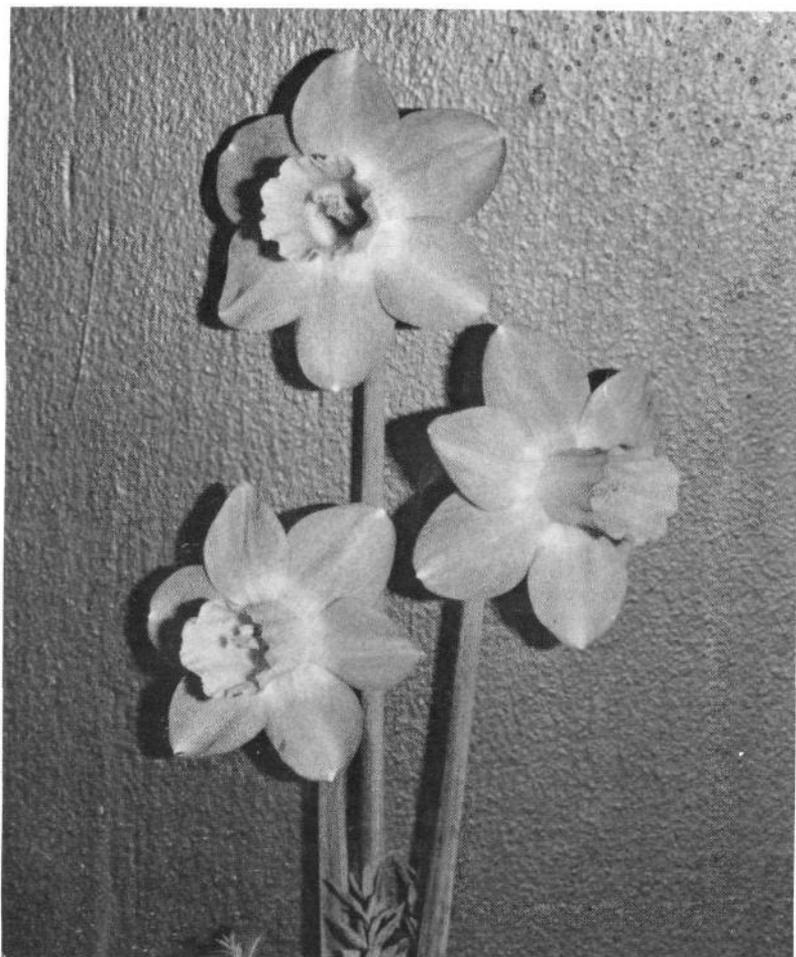


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Articles and photographs (glossy finish) on daffodil culture and related subjects are invited from members of the Society. Manuscripts should be typewritten double-spaced, and all material should be addressed to the Editor.

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THE COVER PHOTO

is of Suede 2 Y-W (Evans, 1972) which won the White Ribbon for Sally Stanford of Lebanon, Tennessee, at the National Show on April 1. (Gripshover photo)

NASHVILLE—1982's DAFFODIL CITY

OTIS ETHEREDGE, *Saluda, South Carolina*

The road from Saluda, South Carolina, to Nashville seemed terribly long. I was reminded of a friend who said she never had been anywhere that she wanted to be the night before. So, it was with considerable ambivalence that I hopped into my "Green Lemon" to begin the 370-mile trip to the ADS convention city.

Though long, the excellent interstates and mountain vistas presented lovely sights for the eyes even as the accelerator foot tired. Indeed, the redbuds tinted the rolling hills a delicate pink for miles on end—a wonderful sight!

Thinking that the Tennessee daffodil season might be several weeks behind our very early one, I expected to see less of budding maples and greening grass the farther north I traveled. This was not to be, and suddenly I realized that days, not weeks, separated our daffodil blooming time.

Several hours after glimpsing the Sunspere from I-40, I arrived in Nashville expecting to exit, drive up 4th Avenue, and find the Radisson. Well, 4th Avenue proved to be one-way and I proved to be on the wrong end. After some maneuvering, the Radisson was duly found, and a tried but excited driver reached his destination.

"Hello, Otis. Come let me introduce you to Kate and Robin Reade." Thus, with Bill Roese's warm voice, old friendships were renewed and new ones begun. This traditional convention camaraderie must terrify first-timers until they get into the swing of things and begin to enjoy the hectic rush and fun of it all.

Three daffodil blooms salvaged from the early season accompanied me. Now my thoughts were to get my one bottle and three blooms to a cool room. There they were sprayed and put to rest. This proved to be very helpful to one tired human also.

Truthfully, when told that the Convention Show was to be held away from the hotel, I was less than enthusiastic. While taking a car full of exhibitors to Cheekwood the next morning I became lost—causing even less enthusiasm. When finally arriving, the ample working space and fine naturally-lighted exhibition hall quieted my misgivings, and I thought how lucky these Nashville people were to have such a fine Botanic Hall.

With only three cultivars to exhibit I was able to help others and even enjoy the frenzied bustle that accompanies the last hours before a daffodil show opens. And a lovely show it was! Refrigerators must have been full for days to provide so many good flowers.

A wave of loud whispers and excitement advised me to visit a working counter manned by an attractive young couple being helped by a busy young lady whom I assumed to be their daughter. Mouths were agape at the huge and magnificently colored daffodils before them. Soon I learned that this was Mr. and Mrs. Peter Ramsay and daughter from New Zealand. Mr. Ramsay has written several interesting daffodil articles so by these I knew of him. But what about those mammoth daffodils? Well, they were from Fr. Athanasius Buchholz, of Oregon, well known for contributing to our *ADS Journal* and as a daffodil grower.

A quick lunch and even quicker rest followed the show activity. Soon I was back at Cheekwood for a closer look at the show. Since a more detailed show report will undoubtedly appear, I won't try to mention the many excellent winners, but lingering in my mind's eye are Fr. Buchholz's Balalaika (Gold Ribbon), Naomi Liggett's Candlepower (Miniature Gold), Bill Pannill's C-84 (Mite \times *calicicola*)(Larus Award), Lee Linton's Intrigue (Olive W. Lee Trophy), Handy Hatfield's Ibis (Fowlds Medal), Beverly Barbour's, Carncairn Collection, and Mary Lou Gripshover's Gold Quinn. As you can see, old and new cultivars complimented each other superbly. Later in the afternoon, a ground breaking ceremony for the Louise Fort Hardison Daffodil Garden was held, with various members of Mrs. Hardison's family taking a turn with the spade. After the show, directors' meeting, and buffet, there were tired eyes, ears, and feet eager for that soft pillow and night's rest.

What would prompt one to rise early the next morning after such a tiring day? When one has an opportunity to join some of the world's foremost daffodil hybridists for morning coffee, one can be rather perky early in the morning! Then came the judges' refresher course with excellent slides and lectures dealing with miniatures. During the afternoon, Mrs. John Capen presented a slide lecture concerning daffodils and landscaping. Slides of her lovely garden were presented in her inimitable style.

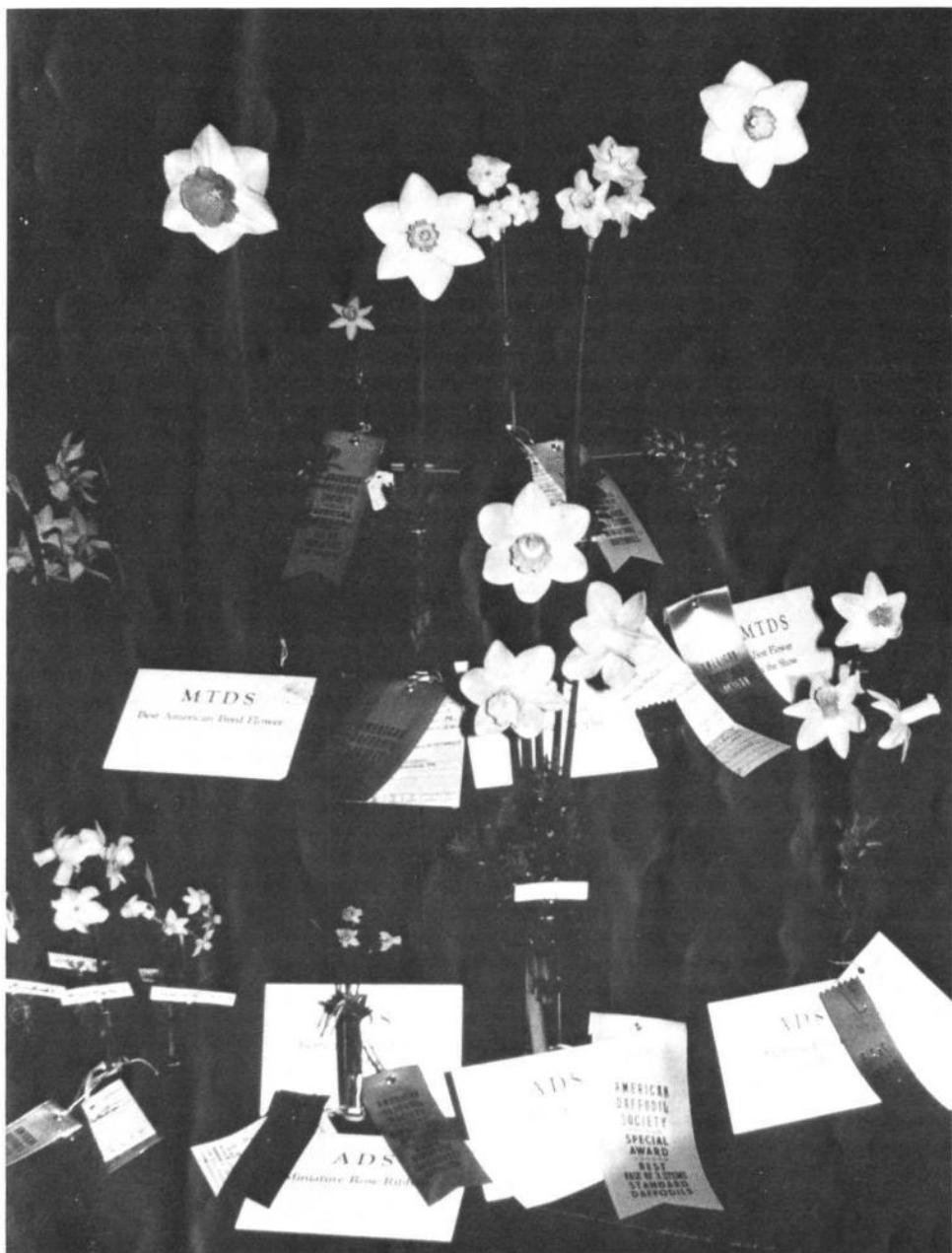


Table of Champions

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GRIPSHOVER

Left: Lee and Cornelia Linton turn over the first spadeful of dirt for the Louise Hardison Daffodil Garden; right, Willis Wheeler, Robin Reade, and Helen Link enjoy the tour.

Second only to the daffodils in the National Show was the excitement of seeing the Mitsch, Lea, and Daffodil Mart displays at the hotel. Their beauty shone through the rather dim artificial lighting of the display room. The wee things from the Daffodil Mart attracted much comment; and, of course, the almost unbelievable size and color of the Mitsch and Lea cultivars caused quite a traffic jam. Mitsch's pink/reds were standouts, though his 2 W-W Seafoam proved to be one of my very favorites. As to be expected, Mr. Lea staged his flowers perfectly with a vase of three large and wonderfully colored Dailmanachs being the focal point. After seeing all these beauties, there were others beside myself mentally checking bank balances with an eye to new purchases.

During the afternoon, rising winds and gusty showers bode ill for the evening walk to the Hermitage Hotel. The walk did turn into a bus ride, and the evening was spent in the lovely atmosphere of the renewed Hermitage Hotel.

Even though the lovely Tennessee ladies promised sun for the next day's tours, worry was evident on quite a few faces. The day dawned crystal fair with a brisk breeze—splendid for busing, walking, eating, and looking. The tours were a logistic marvel and there was much pleasure in visiting the varied and lovely gardens.

My particular bus departed toward Franklin and a visit to the rustic log home of Mr. & Mrs. Alex Taylor. Their situation was lovely with the quaint house and clear stream resting between two Tennessee hillocks. Opposite the stream-side of the house a rather steep hillside contained a miniature daffodil collection nestled in various nooks and crannies.



© GERARD WAYNE

Virginia Perry, Brian Duncan, Tony and Mrs. Kindgom in the Talbot garden.



© GERARD WAYNE

Betty Duncan, Bill Roese, Delia Bankhead, and Rosemary Roese in the Talbot garden.



TED SNAZELLE

Pat Martin, Becky Talbot, John Lea, and Chuck Anthony in the Talbot garden.



Lunch time!

GRIPSHOVER



In the Linton-Hardison garden.

© GERARD WAYNE



In the Linton-Hardison garden.

OTIS ETHEREDGE



Lunch time at Gripshovers.⁷

GRIPSHOVER

Lunch—and a good one—was eaten while enjoying the view from the terrace of Mr. & Mrs. Paul Gripshover's contemporary home. Having time to eat lunch and view Mary Lou's daffodil planting proved impossible, and I'm sure some fine flowers and seedlings were overlooked as our party walked up and down the slopes of the yard.

The Linton-Hardison daffodil planting proved to be very unlike the previous two. Here could be seen the hand of Louise Hardison in the formally arranged raised beds with the daffodils planted by divisions. Despite the early season, there still were to be seen some of the best new cultivars. It was a comfort to know that these daffodils would soon have a fine new home at Cheekwood.

