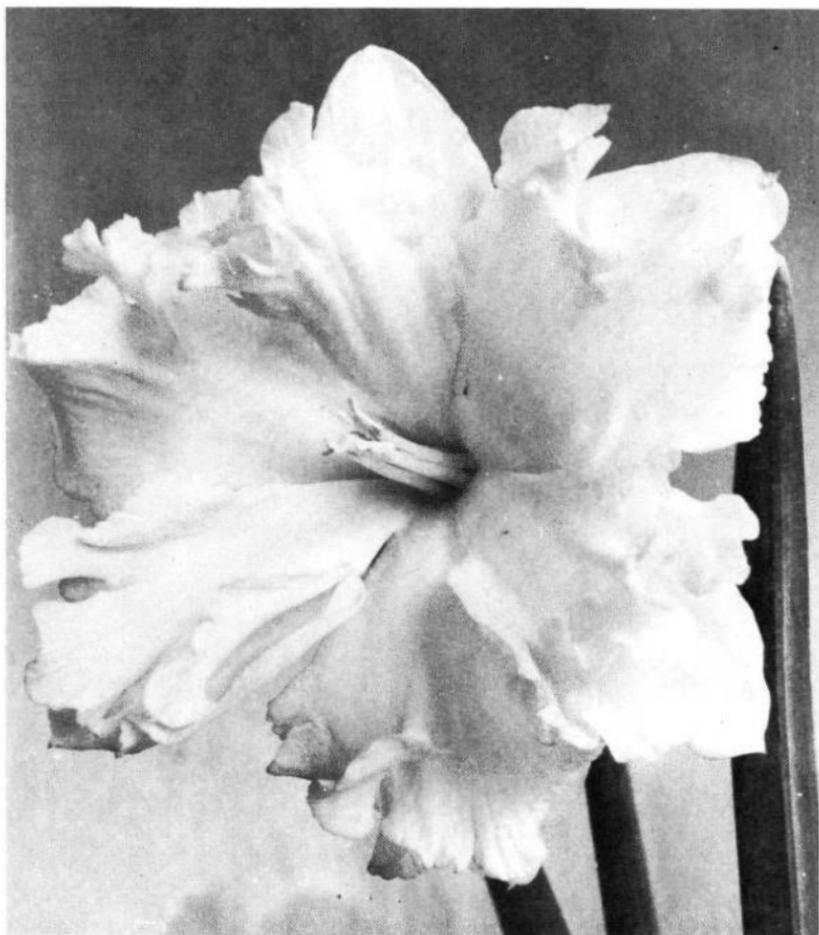


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Volume 6

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DECEMBER, 1969

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Articles and photographs (glossy finish) on daffodil culture and related subjects are invited from members of the Society. Manuscripts should be typewritten double-spaced, and all material should be addressed to the Editor.

DEADLINE FOR THE NEXT ISSUE IS JAN. 15, 1970.

SCHEDULE OF MEMBERSHIP DUES IN THE AMERICAN DAFFODIL SOCIETY

Individual Annual \$5 a year or \$12.50 for three years
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PICTURED ON THE COVER

is Cassata, a split-corona daffodil bred and introduced by J. Gerritsen & Son (see page 77). Members are reminded that the RHS classification has been revised to provide a separate division for this type, Div. 11.

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IN DAFFODILS UP TO HERE!

By TOM D. THROCKMORTON, *Des Moines, Iowa*

This is an account of the experience of a lifetime, a journey into the unknown, and enough daffodils to literally wallow in.

The big jet settled down at Shannon on Easter Sunday, at about 9 a.m. I was met at the plane by Phil Carney, the TWA representative, who spirited me through customs and into the custody of Flaherty, his driver. Flaherty drove the few miles to my hotel at Limerick, and by the time of my arrival there, it seemed pretty certain that I was in Ireland. You see, the main thing about Ireland is that the people are so obviously *Irish*. They all sound like Dennis Day, only more so.

The plane trip to the east had made a short night of it. I went to bed

in the hotel at Limerick, only to be awakened at noon completely surrounded by church bells: little bells responding to big bells, and high pitched melodic bells against the far background of some huge mellow deep-voiced bell. Obviously, it was Easter noon in Limerick. I dozed. I dressed and walked the town a bit; along the River Shannon, through narrow alleys, and skipped in front of cars on the "wrong" side of the street. There were daffodils in front of every cottage and manor; daffodils in clumps, or curving along drives.

The next morning I and my trusty little Austin car started for Killarney. I passed horse carts, donkey carts, and handcarts with aplomb — and on their right side, too. But this was a Bank Holiday which for some reason or other is just a day on which no one works. Apparently, everyone takes to the highway. I was doing quite well until I drove into the teeth of an oncoming stream of cars that just didn't stop: wild-haired, wild-eyed young men with tightly clenched lips and large numbers of huge auxiliary lights on each car. I later found out I had driven through the *'Round the Island Rally*, a motoring event of considerable importance in Ireland and apparently involving both fame and fortune.

In any event, I was a shaken man when I reached Killarney. There the misty, moisty haze, the blue of the lakes, and the shadows on Macgillicuddy's Peaks spelled "Ireland" to an American. I expected a leprechaun at every turning, and Finian's Rainbow arched the furze-clad hills. The next day I drove to Waterford, which in Gaelic is spelled Port Lairge. They also spell Cork "Coraigh," which is little or no help to the passing traveler. Nonetheless, I found Waterford, and in my hotel room a huge bowl of Ceylon from Nell Richardson.

Prospect House, Col. Toby Thoburn, Jack Goldsmith, and Mary the cook are just as you have imagined them. The hospitality was enchanting. I remember the delicate taste of the pink flesh of a salmon trout, brought wriggling from the river earlier that same day. Port has a better bouquet when passed around clockwise by Toby, and especially when passed more than once.

And the daffodils! Clumps along the winding drive. Pot after pot in glasshouses, both warm and cold. Row after innumerable row in raised, weedless beds. Daffodils protected by hessian huts, or little conical hats to shade individual blooms. Here and there whole stocks of good size were surrounded and covered by hessian. I did not see one virus-ridden leaf, not one sick plant. This entire operation struck me as dedicated to two ends: (1) The production and sale of novelty daffodil bulbs. (2) Winning daffodil competitions — not just entering them, but winning them.

The seedling beds had scarcely a bloom; the season was hopelessly

OFFICIAL CALL

**15th Annual Convention of American Daffodil Society
Sheraton-Dallas Hotel, Dallas, Texas
April 2-4, 1970**

The Southwest Region, composed of Arkansas, New Mexico, Oklahoma, and Texas, is honored to host the National Convention of the American Daffodil Society.

Texas, which is enriched by the miracle and drama of both history and nature, welcomes you. Share with us the blending of cultures under six flags: Spanish, French, Mexican, American, Confederate, and the Lone Star Flag. Dallas is located in the north central area, where private tours of lovely homes and gardens, lectures by famous growers of our beloved daffodils, as well as many instructive and enjoyable events await your arrival. The Annual Dallas Garden Center Flower and Garden Show "Viennese Holiday" will be one of the highlights included, a never-to-be-forgotten event.

The ADS Convention Show will be presented in the hotel on Thursday, April 2. Many awards and trophies will be offered. All are invited to bring daffodils to be entered before 9:30 a.m., April 2.

The Board of Directors will meet at 2:30 p.m., April 2.

The Annual Members' Meeting will be held at 8 p.m., April 2.

Detailed program will appear in March issue.

Mrs. Royal A. Ferris, Jr., General Chairman

late and the preponderance of bloom was from the sheltered or pot-grown plants. I suspect that perhaps the numbers of seedlings may be a little less than a few years ago when "the boss" was alive. Nonetheless, the quality going into the breeding program and some totally new "breaks" coming out of it make for a line of things extending well into the future.

I watched Jack Goldsmith cutting the blooms going into the London Show. Jack does not believe that bit of daffodil lore about the "white part of the stem not taking up water." As I watched his cut blooms grow, mature, and take on polish — I'm with him: Cut them as long

as possible without injuring the bulb. The blooms were hardened off in great buckets of soft water.

Then they were bunched and packed in sturdy wooden boxes lined with plastic. Each bloom-head was on a pillow of tissue, and the stems were pinned down, row after row, with tapes. The man doing the packing had been at the job for many years, and quite obviously took both pleasure and pride in his work — and how he seemed to love the daffodils.

Dorothy, the secretary, had kept an account of all the blooms cut and boxed. Col. Thoburn had made lovely pairs of labels for the entire stock: beautiful broad strokes of masculine penmanship. He is also an amateur artist, capable of extending the professionals a bit.

I am certain the lovely Richardson things will be described elsewhere, or at another time. I personally coveted Caracas, a ruddy, orange-perianthed thing with a deep red cup. And what a bit of loveliness is Jewel Song — *almost* a pink 3b, looking as if it had been molded and tinted. Another seedling had a tawny-salmon-apricot cup to a buffy-white set of petals, and the rolled lip looked like a pouting child; a lovely new color with eye-catching style. And there were big yellow and golden trumpets galore: Arkel caught my fancy — a glorious golden trumpet named for a horse greatly admired by the gentry, but unknown to me. Golden Aura was perfection, but the most beautiful specimen had a minor defect in the stem which kept it from immortality.

Such things as these went to the London show, with Jack Goldsmith and Dorothy, by boat and by train. Nell Richardson and I made easier progress by car and by jet.

After spending 4 days tramping the daffodil paths, I was ready to be spoiled for a day or two at Claridges. And spoiled I was: A lovely large room with mirrors on two walls, heated towel racks with towels huge enough to make any man happy. The service and attention I received assured me that they knew I was at least a duke, traveling incognito.

I watched the Daffodil Show being assembled and polished in the Great Hall of the Royal Horticultural Society. Magnificent commercial displays towered in tiered beauty along two sides. The center and the other two sides of the hall were given over to the competitive exhibits and groups. The general quality of the daffodils staged was probably somewhat better than the mine-run of large American daffodil shows. But let me hasten to add that a Bill Pannill or Louise Fort Linton or a Kitty Bloomer could have won their share of awards — and not in the novice classes, either.

Names became embodied as I walked the aisles. Mr. Oliver E. P.

Wyatt became a delightful and witty person, rather than a slightly awesome "Chairman of the Narcissus and Tulip Committee". Nell Richardson, Michael Jefferson-Brown, and Matthew Zandbergen I had known. But it was a fascinating experience to put faces to such names as: Cyril Coleman, J. W. Blanchard, Alec Gray, Th. Hogg, Dick de Jager, David Lloyd, J. M. deNavarro, W. A. Noton, C. R. Wootton, and Jack Gerritsen.

Through the kindness of Mr. Wyatt, I was allowed to observe the judging, and I was especially interested as the great and near-great of British Daffodildom argued, pled, and almost bled until a victor was crowned Best Bloom. Newcastle, a huge and most personable example, was given the award. I believe it no secret that Merlin and Churchman were hard on its heels to the finish. And but for a defect in stem, a bloom of Golden Aura might well have gone to the winner's circle.

I was allowed to attend the noon meeting of the RHS Narcissus Committee and to sit by and watch one or another bit of business dealt with. I felt that if only Mr. Wyatt were President of ADS, our board meetings would be terminated in less than half their usual duration. I was especially pleased as a lovely vase of Mr. Coleman's Andalusia was voted an F.C.C. The mechanism of awarding the honor was interesting, and the little red-cupped cyclamineus hybrid did indeed delight the eye.

Americans seemed a rarity at the London Show: Mrs. Linton, her daughter and a schoolmate, and Mr. & Mrs. Eames. Nonetheless, with similar seasons and fast jet transportation, I believe that soon American, Irish, British, and Dutch blooms will be competing in such a show. And what a competition *that* will be, providing international cultural requirements are laid down. I would prefer to see only field-grown blooms allowed in the competitive classes.

