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from Australia

President's report

BY DAVID RUSTON

This is my last President's Report of the Heritage Rose committee as I feel at 83 years old it is time to hand over to Di Durston, our Deputy President. Di has been doing a lot for me over many years as I am completely computer illiterate. Di has contacts all over the world and has received articles from most of our member countries for our excellent twice yearly bulletin.

Since 1968 with the formation of the W.F.R.S. in London organised by Baronne Lili De Gerlach de Gomery, we have had seventeen conferences worldwide, of these I have attended fifteen. The most recent was in Sandton, South Africa and the next will be in Lyon, France, 2015.

Our Heritage Rose Group had their International Foundation Conference in Hawera, New Zealand in 1984 organised by Roger Springett. Since then we have had thirteen conferences, the most recent being Sakura, Japan, and the next will be in Sangerhausen, Germany, 2013.

Turning to the Heritage Rose Group in Australia, our National Conferences began in 1991 and have been held every two years since, our most recent being at Mt Gambier in South Australia, 2012, and our next will be in Deloraine, Tasmania in 2014 with Tom Lyons, the President of HRIA.

The highlights of my term of office have been many and varied, including three visits to Sangerhausen in Germany, two excellent Heritage Rose Conferences at Huntington, USA, where I found flowers for demonstrating in the garden both in 1988 and 1996. Christchurch in New Zealand in 1990, where I was provided with masses of peonies, delphiniums, foxgloves, campanulas, philadelphus, and lilac. In Adelaide in 1993 Hazel le Rougetel enthralled us with the changing fashions in roses from the 9th to the 21st century. Cambridge University in the UK was the venue in 1997. After a very hot spring and early Summer a lot of the roses were balling, but the herbaceous borders were superb.

One of the most enchanting evenings that I have ever had was in 1999 when we attended an evening soiree in the garden of Georges and Odile Masquelier, in Lyon, where hundreds of old roses cascaded down into the flood lit garden. I could not attend the 2001 conference at Charleston, USA but soon afterwards visited the unspoiled old city and was amazed at the number of Noisettes of huge size in many of the gardens. At Sangerhausen the W.F.R.S. held a conference in 2003 to mark their centenary. They of course have the largest collection of Old Roses in the world. In 2003 it was Dunedin's turn in one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Excellent speakers, glorious gardens filled with cold climate plants and enormous street trees 120 years old. We were given a fantastic banquet in the Town Hall complete with Bagpipes and Haggis. It was my first visit to the Dunedin Northern Cemetery with over 1,000 Old Roses cascading over graves: this

tranquil spot is rapidly becoming a major tourist attraction.

Many years ago I met Professor Francois Joyaux, one of the world authorities on Gallica roses. Almost single handed he organised the conference in 2007 in the medieval Royal Abbey at Fontaine-Challis. There were remains of a Cistercian Monastery and a delightful old rose display in the walled rose garden. We visited Rheims Cathedral, Bagatelle, and Roseraie de L'Hay, and Francois's huge collection of Gallica on the final day. Madame Joyaux's collection of hydrangeas nearly stole the show.

Our last convention was of course Sakura in early June 2012. It was the most hospitable, friendly and well organised conference I have ever attended. It started with an evening opening at The Sakura Heritage Rose Garden, an immaculate garden in a woodland setting for displaying Old Roses and divided into sections such as the Rose Breeder Seizo-Suzuki, The World Species Garden, The Rose History Arch, The Chinese Rose Garden, The Japanese Rose Garden and many others. It was wonderful to see beds of rare old roses donated by Odile Masquelier, Helga Brichet and Viru Viraraghavan showing what friendships there are in our heritage rose groups.

The Sakura Heritage Rose Garden, Ninfa in Italy, and the Akao Rose Garden in a suburb of Atami City are my choice of the three most romantic rose gardens in the world.

The Akao in Atami City was one of the greatest surprises I have ever experienced, perched on a steep volcanic slope. It is protected from gales by cliffs on the one side and then the garden cascaded down to the sheltered bay on the other. The brilliant design of the garden with the wonderful colour blending, foliage contrasts and surprises as you walk downwards was the work of Nobuo Shirusuma, the famous landscape architect. To put the icing on the cake, our tour stayed at the Akao Hotel whose manager owns the garden.

I would now like to mention two Heritage Rose Conferences since Sakura: the biennial Australian Heritage Rose Conference at Mt. Gambier in South Australia and the first National New Zealand Heritage Rose Conference in Dunedin. We were entertained by overseas expert Mike Shoup at the Barn Palais, Mt Gambier. One of the highlights of the tour was a visit to Sue and John Zwar's garden in the magical setting with a backdrop of ancient gum and ramblers that scrambled and cascaded over the sides of the farm sheds, all at their peak. John and Sue have an extensive private collection of Species Roses and hold the 'Honorary Heritage Roses National Collection of Species Roses' on their farm.

The first National New Zealand Conference, organised by Fran Rawling and a South Island committee, was held at St Margaret's College at the Otago University. Peter Boyd and Gregg Lowery were the overseas expert lecturers. We saw some wonderful cold climate gardens and great displays of old roses. On the last day we had the opening of the Nancy Steen Memorial Garden.

Finally I must thank our most erudite editor Fiona Hyland for her tremendous job of editing both our WFRS Heritage Roses eNewsletter and also the Heritage Roses New Zealand Journal, and for allowing us to visit her garden above the steepest street in the world. Thanks also to Di Durston for assisting Fiona with copy for the eNewsletter.

Thanks you all for your support and friendship over many years (1984-2013) and I hope now to slow down a bit!

Wishing you all a Rosy New Year.

Sincerely,
David Ruston

P.S. I will still be vitally interested in our happy group and will attend as many functions as I can.

from England

walking the paths of Paradise: my years at Mottisfont

BY DAVID STONE

David Stone has devoted his working life to maintaining Graham Thomas's collection at Mottisfont as Britain's premier rose-garden. Thomas thought so highly of him that he dedicated his book *An English Rose Garden* (1991) 'to David G. Stone and his colleagues who have created order out of chaos by their interest and industry'.

It is now some thirty-four years since I commenced employment with the National Trust as Head Gardener at Mottisfont Abbey. My primary role then, as now, was the care of Graham Thomas's collection of 'old fashioned' shrub and climbing roses which he had established within the walls of the (by then) redundant kitchen garden between 1972 -1975. In those days, the 'Old Shrub Roses' had yet to re-emerge fully from the long years of their neglect to re-claim the popularity which is theirs today. Apart from the catalogues of a few specialist nurserymen, notably Austin, Beales and Murrells, few of these beautiful old varieties were available commercially, while scarcer still were the gardens in which they could be found.

As a consequence of this, my knowledge of the group as a whole was limited to the information that I had gleaned from the excellent and invaluable writings of Graham Thomas himself, while my practical experience of their care and culture was altogether absent!

It was, therefore, a task of daunting proportions which faced me in that January of my first year. Due to a frequent turnover of staff – I was the fourth head gardener to be appointed in the five years of the rose garden's juvenile existence – little in the way of formative pruning of the shrub roses had been undertaken, while the climbers and ramblers cascaded from their walls and pillars in a profusion of untended growth. While my initial task, plainly, was to bring some semblance of order from out of this chaos, I had little idea how best to set about it.



Although an invaluable mentor in other ways, Mr Thomas showed remarkable reticence when it came to providing practical help or advice, countering my naivety with a curt 'You'll find it all in my books, Mr Stone!'

The errors and catastrophes of those early years are too numerous and too embarrassing to catalogue here. Suffice to say that I learned and developed the pruning and cultural techniques which I have now successfully employed for many years through that best of all regimes of learning: 'Trial and Error'. However, such experience is invariably dearly gained! Fortunately, roses are among the most resilient and accommodating



Clockwise from top right:
the Mottisfont Angel; a
view over the first rose
garden; the armillary
sphere in second garden;
the largest London
Plane tree in Britain; an
indication of just how
popular the garden is; and
the fountain for which
Mottisfont is named.

of garden plants, suffering neglect and abuse with admirable fortitude – without such qualities they might never have survived the long years of their history to grace our gardens today. Errors of cultivation one year can be corrected the next, but the process of such progress can prove a long and painful one, and the garnering of knowledge, the journey of a lifetime!

With my own career at Mottisfont now fast approaching its conclusion, I have been asked to share a little of the knowledge and experience which I have managed to accumulate over the course of my Mottisfont years. But I must do so warily, for every garden is unique, and the plants that grace them, although common to us all, are by association rendered unique. Therefore I can, at best, offer only advice, and that based upon my own unique experience of gardening at Mottisfont. I have long since learned that, in gardening, there is no 'right way' or 'wrong way' to achieve the best in cultivation; there is only the way that seems best for you and which, ultimately, satisfies your own perception of the beauty that we all seek to nurture, enjoy and, hopefully, share with those who also choose to 'walk the paths of paradise' with us.

Observation is often an overlooked essential of successful rose growing. Each class of rose, and even each variety within that class, will have its own traits and peculiarities of growth which will determine not only its pruning and cultural requirements but also its place within the garden setting. How often have I had to dissuade eager purchasers of roses at Mottisfont from siting **Climbing, Cecile Brunner** against that three square meters of blank wall by the back door of their house, or from introducing **Kiftsgate** into the branches of the little apple tree that was only planted the previous year! A vigorous rose cannot be kept compact by rigorous pruning. The larger growing shrubs, such as many of the Albas, Damasks, and Bourbons, require space in which to express themselves, for they are creatures of great grace and need room to both to spread and to flow. For such as these, a two-

metre spacing is often required, whereas many of the smaller-growing Gallicas, unless on their own roots, will be content with half this space. Such roses are, essentially, flowering shrubs, and their natural habit of growth places great demands upon the precious resource of space,

which is always a telling restriction, even in the largest of gardens.

Even when planted in groups, I like to address each plant as an individual.

I regret the modern trend towards the close planting of three roses in the space that I would allocate to one.