The shady, peaceful garden of Mr. & Mrs. Joe Talbot III was a fitting end to our tour. The wonderful blues of the phlox, mertensia, and forget-me-nots were a balm to very tired eyes. The sight of the herb garden, wild flower patch, and exquisite bonsai lingers still.

After another board meeting and quick nap, the final banquet arrived. Mr. Robin Reade highlighted the evening with an amusing man's viewpoint of the daffodil season. There was much laughter and some blushing from Kate Reade during this discourse.

All good things must come to an end. Since this has been a personal view of the convention, I must end by mentioning that I thought I had made a mistake by making one last visit to see the commercial displays. A sad Daliesque scene of fading color and drooping perianths greeted me. How fitting to see this as it suited my "end-of-convention" mood.

However, upon leaving this unhappy scene, I suddenly remembered Mr. King's call to Williamsburg, 1983. Immediately I felt the swell of excitement of another daffodil season, another convention, another round of seeing old friends and meeting new ones. Quickly, quickly may it come!

MEET THE ERLANDSONS



Our new president, Quentin Erlandson and his wife, Mary Gwynn, have lived for thirty years in Towson, Maryland, where they have a "woodsy" half-acre lot on a hillside (cliff-dwellers!). There is no flat space for vegetables but it's not bad for white pine, dogwood, oak, azalea, rhododendron, holly, mountain laurel, pachysandra, euonymus,

wild rose, and of course daffodils. It's a "spring" yard.

Mary Gwynn is a native Marylander; Quentin is a "transplant." Born in North Dakota, he grew up in North Dakota and Minnesota, received his degree in engineering from the University of Minnesota Institute of Technology. After graduation he spent 2½ years with the Rural Electrification Administration in and out of Washington during the electrification of the farms of America prior to World War II.

For twenty-eight years Quent worked for an aerospace firm in Baltimore—first as an electro-mechanical design engineer on airplanes and missiles, then as a technical manager, and later as a corporate long range planner (aerospace systems, manpower, and financial) at corporate headquarters. After early retirement, he had a fling at Management Consulting, then "hung it up" for travel, investing, volunteer work, golf, and daffodils.

Daffodils have been a joint family project from the beginning. Mary Gwynn has grown daffodils for thirty years, been an ADS judge for seventeen years. At first, Quentin's share of daffodils was the planting and lifting of bulbs and the chauffeuring for her judging assignments; he golfed while she judged. The Tidewater Virginia group changed all that. Those friendly folks demonstrated that daffodil people are really a great bunch to be associated with.

For nearly ten years now Quent has been growing his own daffodils—miniatures only. No competition—Mary Gwynn grows standards, he grows miniatures. It presents a problem only when he enters flowers in a show where she is judging—in which case, she will not judge the miniatures. He has about 70 miniature varieties (500 bulbs) squeezed into a four-foot by twenty-foot bed. He has taken hundreds of pictures of hers and his for slide presentations for daffodil-interested groups. He has won a number of prizes and ribbons, including several Lavender and Miniature Gold Ribbons, and this year won the coveted Watrous Medal at the Baltimore show. He has also tried his hand at forcing and drying miniatures.

Quent is very active in the Maryland Daffodil Society and is a not-so-active member of the Washington Daffodil Society.

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VERY VIRULENT TRUMPET FEVER: A RESPONSE TO BRIAN DUNCAN'S COMMENTS ON 1 Y-Y's.

PETER RAMSAY, *Hamilton, New Zealand*

Brian Duncan is without doubt one of the most knowledgeable authorities on the modern daffodil. This very authoritativeness led me to peruse his recent articles in the *American Daffodil Society Journal* and the Northern Ireland Daffodil Group's *Newsletter* with considerable interest. I found myself nodding in agreement with his judgments, and making mental notes to follow up some of his suggestions. However, one phrase leapt out of the print and dealt me a hammer blow—as follows: "little progress has been made in yellow trumpets since the advent of Kingscourt." Indeed, I thought, can this be true? Little since 1938 when the great JLR registered the most momentous breakthrough since King Alfred? Dare I take issue with Brian?

After considerable study and thought, I dare! But before presenting my case let me make one point clear. In some ways Brian is right—a good Kingscourt will beat anything about, as it did at a well-attended New Plymouth Show two years ago where it was best bloom. And it will remain a standard collection flower, together with its stable-mate, Viking, for many years to come. These are two cultivars that I rogue with the utmost care, for, like many yellow trumpets, they are virus prone. My show successes with both make the care well worthwhile. But on to my case, which begins with show successes.

A study of show results over the past decade reveals that, apart from sporadic wins, Kingscourt has been eclipsed in single bloom classes. There are others, some descended from it, which beat it regularly. It seldom appears on the show premier benches. What beats it? Cultivars raised by several Australian and New Zealand growers in the main. And two stand out from the rest—Jim O'More of Newlands, Wellington, and the late Tim Jackson of Tasmania. Jim's trumpets are in the more classic mold. They are large, clear in color, healthy, and vigorous. Jim would put up with nothing less. Year after year he has produced another beauty. Rather belatedly we have begun to name a few, all of which have taken premiers, and have beaten the mighty Kingscourt. Some of the best are Gold Flush (Integrity × Goldcourt), winner of countless prizes; Abbey Gold (Cromarty × Billali); sister seedlings Golden Era (Braemar × 22/54) and Gold Tray—both imposing flowers, especially the former which is my most consistent 1Y-Y show flower. Later flowering Yellow Gift (Cromarty × Kingscourt) has premiers at the National Show to its credit, while lighter colored Golden Venture (Darnaway × Mulrany) adds variety to the collection. Gold Plate is more refined than the rest, but is a little narrow in the petals for down under tastes, but may go well in England. These are Jim's older generation—he has seedlings from many of them, better than their parents, which aren't yet available for wide distribution. When they are, I'm afraid Kingscourt will be that far further back.

Tim Jackson's yellow trumpet seedlings trace to Jobi and carry the characteristic trademark of a straight trumpet with hardly any roll. This may not appeal to all, but to my eye gives a lovely clean-cut finish to the flower. Akala is typical of the genre, and has more premiers to its credit than most others. It is very, very consistent and, if one has to be critical, is a lighter colored cultivar. Warcom (Comal × Warbin) is an imposing character, quite

five inches across but with a startling refinement. Ristin is brightly colored, a bit smaller than the rest, but a sure winner at early shows. Akkad can be coarse, but is a regular winner, too, as is Comal, alas rogued with virus here. The Jackson family also has a new generation of yellow trumpets coming on, many of which, such as Ziska and Prado, show great promise.

The parade of good down under yellow trumpets doesn't end here. While not noted for their trumpets, the Brogdens have produced two excellent cultivars. Reward (Galway x Goldina) has more premiers and best blooms to its credit than any other cultivar I have grown. It has had two lean seasons running with me, but I predict a return to the winner's circle very soon. Director flowers late and is valuable for that alone, but is a fine flower in its own right. Although they seldom flower at the same time, Director wins more often than Kingscourt when they are on the show bench together. Palmino (Ahrens) is an older cultivar and for color doesn't match Kingscourt, but is larger and more consistent. While it would not beat most of the cultivars discussed above it remains one of my "bankers." An Australian cultivar which impresses every second or third year is Golden (Ronalds). It was reserve best bloom at the North Island National Show this year, but its inconsistency places it high on the discard list. Craig (Glover) has a great reputation in its homeland, and has also won here. It is a very formal flower, smooth and neat. Caignair (Murray) is still settling in my garden but is one with a future.

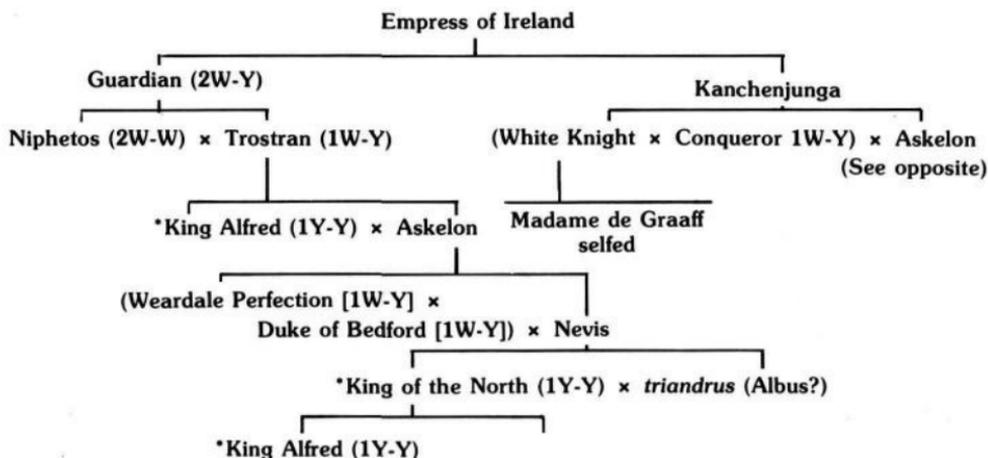
Brian doesn't mention many of the newer U.K. cultivars, some of which have never lived up to their raisers' descriptions. However, there are several very worthwhile cultivars such as Bayard (a good breeder, too), and Golden Horn which both retain firm places in my show beds. Arkle is also grown, but must be picked very early, otherwise it grows coarsely and becomes floppy. No matter when you pick it, the trumpet is always oval—I've tried everything to correct this fault, including a wad of cotton wool up the snout, to little avail. It retains a place as a collection flower in the British Raisers Gold Cup. Strathknaird (Lea) hasn't really settled in but looks an up-and-comer, and Midas Touch (Bloomer) was a 1979 purchase which I haven't allowed to flower yet. Golden Vale (Board) is perhaps the best of the newer things, and already has a best bloom to its credit. Gold Convention (Lea) has not yet been seen in this country, although we have admired the colored slides of it.

In summary, I am of the view that there have been many advances since Kingscourt. However, I doubt that it will ever be completely surpassed, although I once used to say the same about Galway. And what of the future? We may not have to wait too long. Max Hamilton is producing a string of wonderful seedlings descended in the main from O'More and Jackson cultivars, while one of my own raised from Bethany x Reward was best seedling and 1 Y-Y premier at the North Island National in 1980. Some of the newer things appear to have just about everything, if that's possible in the daffodil world! As always, the seedling beds will be the center of attention next year, and the year after, and the year after, seeking the milestone which indicates that Kingscourt can be naturalized on the banks—which in some ways will be a sad day for a cultivar which has given so much pleasure to so many.

To conclude I'd like to return to Brian's suggested breeding program for 1 Y-Y's. To say that it is adventurous is an understatement. Who else would have thought of using a poor, purported cyclamineus of somewhat scrawny, and certainly non-yellow, perianth to improve the shape and form of all yellow trumpets? Who else would have brought Empress of Ireland in to add

substance to a division which in the Southern Hemisphere is perhaps the strongest in quality and texture? On the first move I shall reserve judgment apart from saying that Joybell was discarded from my collection many years ago and at present I have no intention of getting it back! On the other hand the latter move is more than thought provoking. I have already registered an all lemon large cup which came from Easter Moon x Empress of Ireland raised by the late O. H. Marshall (Blenheimer), and my friend Max Hamilton has a number of yellows from the same cross. We really shouldn't be surprised by this phenomenon as Empress of Ireland's seed parent, Guardian, is a 2 W-Y, and, as the attached table shows, both parents track to yellow trumpets in King of the North and King Alfred. There should be enough recessive genes here to satisfy any breeder looking for a breakthrough! So this coming season I shall use Empress of Ireland with some of our "lemons" as well as the better 1 Y-Y's. But as well I shall continue my more conservative program of line breeding. We shall see what eventuates a decade hence.

Brian should be congratulated for his thought-provoking piece. I hope he follows up at regular intervals with further comment as well as more concrete examples from his already fruitful breeding program.



A SHOW IS BORN

LOYCE MCKENZIE, *Jackson, Mississippi*

The first flowering of a seedling daffodil bud could not be more eagerly awaited with anticipation and a strong measure of curiosity than the first annual Central Mississippi Daffodil Society show of 1982.

The newest, the southernmost, and one of the earliest of the 1982 season was held at Mississippi College, in Clinton, Mississippi, and attracted about fifty visitors. There were 423 daffodil blooms in 205 entries, with the additional attraction of twelve flower arrangements featuring daffodils.

The CMDS was not organized until after it had a bank account, and still has no officers; but it has twenty members and an aesthetically pleasing and very educational show on the record.

The future of a daffodil seedling is predicted partly by looking back to its heritage. One factor for CMDS is the influence of the Daffodil Study Club of Hernando, which has been encouraging such a show for many years, and whose members helped with entries and by serving as judges for the first show.

No show would have resulted, however, without the added influence and background of the Middle Tennessee Daffodil Society, in the person of Ted Snazelle, who moved to Clinton in the fall of 1980 and began planting the southernmost test garden and planning for the first mid-Mississippi show.

Of the 110 classes, only twenty cards had to be removed because of lack of entries. Visitors oh'd and ah'd over the top winners, Golden Aura and Dove Wings, and called to others across the room to see Accent, with unbelievably good color. A small selection of miniature entries also created much interest.

