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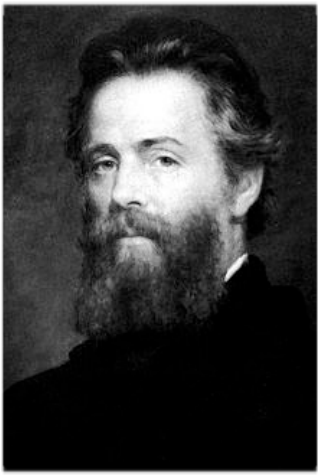

LONGING FOR EDEN: HERMAN MELVILLE AND ROSES

Darrell g.h. Schramm

Do not call me Ishmael. Though I've been on a few yachts, I've never been on a ship at sea, only on the Queen Mary in dock. And though I've seen a whale spouting, I prefer to see a rose sprouting. I allude, of course, to Herman Melville, known for his novels such as Moby Dick and Billy Budd.

What I suspect most people do not know is that in the last fifteen years or so of his life, Melville (1819-1891) immersed himself in roses. He read about roses, he wrote poems on roses, he grew roses. In fact, according to one source, roses became for him a kind of religion, his "rose-religion." Not particularly Christian, he saw himself as a "New Rosicrucian," meaning not part of a sect but a true lover of the rose. Over and over again during his last years as he worked on his poetry, the rose surfaced as image and symbol.

As early as 1868, he had acquired a book written by the 13th century Persian writer Sadi (also Sa'di or Saadi), a book of proverbs, parables, and other tales entitled Gulistan (also Golistan), that is, Rose Garden. Melville seems to have marked the margins of the book with some enthusiasm, apparently resonating with Sadi's

fervor for life and the creative mind. For Sadi the rose was a metaphor for his own life ("Sadi is a rose but to the eye of his enemies a thorn") and for the imagination that creates ("Take a leaf from my rose-garden" by which he meant the wisdom in the book he had written; "A flower endures but five or six days. But this rose-garden is always delightful"). In the Gulistan, the garden is the site of the imagination.

Around 1880 Melville began growing roses. Since in his poems he mentions the Sweet Briar, the Damask, and both moss roses and musk roses more than once, it is conceivable that he grew these. When he refers to a red rose with reflexed petals, could it have been the hybrid perpetual 'General Jacqueminot'? 'Empereur du Maroc'? The days of the popular hybrid perpetual roses still shown in all their glory, though they were soon to give way to tea roses, hybrid teas, and ramblers. If Melville grew any of the latest hybrid perpetuals, among them might have been one or more of these still surviving heritage roses: 'Archiduchesse Elizabeth d'Autriche', 'Pride of Waltham', 'Ulrich Brunner fils', 'Heinrich Schultheis', 'Duc de Marlborough', ' 'Duc de Bragance', 'Comtesse O'Gorman', 'Marchioness of Lorne', and 'Buffalo Bill'.

Because Melville had come to cherish roses, on his 65th birthday his wife Elizabeth presented him with the seventh and latest edition (1883) of Dean Samuel Reynolds Hole's A Book About Roses. (Is it a coincidence or a cosmic connection that both Melville and Dean Hole were born in the same year?) Given Melville's many markings in the margins of this little volume, it seems clear that the book spoke meaningfully to him.

In section IV of "Naples in the Time of Bomba," a long narrative poem by Melville, a flower girl in Naples pins to the lapel of the narrator "a red and royal rose/A rose just flowering from the bud." After he pays her in coin, she vanishes with a smiling good-bye, but he moves on through the streets feeling "ruddy now/ Flushed with the rose's reflex bloom." This part of the poem echoes an actual occasion in London that Dean Hole records in his own book. By contrast, Dean Hole, however, did not continue his stay in the city. Sensing the rose urge him to "come home," he cut short his visit and set out for home with the rosebud pinned to his coat, to wander in his own more rural garden. The rose has power to bring a

true rose lover home, away and apart from the materialism and distractions of the world.

The rose is a lure. In another Melville poem, a speaker asserts it was roses that lured men and angels from "heaven's own seventh heaven," for both angels and human beings were "tired out with perpetuity." Beauty offered so much more. And the very evanescence of a rose adds to its variety, its annual or seasonal anticipation, its call to desire.

Gloire de Dijon

In the poem "The Rose Farmer," Melville juxtaposes two viewpoints, one of a Persian who prizes the attar or rose oil that he distills from his Damasks, no doubt Rosa trigintipetala, and the other view of the farmer who prizes the rose itself. The Persian claims that attar is better than the flower, for not only does the attar require more labor to obtain it, but also it outlasts the Damask rose. While Melville would agree that the perfume of a rose is alluring, for elsewhere he writes that the subtle influence inhaled from a rose flatters and seduces us, the farmer of the poem in the end realizes it is the very transience of the rose—its spiritual but fleeting beauty—that charms his soul again and again.

