ADS HONOR MEDALS AND THE PETER BARR MEMORIAL CUP

At the ADS Convention in San Francisco, California, Vice President Charles H. Anthony awarded the Gold Medal of the American Daffodil Society to Mrs. J. Lionel Richardson for service to the daffodil. Vice President Anthony recounted her tireless and devoted activities directed at making the daffodil a more beautiful and vigorous flower and one appreciated in all parts of the world.

President William O. Ticknor awarded the Silver Medal of the American Daffodil Society to Dr. Tom Throckmorton for service to the Society. Dr. Throckmorton’s help to the Society in many ways were recounted: his participation in panels and programs, the many articles he has written, the computer printouts of parentages and of color coding that he has provided to our members, and other constant and considerable advice and help.

Unbeknownst to anyone at the Convention, the Royal Horticultural Society had awarded their highest daffodil honor, the Peter Barr Memorial Cup to Dr. Tom Throckmorton for having done good work in connection with daffodils. Matthew Zandbergen made the presentation on behalf of the RHS and recounted the story of the classification of daffodils from Peter Barr himself through the decades to Dr. Throckmorton. The cup is in appreciation of the outstanding and entirely original work that Dr. Throckmorton has performed with the computer regarding parentages and color classification of daffodils. Dr. Throckmorton is the third American to receive this award. It had previously been made to Benjamin Y. Morrison and Grant Mitsch.

ZINFANDELS AND DAFFODILS

By Tom D. Throckmorton, M.D., Des Moines, Iowa

The annual Convention of the American Daffodil Society has just run its course in San Francisco. Our Northern California hosts and hostesses took advantage of almost every facility and possibility to make the occasion one from which the stuff of pleasant memories are made. The hostelry arrangements were pleasant; the weather magnificent; the flowers and gardens were all done up in Sunday-best; even the tour buses were comfortable and equipped with “facilities.”

Gumps, I. Magnin’s, and Abercrombie and Fitch were flourishing; the cable cars clanged; the shrimps, crabs, and abalones were available in quantity, and the restaurants were as I remembered them. Everything was perfect except for the Zinfandels—the Convention saw none of them, nor tasted of them.