Four special awards were created, appropriate to the CMDS. The Natchez Trace Award is for twelve daffodils from Divisions 1, 2, and 3; the Choctaw Award is for Divisions 5 and 6. Other deep-South oriented awards are for seven cultivars of tazettas, three stems each, and seven jonquil cultivars, three stems each. At this first show, only the jonquil award was given, to Loyce and Herman McKenzie for a collection which included such venerable 7's as Hesla, Sweetness, and Kasota, and several George Morrill seedling jonquils.

A spring meeting and slide show, possibly from the Nashville convention, and a fall bulb sale are planned for CMDS, and before too long, it will be the second weekend in March, and time for the second flowering of this new show.



TED SNAZELLE

Left, Golden Aura; right, Tete-a-Tete; both Gold Ribbon winners in the CMDS show.

CHARLES A. GRUBER

Charles A. Gruber, of Norristown, Pennsylvania, died suddenly while attending the Philadelphia Flower Show. He was 78.

A garden enthusiast, he was a former president of the Philadelphia Area Daffodil Society. Each spring, he and Mrs. Gruber opened their home to the public to view their extensive daffodil gardens. Those who attended the 1976 convention in Philadelphia took with them cuttings of Aucuba which Mr. Gruber had propagated.

He was active in many civic and horticultural societies, including the Montgomery County Association for the Blind, and the American and Pennsylvania Horticultural Societies.

To his wife and family, we send our sincere sympathy.

(Ed. Note: The Philadelphia Area Daffodil Society plans a memorial planting of daffodils at the Morris Arboretum. Contributions may be sent to Mrs. Francis Harrigan, 441 Maplewood Dr., Springfield, PA 19064)

AMERICAN DAFFODIL SOCIETY, INC. INCOME AND EXPENSES — YEAR ENDED DECEMBER 31, 1981

INCOME:			
Dues Paid in 1981			\$10,996.82
Life Memberships Paid in 1981			3,100.00
Contributions			199.00
Sale of Books, Supplies, etc.:	Income	Expenses	
R.H.S. Yearbooks	\$ 830.25	\$1,170.90	
A.H.S. Handbooks	205.95		
Daffodils to Show and Grow	2,464.75	2,103.28	
Handbook for Judging	385.40	1,480.00	
Binders for Journals	342.00		
Old RHS and Out of Print Books	427.92	275.52	
A.D.S. Publications	278.42	24.92	
A.D.S. Membership Pins	180.00	221.84	
Data Bank Printouts and Binders	325.00	240.00	
Show Entry Cards	355.00	475.28	
Color Charts	157.50		
Daffodils in Ireland	90.00		
Medals and Trophies	95.80		
Registration Fees	75.00	55.00	
Misc. — Barr	15.00		
	\$6,227.99	\$6,046.74	
Advertising in Journal			181.25
Judges' Certificate Fees			405.00
Slide Rentals			18.00
Interest Received or Credited			163.22
Schools and Refresher Course Surplus			4,756.52
			158.14
TOTAL INCOME			\$19,977.95
EXPENSES:			
Daffodil Journal — Printing and Mailing			\$ 9,858.80
Judges' Roster			343.30
Office Expense:			
Printing and Supplies	\$ 653.91		
Postage	1,257.01		
Executive Director and Clerical	3,900.00		
Social Security Tax	149.93		
Telephone	44.11		
			6,004.96
Regional Vice-Presidents (Newsletters)			730.00
Secretary			116.75
Committees			222.84
Research and Education			651.00
Insurance and Security Bond			203.00
Convention Deficit			281.35
TOTAL EXPENSES			\$18,412.00

AMERICAN DAFFODIL SOCIETY, INC.
BALANCE SHEET — DECEMBER 31, 1981

ASSETS:		
Cash in Bank — Bank of North Carolina		\$ 3,752.74
Savings Certificate, 7½%, expires 5-1-82, New Canaan Sav. Bk.		2,628.54
Monymart Assets, Bache, from 12.80% to 17.30% — varies each month		14,348.18
Federal Farm Credit Bond, 15.45%, expires 8-2-82		15,149.85
Ford Motor Credit Corp. 8½% Bonds due 3-15-91		10,000.00
Accrued Interest not due		247.90
Inventory of Publications:		
R. H.S. Yearbooks, 75 to 81/82 (181)	\$ 633.50	
Old R. H.S. Yearbooks and Out of Print Books (99)	278.40	
A. H.S. Daffodil Handbooks (1131)	100.00	
Handbook for Judging (1450)	1,450.00	
Daffodils to Show and Grow (934)	1,307.60	
Binders for Journals (56)	296.80	
Show Entry Cards, min. (5000)	81.65	
Show Entry Cards (20100)	313.76	
Daffodil Data Bank Printouts (4)	40.00	
Daffodil Data Bank Binders (56)	161.28	
Brief Guide to Growing Daffodils (1525)	350.75	
Daffodils in Ireland (33)	33.55	
ADS Membership Pins (75)	334.30	
Peter Barr (49)	39.20	5,420.79
Inventory of Medals and Trophies:		
Medal Dies	15.00	
Gold and Silver Medals	224.64	
Larry M. Mains Silver Trays, min. replicas (6)	270.00	509.64
TOTAL ASSETS		\$52,057.64
LIABILITIES:		
Dues Paid in Advance (in whole or in part)		\$ 8,399.22
Life Memberships		14,400.00
Education and Research Fund:		
Larus Memorial	\$10,000.00	
Convention Surpluses	5,642.94	
Agnes Zerr Memorial	45.00	
Other Contributions	85.28	
Less Speaker Expense	- 651.00	
1981 Interest on Fund	1,957.94	17,080.16
Net Worth		12,178.26
TOTAL LIABILITIES		\$52,057.64
	WELLS KNIERIM, TREASURER	

AUDIT STATEMENT

The above income statement and balance sheet for the year 1981 were prepared using the cash receipts and disbursements records maintained by the Executive Director. The balances were verified with the bank statement and account statements of the financial institutions indicated. The inventory of publications is shown at cost except that no value is included for surplus ADS publications. In addition to the assets shown, the Society has a substantial library of books on daffodil culture, many of which are rare and valuable, and several colored slide collections. It also has a number of memorial silver trophies awarded at convention shows. The slides, books and trophies were mostly contributed and no value is included.

Dues received in the current year, covering periods beyond the end of the year, were prorated and amounts covering such future periods are shown as a liability as are life memberships.

Receipts for dues and other income were verified with deposit slips and disbursements were checked with suppliers' invoices and cancelled checks signed by the Treasurer and the Executive Director.

Based on this review, it is my opinion that this report presents an accurate statement of the financial condition of the Society and that the records are being maintained in a sound and orderly manner.

JANE A. MOORE, AUDITOR

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CHRYSANTHEMUM. Also free **BEGINNER'S HANDBOOK**.

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 2612 Beverly Blvd., SW
 ROANOKE, VA 24015

MINIATURES FOR BREAKFAST

PEGGY MACNEALE, *Chairman, Committee on Miniatures*

The Committee on Miniatures held a breakfast meeting at the Nashville convention, and several of the matters that were discussed should be reported at this time.

First, we brought up the subject of changes in the Approved List. Now that this year's shows are over, it is time to think about the new miniatures seen, and to send in votes for any small ones that have been successfully grown and are worthy to be added to the Approved List. Each candidate needs three votes, *in writing*, with statistics as to size, originator, etc. Any photos are very helpful.

This is also the time for reviewing the Approved List, and to think of those miniatures that are flawed by being really too large to remain on the list. In deciding to de-list a flower, the committee is following the same kind of discussion pro and con undertaken by the original committee back in 1963. The history of the workings of that committee shows that a number of names were included in the original Approved List which did *not* have the unanimous acceptance of the whole committee. It was felt, however, that the list was not sacred: in due time the large flowers would be dropped, or de-listed. As a matter of fact, comparatively few have been dropped in the past eighteen years, whereas a goodly number of new names have been voted and added.

At this time, therefore, the present committee puts forth three names for your consideration to de-list: Cobweb, Frosty Morn, and Lintie. These three flowers are all about the same size as some of the standard flowers in their divisions, as grown by the majority of the committee members. It is very hard to make a final decision of this kind about flowers which have been on the list for such a long time. If any ADS member feels that we should reconsider any one of these names, please let me hear from you by July 15 at the latest. I will need to inform Dr. Throckmorton so the Data Bank can make the correction, and I will need to meet the deadline for the December *Journal*, when any change will become official.

Another entirely different matter was also on the agenda at our breakfast meeting in April. This was the suggestion, urged by several committee members, that *all judges* make an effort to become better acquainted with miniatures by growing some. There should be no problem in obtaining at least ten of the less expensive ones. The Daffodil Mart offers forty-three cultivars and species from the Approved List. The Havens-Mitsch catalogue has a baker's dozen this year, with others withdrawn for increase. Mary Mattison VanSchaik, Charles Mueller, and Nancy (Mrs. James) Wilson, ADS members in Vermont, Pennsylvania, and California respectively, are in the business of selling daffodils, and list miniatures. Burpee, Park, and deJager catalogues can all be perused for a few, and last, but not least, it is rumored that Broadleigh Gardens may soon be sending bulbs to this country again.

As for the miniatures which we can recommend for the beginner in this delightful, challenging game, the following are the easiest to grow as well as quite easy to obtain: April Tears, Bagatelle, Bebop, Bobbysoxer, Chit Chat, Hawera, *jonquilla*, Jumblic, Little Beauty, Little Gem, Minnow, Mite, Sundial, Tete-a-Tete, and Wee Bee. Prices of these range from less than a dollar each to about \$5.00 per bulb of Mite.

You will notice that *N. jonquilla* is the only species included. Most species are quite difficult to keep, though they are worth trying over and over again as you aim to find the right spot in your yard where they may settle down and multiply by seeding. You will never forget the thrill of seeing tiny *rupicola* unfold. The nodding white bells of *triandrus albus* are equally charming. *Scaberulus* and *cyclamineus*, once in your rockery, will inspire you to keep on investing in a few each year. Indeed, judges owe it to themselves, as well as to the shows they judge, to grow and know some miniatures.

HERE AND THERE

Bill Brannon of Sumas, Washington, recently sent copies of early writings by Salisbury, Haworth, and Pugsley, as well as the following piece from *The Names of Herbes*, by William Turner, A.D. 1548, edited by James Britten of the British Museum and published in London in 1881.

Narcissus.

Narcissus is of diuerse sortes. There is one wyth a purple floure, whiche I neuer sawe, & an other wyth a white floure, which groweth pletuously in my Lordes gardine in Syon, and it is called of diuerse, whyte Laus tibi, it maye be called also whyte daffadyl. Plenie (Plinie) maketh mention of a kynde called *Narcissus herbaceus*, whiche is after my iudgement our yealowe daffodyl.

These photocopies will eventually be placed in the ADS Library.

The Somerset County Garden Club which holds a show each year in Princess Anne, Maryland, received a Certificate of Merit from the Federated Garden Clubs of Maryland as well as a National Council Certificate of Merit for a Plant Society Show for their sixteenth annual daffodil show, entitled "A Symphony of Daffodils." Below, Mrs. Lloyd Lohmeyer, chairman, receives the award from Mrs. Howard Weeks, Awards Chairman for the Federated Garden Clubs of Maryland, Inc.



BULLETIN BOARD

WHERE CAN I GET . . . ?

CULTIVAR:	DESIRED BY:
Grand Prospect 2 Y-W	Mrs. Maurice C. Abercrombie, Hutcheson Ferry Road, Route 1, Box 331, Palmetto, GA 30268
Picoblanco 3 W-W	Mrs. Charles G. Rice, Box 264, So. Hamilton, MA 01982
Yellow Butterfly 8 Y-O	Bill Welch, Garzas Road, Carmel Valley, CA 93924
John Evelyn 2 W-Y	Evelyn Byerly, 8503 Spring Hollow Dr., Richmond, VA 23227
Boforla 7 W-YWW	Mrs. Orville Nichols, 11119 College Road, Olive Branch, MS 38654
Dresden 3 W-YYR	George Wood, Rt. 2, Box 115, Northport, AL 35476
Daintiness	
St. Issey 2 Y-Y	
Seeds of miniatures, especially species	Michael Temple-Smith, 12 Riawena Rd., Montagu Bay, Tasmania 7018

FIND IT HERE . . .

Grand Prospect 2 Y-W	Roese & Roese Daffodils, P.O. Box 2114, Orcutt, CA 93455 Mrs. J. Abel Smith, Orchard House, Letty Green, near Hertford, England Ballydorn Bulb Farm, Newtownards, Killinchy, Northern Ireland
Dylox	Wholesale Veterinary Supply, Inc., P.O. Box 2256, Rockford, IL 61131; 1-800-435-6940. In 1981 they were selling 5 pounds of 80% soluble powder for \$20.

Wanted: To correspond with anyone who has been highly successful, or even moderately so, with double-decker gardening, i.e., growing vegetables on top of daffodil beds after the season is over. Especially interested in which vegetables, and maybe which cultivars, varieties, of vegetable can be compatible with underground daffodil bulbs, and how the resultant need of vegetables for fertilizers and water can be handled, and also how the use of chemicals for daffodils is accommodated. Mrs. Herman L. McKenize, 1018 Birchwood Drive, Jackson, Miss. 39206

Wanted: Will the lady who talked about Paper White bulbs (from Sicily?) in the boutique at the Nashville convention please write to Mrs. Fred Allen, Jr., 899 Van Leer Drive, Nashville, TN 37220.