Melville appears to have treasured Dean Hole's book and apparently revered its author as well. Accordingly, it is altogether likely that Melville chose for his own garden some of Dean Hole's favorite roses. If, wrote Hole, he were allowed only one rose, he would choose the climbing tea 'Gloire de Dijon'. His two other favorites were the hybrid perpetual 'Charles Lefebvre', "at its best, the best rose of all," and the noisette 'Marechal Niel', which, like 'Charles Lefebvre', he described as "magnificent." But he also

spoke glowingly of 'Cramoisie Superieure', 'Juno'—"all that a good Rose ought to be"—'Oeillet Parfait', 'Coupe d'Hebe', 'Charles Lawson', and 'Senateur Vaisse', a red hybrid perpetual now long lost. Melville may also have grown the rose, a Gallica, that first won Dean Hole's heart, 'D'Aguesseau', a vivid violet red or crimson rose of a clarity and brightness rare in the plant world. And since Dean Hole opined that he who sees no beauty in 'Old Blush' is no rosarian, Herman Melville may have cultivated that ancient rose as well.

For Dean Hole, as for Sadi, roses were metaphorical or symbolic, and so they became for Melville. Dean Hold did not approve of the "pseudo-Rosist" (his word), meaning, I think, those who see

Charles Lefebvre

Marechal Niel

the rose only as exhibition material meant to compete for a prize—though a true Rosist might well take part in such a competition. He also meant that the pseudo-Rosist is one who is whimsical, only partly committed to the rose, one who discards last year's beauty for any new fashion this year. He calls those people "foes" who" care nothing for the Rose itself . . . only for the prize it may win." Do we praise only the cut rose, the extraction of the rose, the awarded transaction of the rose, or do we

extol the whole plant, the living beauty of the rose, the real thing with its power to move us, uplift us?

True devotees of the rose, maintains critic William Dillingham, are "not only loyal to the rose as queen of beauty" but also aware "that love for it reflects a longing for Eden from which all human beings are exiled," That longing is why we are caught in the rose—with or without prickles or thorns—why we can't let go, why old heritage roses are so important, bringing us closer to a lost Eden. That quiet longing may be so implanted within our being that we cannot toss one rose aside for the latest new bloom on the market, why for us the old rose breathes intimations of immortality, or at the very least, of a lost childhood. Herman Melville was onto something. He wrote that we are natives of Eden, that we are "blessed in banishment," for we have and love the rose.

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'Paul Ricault' with MacCallum House in background

Daisy MacCallum and the Roses of Mendocino County

Alice Flores

When rose preservationists in Mendocino County began collecting and propagating "found" roses, they were bemused and intrigued by the broad range of varieties they discovered. Among the expected "traditional" cultivars such as 'Dorothy Perkins' and some of her relations, 'Harison's Yellow,' and 'American Pillar,' some sumptuous and more elegant roses were growing, and rosarians speculated on how some of them might have first come to this isolated, rough area where most human endeavor was given over to the hard labor of survival on a frontier and the extraction of a valuable resource -- timber.

That resource, and its shrewd exploitation by some of the early arrivals around 1850, made many of those pioneering, adventurous men wealthy. Some of them squandered their fortunes in poor investments; others, a bit wiser, were able to create a stable,

comfortable environment for themselves and their families, and they settled into a role as the town of Mendocino's founders and elders. They bought and sold land, built homes (many of them beautiful and well-crafted and still in use today), organized a structure for law and order, and quickly created a town suitable for women and children. William Kelly, who worked at building the first mill in 1852, was one of these founders, and in 1855 he was able to bring his bride Eliza to this remote yet bustling community.

It was into this early, well-to-do family that little Emma Kelly was born in 1859. The young girl's sunny nature gained her the nickname of "Daisy," and she was known that way for all of her long life. Mrs. Kelly was determined that her children (Daisy had a sister and two brothers) would grow up as ladies and gentlemen. Though Mendocino was a safe (and lively) place to live, it still had few amenities. The Kellys spent considerable time in San Francisco, enjoying a more cultured atmosphere. Daisy's sensibilities were apparently honed by her youthful experiences because, at a young age, she changed the spelling of her family name to Kelley to add a small note of elegance. The change prevailed, as is reflected by the name of the Kelley House Museum in Mendocino.

Daisy's penchant for name "enhancements" appeared again when, at age 20, she married Alexander McCallum, her uncle Capt. Blair's bookkeeper, and soon altered his name to MacCallum, another change that persists to this day. Daisy continued to divide her time between Mendocino (where her parents built her a beautiful home that currently houses a thriving bed and breakfast

Daisy MacCallum

inn) and San Francisco. But in 1885 Capt. Blair acquired a tract of excellent timber land about seven miles inland from Fort Bragg and commenced a large logging and milling operation there. Rails were laid up Pudding Creek north of Ft. Bragg to the camp, and the business was up and running in 1886. Blair chose young Alex MacCallum to manage this important mill, and Daisy and Alex moved out to the mill site at that time. The manager's house was large, with wide verandas, and as gracious as could be managed in that primitive setting. It was quite a change for the young wife and, with her characteristic zeal, Daisy set about civilizing her surroundings. She planted a rose garden.