I had the honor of being the guest speaker at the Society's Annual Daffodil Dinner. I took the occasion to introduce our friends to *The Daffodil Data Bank* of the American Daffodil Society and told them the story of Samantha, the computer. This accumulation of daffodil knowledge has been a rewarding and cooperative effort between the ADS and the RHS and has resulted in some sense of mutual accomplishment. I am sincere in my belief that with their wisdom and experience and our youth and enthusiasm, more and more joint ventures will be undertaken. Objects: to put more haughty novelties into shows and more sturdy, resistant daffodils into gardens.

I bade farewell to my new friends. The next morning at 7, Matthew Zandbergen took me through the wholesale flower shops at Covent Garden. There, daffodils, tulips, freesias, gerberas, violets, dahlias, roses,

orchids, and many others splashed masses of color against walls far older than I.

By noon, Matthew and I were heading towards Madrid by jet at 35,000 feet to meet Frank Waley and go daffodil hunting with trowel and camera in northern Spain.

We arrived at the Palace Hotel in Madrid late in the afternoon. My room was almost cavernous, and the bathroom was about the size of a par 3 hole on a championship golf course. The bed had a satin counterpane and sheets. As dinner in Spain is served about 10 p.m., I had a shower and slipped between those sheets for a nap. It was 3 a.m. when I awoke. Realizing that from 7 a.m. the previous morning in Covent Garden to 3 a.m. in Madrid was an insolvable exercise in time and space, I turned over and slept soundly until 8 a.m.

I found Matthew hovering outside the dining room about 9 a.m., when we amended the "Continental Breakfast" with bacon and eggs. Frank Waley arrived at 10 a.m. with a sleek little Rover automobile which he had ferried down from London to Portugal, and then driven over to Madrid. Matthew and I soon had our duffel stowed away in the Rover's "boot," which almost seemed to expand, and away we went toward the Gredos Mountains.

Let me sketch Frank Waley for you. Long, gangling, made out of rawhide and old corset stays, Frank Waley has been hiking through the Spanish mountains for more than 35 years. Wearing an old cricket hat, carrying a hiking staff tipped with a bit of a German airplane shot down in the First World War, and taking his Rover through the gears as if it were a racing Talbot, Mr. Waley made an outstanding guide, companion, and raconteur.

Having retired from the London Exchange, he has given free rein to his real interests: Alpine garden plants, bird watching, archeology, medieval history, and squid in ink sauce washed down with sangaree. Not an outstanding linguist, he had just about enough Spanish to get us to the men's room without embarrassment. Among his picturesque and quotable remarks is "I've been coming here for 35 years and the blighters can't speak English yet."

He drove us northwest of Madrid to Avila, the famous walled city. Here we picked up some bread, cheese, oranges — and to Frank's disgust, three large bottles of Coke. Then west into the mountains where we spent 4 days at the Parador dos Gredos. Lying just below the snowline in the Gredos Mountains, this onetime hunting lodge of King Alphonse had been converted by the Spanish government into a picturesque hotel. From my balcony, I looked up to rounded snow-capped peaks clad in alpenglow by a colorful sunset. Here and there were icy

mountain streams, marshy meadows, and almost endless drifts of bulbocodiums. Thick as Spring's first crop of dandelions along an Iowa roadside, one could not lie prone to drink from a tiny tooth-numbing rill without crushing the blooms of a dozen dainty little hoop petticoats.

I know less than nothing about species daffodils, but it became increasingly obvious to me that most botanists had been looking at individual blooms of bulbocodiums rather than at whole bulbocodium populations. After examining large and small flowers, creamy-white and orange-yellow flowers growing happily side-by-side, I am convinced that, in cataloguing these plants, a number of artificial distinctions have been made which nature ignores. To those growers and dealers specializing in species daffodils, I advise a trip to Spain. One glance at 100,000 blooms on a hillside will weaken any desire to categorize these lovely little things. I'm told that all botanists are either "lumpers" or "splitters." I am not a botanist, but I certainly fall into the former group. Who can look without emotion at a shoulder of mountain 5 miles away glowing yellow in the sun, knowing the color is in reality a shawl woven of innumerable tiny blooms of hoop petticoats fresh from last week's snow cover?

Higher yet, among the rocky outcroppings, we found *N. rupicola*. Each tiny dime-sized golden bloom sprouted from a stony cleft or from beneath the edge of some boulder. The dainty flowers were each a study in perfection, and uncommon enough for each bloom to demand individual attention. I shall never forget those bright little accents, with here and there a white or mauve or purple crocus close by.

Lower down along rocky but woody roadsides, *N. triandrus albus* nodded at us. "Angel's Tears" indeed! Little pale, bowed green spears, supporting two or three droplet blooms, like miniature lanterns, were here and there underfoot, if one only looked for them. I, too, felt the surge of discovery and wonder that must have flowed through Peter Barr when he first saw the ivory-white perfection of these tiny flowers 85 years ago. I saw a hundred blooms that could have won their division in any competition, and yet I picked only one. Even the colored photograph of this is almost unbelievable.

And then, of course, there was Frank Waley, the herb doctor. He found a bit of spurge and told me its milky juice was a sure cure for warts. Having a tiny "seed wart" on the side of one finger, I volunteered as a patient. Almost daily, while in Spain, he made two or three applications of this whitish sap to my "lesion." Now, 4 months later, I must confess the wart is scarcely discernible. We do have some of Tom Sawyer's "spunk water" in Iowa; I do not know the whereabouts of enough spurge to complete the cure.

From the Gredos Mountains we made our way high into the Asturian Mountains. Here, after hiking to above 5,000 feet, we found melting snow drifts — and drifts of "*minimus*" (*N. asturiensis*). These were incredible sights; whole floors of tiny Alpine valleys were carpeted in these miniature gold trumpets. I have a colored photograph of Matthew Zandbergen standing staff in hand, a lovely rainbow arching the misty sky behind him, and his feet actually swaddled in *minimus*. A beautiful smile wreathes the face of the Yul Brynner of the Netherlands; he has never seen a happier world.

We found large areas where *minimus* grew intermingled with the port wine-colored erythroniums of northern Spain. These purple dog-toothed violets (I saw only two white blooms) with their splotched foliage served as a notable foil for the informal bright little trumpets.

And then a little higher, along a windswept ridge, were trenches and a machine-gun emplacement. Left over from the days of the Spanish Civil War, these remnants still stand guard over a strategic mountain pass. I wondered if the soldiers, wielding their trenching tools, saw the tiny bulbs as they turned the earth. Even now the shepherd, clad in a Basque beret and a closely woven blanket-poncho, pinches out his short cigarette with little notice of the nodding golden blossoms at his side and crushed by his feet.

From the Asturian Mountains we set a course northeast to a long mountain valley. Here on the outskirts of a tiny village, stretched an expanse of *N. pseudo-narcissus nobilis* as far as the eye could reach. This large, handsome and almost bicolored trumpet looked like a daffodil should — if you live in Iowa. Tall, straight stems, a primrose to almost-white perianth, and a ruffled and rolled, gloriously golden trumpet made up *nobilis*. Growing in great masses or in individual clumps, these bulbs and roots thrust deep into the wet clay soil. The bulbs often were a good 12 inches deep. I dug one upstanding and healthy-appearing clump using a jack-handle; the trowel was too short. After washing the clump in a running stream, I counted 28 large, well-shaped bulbs. I hope these may thrive in Iowa; the cup color is not only something to behold, but also something to breed from. I would guess *nobilis* has a chromosome count of 14, however, which makes for some difficulty in line breeding. Frank Waley found a form of *nobilis* which appeared much larger and happier than its neighbors. Wouldn't it be nice if he had an auto-tetraploid form! The serious breeders would indeed beat a path to his door.

We spent the night in an inn; cowbells and lowing cattle served as both curfew and reveille. Matthew's attention was riveted by the progress of a hobbled horse down "main street." The common item of foot-

wear among the local population was the tripod Spanish wooden sabot. Bed and breakfast came to 90¢, which left me some spending money for our trip over to the Picos de Europa.

This sharply pointed, jagged range fascinated Peter Barr, and reminded me a good deal of Wyoming's Tetons. Here we lived in lovely quarters just vacated by Senor Franco and his associates, who recently whipped the waters with flylines as the trout season opened. And here we found a breathtaking display of apple blossoms in the valley, and a few *minimus* at altitudes above 6,000 feet. Lovely blue, blue gentians actually carpeted areas; buttercups, king cups, and primroses thrived; wild orchids thrust up bloom spikes, and *triandrus albus* grew close to a waterfall, if only one looked. A snowy avalanche thundered out of the mountains less than a mile away, and a monastery reputed to contain the largest fragment of the "true Cross" nestled into a verdant hillside. Frank Waley's Spanish was insufficient to gain us admission, but the curator-priest spoke fairly good French, and Frank had crossed France in 1914-1918, acquiring necessary and usable portions of the language on the way. Contact was made in the French tongue, and a Jew, a Lutheran, and a Methodist were permitted to view the relic. The priest said: "We are all brothers under the skin;" and I allowed that the ecumenical movement had progressed further into Spain than I had expected.

After an idyllic 2 days in the Picos de Europa, we plunged downward in the faithful Rover through the passes and towards the sea. We went past the site where Prof. Meyer was thought to have rediscovered *N. tortuosus*; it is now a turf-covered hillside, *sans* daffodils. On past the caves of Altamira, with walls painted by prehistoric man, to the sea and the city of Bilbao.

Here we made our farewells to Frank Waley, at the Southampton ferry, and feeling a little lost and lonely, Matthew Zandbergen and I made our way to the city's leading hotel. A good soaking bath, a good meal, a bottle of wine and bed, and the next day we were taking the jet for Amsterdam's Schipol Airport.

The 10 days in Spain had been priceless. I learned two things: (1) There are, beyond doubt, more daffodils growing in Spain than in Holland, England, and Ireland combined. To be sure, for the most part they are tiny species daffodils, but like the stars in the Milky Way. (2) The secret of growing species daffodils is to treat them as "Alpines." These plants spend their brief span in moving water. By this I do not necessarily mean running water, but rather water on a hillside, which slowly moves by percolation down the slope and downward through the soil. Invariably these tiny flowers seemed to grow in areas

recently vacated by the snow, still soft to the tread, and with the muted sound of running water somewhere in the area. After the daffodils bloom, the drought comes; the soil parches and bakes, but the cool nights and higher altitudes keep the bulbs encased in a cool, rigid coat which inspires healthy hibernation. When autumn's rains trigger activity and winter's snows serve as a counterpane beneath which growing roots continue to thrust into the gravelly soil, the daffodil has completed its cycle. If only we in Iowa could arrange for the gentle moving water, and for the cool, dry summers!

But there may be more than one way to skin a cat. Matthew and I are off over the Bay of Biscay to the land where the water table is maintained beneath the bulbs with variation of less than an inch or two. I am about to see daffodils grown in a manmade environment. As the jet rumbles toward Holland, I find it almost impossible to believe what I have just seen. And yet, Holland is surely the bulb capital of the world. Perhaps I'll know after tomorrow.

(To be continued)

CAREY E. QUINN

Carey E. Quinn died September 12, 1969, after a long illness.

How many people started growing better daffodils because of Carey Quinn will never be known. Not just daffodils, but *good* daffodils — the best daffodils — was his favorite topic as he spoke before audiences large or small, and his enthusiasm was infectious. A colorful speaker, with a prodigious memory, he did not use notes, but listed, described, and categorized long series of daffodil varieties by bloom period or by classification in such a way that it was obvious he really knew each one, and knew why he considered this one better than another.

