



A NEW LOOK AT OLD ROSES

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Rose Magazine)

It is well known that roses have been a favorite flower and landscape plant for thousands of years. But, according to some rose authorities, the characteristics that created and maintained that popularity are frequently lacking in the modern roses offered today. Old roses are finding new friends these days because they tend to be long lived, sturdy, and often have unforgettable "true rose" fragrances. The definition of an old rose is a bit fuzzy. Some authorities consider only roses produced prior to the introduction of the first hybrid tea in 1867 as being old, but many others consider any rose with an "old rose look" and 50 years or more old as a candidate.

The old rose colors tend to be more muted and pastel than in the modern hybrids, but many collectors and landscape designers acquire a preference for these softer hues.

Probably the one factor that has most discouraged people from growing roses is their demanding spray schedule and frequent short life. It seems that breeders during the past 75 years or so have concentrated on developing bright colors and beautiful bud form while overlooking shrub appearance, disease resistance, and fragrance.

A major difficulty in producing roses is that most of the modern varieties are not vigorous enough to thrive on their own roots and require being budded onto a common rootstock. The problem with rootstocks is that there is no one type that is best for all parts of the country. Some do better in alkaline soils and warm climates while others prefer acid soils and frequent watering. Most rose producers select a rootstock that is a compromise for these conditions and does well in their soil. There are entire parts of the country where well-adapted rootstocks are simply not available.

Most old garden roses were developed as own-rooted plants and were handed down from one generation to another as rooted cuttings of favored family roses. As interest in the old roses began to increase in recent years, a few producers of modern roses started growing some of the old ones, but were grafting them onto the same rootstocks being used for the modern types. This works with some varieties but most knowledgeable old rose authorities are insisting that their roses be grown as "own root" plants.

It is much more difficult to organize a nursery growing own-root roses because each variety is a little (and sometimes a lot) different from the others and some are much more difficult to root. Experience has shown that some of the easiest grown and hardiest old roses may be among the most challenging to root.

A common misconception about old roses is that they only bloom in the spring. It is true that some of the best old roses are once bloomers, but there are hundreds of varieties that bloom and rebloom from early spring till late fall. Many of these make attractive small and medium size shrubs that are highly effective as hedges, ground covers, and shrub masses.

Another plus for the old roses is their historical associations. A rooted cutting of a famous old rose is an actual clone of a plant that may have been loved and tended by one's own family or famous personages hundreds of years ago. Art and literature are among the

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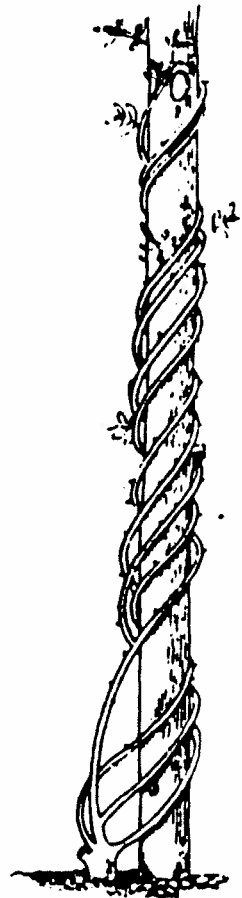
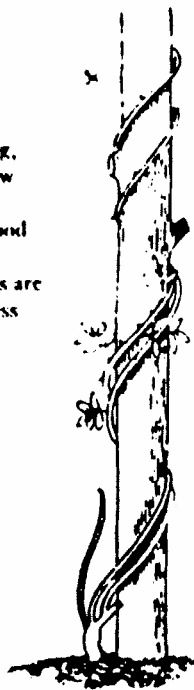
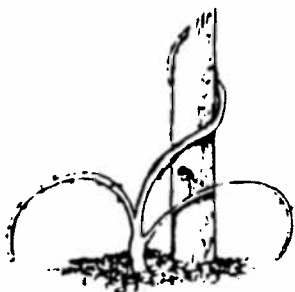
methods used by old rose authorities to identify old roses and their historical associations.