COOK'S CORNER

Many favorable comments and rave notices were received about the box lunches served on the convention tour. Mrs. Hall, of Hall's Gourmet Delights, has graciously provided the recipes which follow.

BLUEBERRY NUT BREAD

1¼ C. white flour	½ C. orange juice, 2 tbsp. butter, and enough
½ C. whole wheat flour	boiling water to make ¾ C. liquid
⅔ C. sugar	1 beaten egg
1½ tsp. baking powder	1 C. blueberries
½ tsp. baking soda	1 C. chopped nuts
½ tsp. salt	
1 tsp. dried orange peel	

Toss nuts and blueberries in ¼ C. whole wheat flour. Fold into batter. Bake in loaf pan at 350° about 1 hour. Makes 1 loaf. Be sure center tests done.

MRS. HALL'S VEGETABLE SALAD

Use equal amounts of cauliflower, broccoli, mushrooms. Flavor with onion to taste. Marinate overnight in a good Italian dressing. Add toasted almonds. (Mrs. Hall says she used the Good Seasons Italian dressing.)

SMOKED MARINATED CHICKEN

3 lbs. boneless chicken breast, skinned	¼ tsp. ground ginger
juice of 1½ lemons (or ¼ C. lemon juice)	2 tsp. worcestershire sauce
3 tbsp. salad oil	1 bay leaf
1 medium onion, grated	1 clove of garlic, crushed
1 tsp. salt	½ tsp. dijon mustard
several grinds of black pepper	

Marinate over night. Smoke on a smoker about 2 to 3 hours. (Mrs. Hall says she usually goes a little heavy on the spices. It is her understanding that some grills—the kettle type—may possibly be used as smokers. On the Webber grill, it would take about 1½ hours—do put a pan of water in the center of the grill with charcoal on the sides.)

CHESS CHEESE SQUARES

1 stick of butter, melted
2 eggs
1 box of Duncan Hines yellow pudding cake mix
Mix above ingredients, spread in ungreased 9 × 13 pan.
Mix together:

8 oz. cream cheese, 2 eggs, 1 box confectioners sugar
Beat well and spread over first layer. Bake at 325° about 1 hour—until set and golden brown. Don't overbake.

COMING EVENTS

September 25, 1982
April 7-9, 1983

ADS Fall Board Meeting, Minneapolis, Minnesota
ADS Convention, Williamsburg, Virginia

NASHVILLE — 1982

ROBIN READE, *Ballymena, Northern Ireland*
(*The address at the final banquet at the Nashville convention*)

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Thank you, Chuck, for those very kind words of introduction; they are too flattering. I am most honored to be invited to address this 1982 American Daffodil Society Convention, but must warn you that I am not a practiced after-dinner speaker, so that I hope you will forgive any inadequacies.

I am here because in 1979 I promised Louise Hardison that I would come, and I could not break my promise to her.

The last time I spoke in public was at lunch to a Rotary Club, when I was trying to persuade them, as employers, to allow their employees time off to join the Territorial Army, and to give them an extra two weeks holiday each year to go to camp. Before I started to speak I asked the Chairman how long he expected me to speak—his reply was, "Robin, you are starting at ten minutes to two, and can talk for as long as you like, but we are all leaving at two o'clock sharp." I will know when to stop when I see you all leaving.

My subject is "Living with Daffodils." From my earliest memories my family always had good daffodils, buying them mostly from Guy Wilson or Willy Dunlop, both of whom lived only a few miles away.

Guy Wilson came to lunch one day in late May to see my parents' garden, and walked around the garden after lunch. Now my grandmother was a very tidy woman and had spent all morning tying the daffodil leaves that were dying down into very tidy knots, so that they did not flop all over the beds. Guy Wilson said, "My goodness, the poor things," and proceeded there and then to undo in a few minutes all my grandmother's work.

Another lovely story about Guy. His minister was a very tall austere man who would not even allow a raffle in 'aid' of a church sale, and he was as thin as a rake. His wife was the opposite—narrow at the top and very broad at the base with very broad skirts. On one occasion, Guy was in the daffodils when he saw this lady approaching, skirts flying wide like a kilt. As he broke into a fast run he was heard to say, "For God's sake, keep the broad based lady out of my daffodils!"

There is a service expression in both our countries—a good Army or Navy wife—but there is another one in this business called a good Daffodil Husband, and I am going to give you a ten point charter of a Daffodil Husband.

1. You come in tired after a day's work, looking forward to watching your favorite T.V. program, and the Technical Director says, "Unless we get on with that catalogue, it will never get to the printers' on time." So you get the scissors and the glue, and a few pages are made up—and so it goes on for evening after evening.

2. It is a freezing cold night, and all you want to do is to sit in front of the fire in the house, but the Technical Director says, "A fox is digging out the pots in the field and wrecking the bulbs." So you get out your gun, hoping the local hunt will not hear of it, and sit in the hedge for two or three hours in the dark until you are "foundered." No fox comes near the pots so that you finally give up and go in to try to thaw out in the house. Later the fox arrives and has fun.

3. You have an odd Saturday morning off so the Technical Director says, "It is about time those beds were sprayed with alicep to keep down the weeds." So for three and a half hours you walk up and down those daffodil

beds pumping the knapsack sprayer handle, so that your arm is so sore that you cannot pour a drink at lunch time.

4. In this country you stage your blooms in a most civilized way—in test tubes or Coke bottles—but in the U.K. we use masses of moss and large vases so that large quantities of moss are required for a large stand which we put up at the RHS in London. On one of the colder days of the year you drive up to a bog on the hill where moss is readily available, taking a large fork with you. The sun which has been shining in a cold sky disappears, a hail shower comes up from nowhere. You finally stagger across the bog to the car with two large sacks of moss. On the way the water has trickled down your back, somehow got through your waterproof jacket, down into your trousers, thence into your waders and frozen your feet. Your hands are frozen—she lent you waterproof rubber gloves but they leaked—and you take about half an hour on return home to thaw out.

5. You depart for the RHS Show in London, and after various problems, arrive there, and start staging. The Technical Director departs at frequent intervals with a prize bloom in her hand to talk to other Technical Directors whilst you and the other slaves get on with the work of staging which takes two solid days.

Years ago my mother used to breed dogs—Corgis and Australian Terriers—and my father and I, when I was home at a weekend, used to go round to the various dog shows to help her. At one of these they had a comic class to judge which owner was most like his dog. One lady who had a long nose and very curly hair was showing a Bedlington Terrier and was unanimously judged the winner. If you are ever bored at a daffodil show, try the same amusement—a lovely lady carrying a poeticus, a boozy chap carrying a 2 Y-O. It is fun!

Back to the charter!

6. After a solid days staging in London, you stagger home to the flat longing for a drink and a hot bath. The drink is all right because you have organized that yourself, but oh, no, you cannot have a bath because hopefully the best bloom in show tomorrow is sitting in a vase in the bath with hot taps running trying to force it out by the morning through steam power.

7. No bath, but you have to walk carefully round every table in the flat because daffodils are lying on the table face down; hopefully they will have lifted their heads to the light by the morning and can be shown.

8. The pheasants or crows have taken the labels out of the daffodil beds, purely out of malice, and again on one of the colder days of the year you have to stand in the field counting and labelling. It is awful how long those beds are.

9. After London various local shows take place. You are a well-trained Daffodil Husband who carries the tray out of the dining room after meals to wash up in the pantry—but can you find a table on which to put the tray down? Every table has vases of flowers on it, being forced out, held back, or just there!

10. You go to a show in a marquee at Harrogate—a force 10 gale comes up, and the marquee is in danger of being blown down; all are evacuated because the center post—about thirty feet high and twelve inch diameter—is flailing to and fro and threatening to knock anyone off their feet, but you are expected to go in and rescue your exhibit off your stand.

Gentlemen, why do we do it? The reward is coming to the convention and meeting old friends again.

When we have been driving across the U.S.A., and particularly around here, I have seen various boards advertising something which seems to end in large letters I.R.A.—no, it is not our Irish one, but a far better one—Inland Revenue Avoidance, a subject and practice very dear to my heart.

Please forgive me for a few words about Northern Ireland. Don't believe what the T.V. shows you; those of you who have visited us have, we hope, found a peaceful, beautiful country in which you will always receive a warm welcome. The I.R.A. are not political, only a bunch of gangsters; so do not be put off coming over to Northern Ireland.

WORRY

There are only two things to worry about.
Either you are well or you are sick.
If you are well, there is nothing to worry about,
But if you are sick there are two things to worry about.
Either you will get well or you will die.
If you get well there is nothing to worry about.
If you die there are only two things to worry about.
Either you go to Heaven, or Hell.
If you go to Heaven there is nothing to worry about,
But—if you go to Hell,
You will be so busy greeting friends and shaking hands
That you will have no time to worry.

(with apologies, as it obviously came from U.S.A.)

Ladies and gentlemen, I have loved this convention. Thank you so much for making us so welcome.

PEONIES, Queen of Flowers

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LONDON DIARY—1982

MARY LOU GRIPSHOVER, *Franklin, Tennessee*

Photos by the Author

Having read and heard accounts of trips to London and Northern Ireland during daffodil season, I have long wanted to take a similar trip, and with our convention over by April 4, and the RHS show scheduled for April 14-15, this seemed a perfect time to go. So on a warm April morning, I left Nashville laden with two suitcases, a camera bag, and a small box of carefully packed flowers.

Arriving in London the next morning, I deposited my luggage—and the small box of now-dead flowers which were put in water in hopes of revival—at the hotel and went directly to the New Hall of the RHS at Vincent Square. I assured the taxi driver that, although the hall was seemingly deserted, this was indeed my destination. Inside there was a bustle of activity, as staging for the Daffodil Show—scheduled to open the next day—was well in progress. My arrival was timed perfectly for the morning tea break. I had offered to help Brian Duncan stage the Rathowen exhibit, and had no trouble locating his stand which was staged “under the clock” at the end of the hall. The Rathowen group, which changes from year to year, had begun staging the day before, and were busily staging more vases to fill the 35-foot stand. Brian’s partner, Clarke Campbell, was there, along with Sandy McCabe, William Dukelow, and newcomer John Ennis, all from Northern Ireland. Clarke’s son, John, and daughter-in-law, Marylise, as well as Brian’s sister, Elizabeth, and her two children came from parts of England to help as well. I was taken in as part of the group, and I busied myself topping off vases, getting water, and taking pictures of all the activities. By late afternoon work began on the competitive entries, and by the time the hall closed at 10:00 p.m. most entries were completed. Next morning Brian would make the final selection for his Engleheart entry and go round the classes to groom his flowers.



Brian Duncan, William Dukelow (back to camera), and Clarke Campbell set up the Rathowen exhibit.



Kate and Robin Reade setting up the Carncairn exhibit.

Nearby, Kate and Robin Reade were busy at work on the Carncairn exhibit. The 30-foot stand is a family affair, with son David and daughter Patsy and her family helping out. This was the Reade's twenty-fifth year of exhibiting in London, so their stand featured vases of yellow-petalled cultivars forming the Roman numerals X X V in the center of the stand.

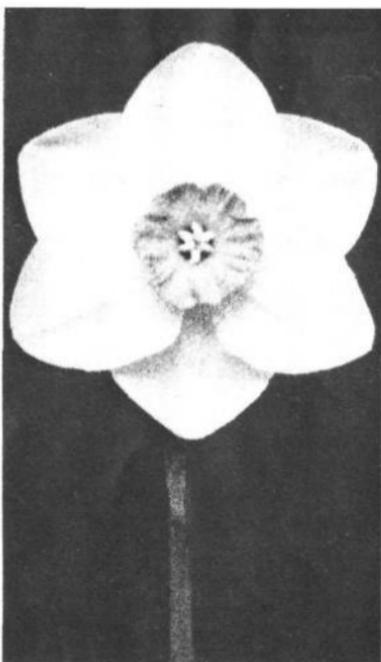
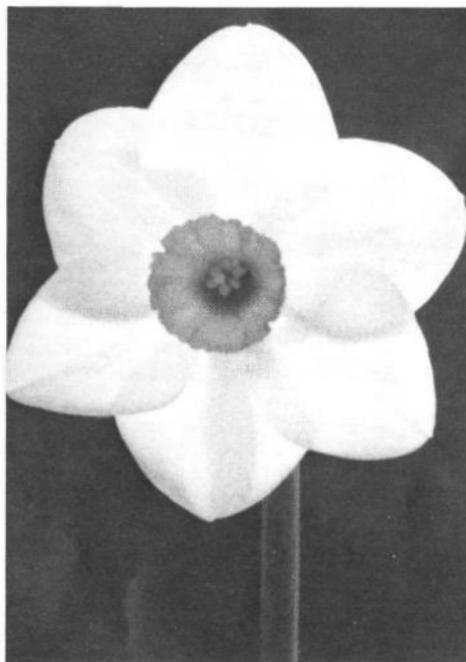
John and Betty Lea were busy setting up their trade stand, which, due to the vagaries of the weather, was reduced in size this year; and Barbara Abel Smith was readying her stand in a front corner of the hall.