His own garden was not large, and the daffodil beds were shared with chrysanthemums and gladiolus. It was only by limiting himself to small clumps of the best varieties, or new varieties on trial, that he was able to grow and compare so many kinds. As bulbs were lifted the increase and discontinued varieties were given to friends and neighbors, so that newer varieties could be added.

Much in demand as a speaker and as a judge at daffodil shows, his influence was extended also through his writings and as president in turn of the Washington Daffodil Society and the American Daffodil Society. When the Washington society was organized in 1950 his part was the preparation of the constitution and by-laws, and it is clear that even then he was thinking of a national daffodil society, although

several years were to pass before this became a reality. As first president of the Society he took special pleasure in bringing Mr. Guy L. Wilson to Washington for the first ADS Convention in 1956.

Judge Quinn practiced law in the District of Columbia for 50 years, and served as chief judge of the Orphans Court in Montgomery County and as judge in the Court of Tax Appeals in Maryland, but it is as a judge of daffodils and as an advocate of "good daffodils" that we shall remember him.

COLLAR DAFFODILS

By JACK P. GERRITSEN, *Voorschoten, Holland*

All daffodil connoisseurs are devoted to the traditional forms of the flowers, and I know that people in the United States and in England feel strange about my new and revolutionary collar daffodils. ("Collars" are split-corona daffodils with corona covering more than $\frac{2}{3}$ of the perianth.) At first the bulb growers in Holland had this same reaction but that is all over now. Of course, the first collar daffodils brought on the market did not have the good qualities required nowadays for a first-class daffodil, but 50 years ago we were satisfied with Gloria Mundi, Lucifer and Flaming Torch, the badly formed ancestors of our beautiful red cups of today.

Ordinary flower lovers around the world who do not know much about daffodils see collars as fine new flowers reminding them of orchids. They see how useful collars are for flower arrangements. Recently a florist customer of mine was called to the telephone to tell pleased guests at a dinner party what kind of flowers we had sent them. I live outside the real bulb district of Holland and many of my friends have not the faintest notion of the work and products of a bulb grower, but when I give them a bunch of collars they see it as something particularly nice. Everywhere, at Keukenhof and Treslong Gardens in Holland, in exhibitions in France, and even in London I find an enthusiastic public. This spring at the Rosewarne Experimental Station at Camborne (Cornwall, England) a ballot of the general public was made as to the most beautiful daffodil in the Station's large collection, and our Baccarat came second in the poll. I am very glad that my good friend Matthew Zandbergen, one of the best and most honest of judges of daffodils, agrees with me about my collars. We are both from old daffodil families, and his father and mine did business together.

According to biologists the split-corona was the prehistoric type of daffodil and later on the parts were united into a trumpet or cup. Perhaps it gave more protection to insects when the daffodil extended to colder regions. The well known late Dutch biologist, Dr. de Mol, started his work with split coronas with Buttonhole, a sport of the bicolor Victoria. He wrote a book in Dutch with 128 pages and 70 pictures, published in 1923, about his crosses and selections using Buttonhole as a parent. He described Buttonhole as almost sterile as a seed parent, just as was Victoria, so he

had to use its pollen on other daffodils. On the front page of his book there is a colored photograph of his "Gigantic Orchid Flowering Daffodil." However, most of the new varieties were not constant and went back to the closed cup form, had short stems, and the bulbs made "horse teeth"—repeating the bad qualities of the parent Victoria. The bulbs became lost to Dr. de Mol for further experiments as the man who grew them for him did not believe in the seedlings. Mr. Jack Lefeber got some of the de Mol seedlings and made crossings with them. Later he emigrated to the United States with his bulbs and sold them to a Mr. De Goede. His brother, Mr. J. W. A. Lefeber at Lisse, also got some of the bulbs which he called "Mols Orchids." They are not very interesting and are not constant. However, he got out of them the Papillons, among which there are handsome ones known as Brilliant Star, Lemon Queen, Silvester, etc., that are really constant.

It was in 1929 that I found my first collar as a mutation of an ivory trumpet of my father's. It was not constant either and it seems that there are no constant *mutations* of collars. However, my first collar was not as sterile as Buttonhole, and I self-pollinated it as the best way to get collars in the seedlings. In five years I had obtained some collar seedlings that were evidently constant and this was the beginning of my collar daffodils. During all these years and to this day I have made crosses with the best varieties in all types and colors. I bought the newest varieties on exhibition by the best growers, sometimes for high prices. Dr. de Mol advised me and tested flowers for chromosomes, etc. I would like to emphasize, however, that X-rays and other such devices have never been used. An X-ray machine was placed at Dr. de Mol's disposal by the town of Amsterdam, but it was out of order and has never been repaired. We have never seriously considered using it.

I have good forcers among my varieties and every year I have an exhibit at the Dutch Bulbgrowers Association's Christmas Show at Haarlem and my flowers are always well received. Generally my varieties increase well and several are very floriferous and have good stems. Every year I bring to flower new seedlings and select only the best of them. During the following years they are tested and most of them go back into the mixture, so when I give a stock a name I have confidence that it is a good one. Every year I pick about 50 new seedlings and put back in the mixture perhaps 45 that did not succeed. In this way I keep my trial garden of novelties small and select. Breeding is done in my greenhouse, independent of the weather, where I have planted a few bulbs each of about 150 different carefully selected varieties.

This spring I was very much honored that the bouquet offered to our Princess Beatrix at the 20th opening of the Keukenhof Gardens was made of my newest collar "Peep of Spring," a seedling of Peeping Tom \times Gold-collar. The Keukenhof Garden is controlled by the most prominent bulb men of Holland.

As you see, it is not a joke and no hocus pocus that I have done. I have grasped a change which nature offered me and worked with it legitimately for forty long years with devotion and pleasure, both as an amateur and as a professional.

LOOKING BOTH WAYS

By JAN DE GRAAFF, *Gresham, Oregon*

Just 10 years ago, I sold my stocks of daffodils, including all my hybrids, to a growers' cooperative — the Puget Sound Bulb Exchange of Sumner, Washington. The bulbs we shipped to them were auctioned off among the members. The varieties were then listed in a nice color-printed catalog and offered in the trade. By now most of my introductions have disappeared, and only 15 of them are still available. Our hybridizing material, those cultivars of our raising having known and interesting genetic behavior, no longer exists. So far as I know, no one is continuing our lines of breeding.

Of the named varieties introduced by us, the current list still shows two bi-colors — Chula and Western Star; one white trumpet — High Sierra; and two of the large-cupped daffodils — Concerto and South Pacific. Among the pink daffodils we find five listed — Pink Glory, Pink Punch, Pink Supreme, Promisso, and Sweet Talk. Among the doubles there are three — Riotous, Windblown, and Windswept; and among the poetaz, one — Matador. Last but not least, among the *N. triandrus* hybrids we find our lovely Forty-Niner. To the best of my knowledge, these 15 are all of our raising and were among the better cultivars selected and named by Earl Hornback and myself. As all my daffodil books and records are now part of the ADS library and out of my hands, I cannot check on these names and make sure that they all are actually daffodils raised by us here in Oregon. I do believe that they are, for the names have a familiar ring.

When I look back on the long list of cultivars that we sold "up North" 10 years ago, I am disappointed that such a small number of our selections was deemed worthy of continued cultivation. We cannot doubt, however, that the present selection was made on the basis of tolerance to field conditions as well as on aesthetic considerations. In other words, when these novelties were treated like major stocks of commercial varieties, qualities appeared that were not obvious at the time we selected them. The varieties now offered by the Puget Sound Bulb Exchange must have filled certain niches in the commercial assortment and, as such, should also have considerable value for the American garden.

As a former daffodil breeder, I look back nostalgically on my earlier days with our seedlings and the companionable collaboration of Earl Hornback. I still have a small selection of the introductions of which I was especially fond, but I am now so much engaged in the all-absorbing lily business that I cannot spend time regretting the loss of my daffodils or the fact that I could not have brought some of my hybridizing to a more satisfactory conclusion. I believe that I was well on the way to a superior strain of daffodils. I am writing these lines in the hope that they will encourage a young enthusiast to investigate and discover if my hunches were correct.

This spring I again had the pleasure of seeing both Grant Mitsch's and Murray Evans' daffodils in full flower here in Oregon. The weather was perfect; the fruit trees in full bloom; the daffodils particularly beautiful. As always, there were interesting people to meet and some good daffodil conversations. I am most impressed with what these two hybridizers have achieved and with what they are doing for the future. Yet, knowing what has been accomplished with other flowers, I must confess that I now believe

that the seemingly endless stream of refinement on refinement, that slow and steady climb up the many steps of this particular ivory tower, has reached a climax.

Surely, when judged purely as show daffodils, many flowers produced by these two eminent breeders have come as close to perfection as is possible. Variations there still can be. There may be smoother perianths or more deeply colored cups. There may be smoother bicolors, possibly even reverse pinks. There may be golden yellow daffodils with red, orange, or pink true trumpets. From the point of view of the average gardener, however, the variations still possible in this line of breeding are of limited value. I truly believe that these breeders and others with them have gone in one direction only. If they have not reached the summit of their particular line of hybridizing, then surely they are near it.

There are, however, other entirely different peaks to conquer. There still is a mass of untapped genetic material hidden in the species. It is up to the younger generations of hybridizers to work with these interesting plants and to release their potential. As a case in point I might cite my hybrids of *N. bulbocodium*. In this odd species we find a much higher and an often varied chromosome count and thus a vast reservoir of new characteristics. I crossed these "hoop petticoats" with other garden daffodils; this resulted in the strain of "Giant Petticoat." None of them was beautiful, and I could not grant them status as either a cut flower or a garden plant. Yet, these odd-looking daffodils did have a hybrid vigor and persistence unknown in any other daffodil. Now, more than 10 years later, some of them still flower in my rock garden, though it has been dug up, cleaned out, and remade several times in the intervening years. Others of this race of new hybrid bulbocodiums were tested in the farm belonging to the St. Louis, Missouri, Botanical Garden. When last heard of, a few years ago, they had persisted in that climate and were still flowering profusely, although they had been down for more than 10 years.

Vigor and persistence in the face of hardship is, in itself, of course, not enough to warrant retention of a new daffodil. Further hybridizing might well have brought these odd plants back to an acceptable aesthetic level. They might then still have retained some of that strength that the *N. bulbocodium* genes imparted to them and could well be ideal plants for naturalizing, to give a desirable color effect and permanence to a large planting. Who cares if the lovely yellow in the drifts of daffodils, under the tall trees and in the greenswards, is provided by the Tenby daffodil or by some giant hoop petticoats? It is color that we want and the graceful movement in the wind that the poets speak about.

I had also started to work with some of the polyanthus daffodils and found that here too there were new genetic qualities. There was definitely no obstacle to the production of remarkably pretty, sweet-scented, sturdy plants. This year Harry Tuggle showed me some hybrids based on Matador, one of my earlier selections. Grant Mitsch and his old friend, Mr. Fowlds, have done great work with the little species. In England, Alec Gray and others have done the same. As far as I know they have not taken the next most logical step — to cross these improved hybrids, still so close to the species, with the best of the new show daffodils.

Such crosses should be made on a very large scale. They should be carried on for several generations, and particular attention should be paid to

new genetic breaks. To the best of my knowledge, no one has worked with *N. serotinus*, the autumn-flowering species, nor with *N. viridiflorus*, yet, we know now that daffodil pollen can be preserved for several months. It should not be impossible, therefore, to obtain some hybrids that might well have a new flowering season and maybe new colors. There are still other species worthy of consideration.