One of the pleasures of operating a mail order nursery business is the letters we receive from our customers sharing their experiences and sometimes their families' heirloom roses. Many of those plants are genuine antiques, as much so as an original Queen Anne table or early American armoire.

As Texas prepares for its sesquicentennial in 1986 there is a great deal of interest in identifying and making available the roses that were grown and enjoyed by early Texans during the Republic of Texas period (1836 - 1845). We have documented and gathered more than twenty varieties known to have been grown in Texas at that time and will have them available for planting this winter.

With the interest in water conservation and xeriscape plantings being established in San Antonio and Austin, it seems logical that old roses should once again be utilized as landscape plants. Any plant that has survived unattended in central Texas cemeteries for more than 100 years should certainly be considered well adapted and drought tolerant! Add fragrance and many months of landscape color and it becomes readily apparent why old roses are, indeed, gaining lots of new friends.

Training a single-pillar rose. (1) After planting, bend some of the shoots over to encourage new growth from the base.
(2) At the end of the first season, with new wood trained spirally in one direction only.
(3) At the end of the second season. The canes are tied near the base of the pillar to avoid bareness.



THREE COTTAGE GARDENS IN TEXAS

Conrad Lips, House

It's not that I had about the landscape keenly collecting cottage gardens. Left to indulge my tastes in peace, I prefer something a bit more formal than cottage gardens are wont to be and something ^{with} a bit more swagger. These notions, I'm told, are the result of too-early toilet training combined with delusions of grandeur—and it may well be true. Perhaps I should reform. After all, as Mrs. Perenyi says, forcefully, we should write down what we know, and the pretty little plots one sees here and there, remnants of the past, are passing fast. There follows a description of three gardens of the genre. The first is typical of many I have observed through the years, though perhaps more carefully groomed than most. The second, too, is typical in many ways but more artfully arranged with a more discriminating taste than any of its kind I have ever seen. The third is in the manner of a cottage garden orné, definitely up-scale socially.

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Recently, I drove through the Hill Country with my brother. Somewhere in the vicinity of Rising Star, he stopped to buy sausages at a place off the highway and I decided to take a stroll, in part to stretch my legs but also to find a reasonably secluded bush. Beyond the accommodating plant, I saw a dilapidated little house which, since it had a garden, interested me. A swept dirt path neatly outlined with white-painted stones, led to the front door, flanked and almost hidden by two thriving shrubs of Old Blush. The back door opened into a small orchard of rather neglected peach trees, the whole enclosed within a finely built stone wall, a bit tumble-down but none the less picturesque for that, and lushly overgrown with wild grape. (As my sister says, where there are wild grapes, there's just bound to be wild grape jelly.) On the east side of the house was the garden. The center bed, mounded to the center, was about ten feet square and in the middle of it was an althea, the bolt upright sort with dark-eyed white flowers. I see it here in Houston now and then in the older parts of town. It was surrounded by tall-growing daylilies, rose red and pink milk-and-wine lilies, a sunflower with grey foliage, white and yellow daisy-like things, and a watermelon red whatever. A phlox? All this was encompassed with less tall daylilies, marigolds, sinvias in all colors, and great clumps of sage. At one corner was an exceptionally pretty Cécile Brunner and the rest was filled in with smallish things, succulents and the like which crept about and fell over the stones, whitered like those on either side of the front path, which edged the bed. No bare earth could be seen and the growth, though crowded, was healthy. A swept path surrounded the bed and adjoined narrow borders furnished with much the same plants, nothing out of the way but all very bright and gay. Trained on the fence, a primitive affair of lopped trees limbs woven together, was a "running" (as we Southerners say) rose, perhaps a form of Seven Sisters. I've read somewhere or been told that there are three sorts — a white-blush-medium pink, a pink-deep pink-red, and a red-mauve-purple. The one I saw was the last, if that is what it was. There were many multiflora hybrids in the 19th century, after all. It seemed happy and had certainly been around a while, for the main stem was big around as my leg. The branches — lianes really — had clambered through what was, I think, one of our native plums and from thence onto the roof. It was in full, garish bloom. I do not admire the multifloras, not enormously at any rate. Still, to be fair, they are or can be richly fragrant and for certain purposes are useful: unutterably vigorous, neither demanding nor greedy, a fine windbreak or snow fence, a haven for wild creatures, good for holding eroded land — well, all this is not nothing. Some people like them for hedging. They, I think, are foolhardy. On the other hand, I know a New England garden in which the multiflora hedges are pruned nearly to the ground every year so that the arching canes may be seen in silhouette, glowing against the light; a fine background for the owner's collection of old-fashioned flowers.

