

ROSE LETTER



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ROSE LETTER

The Heritage Roses Group

©

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Reine Victoria

THE QUEEN! THE QUEEN!

Darrell g.h. Schramm

She was a queen for 63 and a half years. While in her earlier years of rule when her consort Prince Albert was still alive, she was as reasonably moderate and pleasant as a blue-stocking conservative could be. But overall, she was domineering, judgmental, opinionated, adamant, and self-pitying. Like her own overbearing mother, Queen Victoria of England was really not a nice woman, and yet at least seven different roses were named to honor her.

Five of those roses were christened ‘Queen Victoria’. In 1837 Sisley Vandaël released a light yellow tea rose first called “Princess Victoria’, quickly changed to ‘Queen Victoria’ when the young woman became queen on June 20, 1837. The next year, the soon-to-be renowned French breeder Jean Laffay introduced a mauve Hybrid Perpetual rose. Sometime before 1850, William Willison in England produced a lilac pink Ayrshire rose also designated as ‘Queen Victoria’. Another Hybrid Perpetual, this one white with pink undertones—and

very few Hybrid Perpetuals are white—made its debut in 1850 or-51, supposedly bred by François Fontaine (who in 1852 sent out a Bourbon, ‘Prince Albert’). In 1860 Jacques-Julien Margottin released a whitish Hybrid Perpetual. Clearly, the French were smitten with the little queen. Yet none of these five roses, like the old queen herself, grace our gardens or the earth today.



Prince Albert

Unfortunately for most of her nine children, Queen Victoria was to outlive most of them. Except for her youngest and favorite child Bernice, she had done little to make any of them happy. All the female children at one time or another were expected to serve as full-time secretary for the queen, with little time or stimulation for themselves. In a letter to her oldest daughter years later, she confessed that she had not loved her children as she ought, that she had felt maternal only to her youngest. The oldest (the future King Edward VII) could do no right. He was a disappointment, as was the outspoken and unconventional Louise, the two of them, if not chastised, often neglected, ignored, overlooked. They were the naughty children. Louise was often made to feel guilty for the difficult birth her mother had endured; and not until twenty years of age did the queen finally relent and allow her to attend art school. Leopold, the youngest boy, a hemophiliac and apparently also epileptic, was often pushed into the shadows as though a source of shame. When in 1874 he became dangerously ill and begged to see Louise, the queen refused to allow her to visit him. Only when he faltered at Death’s door did she yield.

Perhaps worse of all, because it influenced her later attitudes and behavior, not for the better, Queen Victoria cast a pall of gloom over her family for over a decade after her husband died in 1861. Without the love of her life, she saw the world darkly, pulling her shroud of

despair and self-pity tightly around her, endeavoring to smother her children in its lugubrious folds as well. She isolated herself from the public, the press, and even Parliament.

If Queen Victoria saw what appeared politically askew, it was only through frosted glass or through her own conservative opinions, which often amounted to the same thing. Once back in circulation, as it were, she seemed grateful when her Prime Ministers appeared to be cut from similar cloth as she. It was, after all, social relations that mattered, what others thought and said, how others perceived her family, both immediate and extended. Appearances mattered utterly in the Victorian Age (by definition); the reality behind palace walls and closed doors was to be ignored.



But what did the French know of this? How pleased they were to see her when she visited Paris in 1855. That year, to commemorate her visit, the Cochet Brothers named a rose ‘Souvenir de la Reine d’Angleterre’ (In Memory of the Queen of England). It was a Hybrid Perpetual, the most popular class of rose at that time, bred from the 1842 Hybrid Perpetual ‘La Reine’, a rose still popular among heritage rose lovers, crossed with an unnamed seedling. The plant produces large, bright rose to crimson-pink flowers (the painting on this page is too red) with a button eye, very double, and on erect stems. Growing to four feet high but nearly twice as wide, it is

suitable for a trellis or a wall. This rose is still sold today.

A French writer in the 1855 edition of *L’Horticulteur Francais*, perhaps finding the rose name a trifle too long, humorously suggested the name should have been (in English translation) ‘Souvenir of a Trip to France by Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom: England, Scotland, and Ireland; Accompanied by Her Royal Highness the Princess Adelaide Victoria [sic] her Daughter’, adding “etc. etc.” By *et cetera* he meant to add the other children, Albert Edward, Alfred,

Helena, and Prince Albert her consort. (The other four children had been left behind on the Isle of Wight, quarantined with scarlet fever.) Nonetheless, the French seemed politely disposed to, if not in admiration of, the queen; after all, six of the seven roses named for her were bred by Frenchmen.