What then was I looking for when I was doing this type of hybridizing? What am I looking for now, when I visit my hybridizing friends? Why do I even bother to write about all this work? It is because I should like to see an entirely new series of daffodils with much larger flowers, longer stems, far greater substance, and increased scent, and even with a different season of flowering. I am convinced that such plants are possible; that they could be shown to us within the next 10 years, and that they would be a great addition to horticulture.

I know that this will sound like heresy to many of my British and American daffodil friends. But let us consider the problem. We all know that lovely plant, *Eucharis amazonica*, now reaching the commercial cut-flower market in large numbers and found in many a bridal bouquet. In size and substance, it is twice as large as the best white daffodil; in its delicate coloring and the perfection of form it vies with the best the narcissus family has yet offered. Nobody can object to the fact that it is large, for that, in truth, is part of its beauty and makes it such a useful flower.

Let us look at the new Amaryllis hybrids, so magnificently developed by the Dutch and South African growers. Compare them with the species from which these new hybrids stem. Granted that there is beauty in the species, especially when seen in the wilderness regions of their native country, but of what use are such "natives" in the garden or as cut flowers? Look at the endless variety in color, size, scent, and season in our modern roses, tulips, or gladiolus and compare them with their species ancestors. No doubt, we shall see still larger, more striking, and more beautiful varieties in practically all garden plant families. We have, however, seen in them during the past 25 years far greater, more fundamental changes than in the daffodil.

I have already suggested the road to improvement that might be found in crosses with *N. bulbocodium* varieties. There are color roads that could be traveled, using our experience with naturalized daffodils. We can look around us and see which varieties survived in the worst conditions that man and nature can provide, such as the scrap heaps of our gardens, the ditches and roadside jungles of our rural surroundings. Every year I see some large and still expanding clumps of that old spectacular variety, Spring Glory, in meadows near us. On my farms it is February Gold that cannot be killed. I have seen naturalized Bath's Flame and Thalia and that ancient, almost-forgotten Lucifer, which still pops up his head after fully 50 years of neglect. Even Orange Phoenix can still be found.

Granted that our Oregon weather and soil conditions favor the daffodil's survival, there still remains something in those old varieties (and I could mention others) that merits attention. For, at the same time and under exactly similar conditions, the later hybrids do not persist. It is interesting to note in this connection that at least some of my daffodils that have survived in commercial culture, such as Windswept and Windblown, are again direct offspring from Spring Glory. In our fields of acres of that variety we found one partially double flower which still had some pollen. It is from

this one plant that an entire series of good, graceful, and vigorous doubles was raised.

The current breeding for better daffodils is but one attempt to reach perfection in a few narrow classes of flowers. Looking back on my work with daffodils now, after devoting so many years and almost every thought to lilies, I submit that there are other, entirely different goals, equally worth exploring and conquering. Someone, somewhere should forget about the "classic daffodils." In the many species there are factors, genes, and qualities that have not yet been recognized. As we know it now, the daffodil has not made the progress, or, to avoid controversy, the changes that have made other plant families so adaptable, so useful, and so beautiful. The time is ripe for a breakthrough. Many species are now already very difficult to obtain; soon, perhaps, they may be extinct. There should therefore be no delay in greater species involvement in daffodil breeding.

SEEING IS BELIEVING

By DOROTHY H. SUNDAY, *Baltimore, Md.*

It seemed apropos for the Maryland Daffodil Society, our oldest in the United States, to highlight its Fiftieth Anniversary Daffodil Show by sharing culture experiences and the pleasures of growing daffodils with the public. A unique educational exhibit, "Daffodil Culture," complemented the lovely specimens exhibited. An eye-catching yellow and green color scheme with many visual aids enticed throngs to the exhibit designed for this special occasion by Mrs. Stuart D. Sunday and Mrs. Leo J. Vollmer, representatives of the Woodbrook-Murray Hill Garden Club.

Daffodil lovers jotted notes and sketched the "how to plant large and small bulb" diagrams while novices recorded the tools and materials needed to avoid unnecessary garden-to-garage excursions. Knee pads, shovel, rake, hoe, and gloves were displayed "backpain-savers." Small labeled clear plastic bags containing top soil, baled peat moss, fertilizer, and mulch depicted materials necessary when planting to insure bloom success. A natural rustic brick wall was utilized to emphasize desirable exposure tips and highlighted by a bouquet of yellow trumpet daffodils.

Energetic growers were advised to fertilize bulbs in the fall, again when foliage appears in the spring, and immediately after blooming. Time-pressed "backyard gardeners" were encouraged to fertilize in the fall if only an annual application is given. Local accessible fertilizers displayed in labeled clear plastic bags included 5-10-10, 3-18-18, ½ 20% superphosphate and ½ bone meal, wood ashes (potash) and bone meal (slow acting).

A variety of mulches to accommodate various budgets were displayed in the same manner. Pine needles, tan root, shredded leaves, straw, and pine bark were suggested to maintain soil temperature, moisture, and cleanliness of blooms. Rewards from mulching compensate for the investment of time, money, and effort. A marker and garden plan with the name of the variety and where planted was displayed to avoid confusion the following spring and to protect "forgotten" bulbs from a shovel-fate! A large green-and-yellow watering can served as a reminder for an imperative, but often neglected, phase of culture.



Photograph by Mrs. John Ridgely, III

Maryland Daffodil Society eavesdroppers were pleased by show-goers' astonishment to learn one *never* cuts foliage (inhibits bulb development), folds or ties leaves (prevents photosynthesis), or digs bulbs before foliage is yellow (bulbs are immature). The reaction was stimulated by staging tied leaves and green foliage on pinholders hidden with driftwood.

Commemorating the Maryland Daffodil Society's Golden Anniversary was an important state event with far-reaching effect. Although a milestone has passed, memories linger on. Upon the request of the Federated Garden Clubs of Maryland, Inc., "Daffodil Culture" was a featured exhibit for The Central Atlantic Regional Conference, The National Council of State Garden Clubs held in Baltimore on September 29, 30 and October 1. Inquiries from garden clubs and daffodil enthusiasts confirm the need for applicable cultural exhibits. A little ingenuity, poster board, ink, research, and—particularly—visual aids will insure informative educational exhibits appealing to the amateur: seeing is believing!

BLACK PLASTIC FOR WEED CONTROL

By HELEN K. LINK, *Brooklyn, Indiana*

One of the major cultural problems which confronts every daffodil grower is weed control. There have been successful growers who did not face the problem during the growing season. One well-known grower permitted the weeds to take over and burned the area when fall came. The explanation of this procedure was that the weeds consumed the soil moisture after the growing season was over and permitted the bulbs to become dry during the resting period, thus helping to control basal rot. This theory might work well in wet years such as we have experienced in the summer of 1969.

Another grower has planted exhibition bulbs and deliberately sodded the area. At last report the project was a success from the standpoint of both bloom and bulb multiplication. Digging and dividing might be difficult with this manner of bulb treatment as the weeds and grass would be at a mature stage when the bulbs would need to be dug and divided.

Since we grow over 1000 varieties, a large number of which are planted in rows in an old orchard, weed control is important, and we are constantly looking for ways to save on labor which is difficult to secure at any price. I once commented to a friend that it was costing me five dollars per row to hire the beds weeded by hand, and she replied that I was not allowed to count money in connection with a hobby.

A few years ago on a visit to Kingwood Center, Mansfield, Ohio, we noticed several perennial beds had been covered with black plastic and then topped with ground corn cobs. Holes were punched in the plastic for the growing plants. I was amazed to see such healthy looking plants, especially the iris rhizomes. When we asked Dr. R. C. Allen about the success of the plastic mulch, he remarked that they were willing to try anything to cut down the amount of labor involved in weeding.

Our weed problem is peculiar in that we have a large amount of pepper grass, *Lepidium virginicum*, which cannot be controlled by the use of pre-emergence chemicals applied to the soil. Those which are advocated to be safe for use on daffodils do not control the *Lepidium*. It starts its semi-biennial growth in the fall and germinates and grows all winter. By early May, its wiry stems are covered with many seeds which are easily blown by the wind. It is often called Bird's Pepper, and its one virtue is that the seeds are relished by the birds. Treflan applied to the soil gave excellent weed control except for the *Lepidium*. With the ground too wet to cultivate by spring, the daffodil foliage could hardly be seen for the pepper grass. The only control was hand weeding which was impossible, and, by the time the soil became dry enough to cultivate, the seed had ripened and a new crop was scattered.

One winter while the ground was frozen, a number of rows were burned off using a flame thrower; however, a pine needle mulch directly over the bulbs was also destroyed by the flame. Although the weeds were killed, another crop came up in spring, and the pine needle mulch had to be replaced over the bulbs.

In the fall of 1968, we decided to try black plastic over the area between the rows. If it were possible to maintain at least half the beds weed free, then the area over the rows could be hand weeded. A 12-inch area over the

rows was left open and mulched heavily with pine needles. The area between the rows was covered with 6 mil black plastic purchased in one piece 10 feet wide by 100 feet long and cut to the desired width. Wire coat hangers were cut and bent to make large staples which were placed on both edges of the plastic to hold it in place. A row of holes was punched in the middle of each piece. The plastic was then covered with corn cobs which held it securely to the ground and also provided a protective cover over the plastic for summer insulation.

The corn cobs should be placed on the plastic as soon as it is pegged to the ground, as a high wind combined with rain will loosen the staples and tear the plastic from the ground. The corn cobs should not be finely ground since they are easily blown away when dry. The pieces of cob should range from one-quarter to one-half a cob in size.

We were concerned whether the soil would become too hot under the plastic during the summer. The soil temperature six inches deep under the plastic was only four degrees higher than that in the rows where the bulbs are planted. This reading was made on a warm summer day in full sunshine.

A few bulbs were dug in August in the rows covered with needles where the plastic had been down between the rows for one year. The bulbs were unusually large and no basal rot was detected.

In our area, the winter of 1968-69 left little snow for a ground cover. The blooming season was long and much better than normal. Some varieties which had never produced show specimens did so last spring. Whether the black plastic aided growth is somewhat doubtful as there was no discernable difference between the rows covered with plastic and those covered with weeds. Perhaps a longer trial period will give more data.



Black plastic has been stapled to ground between rows. Corn cobs cover the plastic. Rows are mulched with pine needles.

During the summer, the rows are hand weeded which is quite easily done as the heavy pine needle mulch can be lifted and the weeds pulled out along with the raising of the mulch. Dandelions and other deep-rooted weeds are spot sprayed with weedkiller. There are so few of these weeds that no damage is done to the bulbs. Weeds that are pulled are removed from the bed in order to prevent seeding.

BALLYDORN BULB FARM

By the shores of Strongford Lough at the town of Killinchy in County Down, Northern Ireland, is the Ballydorn Bulb Farm. Reports from the London Daffodil Show indicate that fine new daffodils are coming from their seedling beds. Mr. N. P. Harrison, proprietor, was asked to tell us about his bulb farm. His letter follows.

We are flattered by your interest and very pleased to give you any information which is in our power. Daffodil hybridizing has been a major interest for years, but was rather handicapped by the fact that I was until 1964, when appointed to judicial office, unable to give the help needed to the bulb development side of our farm here. We have exhibited at the RHS Spring Show for many years, but showed mostly good garden and market flowers and did not enter the competitive classes, nor did we show our own hybrids. In the last two years, with more time, I have added a few flowers to the competitive classes and this year ran second to Mrs. Richardson and got the award (The Silver Simmonds Medal) for the best six seedlings.

We did not reckon that our best things were on show, as the weather had been bad for our larger outdoor-grown flowers. Our 55-foot stand, put up in conjunction with Carncairn Daffodils, who are close friends, did pretty well, as we had together only about 200 vases of early and early midseason flowers and received a Silver Gilt Banksian Medal.