The argument for doing so, that the plants will form one self-supporting group, is not one that meets with my approval. From the nurseryman's point of view, this is practice that has great benefits; why sell one rose when you can equally as well sell three? However, the resultant tangle of branches renders conventional pruning almost impossible, while also encouraging the more rapid spread of foliar disease. Such planting techniques have also given rise to the wide-spread practice of 'shear pruning' which, I am sorry to say, is being promoted more and more as an alternative to traditional pruning. The very idea of taking a hedge trimmer to my shrub roses fills me with dismay; such instruments of torture should be restricted to the use for which they were designed. Rose hedges, yes, but rose bushes: No! How can one ever get to know one's roses without the intimate craft of regular and individual 'hands-on' pruning? As I walk my garden, even in the splendour of its mid-summer flowering, I am observing the individual plants as familiar friends, noting which branch will need to be removed with the post-flowering pruning, or which stem will require reduction once the plant is dormant. Only by such regular and intimate association with our roses can the symbiotic relationship between gardener and plant be developed and nurtured to the mutual benefit of each. Observation dictates when, where and how to prune. It encourages us to listen to our plants, for they speak to us in numerous ways and through numerous channels, appealing for

I have been asked to share
a little of the knowledge
I have accumulated
over the years

our help through foliage which shrieks to us of mineral deficiencies in the soil, through buds which stubbornly refuse to open in the light-deficient corner of some shaded north-facing wall, or through the stunted or spindly growth of plants overwhelmed by the growth of some more aggressive neighbour. 'Get me out of here!' they cry 'I'm being starved of light and air and my roots have nowhere to go!' Such appeals need first to be heard, then interpreted before they can be responded to. Just like any of us, our roses need to be listened to.

Observation is never so important as in the selection of companion planting. Long ago I noted that the wild roses of the hedgerow grew more vigorously and flowered more profusely in those locations where their roots enjoyed the cooling shade of their lesser companions. Not that I would suggest the deliberate introduction of couch grass, nettles and docks to our rose-beds, however beneficial to wildlife they might prove.

The sprawling stems of cranesbills, the flopping heads of bellflowers, or the broad basal foliage of Granny's bonnets can provide a refined replication of Nature's sprawling

blanket which will at once benefit our roses and beautify our rose beds. This is the essence of companion planting – I dislike the general term 'groundcover' which could embrace everything from convolvulus to concrete! – plants that thrive together to the ultimate benefit of all. This is a wonderful partnership, in which the taller-growing roses provide dappled shade for their lesser companions who, in return, provide a moisture-retentive understory of cooling shade to their towering friends. Forty-five years ago, when I began my professional career, such concepts would have been untenable. Now, thanks largely to their championing by people like Graham Thomas, such planting regimes are commonplace. Of course it is important to maintain the balance of growth within such plantings. The 'companion' may, in time, seek to steal the limelight from its leading player, so careful management is required, with seasonal lifting and dividing of the more adventurous subjects in order to ensure that they are kept in their place and reminded of their purpose. If the fertility of the soil within the beds is maintained through regular dressings of organic fertilizers and mulches, the question of competition within the root zones should never



arise. There will be soil and nutrient enough for all, and the root systems of both the rose and its herbaceous companions will enjoy a life of mutual, though hidden, harmony.

During periods of spring or summer drought, I am often asked the question 'How often do you irrigate your roses?' The answer to this is a brief 'Never!' Despite the garden's shallow and gravelly soil, a system of artificial irrigation has never been employed. Not only do I consider such systems unnecessary, but I also believe

them to be detrimental to the long-term health and vitality of my roses. It is a fact that surface irrigation encourages surface rooting as the roses search the crust of the topsoil for moisture rather than its cooler depths. Irrigation systems invariably fall prey to the inevitable hose-pipe ban that follows any period of drought, thus exacerbating the very problem that we

were seeking to relieve. No, the answer to the problem of drought and irrigation is to be found much closer to home.

If properly managed, even the shallowest of soils can be relied upon to store and provide sufficient moisture for the needs of our roses through even the driest of seasons. More water is lost from the soil through natural evaporation than ever is lost through foliar transpiration.

The simple solution to the problem of evaporation is the regular and generous application of organic mulches or, where this is not feasible, the frequent cultivation of the soil's bare surface with a Dutch hoe, thus creating a 'dry mulch', as it used to be called. In the entire and wide field of rose culture, I consider the regular application of organic mulches as the one essential 'must do'. If you cannot feed your roses, if you cannot prune your roses, if you choose not to spray your roses, then at least you should mulch them, for no other single operation will prove of greater benefit. Nutritionally rich mulches of

well-made compost or of well-rotted manure will provide all the nutrients that the average thrifty shrub rose will require to ensure its health and well-being. Such mulches will also act as an evaporation-proof blanket to the soil, retaining that much-needed reservoir of moisture, making it available to the plant throughout the months of our increasingly drier springs and late summers. A generous mulch, applied early in spring when the soil temperature is beginning to rise will also trap the over-wintering spores of black spot

and rust within the soil's surface, thus reducing the risk of re-infection from this source. While, at Mottisfont, it proves impracticable to re-mulch every bed every year, we do try to ensure that most roses are mulched every other year, and my experience shows that this is infinitely better than no mulch at all! One sure indication of the benefit of this is the rapid multiplication of the soil's population

of earthworms within the mulched area. The number of earthworms within any given area of soil is not an indication of the soil's particular fertility but of its general organic vitality.

Few soils are nutritionally infertile, but many soils do suffer from organic 'wipe out' – a condition whereby beneficial bacteria and micro-organisms, which are the life-blood of any soil, become exhausted, rendering it inert and to all intents and purposes lifeless. The rose grower's old enemy of 'soil sickness' or 'rose replant disease' is now recognized as micro-bacterial exhaustion. Fortunately, this condition can readily be remedied by the application of one of the several brands of 'micro-stimulants' that are available to us today, thereby delivering us from the tiresome tasks of sterilisation or soil replacement when replanting older rose beds. The use of such materials within the National Trust was pioneered at Mottisfont when, following several years of gradual decline, Graham Thomas's



earlier plantings were stripped out and replaced in the mid-1990s. The practice is now common throughout the National Trust.

While on the subject of replanting roses, I am convinced that there is no benefit to be gained from the practice of re-planting within a cardboard box filled with fresh soil.

Unless the soil of the entire bed or border is rejuvenated, any pocket of new soil introduced into the planting area will rapidly become infected by the aggressive bacteria that remain in the untreated area, and the newly planted roses, after an initial flourish, will struggle to establish themselves.

I am often asked to comment upon the vexed issue of 'own roots' versus 'budded stocks'. At Mottisfont, practically all of our roses are budded onto *Rosa laxa* stocks held within our own small nursery. Although many of the more vigorous shrub roses, as well as most ramblers, will grow perfectly well from cuttings, many types, particularly the Gallicas, Centifolias and Damasks, rapidly form dense colonies of their own-root suckers which, if left untended, will infiltrate the root systems of adjacent plantings, rendering their removal almost impossible, while guaranteeing confusion at flowering time. Personally, I find that there are no cultural benefits to be had from growing roses on their own roots, whereas those budded onto rootstocks do tend to form more vigorous and shapely plants which are easier to maintain and appear to offer greater disease resistance.

Certainly, in my experience, the majority of the Bourbons and Hybrid Perpetuals benefit from being budded and grow with greater vigour. My only exception to this (very) general rule would be the true Tea roses and the China hybrids, which seem to grow equally well as budded or 'own root' plants. Should a thicket of growth be required from a budded plant, then this can be speedily achieved through the simple expedient of planting with the point of union well below the soil's surface. The rose stems will rapidly form their own root systems, and the desired effect will be achieved.

'When should I prune my roses?' remains by far the most frequently asked question within the garden. The answer is quite simply 'whenever your rose requires it!'. It really is all down to observation – hence the pruning out of flowered wood from once-blooming shrubs and ramblers immediately following flowering, (in South Hampshire, normally in July), and the trimming and training of repeat-flowering varieties during their dormant season, generally from January to March. In between times, pruning continues with the regular removal of spent blooms – how I hate the term 'dead-heading'! – from Bourbons, Hybrid Perpetuals and Portland Damasks, and the removal of tired or unproductive wood whenever and wherever it is encountered. I would rather relieve a struggling Hybrid Perpetual of a weary-looking or heavily diseased stem in July, thereby



encouraging some new bud development from the base, than leave it intact in the hope of two or three extra blooms later in the year.

We can, however, become too obsessed with the necessity to prune, and I will often advise a visitor nervous of pruning their newly purchased roses to do nothing for the first year or two, and only to begin to experiment with the secateurs once the rose has become established and they have become familiar with its habit of growth and flowering.

As I hinted earlier, my first expeditions into the jungle of pruning theory and practice resulted in several disasters, though thankfully no fatalities. My personal view is that every rose should look as beautiful when pruned as when in full flower. All that is required is a brave hand and an eye for symmetry. This applies to all roses, whether shrubs or climbers, which should look as pleasing to the eye when trained against their wall or other support as when festooned with nodding blooms.

Within a conservation body such as the National Trust, the drive towards organic management within its gardens is understandable. While it is quite possible to garden organically with most of the older shrub roses, I do find that the more hybridized groups, such as the Bourbons, Hybrid Perpetuals, Rugosa hybrids and climbing Teas and Noisettes, need regular chemical protection throughout the growing season if black spot and rust are to be kept at bay. This is achieved through the application of Systhane. Beginning in early March, susceptible varieties are sprayed every fortnight until late May, the regime being picked up again in August and continued through to the end of September. I do not wait until the first signs of infection are apparent, but

begin as soon as the late winter weather permits. Seldom, if ever, do I spray against aphid, preferring to clean the offending insects off by hand or allowing their natural predators, of which there are many, to carry out the job of control for me. However, whenever I do spray, I like to add a growth stimulant in the form of seaweed extract to the tank mix. I have no real proof that this is of significant benefit to my roses, but it does make me feel better!



Finally, a word of warning! I have seen more roses killed through the inappropriate use of herbicides within the flowering beds than through any other cause. Herbicides containing glyphosphate should never be applied to the soil around roses, however carefully this is done. Although supposedly inactivated upon touching the soil, the chemical is active within the root system of the offending weed and, where two root systems become entwined – which is often the

case when ground elder or bindweed becomes entangled with roses – then a cross-over of the chemical can take place, the result being the slow but sure decline to death of the rose. Glyphosphate is a killer. It never fails!