In 1872, Joseph Schwartz introduced one of his first roses, a Bourbon named ‘Reine Victoria’—sometimes ‘La Reine Victoria’ (He would go on to create such important roses as ‘Comtesse Riza du Parc’, ‘Mme Alfred Carrière’, and other popular roses of the time.) The rose is still available and much grown today by heritage rose lovers.

‘Reine Victoria’ is a stunningly beautiful rose. Looking at it, one can sense the familiarity of the Bourbon shape and color, yet one also can sense a difference, a complexity, the paradox of familiarity and surprise, a vital trait of Beauty itself. This rose emits an exquisitely sweet fragrance. The tightly cupped, very full flowers reveal about forty, nearly transparent, incurved petals of a rich lilac pink, often with a mauve shading, the reverse side more silvery pink—like a chalice of pink champagne. In clusters of three to nine, the blossoms generally grow along the length of the canes. Rarely out of bloom, the flowers repeat regularly from springtime into autumn.



The rose plant itself is narrow and erect, to six feet high, displaying pale matt-green foliage, which, unfortunately, is prone to fungus, and so prefers dry, hot climates. It responds happily to compost or well-rotten manure and organic mulch. Pamper it if you wish to behold and hold its heart-throb beauty.

When Prince Albert died, Queen Victoria plunged into mourning, becoming ever more depressed and unapproachable for at

least a decade. By 1870, Parliament, the press, and the public had become unsympathetic with her isolation and what was perceived finally as self-pity unbecoming of nobility, let alone a monarch. It was during this period that her attractive fourth daughter Louise became more popular than she. But with the support of some of her family and a friend or two, she began to emerge from her darkness and become more active again. One would like to think the dedication of the rose 'Reine Victoria' bolstered that support. Pride of place and the dignity of being a queen returned, allowing her to reign until her death in January 1901.

Snippets on a Few Rose Ailments

Oak root fungus: This fungus appears as white layers between the outer and inner bark of the rose bush. Oak root fungus smells of mushrooms. If mushrooms appear at or near the bush between March and November, the cause is probably not oak root fungus. If mushrooms appear in December or slightly later, it is likely the fungus. Remove as many roots as you can from the infected bed.

Rust: This fungus appears in spring as pustules of orange or red on the underside of leaflets, as black or dark pustules in the fall. Remove the leaves.

Salt damage: This occurs when salts leach from potted plants into the receptacle into which they have been placed. It exhibits itself as a browning around the leaves, usually on the margins of the older leaves. Prevent it by removing the container in which the pot sits.

Sunburn: Sunburn can crisp the leaves and even leave black lesions along the stems. It kills tissues between the veins of leaves. Often the damage results from a lack of water in the plant.

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Send \$16 for the print format of Rose Letter (4 issues a year) or
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HOW WILL MY GARDEN GROW?

Elaine Sedlack

Four years ago I had a chance to retire to Eugene, Oregon, where many plants, including roses, thrive in the Willamette Valley's rich, alluvial soil. We have abundant rainfall and warm summers; the valley is often referred to as "a gardener's paradise." During that time of California's serious drought, just the thought of *any* rainfall was soothing to this very parched Californian, but I had one serious misgiving. Would I have to give up my beloved Tea roses and the Tea Noisettes which were my first love? How could I live without them? I knew that the climate where I was moving was a full zone colder than that of the benign Bay Area where I had lived all my life. The implications seemed tragic to me.

Since I couldn't retire immediately, I would come for periodic visits to check on my new house and garden, and during each trip I would bring a selection of my roses, those which were no longer commercially available, and the ones I knew I just had to have with me in my new home. I would plant them, water them well, and hope for the best. I knew that they were tough and hoped they would survive for the two or three months between visits. I wanted to get them established as soon as possible. At first I mostly brought the more hardy older European varieties: the Hybrid Perpetuals, Damasks, Albas and Gallicas. What other plants besides roses could have withstood this treatment? I was especially surprised by the Bourbon rose,



‘Mme Ernst Calvat’, since I planted her on Christmas Day in 2013, and it had snowed about a month before. In fact, that day the temperatures were just above freezing, and I had to wait for the hose to thaw before I could water her. Yet when I returned three months later, she was robustly growing and hadn’t missed a beat, and it had even snowed again during that interval! This was a hard winter for roses, but it didn’t

Mme d'Enfert, spring 2017



seem to faze her at all. Her hybrid, ‘Mme D’Enfert’, also is apparently impervious to weather.