Next morning a short walk took us from the hotel to the hall where entries were being completed, and final touches were being put on all trade stands. Three of my flowers had revived—sort of—and since they had already come over 4000 miles, I decided to enter them. At 10:00 a.m. the hall was cleared and judging began; and fellow Americans Becky Talbot, Luisa Conrad, and I, along with New Zealander Peter Ramsay, were invited to participate in judging with the distinguished RHS judges. There are many panels, and judging was completed quickly. A quick check on my three flowers showed that, to my delight, the poet seedling had won a third prize.

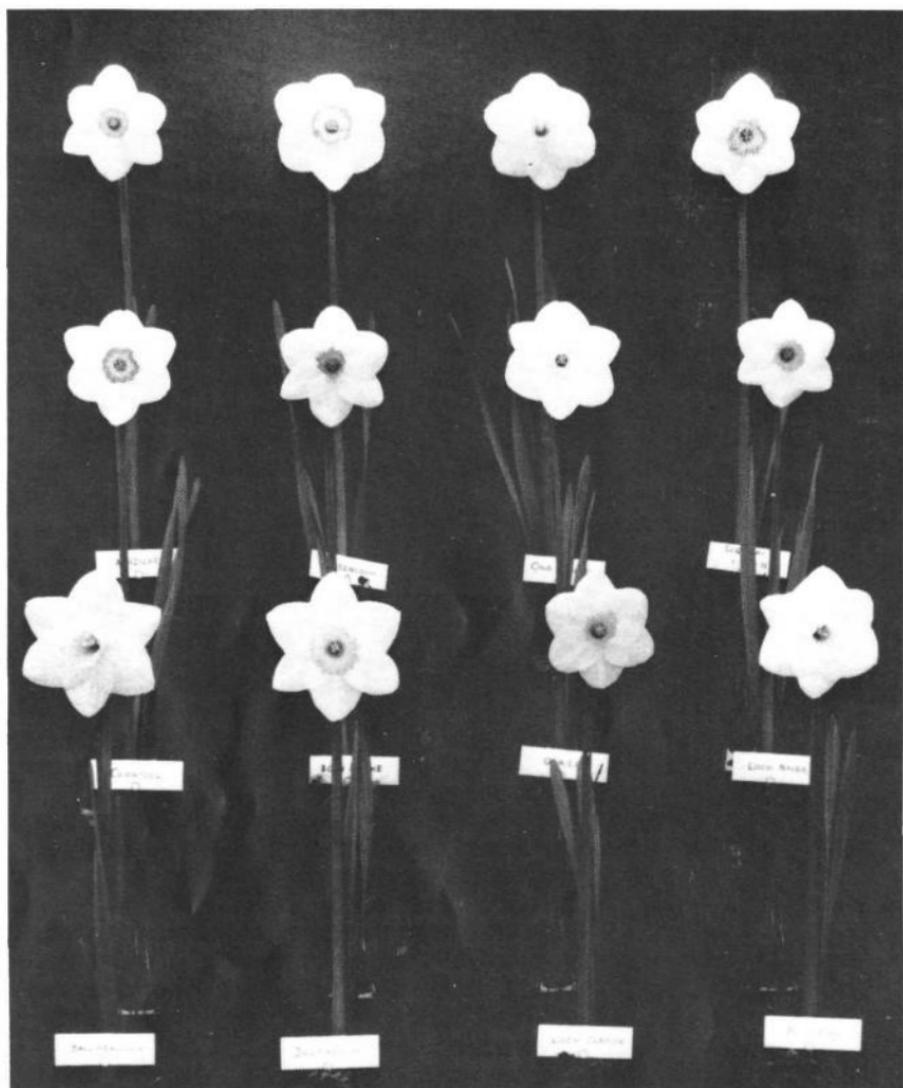
The Engleheart Cup class—twelve cultivars raised by the exhibitor—is one of the most important in the show, and this year there were six entries. Here the hybridizers show their newest and best cultivars. John Lea continued his string of successes, with Brian Duncan making his best showing yet in second place. John Lea's striking group included Achduart, named best bloom in show; Badenloch; Gold Convention, reserve best bloom; 1-25-76; Cairntoul; Loch Lundie; Oykel; Loch Naver; Ballindalloch; Dailmanach; Loch Carron; and Pitchroy.



Judges John Lea, Becky Talbot, Luisa Conrad, and Peter Ramsay



Left, Achduart, 3 Y-R; right, Lighthouse, 3 W-R



John Lea's Engleheart Cup Winner

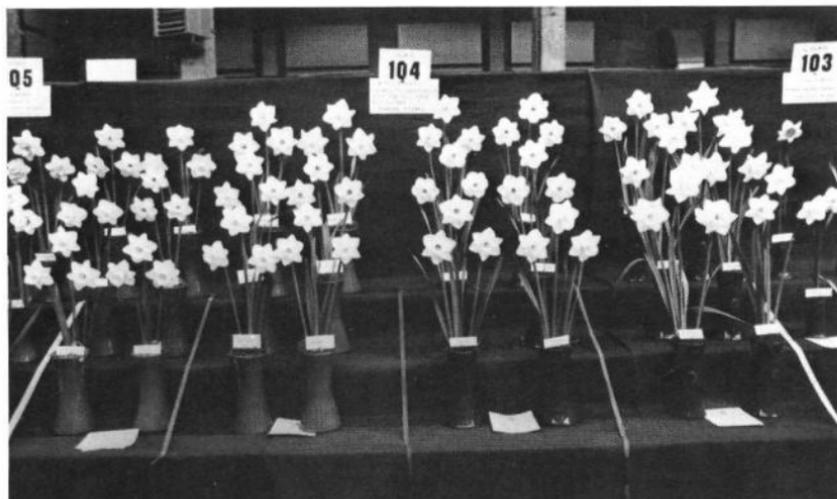
Top row: Achduart, Badenloch, Gold Convention, 1-25-76

Middle row: Cairntoul, Loch Lundie, Oykel, Loch Naver

Bottom row: Ballindalloch, Dailmanach, Loch Carron, Pitchroy

Brian's second place entry had good blooms of Lighthouse, Greenholm, Rivendell, Shandon, Pismo Beach, Sportsman, and Valinor; while John Blanchard in third place had particularly nice blooms of Hambledon, Melbury, Cranborne, and Ashmore.

I had hoped to see a lot of John Blanchard's miniatures, but unfortunately not many were exhibited. He did show three stems of 61/44A, Mahmoud x *dubius*, with two blooms on a stem. In twenty years time, these three stems represented the whole stock! I also noted Beryl's Little Sister and Shrimp in the miniature section.



Three each of six white daffodils; Mr. Lea's winning entry on right.

A new class this year was that for three each of six white cultivars representing any or all of Divisions 1-3, for which the Guy L. Wilson Memorial Vase was first prize. This went to John Lea who had very good flowers including Croila, Pitchroy, and Misty Glen.

Other flowers I noted were Smokey Bear 4 Y-O, Roseate Tern 2 W-P, Irish Linen 3 W-GWW, and Creme de Menthe 2 W-GWW.

"Best Bloom" in Divisions 1, 2, 3, and 4 are selected, and these awards went to Wilson Stewart for Newcastle 1 W-Y and Unique 4 W-Y, and to Rathowen Daffodils for Gettysburg 2 Y-GYR and Lighthouse 3 W-R.

The trade stands are judged by members of the Narcissus and Tulip Committee. The whole committee then votes on the awards given.

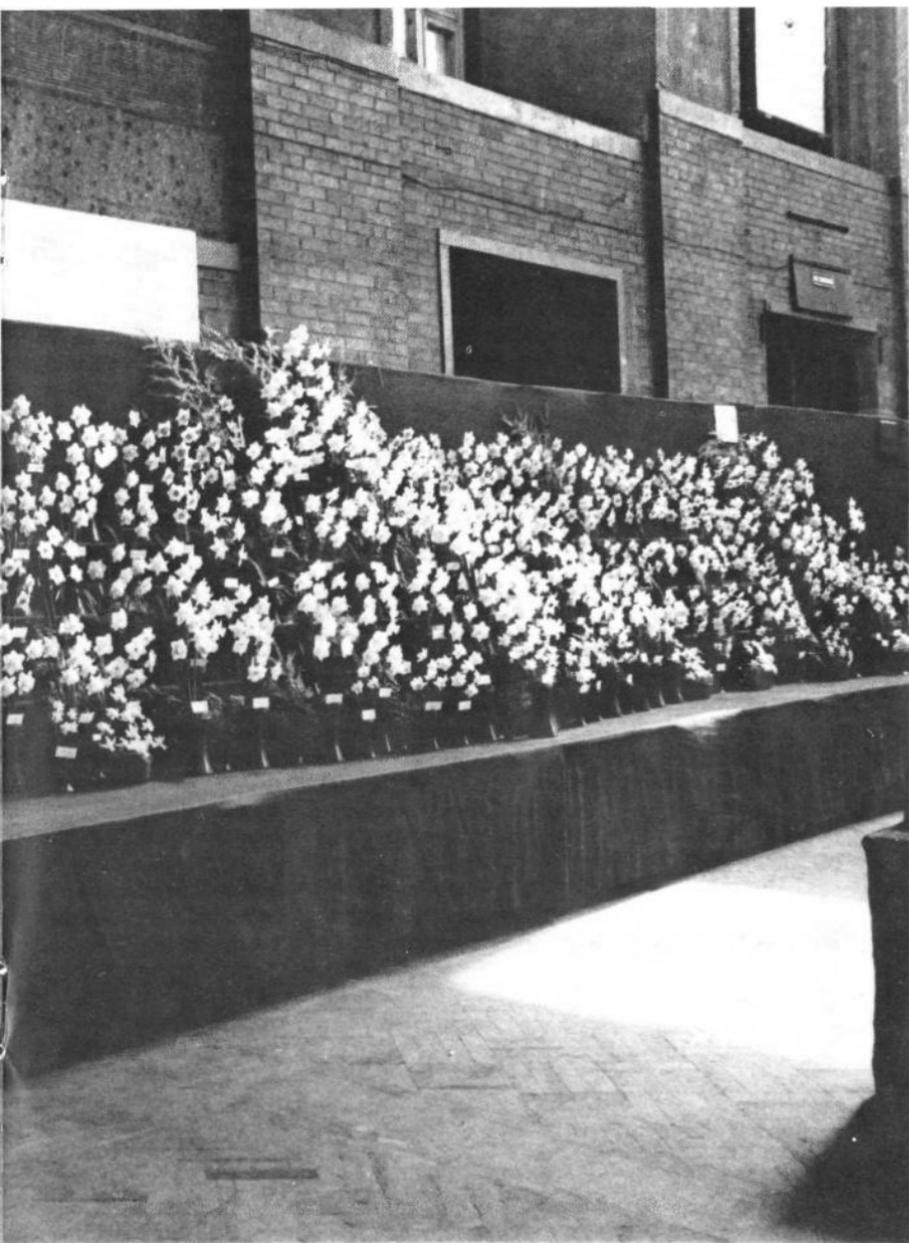
Rathowen Daffodils were awarded a well-deserved Gold Medal—their ninth consecutive Gold Medal—for their exhibit which by all accounts was their best exhibit yet. The 35-foot stand was meticulously staged, with most vases containing seven flowers with each vase exactly like the others in terms of flower placement, height, etc. The stand included the now traditional white triangle in the center which was made up of vases of White Star, Silent Valley, White Majesty, the yet to be introduced Greenholm and Majestic Star, and others. Also noted were Rivendell, Doctor Hugh, Pismo Beach, Valinor, and Lancelot, and a single bloom of 2W-GYP High Society. The front row included the well known Lilac Charm as well as newer pink 6s Nymphette, Snoopie, Reggae, D419, and Tiger Moth.

Carncairn Daffodils received a Flora Silver Gilt Medal for their exhibit, which included good vases of Glencraig, Gin and Lime, Gay Song, Sorcerer, an all white seedling W5/6xxx, and a white/red seedling 5/22/64. Here too was Fire Raiser, their brilliant orange-petalled flower.

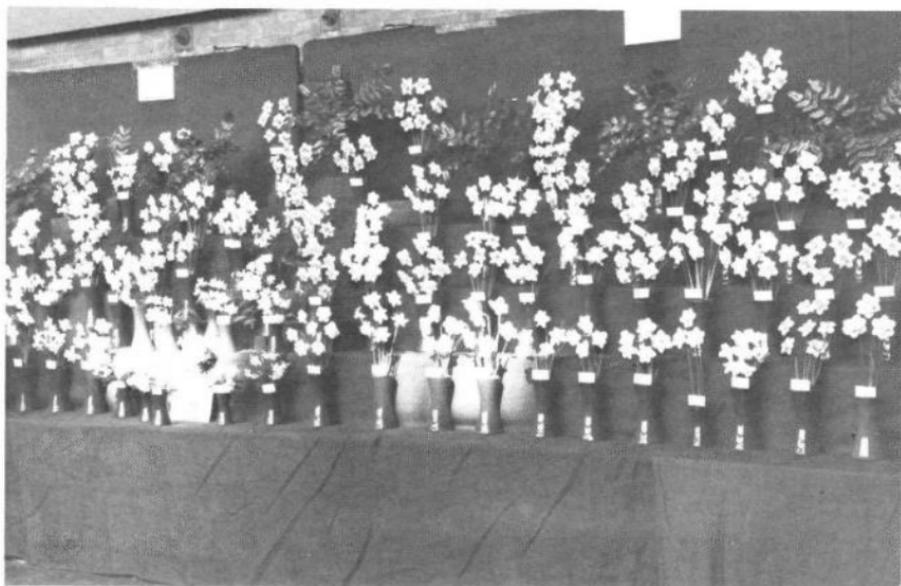
John Lea also received a Flora Silver Gilt Medal. Here were the brilliant red cups for which John Lea is justly famous—Loch Lundie, Loch More, Cairntoul, Cul Beag, Creag Dubh, and Achduart. A vase of Gold Convention centered the exhibit.