"MacCallum Yellow Tea" identified as 'Etoile de Lyon'

Once again Daisy found a more fanciful name for her surroundings; she christened the camp Glen Blair; it is still known by that name though the mill and town surrounding it are now vanished. Vanished also is most of Daisy's original garden, though it was legend at the time. Daisy pursued her horticultural interests with her typical enthusiasm, and she used her wealth and education to find and purchase the "latest" plants for her garden. Some of her

plant catalogs are still found at the Kelley House Museum and are marked throughout with her pencilled checkmarks, noting the varieties that she had ordered and/or found interesting. The early rose nurseries are well represented in these artifacts from Dingee and Conard, Burpee, Stocking's, and other purveyors of the era. Daisy was one of the first members of the newly-founded American Rose Society. Some of her library (including books by Dean Hole, Rose Kingsley, etc.) remains at the Kelley House, the pencilled notations offering intriguing clues to what might have been growing in her garden. Only a few of Daisy's Glen Blair garden roses still grow at the abandoned site. The hardiest Wichurana ramblers, such as 'Gardenia,' survive as they do all over the county, but all else is gone. A local preservationist, Joyce Demits, was able to access the site in the early 1960s and rescued one very interesting rose, a bush form of 'Mme. Alfred Carriere.' Joyce kept the cultivar alive, called it "Glen Blair," and just this fall a group of dedicated rosarians were able to take cuttings from that plant (as well as many of Joyce's other foundlings) to assure its survival.

The MacCallums returned to San Francisco after leaving Glen Blair, educated their children, and took part in the social life of the city. However, Alex's death in 1908 brought Daisy and her son back to Mendocino. During the first years of her widowhood, Daisy continued to pursue her love of travel and culture. She roamed the world, always returning to her base in Mendocino. She was a founder of the Mendocino Study Club, an institution that still promotes "culture" in the town; some of the Study Club's current members, now octogenarians, have childhood recollections of "Mrs. MacCallum" that range from awe and respect to fear. She was an indomitable presence for decades in Mendocino, and her influence is still felt -- and quite visible in the legacy she unwittingly left all over the county in the form of roses.

End of Part I

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We regret that *Old Roser's Digest* subscriptions cannot be paid through the Heritage Roses Group.

Seven Disappearing Roses

Darrell g.h. Schramm

I write of seven roses in danger of vanishing, the two youngest 78 years old, the oldest 185 years old. Why these seven? While many others anticipate the same unfortunate fate, these seven are my familiars, growing gladly in my garden. In alphabetical order they are 'Angele Pernet', 'Fabvier', 'Girona', 'Mme Elisa de Vilmorin', 'President Plumecocq', 'Souvenir of Wootton', and 'Violinista Costa'. All but one are early hybrid teas. Each of them is sold by only one USA nursery.

'Angele Pernet' is a 1924 hybrid tea, a product of the Wizard of Lyon, Joseph Pernet-Ducher. A striking, coral-colored rose with blends of pink, yellow, apricot, orange, and fawn or pale brown shades (or, to simplify it, a brownish orange-red), the flower offers an unusual brilliance. The new leaves are red, quickly turning dull green with a sheen. The prickles on the chestnut-brown canes are large, silver-grey, some straight, some slightly down-curved but not falcate. Surely it is the loveliest of Pernet-Ducher's Pernetianas, deserving to be more known and grown and saved from extinction.

The rose is named for the attractive eldest daughter of the famous breeder, both of whose sons were killed in World War I. In an old 1912 photo familiar to rose historians, taken at the International Rose Conference in London, Angele stands, one of two women, beside her father among the leading rose specialists of the day. Along with the Pernetiana 'Belle Cuivree', 'Angele Pernet' was released the year of Joseph Pernet-Ducher's retirement. This healthy and uncommon rose, however, must not retire.

'Fabvier' is a china rose of 1829, the oldest rose on this list, bred by the prolific Jean Laffay. Red with a blush-pink center and a white streak on at least one of the petals, it is as prolific as its breeder, blooming almost constantly on a short, dense bush about thirty inches high, exhibiting very few prickles. Invariably it blooms in December. The matte green leaves are typical of china roses: three to seven leaflets that are lanceolate and serrulate, with a somewhat satin-like surface. Stipules are adnate and glabrous. The purplish-green and round hips drop their sepals.

General Fabvier was a French officer who had fought under Napoleon, served as ambassador to Isfahan, then fought against the Turks in Greece's war for independence in 1826-27 where he proved himself a hero. Later, under King Louis Philippe, he served as a Parliament member unafraid to confront other politicians who succumbed to extortion or served powerful interests. After terms as ambassador to Constantinople and to Denmark, he retired in 1851, dying four years later.

'Girona' is a 1936 hybrid tea bred by the Catalonian breeder Pedro Dot, surely one of the four or five greatest rose hybridists of the first half of the 20th century. A parent of 'Girona' is the once very popular rose 'Talisman'. A fairly contained rose that grows to about four feet, 'Girona's'

blossoms wear a varied Pernetiana blend of soft carmine red and luscious yellow, "one of Pedro Dot's color wonders," asserts Gregg Lowery. The petals appear elegant, delicate, and palely marbled or veined. The flowers emit a damask perfume. Its three to five leaflets are pale green or chartreuse, serrulate and oval-acuminate. The stipules vary from being pencil-line narrow to quite wide on the same plant.