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On my way to the Farmers' Market in North Houston, I used to see an old, a very old lady in a sunbonnet working about her place. Actually, she looked like a mummy unwrapped, but her garden was pretty in an unusual way. I think the property must have been the last remnant of a farm, the land sold off for a suburban development and only a smallish lot remaining. On either side of the house were two long borders, each margined with flat stones thrust edgeways into the ground. On the east, the most imposing feature was a row of rose bushes about five feet tall, regularly spaced and kept pruned to a round shape. The blooms, loosely double and of medium size, opened a soft ivory gold, the guard petals feathered cerise pink. The color then spread, suffusing the blossoms, and they ended a strong pink. The shape and the nodding attitude of the flowers suggested a tea ancestry. The shrubs were underplanted with impatiens — blush, milk white, tones of pink, and soft red. The west border was thickly planted with dill. Towards the north end were several clumps of daylilies, all single, some tall, some not, of a pale, clear yellow and at the south end were balancing clumps, all tall and brilliantly orange, a few streaked rusty red. If the east border had a sweetly pretty air about it, the west border was somehow astringent. Between the sidewalk and the front steps and flanked by the two borders were four square beds, separated by paths. These, by the way, were made of odd bricks, buff, red, purple, pink, anything that came to hand and not laid in a pattern. The effect was gay and rather like patchwork. The beds were planted differently most years: solid portulaca was attractive, very like a pattern for chintz; all zinnias not so successful, though, tousled and leggy with dreary foliage; the year of the nasturtiums was strikingly colorful. One year, each bed was planted with a different canna: a bland pink, an intense red, a bright salmon, and an orange with yellow spots. About them were grouped something with purple leaves, another something with grey foliage and pale lavender flowers on spikes, white daisies, senecio-pink chrysanthemums, and a few tall-growing daylilies with dark brown and golden yellow blooms. The back garden had a central piece of grass with brick paths around and four narrow borders, stocked with plush-red cox's-combs, pink and white cornflowers, very pretty with their silvery foliage, white and red striped periwinkles, and such common things. I should not say that cox's-combs are common, of course, I hadn't seen one since I was a child. My great-grandmother Rather grew them, which is to say that she gave orders that they were to be grown, and I regarded them with a sort of horrified fascination. They looked like — well — organs. Or perhaps I was just a rotten kid. (My sister has often told me so, but then she often complains of the misery of being lumbered with three elder brothers. I feel that her experiences were invaluable in that she learned early on how to cope with the male sex in all its ghastliness.) A Cécle Brunner and a red china marked the entry into the rear of the property and beyond them was a double line of altheas. These rather coarse shrubs are not favorites of mine — someone told me once that the color of the flowers reminded him of varicose veins and I've never been able to forget it — but it was a nice orderly plantation of pure white and deep pink singles and of the double form, blush streaked pink and pale red. This used to be called the Confederate Rose. It seems to be rare nowadays. Beyond the altheas was a fine drift of sweet fern, as it used to be called for its pleasant odor — it was once much used to stuff mattresses — and dispersed here and there were spider lilies, their white blooms held well above the pale grey-green fronds. This arrangement, which concealed to a degree the untidy leaves of the lilies, was I think cleverly contrived. Beyond this was what had once been the chicken yard. It was fenced with peeled cedar poles to about four feet, which supported, after a fashion, a yellow Lady Banks' rose and a lavender wisteria. Both had made their way into the handsomely gnarled peach and pear trees around the enclosure, with spectacular results. Just inside the fence were narrow borders packed solid with pale blue iris; bulbous, I expect, but not the dutch sort. They bloomed with the fruit trees and by the time they had faded and the trees were in leaf, the center of the yard was grown up with petunias, some white, most mauve, lavender, and