And so, at last, a final 'finally'. In my forty-five years of gardening with roses, the most important and valuable truth that I have learned is this: the beauty of one's garden may only be enjoyed to its full when that beauty is shared with others. I am fortunate in being able to share the beauty of my garden with more than one hundred thousand visitors each year. But were those numbers only two or three, then my pleasure would still be multiplied two or three fold. We appreciate Paradise the better when we walk its paths together.

from France

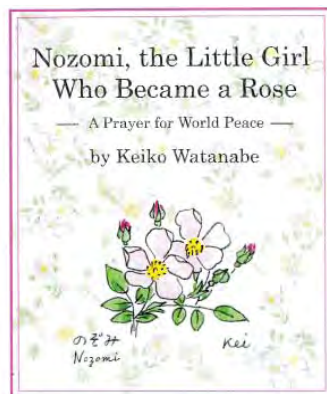
Nozomi

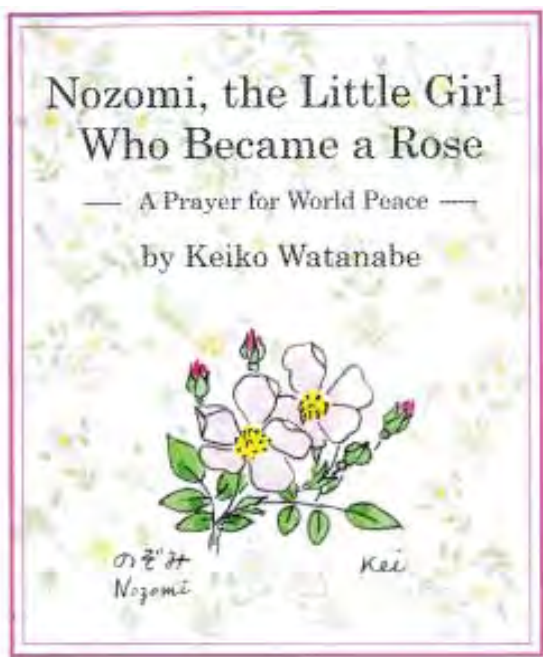
BY ODILE MASQUELIER

During the 2006 WFRS Convention in Osaka, I spoke of roses with their companions plants, and showing the two **Nozomi** bushes at ease in their terracotta jar, I suggested that these two finding their best companion, had become the emblem of La Bonne Maison.

At the end of my talk, and very moved, Mrs Keiko Watanabe came to tell me the real story of **Nozomi**. She gave me several dozens of booklets, asking me to offer them to the garden's visitors, in compensation of a gift to UNICEF.

Five years later, after the Tsunami, I asked permission to Mrs. Watanabe to publish the NOZOMI story in *Roses Anciennes en France Bulletin* N°17.





Little baby Nozomi* was living in Sheyan, China with her mother and grandmother.

In those days, China and other countries were at war with Japan. Nozomi's father had been sent to a south Pacific island, as a soldier.

(*meaning "hope" or "wish")



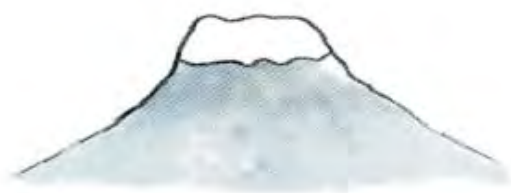
In 1945, Japan was defeated, and the war ended. Nozomi's family had to return to Japan. Nozomi, her mother and her grandmother, started a long journey, first overland to the port, then to Japan by sea.



It was an extremely severe journey for them. On the way, Nozomi, a four-year old girl, now had no family members to travel with her.

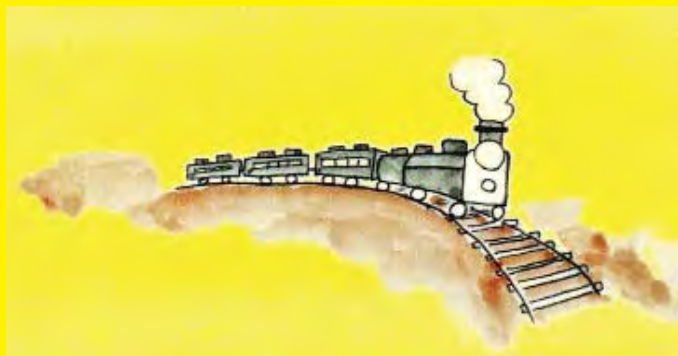


With the help of other people returning to Japan, she managed to complete her voyage, and took a train to Tokyo. However, the journey had been too hard for the little girl. When the train came in the sight of Mt Fuji, Nozomi's soul was called to God.



Nozomi's father had come back to Japan, miraculously surviving one danger after another. He looked for his family, and at last heard that Nozomi was coming home. With his brother-in-law he waited for her train at Shinagawa station.

When Nozomi's father hugged her body, he could still feel a little warmth in it.



Nozomi's father became a Christian missionary. He thought it was his duty to work for world peace.

Nozomi's uncle grew roses while teaching science in university. He also tried to raise new roses.



In 1968 he created a rose which gives tiny pale pink flowers. He named it 'Nozomi'.



I think it is my duty to tell this sad story to many people, and work in order to help create a more peaceful world. Wars, however, never seem to cease. Let us think how sad little Nozomi felt, and how dearly Dr Onodera thought of his unhappy niece when he named his rose after her. This little book is a requiem for Nozomi, and a prayer for world peace, which her family members so sincerely wished for.

Please allow me to establish the "Nozomi Fund" with all the profit obtained from the sale of this booklet, and to make a contribution to UNICEF. I would be much obliged if you would give your warm support to the "Nozomi Fund".

Spring, 2004

Keiko Watanabe.



The Text and Pictures : Keiko Watanabe

(6-16-22 Higashi-Koigakubo, Kokubunji-shi, 185-0012, Japan)

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The Nozomi Fund : Established by Keiko Watanabe

from Australia

Fresh Woods, a living rose museum in the Elgin Valley

BY DI DURSTON.

In 2003 *Fresh Woods* was the first private garden worldwide to receive the World Federation of Rose Societies' Award of Garden Excellence.

Sometimes in life you can be lucky enough to be given a golden egg, and when this happens you will smile all day long with the happy thoughts that pass through your mind. While on the Roseafrica tour this happened to me. I had set myself a task before leaving home, to endeavour to study an old 'found' Tea Rose that was now growing at the Elgin Valley in the garden of Jessie Walton. I needed to see this last rose **Archimede** from the French rose breeder Robert.

The trilogy of Tea roses, **Rubens** (1859), **Archimede** (1855) and **Laurette** (1853) has fascinated both Gwen Fagan and myself for many years. It seems only to be now growing at Cape Town. Excitedly Mike and Jean Shoup and I set out on a two day Elgin Valley adventure.

The route would take us past *Fresh Woods*, and the kind owners had invited us to call by.

This would be a magical walk in the misty rain, through the woodland paths of the extensive garden of *Fresh Woods*, home of Peter and Barbara Knox-Shaw. What a treat. Also joining this special garden ramble were Charles and Brigid Quest-Ritson from the Royal National Rose Society; Jessie Walton, who is Gwen Fagan's daughter; Mike and Jean Shoup, Antique Rose Emporium, Texas; and the very friendly tail-wagging family dog.

We travelled on the main Elgin Highway from Cape Town, and turned off. The rain had eased to a gentle shower, and the drive towards the house was narrowed with hanging roses and rain drenched shrubs.

Old Roses greeted us by the front door first and then Jessie appeared and walked quickly towards the car as we parked on the gravel driveway and said cheerfully "Where have you been,

I thought that you may have got lost." Jean had managed to navigate to Elgin with the help of Jessie's clever directions that took us over the Hottentots-Holland Mountain. Texan Mike drove the right hand drive hire car perfectly in the pelting rain even though his natural preference was for the left.

far left: Giant Bamboo

left: **Lijiang Road Climber**



Peter, Barbara, Charles and Brigid, and a delicious afternoon tea awaited us in the cosy sitting room with the wood fire crackling in the grate. Refreshed and our greeting chatter over, we organised ourselves for the walk in the garden. *Fresh Woods* had its beginnings in 1950, when the family moved to the property from Pretoria.

The rain had stopped to just a mist. Barbara found me a pair of Peter's wellie boots, and it was time to explore. One cannot take in all the treasures that grow at *Fresh Woods* in two hours. The old rose collection is incredible, and we had to try and see as much of the garden before dusk. I can remember thinking that I might not see some of these important roses again in my lifetime. It was a time to savour the moment and study some of the Phillips and Rix early finds from China that were faithfully recorded in their book *The Quest for the Rose* published in 1993.

The Wild China Rose var. **Spontanea** that was rediscovered in 1983 by the Japanese botanist Mikinori Ogisu in south-west Sichuan was blooming and growing very well.

Spontanea (photo below) is a once flowering climber with flowers that open pale and darken to red as they age.



A red Sichuan China Rose that was given to Peter by Martyn Rix was the colour of pinot noir, and looking very much the rose that was growing in the temple outside Lijiang.



Cooper's Burmese is probably a hybrid between *Rosa laevigata* and *Rosa gigantea*. Unlike *Rosa laevigata* the receptacle is smooth and the petals curl and go pinkish as they age, and it repeats.

The Lijiang Road Climber (photo on previous page) is a rose that is said to be quite common on the way up through the mountains to Lijiang in Yunnan, it was smothered in blooms. The nearest named rose to it in cultivation is **Belle Portugaise** raised by Cayeux in Portugal and launched 1900.

Two other *Rosa gigantea* roses stopped me in my tracks and these beauties were clinging to the trees with huge flowers: **Viru pink** and the other **Viru yellow** (photo below). Viru Viraraghavan from India gave these roses to Peter to trial.



Peter and Barbara's garden is that of serious plantsmen with many varieties and many collections, but the evening was drawing in and we had to make our way back to the house through the giant bamboo walk. This was the magic that I will always remember, those special occasions in your life that you write on a small piece of paper and place in a jar, and then on December 31 you open the jar and read what an amazing year that you have had. It is also a time to remember the great generosity of gardeners.

I did manage to see **Archimede** (photo at right) at Jessie's, and yes I can now say that all three roses of the Robert trilogy that we have today are the same rose, even though the original descriptions indicate three very different roses.

My conclusion after ten years of research is that the world appears to have lost two of the original three Robert Tea roses.



above: *Rosa brunonii* yellow seedling

from Germany

Raubritter

BY CLAUDIA HACKER

I want to write down the story of when I fell in love with an old rose.

