.”

Twelve years into this political marriage of convenience (certainly not convenient for either husband or wife), the King died, and her husband, Leopold II, inherited the throne. Three daughters and one son, who died when he was ten years old, were the products of their mutual misery. With the death of her son, the Duchess, now Queen, lost any enthusiasm for living, becoming ever more adamant, intractable, and unapproachable. In fact, she later seems to have pushed her two oldest daughters into royal marriages equally unhappy as her own. She did not, however, surrender her equestrian pleasures. While her daughters were still small, she would take them on horseback rides (she

preferred the ‘Magyar’ style of riding astride, not sidesaddle as was common for women then), and alone she would drive a fast coach pulled by high-spirited steeds. Her other indulgence was spending long periods at spas. In 1895 she bought her own place at the town of Spa and exiled herself there for the remainder of her life.



### **DUCHESS DE BRABANT**

Essentially solitary, neglected by an indifferent—even cruel—king, she died September 19, 1902. Her husband, King Leopold II, gave her only the most plain and perfunctory of funerals, refusing to allow the daughters near the casket.

It should be remembered that Leopold II around 1880 had claimed the Belgian Congo as his own property—not that of his country—the only major colony in the world owned by one ruthless man. Its ivory and rubber brought him incredible wealth. He controlled the colony through forced labor. African women were taken hostage until their husbands and sons had collected the required amount of sap from rubber plants. If the collection fell short, the men were beaten, often to death—if they survived exhaustion and starvation. Many of the women were raped; many starved to death. Not a nice king. Not only did the Africans war against him, but even his own soldiers mutinied.

When an American, George Washington Williams, arrived in the Congo to see the “paradise of enlightened rule” that Leopold II had

falsely advertised, Williams documented the reality, as did a number of missionaries, and coined the phrase “crimes against humanity.” Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown, right? Burning all his documents regarding his rapacious enterprise in 1908, Leopold gave up his claim to the Congo. Unfortunately the legacy he left was to manifest itself again in the genocide of Rwanda in 1994.

This is not a happy story. Understandably, as Duchess and then as Queen, Marie Henriette wanted little or nothing to do with the man.

But her own citizens had been quite fond of the Queen of the Belgians. She had been a queen who was a rose, known for her kindness and generosity to the poor. And she was admired beyond her borders. In 1878 the Lyon breeder Antoine Levet (originator of ‘Paul Neyron’ and ‘Perle des Jardins’) raised a climbing hybrid tea in her honor, ‘Reine Marie Henriette’, a rose still available today in a few—mostly European—venues. Pope Leo XIII around 1893, awarded her the Golden Rose of Virtue, a goldsmith’s work of art given occasionally to a Catholic king or queen. But earlier, in 1857, five years after her wedding to the Duke, H.B. Bernede of Bordeaux, France, named his new tea rose ‘Duchesse de Brabant’.

This still popular rose bears upright petals forming a tulip shape. Its color is of a pearly transparency that ranges from light pink to bright pink and even to peach pink. The petal count varies also, a fact that Ethelyn Emery Keays pointed out in 1935—sometimes as few as 22, sometimes over fifty, but usually in the forties. Like most teas, the flowers bow their heads, as though heavy of heart but not submissive. The canes are rather twiggy. And while it luxuriates in heat, it resents humidity, an invitation or mildew and blackspot. It is not fond of pruning. Neglect her, forget her, and she will survive. But unhappily.



On a happier note, we note a rose named for Kaiserin Auguste-Viktoria (see photo on left). Peter Lambert, after winning a silver medal at the 1890 Horticultural Exposition in ‘Berlin, commercially introduced this luscious, mostly white hybrid tea in 1891. It is a cross between ‘Perle des Jardins’ and ‘Belle Lyonnaise’. The blooms are nearly five inches across in a thick, old-fashioned shape of about 100 petals, somewhat quilled.