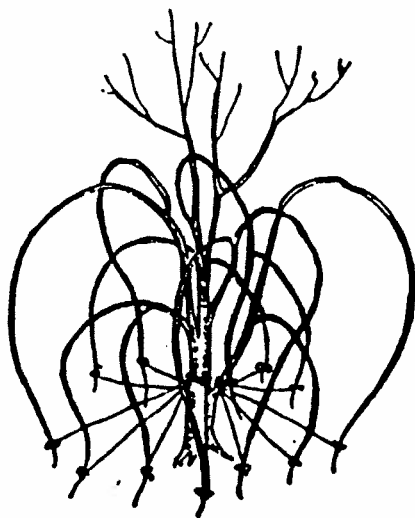
pale violet, a few deep red-violet, and a very few strong dark purple, which gave strength to the scheme. Otherwise, it might easily have been merely pretty. This garden has since perished.

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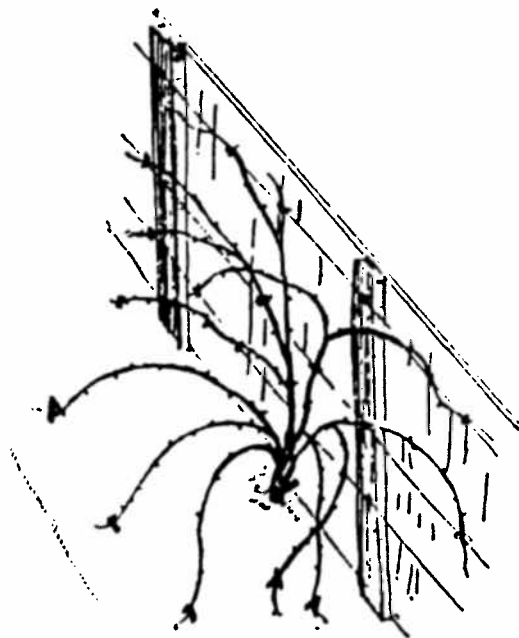
As a child, I sometimes went to Galveston with my great-aunt, Mrs. Archibald Roan Harwood, to visit an old school friend of hers there. My honorary Aunt May lived in a raised Greek Revival cottage built by her (I think) great-grandfather. It survived the Storm in reasonable order and was, I thought, very pretty, certainly unlike anything I had ever seen in Houston. For one thing, the lot was long and for its width narrow and for another it was stoutly walled all around with brick. Not much like suburbia and the garden was meticulously arranged, not a leaf out of place. One could tell that children did not live there. The back garden fell naturally into three almost perfectly square plots. The first was thickly planted with grey and silver things, the flowers — daylilies of course, dahlias I think, some poppies, all in tones of clear yellow and orange and just a bit of pure red for sparkle. The walls were covered with the white and citrine forms of confederate jasmine and the green and purple passionflower. Also there was one carefully shaped fig and a yucca, which had sown itself many years before along the top of the wall. It made a fine vertical stroke. At the center of the garden was a round pool with a jet, orange trees in tubs set around it. The path was of brick, a dark purple-red with a vitreous sheen. The second garden — one stepped down into it — was chiefly occupied by a large single-stemmed vitex with heavenly-blue flowers. Shaded as it was, the planting was restricted to narrow beds of white and blush wax begonias with bronze-green foliage and white scented azaleas in pots. The walls were pretty well hidden behind a black-green ivy, with small elaborately cut leaves and very glossy. A few chairs and a table painted a faded verdigris sat about. The purple bricks were relieved here and there with others of black or pimento red. This section of the garden was cool and deliciously aromatic, the sun bringing out the lavender-like fragrance of the vitex. The third area was red, very, and the bricks here were mostly black, to set off the shouting colors. The walls were hung with bright pink queen's-wreath and magenta bougainvillea and the beds were planted with purple foliage and china roses. Louis Philippe and Agrippina I recognized; the others I didn't. One had a red-black velvety bloom, like a little cabbage, another semi-double flame-orange, another hot pink. All these and the Cécile Brunners by the front steps had always been on the place, Aunt May said. And there were scarlet geraniums in pots, purple-bronze ajuga, some tremendously tall red and purple bachelor-buttons, and a fine upstanding clump of one of the 19th-century canna — King Umberto I think it's called, the only one of its tribe I find tolerable. The foliage is strikingly dark and the flowers purest red. I'm sure it glows in the dark. There were no cock's-combs, their red-velvet maws on fleshy stalks waiting to gobble up little boys. All this, superb in its own way, was perhaps a trifle oppressive in the bright sunshine. Since the house sat almost in the middle of the lot, the front garden was almost as large as the three in the back together. To emphasize this — there is much to be said for making a virtue of what many might consider a fault — Aunt May had contrived an epifade of standard oleanders, white, peach, pale pink, and ivory, very pretty and uncommon but, she said, not easy to maintain. One could use lantana, of course, honeysuckle, hibiscus, crepe myrtle, even plumeria; I don't mention roses for I shrink, always, from the obvious. On the walls were trained carolina jasmine, the single form, pink mandavilla, and something that looked like a grapevine. There was a good deal of fern about, pink and white impatiens, white daisies, something intensely blue, a cherokee rose, and the urns on either side of the front gate were filled with pale blue and white (that is, lavender-grey) plumbago. The general effect was tousled and informal but not messy. The straight path, the walls, and the regularly spaced trees prevented any