It was in 2004 and I made my first garden trip to visit Sangerhausen and the EGA Erfurt, when I saw a beautiful rose, covered in hundreds of little balls in the colour of rose and immediately I fell in love with this rose. I took a lot of photographs of this rose and searched for the name. The rose was called **Raubritter**, the breeder was Kordes-Rosen.

At the same time I got the chance to buy about 1,000sqm of land next to my garden, and my dream of a rose garden was born. I ordered one rose **Raubritter** and some other modern shrubs, which I planted in late autumn of 2004.

In 2005 I waited patiently for the month of June, called Rose Month. My beloved rose **Raubritter** had only three little balls of flowers and two buds, and I was really disappointed. So I had to learn about the rose **Raubritter**. It was bred by Kordes in the year of 1936, the rose is summer flowering, and is categorised as a Rambler and also a groundcover. The parents of the rose were **Daisy Hill** and **Solarium**.

One year later about 300 balls of charming flowers were looking at me, and another year later - only one plant of **Raubritter** - was the star in my garden. And just look at it, the flowers are looking cheeky and curious over the wall and give a beautiful picture from outside the garden too.

Meanwhile I have about 60 different roses, the old roses and the summer flowering roses make the garden lovely and charming. **Madame Hardy**, the white Damask Rose with its green eye, **Bobby James**, the Multiflora Hybrid in the plum tree, whose flowers fall down just like a waterfall, **Tuscany**, the Old Velvet Rose with its maroon-crimson petals. **Felicite-Perpetue** with its pompom creamy-white flowers and a lot more.

I love them all. And my love of roses started, when I saw the rose **Raubritter**.



from India

Dr B.P. Pal Garden at IARI, New Delhi

BY T.JANAKIRAM, Head, Division of Floriculture and Landscaping, IARI, New Delhi

The Division of Floriculture and Landscaping at the Indian Agricultural Research Institute, New Delhi is known for its enormous contributions in the area of varietal improvement in roses. Dr B.P. Pal laid the foundation for scientific breeding of roses in the country at IARI. His pioneering efforts yielded 105 rose varieties spanning across Hybrid Teas, Floribundas, Polyanthas, climbers and Miniatures etc.,. The legacy of systematic breeding was then carried forward by the other scientists of the Division of Floriculture and Landscaping to evolve more than 150 varieties.

As a tribute to the enormous contributions made by the legendary Dr Pal one of the rose gardens in the IARI campus is named as Dr B.P. Pal Rose Garden. The garden is spread over two acres of land planted with the varieties evolved by Dr Pal and the Division. The Division of Floriculture and Landscaping has taken the initiative of revamping the garden as the plantation is more than 20 years old.

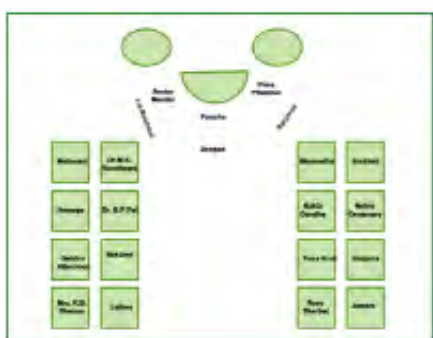
In this endeavor, The Division has re-laid the lawn with Bermuda grass seeds and planted 25 varieties of roses that were evolved by Dr B.P. Pal namely **Dr M.S. Randhawa, Dulhan, Haseena, Homage, Indian Princess, Jawani, Lalima, Maharani, Mrs K.B. Sharma, Ranjana, Surkhav,**

Banjaran, Chingari, Delhi Brightness, Delhi Princess, Jantar Mantar, Loree, Madhura, Manmatha, Panchu, Rose Sherbet, Sailoz Mookherjea, Tarang, Raja Surendra Singh of Nalagarh, and Surya Kiran during First Phase. In the second phase **Golden Afternoon, Lal Makhmal, Belle of Punjab, and Chambe di Kali** were planted.

Recently with the magnanimity of Sh. Kasturi Rangan, KSG Nursery, Bangalore, The Division could be able to procure mother plant material of the 14 varieties bred by Dr Pal like **Akash Sundari, Aruna, Dark Boy, Dil Ki Rani, Dr R.R. Pal, Nayika, Poornima, Rajhans, Shanti Pal, White Nun, Delhi Pink Powderpuff, Ragini, and Delhi White Pearl.**

The Division has been making relentless efforts to strengthen the garden by displaying all the varieties evolved by Dr Pal. Over a period of next two years the Division aims to plant almost all the 105 varieties evolved by Dr Pal and made appeal to all the rose lovers at different forums who could provide the bud wood or the planting material of any of the 105 varieties (listed below) to strengthen the effort.

Central Library



Bungalow-8



Bungalow-7

Dr Pal's roses



Akash Nartaki	(Fl., 1983)	Kulu Belle	(HT, 1972)
Akash Sundari	(HT, 1982)	Kumkum	(Fl., 1972)
Apsara	(Fl., 1966)	Lal Makhmal	(HT, 1983)
Apsara	(HT, 1982)	Lalima	(HT, 1978)
Aravalli Princess	(HT, 1983)	Loree	(Fl., 1968)
Aruna	(HT, 1968)	Madhumati	(HT, 1973)
Ashirwad	(HT, 1984)	Madhura	(Fl., 1979)
Azeez	(Fl., 1965)	Madhushala	(HT, 1973)
Banjaran	(Fl., 1969)	Maharani	(HT, 1986)
Belle of Punjab	(HT, 1965)	Manmatha	(Fl., 1989)
Celestial Star	(Fl., 1965)	Mechak	(HT, 1977)
Chamba Princess	(Fl., 1967)	Meghdoot	(HT, 1972)
Chambe Di Kali	(HT, 1983)	Mrs K.B. Sharma	(HT, 1989)
Chingari	(Fl., 1976)	Nandini	(HT, 1983)
Chitchor	(Fl., 1972)	Nazneen	(HT, 1969)
Climbing Dr Homi Bhabha	(Cl., 1975)	Nishada	(HT, 1983)
Dark Boy	(HT, 1965)	Nutkhut	(Fl., 1969)
Deepak	(Fl., 1977)	Orange Cup	(Fl., 1965)
Delhi Apricot	(HT, 1964)	Pahadi Dhun	(HT, 1981)
Delhi Brightness	(Fl., 1963)	Paharan	(Fl., 1971)
Delhi Daintiness	(Fl., 1963)	Pale Hands	(HT, 1965)
Delhi Debutante	(HT., 1964)	Panchu	(Fl., 1966)
Delhi Maid	(Fl., 1963)	Parwana	(Fl., 1974)
Delhi Pastel	(HT, 1964)	Patrani	(HT, 1981)
Delhi Pink Pearl	(Cl., 1962)	Poornima	(HT, 1971)
Delhi Pink Powderpuff	(Fl., 1965)	Raat Ki Rani	(HT, 1975)
Delhi Prince	(Fl., 1963)	Ragini	(Fl., 1972)
Delhi Princess	(Fl., 1963)	Raja Surendra Singh of Nalagarh	(HT, 1977)
Delhi Rosette	(Fl., 1965)	Rajbala	(Fl., 1975)
Delhi Sherbet	(Fl., 1963)	Rajhans	(HT, 1983)
Delhi Starlet	(Min., 1963)	Rampa Pal	(HT, 1975)
Delhi Sunshine	(HT, 1963)	Ranjana	(HT, 1975)
Delhi White Pearl	(Cl., 1962)	Ratnaar	(HT, 1985)
Dil Ki Rani	(HT, 1985)	Rose Sherbet	(Fl., 1962)
Dilruba	(HT. 1984)	Rosy Evening	(HT, 1985)
Diva Swapna	(HT. 1981)	Sailoz Mookherjea	(Fl., 1974)
Dr Homi Bhabha	(HT. 1968)	Sandeepini	(HT, 1983)
Dr M.S. Randhawa	(HT. 1989)	Sandhya Bela	(Fl., 1971)
Dr R.R. Pal	(HT. 1983)	Saroja	(Fl., 1984)
Dulhan	(HT. 1983)	Scented Bowl	(HT, 1965)
Eastern Princess	(HT. 1984)	Sharmili	(HT, 1986)
Fugitive	(Fl., 1965)	Shanti Pal	(HT, 1989)
Golconda	(HT, 1968)	Sir C.V. Raman	(HT, 1989)
Golden Afternoon	(HT, 1984)	Stanza	(Fl., 1967)
Gulbadan	(HT, 1976)	Suhasini	(Fl., 1972)
Haseena	(HT, 1979)	Surkhab	(HT, 1976)
Homage	(HT, 1986)	Surya Kiran	(Fl., 1979)
Indian Princess	(HT, 1980)	Sweet Innocence	(HT, 1988)
Jantar Mantar	(Fl., 1980)	Tarang	(Fl., 1989)
Jawani	(HT, 1985)	Temple Flame	(Fl., 1965)
Kamaladevi Chattopadhyay	(HT, 1989)	Uma Rao	(HT. 1989)
Kanakangi	(HT, 1968)	White Nun	(HT. 1968)

from New Zealand

discovering Lady Roberts

BY FIONA HYLAND

This story started with Di Durston's excitement over one of the Scarfy roses. I had understood that **Lady Roberts** was a rare rose, I just didn't comprehend rare meant "Sally Allison found one in Akaroa, and now this Scarfy rose makes two." Thankfully, Sally's chance finding of this rose meant that Tasman Bay now offers this rose in its catalogue, along with **Lady Roberts'** sport, **Anna Olivier**. Christchurch artist Margaret Stoddart immortalised **Anna Olivier** in her 1912 impressionist painting (pictured above right): perhaps that's why I've never regarded that rose as being particularly rare in New Zealand.

What Di Durston didn't know when she identified the Scarfy rose as the rare **Lady Roberts**, was that there was another bush of this rose in Dunedin with a much stronger provenance.

I've known Pam Markby since our children were at PlayCentre together. At the time she lived in a fabulous bay villa behind a substantial macrocarpa hedge in Warden St, Opoho. In time the macrocarpa hedge was felled, and the garden designed by Pam's landscape gardener and nurseryman husband, Geoff Markby, became visible to passersby. **Cornelia** frothed over a white picket fence, foiled by *Cotinus* and softened with a sprinkling of cherry blossom in season. Paired standard **Iceberg** roses flowered over catmint bordering the central footpath.