The center of the rose is often a buff or soft sunset yellow blend. I first saw it one mid-September growing healthily in a public garden. The bush was in full, vigorous bloom. It flowers almost continuously. In his 1956 book on rose history, Roy Shepherd asserts that it is one of the three good hybrid teas prior to 1900, and thus the only good white one, as well as “one of the best in a small group of whites” after 1900. At its coming-out, *Journal des Roses* declared it “an absolutely exceptional variety and commendable from every point of view.”

The rose was named for the wife of Kaiser Wilhelm II, the last Kaiser of Germany. Born in Silesia (a country or principality no longer in existence) in 1858, Auguste-Viktoria was the oldest of four sisters of Duke Friedrich of Schleswig-Holstein, a man who forbade any kind of prejudice to be expressed at home or in public. Social justice and acts of charity became second nature for “Dona,” as she was affectionately called, for she brought food and medicines to the sick, the poor, and the old. The sisters were schooled in practicalities: housekeeping, cooking, and kindness. “Dona” also found time for art and music.

Slender and blonde, Auguste-Viktoria carried herself with an unaffected dignity. When Prince Wilhelm of Prussia met her in 1879, he was so smitten that he asked her to marry him only days later. They were wed in 1881.

Like the Duchess of Brabant, she was an excellent horsewoman. But she also gardened and was particularly fond of roses. When in the ten years between 1882 and 1892 she bore a daughter and six sons, she devoted most of her life to her children. But she never forgot the roses.

In 1888, Wilhelm became Kaiser (emperor). As empress, Auguste-Viktoria, much like the legendary St. Elizabeth of Hungary, would visit hospitals and nursing homes, never having lost her humanitarian values. She also continued her gardening, tending her roses, and supported the German Rose Society (which was founded in 1893). Life was good.

With the onset of World War I, the Kaiser and Kaiserin went into exile in the Netherlands. There the unseated emperor devotedly planted roses for her, including a number of this hybrid tea named in her honor. She died at age 62 in 1921 and was buried at Sans Souci near where she and her husband had enjoyed their first home. A white marble statue of her, somewhat larger than life size, was donated in her memory in 1913 to the famous gardens at Sangerhausen, today called Europarosarium Sangerhausen, where it still stands. Happier stories are generally shorter.

(First published in *Marin Rose*, February 2011)

# Faux Kin

By Jim Delahanty

In biology the process by which similar characteristics are shared by apparently related species for the benefit of one or both is known as mimicry. The range of the shared characteristics constitutes the gamut of possibility from coloration to sound sensitivity. In the naming of roses nothing so benign or natural guides the narrative. The unnatural process usually represents an attempt to cash on in the fame of the shared name or to reference similar growth habits.

The phenomenon of shared parents producing dissimilar offspring is well known in human families and even more commonly in roses. The crossing of *R. polyantha alba plena* with the tea rose 'Mme de Tartas' links two such disparate roses as 'Anna-Marie de Montravel' and 'Mlle Cecile Brunner.' The two roses differ in color, growth habits, and tendency to sport. 'Mlle Cecile Brunner' tends toward three feet in height, shows various shades of pink, and has sported to deep pink, white, and yellow. 'Anne-Marie de Montravel' presents pure white blooms, half the size of its sister seedling, and has not produced a sport of any kind in over one hundred and thirty years. Appropriately enough, they do not share a similar name.

Roses that do share a similar name conjure up expectations that the roses share significant characteristics. The various sports in the 'Koster' line of polyanthas, or the various descendants of 'Peace,' generally create a sense that the roses have characteristics in common: 'Margo Koster,' 'Dick Koster' and 'White Koster' are expected to have ranunculus type blooms on short plants with a tendency to sport to another color. The variously named sports of 'Peace' provide a sense that another color has been articulated rather than a significantly different bloom. However, this is not always the case.

Roses with similar growth habits can and do have different parents to the point that quite variant parentages can produce roses with similar characteristics. Here are recent examples that have come to my attention.