suggestion of ~~slowness~~. The columns of the front porch were wreathed with blue morning glories and the foundation plants, apart from the two plump shrubs of ~~Cecile~~ Cecile Brunner, may have been Old Blush. They were very like at any rate. The tender colors showed nicely against the dark or pale or glossy or matte greens and the effect was opalescent. Did Aunt May know Miss Jekyll? I think they must have been kindred spirits. A hint, by the way, from Aunt May's old gardener: it was, he said, difficult to establish most shrubs in Livingston's so-called soil. He, therefore, filled a jute or burlap sack half and half with decayed manure and coarse sand well mixed, sank it into the desired place, planted the subject at hand, and watered well. Infallible, he said.

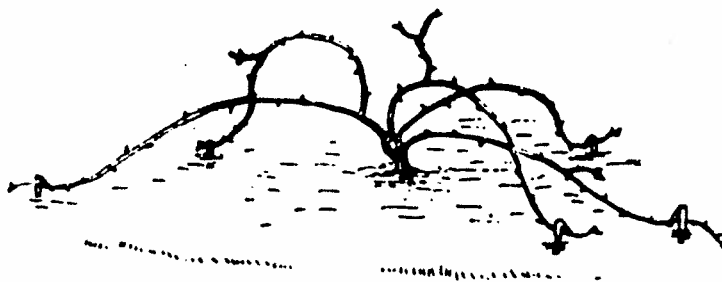
As far as I know, there is no cottage flower for our State. A shame, of course, but I don't suppose it — if it did exist — would be very useful practically. After all, soil and climate differ wildly from ocean to ocean and things which flourish in Livingston might not feel altogether at home in El Paso. However, our Honorable Editrix has long made a study of the subject. May we hope she will soon pull herself together and publish?



Tying or pegging down to own base



Combined pegging down and training on fence



Pegging down a hybrid perpetual

A QUESTION OF NAMES

by Deane Ross

It is without doubt that one of the main activities of members of Heritage Roses is to find old roses growing in neglected gardens and to bring them back into cultivation. We can thank them for saving possibly dozens of roses from oblivion in Australia, and far greater numbers in the moister climates of New Zealand.

Everyone would agree that this is a most worthwhile activity but I would like to draw Members' attention to one important aspect - that of identifying and naming these discoveries.

The first case concerns the person who upon discovering the rose, does not have a clue as to what it might be. Quite obviously it must be known in some way - it must be given a temporary name. I would recommend that it be called after the place or the person who discovered it, preferably in a manner that will suggest that it is indeed a 'nickname'. Such names as 'Willunga Cemetery', 'Montecute Ruins' or 'Auntie Lou' would serve this purpose. In case you are a purist and baulk at this idea, remember that 'Sissinghurst Castle' and 'Sophe Perpetual' are two such well-known examples.