And to the left, in front of the triple double-hung sash windows, was a gorgeous apricot rose.

Pam told me this rose was **Lady Roberts**. I'd never heard of this rose before, and was curious as to where she had got it from. I was surprised and amazed to learn that the rose had already been in the garden when they had bought the villa in the 1980s, and even more so when Pam told me that she knew the name of the rose because they had bought the house from the old lady whose father had planted it.



so who was Lady Roberts?

Nora Henrietta Bews (1838-1920) was born in County Mayo, Ireland, and in 1859 married Frederick (Bobs) Sleigh Roberts, a young up and coming officer on leave from active duty in India. Their honeymoon was first interrupted when "Bobs" was summoned to Windsor to receive his Victoria Cross, and then curtailed in order to sail for India to accept an appointment in the Quartermaster-General's Department.

The Roberts had an extraordinarily happy married life based on well-observed mutual respect, blighted only the early deaths of three of their six children, and by the tragic death of their son on the battlefields of South Africa.

Particularly strong links existed between the New Zealand population and the Roberts, due to their joint involvement in the South Africa war. Lord Roberts had the unusual habit of spending considerable time speaking with his troops, and in this way many a personal connection was forged with New Zealanders both in the field and with those reading their letters sent back home.



Far left:
HP Harvey, planter of
the **Lady Roberts** rose
at Warden St as seen
in this undated photo;
rose photo above.

Left:
Lord and Lady Roberts,
centre, with a daughter
and their son

In addition it was said that Lord Roberts never forgot a face. This appeared to be borne out when he recognised, in London, New Zealanders he had fought alongside in South Africa. The story of his extraordinary kindness to these men reached to every corner of New Zealand in the newspapers of the day.

There is little doubt that New Zealanders looked upon Lord and Lady Roberts quite as their own.

Newspapers carried copies of the telegrams that flew from the New Zealand Premier to the Roberts on occasions of birthdays, victories, and anniversaries, and of the Robert's gracious replies. When it was learned that the Roberts were to visit Lady Robert's sister, married to an Australian Bishop, it appears half the colony wrote to beg them to visit their town and city.

Although described as having a "retiring disposition" Lady Roberts expended considerable interest and effort in the Army Nursing Service, for which she received the Royal Red Cross Medal. Photographs of Lady Roberts are rare, but her character was well known:

There is a pretty story about Lady Roberts and her trunks, and men returning from South Africa vouch for its truth. At the height of the transport difficulties, in the teeth of the officials, she carried eight large trunks from Capetown to Bloemfontein. Everyone wondered, everyone murmured. No one but Lady Roberts could have got the things through. The transport of stores had been stopped for the time, the sick lacked every comfort, and those who were not sick were half-starved and half-clad. Therefore, when a fatigue party was told off to fetch those eight trunks from Bloemfontein Station, things were said, probably about the "plague of woman." But next day seven of the trunks were unpacked and their contents distributed amongst the Tommies. The clever lady had snapped her fingers at red tape and smuggled comforts to the men in this way. One small trunk contained her kit.

In the same way the public knew how highly Lady Roberts was esteemed by Queen Victoria:

That the Queen should have received Lady Roberts and one of her daughters to lunch is probably one of the most signal marks of royal favour ever shown by her to any private individuals. The Sovereign never asks any visitors, however distinguished, to share her mid-day meal, breakfast and luncheon being always taken by the Queen in strictest privacy.

There is some confusion as to the purpose of this luncheon: some papers reported that the Imperial Order of the Crown of India was awarded to Lady Roberts at this time, others reported:

The Queen handled her a small parcel, saying, "Here is something that I have tied up with my own hands, and that I beg you not to open until you get home".

On her return home, Lady Roberts found that the parcel contained the Victoria Cross won by her dead son by his gallantry at the first battle of Colenso.

At this time New Zealand was acquiring three submarine mine-laying steamers. Two of these were named for the wives of current and past Premiers, *Ellen Ballance* and *Janie Seddon*; the last was named *Lady Roberts*.

the Lady Roberts rose

English nurseryman Frank Cant discovered **Lady Roberts** (1902), the red-infused sport of the apricot **Anna Olivier** (Ducher, 1872).

In New Zealand this rose was first advertised by Lippiatt's Auckland nursery in 1904, and continued to be offered in newspaper advertisements until at least 1925. Interest in, and uptake of, the rose was almost instantaneous, with the first description of blooms exhibited in horticultural shows appearing in newspapers in February 1905.

The question of determining the popularity of a rose has always been difficult, and until we can run advanced ngrams solely on NZ literature, it will remain difficult. However, a chance encounter with *Papers Past* led me to discover a clue to the popularity of **Lady Roberts** through the 1914 Rose Plebiscite. Now "plebiscite" isn't a word that crops up in general conversation, and it took a quick check of the dictionary to reveal its definition as:

a vote by the electorate determining public opinion on a question of national importance

The only other time I have come across this word was in connection with the international 2008 Tea Rose Plebiscite organised by David Ruston, WFRS Heritage Rose Group Chairman.

This coincidence may be responsible for my having developed a distorted view of just what constitutes "a question of national importance."

The Rose Plebiscite was announced in the *Christchurch Press* at the end of January, 1914.

With a view to increasing the interest in rose-growing, we invite amateur gardeners to send in lists of the twelve varieties of garden roses considered to be the best.

In accordance with the views expressed by the President of the National Rose Society of Victoria, it is requested that the lists should contain roses which will give fair results without undue attention, the following points being taken into consideration, namely: erect and vigorous growth, freedom of bloom, colour, and, where possible, perfume. When a sufficient number of lists have been received they will be analysed, with the view of ascertaining which twelve varieties have received the largest number of votes. In accordance with a suggestion made in a letter... a prize will be given to the contributor whose list most closely approximates to the list of varieties receiving the most number of votes.

Just two weeks were allowed for the receiving and recording of votes, before the results were announced in the paper on 7 February 1914:

We are able to announce today the result of the plebiscite of the rose growers amongst the readers of "The Press."

Within the very few days over which we were able to permit the voting to extend we have received far more lists than we anticipated. About three hundred amateur rose-growers – chiefly resident in Canterbury, although lists came from other parts – have expressed their views, and the result has been as we set out below. It will be noted that very nearly 200 different varieties of roses have been named by our contributors.

We offered a prize of one guinea for the contributor whose list most closely approximated to the list of varieties receiving the largest number of votes. The Christchurch Nursery Company, Ferry road, intimated their willingness to give a dozen roses – winner's own choice – as a prize, and these will be awarded to the sender of the second best list.

Of the hundreds of lists sent in only five contained the names of the twelve roses at the head of the poll. These were sent in by: – William Virgin, 80 Fowke St, Christchurch, "Rose-grower," Papanui; "M.B.," Fendalton; "J.E.D.," Christchurch; and Lily Herrick, Barbour St., Linwood.

The list sent in by the first of these contributors approaches much the most nearly, in order, to the list determined by the voting. His list was: – **Frau Karl Druschki, Lady Roberts, Betty, Lyon Rose, Hugh Dickson, Lady Ashtown, Mme Ravary, Mme Abel Chatenay, White Maman Cochet, Victor Hugo, Mme Lambard, Caroline Testout.**

The guinea will, therefore, go to Mr Virgin, and the second prize to "Rosegrower."

the popularity of Lady Roberts

Finding **Lady Roberts** to be the second most recommended rose in 1914 New Zealand has certainly changed my impression of this rose, particularly in relation to the popularity of its sport originator **Anna Olivier** (26 votes).

In the tables below I've matched the results of the Rose Plebiscite run by *The Press* in 1914 with the results of that run by the Melbourne *Argus*, also in 1914, which shows quite a different partiality. The 'year' printed at right is the year the rose was introduced into commerce.

I've also printed the results of the 2009 Tea Rose Plebiscite in each country for comparative purposes, and after drawing your attention to the inclusion of **Anna Olivier** in each of these lists, will leave you to draw your own conclusions.

Lady Roberts & Anna Olivier

Maybe because **Lady Roberts** is very rare overseas and maybe because both roses are so variable with climate and soil conditions, there has been some discussion in recent years that the two roses are now one and the same.

The possibility that **Lady Roberts** has become an unstable sport that has reverted back to its progenitor has also been floated.

It would seem that in New Zealand we are better placed than other countries to answer these questions, with both roses still in commerce, and the very real possibility of finding more original plants of **Lady Roberts** roses.

If you admire apricot roses I would urge you to admit both roses into your gardens.

1914 Christchurch

	votes	year
Frau Karl Druschki	246	1901
Lady Roberts	205	1902
Betty	196	1905
Lyon Rose	185	1907
Hugh Dickson	164	1905
Madame Abel Chatenay	150	1894
Madame Ravary	137	1899
Lady Ashdown	137	1904
Victor Hugo	129	1884
White Maman Cochet	115	1896
Madame Lambard	105	1878
Caroline Testout	100	1890

1914 Melbourne

	votes	year
Madame Abel Chatenay	311	1894
Frau Karl Druschki	304	1901
White Maman Cochet	249	1896
Lyon Rose	241	1907
Kaiserin Augusta Victoria	235	1891
General McArthur	216	1904
Belle Siebrecht	181	1892
La France	153	1867
Joseph Hill	123	1900
Rhea Reid	111	1908
Souvenir de Maria de Zayas	104	1905
Dean Hole	97	1904

2009 New Zealand

	votes	year
Monsieur Tillier	77	1891
G. Nabonnand	74	1888
Général Gallieni	68	1899
Comtesse de Labarthe*	51	1857
Lady Hillingdon	33	1910
Francis Dubreuil	33	1894
Anna Olivier	24	1872
Sombreuil	24	1851
Safrano	21	1839
Souv. de Mme Léonie Viennot	19	1898
Baronne Henriette Snoy	19	1897

2009 Australia

	votes	year
Monsieur Tillier	198	1891
Comtesse de Labarthe*	164	1857
Lady Hillingdon	135	1910
Général Gallieni	112	1899
G. Nabonnand	90	1888
Devoniensis	88	1838
Mrs.B.R.Cant	85	1901
Rosette Delizy	72	1922
Anna Olivier	63	1872
Safrano	51	1839

*syn. Duchesse de Brabant

from Argentina

roses galore

BY PAMELA CORBETT

Presentation given by Pamela Corbett of the Argentine Rose Society at the World Federation of Rose Societies October 2012 Rosafrica Convention in Johannesburg, South Africa.