The rose was named to commemorate a large Spanish town bombed by Franco's forces and allies during the Spanish Civil War. A hilltop town a few thousand years old, it survived and still boasts large cobblestone streets and old historic districts—a Jewish quarter, ancient Roman ruins, and Arabic baths built in the 12th century. A small city generally overlooked by tourists, it shows pride in its heritage and survival, much like the feeling of heritage rose lovers.

'Mme Elisa de Vilmorin' is a very early, pre-'La France' hybrid tea bred by Louis Leveque in 1864. The pink flowers have rounded petals, about thirty, imbricated like those of a dahlia. In California the rose blooms in all four seasons, taking a short siesta between each exuberance. Its scent is of citrus, quite strongly so. The buds are very pointed, and the reflexive sepals exhibit a few white hairs, one sepal being foliaceous (feathery). It is generous in producing prickles from base through stem (peduncle), mostly straight. The leaves, slender, lanceolate, and dark green, recall the tea rose. And, like a tea, the bush is somewhat willowy. In a large container, where mine grows, it stretches only to about 30 inches in height.

For the first several years, the plant was so determinedly a host to powdery mildew and blackspot that I nearly surrendered it to the dustbin; but the blossom is historically rare and beautiful, so I kept it despite its subversive activities. Nonetheless, no fungus prevented it from blooming, with or without leaves. Then I began spraying the underside and topside of its foliage with "eco-friendly"

Jaz Rose Spray (a concentrated solution of mostly phosphate and soluble potash and Methyl Dihydrojasmonate, non-plant ingredient). Since then the leaves have refused to invite fungus, deepened their yellow green to dark green, and remained entirely healthy.

Madame Elisa de Vilmorin was a botanist who married in 1841 into the famous Vilmorin family at age 15. The House of Vilmorin, an enterprise known for its horticultural and agricultural advancements, had been established, along with its nursery, in 1727. It still exists. As a botanist, Elisa de Vilmorin was the first to publish a description of the hybrid petunia, the first to describe the marsh marigold, and the first female member of France's Botanical Society. When her husband, Pierre Louis Leveque de Vilmorin (not to be confused with the rose breeder Louis Leveque) died, leaving her a widow at age 34, she became the first woman president of the huge family business. She also cultivated and named the California strawberry. A woman of firsts. With the onslaught of a chest ailment (probably TB), she had her son Henri assume responsibility for Vilmorin-Andrieux & Co. She died four years after the rose was dedicated to her.

'President Plumecocq' is also a hybrid tea, a rose of 1931 bred by Gaujard whom Pernet-Ducher chose as his successor. It develops as a low plant with large blossoms of a matte, tawny-gold color. Sometimes the outer petals appear more straw or ochre-yellow and the inner darker in hue. The flowers grow mostly in cymes and emit an apple-clove fragrance. New leaves are dark purplish-green, becoming a medium green. The stipules' edges are minutely ciliate. On bush and in vase, the flowers have considerable staying power.

The rose is named for Marceau Plumecocq, founder and president of France's Society of Horticulture and Popular Gardens, organized in 1920. In 1954 he chaired the jury that awarded a prize to France's Most

Beautiful Rose of that year, a rose commonly known as 'Grand Amour', which today sits in flowerbed 40 at La Roseraie du Val-de-Marne. That same year he organized the first and now most important flower exhibition in France, held at Nantes, and known as Floralies, which occurs every five years. The theme for the 2014 Expo, to be held from May 8 to 18, will be Bouquet of Arts.

'Souvenir of Wootton', America's first hybrid tea, was bred by John Cook of Baltimore in 1888. He named it to commemorate the estate where a recent American Florists Convention had been held. Cook was the man who introduced the roses 'La France' and 'Kaiserin Augusta Victoria' to the United States. 'Souvenir of Wootton' is a cross of deep pink 'Bon Silence' and dark red 'Louis van Houtte'. The flower is large, double, cupped, with a strong perfume. The color varies with the seasons, as does the cupped form. Sometimes it appears magenta, sometimes deep pink, sometimes light crimson, sometimes with the central petals magenta and the skirt of outer petals pink; at times it exhibits quartered blossoms, at other times muddled centers, or even a deep chalice-like form.

Older sources, however, from the earliest in 1888 to 1921 describe the color as 'Grand red,' 'rich velvety red," and just "rich red." The rose growing in Australia matches that description. The rose now growing in Baltimore's Cylburn Arboretum, brought from Sangerhausen, Germany in 2009, is a deep, dark crimson red. In short, the rose in Australia and in Baltimore is similar to the color of its parent 'Louis van Houtte', and similar to the very first—admittedly somewhat vague—descriptions of the rose. Yet one source of 1906 avers it is "blush pink with carmine edges," and Pemberton in 1922 considers it "deep rose pink shaded purple," an

observation that sometimes fits my rose. Another more recent account has it crimson with carmine-pink edges, which at times also fits mine. (The photo on page 15 was taken of my rose.)