Most of the time, I would fly to Oregon, to save time and avoid the aggravation of driving. This was also my primary method of transporting my roses. There is no agricultural checkpoint coming from California into Oregon, but I think there probably should be. I knew I didn’t want to introduce any of the serious plant

pathogens to Oregon which are prevalent in California, but I also couldn’t bear to leave my roses behind. So, I removed all the leaves and top growth, and every speck of soil, and thoroughly washed and disinfected the roots. Then I wrapped damp newspaper around them and taped them into plastic bags. I could bring about 10 roses at a time this way. I always wondered what the TSA must have thought, as the x-rays of my suitcase would have shown a great tangle of roots! Who needs room for clothes; this was more important - and there is always the Goodwill and St. Vinney’s! When the final moving day came, I brought the remainder of my more tender roses, those teas and Noisettes that needed more careful attention and nurturing. Ultimately, I brought about 60 roses—grown on their own roots—from California, the only loss a very small, cutting-grown plant of ‘Crimson Glory’.



Catherine Mermet on the rebound



General Schablikine during ice storm

Now, four years have passed and I am amazed at how they are thriving! Even after this previous winter, one of record cold, when temperatures were below freezing for a number of weeks at a time, and there were even two severe ice storms, I really worried that this would be too much for the Teas. In fact, when spring finally came, I was very happy to realize that I hadn't lost any! 'Catherine Mermet', 'General Schablikine', 'Clementina Carbonieri', 'Comtesse du Caÿla' and 'Mme Antoine Rebe' all survived. The latter is now, in June, reaching above four feet and has just begun a second flush of flowering. Only

'Catherine Mermet' and 'Mme Charles' suffered some die back, and the old Hybrid Tea 'Antoine Rivoire' also lost a few branches, but all of these are rebounding. 'Lamarque' looked pretty unhappy for about a month and had a number of blackened canes but has also recovered well. In fact, he flowered beautifully this spring and, in this relatively short time, has already grown to cover half of a 20-foot arbor. My replacement plant of 'Crimson Glory' has decided that there is nowhere to go but up from the tight quarters in which he is planted, and has decided to climb. I am in the process of staking him to try to develop an

eight foot standard.

I expect that if we are going to have these severely cold winters more frequently than is the norm, the result will be that the more tender plants will never achieve great size here. I hope, though, that they will at least develop more resistance with time, considering that these particular roses had only been growing for two or three years when they experienced their first harsh winter, and they made it through. Among the ones that I had been concerned about, but seemed totally unaffected, were 'Blush Noisette', 'Bouquet Tout Fait', 'Rêve d'Or', and even my relatively small cutting-grown plants of the old climbing Tea rose, 'Paul Lédé'. These all seem to be perfectly hardy here, along with 'Mme Alfred Carrière', 'Crepuscule' and 'Aimée Vibert'. All of my Hybrid Musks, including, 'Felicia', 'Penelope', 'Bloomfield Dainty', 'Kathleen' and 'Danaë' had no



Bouquet Tout Fait in a new guise



Bouquet Tout Fait after the thaw



Felicia

problem. My two found roses, “Evona’s Yellow” and “Lundy’s Lane Yellow” are stalwart and healthy. Another thing I have noticed is, because of the differential between the warm daytime temperatures, in the 80’s and 90’s F., and the nighttime lows, even in the summer, down to the 50’s F. and sometimes lower, some of the roses which would typically be continually laden with flowers in the Bay Area, such as ‘Rêve d’Or and ‘Lamarque’, tend to flower more in succeeding flushes than being constantly in bloom. I apologize to them; I fully understand they would be much happier in the south of France!

Even so, life is looking up here in the North Country! It is heartening, and easier to believe (now, in the midst of summer!) that these old survivors have made it through the worst of their recent trials and will adjust well to their new northern domain.