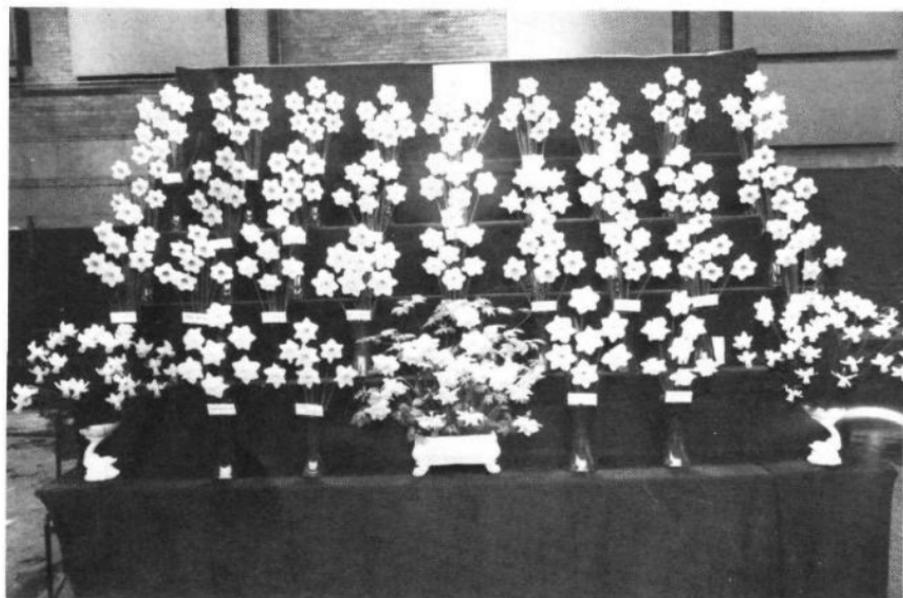
Rathowen's Gold Medal Exhibit



R.H.S., London, 1982



Part of the Carncairn exhibit



John Lea's exhibit

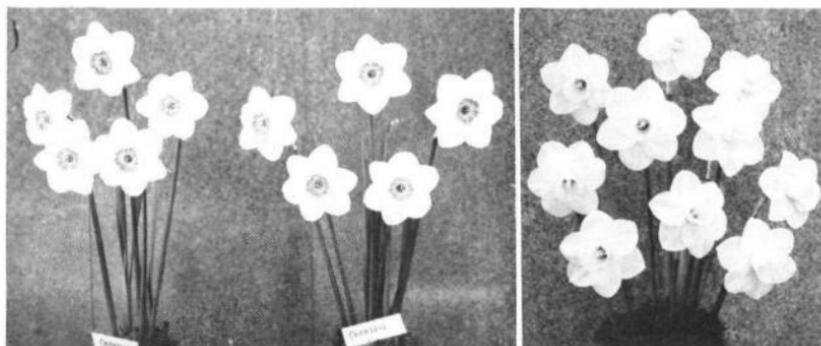


Barbara Abel Smith's exhibit

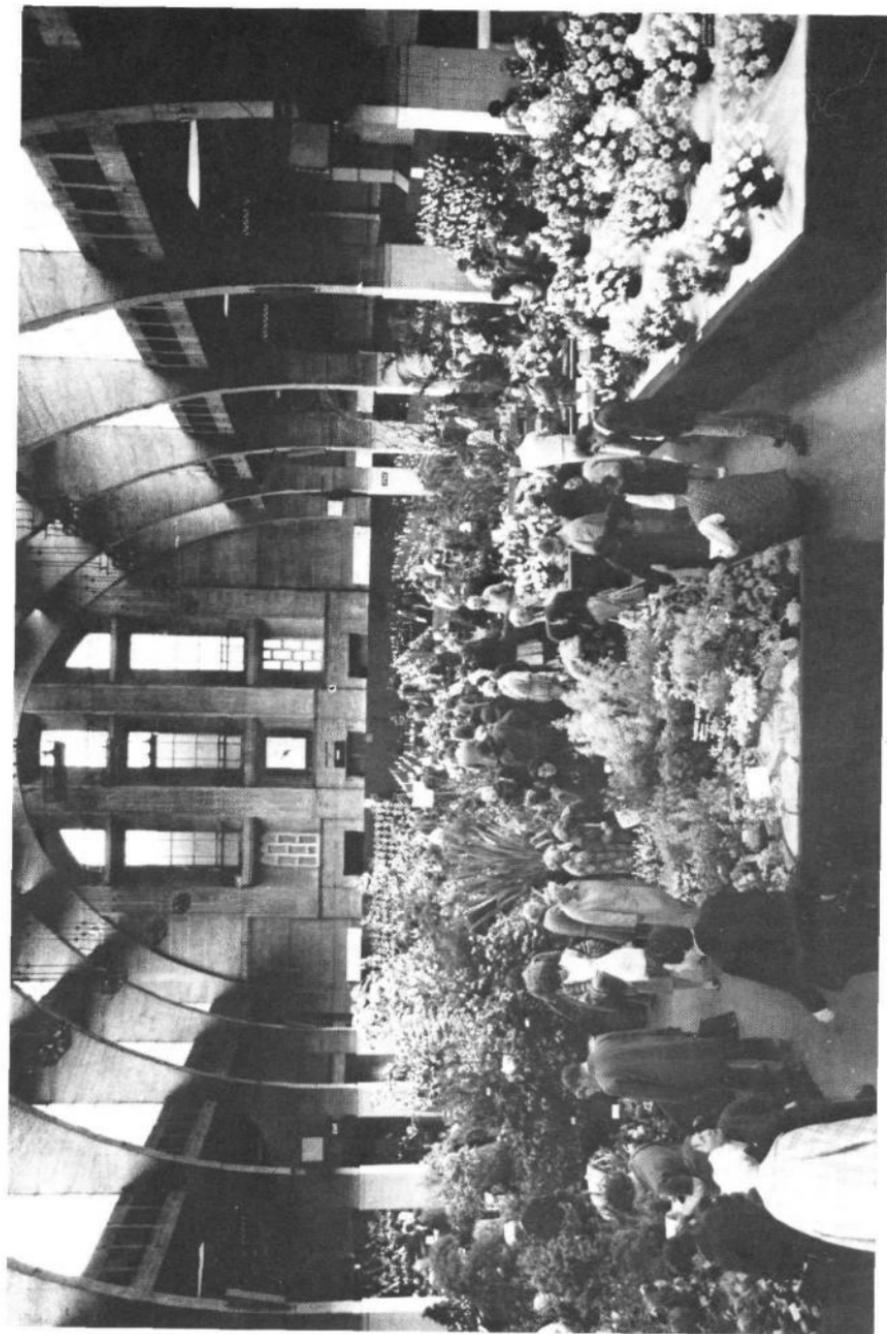
Barbara Abel Smith was awarded a Banksian Silver Gilt Medal. Particularly noteworthy were the vases of Park Springs; Westhorpe, a brilliant yellow/red; J2/11, a W-PPW; Desdemona; and Norwood.

I had heard about the trade stands in London, and seen pictures, but was still unprepared for the magnificent displays. You really *do* have to see them to appreciate them, and when you realize that most of the flowers are pot-grown, you begin to realize the great amount of work involved, and marvel all the more.

The Narcissus and Tulip Committee also makes recommendations for awards to particular flowers. On this occasion both Cairntoul, submitted by John Lea, and Hambleton, submitted by John Blanchard, received the Award of Merit as an exhibition flower.



Left, Cairntoul; right, Hambleton



R.H.S. exhibit hall

The RHS show is different in some ways than our ADS shows. The competitive section of the Daffodil Show, though smaller than many ADS shows, is very high quality. There were eighty-nine classes—fifty-one in the open section, fourteen for amateurs only, twenty-two for novices, and two arrangement classes. There was also a camellia competition and a bonsai competition, with an Alpine Show in the adjacent hall. Roughly half the hall was filled with commercial exhibits of all types of plant material, which makes a much more interesting display for the public. Certainly the hall was crowded at all times. Maybe there's a lesson for us there.

London isn't *all* daffodils—even to daffodil enthusiasts—so that evening we went to the theater. In the taxi to Drury Lane, I couldn't help thinking of Sandy McCabe's disparaging comments in our *Journal* several years ago about American drivers! Sandy's Americans must have had lessons from our taxi driver!

I had accepted George Tarry's kind invitation to visit Wisley Gardens, so next morning at the appointed hour, George arrived and we set out for Wisley. Aside from being a magnificent botanic garden with all manner of plants growing beautifully—the rhododendrons were breathtaking—Wisley also serves as a test garden. Here were the plots of daffodils—twenty-five bulbs of each—being tested for their value as garden plants. Here, too, was the test plot showing the effects of cutting foliage at two, four, and six weeks after



Test garden at Wisley



Test plot showing effects of cutting foliage



Bulbocodium meadow, Wisley

blooming. The row cut after six weeks showed little difference from the control row, but the row cut at two weeks was very sparse, with the four-week row only slightly better. The bulbocodium meadow was captivating. We consider ourselves lucky to get even one bloom from a *bulbocodium*, yet here they were by the thousands. They make quite a sight!

We got back to the hall in late afternoon, with time for one last look around before the show closed. Dismantling—as in all shows—went quickly; the boxes were gathered, and we were soon on our way to Euston Station for our journey on what has been dubbed “The Guy Wilson Trail” to Northern Ireland. An overnight train ride to Stranraer, Scotland, and then an early morning crossing of the Irish Sea brought us to Larne and the beginning of a new adventure.

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JUDGING MINIATURE DAFFODILS

FRANCES ARMSTRONG, Covington, Virginia
(from the Refresher Course at the Nashville convention.)

Judging miniature daffodils is little different from judging the standard ones. We follow the same scale of points that we use for the regular classes, the only difference being that we are asked to consider grace and we consider that under form. I sometimes find that curious as I personally feel that all daffodils should have grace which is defined as beauty or charm of form, a quality we may be neglecting in breeding.

With your indulgence I would like to go into a little history to explain why we in the ADS segregate the very small daffodils and judge them separately.

The ADS had not been organized too long before interest in small daffodils became very evident. By 1960, there were four round robins in circulation entirely devoted to the discussion of miniature daffodils. There crept into these robins complaints that there was no real definition of a miniature — was it height? or size of flower? Neither measurement seemed to suffice.

There were other complaints, too. As a class they were neglected, unattractively displayed in shows, often having to compete with larger forms and usually ignored when awards were bestowed.

In 1961 at the Roanoke convention, a group of seventeen interested members formed a committee to study the problem and to formulate some proposals which would be presented to the Society for ratification. Out of their work, which stretched over several years, came the recommendation that classes for miniature daffodils in shows should be based on an approved list and that those daffodils on the list should be excluded from other classes. A list of 75 cultivars and 30 species was drawn up, this list subject to change by vote of a miniature committee.

The report also recommended that miniatures be judged by the same scale of points as that used for larger daffodils except that the twenty points assigned to form be divided equally between form and grace.

There were also suggestions for special ribbons and awards and some other recommendations for improving the capability of the then accredited judges to pass upon the merits of miniatures.

This report was duly adopted by the Board of Directors of ADS at the fall 1963 meeting and has served us well for the past nineteen years.

There have been a few changes. Of the 75 original cultivars on the list, eight have been removed and 46 added, making a total of 113 hybrids on the list. Of the species four have been removed and ten added, I believe, for a total of 36.

The 1963 report warned that the qualifications of the accredited judges would vary widely. "It is hoped," it said, "that our judges will not assume any ability or interest which they do not possess and will decline invitations to judge classes of miniatures if they are not familiar with them." Well, it is now nineteen years later and there are judges, *still*, who are declining an invitation to judge the miniature classes; and it is my humble opinion that the time has come for all accredited judges to rise to the occasion and meet the challenge. Even if one does not grow them, the many that are exhibited in our shows provide ample opportunity for judges to become well acquainted with them.

So now let's get down to business and begin by running quickly through the point scoring.

CONDITION—20 points

Flowers should be fresh, clean, free of tears and nicks. Look for signs of aging around the edges of the perianth. Some of them, I must admit, do not have a great deal of substance and will age rather quickly. Do not penalize for bugs—who can say where the varmint came from?

FORM—20 points

Our *Handbook for Judging* no longer says that grace should be divided between form and grace, but only that grace should be considered under Form. Some miniatures are inherently more graceful than others and in miniature judging, it does give them an edge. In any event, the parts should be in good balance and proportion. Since the miniature hybrids are very close to their wild ancestors, most all first generation, in fact, they cannot be expected to be as smooth in form as the larger standard hybrids. However, each bloom should have six perianth segments—be sure and count those on the multiple flowered ones. Frequently the last flower to open seems to have “petered” out and lacks one or more segments. Also be sure the perianth segments overlap in the proper manner—the sepals to the back and the petals forward. Occasionally a sepal will grow in front of a petal on one side (or vice versa). This is a freakish fault, sometimes overlooked. It can be more easily seen from the back.

TEXTURE AND SUBSTANCE—15 points

Just as with the standards, we look for smooth texture and firm substance. Ideally the flower should have sheen and lustre.