As I have asked in another article on this topic, are two different roses marketed under the same name? Do I grow the true 'Souvenir of Wootton', or a rose that has been mis-marketed or mislabeled? I strongly suspect I grow the wrong rose. It doesn't help that mine insists on being an inconstant beauty, varying in both form and color with the moods of the seasons. To allude to John Keats and to Emily Dickenson, would you rather die for beauty or for truth? This rose makes the answer seem less obvious. While the rose that I, and no doubt others, grow may not be the true Wootton rose, it is nonetheless beautiful. So though in this case truth and beauty may not be one, the rose reveals that beauty contains its own truth, a rose worth keeping.

'Violinista Costa' was bred by the Catalonian hybridist Carlos Camprubi, a friend of fellow countryman Pedro Dot, in the same year as the latter's 'Girona'—1936. A sturdy hybrid tea with stout canes and huge, unfriendly prickles, it grows as wide as a wine barrel but not as high. This loose and ruffled rose varies from intense rose pink to deep rose or red, with orange highlights and some touches of yellow at the base. The center can be a darker shade than the outer rim of petals. Overall, it seems to flare with the color of flames. A light scent wafts from the bloom.

The rose was named to honor Francisco Costa, famed Catalonian violinist of Barcelona who toured much of Europe, giving concerts in the first four or five decades of the 20th century. Even during perilous times he performed at various venues to raise

the spirits of the Republic. The fact that Camprubi introduced the rose during the Spanish Civil War suggests a similar courage on his part as well. Despite man's inhumanity to man, the spirit of beauty will not die. When I gaze on 'Violinista Costa', I am gladdened with serenity. And I smile. A rose that does so much deserves to be bought, planted, admired, saved.

TRIGINTIPETALA: THE ROSE ON OUR COVER

Darrell g.h. Schramm

Rosa damascena var. trigintipetala names the rose famous for its exquisite attar, that expensive essence of rose, rose oil. Its origins in the West can be vaguely discerned in the patchy fogbanks of earlier times. While one undocumented source declares it was brought to the Valley of Roses in the Kazanlik region of Bulgaria by a Turkish judge in 1420, another more reliable source addresses a commentary on the writings of the Arab author Mesuë published in 1540 mentioning a Damask rose named 'Trentaphilla'. Like

'Trigintipetala', that name refers to the thirty petals of the rose. Most other sources attach the date of approximately 1680 as the advent of the rose to Kazanlik. (It should be understood, however, that many authors merely mimic each other without attending to research, so a quantity of echoing sources is no guarantee of quality in truth.)

Dr. Georg Dieck christened this perfumed rose in 1889 when he introduced it from Bulgaria where the flowers are harvested and the attar distilled. Unfortunately, it is perhaps the habit either of taking short cuts or of laziness that has caused various parties since 1900 to speak or write of 'Trigintipetala' as 'Kazanlik'. Die Gardenkunst, Bobbink & Atkins, Edward Bunyard, John Fischer, Botanica's Roses, among others, and I myself, have been guilty of this misnomer.

Other more careful rosarians (such as Graham Stuart Thomas and W. J. Bean), however, refer to it as "the rose from Kazanlik," "the Kazanlik rose," or "the rose of Kazanlik," the distinction being the location, not the plant. Indeed, as Leonie Bell wrote in 1968 and reiterated in 1989, "We could well afford to drop 'Kazanlik' from rose nomenclature altogether since it has become synonymous not with var. trigintipetala but with confusion" and "'Kazanlik' [significantly she uses double quotation marks around that name] is a rose cursed with confusion. It is not the form of Damask known as 'Trigintipetala.'"

On the other hand, the Quest-Ritson team believes Kazanlik should be considered a grouping of similar Damask roses that would include 'Trigintipetala', 'Prof. Emile Perrot', and 'Gloire de Guilan'. But that would seem to add to the confusion. If I were to speak of my Kazanlik rose and you of yours, and the roses were not the same variety, what a muddled misunderstanding might ensue. And it hasn't helped matters that for most of the 20th century, the rose 'Bella Donna' has been sold by many a nursery as 'Kazanlik'.

True, beauty by any other name might smell sweet but, in this case, not as sweet. Kazanlik/Kazanlak: a valley and nearby town where 'Triginitpetala' is grown. Let's leave it at that. I agree with Leonie Bell. Reject and eject Kazanlik as the label of a rose. It may be a meaty mouthful to say the rose's name, but 'Trigintipetala' it is.

San Juan Bautista Rose Wranglers

Loryn Ross

When you tell someone you live in San Juan Bautista, nine times out of ten they will say, "Oh yes, that is where the swallows return each year." To which I always respond, "No, that is Mission San Juan Capistrano."

We do have a mission. In fact, ours is one of the largest in the 21-mission chain. San Juan Bautista is also the site of the 1957 Alfred Hitchcock film, Vertigo.

Visiting San Juan Bautista is like stepping back 150 years. On Main Street, the chickens have the right of way. It is an old pioneer town, boasting a mission and a plaza, a 200-year-old adobe building, a livery stable, the old hotel /saloon next to the home of the Breen family, survivors of the Donner party, a state park, and an old cemetery on a hill. While San Juan Bautista is best known for its mission and the movie, the fact that intrigues rose lovers is that it is the home of some very special roses.