The second case is when, by dint of extensive research, you are prepared to say that a rose is 'such and such'. You could consider that you have every right to merely start calling it by that name. But - a word of warning! The more I study roses and rose identification, the more cautious I become about dogmatically identifying a rose. In fact I would go so far as to say that unless a variety has some unique and distinctive feature, it is not possible to be 100% sure of any identification unless you can put the 'discovery' next to a known example that has been growing under the same conditions. This means that many of the 'red Chinas' or 'pink Teas' etc. will never be known positively. Then what do you call them? It is general practice in botany, when this occurs in closely allied species to indicate the fact by stating 'affinity' or abbreviated 'aff' before the name.

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What we are in effect saying is this - "We are fairly sure that this is the name, but because of the circumstances, there is just an element of doubt".

I would go a step further. In both cases, the 'discoverer' or the namer should put their name in brackets behind the name in places where the consider this fact will become part of a recognised publication - this Journal, the 'Rose Annual', magazine articles, books and reports of lectures. In addition the discoverer's name should be linked with the plant label when it is growing where it will be seen by the public.

What will this achieve? It means that anyone else who might have additional knowledge, or wants to query the identification knows who and where to follow it up. After all, if you are sure of your identification you have nothing to worry about, and if you are unsure, then there are people who can and probably would be pleased to help you.

I am fearful that unless we adopt these simple procedures our pleasurable pastime will turn into a nightmare of confusion and ill-feeling, as has tended to happen overseas already.



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THE STATE OF THE STATE

RUSTLE. Our most important news is the upcoming fall Rustle & Symposium, reported on page //. Dues also fall at this time, so please mail your \$5ses to me at 708 Holland, Navasota 77868. Make your checks to The Brazos Symposium, and note OTR 86. (I really need to up the dues, as the copy center has doubled our printing prices, but will hold off a year. This and extra stamps eat me alive!)

CONRAD'S COTTAGE GARDENS. I really enjoyed Conrad's descriptions of the three of this ilk. How can he recall the plants & locations that well? (In my defense, I must plead dippy editors. Everyone says they love the article Bill & I wrote -- until time to publish. It should finally appear in Texas Gardener soon, or I shall resort to fire bombs!)

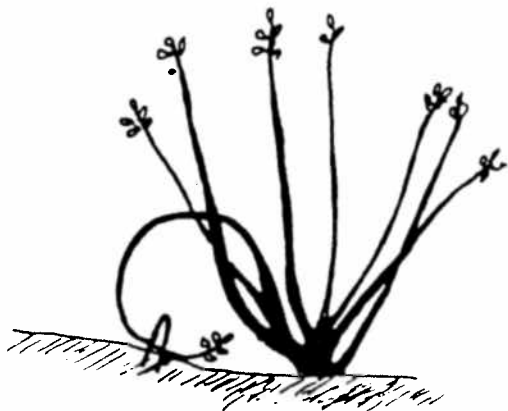
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VANITY, VANITY. Our California buddy, Ginny Hopper of Heritage Roses, writes that she believes that "Pam's Pink" may be 'Napoleon.' I have been in mourning ever since!

PLUG. I helped Neil Sperry with his Sesquicentennial calendar in the shape of Texas, so everyone should go get one! Some of the nursery-men therein are our Old Friends, like Affleck and Watson.

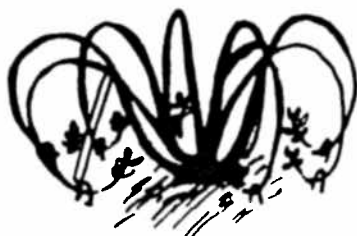
ILLUSTRATIONS. Our illustrations this time are from the New Zealand Heritage Roses newsletter, Joan Lawrence, editor, as is the reprint from the Australian about rose identification. Everyone always writes about pegging down: it is nice to see exactly what they mean!

RUMBLINGS. I hear from the Antique Rose Emporium that they will have a small booth at the Round Top Antique Show, which is the first weekend in October. Next month I will speak to the Houston Rose Society on cottage gardens -- naturally, all my good slides are accompanying articles.