COLOR—15 points

Again, as with the standards, we look for rich pure color, no fading, streaking or muddiness. Whites should be white, bicolors should have good contrast.

POSE—10 points

The pose demanded of larger daffodils is not so important in miniatures and will not often be found. Pose should be typical of the species. In hybrid miniatures we have to consider the ancestry of the flower we are judging. Pose often contributes grace to miniatures as in the triandrus, for example.

STEM—10 points

Stem should be straight, sturdy, but not too heavy or stiff, lending grace to the flower. The length should be in proportion to the bloom. Here we get into some controversy, particularly with those jonquil hybrids that come late in the season on long, long stems. Some believe that a stem should never be shortened; others would like to see them cut down to look like so many dwarfs lined up in a row all the same height. My feeling is somewhere in between. Late ones like Baby Star and Baby Moon have blooms in my garden much too small for the length of the stem. Do cut them back but leave a reasonable length. In staging collections, it is not necessary that they all be exactly the same height. We can see them better when there is some variation. So consider the overall picture the exhibit makes. And finally,

SIZE—10 points

Normal size is perfection and, therefore, you should know what is normal for the bloom in front of you. There is no merit in an oversize miniature. Both oversize and undersize are considered faults. Climate has a lot to do with the size of miniatures. I don't think we should penalize either way very much unless it is considerably abnormal.

So much for point scoring. Now for awards.

AWARDS for miniatures. Just as in judging standard classes, judges may give blue, red, yellow, and white ribbons. The blue goes to the highest scoring scape in the class if it scores at least 90 points. Second place, or red ribbon, is awarded the second highest scoring scape which must score 85 or more. Third, the yellow ribbon, must score at least 75.

As a matter of fact, 1, 2 and 3 may all score over 90 and in this case, if there are other entries in the class that might score 90 as well, they may be awarded honorable mention or the white ribbon. Honorable mention is not given unless the first three ribbons are given. It is never given to an entry almost good enough to deserve a red or yellow ribbon. It is reserved for those classes where there are a number of very good flowers and where the entry might have been awarded a first place had the competition not been so keen.

On the other hand it is *not* imperative to award a blue, red or yellow in each class. It is not a horse race where first is first, second is second and third is third no matter how slow the nags are. Each award is given only if the scape reaches the proper score.

There are special ADS awards for miniatures also. Incidentally, our rules require three ADS accredited judges on the panel which makes ADS awards. The Miniature Gold is given to the best miniature daffodil in the show and it may come from collections and vases of three as well as from single entries. It may come from collections and vases of three that have not won a blue ribbon, or any ribbon, as well. I have known it to have come from a collection that had been set aside because it had a misnamed flower. So in searching for the Miniature Gold, don't overlook these sources.

THE ADS Miniature White is awarded to the best vase of three scapes of the same cultivar or species. In judging vases of three, uniformity in all elements should be considered. Up to 5 points may be removed for non-uniformity. Look at each scape carefully as each one must score 90 to receive a blue. A vase of three is no better than its poorest scape.

THE ADS Lavender Ribbon is awarded to a collection of five different miniatures, either cultivars or species. Again, each stem must score 90 points. There is no division requirement, and uniformity is not a factor.

In large and regional shows the Roberta C. Watrous Award, Silver Medal or Ribbon, may be offered. This is awarded for a collection of 12 miniatures from at least three divisions. Be careful to check the number of divisions exhibited. Again, each stem must score at least 90.

The Miniature Rose Ribbon is given for the best miniature seedling candidate exhibited by its *originator* with its designated number, classification and, if known, parentage. The winner may be selected from any miniature class whether it received a blue or not, but must score 90 or above. Other than the originator may exhibit seedlings but are not eligible for the Miniature Rose Ribbon.

Then in National Shows there are two special awards: the Roberta C. Watrous Award, Gold Medal or Ribbon, with the same requirements as for the Silver Medal or Ribbon; and the John and Betty Larus Award for the best vase of three stems of one miniature daffodil seedling exhibited by originator only. An exhibitor may make only three entries in any show. Again each stem must score 90.

Now I would like to discuss a few problems in judging miniatures, the first of which is *seeing* them. They are often too crowded on the show tables. Staging committees should allot sufficient space, considering not only space needed by the exhibits, but should consider the spatial needs of the judges as well.

It is terribly difficult for three judges to cluster around six inches of space, and extra student judges make a good view nearly impossible. If they are very crowded perhaps you should ask for a card table and move them out to look at them as you judge each class. Also you might ask for supplementary light if the lighting is poor.

Their small size really requires good eyesight. A magnifying glass is often very helpful, especially in close decisions. In very small miniatures, magnification will sometimes show irregularities, lack of symmetry or even a lack of a perianth segment.

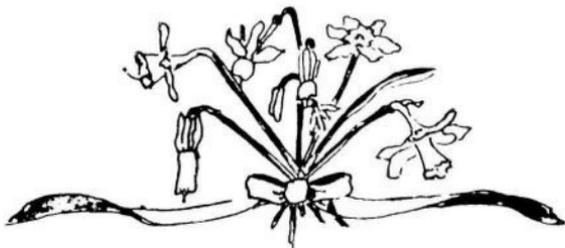
Another problem seems to be IDENTIFICATION. Many accredited judges shy away from judging miniatures because of this. Yet there are less than 150 daffodils on the miniature list, and of these some 50 or more are rarely, if ever, seen. In fact, there is serious doubt that a dozen or so even exist any longer. So that leaves only a hundred or so to be identified, which is a very small number when compared to the thousands of standards exhibited each year. Even if you do not grow them, there are so many exhibited in our shows now, it is easy to study them there.

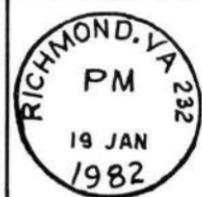
Now when it comes to the Division 10 miniature, or the species, I agree with Helen Link that there are times we can't afford to be too picky about identification. That is not to say that you should not recognize the difference between a *triandrus* and a *bulbocodium*, or between a trumpet and a *jonquilla*. But the line drawn between some of the subspecies is very fine indeed and when the taxonomists are forever changing these lines, dividing or lumping, we can hardly afford to be authoritative. Besides the species are often variable, so don't be too hasty in disagreeing with the name on the subspecies.

Another problem in judging miniatures is that many of us let our emotions and prejudices get in the way. Judge the flower as it appears before you. Do not award it a ribbon because it is the smallest, so teensie weensie and so cute. Do not award a ribbon because it is rare or expensive. And for goodness sake, do not give it the ribbon because you cannot grow it. But rather judge it by our scale of points. And if a familiar, inexpensive, easily grown one is better than a rare, difficult to grow, very tiny one, by all means give the ribbon to the one that scores the highest in the class. Whether or not it is difficult for you to grow has nothing to do with judging it.

Again we do not judge a flower by its name. How many hours have been spent in discussing the proper number of blooms for Tete-a-Tete? Because it is named Tete-a-Tete does not mean it has to have two blooms. Should Jumble be jumbled or Cobweb full of spiders? Judge the flower as you see it and forget the name—well, as long as it is the correct one.

So, except for minor differences, judge the miniatures by our ADS scale of points as you see them before you, just as you judge the standard size daffodils, and you will be as good a miniature judge as you are a standard one.





LETTERS

Dear Mr. Ticknor:

A few years ago the ADS did a reprint of an old Peter Barr catalogue. I have one of these and was looking through it the other day. It occurred to me afterwards how good it would be if a reprint could be done of, say, the first thirty or forty issues of the RHS yearbooks. These days a complete set of the yearbooks is a rare and expensive collectors' item. I'm wondering if such a reprint were available would there be many takers. I'm inclined to think there would be.

Of course, I've no idea what the cost of such a project would be, nor have I any idea how much work would be involved for somebody. That aside, I wonder if it would be worth testing Society members for their reaction.

If the project were feasible perhaps the printing could be done at the rate of maybe ten books a year, so as to spread the expense over a period for the benefit of purchasers. Orders might need to be taken in advance so that the job could be costed and the Society not have books left on its hands. What do you think?

Yours sincerely,
Fred Silcock

The above letter from Fred Silcock of Victoria, Australia, raises a matter frequently brought up by some one of our members some where in the world. Mr. Silcock is a highly regarded down under doyen of daffodils and he speaks with authority and knowledge. Almost all of our 1500 members are well acquainted with the daffodil yearbooks published by the Royal Horticultural Society. To a daffodil enthusiast there is no richer reading than these books. Prior to 1971 they were bound, hardback books; now they are paperback but still most worthwhile. The first three were published in 1913, 1914, and 1915. Then a war intervened and none were published until 1933. Again there was a lapse of four years between 1940 and 1945. As a service to our members, first George Lee and now Laura Lee and I, as best we can, secure and sell these books. Some, including the first three are virtually not available. Most are becoming expensive collectors' items.

What Mr. Silcock, and several other members, suggests is a matter of considerable magnitude. Board action would, of course, be required but perhaps there should be an expression of interest by our members. Where and by whom would the books be reprinted? and for how much? The assumption is made that the RHS will permit reprinting. Is Mr. Silcock's suggestion overly ambitious? Should we attempt the first three and only the very rare? Should we go for the 1913 book alone? Interested and knowledgeable members can write to the Executive Director. If there is a reasonable expression of interest the information will be turned over to the President and Board of Directors for their determination as to Society action.

What do you think?

W. O. Ticknor

Rome, 02.12.1982

Dear Mrs. Gripshover,

During a recent trip to China I tried to purchase daffodil bulbs in that country but it was too late in the year and also this market is extremely scarce.

Instead I found a young painter in Nanning, who painted two aquarelles for me. Enclosed I am sending you a photograph of the paintings. At the bottom of one of them you can notice some Chinese signs written in columns. This is an ancient poem which the painter knew by heart and which was translated for me as follows:

It comes of the dusty earth
but it has no dust upon it.
Although it faces the fierce cold,
it still is cheerfull.
It calls itself a fairy close to water
but this it does not boast about.
When the spring wind blows, it opens
smiling towards it.

Perhaps the readers of the *Daffodil Journal* would like to see the picture and read the verses. Please feel free to reproduce them if you think it might interest our fellow members of ADS.

Yours sincerely,
Dr. J. Shejbal



Dear Dr. and Mrs. Link,

Our daughter was inspired to write this poem after visiting your lovely country home. We would like to share it with you as you have chosen to share your home with us.

Sincerely,

Irene Hoffmann

PARADISE HILL

Up and up the land rises high,
Verdant and rolling, climbing the sky.
Drops of orange, white, and yellow,
Daffodils of colors bright and mellow.
Many groups of many flowers,
A breath-taking sight like petal showers.
Serene beauty, skies pure blue,
Sparkling waters, fluffy clouds too.
Birds in every tree are chirping gaily,
Singing their song to the world daily.
The breezes are cool upon my face,
The trees are covered with delicate lace.
Flowers lift their faces at the break of day,
Bidding their welcome, back and forth they sway.
Then in the evening everything is still,
Darkness slowly covering the peaceful hill.
Jill Marie Hoffman, age 13

LANDSCAPING WITH DAFFODILS

MRS. JOHN B. CAPEN, *Boonton, New Jersey*

(A program given to the ADS at the national convention in Nashville, April, 1982.)

INTRODUCTION—WHY LANDSCAPE?

I am delighted to have the opportunity to discuss with you a phase of daffodil growing very close to my heart. You see I believe the ultimate use of daffodils—the end product of all of our busy activities—is the making of spring gardens. And, as I know some of you do not agree with me, just as I realize that some of you discovered this fact long before I did, I'm going to take you down the path I followed, in hopes some of you will try it too.

You see I believe the spring garden featuring daffodils is the most important garden of the year; first, because we appreciate it the most, as we have waited for it so long; then, although we like to complain of the vagaries of spring, they are less than the many catastrophes that come between our plans for later gardens and their fulfillment—the heat waves, the floods, the droughts, the infestations of multiple pests. In comparison, the spring garden comes along much as planned and planted over several months.

Of course, I did not always think so—quite the contrary. You see the gardens I first knew were summer gardens in Connecticut, where my parents changed from the Victorian style of little triangles, circles, and strips, to develop a perennial border, a style that dominated American landscaping for half a century. So, when I began gardening in New Jersey, of course, I had to have a perennial border. My early gardening books were entitled *Continuous Bloom in America*, *The Perennial Border*, etc. and I tried for many years to

achieve a solid mass of bloom through June, July, and August. To do so meant, of course, that I could afford no space for even the prettiest spring perennial, because that would leave a patch of green where I had to have solid color.

In spite of hard work, I cannot claim any notable success, and it was some time later that I realized the fallacy of this import from England. When copying this style, so successful in Britain, we failed to import the two things that assured its success there—first the beastly climate, beloved of many plants, but few Americans. Then, there is that little man who comes around in early morning, in England, removes all unsightly plants, replacing with fresh ones from out back, before the tourists arrive. We had neither.

It took an April visit to a friend's place to awaken me to the importance of a spring garden. I was amazed. Except for the plants, it could have been a summer garden—the lawns were green, green shrubs here and there, a lovely flowering tree overhead, and patches and drifts of color about—mostly tulips.