For those who love old roses, visiting San Juan is like hitting the mother lode. Because San Juan Bautista was bypassed by the railroad, it has been frozen in time; the roses lovingly planted by

pioneer families have survived, those planted beside their homes and in the cemetery, an old custom still followed today.
San Juan Cemetery is therefore a very special repository of some unique and special roses.

Mary Sellen's Bourbon

The cemetery contains varieties of roses, some of which few experts may have ever seen: a lovely rose, given the temporary moniker of "Flagpole Rose" and a once large plant named for the grave it protects, "Jose A. Africa," and yet another mystery rose, "Mary Sellen's Bourbon." One rose first given the study name of "La Dame Blanca" has now been found to be 'Gloire Lyonaise' of 1885. Sixteen other varieties were planted by families for their deceased loved ones. Among them are 'La Marne' (1915), 'Lady Mary Fitzwilliam' (1882), 'Perle d'Or' (1875), 'Fortuniana' (1850), 'Devoniensis' (1858), and 'Viscountess Folkestone' (1888). For a very complete description of the old San Juan roses, visit the San Jose Heritage garden and check out curator Jill Perry's blog.
These cemetery roses are not only unique but tough. They have survived not only the years, but also neglect, lack of water, and the abuses of the Mad Wacker and the Cut-um Down construction crew. Things got so bad for these tenacious little shrubs that Jeri Jennings of the Heritage Rose Group sent out pleas to Wanda Guibert, the head of the San Juan Historical Society. That's how I got involved; Wanda called me and said, "I heard about you from Jill Perry, curator of the San Jose Heritage Garden. She thought you might be interested in helping me." So next thing I knew I found myself at the San Juan Bautista city council, where Wanda and I poured our hearts out trying to save the San Juan Cemetery roses. Our pleas were tabled. We were told to "leave your name and number and we will get back to you." Undaunted, Wanda and I persisted. Chris Macroni, an active member of just about every civic group in San Juan, was kind enough to volunteer to help us. Thus began our wild ride into the world of old roses and the San Juan

Rose Wranglers were born. We formulated our goals and objectives:

1. To identify the many heritage roses local to the city of San Juan Bautista
2. To label and catalogue the San Juan Bautista roses
3. To contact the property owners with heritage roses and to work with them to ensure their preservation and proper care
4. To publish a local Rose Tour guide for visiting rose enthusiasts

Lady Mary Fitzwilliam

With Chris and Jill and Wanda's help, we have begun to accomplish some of these objectives. We were able to get the mayor, who is also the head of the cemetery board, to meet with us at the cemetery. We were able to convince the mayor to let us take care of the roses and be responsible for their continued maintenance. Jill made a special trip to San Juan and helped us to identify each rose of historical significance. Chris then made and donated labels. He and his wonderful wife Angela helped enter each rose's name and location on the GPS. Wanda placed the labels. Chris helped us set up a rose web site to let other rose lovers know about the San Juan Bautista roses.

For those who love old roses, San Juan is a treasure trove waiting to be explored. The boot hill cemetery contains a wonderful variety of unique and well beloved favorites. Stroll through town and enjoy the roses there that have clung to life, some having come here with the pioneer families, still prospering despite hardships and neglect. There is nothing like seeing an old rose in an old family garden to transport you to another time. The roses are all the more beautiful for their tenacity and their toughness. Just like the California Mission pioneers.

Mogodor

THE MYSTERY OF MOGAGOR

Darrell g.h. Schramm

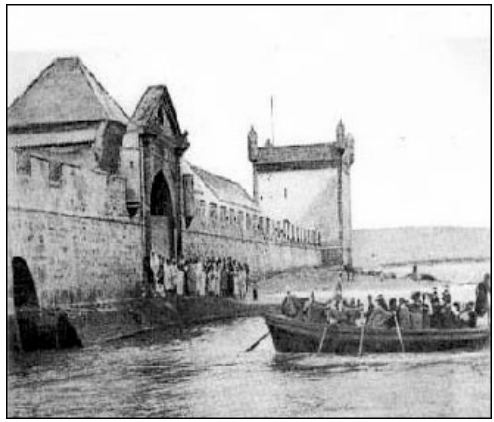
'Mogador'. An ususual name for a rose—or anyone and anything. What or who was Mogador? Why give this name to a purple-red rose? The answers are fragments of a story that remains somewhat clouded in exotic mystery.

Mogador is a seaport on a rocky promontory on the coast of Morocco, almost directly west of Marrakech. Only the West called it Mogador. But where did it find that name? It seems to have no clear derivation. Native Moroccans called it Souira, that is, "the

fortress." Today the city is known as Essaouira. It was founded in 1754, four years after the fortress was rebuilt.

Much earlier, however, Manuel the First of Portugal in 1506 had a fortress built there named the Royal Castle of Mogador. But whence that name? One source claims that a Scottish sailor named MacDougal was shipwrecked on this promontory and, to commemorate his misadventure, the place was by mispronunciation called Mogador. More likely is the fact that Sidi Mogdoul, a muslim saint, was buried there in the Middle Ages. His tomb is still there. Common local explanation is that Mogador is a corruption of Mogdoul. Beyond the plausible derivation, there are some verifiable facts.