In the last year or two the hybrids coming into flower have contained a very high percentage of 3b and 3c seedlings, many crossed with Cushendall, Cantabile, and Portrush seedlings, which produce beautiful small white flowers with green eyes, some set in yellow crowns. We have considerable hope for some of these. Mrs. Reade at Carncairn has produced a very nice pink-crowned cyclamineus and some nice green-eyed 3c's, so we have crossed our respective successes.

The 3rd London Show on 29th April was a great success; I believe the classes were never better supported. Unfortunately we had nothing to send, as hail destroyed our midseason crop.

Though we send a few bulbs to your country they go mostly to the New England states, and we send some to Canada. We have never done anything to encourage this trade, as we have always sold everything from our 1½-acre annual crop without difficulty. We would be glad, however, to see some of our things shown in the United States to see how they grow there.

Much of our original stock was from Guy Wilson in 1946-50 and from Lionel Richardson or Willie Dunlop in the same period. Since then we have mostly used pollen of our own seedlings on good vigorous varieties, as we always try to produce a good plant, rather than an exhibition flower on a weak plant.



I think our Moon Goddess (Guy Wilson's breeding from King of the North \times Content) is probably the best garden 1a in the lime-sulfur color, and that Tibet is the strongest non-exhibition 2c. Though not ice-white, its creamy textures are first class for decoration. Our 2d Lunar Spell is not as good as your Daydream, but it is very free and vigorous, and we have crossed it with Daydream and other reversed bicolors we have raised. Our 3b Fair Green has not been exhibited at London yet; it has wonderful color in the crown, very white, but the inner three petals are, we think, too narrow. We think very well of our 3b Fairmile, and it was in our six winning seedlings. Golden Clarion is a first class 1a on the show bench and as a garden plant. We bought the stock (3 or 4 bulbs) from Waterford when they were concentrating on the Golden Rapture, Yellow Idol type.

We have one or two really good 2b's with enormous overlapping white perianths and yellow expanded crowns of deep color, but as there is orange shading in the crown they may not defeat the red-cups in their class. Mount Pleasant is the strongest and is enormously vigorous and attractive as a plant.

Perhaps the green-eyed things have our fondest regard at the moment, and one or two of the pink 2b's with green throat are good. Tullycore is a very attractive flower when grown in warmish conditions, and we are hoping for a 1b with a green throat in a pure pink trumpet some day soon.

We have had the wettest season we have ever experienced, with earth-shattering rain and hail, but the foliage has grown well and we shall still (in June) have a lot of 3c's in flower, with Frigid just opening and many seedlings with green cups, eyes, and semi-doubled centers.

The photograph shows our bulb fields overlooking the dorn at Ballydorn between two islands, Rainey and Sketrick. This place has strong historical associations, as the Scandinavian "long ships" came through here in the 6th to 8th centuries to lie in these waters while their complement raided the countryside.

BULLETIN BOARD

FROM THE EDITOR

The center folio of this issue includes material on two unrelated subjects intended to be cut out. By printing the Convention Registration Blank and Hotel Reservation form in this way an expensive separate mailing can be avoided.

The 1969 revision of the Approved List of Miniatures is planned so that it can be cut out and pasted in your copy of the RHS Classified List. Additional copies may be obtained from the Executive Director at the price of two 6-cent stamps each.

1970 CONVENTION

The Official Call appears elsewhere, Registration Blank and Hotel Reservation form opposite this note. The detailed program will appear in the March issue, but hotel reservations should be made before March 1. There will not be a special mailing of Convention material this year.

FROM THE EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

One of our unpleasant tasks is to record the death of a member and to transfer his membership card, sometimes after an association of many years, to the file of former members. Members who learn of the passing of another member are urged to notify the office promptly. It is distressing that the loss of any one of us should go unnoticed to the extent that Journals and membership renewal notices continue to be sent, occasionally for many months, until in some way belated word reaches us.

* * *

A continuing office problem are members who go south for the winter or north in summer, leaving instructions that only first class mail is to be forwarded. Their Journals are returned, a service fee of 10¢ collected, and the returned envelope may or may not carry a notation of their seasonal address. In any event, the office is left to guess whether the move is temporary or permanent and, if temporary, whether there is time for their Journal to reach them before they return home. A card giving a temporary address and how long it will be in effect will enable us to follow members on their travels with whatever mail is due them. Cards for this purpose may be had at any post office.

Another problem concerns members with post office boxes. As a rule the post office will not deliver second and third class mail carrying a street address if the addressee has a post office box or, conversely, it will not deliver such mail to a street address when the envelope shows a discontinued box number. While the post office has the information for proper delivery, rather than make use of it the office will cross off the improper address, write the correct address on the envelope, and return it to us with postage due and marked "Undeliverable as addressed." Whereupon we must address a new envelope and send the Journal on its way again with another charge for postage.

Many memberships are given as gifts but rarely do the instructions tell us to whom renewal notices should be sent. In the absence of such instructions,

renewal notices are sent to the new member, but if the donor wishes to take care of future payments it can be arranged if we are told.

* * *

During the year the office receives many notes, cards, and letters thanking us for prompt service, occasionally pointing out our failings, speaking highly of the Journal, and otherwise expressing members' thoughts. Complaints are invariably answered and straightened out as far as possible. The friendly notes and letters are answered if time permits, but too many writers must be content with our assurance that their words are read and often reread and in all cases they light a candle which brightens the drab routine of the day. And so, at this season and in these times when the warmth of friendship glows steadily and is needed more than ever, we extend our personal word of greeting and hope for the new year.

GEORGE S. LEE, JR.

FALL BOARD MEETING

Thirty-five ADS directors attended the fall Board meeting held in Cincinnati on Saturday, Oct. 25. Mrs. Neil Macneale was our hostess. Early arrivals were entertained on Friday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Philip R. Adams at the beautiful Art Museum, of which Mr. Adams is Director.

The regional vice presidents breakfasted on Saturday morning with 2d vice president Walter Thompson to discuss regional business. Reports from eight regions were filed with the Secretary.

Morning and afternoon business sessions were held at the Stouffer Inn and the Cincinnati Garden Center, respectively, with a buffet luncheon served at the Garden Center. Written reports were submitted by 16 committee chairmen.

The Society now has 1,423 members.

Several changes in show rules were authorized. The Photography Committee will undertake to make up new slide sets, possibly including one on the origin of modern daffodils. The Publications Committee was granted a budget increase. The Convention Committee will be reactivated. Future convention sites and dates are: 1970, Dallas, April 2-4; 1971, Hartford, Conn., April 27-30; 1972, open; 1973, Williamsburg, Va., March 28-30. Mrs. E. S. Conrad, Prides Crossing, Mass., will replace Mrs. Edward J. Storey as a regional director, New England Region.

Mr. Lee demonstrated the numerous steps necessary in the 2d class mailing of the Journal. The general expression was one of amazement.

Local daffodil gardeners joined the Board for a banquet, followed by a gala slide show by Dr. Throckmorton on the wild daffodils in Spain and by Wells Knierim on his September trip to New Zealand.

MRS. ROBERT F. JOHNSON, *Secretary*

SHOW RULE CHANGES

The following actions of the Board affect daffodil show rules:

1. *Rescinding* of Rule 11 of *Rules for Show & Schedule Chairmen*, which read as follows: "Other flowering plant material may be included in the schedule in the horticulture section, but these classes may not be more in number than the classes of daffodils."

2. *Revision of Rule 2 of Rules Which Must be Included in Schedule* to read: "Exhibits which are not named or incorrectly named will be disqualified. However, blooms of seedlings may be shown by the originator or by other persons in classes for 'named varieties,' provided they are identified by a number designation assigned by the originator. If the exhibitor is not the originator, the name of the originator must be included as part of the identification."
3. The Gold Ribbon is a designated award for "standard" daffodils (or any other appropriate name the committee chooses to use) in ADS shows.
4. The age limit eligibility for the new Junior Award was changed to read "18 or under."
5. A minimum of three classes in the Junior Division was established as a requirement for the Junior Award.

ADS APPROVED LIST OF MINIATURES

ADS members particularly interested in miniatures have sent in their opinions as to which varieties should be added to the official ADS List of Miniatures, and which on the present list should be removed. Guided by this information, nine varieties have been accepted by the committee (Flute, Pango, Poppet, Rupert, Segovia, Soltar, Stella Turk, Yellow Xit, and *gaditanus*), while three have been removed (Bambi, Colleen Bawn, and La Belle).

To conform with changes in the 1969 RHS Classified List, miscellaneous types (heretofore included in Division 11) have been moved to 12; and a few varieties in Division 10 have been combined.

Interested members are invited to suggest periodically to the chairman varieties which they feel should be added to our list. The criteria accepted for miniatures should be constantly borne in mind:

1. Is it suitable for the small rock garden?
2. Is it unsuitable for exhibiting in the standard classes?
3. Does it fit in well with the present list?

(Votes should be restricted to varieties personally seen growing in a garden).

As varieties qualify, they will be added annually to the official list. On the other hand, it is recognized that varieties on the established list should not be subject to revision more than once in several years, and as there was a fairly complete review this year, it will be some time before opinion will be invited as to the removal of any on the December 1969 list.

The Committee wishes to thank all the members who sent in their opinions on the inclusion or exclusion of varieties.

JOHN R. LARUS, *Chairman*

NAMES IN SMALL PRINT IN RHS CLASSIFIED LIST

On page v of the 1969 Classified List the statement is made that cultivar (variety) names listed therein in small print will be deleted in the next edition unless evidence of continued cultivation is received.

If this category includes any varieties widely grown and shown in this country that our members wish to have retained in the next Classified List, please write to your Classification Chairman, Mrs. J. Robert Walker, 501 Mulberry Road, Martinsville, Va. 24112. She will call such names to the

attention of Mr. J. R. Cowell, RHS Registrar, and request that consideration be given to retaining them.

MORE SHOW REPORTS

Beverly Farms, Mass.: The daffodil show sponsored by the North Shore Garden Club and the Northeastern District of the Garden Club Federation of Massachusetts, Inc., on May 8 and 9 was the first in this area. 125 horticultural entries and 20 arrangements presented a wide range of daffodil varieties. Mrs. R. J. Fraser won the Gold Ribbon with *Pastorale*; Mrs. Charles H. Anthony the Miniature Gold Ribbon with *Hawera*. Mrs. E. A. Conrad was winner of the Purple and Lavender Ribbons, the latter with *Stafford*, *Lintie*, *Hawera*, *N. fernandesii*, and *N. juncifolius*. The Silver Ribbon was won by Mrs. Charles G. Rice.

Baltimore, Md.: The Golden Anniversary Daffodil Show of the Maryland Daffodil Society was presented at the Hollyday Room, The Village of Cross Keys, on April 15 and 16. The arrangements carrying out the anniversary theme and an educational exhibit mounted by one of the member clubs were of special interest. Mrs. F. Warrington Gillet was the winner of many awards, among them the Gold Ribobn (with *White Prince*), the Silver Ribbon, the Purple Ribbon, for a collection of 2c's, and the Louise Hazlehurst Wharton Award, for the best American bred standard daffodil, *Honeybird*. Mrs. Frederick J. Viele's *Mite* was winner of the Miniature Gold Ribbon, and Miss Frances Moreland won the White Ribbon with *Ave*. The Lavender Ribbon was won by Mrs. Thomas W. Smith.

1970 DAFFODIL SHOW DATES

A supplementary list will be published in the March issue of the Journal. Send information before January 10 to the Awards Chairman at 308 Longwood Drive, Newport News, Va. 23606 as follows: Date of show; name of show; sponsor of show; place of show; and the name and address of the person to contact for information.