"Lundy's Lane Yellow"
definitely recovered from
the record cold winter.



"Lundy's Lane
Yellow", spring
2017



SKAGG'S ISLAND NOISETTE

Darrell g.h. Schramm

Skagg's Island is open to the public only twice a year. Located about five miles west of Vallejo, CA, off Highway 37, it was once a U. S. Naval Communication Station. A "secretive, secure, and self-contained naval base," it operated from 1941 to 1993. Antennas and most of the buildings were removed in 2013. The radio navigation beacon there, however, still remains in service for low-level aircraft navigation. Now a part of the San Pablo Bay Wildlife Refuge, the managers understandably desire minimal human impact on the island's flora and fauna.

In mid-May of this year, it was opened for four hours to a limited number of bicyclists. With my life-partner Albert and three other friends, I arrived at 9:30 a.m., and we set off. Over a bridge and down a paved road in need of much repair, we had pedaled about a half

mile when two of us spotted a huge, pale pink bush about fifty yards off the western side of the road heading north.

“It’s a rose!” I exclaimed, promptly setting down my bike, then walking toward the ditch. Albert followed suit, but the others made no move. “Probably ticks in those high grasses,” one of them warned.

Albert and I plunged through the chest-high grass, emerging in a marshy area whose edges were drying. We walked along that edge until we reached the higher ground where the huge mound of flowering plant sat near a [walnut?] tree. Indeed, it was a rose, bearing pale pink and scented clusters of small blossoms that turned white with age. Not enigmatic, it seemed rather familiar. “A Noisette,” I said.

I believed it to be the same as a plant I grew, but we took several cuttings with a jack knife to ascertain my supposition. Once home after an exhilarating ride on a beautiful, sunny day, I compared the cuttings to my plant. Stems, stipules, prickles, flowers, scent—ah-huh! The Skagg’s Island noisette is none other than ‘Blush Noisette’.

CREDITS

Front cover & page 24 top: *La Belgique Horticole*, 1867
Pages 2, 5, 12, 21, 25 bottom . . . Darrell g.h. Schramm
Page 3 . . . Bill Grant
Page 4 . . . *Journal des Roses*, April 1879
Page 7 . . . Kathy Granlund
Pages 8-11 . . . Elaine Sedlack
Pages 16, 17, 19 . . . Pamela Greenewald
Page 18 . . . Texas A&M U., Earth KindRoses website
Page 20 . . . David Walsh
Page 24 bottom . . . drawing by Walter Stanley Paget
Page 25 . . . painting by Benjamin West



Still Life Watercolor by Redouté

This watercolor of a vase of flowers, painted by Pierre-Joseph Redouté, was commissioned by Empress Josephine. She exhibited it at her Salon in 1810. The huge vase contains a lushness of carnations, orange and yellow Crown Imperials, orange and white daisies, delphiniums, (both blue and white), peonies, and pink and white roses which seem to be the cabbage Centifolia.

Clearly, of flowers, the empress enjoyed more than only roses. At her death, her son Eugene inherited the painting. A German collection acquired it next, where it remained until recently sold at Christies. It remains in its original frame.

What My Roses Have Taught Me

Pamela Greenewald

Roses are of a much higher quality than all other plants. The rose gives off an electrical vibration (life-force) of 320 megahertz (Mh) whereas the next plant below jumps down to 180 Mh. To put it into perspective, a healthy person is vibrating at 65 Mh. It is no wonder that roses raise our vibrations!

Roses, to be honest, are sentient beings and actually do move. It is our short attention spans which interfere with being able to see plant functions that exist over extremely long cycles. Tompkins and Bird write in *The Secret Life of Plants*: “At the beginning of the twentieth century, a gifted Viennese biologist named Raoul France put forth the idea, shocking to contemporary natural philosophers, that plants move their bodies as freely, easily and gracefully as the most skilled animal or human, and that the only reason we don’t appreciate the fact is that plants do so at a much slower pace than humans.”

One must be willing to become a “companion” to the rose. This means a friendly visit each and every day when possible. The communication between human and rose consists of the human asking (by observation) what is ailing our rose friend today. Are there bad leaves from Blackspot fungus? Spider mites? Is there a Japanese beetle lurking among the petals? How about dieback? The rose shows us what is wrong and asks that we who have immediate mobility remedy the problems.