When France first declared war against Algiers in 1830, using the much later American justification of a pre-emptive strike, and acquired an uncertain control, they acted, so said the English, arrogantly towards the native people, "similar to that which would do for the temporary occupation of a petty European state." One particular leader, Emir Abd-al-Qadir did not accept their attitude or their presence. He continued to harass the garrison and the few French colonists. In 1834 the two sides signed a treaty, but the French soon reneged. Matters came to a head when the French lost considerable supplies and men, and negotiated another treaty with the Emir. This time both sides were faithless to the contract and conflicts began again. By 1840 the Emir was using northwestern Morocco for haven and recruitment—with the approval of Sultan Abd-al-Rahman. Matters came to a head again, and the first Franco-Moroccan War ensued. (The second war occurred in 1911. And ninety years later, the USA would become surreptitiously embroiled in Algiers where it remains operating today in 2014.)



Port of old Mogador

The war was over in about ten days. It began August 6, 1844 when Prince de Joinville, commanding three ships, bombarded the city of Tangiers. The decisive battle occurred on August14 under Marshal Bugeaud against the large forces led by the sultan's son at Isly. The French won. Prince de Joinville called by the English "the pitchfork admiral," arrogant and in love with war, decided to bombard Mogador for three hours to impress upon the sultan that he had the power to do so to a city that belonged personally to the Mulai, i.e. Sultan. The next day when the French went ashore to destroy the city (which had suffered very little damage), they found that the citizens had fled. And so Mogador still stands.

Thus the rose was named for the French "victory" over the Moors of Mogador. So it would seem, and so claims Thomas Rivers, one of our most reliable historical sources on roses. But there is another story.

A few writers maintain that the rose was named for a woman, born Anne-Victoire Venard in 1824, who at age 16 or 17 upon leaving behind her brothel work, changed her name to Celeste Mogador. A new name for a new career: she became a dance hall girl at the Bal Mabille and the Theatre Beaumarchais, as well as the star circus equestrienne at the Hippodrome. When she met a count, Lionel de Chabrillan, she became his mistress. Not yet thirty, she wrote her memoirs, and shortly thereafter, despite his family's vehement objections, married the count. Two days after the wedding, they sailed for Melbourne. Having few distractions in Australia, she became a full-fledged writer, composing songs, poems, seven operettas, twelve novels, and 26 plays.

After the count died in 1858, she returned to France but refused the aristocratic family's demand that she relinquish her name, Countess Celeste de Chabrillan. She became a friend of the two Dumas writers, father and son, and of Georges Bizet, who supposedly used her as a model for his opera Carmen. During the Franco-Prussian war, she established the order of Sisters of France to care for the wounded. Before she died in 1909, she donated her house at Le Vesinet to care for war orphans.

But was the rose named for her? Celeste chose her new name about 1840—four years before the Franco-Moroccan war, four years before the empty victory of Mogador. In any case, before

becoming a countess, she was usually referred to as La Mogador, so wouldn't the rose have been called 'La Mogador'? The rose was introduced by Victor Varangot in 1844, the very year of the pusillanimous bombardment of Mogador. It is logical, then, that the rose was named for the city. But why did Celeste choose that surname? In artistic Paris, it is likely that she viewed the romantic paintings by Delacroix, who had spent a half year in Morocco in 1832 and afterward painted over a hundred pictures of that adventure, some of Mogador, many of his subjects on horseback; she, being a horsewoman, and the exotic subject of the paintings appealing to her romantic sensibilities, chose the name Mogador. In addition, the very name was in the air, so to speak: Mogador being the first Moroccan port of trade with the non-Islamic world, that city would have been well known in France. Given these facts and possibilities, then whatever the history, the rose was named for the city of Mogador.

Even as the history of the namesake of this rose is not irrefutably spelled out, so too is the actual name of the rose itself. Another synonym for this rose has been 'Rose du Roi a Fleurs Pourpres'—indicating that it is far more purple than 'Rose du Roi'. As such it is supposedly an 1819 sport of 'Rose du Roi'. Graham Thomas declares it "bears no resemblance to Rose du Roi" and so considers this appellation a misnomer. But Peter Harkness and Mary Moody disagree: "This variety closely resembles Rose du Roi but the flowers are slightly more double and of a deeper color." Are the two parties looking at the same rose? Both give the year as 1819. On the other hand, Phillips and Rix list the rose as a Portland of 1844, as does Brent Dickerson. Dickerson definitely differentiates between the two. It seems that 'Mogador', a sport of 'Rose du Roi' has been confused with 'Rose du Roi a Fleurs Pourpres', another but earlier sport of 'Rose du Roi'. The differing descriptions—and these are not the only ones—suggest that the two are not one and the same. Mine bears little resemblance to 'Rose du Roi'. 'Mogador', I believe, can stand on its own name.