I was wondering what to talk about today, when it occurred to me that I have been to many talks on roses, covering absolutely every aspect, but what I had never heard discussed was what keeps us hooked... apart from the prickles. I decided to ask a varied list of friends and strangers, why they did or did not grow roses. Here are some answers:

1. "You can't have a proper garden without roses, it's impossible!"
2. "I pulled out all my hybrid teas, too much trouble. I only want shrub roses."
3. "They helped me through a difficult time in my life and I need them around me."
4. "Don't grow them: too much work. I hate spraying, and the roses I like best need spraying in our climate."
5. "I couldn't live without them, I find them endlessly interesting and fascinating."
6. "Once you have had roses from your own garden in your vases, shop roses just won't do."
7. "Oh, the pruning! I'm too old to prune 200 roses, my hands are no good now."
8. "Well, it's all about glamour, isn't it? Pure Hollywood on a plant. There is simply nothing like them and the scent is wonderful."

These are just a few opinions.

The rose is many things to many people, glamour, love and luxury for some, too much like hard work for others. But in the end, what is it we want from them? Because more and more, it seems, it's not just the flowers.

For years we had gorgeous roses alright, but often on gawky stems which all too often dropped their leaves: leaves which needed a lot of spraying. Now we want a healthy, attractive plant, well-furnished with foliage, a plant with a good repeat of beautiful blooms, and scented. Modern breeders have tried to do just that, but all too often sacrificing the scent, sadly a recessive gene, and with it, the charm. That, for many of us, just won't do. The rose has changed direction since the advent of perfumed English roses and the like, but not all these are healthy either. And perhaps, expecting them to be healthy whatever the conditions is too much to ask.

When you think about it, whatever your hang-ups, a rose is a most obliging plant. There is one for every taste and situation. What other flowering, perfumed plant will grow in the wild virtually anywhere -- in the mountains, in the forest, in stony deserts, in a marsh, in the Arctic, or on the prairie? In the Falklands, in the South Atlantic, I found the common *Rugosa* in the town, creeping along the ground like ivy, rather like I did, the only way to survive in those wearying gale-force winds.

For many years it was the custom to isolate roses in rose beds as a monoculture, which is all very well when they are performing, but a sad sight when they are not. Also, there is something off-putting about seeing bare earth between roses. This, I think, turned many people against them. As early as the second half of the nineteenth century William Robinson, the famous Irish garden writer, was fulminating against this practice, saying he was sick of seeing roses made ugly, sitting apart, looking stiff and stilted, when they could look wonderful in an informal setting in the company of other plants. He spent rather a lot of time being indignant. Myself, I wonder about the wisdom of putting undiluted high-octane prima donnas together to fight it out. But for many decades yet, the rose would continue alone in rose beds which, for a few weeks, were seen as the high point of a garden. And that is even true today.

In the early nineties, the garden writer Christopher Lloyd famously defied tradition and emptied the rose beds at Great Dixter, a

renowned garden laid out by his father and Sir Edwin Lutyens, keeping only seven roses, saying he was fed up with rose monoculture. Richard Bisgrove, another garden writer, declared that roses are:

basically beautiful flowers on rather ugly sticks.'

Here I think he was quoting William Robinson who loathed standard roses. Others piled in, saying that

roses should never be planted by themselves,
there is nothing so boring as a rose bed.

Even Graham Thomas warned about using too many roses in a garden, as, he said, they could give 'a spotty look', saying that every rose garden needed verticals.

A rose is an exceptionally personable and adaptable plant, and one feels its presence in the garden no matter whatever form it takes. Once released from the rose bed and into the borders, ambling and rambling all over the place, she took on a new life, a new persona and came into her own. With the help of other plants the rose became infinitely more charming, her faults being far less noticeable, in fact she became another creature altogether.

Nevertheless, there were still problems. Hybrid Teas and others often react dismally to poor conditions. We all know how perverse roses can be, things of beauty one day and the next, for no apparent reason, sulking, shedding leaves and dumping petals, looking denuded and gaunt just when guests are expected. In summer in Buenos Aires, a hot moist climate with scorching sun from November to April, a rose doesn't last a day. This comes after a bright, idyllic Spring when all our roses look heavenly. Then comes the hot weather and all we can do is keep the plants going as best we can until Autumn when they look wonderful again. Deborah, Duchess of Devonshire, on being told about so-and-so's marvellous English rose garden in June reportedly said

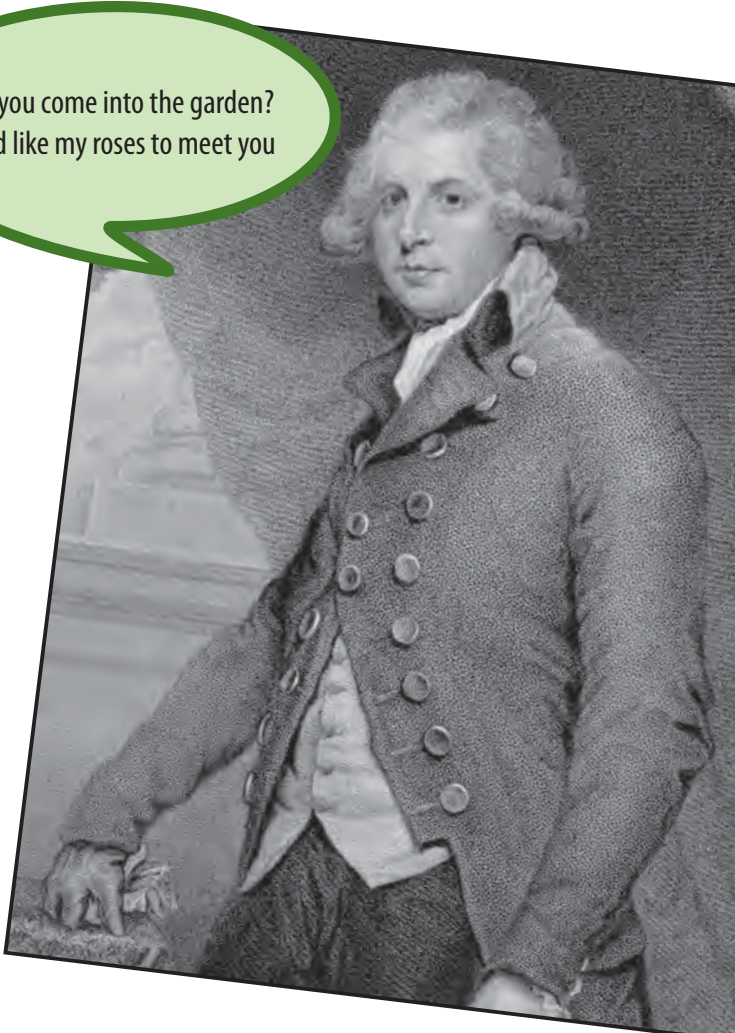
All very well, I'm sure, but let's see what it looks like in August.

Vita Sackville West's gardening husband, Harold Nicolson, agreed that it was a time when both garden and roses looked 'blowsy' and past their best. Vita called it 'the middle-aged month.'

They had a point. But let's face it, we don't look great all the time, either!

So, since our roses satisfy and infuriate in almost the same measure, what tips the balance? What is it that we find so endlessly beguiling? Why don't we get fed up with the spraying, the deadheading and the pruning, when we limp into the house with our clothes in tatters, nursing punctures and scratches? Why do we forgive them so much?

I think it is this: roses people our gardens like no other plant. I say 'people' advisedly because all good roses have a distinct personality which demands a reaction from us. The Restoration playwright Richard Brinsley Sheridan invited guests saying:



Won't you come into the garden?
I would like my roses to meet you

And one wonders just what they were, in the late-1700's. But he was right. Roses are unique in the way they affect our feelings: in fact, they engage our emotions like no other flower. I mean, can you honestly say that you can have a close personal relationship with a dahlia?

fragrance, or the romance of the nose

The American historian and garden writer Alice Morse Earle had this to say about scent, many years ago:

The fragrance of the sweetest rose is beyond any other flower. It is irresistible, enthralling: you cannot leave it. I have never doubted that the rose has some compelling quality not shared by other flowers. I do not know whether it comes from some witchery of the plant, but it certainly exists.

This 'compelling quality' is also mentioned in the opera *La Bohème* when Mimi sings

The rose has strange powers that speak to me

Fragrance is like music: it transports us to other places. The breath of a perfumed rose casts a spell on us, makes us close our eyes as we inhale. If there is no scent to be had when we bend over and sniff, our disappointed expressions say everything. The old favourites we grow for their perfumes have a special place in our affections, such as **Crimson Glory**, **Paul Macartney**, **Compassion**, **Rosemary Harkness**, **Papa Meilland**, **Aloha**, **Frédéric Mistral**, **Ispahan**, **Comte de Chambord**, and **Belle Isis**, that atypical myrrh-scented Gallica, parent of **Constance Spry**.

The perfumes of Old Garden Roses are eerily evocative of ages past. Often it is not a pure fragrance, but a tantalising bouquet. To me, **Souvenir de la Malmaison** smells like Ponds Vanishing Cream, but it's tea-like for some. That generous old Tea, **Mrs. B.R. Cant** has a wonderfully exotic scent, spicy, peppery, and with something else in there, Lea and Perrins, maybe. Interestingly, it is not detected by many.

The blooms of Old Garden Roses can be touchingly quaint, thick and chunky, like a good scone, many-layered, some again flat-faced, coming singly or posied all over the plant. Besides the legacy of perfume, there is a sumptuous palette, pleasingly subtle when faded. The historical aspect too, is intriguing: there is many a doubtful pedigree. After all, even in royal circles of old, there was many an upstart mistress who leap-frogged over a Duchess when she got the chance to better herself. And funny things do go on in gardens.

There is something mystical about the roses that have come down to us, cultivated through the generations, loved and esteemed for centuries even. These graced the heads, bosoms and buttonholes of long ago lovers, bringing to a garden a romantic, patrician splendour all their own. Who can resist these charming aristocrats, these scented old dandies?