## **‘Goldene Gruss an Aachen:’**

‘Goldene Gruss an Aachen’ would seem to be an offshoot or sport of the famous ‘Gruss an Aachen.’ After all, the 1909 rose had already produced pink and white variants of itself by the nineteen thirties. In 1935 two yellow versions appeared in Germany. ‘Jean Muraour’ was described as white with a yellow center, but classified as a pink blend; it was a sport of ‘Gruss an Aachen’ discovered by Max Krausse of ‘Nigrette’ fame. The other yellow Gruss was ‘Goldene Gruss an Aachen’ from Wilhelm Kordes. (The rose is also known as ‘Goldener Gruss an Aachen.’) But the parentage was ‘Mme Butterfly’ and ‘Gloria Mundi.’ ‘Mme Butterfly’ was an apricot sport of the famous ‘Ophelia,’ a salmon pink Hybrid Tea with parentage stretching back to ‘Parks Tea-scented Yellow’ China and ‘Blush Noisette.’ ‘Gloria Mundi,’ a vermilion double bloom polyantha, sported from ‘Superb,’ an orange-red but not quite there yet polyantha of unknown parentage; however contemporaries assumed that it belonged to the ‘Orleans Rose’ line of sports and seedlings.



**Gruss an Aachen**

The rationale for naming the rose as if it were a golden sport of ‘Gruss an Aachen’ may have been a kind of competitive spirit with the Krause roses. Or it may have been simply a desire to link an apparent Hybrid Tea with the more reliable and famous ‘Gruss an Aachen.’ In the decade of the 1930’s, the Kordes firm was promoting floribunda-like roses and had turned away from the Hybrid Tea concept. In his annual letter to the *American Rose Annual* (ARA) of 1936, Kordes noted that the rose was “much like the good old Aachen, but in deep golden yellow, and with a powerful old rose scent.” A dozen years later in *Roses in Colour and Cultivation*, T.C. Mansfield echoed the Kordes comments about characteristics, but demurred on the question of scent, commenting that the rose was only “moderately fragrant.”

Kordes himself probably indirectly commented on the probative value of ‘Goldene Gruss an Aachen’ in that he bothered to register for an American patent on ‘Crimson Glory,’ arguably the best Kordes rose of the decade, while not investing the time and effort to do so with ‘Goldene Gruss an Aachen.’ And while the Bobbink and Atkins catalog of 1937 carried ‘Crimson Glory,’ there was no such listing for ‘Goldene Gruss an Aachen.’ Finally, ‘Crimson Glory,’ three quarters of a century later, is still sold by three dozen nurseries, while ‘Goldene Gruss’ has disappeared from both catalogs and gardens. So has its putative rival, ‘Jean Muraour,’ except for a lingering presence at Sangerhausen, in Germany.

### **‘Improved Cecile Brunner:’**

There is a certain insouciance in offering an improvement on the venerable ‘Mlle Cecile Brunner;’ given the status of ‘Mlle Cecile Brunner’ and its offspring, the notion of improving upon it almost constitutes lese majesty. ‘Mlle Cecile Brunner’ is probably the second most popular polyantha and has remained so for over a hundred and thirty years, especially in California where even a change in gender and name to ‘Cecil Brunner’ did not affect its sway and that of its various climbing sports, from the San Bernardino origins of ‘Climbing Mlle Cecile Brunner,’ to the Howard & Smith ‘Spray Cecile Brunner.’