I am always amazed just how smart my roses are and how they will show me just where they need pruning. Whatever stem or cane does not serve them, they will try to shed. They also look their best when they are building up to show off their blooms (similar to humans getting ready for a night on the town).

Does the rose need an extra drink of water on this particular hot day? Roses are 86% water. They need it just as we need it. We like to stay hydrated and so do they. Many people do not realize how much water a rose bush needs, particularly in hot climates. A rose deteriorates quickly from a lack of sufficient water. They like to be moist but not wet. That being said, the old garden roses that become established for many,

many years, such as in old cemeteries, are particularly drought resistant.

The best type water nozzle to use when hand watering roses is a water breaker with 1000 tiny holes found in most garden centers. This makes a perfect gentle stream that all plants love, and more importantly, it makes the act of watering an extra soothing pleasure for the water bearer as well. I also add an inexpensive on/off switch which allows me to leave the spigot turned on, and I just need to go to the end of the hose to start watering.

Many old-timers prided themselves on giving their roses a daily gentle washing of the leaves. It is best to do this in the morning before a hot sun can scald the leaves and also to avoid the leaves staying wet too long from a splashing later in the day, encouraging Blackspot fungus. Over the years many have asked me about overhead watering. When I explain the fact that Blackspot attacks only leaves which have been wet for seven hours, they have an “Aha” moment. Of course it is water-wise and more efficient to water with drip or sprayers underneath the roses, but it is also not always possible to do so, as in the case of my rose nursery.



Speaking of Blackspot, after the first few years of trying different organic spray combinations such as neem oil and baking soda, hydrogen peroxide (works well) and All-Seasons Oil, lime-sulfur and copper, I found it a bit time consuming to mix, pump, and drag the sprayer around thousands of

roses. No sooner had I finished than it was time to start again. I find it much easier for me to VISIT each rose with an empty large black pot, scissors and pruners on my belt, and taking off all bad leaves (anything ugly) and cutting off all dieback before it spreads and makes things worse. Being stripped of her leaves, the rose will quickly replace them with a whole new set.

I also pull weeds out of the pots and from around the roses in the ground, adding mulch. This practice allows me to really communicate

with each of my beloved roses, finding out from them just what they may need. By throwing away the bad leaves that have fungus or spider mites, for instance, I am removing the spread of spores and insects.

I am also a big believer in importing to the roses beneficial insects. There are many companies that provide them; my favorite is Arbio Organics. You can learn much from the websites of these companies which give all the information one would ever need about which predator eats what pest. Nowadays they even sell food to put out for the beneficials so that after they have devoured the insects attacking the roses, they will stick around!

But before I order insects by mail, I observe to see if my own homegrown beneficial insect army (95% of all insects that I allowed to live by not using chemicals in my yard) can take care of the problem. I am always in awe of the Divine Intelligence of Nature. For the past four or five years, my early spring thrip infestation lasted only two weeks with no spraying of anything, just doing nothing but watching all the good guys eat them up before my eyes. Even when I was out of town for 10 days and came home to a nightmare outbreak of aphids, spider mites, thrips and more, I was able to “stop the madness” by ordering ladybugs, lacewing larvae and pirate bugs (the big guns). Within four to five days my entire rose nursery was “back to normal,” cleared up, looking like one big happy rose family again. I was awestruck.

Roses like to be fed a little bit often. Organic fertilizers are always the best choice. They are taken up more slowly than chemicals. Manures, especially horse, are great amendments. Worm castings, compost, all the meals like cottonseed, fish meal, kelp meal, bone and blood meal and alfalfa meal are great. Gypsum, Azonite, granite dust or rock powders, Epsom salts (especially in Florida) or Sul-po-mag, greensand, and Milorganite. Fish emulsion (nitrogen) and liquid seaweed (trace elements) are complete fertilizers. I recommend feeding



roses every two to three weeks during the growing season when using organics and alternating between a liquid and a granular feed. This frequency of feeding a little bit often insures the buildup of immunity against disease and keeps the rose making new leaves and blossoms without stress. The lower numbers of organic fertilizers [printed on the containers] insure no burning of roots.