There are more than 20 genes which determine fragrance in roses, which is often capricious. Whether or not it reaches us can depend many things, as we know, including the time of day and various weather conditions. Mildew problems can, unfortunately, cause a loss of scent. In parts of Patagonia, where in summer the temperature can be 2°C in the early morning and 32°C by lunchtime, this is a real problem. One of the roses most affected which one sees everywhere there, is the superb old rose **Duc de Cambridge**. And you will never see roses as healthy as in Patagonia. No black spot, no bugs. (By the way, two years after the Pueyehue volcano erupted on the border between Argentina and Chile, the roses were fantastic, thanks to the tons of lava deposited.)

It is an interesting fact that a highly-scented rose plant can occasionally turn out to be almost fragrance free, to the dismay of customers. This can vary from nursery to nursery in the same geographical area. Even more mysteriously, it has been reported that on a certain bush, the roses on one side were perfumed but not on the other. When new plants were developed from cuttings taken from either side, one set of plants produced perfumed flowers and the other did not. So, we may deduce from this that not only is scent a thoroughly unstable factor, it may also be confined to one area of the plant! I find this mind-boggling, but am assured that this experiment was strictly controlled and verified.

Speaking of scent, we all perceive it differently, and there are many factors which can diminish it. It is interesting to note that when we inhale the delicious scent of a rose, most of us close our eyes, (as when we kiss!) and I wonder if somehow the perfume reaches us all the more because we block off the visual. Food for thought!

Household sprays, exposure to radiation, (as when we travel by air,) insecticides, solvents, hormone replacement therapy, antibiotics, nasal sprays: all these can affect our ability to detect fragrance. And, of course, smoking. Lack of zinc in the diet drastically affects our sense of smell and taste, and good sources are nuts and seeds, cereal, meats, and shellfish.

It was news to me that the professional noses working in the perfumery business must study psychology. Interestingly, in the way we rose lovers react to roses there is also much psychology. The habit, the physical appearance of the variety, the perfume, colour and texture of the flowers, all these must pass through our private, personal filter for approval. And some colours or colour combinations are never allowed into our gardens!

Colour, as we all know, is totally subjective; we each have our preferences. And there are reasons for these preferences. When we look at bright reds our blood pressure rises. Bright red means risk, excitement, and is often avoided by those with heart problems. Drivers of bright red cars are often a menace to society! Blues and greens send our pressure down, calm blue skies, green lawns. So roses with a blue cast, like

Escapade are calming, even nostalgic. It is worth remembering, too, that all colour is affected by the colours nearby. If you stand a rose in a vase against six different coloured backgrounds, one by one, you will see what I mean.

The psychologist Dr. Lüscher reminds us in his book *The Lüscher Colour Test* that colour is a psychological manifestation of our feelings and attitudes. His findings take us far from the sugary colour mythology of the Victorians. Dark reds and purple-crimson like **Cardinal Richelieu** mean pomp and tradition. Canary yellow means freedom and spontaneity. Black means 'no'. White means innocence, purity. Shocking pink is apparently the colour most favoured by children under ten, primitive native tribes... and artists. The colours we reject say almost more about us than the ones we like, according to the good doctor. So perhaps we project ourselves into the roses we choose more profoundly than we know. There is one more reason we choose a rose, or especially love a rose, and that is because it reminds us of the past. If it reminds us of a person, to us, the rose even becomes that person. And if that person is no longer with us, the rose becomes a most poignant reminder.



the wars of the roses

As roses go, we all have our favourites. And ones we can't stand. Vita Sackville-West, that famous gardener of impeccable taste, singled out **American Pillar** and **Dorothy Perkins**.

"I hate, hate, hate them!" she said. But she had a wonderful eye for a rose, and indeed for any plant under the sun. One of her favourite roses was the beautiful **Meg**, which I first saw by Vita's front door. Vita had something to say about the Alba-Noisette **Madame Plantier** and I quote:

We planted **Madame Plantier** at the foot of an old apple tree, vaguely hoping that it might cover a few feet of the trunk. Now, after four years, it is 15 feet high with a girth of 15 yards, pouring down in a vast Victorian crinoline stitched all over with its white sweet-scented clusters of flower."

She had an interesting turn of phrase for a poet, describing the seedling ancestor of the Bourbon rose as

a solitary little bastard found by the curator of the Ile de Bourbon botanic garden.



The crime writer Agatha Christie, modest lady, though not famous for her gardening abilities, did use roses in a couple of her better-known stories. In one, the killer is caught thanks to the silent witness of a thornless rose, supposedly the bourbon **Zephyrine Drouhin**. In another, Miss Marple leaves her roses to subdue a would-be murderer with greenfly spray, commenting

What a good thing I always use a strong solution!"

Agatha was, by her own admission, flabbergasted to receive, in late middle-age, a proposal of marriage from a famous archeologist fifteen years younger than herself. She was going to turn him down because of the age gap, when it occurred to her that, since he spent his time 'digging up old things,' they would be very happy.

Sean McCann, that well-loved rosarian, loathed **Madame Isaac Pereire**, the meaty old fuschia-pink Bourbon with a scent that knocks you sideways. He hated the colour and recommended its use on a fence where it would bug the neighbour!

Darling old Dean Hole was a character and a dear man, and what a champion of the rose he was. He once said that the best rose trees he had ever seen had been eaten down to the ground by donkeys. As the first President of the Royal National Rose Society, he presided over their first Rose Show, held in July of 1858 at St. James's Hall, in London, close to the Thames, which in those days, was more or less an open sewer and stank to high heaven.

But the ten thousand roses that were shown at the Hall managed to mask the horrible stench with their perfume, exhibited to music provided by the regimental band of The Coldstream Guards, which nearly blasted the blooms out of their vases. The organizers, a handful of dedicated rose-lovers, wondered if anyone would turn up, exhibitors and public alike. Luckily, they were mobbed! Two thousand people crowded into the Hall to see the roses, which, by all accounts, were splendid. Cups were won by William Paul's nursery and Cant's of Colchester, among others. As for the Dean, he won two! (At the next Rose Show, in 1859, it is interesting to note that the exhibitors were told that roses 'may not be shown in boxes using beer bottles, straw or potatoes'.)

Alice Harbord, Lady Hillingdon who lived 1857-1940 was celebrated with a climbing rose.

Lady Hillingdon is famously hardy for a Tea. All Teas do wonderfully in Buenos Aires and even, surprisingly, in Patagonia, in spite of cold, snowy winters. It should be remembered that many Patagonian cities are built on massive lakes and there is much wooded country close to the towns

– in other words, the Teas have unusually good protection.

Gertrude Jekyll, that renowned 'wild gardener' grew some roses specifically for her pot-pourri, which she made every two years. She didn't mess about, she made 100kg at a time! (I guess everyone knew what they were getting for Christmas.) Another devotee of **Madame Plantier**, she often included her in the tapestried, cottagey gardens she created, using contrasting textures. Of all the old roses, she said, it was the most obliging, willing to climb, crawl and drape herself (not Gertrude,) over just about anything. She couldn't understand why people didn't plant it more. Unfortunately it takes after its Alba parent and only flowers once. (By the way, what is not generally known about the Jekylls is that the family name was used by Gertie's brother's close friend Robert Louis Stevenson in his book *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.)

Ellen Willmott was an eccentric plant collector and dedicated rose lover who had three famous gardens, holding 100,000 species, attended to by no fewer than 104 gardeners. She fired anyone who left a weed among the plants, only employing men, declaring that 'women would be a disaster in the border.' Herself excepted, of course. At her Warley property in Essex, she was well-known and feared for toting a loaded revolver while gardening. I don't know about you, but she wouldn't have found a gardener round our way! This garden was also booby-trapped against plant thieves.

Rare species were her passion, and her travels took her to China and the Middle East; she also financed other expeditions. Famously feisty, she had a bitter quarrel with E.A. Bowles, the English horticulturalist, because of a foreword, not by him, in one of his books, criticising 'show-off' rock gardens. She took this personally, alpinism being one of her hobbies, and had flyers printed with a furious, scathing rebuttal. She then stood at the Chelsea Flower Show handing them out to the public. When the Great War broke out, her finances crashed. This legendary gardener and once incredibly wealthy woman died quite penniless in 1934. The single Hybrid Tea **Ellen Willmott**, a charming pink rose with scalloped

petals, bred by Archer, was named for her two years after her death.

Nancy Lindsay came from an aristocratic family. Like her gifted mother Norah, she was a keen gardener from her earliest years. Always short of money, she began supervising the remarkable gardens of her mother's wealthy friends and clients. The list is impressive, and some of them, such as Mottisfont and Hidcote, Graham Thomas came to supervise in his turn. She famously got on the wrong side of him and stayed there. In temperament they were at opposite ends of the scale. He was extremely meticulous and painstaking in everything he did, and she was notoriously slapdash and mercurial. She started a nursery and in her catalogues the plants were described in the most extravagant terms. Here is an example and I quote:

Rosa de Rescht, a curious small rose I found in an old Persian garden in ancient Resht. The proud leaves of myrtle green vellum... the full-blown reflexed camellia flowers of pigeon's blood ruby, irised with royal purple, are haloed with fantastic shagreen dragon sepals...

and I could go on! Here is Graham's translation: he described it as

A highly desirable compact shrub.'

Kew Gardens, long-suffering but fed up with keeping plants for her, sent roots and scions of another rose she brought back from Persia, to Hilling nurseries, where Graham was manager. This was the white **Rose d'Hivers**. This caused an explosion.

Nancy wrote him a furious letter:

I was stunned when I saw my precious rose in your nursery! I risked my life in the wilds of the Guilan Mountains to get that rose... it is the darling of my heart!

One wonders why, if she loved it so much, she didn't look after her darling herself. Over the years there were many such spats, especially as when she couldn't remember the name of a rose, she would call it anything that came into her head, which was naturally anathema to such a total professional as Graham to whom authenticated rose identification was a serious business.

what's in a name?

'A rose by any other name smells just as sweet,' Shakespeare tells us. But does it? When you think that poor old **Madame Bérard**, the beauteous Tea rose, is also **E. VeyratHermanos**, by that name one might not want to smell it at all.

How much do rose names influence us when we are buying? A good deal, I think. It took me a ridiculously long time to buy **Fred Loads** and immediately fell in love with it. I couldn't buy a rose called **Stainless Steel**, which is stupid, but there you are. What about **Just Joey**? I was surprised to read that the name bothered some people, but it seems to please many rose lovers. **Sexy Remy** is another great rose with a fun name, but could you buy **Parkdirektor Riggers**? I imagine if you knew the person, it would make all the difference. I think rose names, like book titles, need to be chosen with a good deal of thought.