‘Improved Cecile Brunner’ was originally and alternatively named ‘Rosy Morn.’ At the time of the publication of *Modern Roses III* (1947), a

dispute over the proper rose to be accorded the name of 'Rosy Morn' was settled in favor of the 'Rosy Morn' produced by Alister Clark in 1914; the Burbage 'Rosy Morn' of 1930 was the alternative claimant. (At that time, 'Rosy Morn,' an 1878 Bennett offering, was not included in *Modern Roses* and would not be until *Modern Roses IV* (1952). By *MR IV* the question of which roses deserved the name 'Rosy Morn' had been muted by removing the statement that the name belonged to the Clark entry and the then four roses with the name 'Rosy Morn' were just listed in order of year of introduction with the last being that of the 1948 introduction with the injunction to look at 'Improved Cecile Brunner.'



**Improved Cecile Brunner**

'Improved Cecile Brunner' was a cross by Carl Duehrsen of Oregon of 'Dainty Bess' X *Rosa Gigantea* Collette ex Crepin. While there might be an argument that an improved version of a polyantha like 'Mlle Cecile Brunner' could be classified as a polyantha, the rose was classified as a floribunda from *Modern Roses IV* through *Modern Roses XI*; it is now classified as a Hybrid Gigantea. The designation in *Modern Roses XII* is not echoed in the classifications of the rose in commerce where most vendors still list it as a floribunda. In any event, there seems to be

little or no congruence in a comparison of the parentage of ‘Mlle Cecile Brunner’ and ‘Improved Cecile Brunner.’

Neither early nor late critics failed to note that the improved version failed to live up to its promise. After five years of consideration by the participants in the ARS "Proof of the Pudding," an earlier version of the current *Roses in Review*, ‘Improved Cecile Brunner’ was graded at a lackluster 5.5—slightly less than the equivalent of a ‘gentleman’s C’ per the 1953 *American Rose Annual*. Over the years there were some favorable reports from the Middle Atlantic states, but most of the reports from the West Coast were savage—‘miserable copy’ or ‘wasted money’—and many expressed a preference for the original unimproved version. By 1962 Graham Thomas indicated he thought that the improved version was an “insult” to the original rose. And by 2006 Demi Bowles Lathrop declared in the SFGATE—a blog of the *San Francisco Chronicle*—that “most rosarians dismiss this 1948 hybrid as inferior.”

‘Improved Cecile Brunner’ is comparable in height to the original ‘Mlle Cecile Brunner’, both rising to about three feet. The blooms of the improved version are an orange salmon or an orange pink but without the candelabra effect of the original. The blooms are double, opening widely to an almost quilled effect, but do not seem to replicate the nearly tea rosebud and opening of the original rose. Fragrance does not seem to be a strong point of either rose. References are made of the resemblance to the original rose, but a side by side comparison does not necessarily produce that comment, as the improved version exhibits more vigor, but the original rose seems more graceful in growth habits. While the bush form of ‘Mlle Cecile Brunner’ is virtually thornless, ‘Improved Cecile Brunner’ possesses ample armature equal to the barbs thrown at it. The Vintage Gardens online catalog suggests that the later rose was selected for the florist trade.

Both versions of the rose are still in the marketplace. ‘Improved Cecile Brunner’ is offered in three American nurseries, while ‘Mlle Cecile Brunner’ is offered in three American nurseries and four foreign nurseries per the *Combined Rose List* of 2011.

## ‘Red Fairy:’

‘Red Fairy’ acquired its name by virtue of a perceived similarity in growth habits and other traits. While the parentage of ‘Red Fairy’ is clear in the statement of its patent application, that stated parentage is clouded by doubts as to the possible outcome of such a cross. As reported in the patent application, the parentage of ‘Red Fairy’ is recorded as a cross of the miniature ‘Simon Robinson’ with itself.

However, per the discussion on [www.helpmefind.com](http://www.helpmefind.com), it would be nearly impossible for that combination of single roses to produce the double bloom, red flower clusters that identify ‘Red Fairy.’ But whether ‘Red Fairy’ stems from a cross of ‘Simon Robinson’ with itself or an unknown, it does not resonate with the roses comprising the parentage of ‘The Fairy,’ a union of ‘Paul Crampel’ x ‘Lady Gay;’ ‘Paul Crampel’ derives from the ‘Orleans Rose’ line of polyanthas and ‘Lady Gay’ from the *wichurana* line of ramblers. ‘Simon Robinson’ is a cross of a *wichurana* with ‘Floradora’ and ‘New Penny,’ a cross of two Ralph Moore breeding roses, ‘0-47-19’ and ‘Zee.’