March 11-12 — Alabama Daffodil Show; Canterbury Methodist Church, Birmingham; information: Mrs. Walter Thompson, 2907 Southwood Road, Birmingham, Ala. 35223

March 26-27 — Daffodil Show of Georgia Daffodil Society, The Atlanta Garden Center, and affiliated clubs; Rich's auditorium, Atlanta; information: Mrs. Charlotte Bagley, P.O. Box 4539, Atlanta, Ga. 30302

March 28 — 10th Annual Arkansas State Daffodil Show, Mayflower Garden Club, Mayflower Cafetorium, Miller St., Mayflower; information: Mrs. Billy Harrell, Mayflower, Ark. 72106

March 28-29 — Tidewater Virginia Daffodil Show; Community Center, Nachman's, Newport News; information: Mr. Raymond W. Lewis, 554 Logan Place, Apt. 4, Newport News, Va. 23601

April 2-4 — ADS Convention Show of the Texas Daffodil Society; Sheraton-Dallas Hotel, Dallas; information: Mrs. Vernon E. Autry, 4360 Livingston Ave., Dallas, Tex. 75205

- April 4-5 — Daffodil Show of Garden Club of Gloucester, Va.; Gloucester High School; information: Mrs. Reginald C. Vance, Gloucester, Va. 23061
- April 8-9 — 36th Daffodil Show of The Garden Club of Virginia, Mary Washington College Ballroom, Fredericksburg; information: Mrs. A. T. Embrey, Jr., P.O.Box 327, Fredericksburg, Va. 22401
- April 10-11 — Southern Regional Daffodil Show of the Garden Club of Memphis; Goldsmith Center, Memphis, Tenn.; information: Mrs. Jack Shannon, 45 Norwal Road, Memphis, Tenn. 38117
- April 11 — Fifth Daffodil Show and District Show of the Somerset County Garden Club; Bank of Somerset, Princess Anne, Md.; information: Mrs. Merton S. Yerger, Princess Anne, Md. 21853
- April 11-12 — Tennessee State Daffodil Show; Tennessee Botanical Gardens, Cheekwood, Nashville; information: Mrs. Charles K. Cosner, 217 Olive Branch Road, Nashville, Tenn. 37205
- April 15 — Daffodil Show of the Kentucky Daffodil Society and the Lexington Council of Garden Clubs; Southern Hills Methodist Church, Lexington; information: Mrs. Henry W. Hornsby, 1253 Colonial Drive, Lexington, Ky.
- April 17-18 — 25th Annual Daffodil Show of the Norristown Garden Club; Grand Court, Plymouth Meeting Mall, Norristown, Pa.; information: Mrs. Allen S. Weed, Landis Road, Worcester, Pa. 19490
- April 18-19 — 21st Daffodil Show of the Washington Daffodil Society; Administration Bldg., National Arboretum, 24th and R Sts., N.E., Washington, D.C.; information: Mrs. LeRoy F. Meyer, 7416 Livingston Road, Oxon Hill, Md. 20021
- April 21 — Third Delaware State Daffodil Show; St. Albans Episcopal Church, 913 Wilson Road, Wilmington; information: Mrs. H. P. Madsen, R.D.2, Newark, Del. 19711
- April 21 — Daffodil Show of the Southwest Ohio Daffodil Society; Art Museum, Cincinnati; information: Mrs. Henry Hobson, Jr., 8650 Hopewell Road, Cincinnati, Ohio 45242

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Executive Director's mail reflects the widening influence of the ADS: an inquiry for catalogs from Czechoslovakia, new members in Western Australia and Tasmania, and a substantial increase in the number of domestic members. Offhand it would be difficult to link Vietnam and the ADS, but via our former secretary, Maxine Lawler, the following letter crossed our desk:

I think that perhaps you can help me with a problem. Your name and address appears in a list of American societies that the Army Information Service Library has.

I need some color photos of daffodils, including the stalks. As a Christmas present for my wife, I am having some daffodils carved in ivory. The artist who is doing the carving is Japanese, and, apparently, daffodils are not grown in Japan. I sent some plastic daffodils that I was able to purchase at an American florist's shop before leaving for Vietnam, but the Japanese artist was very sharp and said the plastic flowers were made in Hong Kong and there were mistakes, he was sure. If you have some photos suitable for my purpose, I would appreciate very much if you would mail one or two to me. I read in the reference book that your society publishes a journal. Perhaps you print some photos in the journal. If so, I would be very pleased to be able to purchase a copy.

Thank you very much for your help.

Sincerely,
/s/ Ted Curtis
LTJG T. S. Curtis 714710
NAVADVGR N 135
Box 8
FPO 96626

Help was promptly on its way in the form of the center spread of daffodils in the 1969 Mitsch catalog and a few of the prints published by the Netherlands Flower-Bulb Institute. This produced the following:

Thank you very much for answering my request so promptly and completely.

I have sent the photographs of the daffodils and stalks to the ivory carver in Japan. I am certain the photos will meet his requirements.

In one of the pieces of literature there was mention of a book you edited. I would like very much to obtain a copy of the book and would appreciate it if you would autograph a copy for my wife, Rose Marie. When I get back from Vietnam, we plan to have a garden in Maine where we will grow daffodils. Enclosed is an appropriate check.

Your help has been most appreciated.

Sincerely,
/s/ Ted Curtis

MUSINGS AND MEANDERINGS

By POETICUS

Several years ago American-grown flowers were entered in competition at one of the London daffodil shows by Mrs. Bloomer and won a number of awards. It seems to have been overlooked that a reciprocal gesture of hands across the sea took place at the Nashville show last April. We refer to an entry of three flowers from a sport of Peeping Tom which will eventually be registered under the name of Peep of Spring. The flowers were grown by Jack Gerritsen in Holland and placed in the custody of Matthew Zandbergen who carried them by hand to Nashville, where they were entered in Div. 11 and received a ribbon.

* * *

Over the years we have not had much success in keeping to ourselves the fact that White Flower Farm of Litchfield, Conn., thinks John Evelyn was an Irish hybridizer of daffodils. We are happy to report that they are still of the same opinion and we hope the day is far off when they awaken to the fact that the alleged hybridizer of the daffodils they so strongly recommend was born in 1620 and died in 1706.

Confirmation of White Flower Farm's continued lapse may be found in the September issue of *Changing Times*, a Kiplinger publication. In an article entitled "Fall's the season for spring bulbs" the editors of the magazine solicited the recommendations of Wayside Gardens, Park Seed Co., and White Flower Farm. From the latter came the following: "Nadene Riggs of White Flower Farm likes the Flatcup narcissus developed by the late Irish hybridizer, John Evelyn. They're called Weatherproof because their strong stems and flowers withstand blustery spring storms." The proprietor of White Flower Farm and proud editor of its publications is one Amos Pettingill, a New York advertising executive, and it just goes to show what can happen when Madison Avenue dabbles in horticulture.

* * *

Edgar Anderson was a well known figure in the world of the botanical sciences and daffodils were a favorite flower, but because he was a scientist and had no urge for publicity his work with daffodils was not widely known or appreciated. He wrote numerous articles about them, the most serious of which was "A Genetical Analysis of Pink Daffodils," written in association with Earl Hornback of the Oregon Bulb Farms and published in the *Journal of the California Horticultural Society* in January 1946. He was a guest speaker at the ADS convention in Asheville in 1964, when he reminisced about his numerous friends in the daffodil world of a generation ago. Dr. Anderson died in St. Louis on June 18th.

Dr. Anderson was a graduate of Michigan State College in 1918 and received a doctorate from Harvard five years later. While he spent a few years at the Arnold Arboretum, for most of his life he was associated with the Missouri Botanical Garden in St. Louis in various capacities, being its director from 1954 to 1956. At the time of his death he was Curator of Useful Plants. He also regularly conducted courses in botany at nearby Washington University. Dr. Anderson received the Gold Medal of the Men's Garden Clubs of America in 1958 and of the Federated Garden Clubs a year later.

BREEDING WITH THE BACKHOUSE DAFFODILS

By ERIC LONGFORD, *Leeds, England*

I have been asked especially to write about my work with the Backhouse red daffodils. Perhaps I may be allowed to include his work with the pinks as these were much better than the reds.

Generally the picture is as follows: for form, the pinks varied from bad to very good; the reds were almost always bad, but there were a few good ones. The reds' petals are nearly always ribbed and wavy, but of course, Mr. Backhouse was breeding for trumpet length in red, and he succeeded.

Traditionalist growers in this country have been quick to pounce on the red trumpet breeding because of this poor form, but Mr. Backhouse did something they have never done. i.e., put red into Div. 1 while they keep on churning out yellow 1a's and short-crowned red 2a's, which all look the same and also look like all their predecessors. This sameness appears also in the red 2b's, but Mr. Backhouse *never* tried to breed a red 1b. He came close to it in one or two cases by accident, as there are one or two "red" 1a's which open pale yellow in the perianth and then fade to near white, like their poet ancestors. His pinks all open pink; he was not interested in any pinks that opened yellow.

Having explained the situation as it stood when Mr. Backhouse died, I can now follow with my own efforts. I have been privileged to visit Sutton Court several times and have always found something useful to buy and to breed from.

With regard to red 1a, my efforts are directed to getting show form with blazing red color. Towards this end I am working on two separate main lines: 1) Crossing the red trumpets with the deepest gold 1a's, e.g. Arctic Gold, Spanish Gold, Strathrowan, Rowallane, Fine Gold, Royal Gaelic (2a but near 1a); 2) Crossing red trumpets with red 2a's, e.g. Court Martial, Cawdron; and 3) One minor line by crossing red trumpets with yellow 2a's from red breeding, e.g. Richardson No. 164 (Kingscourt \times Ceylon).

Originally I crossed yellow 1a's with red 2a's, e.g. Arctic Gold \times Vulcan, but these crosses are a thing of the past now that I have the Backhouse red trumpets. Narvik \times Burnished Gold gave only yellow 2a's.

Thus so much for the present. The future operations are simple: the two main lines mentioned above will be crossed *together*. Thus the inbreeding of red trumpets carried out by Mr. Backhouse has diverged along two separate lines at my hands but will later *converge* after one generation of out-breeding, to produce (I hope!) one line, or series, of first-class red 1a's.

The Backhouse pinks are much better than the reds on the whole, probably because he used more modern varieties and a wider range of parents. He wanted only pinks that opened pink and would not bother with those that opened yellow, however great a name they had. Naturally Mrs. R. O. Backhouse was much used, imparting good clean color to its seedlings and, unfortunately, its bad perianth too. Later two well known varieties were much used, namely Maiden's Blush and Mabel Taylor. As a consequence of this, many seedlings had the pink color confined to the rim; sometimes this "rim" would extend halfway down the cup.

My main interest, however, centered on those daffodils that had solid

pink cups. In my experience, the best pinks so far from Sutton Court are Arctic Dawn, a 2b near 1b, and Rosthwaite Cam, a definite 1b, named after a mountain in the English Lake District. The former has a very white perianth and a crown of deep wild rose pink. The latter is a coppery salmon pink, and its form is that of an improved Maiden's Blush, with slightly less flare to the rim. It was shown at Harrogate this year in the class for six trumpets and attracted much attention, including that of the judge (Michael Jefferson-Brown).

Another Backhouse pink I think highly of is Eagle Rose. This is a trumpet daffodil in appearance but has to be registered as a 2b because it is a fraction under trumpet length. This is one of the many anomalies of the present daffodil classification. Its trumpet is lemon yellow with a ¼-inch rim of deep pink. Quite striking.