It is definitely a rose worth gardening. In addition to its beautiful purple cast, it bears red prickles and bristles. Growing to three or four feet, it emits a rich perfume. It may be a rose of some mystery, but it is certainly a rose of studious and intriguing history.

San Juan Bautista's 'Champion of the World'

Twelve years ago, in 2002, Bill Grant (who serves on our National Board) found himself in San Juan Bautista. There he took this photo of the 1894 hybrid perpetual 'Champion of the World':

Can someone tell us, does this rose still grow in San Juan Bautista?

Photo Credits

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p.2	painting by Joshua Reynolds, 1877
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Calendar

April 12	Open garden at Sacramento Historic Rose Garden, 10-2:30. 1000 Broadway, Sacramento
Mid-April to Early May	Best time to visit the San Jose Heritage Rose Garden, San Jose, California
May 4	Anne Belovich Garden dedication. Chambersville, TX. For more info, contact claude.graves@att.net
May 5	Deadheading at Dusk. Sacramento Historic Rose Garden. Address same as April 12.
May 10	Old Garden Rose class given by Anita Clevenger & Bill Harp. Sacramento Historic Rose Garden. 10:00 a.m.
May 18	Celebration of Old Roses. 11:00-3:30. El Cerrito Community Center. Moeser at Ashbury.
May (TBA)	Dedication of restored garden at Chateau de Malmaison, France, once the abode of Napoleon Bonaparte and Josephine.
June 21-23	Heritage Rose Foundation conference, also honoring head-gardener David Stone, Mottisfont, Hampshire, England

HERITAGE ROSE GROUPS

San Francisco Bay, CA	**BAY AREA GROUP** Convener: Kristina Osborn Contact: Joan Helgeson 184 Bonview St., San Francisco, CA 94110; 415-648-0241 brunner1941@yahoo.com
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San Jose, CA	**SOUTH BAY GROUP** Jill Perry 829 32nd Ave., Santa Cruz, CA 95062 oldtearose@gmail.com or perry@calcentral.com
Central Coast, CA	**CENTRAL COAST GROUP** Jill Perry (Same as above: South Bay)
Sacramento, CA	**YOLO & BEYOND GROUP** Barbara Oliva boliva@macnexus.org; and Anita Clevenger anitac@surewest.net
Butte, Glenn & Tehema Counties. CA	**BIDWELL HERITAGE ROSE GRP** Julie Matlin, 341 West Lincoln Chico, CA 95926; 5308935418 Sherri Berglund, 2578 County Rd. Willows, CA 95988 rsericea@yahoo.com
North-Central Coast, CA	**NORTH CENTRAL COAST** Alice Flores, P.O. Box 601 Albion, CA 95410 aflores@mcn.org

Arcata Area, CA	**ARCATA GROUP** Cindy Graebner, 282 Fickle Hill Rd Arcata, Ca 95521; 707-826-4807 ficklerose@att.net
Northern CA San Benito Co.	**SAN JUAN BAUTISTA HRG** Loryn Ross: Loryn000@aol.com http://sjbheritageroses.weebly.com
South-Central CA Coast (L.A., Venture, Santa Barbara & SLO counties)	**GOLD COAST GROUP** Jeri and Clay Jennings 22 Gypsy Ln., Camarillo, CA 93010-1320; heritageroses@gmail.com
Central Sierra Foothills	**CENTRAL-SIERRA GROUP** Lynne Storm and Bev Vierra 209-786-2644 & 209-754-5127 storm@caltel.com
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Pacific Northwest Area	**CASCADIA HERITAGE GROUP** Claire Acord; cacord@gmail.com Angelique Laskowski bluecascadia@gmail.com and https://sites.google.come/site/cascadiahrg/home
Washington, Idaho, Oregon, & Canada	**HERITAGE ROSES NORTHWEST** Margaret Nelson 32904 4th Ave. SW, Federal Way, WA 98023; 253-874-4007; oldrosen@gmail.com
Virginia & Adjacent Area	**OLD DOMINION GROUP** Connie Hilker 335 Hartwood Rd., Fredericksburg, VA 22406; c.hilker@comcast.net

Celebration of Old Roses!!

Sunday, May 18, 2014 from 11 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.

Over 100' of beautiful roses! Purchase heirloom and hard-to-find roses from specialty nurseries. **Rose experts will be available to answer questions.** Vendors will be selling rare perennials, crafts, china, books, greeting cards, calendars, honey, jam, jewelry, and clothing all inspired by roses. Tool sharpening on site.

Talks and demonstrations are scheduled.

Activities for children.
Children will receive a FREE rose plant
(While supplies last!)

Admission is FREE! Food and Soft Drinks.

Follow us www.celebrationofoldroses.org

EL CERRITO COMMUNITY CENTER on Moeser at Ashbury.
Take Hwy 80 or 580 to El Cerrito, Central Ave exit. Go east to Ashbury, then left to Moeser.

Rosaceae by Dorothy Martin, c. 1840. showing three wild roses of Britain. Top left: the Scots Rose (*R. spinosissima);* center right: the Sweet Briar Rose (*R. rubiginosa);* bottom: the Dog Rose (*R. canina).*