However, both roses do provide arching canes longer than taller, prodigious armature and prolific bloom from one end of the growing season to the other. The story of the naming of the rose resembles a tale of almost osmotic proportions as related on Helpmefind.com. Over the long period of evaluation at the famed Sequoia Nursery, Kim Rupert kept referring to the rose as ‘Red Fairy,’ because of its

resemblance to the original ‘The Fairy’ and the obvious color difference. Over the course of time—perhaps as long as seven years—others in the nursery started to refer to the rose by the same name; in time the repetition of the commonly used name crowded out any possible alternatives and the introduction of the rose was accomplished under the title given it over the many years of reference. The length of time it took to have the rose introduced seemed to parallel the length of time it took for ‘The Fairy’ to catch on in the United States or the amount of time it took before the rose was used for any breeding purposes. Despite the introduction of ‘The Fairy’ in 1931, it was not until the middle of World War II that the rose caught the attention of the selling or buying public; and it was not until nearly three and a half decades later that Dennison Morey produced one of the first hybrids out of ‘The Fairy’ (‘Pride of Newark’).

‘The Fairy’ is simply one of the most popular roses in the world. Over half of the nurseries listed in the *Combined Rose List* sell ‘The Fairy’ or one of its sports. While ‘Red Fairy’ is not nearly as popular after a decade and a half on the commercial market, it is listed with eight domestic and three foreign nurseries; and it is one of the few modern American polyanthas to make the crossing to any foreign distributor.

### **Conclusions:**

Whatever commercial considerations may have played a part in the naming of ‘Red Fairy,’ the commonality of long term usage would seem to have prevailed over any other considerations. In the case of ‘Improved Cecile Brunner,’ it is clear that whatever considerations operated to obtain the name proved detrimental to the consideration of the rose both in the market then prevailing as well as in retrospect. And in the case of ‘Goldene Gruss an Aachen,’ not even association with the venerable and beloved ‘Aachen,’ could save it from oblivion or omission from the Kordes autobiography. Oddly enough, faux kin seem to suffer the same fate as real kin: variable. And mimicry in naming as opposed to nature seems to provide no apparent mutual benefits at all.

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(continued from page 14)

handsome man of 85 who now reaps the benefit of his impassioned and not-so-easy life spent interbreeding old and modern roses to form an entirely new class of rose, the English Rose. He broke the mold. He had stopped the inbreeding of hybrid teas and pioneered something different but was at first ridiculed to the point of almost quitting if it had not been for the encouragement of his friend Graham Thomas. Every morning he takes a stroll from his typical English cottage on the edge of the gardens, and walks to his offices before any people come to break the silence of the beauty he has created. He passes by the statues his beloved wife Pat had made, which add even more grace to the existing rose flora. On the morning we were introduced, after making small rose talk for 10 minutes, he asked me if I would want to work in his own private yard, so of course that's what I did!



**David Austin and Pam Greenewald**

It was really enjoyable being one of the workers behind the scenes, as I had imagined it would be. There is a different vibration when one is helping out as opposed to being a tourist. I felt useful and appreciated as the task was never-ending keeping the rose bushes clean. The visitors kept saying I had the best job in the world. I had to agree, even if only for a week! When Steve Longbottom told me that the firm was picking up the tab at my B & B, it was a surprise and only made my heart soar even more for these wonderful people who were glad for the experienced help and were willing to give so much in return.