My pink breeding programme is concerned almost entirely with producing pink trumpets. I am trying to put tremendous vigor, trumpet length, and big stems into the pink strains.

As a consequence I put pollen of Arctic Dawn on a big pale buff 1b called Bronze Monarch (Alpine Eagle open-pollinated) and on the large 1c Mandate. Both these seed parents are vigorous, and bronze Monarch also has tremendous foliage.

These two crosses were done in 1968; as for this year, I have the following: Arctic Dawn × Kuprina, Patterdale × Rosthwaite Cam, GLW 43/30 × Rosthwaite Cam, and Knoydart × Arctic Dawn. The GLW 43/30 is a pale pink 1b from Broughshane × Rosario and has the biggest perianth of any daffodil I have seen. It has been mentioned in one or two Daffodil Year Books (RHS) by Mr. Wootton, and I understand that several people in the United States are interested in it. For their information I pass on that it is strong and very fertile.

In concluding the accounts of the Backhouse daffodils, I can say that I have just this year started work on a red 1b. At Sutton Court this year I acquired the one-bulb stocks of nos. 69/2 and 69/6. The former came from the orange 1a's. It has a blazing tangerine trumpet; the perianth opens creamy yellow and fades to ivory white. It should be useful. Form is not too good, however. No. 69/6, on the other hand, has very good form. It is a 1b with perianth suffused yellow at the junction with the trumpet, which is burnt apricot to deep orange. Its breeding was Trousseau × Red Curtain.

I would now like to take up the matter of sterility in daffodils. Despite comments and statements in *The Daffodil Journal* in 1968 and with all due respect to the persons who made them, I can state definitely that daffodils as a whole are *not* self-sterile. I have proved this here in Leeds.

One comment made was that certain breeders had entered "selfed" in their stud-books when they actually meant "open-pollinated." This was used as proof that daffodils were self sterile.

It is invalid to assume self-sterility simply because some growers make erroneous entries in their stud books. In my own records I use both terms "o.p." and "selfed" and they mean exactly what they say.

Mr. Backhouse's statements were based on experience with red 2a's and 1a's which had been inbred for many generations, and inbreeding does sometimes produce self-sterility because genes, etc., are *too alike*. This also tends sometimes to create flowers that are reluctant to mate with anything. No.

66/5 is one such variety. I am getting negligible amounts of seed from its pollen and none at all yet from it as a seed parent.

The subject of self-sterility was raised with Mr. Backhouse in 1962 when I told him that I had "selfed" Rouge and obtained 265 seeds from about a dozen pods. He was very dubious about the validity of the cross but said that I would have proof because if the flower was truly selfed, the seedlings would all look like Rouge. The proof I did indeed have; *all* the seedlings were exactly like Rouge in color varying only from being a bit paler in the petals to being rather redder, and, like Rouge, they were none of them sunproof. They are therefore quite useless, and only one or two remain.

Thus my own humble opinion derived from experience of both myself and others is that sterility or fertility is dependent only on the variety itself and climatic conditions or other environmental conditions obtaining at that specific time at which the pollen is dabbed.

Perhaps someday I could be permitted to discuss the coloring matter of daffodils and what may or may not be possible to produce.

U. S. REGISTRATIONS IN 1969

Reported by MRS. KENNETH B. ANDERSON, Registration Chairman

American registrants of new daffodils and their registrations for 1969 are: Brink, Venice; Nashville, Ill.: Dahlonga, Revolute, Trailblazer.

Evans, Murray; Corbett, Ore.: Jolly Roger, Peace Pipe, Protege, Rose City, White O' Morn, Yellowstone.

Fowlds, Matthew (by Grant E. Mitsch): Greenlet, Little Lass.

Mitsch, Grant E, Canby, Ore.: Amberglow, Barlow, Cool Flame, Delightful, Gloriola, Impact, Kingbird, Macaw, Piculet, Prefix, Rubythroat, Scio, Tangent.

Registrations

Amberglow (Mitsch) 2d; midseason; 15"; P. 4", bright lemon; C. 1½", lemon, becoming buff apricot. A very luminous flower. A 26/1 (Lunar Sea × Daydream)

Barlow (Mitsch) 6a; extra early; 16"; P. 3", clear deep yellow; C. 1½" clear deep yellow. Very profuse flowering. X7/4 (Cibola × *N. cyclamineus*)

Cool Flame (Mitsch) 2b; late; 18"; P. 4", pure white; C. 1.2", coral red; the nearest to red and white other than Rubythroat. B37/6 (Precedent × Accent)

Dahlonga (Brink) 1a; late midseason; 18"; P. 4", deep orange yellow, reddish flush; C. 1¾ x 1⅞"; deep orange yellow, reddish flush. Very long lasting and substantial. Resembles Late Sun; different in color, earlier, trumpet flanged. 59-6 (Late Sun × Backhouse's Giant)

Delightful (Mitsch) 3b; late; 16"; P. 2.8" white; C. 7", yellow with green eye. Somewhat like Cushendall but with yellow instead of white frill. (Cushendall open pollinated)

Gloriola (Mitsch) 2d; midseason; 16"; P. 4.2", soft lemon; C. 1.7", soft lemon, quickly becoming rich buff; a very unusual color. A 43/6 ((Shirley Wyness X Pink-a-dell) X Dawnglow) X Lunar Sea)

- Greenlet (Fowlds) 6a; early midseason; 14"; P. 3¼", white; C. 1¼", pale lemon fading to white with lemon rim. Green Island × *N. cyclamineus*.
- Impact (Mitsch) 2b; midseason; 15"; P. 4.5", pure white; C. 2.4", pink, nearly flat. A34/24 (Precedent × Carita)
- Jolly Roger (Evans) 2b; early midseason; 17"; P. 115 mm. P segs 50mm. white; C. 40mm. x 34mm. yellow. Resembles Tudor Minstrel but whiter, rounder, cup more frilled. E-250 (Wahkeena × 2b seedling from Bread and Cheese)
- Kingbird (Mitsch) 2a; late midseason; 20" P. 4.4", yellow; C. 1.1", golden yellow; very flat perianth of fine substance. Very definitely appears to be a 3a, but is 2a by measurement. Y51/4 (Narvik X Playboy) X Velvet Robe)
- Little Lass (Fowlds) 5a; midseason; 9"; P. 2", white; C. 0.8", white. (Small cyclamineus hybrid × *N. triandrus albus*)
- Macaw (Mitsch) 2a; midseason; 19"; P. 4", clear yellow; C. 2.05", bright orange red, nearly flat, large, much scalloped. X42/3 ((Narvik × California Gold) × (Playboy × Alamein))
- Peace Pipe (Evans) 1b; midseason; 16"; P. 105mm. P. segs 43mm. white; C. 35mm. x 48mm. yellow; long straight trumpet, very little taper and no roll or ruffle at margin. C-173. (Effective × unrecorded 1b sdlg.)
- Piculet (Mitsch) 5b; midseason; 11"; P. 2.5", deep yellow; C. 0.9", deep yellow. Y32/1 (Bahram X Ardour) X *N. triandrus aurantiacus*)
- Prefix (Mitsch) 6a; extra early; 14"; P. 2.75", golden yellow C. 1", golden yellow. One of the first to bloom and the deepest yellow, good form. Z12/1 (Cibola × *N. cyclamineus*.)
- Protege (Evans) 2a; midseason; 17"; P. 110mm. P. segs. 48mm., creamy primrose yellow; C. 40mm. x 36mm., creamy primrose yellow, slightly deeper than perianth. Very smooth, good substance, durable, a vigorous plant, large firm bulbs. F 297 (Trousseau × Pink O' Dawn) × 2b seedling, probably (Tunis × Trousseau)
- Revolute (Brink) 6a; early; 16"; P. 3½", P. segs. 1¾", primrose yellow, roseate flush; C. 1¼" x 1½", deep orange yellow. Resembles Larkelly but larger, longer crown, different color. Very substantial and long lasting. 59-7 (Emperor × Larkelly)
- Rose City (Evans) 2b; midseason; 16"; P. 110mm. P. segs 45mm. white; C. 45mm. x 25 mm., pink; resembles Irish Rose but larger, taller, cup nearly true pink. D-165/2 (Interim × Radiation)
- Rubythroat (Mitsch) 2b; late midseason; 14"; P. 4", pure white; C. 1.5", coral red. Resembles Cool Flame; more expanded, less frilled cup, and perhaps deeper in color. C35/5 (Precedent × Accent)
- Scio (Mitsch) 2a; midseason; 18"; P. 3.6", lemon gold; C. 1.3", deeper shade with amber tone; very precise in form and very smooth. B36/6 (Playboy × Daydream)
- Tangent (Mitsch) 2b; midseason; 16"; P. 4.2", pure white; C. 1.5", coral rose; resembles Accent in color, but with a much more rounded flower and smaller crown. Z20/1 (Green Island × Accent)
- Trailblazer (Brink) 2d; early midseason; 17"; P. 3¾", P. segs 1⅝", deep orange yellow, reddish flush; C. 1½" x 1 ⅜", deep orange yellow with reddish flush except for narrow band of bright lemon on rim. Crown reverses to cream except for the rim. Resembles New Vista, except color is deeper and rim lemon instead of pink. 59-5 (Frilled Beauty × Content)

White O'Morn (Evans) 3c; late midseason; 16"; P. 100mm. P. segs. 45mm. white; C. 35mm. x 15mm. white; resembles Wings of Song, but flatter perianth and very white. D-192/1 Chinese White × (Rubra × Sylvia O'Neill)

Yellowstone (Evans) 1d; early; 16"; P. 120mm. P. segs 48mm. lemon; C. 50mm. x 48mm., white. Has a distinct rolled trumpet, flange flat, slightly reflexed perianth. F-264/2 (Content × (King of the North × Content))

Note: The new registration forms will ask for measurements in millimeters, and will ask for diameter of flower, length of perianth segments, diameter of corona and length of corona (in that order). Mr. Evans and Mr. Brink have started to comply. Next year we hope all will.

HYBRIDIZERS' FORUM

Selective Breeding

Regardless of how far the science of plant breeding has advanced, I think if one has an "eye" for flowers, the chances for success are quite good. A definite goal is important, too, otherwise breeding is likely to be haphazard. The term "selective breeding" is probably correct. A super strain of forest trees has been developed here by selecting cones from trees with the most desirable characteristics. Pedigrees of these trees are, of course, unknown. Amateurs, I think, should start on a selective breeding basis, then apply scientific knowledge as they acquire it.

— MURRAY W. EVANS

Rescue Job

One interesting thing that developed was a pod of seed from (Ardour × *N. cyclamineus*) × Accent. This pod was accidentally broken off the stalk with about 2 inches of stem remaining with the pod. If I had not seen the fluttering white cross-tag, I would not have found it in time to rescue it. The accident was caused by a cat fight. Not my cats, but the neighbors', but still here as one of them feels he belongs to me, and vice-versa; the other was a war-loving Siamese. But to get back to the pod of seed, it was taken in the house and put in a solution of rainwater to which had been added a pinch of sugar in the ratio of about one-half cup of rainwater to a pinch of sugar. The pod was placed near a west window where it would get the most light and forgotten for about two weeks, except for an occasional addition of solution and checking of stem. Gradually the stem turned brown and was removed, but the pod was still green and seemed to be getting larger all the time, so it was replaced in the water and watched carefully. When the pod began to brown it was taken out of the water, placed on a paper towel, and allowed to dry. The pod was quite firm, and it was allowed to remain on the towel for a day or two to see what further developments if any were forthcoming. The pod popped, and out rolled eight huge shiny black seed. All black, no touches of paleness to indicate an immature seed.