One main cause for disease and disappointment in the rose garden is **NEGLECT**. Through public demand and the success of the Knockout rose, the trend today is to breed for disease resistance. The promotion of the EarthKind trials and many new clean landscape roses



Ducher, an EarthKind rose

on the market today may insure that one need never think about using toxic sprays.

As far as I am concerned, it is particular classes of roses that should be called EarthKind as a group, no trials necessary. These would include all of the Old Teas, Chinas, Noisettes, Polyanthas,

Hybrid Musks, Bourbons, Ramblers, and of course Species roses. The mainstream public still remains unaware about so many classes of rose. They know only Hybrid Teas, Floribundas, a few shrubs like Drifts and particularly Knockouts. There are close to 70 classifications, but only a few are available from mainstream nurseries. Only after stumbling onto the Old Garden Roses and reading all about them and their many qualities does one know that there are countless roses that are immune to Blackspot fungus and need very little care other than watering and feeding. Once owners are experienced in the garden, the fussy Hybrid Tea can be slowly replaced with easy care roses of long ago that are still here because they are such great survivors.

I have learned that roses that do well in Florida may not do well

in the north, and roses like Hybrid Perpetuals here do not show signs of disease like they do in warmer climates. Fortunately the new trend is finally admitting that few roses perform well everywhere, and the country is divided into regions showing the roses that thrive in each region or climate. Even within one's own yard it is so important to choose the right rose for the right spot. Shade is rarely a friend of the rose, but many a China and Hybrid Musk will bloom happily with at least three hours of sunlight.

I will wrap up this paper with the ultimate JOY I have shared with my many rose "BUDS" over the years and the happiness communicated between us, two different species, but both alive with feelings. It never ceases to amaze me when I take a neglected rose, clean it up, get rid of the competing weeds, dieback and bad leaves and give food, water and mulch to hear in my heart a huge "Thank you!" I am always rewarded with a transformation (they are so forgiving) revealing to me a glowing, growing companion and friend. My roses are as happy to greet me each day as I am to see them. It is all about the loving relationship between us.

I am reminded of the words spoken by the Little Prince, "It is the time you have wasted for your rose that makes your rose so important. You become responsible, forever, for what you have tamed."





THE WRONG ROSE

Darrell g.h. Schramm

Sometimes you have to eat crow. Of course I prefer pheasant or salmon, but circumstances have a way of altering one's intentions or preferences. In 2011 I showed myself as somewhat complacent in a short article published by *Rosa Mundi* in which I addressed the 1888 rose 'Souvenir of Wootton' bred by John Cook. Although I did not declare others who had written of the rose to be erroneous, I did assume the rose I grow to be the correctly identified one.

As I had pointed out in that article, all the earliest references to

‘Souvenir of Wootton’ described it as a rich red rose. But in 1906 Simon and Cochet in their *Nomenclature de Noms des Roses* described it as light or blush pink with carmine edging; and Pemberton in 1922 detailed its color as “deep rose pink shaded purple rose.” Neither of these fit the original descriptions, so it seems that already some confusion of this rose with another had taken place—at least in France and in England. In the United States it was still described as red in the 1940 *Modern Roses II*.

The coloring of my rose, however, fit the later descriptions better than the earlier “grand red” or “rich velvety red.” I was puzzled. But then I had acquired my rose from a now defunct nursery which had obtained it and much of its stock from Europe. Even in my *Rosa Mundi* article I raised the question, “Are two different roses marketed under the same name?” Furthermore, some investigation startled me with the photographic evidence that the climbing variety grown in Australia was a deep red.

Nonetheless, I assumed I grew the original rose because in different seasons its coloration differed—sometime purplish pink petals with a lighter reverse, sometimes pale rosy pink at the circumference with almost magenta center petals, sometimes overall rose-pink with carmine shading. In addition, the form was not always consistent: sometimes the rose exhibited a cupped form, other times a flatter flower with a quartered look. I assumed its variations explained the contradictory descriptions. Ah! how stubbornly some of us will hold on to what we want to believe is correct.

So in the August 2013 issue of *Rose Letter* on page 10, I included six photos entitled “The Many Faces of ‘Souvenir of Wootton’”. Five of those were of my plant; the other was of the dark red rose taken in Australia by Margaret Furness. At the beginning of the 21st century, two Australian nurseries still carried the dark red rose, though none did so in the USA.