WELCOME. Glad to have new members: Eleanor Cody, Dickinson; Mrs Christopher Alk, Hous; Jim Buchanan III, Okla City; Bobby Jean Campbell, Dallas; Marsha Conrad, League City; Jeanne Hagan, Anna; Louise Fenoglio, Richmond; W L Gilstrap, Vidor; Bullitt Lowery, Denton; Helen Levine, Hous; Jim Halepaska, Victoria; Fannie Kaylani, Hous; Sharon Knight, Hous; Pauline Mueller, Webster; Becky Merritt, Garland, Kim May, St Ann MO; Ruth Shell, Hous; Margaret Sloan, Missouri City; Nancy Sterling, Hous; Marie Wallace, SA; Ben Wallace, Livingston. If I forgot you, forgive me -- I can't tell who's new!



Bend each cane into a loop 18 to 24 inches high and extending 2 to 3 feet from plant base, with tips pointing toward base of plant.



Anchor cane ends with staples so tips protrude, then cut off cane tips 2 to 3 inches beyond staples. Remove any buds.

PLANS FOR THE 1985 GREAT ROSE RUSTLE

This coming Saturday November the ninth is our 7th annual old rose "rustle" wherein a group of collectors go out and ravage the countryside for old rose cuttings. This social event is roughly comparable to Sherman's March Through Georgia. Our innocent homeowners this year will be from the older sections of Bryan, where our eagle-eyed President spotted some Worthy Victims this last spring. I sent our photographs of a few to Joe Woodard, who I understand passed them around to our Dallas/Forthwath colleagues. Some of the (hopefuls) are:

Souvenir de la Malmaison

Paul's Lemon Pillar -- a very long-budded, very pale lemon cl.

3! Marechal Neils

American Beauty

a pink Tea -- Bridesmaid? "aman Cochet?

another little red china -- ugh

a low-growing shrub pure white Tea, globular form
the Frau?

THE THIRD ANNUAL SYMPOSIUM

Like last year's immortal event, we will assemble at my house, 708 Holland in Navasota after 9:00 Sunday morning, November 10th. Here we will swap rooted cuttings of interesting roses, fill out name tags, drink coffee, pay luncheon fees, pay dues for 1986, and generally greet each other.

Then about 10:15 we will go again in caravan to Independence for another Tour of the nursery. This year we hope you will be able to buy roses, as they are working very hard on getting their retail center in operation.

About noonish we will head out through the Yegua Bottom (pronounced "yeah-wawh" for the uninited!) for College Station where Prexy Bill W has gotten us facilities at the impressive new Horticulture Building on the west side of the campus.

Here we will dine on our catered lunch in the lobby-atrium. It will cost \$6/plate for barbeque and the fixings. (We would prefer everyone eat this provided meal, but of course you may brown bag). PLEASE MAKE RESERVATIONS for this on the colored sheet on this last page of this number, but do not pay until you check in Sunday morning. Please mail your reservation to me, or call 409-8253220 by Friday, Nov. 8th.

Our lectures will begin about 1:30 pm in the room nearby. If we have too large a crowd we may have to divide and repeat the topics for everyone. Our keynote speaker will be Sara Jean Derby, our Rec. Sec, who will offer some general remarks, show slides, and give her recommendations for the best old roses for Houston. Other topics will be:

Perennials with Old Roses
The 1984 Chelsea Flower Show
The deZavala Homestead: an 1836
Texian Rose Garden
The Great English Gardens
Rooting Old Roses

Bill Welch
Jean Williams

Pamela Puryear
Mike Shoup
Tom Adams

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We plan on having lots of breaks so we don't get tired of sitting. Hopefully we should finish by 5 pm, so everyone can get home before too late at night.

For those of you who have never attended either, I'm afraid my dry reporting of these events does not do justice to the genuine FUN they can be! For a society of 140 members I would guess we had more interesting characters per capita than the Flat Earth Society, and everyone comes prepared for good fellowship and, hopefully, some interesting new ideas to try in their own rose gardens!