The French gave delicious names, difficult to compete with, like **La Belle Distinguée**, **Coupe d'Hebe**, and **Reine des Violettes**. There is something so much more elegant about a rose called 'Madame' rather than the more prosaic 'Mrs'. Who would ever dream that the scrumptious white climber **Mrs Herbert Stevens** could be saddled with such an ordinary name? Never mind: she was a lucky woman.

The Chinese loved the metaphoric, such as 'After Rain,' and 'Tiny Jade Shoulders' (referring to the open sepals I suppose). Then there is 'Golden Bird Splashing In The Water' and 'Drunk Green Lotus' who must have been a friend of 'Topsy Imperial Concubine.' A rose with a hangover, anyway.

the medicinal rose

Rose oil has always been considered a beauty aid, and certainly by Queen Elizabeth of Hungary, a famous fan, who, in the early 1300's successfully snagged the King of Poland for a husband when she was only 72.

According to the ancients, rose water disinfected and purified. When the Moslem leader Saladin retook Jerusalem from the Crusaders in 1187, he

refused to enter a mosque until the walls inside had been purified with rose water, as well as all the objects within. Over 50 camels brought the precious, aromatic cargo from Baghdad to Jerusalem.

For the Chinese the rose was always more important for medicinal purposes than for decoration. Every part of the plant was used, and still is. Arab physicians of long ago prescribed extract of roses for tuberculosis. Again and again in the old herbals, both Eastern and European, the rose is quoted as a specific for stress and depression. In England in 1649, Nicolas Culpeper recommended the Gallica for purifying the blood and many other medicinal purposes.

There was one little person who couldn't do without his daily dose of roses, but I don't think they were necessarily medicinal, though they were provided by the apothecaries. This was the four-year-old Louis, XIII, future King of France, who, in 1605 wrote this worried little letter to his father, Henry IV.

Papa, all the apothecaries of Provins have come to beg me to ask you very humbly to give my company a different garrison post because my gendarmes like the conserve of roses and I am afraid they will eat it all and I shall have none left. I eat some every night when I go to bed.

Poor little scrap! (Unfortunate child, he was born with two rows of permanent teeth and a terrible speech impediment).

Dog rose hips (*Rosa canina*) contain significant amounts of calcium, phosphorus and iron. A tea made of the rose petals will reportedly replace intestinal flora after the use of antibiotics. Rosebud tea is still popular in China. I use rosehip tea myself. I think that it does indeed purify the blood and is great for general health.

In Europe, wild rose hips are being used against arthritic pain with surprising results. There is now a thriving industry dedicated to processing rose hips into tea for this purpose. In Patagonia, where the wild rose is rampant (*Rosa eglanteria*) tons of hips are exported to Europe every year for medicinal use.

Beautiful, historical, medicinal, there's no doubt about it, the world needs roses! What other plant does as much for us?

the ceremonial rose

From the pomp and circumstance of coronations to ordinary weddings and funerals, throughout the ages roses continue to grace every kind of rite and celebration. They are the ultimate expression of human sentiment. The roses we give as gifts to others are always significant, whether they come as a full bouquet or a single bloom.

I wonder if any of you have heard about this particular ceremony. The Minden Rose is commemorated on August 1st of every year, because of a battle at Minden, in northwest Germany, where the British and German armies routed the French in 1759. On this date, ever since, many regiments hold an field-day for all ranks. That evening the dinner table is decorated with roses and the Minden Toast is drunk by the officers, each of whom wears two roses. I quote:

When the band has entertained, and the port has circulated, the mess sergeant places a bowl containing a rose floating in champagne before each officer who has joined the Regiment during the last year. These then stand on their chairs, eat the roses and drink the champagne."

The roses, by the way, are now red and yellow, but originally they were supposed to have been pink Autumn Damasks.

One officer who recently described how he had to do this, said

the rose I got was as big as a cabbage, swilling around in at least half a bottle of champagne. Darned thing was full of thorns, I couldn't eat for days afterwards, but a friend of mine chatted up the mess sergeant a week before and got the sweetest little rose you ever saw, very tender, with not a prick on it! He had no trouble at all."

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in conclusion...

As we see, the rose means many things to many people. Some wear them in their caps and eat them, some medical men prescribe them, perfumers use them in fashionable fragrances. The rest of us, who live among roses regard them as essential to our comfort and wellbeing.

In other words, they soothe us, make us feel better, mend our spirits. They make a beautiful difference to our lives in this complicated world, keeping us grounded, keeping us close to the good earth. So, yes, the world over, the rose is prized, loved and honoured, in spite of the drawbacks, in spite of the thorns.

A garden is a sometime thing... and when you leave a rose garden and move on, as I have recently, you know you can't possibly abandon them and leave them to their fate. All that can move must... into the gardens and nurseries of trusted friends who know what they are about. From the older, larger plants, cuttings will go wherever they are welcome.

Luckily, the roses we have loved live on in our minds and that is a great consolation. I feel incredibly enriched to have come to know them intimately and love them like people. For that reason it has been a privilege and a pleasure to come and talk to you today. Thank you.



The presentation of roses to commemorate Minden Day in Saint Helier, Jersey - a plaque recording Jersey's association with the Battle of Minden can be seen in the background

Gergely Márk (1923-2012)

BY EVA KIGYOSSY-SCHMIDT, GERMANY

I have just received the sad news that noted Hungarian rose hybridizer, Gergely Márk, has died.

Our highly esteemed and beloved Friend, Gergely Márk, passed away in November 2012. His work spanned over fifty years, during which time he brought to life over 800 Hungarian rose varieties. His entire life was devoted to evaluating and breeding rose varieties. He was a man of iron will and of deep historical and literary erudition, stubbornly persevering but showing extensive expertise, plus he had an excellent sense of humour. His work is a worthy continuation of Hungarian rose breeding traditions, as represented by Mihály M. Horváth, Rudolf Geschwind and the Mühle brothers.

After graduating from the University of Agricultural Sciences of Budapest in 1950, Gergely Márk worked at the Horticultural Research Institute of Budapest. Simultaneously with his rose breeding activities, he established one of the largest rose gardens of Europe of those times. From his retirement in 1981, he continued his work almost entirely from his own resources in his own garden, the Garden of Hungarian Roses, located in Törökbálint, near Budapest.

Gergely Márk's roses received international recognition on several occasions. For instance, his Hybrid Tea rose **Budatétény** won the gold medal at the "Internationale Gartenausstellung" (IGA) in Hamburg in 1963 for its novel, peachy, yellowish-red colour, while **Saint Elizabeth of Hungary** won the gold medal in Rome in 2000 in the category of climber and park roses.

Gergely Márk also wrote several scientific publications. His book, *Die Rose*, published by VEB Land-wirtschaftsverlag, Berlin in 1962, won a silver medal in Paris in 1964. His lexical work, the *Book of Hungarian Roses*, was published in 2004 in Hungarian by Mezgazda Kiadó in Budapest.



Over 80% of his rose varieties were created exclusively on open ground and thus are well adapted to extreme Hungarian climatic and weather conditions. Several of them are also well suited to decorating public parks. Those Hungarian roses that show above average frost resistance, their long blossoming periods, the intensity of the petals' colour effects and the frequency of the stamen being visible, are all worthy of note. These characteristics are frequently accompanied by a pleasant scent. **Saint Elizabeth of Hungary**, Gergely Márk's gold medallist rose, meets the above criteria to the greatest extent. This rose has deservedly achieved increasing popularity in the course of the last few years even beyond the borders of Hungary. It is to be found not only in private collections, but also in several well known public rose gardens throughout Europe. This rose has even found its way to Japan, Canada and the U.S.

Gergey Márk received a number of distinguished State and professional awards for his work. But the fact that the number of public rose gardens preserving Márk rose varieties has been increasing for the past few years can be viewed as the greatest recognition of his life's work.

In addition, the initiative to ensure the survival of Márk roses is moving forward in a promising way. Several hundred Márk varieties were propagated successfully on new grounds in 2012. This autumn some German private gardens also accepted a few Márk varieties for the purpose of preserving them. Although the survival of the Márk legacy is far from secure, we are hopeful that the greatest possible number of Márk roses will live on for our descendants. And thus the purpose of Gergely Márk's life may be achieved, or as he put it into words:

I strive to make the world more beautiful with my roses.
To the joy of people.

A Márk documentary film, which has also won a gold medal since, was finished and presented on 27 October 2012, Gergely Márk's 89th birthday, as a result of its creators' selfless labour. Its title is *The Rose Man*. The memory of "The Rose Man", the modest, persevering and loyal friend will live on in our hearts with deep gratitude and thankfulness.

stop press

Peter Beales (1936-2013)

BY SALLY ALLISON, NEW ZEALAND

Classic Roses has been and continues to be a bible for so many of us. The author of this exceptional book, Peter Beales died on Saturday, 26 January.

I've been so fortunate to know this unassuming, modest man who was so generous in sharing his vast rose knowledge. He has corresponded with me every Christmas, sending me his fabulous *Peter Beales Roses* calendar. The time I have spent with him in his nursery at Atteborough, in his own private garden, and in my own Rangiora garden, have been very special.

Peter has spoken in many places: Japan, America, France, Germany, Bermuda and New Zealand. To me, the most special were in Cambridge U.K., and here in New Zealand in 1990.

Peter trained as a nurseryman at the Grice Nurseries in North Walsham, and then started Peter Beales Roses on 1½ acre site at Swardeston, moving to Atteborough Norfolk in the late 1980s when he outgrew the original site. Peter won a total of 19 gold medals at the Chelsea Flower Show and was given the Royal Horticultural Society's top award. Those who have been lucky enough to attend the show will know why. A truly outstanding stand and display of old roses and his own new introductions. In 2003 he was awarded the Victoria Medal of Honour in recognition of his success as a rose grower and also promoting gardening.

While staying with us in 1990 Peter offered our son Jonathan a job, and he spent several interesting months at Mannington Hall, the home of Lord Walpole, where most of the budding was done. At the same time Ben Pratt was at Atteborough gaining experience, which has served him so well at Tasman Bay.

Peter's autobiography *Rose Petals and Muddy Footprints* was published in 2008, and he remained busy right up to his death still the Chairman of the company.