— HELEN GRIER

From the Hybridizing Robins

I did finally flower my first seedlings this year — all from Green Island \times Mabel Taylor. I was most surprised at the extent to which pink appeared, three pinks out of eight that bloomed. One of these might be worth watching over the next few years. The other two were in the vein of Interim but without its charm. Another was of a curious buffy color that I didn't think much of at first, but it had great staying power and improved with time. I ended up being rather pleased with it. Of course I'll have a chance to see them all again, because I don't intend to move any of them out of the planter box they are in this year. Besides, they are my first, and until I have something else to look at I feel I can indulge myself and not try to be too critical. Or critical at all for that matter. All seedlings that are reasonably formed and colorful will simply be planted down the hillside. If they make it, fine, and if not, nothing is lost.

ROBERT E. JERRELL

Some of the interesting crosses reported were: Big Wig \times *N. jonquilla*; Larkelly \times Cocktail; Ambergate \times Quick Step; Lingering Light \times Waxwing; *N. rupicola* \times Fairy Circle; *N. rupicola* \times Arragon; Jenny \times *N. triandrus concolor*; Daydream \times *N. triandrus pulchellus*; Quick Step \times *N. cyclamineus*.

ROBERTA C. WATROUS

THE JONQUILS

By VENICE BRINK, Nashville, Illinois

From Central Region Newsletter, June 1969

If I had to choose the division of the daffodil tribe which was the toughest, easiest to grow, most uniformly good, with no temperamental children, and which year after year outdid itself in producing quantities of high quality flowers, regardless of the vagaries of season and weather here in southern Illinois, my vote would be for Div. 7, the jonquil hybrids. They excel the whole tribe in disease resistance and in having uniformly first-class bulbs, short necked, hard, and smooth.

I have planted over 50 members of Div. 7 and still have every one of them, the only division of which I can say that, but that is typical of jonquil hybrids. The first jonquil hybrids were produced by Mother Nature and having now the status of species are found in Div. 10. Among them are *N. \times odorus*, *N. \times gracilis*, and *N. \times intermedius*. The forms of *N. \times odorus* are typical in most ways of all jonquil hybrids. In this case the parents were *N. jonquilla* and some wild yellow trumpet. They flourish like weeds wherever "cold-hardy" and naturalize extensively, being found over most of the southern states, and apparently are moving north steadily.

Another characteristic of Div. 7 is the delightful fragrance of its flowers, which pervades the air near any planting of them, yet is not overpowering or cloying as is sometimes the case with Div. 8.

The first jonquil hybrids were yellow — a distinctive yellow, still known as jonquil yellow — and another distinctive quality is the finish and durable substance of the flowers. But yellow is no longer the only color, as in the course of time, breeders have managed to add all the other daffodil colors, since the time the first man-made hybrids appeared, about the last decade of the 1800's. And by the way, if you can get any of those old ones, they are still worth planting.

For years, breeders considered all jonquil hybrids to be sterile and had no hope of instilling their fine qualities into plants of the other divisions of the daffodil. However, closer observation and growing on a larger scale showed that occasionally there was viable pollen, and a few second-generation plants with jonquil blood began to appear, among them, Mountjoy, Ripple and Shah which are registered in Div. 7, and Braemar which is in Div. 1 and has several 1a descendants, which, too, show their jonquil blood. Since then Grant Mitsch has discovered Quick Step, which is completely fertile, and before long we will have many plants with jonquil ancestry.

P. D. Williams and his son M. P. Williams probably between them produced more good jonquil hybrids than all other breeders together, and many of them are the standbys in this division, especially in yellow, but now there are also red, white, pink and reversed bicolors to be had. My personal favorites, or I should rather say, special favorites, include Cheyenne, one of Dr. Powell's seedlings which is a cream and light yellow with several florets to a stem which I think has the most enchanting fragrance, that of crabapple. Then there is the white and yellow, White Wedgwood whose scent is never forgotten and Tittle-Tattle, a yellow 7-b with several small florets to a stem with a delicious pineapple scent. Also there is April Tears, the late small combination of jonquil and triandrus, which is registered as a 5b but is also unmistakably jonquil. And last, Vireo, Grant Mitsch's very late flat-cupped yellow flower. Penpol in cream and white is about the earliest. They are all very nice flowers.

A CHOICE OF MINIATURES

By JOHN R. LARUS, *West Hartford, Conn.*

In reviewing the list of winners of Miniature Gold Ribbons in the 27 ADS shows of this year where such an award was made, it was interesting to observe that certain varieties stood forth conspicuously. Mite won five times and Xit four, *N. triandrus albus* had two wins (*triandrus pulchellus*, to be combined with it in the new list under the general heading "*triandrus* (various)" also had one), while there were also double wins for Hawera, Snipe, Tête-a-Tête, and *N. juncifolius*. Seven varieties were single winners.

Class 6a led with 10 wins, for in addition to Mite, Tête-a-Tête, and Snipe mentioned above, Jumble scored a single victory. The next most successful group was Division 10, where single wins for Canaliculatus, *N. × tenuior*, and *N. watieri* brought the total to eight. Xit, with its four wins, was able singlehanded to bring 3c into third position, while the double win for Hawera and a single for April Tears gave fourth place to 5b. Demure and Sundial each contributed a single victory for 7b, completing the total of 27.

As one looks over these 14 varieties, it appears that not only have they

proven themselves capable of producing outstanding specimens, but (especially with respect to those with multiple wins) they are being grown by quite a number of those who favor miniatures, and on the whole may be considered to compose a group of "good doers"—an important consideration when the requirements of some miniatures are borne in mind. Obviously midseason varieties have a better chance of being represented than those that bloom at the extremes of our daffodil year.

Another way of compiling a group of top miniatures is to analyze those that have been included during the 1969 show season in any of the 16 winning entries reported for the Lavender Ribbon (5 stems each) or in the 5 winners of the Watrous medal (12 stems each). The complete list of these follows:

<i>N. bulbocodium</i>	<i>N. triandrus</i>	<i>N. scaberulus</i>	5
(various)	(various)	Cyclataz	3
Sundial	Jumble	Demure	3
Hawera	Stafford	Little Beauty	3
Tête-a-Tête	Mite	Pixie	3
Xit	Quince	W. P. Milner	3
		<i>N. cyclamineus</i>	3

There were 14 varieties included twice (April Tears, Bebop, Bobbysoxer, Lintie, Little Gem, Mary Plumstead, Snipe, *N. calcicola*, Canaliculatus, *N. jonquilla*, *N. juncifolius*, *N. rupicola*, *N. × tenuior*, and *N. watieri*), while 18 appeared once. Altogether there were 49 varieties, amassing a total of 139 appearances.* Incidentally, the 14 varieties that received the gold ribbons again acquitted themselves with distinction, all of them being included at least twice in the other list. When, however, the second list is divided into classes it shows somewhat different results. Division 10 leads with 41 inclusions, followed by 7b with 31, 6a with 20, and 5b with 12. Xit, with its score of 7 put 3c in fourth place.

At the present time, many miniatures, including a good share of the more desirable ones, have become difficult to acquire. We can procure some in this country, and a fair supply from a few sources in Holland. Unfortunately, in the past few years, miniature imports from Great Britain (the original source of about 80% of the volume of named hybrids discussed in these notes) have been severely limited, although hopes are high that the situation will soon improve dramatically.

While your Miniatures Committee is removing three varieties from the ADS Approved List (see p. 90), they are ones that rarely appear in shows. The only one of the three which is included in any group considered in this note is Colleen Bawn, which was in only one collection. It is to be hoped that the nine new varieties added will soon be generally available and will prove real additions to the group.

* For those who like to check compilations, there would have been 140 (16 × 5 + 5 × 12) except that the returns from one of our shows listed Jack Snipe—either a clerical error for Snipe or the inadvertent inclusion of an unapproved variety.

FLIGHT OF THE ROBINS

By DR. GLENN DOOLEY, *Bowling Green, Ky.*

The season was an excellent one in the Virginia area. From Covington, Frances Armstrong listed a number of varieties that were outstanding for her. From Clifton Forge, Bernice Ford wrote that she had an excellent season. The colors were extremely good and the substances heavy. White varieties were outstanding. She also expressed much interest in old varieties.

From Palmer, Sue Robinson reminisced about her early experiences with daffodil growing. It is always interesting to learn how a person got involved with daffodils. She exhibited *N. jonquilla* and received a red ribbon. That was 20 years ago, and that was her start in growing and showing daffodils. This past season she exhibited old varieties in a special class and won a high award. A grower may not realize that Cantatrice, Effective, Polindra, Golden Torch, and Beryl are a few of the many varieties more than 25 years old that are still outstanding today. Some of the more recent varieties that did well for her were Rima, Ardbane, Homage, Stainless, Knowehead, Coloratura, Verona, and Early Mist.

From Newport News, Bill Hopkins gave us a quotation: "The people who live in this area are fortunate in that most can dig a hole and plant a bulb. The soil is just that good." He reported that pine needles and peanut hulls are the materials commonly used for mulches. He found that his sandy soil requires 0-14-14 and 0-20-20 fertilizer as well as magnesium sulphate.

Marie Bozievich, Bethesda, Md., startled us by naming Tahiti as the best flower she grew. This is a double! Reports are out that we have some excellent doubles on the way.

Several letters came from the eastern edge of the Middle West. From Scottsburg, Ind., Helen Trueblood reported many of the lovely varieties she grew.

Ruth Cunningham, Salem, Ohio, wrote that the colors were not so intense for the pink varieties this year. She mentioned some of the varieties that did well for her. Her Bryher was named the best flower in a show staged by a garden group.

Our new Robin member from Cincinnati, Peggy Macneale, wrote that Golden Dawn, Quetzal, Finch, and Pueblo were among the finest of the many varieties she grows. She said the shows in her area were outstanding this year.

From Memphis, Tenn., Charlotte Sawyer reported that Jetfire was the best flower she grew.

In my own garden, Farewell was most outstanding. The quality of this variety was reflected by the numerous times Farewell was exhibited in the shows. It has been in my garden for several years but this was the season for it.

From Lawrence, Kans., Ethel Martin wrote that the pink colors were quite pale last spring. Ceylon was her best flower. Grace Parks, Ottawa, Kans., told us that there was plenty of moisture this past spring, and that her daffodils were outstanding.

Our president, Dr. Tom Throckmorton, gave some impressions of his trip into the mountainous areas of Spain where many wild daffodils grow.

HERE AND THERE

NEWS FROM THE REGIONS AND LOCAL SOCIETIES

MIDWEST REGION (Mrs. Harry Wilkie, *Regional Vice President*)

A July Newsletter gave additional information on show winners, and good reports from two new local societies in Ohio. The Adena Society requires that its members be members of ADS. There were 14 members in July. The Southwestern Ohio Society had 40 members.

Cincinnati was the site of the fall Board meeting, reported elsewhere.

NEW ENGLAND REGION (George S. Lee, Jr., *Editor*)

The August Newsletter of eight pages was devoted to reviews and comments on the 1969 daffodil catalogs. Those included were: Michael J. Jefferson-Brown, Charles H. Mueller, Broadleigh Gardens, Mrs. Lionel Richardson, Grant E. Mitsch, Murray W. Evans, G. Zandbergen-Terwegen, and Daffodil Mart.

MIDDLE ATLANTIC REGION (Mrs. Richard N. Darden, Jr., *Regional Vice President*)

The September issue continues "What's in a Name," this time devoted chiefly to varieties of the late Edwin C. Powell of this Region. There are also notes on Patricia Reynolds, daffodils in Williamsburg 40 years ago, and White Wedgwood, this latter threatened with removal from the RHS Classified List unless there is enough evidence of continued interest in it.

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