I was confused. Surely someone grew the wrong rose. After all, despite its variations, mine had never shown itself as a dark, rich red. I had hoped a reader or two would come forth to challenge me or at least comment on the differences of the roses depicted.

Then, in April of this year, Gregg Lowery directed my attention to my so-called ‘Souvenir of Wootton’, flourishing in its huge container. He suggested it was really ‘Reine des Violettes’. Immediately I realized that if he were correct, it would explain much of the coloration. And I grew ‘Reine des Violettes’ also, in the ground and now mostly in shade, where it too flourished. We compared the two—flowers, leaves, stipules, stamens, canes, scent. Why hadn’t I noticed the obvious before? Yes, my ‘Souvenir of Wootton’ was the same as ‘Reine des Violettes’, but growing in a large pot quite apart from the other, it appeared at different times somewhat different from the rose in the ground.

So I stand corrected. My rose had been mislabeled—probably as long ago as 1906 when it was first described as pinkish in France.

Yet a problem remained. My book manuscript *Rainbow: A History of the Rose in California* was at last nearly ready for production, but I had included a photo of my ‘Reine des Violettes’ identified as ‘Souvenir of Wootton’. Stop the presses!

A search on HelpMeFind online took me to Todd Kerr of Baltimore who had posted three photos of a red flower identified as John Cook’s famous rose. When I sent him a request for a photo, he replied he would send me one superior to those shown online. With the picture that arrived, Todd Kerr’s note informed me that the plant had been propagated from cuttings sent to the Maryland Rose Society by John Cook’s descendants in Chicago. Unfortunately, he wrote, the society’s rose had died this past winter. Cook’s Chicago relatives may own the only living specimen in the USA of ‘Souvenir of Wootton’, America’s first Hybrid Tea.

The photo that Kerr sent does appear to show the correct rose, a large, double rose, rich velvety red. And so it was described for forty years by the American Rose Society, with the added words “very fragrant . . . dark, leathery” foliage, and vigorous. *Modern Roses 8* (1980) gave the last description of it by the ARS. Nowhere in the world is it still in commerce, and though Burlington Rose Nursery in Visalia, CA lists it, the nursery’s source was the same as mine, a mislabeled import.

This time I do not wish to be hasty. A situation such as I have recounted has much to teach rose lovers in identifying a rose. Never assume a label in commerce is correct without some verification. And check the original descriptions, if possible. So does the actual deep red ‘Souvenir of Wootton’ in Chicago exude a strong fragrance? Are the leaves dark? (In the photo the leaves seem a medium green, but that could be the result of soil or weather conditions.) If it is a descendant clone of the original, then perhaps I am vindicated from my mis-identified photos that stemmed from a wrongly identified rose.

NEWS & ANNOUNCEMENTS

We have a new Heritage Roses chapter started by Elaine Sedlack in Eugene, Oregon. For more information, see the last page in this issue.

August 13: Heritage Roses Northwest’s summer meeting, Sunday, August 13, at the Kent Library, 212 2nd Avenue North, Kent WA 98032, (253) 859-3330. Our program and refreshments theme will be “English tea time”. For more info: Margaret Nelson at oldrosen@gmail.com .

September 5-7: Heirloom Expo in Santa Rosa, CA. The Heritage Roses Group will have a booth and sell heirloom roses.

September 9 at 10 a.m. : Propagation Class. Sacramento Historic Cemetery Rose Garden, 10th Street and Broadway, Sacramento, CA.

September 23: Northern California, Nevada, Hawaii District Rose Conference will be held at Resurrection Greek Orthodox Church, Castro Valley, CA. For more info: Jolene Adams, 510-537-2326.



Black Prince rose (Black Prince) with bud

THE ROSE ON OUR COVER: BLACK PRINCE

I first saw it in the gardens of Mottisfont, England. 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, potted, in my garden, partly sheltered from hot afternoon sun by a brick wall.

‘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. The color, as one would suspect, flaunts 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 four 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.

Black Prince at Battle of Crecy



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



King Edward III Greeting the Black Prince after Battle

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 displayed 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.



The Black Prince

HERITAGE ROSES GROUPS

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Central Coast Group

Jill Perry (same as above: South Bay)

Yolo & Beyond Group

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Roses and nightingale painted on a Roman wall,
uncovered in Pompeii from the eruption of Mt.
Vesuvius in 79 C.E.