The Austin Gardens are a series of walled gardens connected by large doorways. There is even a round garden with completely round walls around a circular garden. One large garden is called the Lion Garden, which is of roses mixed with perennials. Steve Longbottom had designed it just two years before. There is a Container Garden showing English roses just outside the gift shop. Many old roses and ramblers grace the gardens and blend in nicely with the old-fashioned English roses.

I saw the trial rose fields with Michael Marriott, the hybridizing operations, and the greenhouse dedicated to the Chelsea Garden show. Steve took me across the road from the Nursery on a tour of the Species Garden, which was a huge collection of nearly every known wild rose. Steve explained how important Mr. Austin considered the preservation of the gene pool of the original roses in existence.

I even had a couple of visitors from the Lyon conference (Anne Belovich and Susan) while I was there. The highlight occurred when Mr. Austin came into the garden to find me so that I could get a photo taken with him (which I had requested earlier). He presented me with his two latest giant books on roses, which I had been drooling over in the gift shop. He signed both, and I was overwhelmed as they offered even to ship the weighty books to the States for me! “What gracious people,” I thought. The whole experience was wonderful, and my heart sang with the breathtaking beauty, the hospitality and the roses.

From there I stayed a night in a B & B near Stratford Upon Avon in order to visit Hidcote and Kiftgate, two magnificent neighboring gardens that were well worth my trouble. It was fun to walk through the medieval town nearby where I was staying and to eat at the Red Lion Inn, the same title of the inn in my romance novel I was reading. Then I took the train to Attleborough where I stayed in another B & B with Lynn who would be my chauffeur each morning to Peter Beales Nursery where I had my final working week with roses. I did my usual deadheading, but I was also able to go out to the huge rose fields where some of the roses were being grown under contract. I helped cut and bundle fresh replacement flowers for the Hampton Flower Show with Ian, the head gardener. We stopped by a giant rose processing plant where every rose was pruned on a conveyor belt and made to look alike.

Unfortunately Peter was hospitalized while I was there, but I got to be

with his main operators who had been with him for 30-plus years. There were brothers and wives all working there as a big happy family. Incidentally, I found at both David Austin's and at Peter Beales's the sons of each were now running their businesses. Having grown up with the fathers who had created the nurseries, each of the sons seemed to rule with less passion for the roses than the predecessor and with more handle on the business side of things. Many of the employees from both camps had been through the tough years with the seniors and were missing that enthusiasm for the Old Garden Roses, which has faded with the younger men now in charge. It was an interesting contrast.

My trip was completed with a wonderful visit to Mottisfont Abbey, the garden of Graham Thomas fame, a private tour with Johnny the young curator whom I had met at the conference, a stay in a 600 year old farmhouse, a visit to Florence Nightingale's final resting place, a wonderful stay with Joan Taylor, a nurserywoman whom I had met at the conference, a visit to see wild ponies, a visit to Kew Gardens with Joan, and finally, after a day of walking around Kew, the realization that I had read my ticket wrong and had missed my plane home! I was up all night at Heathrow, nervous that I would not make the standby the next day, but lo, all turned out well when I clicked my shoes together three times and said, "There's no place like Home!"

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**Saturday June 2, Len and Marilyn Heller's Open Garden and More 11:00 AM-3:00 PM.** OGRs including Gallicas, Albas, Moss, Spinosissimas, and other rare, old rose varieties. Heller residence, Stanwood, WA.

**Saturday June 16, Work party.** Prepare area for HRNW Rose Display at Antique Rose Farm, Snohomish, WA.

**Sunday June 17, HRNW Annual Rose Display 12 Noon-5PM.** Antique Rose Farm, Snohomish, WA.

Call Margaret Nelson at (253) 874-4007, e-mail: [oldrosen@gmail.com](mailto:oldrosen@gmail.com)



## A Few Submission Guidelines

*Place recognized rose names in single quotation marks*

*Write out numbers under ten*

*Do not space between paragraphs*

*Avoid using slang*

*Keep to a minimum sentences beginning with There is/are/was/were*

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