I went home to sticks—sticks, sticks everywhere—potentials for later bloom, of course, but now a deserted farm, if I ever saw one. I determined that we, too, would have a spring garden. The first thing was to introduce evergreens. There are many of great importance, but for a quick effect at least cost, we should recommend two that I'm sure you all know. The first is Canadian Hemlock, a forest tree, that takes limitless cutting with grace. It will accept some shade, and unlike the yew and the balsam, of similar appearance, once it "gets up there" the deer will leave it alone. The other one is *Juniperus communis*, the common juniper of pasturelands of a wide area of North America. While you will want to add the many new and "improved" ones of recent introduction, these will make a quick patch of green in a bleak area, and many years later, because of its wide variation of form, will provide some specimens of rare beauty. Both of these plants are sold "collected" in dozens and hundreds.

With the beginning of a background underway, the next step was to add color. That meant tulips, of course. I did not know the first thing about tulips, but I got a list and made grandiose plans. I was going to add year after year until the whole place came alive with glowing color. For a start I bought 1000 varieties, representing a succession of color schemes, and planted some drifts here and there. Spring produced fifteen blooms, and I began to learn about tulips. You see everything with fur and four legs loves to eat tulips, and we had them all. The reason the fifteen were spared was because we have a terrace, which fits into a corner of the house, the opposite corner made from five-foot stone walls. It was in this corner that the fifteen flowered—the deer did not like to jump in there—the rabbits did not like to jump in there—even the moles, with their happy little sycophants, abjured that one corner.

But, I began to learn even more about tulips, and, because we always hope our meetings will include some brand new gardeners, perhaps you experts will nap a bit, while I explain the facts of tulip life to any who have not yet learned. The tulip bulb you plant will send up one lovely flower—that is, if you can avoid the pests just mentioned. After that, the bulb will disintegrate, with tiny bulblets appearing on its periphery, and, provided you do not have a May heat wave—and where in the USA is there not a May heat wave? (A gentleman from California offered that his area had none, but the problems they have instead, as he told me later, were such that I think he would happily settle for a heat wave instead.) So, lacking the post-bloom heat and providing a water table shortly below as Holland provides, little baby bulblets in time produce blooms.

I knew just enough about daffodils to know their pattern was different. When that first bloom dies, the original bulb remains but splits. The next year, there will be two flowering stems, and so it goes by arithmetical progression, until a well-chosen one will provide a drift long before you plan to will it to the next generation.

Because, while concentrating on that perennial border, of course, I did grow daffodils. The way you grew daffodils was to buy 100 for five bucks from Stump and Walter, plant them about and replant when needed. But, I decided I would plant some NAMED VARIETIES. Now, I had none of the help you can have today. There was no ADS, there were no shows, or experts eager to help. In fact, I did not know a single gardener who grew daffodils by name, nor did I live near enough Washington to benefit from the knowledge of new ones the USDA men were bringing that area.

I found a catalogue that listed some and went to work. It was apparent that there were different groups, but I was not sure what they were. For instance, one said, "TRIANDRUS—those showing the characteristic of the Triandrus species". Hmm. I ordered one, but it was some years before I learned that this misnomer was due to a lapse by the incredible Linnaeus. Then another group was labelled, "JONQUILLA"—a name that still confuses people. I bought one from this group. Another block was called, "POETICUS." I had heard of poets, but I was not at all sure what they were. I ordered one called Actaea, but I was sent a substitute, Snowking. Now, if any of you here need a start of Snowking, I can fix you up. (I have already supplied those in the poet robin who needed it. It's not great, but it is indestructible.)

And so, I ordered one from each group—not a thousand this time, just a dozen each of about a dozen—and planted about.

When Spring came, every one bloomed. I was entranced. All so different and gorgeous. Stump and Walter never sent me anything like these. Do any remember your first sight of John Evelyn, with its crinkly bright, corn colored cup, against a stark-white perianth? (I was intrigued by the number in the audience who indicated agreement.) I was "hooked." I stopped counting when I reached 2000 varieties. But I have not found a way to stop adding. Last year, there were 289 new ones.

Shall we look at some pictures?

(Ed. Note: We hope to share some of Mrs. Capen's pictures and comments with you in future issues.)

HUBERT A. FISCHER

Hubert A. Fischer, of Hinsdale, Illinois, an amateur gardener and internationally known hybridizer of daylilies and other flowers, died in November at the age of 85.

Though known mostly for his work with daylilies, Mr. Fischer was a charter member of the ADS, and served on the Board of Directors, attending the first meeting of the Board, which was held in Philadelphia.

In 1967 he was honored as an outstanding amateur gardener by the American Horticultural Congress. He traveled extensively in his horticultural pursuits and recently returned from China.

He will long be remembered through the flowers he left us.

HYBRIDIZING MINIATURES

WILLIAM PANNILL, *Martinsville, Virginia*

(Taped at the 1982 Convention)

Usually when I come to Nashville I have my guitar in my hand, but this morning I've got to do something different. I just want to tell you that when Sally asked me to speak, that was about a year ago, I quickly agreed, not even bothering to ask what my subject would be. About a month ago she called me to be sure I remembered accepting, and I said, "Yes; by the way, what am I to speak on?" And she said, "Hybridizing miniatures." Now, I had never considered myself a miniature hybridizer until yesterday when I staged my Quinn collection next to Father A's Oregon flowers. Then I realized I'd been hybridizing miniatures for years! I want to tell you that actually I don't consider myself an authority on miniatures, or hybridizing of miniatures. As soon as I found out my subject, I ran out back to see what I did have coming along to qualify as possibly a miniature, and fortunately I was able to get enough together to win the Larus Award, which I'm very proud of, and wouldn't even have thought to enter it had I not been on the program as an expert on miniature hybridizing.

I'd like to say for the benefit of many of you people here and also for some of our foreign dignitaries, I'd like to tell a little about my history so you can understand what kind of a talk I'm giving this morning. I have been an amateur hybridizer now for twenty-two years, and I started out with the shotgun approach, that is trying to hybridize everything. Most hybridizers, certainly the serious ones, have certain aims in sight when they start their hybridizing, certainly when they get well into it. My aim never materialized in any one direction, I just still—up until the end, which I think I've reached the end now—tried to get something in every division, and tried to get some new flower or even flowers that were as good as existing ones that I could call my own. So in doing so I naturally got into the species hybridizing, and in doing that I got into possibly miniature hybridizing. It wasn't necessarily my aim in life to compete with Roberta Watrous in miniature hybridizing. In fact when I found out my subject I said I wasn't going to do this talk if Roberta was in the room, but I'm not going to ask her to leave the room. I hope her hearing is going or something! I know her eyesight isn't, so something has to be going! But what I do want to say—the reason I started out this way—one is to use up time, and the other is to let you people who don't know anything about hybridizing, and don't care anything about hybridizing, to know that in my opinion miniature hybridizing has good news and bad news. It's one of the hardest and yet one of the easiest and I'll tell you what I mean by that. To begin with, the thing that makes miniature hybridizing hard is, as those of you who grow miniatures know, it's very difficult to get much bulb division. Helen Link was telling you on one of her early slides, "Multiples very slowly—so slowly that I don't even have it any more." That's what happens to most of these miniatures—they multiply so slowly that you don't even have them any more. And therefore no commercial grower or hybridizer is going to spend a lot of time and effort to work with the miniatures. Because there's certainly no monetary reward for it. And I don't know how Mr. Gray had the patience that he had over the years to create as many as he created but today you don't find any of the major bulb growing-hybridizers concerning themselves too much with miniatures. Now that's part of the hard part. Another part of the hard part is when you're hybridizing standard varieties

they're big, and you can get to them, you don't have to deanthier them, beforehand, you can be fairly sure that the pollen you put on them is the pollen that produces the seed. When you're dealing with miniatures, and most of the miniatures that you deal with, well most of the miniatures that are on the miniature list, a good part of them are sterile so you can't even start with those, you've got to start back with the species that Helen was talking about. In many instances, that is. And in most instances. And when you're dealing with the species, their little organs are so constructed that it's very difficult to know that unless you have, at the very early stages, deanthiered them and protected them from self pollination that you are getting anything other than that particular species selfed. Now as you can see, I was hoping that her program would be complete before I got to mine because you can see that so many of the species are small and therefore that's where we get our miniatures—from a very close early relationship with species. You cross and cross and that's where we get our big standard cultivars. The more hybridizing you do, the more crossing, the larger flowers you get, and therefore you almost have to go back to square one when you are trying to create a miniature. Now I have used—not all of these species by any means—I have raised them all, but in the early days I raised quite a few and I might point out this that Helen was touching on in hers: one of the reasons that you can't keep—now mainly I'm talking about species, but I'm also talking about miniatures because they're so close to the species—them is that in nature the species which reproduces itself from seed—that's what makes it a species is the fact it will reproduce itself from seed—its normal life cycle is for the seed to grow up, have a bloom, that bloom self pollinates for a couple years, and then it sets seed, drops the seed on the ground and that particular bulb declines and disappears. It's got others coming up around it, again in nature, that are taking its place. If all of them came up and had bulb division—you have practically no bulb division in the species, they just about have to be raised from seed. Realize everything I say has some exception, but I think that generally I'm right. So that by being so closely related to the species, your miniature hybrids have that same tendency, even though many of them don't set seed, they think they do, or something, and they'll come up and last for several years, and have a little bulb division maybe—but maybe not— and then they will disappear. So I've told you a lot of the hard parts. The good parts about hybridizing miniatures in many instances, especially with the cyclamineus and those little trumpets, whereas with the standard varieties it takes you about six and in some areas eight years to get a bloom from a seed many times with these smaller flowers you can get a bloom in three years. Three or four years, and I guess in some cases even earlier than that. But three or four years would be the average. Now when you get into the poet types or some of the jonquils it takes five or six years or more, and many of the species you get blooms from earlier which most hybridizers, especially amateurs like we are, we can't wait to see. That is one of the advantages—big advantages of miniatures. But advantage two is that it doesn't matter what they look like as long as they're small, everybody likes 'em. For instance, the one that got best in show yesterday—if that were a standard flower it never would have gotten out of the seedling bed. It would have been plowed under because its petals were not straight, they didn't overlap; the trumpet came out straight, but it had probably the roughest edge on it that any trumpet ever had, but being little made it good. That's true of what you saw in *asturiensis* here. That, of course, is a little species, but that will be shown sometimes in a collection and everybody marvels, 'cause it certainly couldn't be in my opinion

much uglier, but usually the ugliness is so small that you overlook it! In a big flower you couldn't overlook it. So that's another advantage. It's so hard to get that once you get something that qualifies in size, you're already pretty successful. An example of that is this little flower here that I had in the show yesterday. It's a little cross between Mite and *calpicola*. It's a nice little cyclamineus type, although *calpicola* I think would be considered a jonquil. So it could be a jonquil or a cyclamineus. It looks more like a cyclamineus. I don't have a magnifying glass and my glasses are really not strong enough to judge it properly, but it's got a lot of things that if it had to compete with Charity May it wouldn't stand a chance—if it were big. So that is another advantage. However we talked about bulb division a minute ago. Now this flower—I looked it up in my records—I got the seed which created this flower in 1963. That means it probably bloomed, being half jonquil or *calpicola*, it probably bloomed in 1968 or 1969 which means I had it [the bulb] for twelve or thirteen years—thirteen or fourteen years. I got seven blooms of it this year, so that's how much it has multiplied since first blooming thirteen or fourteen years ago. Now this is not necessarily the rule, but it certainly is not the exception. The exception I think is when you get a flower that will multiply like some of the better known miniatures such as Mite, or Sundial, or Sun Disc and some of those that you can keep getting more and more of. Xit—those types are great, and this is certainly not one of those types. But when you are the only one that you're concerned with and you've got seven of them, the first thing people say is, "Let's get that on the miniature list." Well, if it's on the miniature list, there won't be but two or three of us able to show it for the next twenty years, even if it lasts that long. Now again with this particular one I got—I looked it up—eight seeds from that cross. Probably—the best I could tell from my records—five of them grew to blooming size. Now I only have two of them, and they're all planted in the same big box in different areas. I only have two of them that have survived, so the other three thought they were species; they came up, bloomed a couple years, and disappeared. This one at least doesn't know it's a species yet, so it helps. Now on the other hand, there's one other thing I wish I had tried more of—I did make a couple of feeble attempts earlier—and that was to try to use small standard flowers. One of them I tried to use was Little Echo. I don't know how many people grow it or grew it. It was a little small trumpet. It's certainly much too big for a miniature, but it's also much too small for a standard. My feeling was that if you could breed some of those what I guess we'd call intermediates—and this particular show had a class for them—if you breed intermediates and start selecting the smallest of them from your seedlings you might eventually get down to a healthy group of dwarfs I guess more than miniatures. I think they'd still be sort of stocky flowers, but they might be nearly as delicate as these that come directly from the species, but they would certainly be a lot healthier and a lot easier to propagate. So I guess rather than call them miniatures you might have to call them dwarfs. That would be a possible way to go, but it would take much longer because you've got to do many more generations to breed down. Normally when somebody is hybridizing, you walk down the row and you've got usually a bunch of trash but every now and again a couple of great big ones that hit you in the eye; and down at the end there's a little small one maybe this tall from a standard cross that you say, "Well, that's a runt, so I'll discard it." You really don't even look at it. But had we started looking at it twenty years ago, maybe by now we could have gotten it bred down some although the more you cross generally the larger your plants get. They get more vigorous certainly; I'm sure they have genes that

make them smaller and make them shorter, so they're the genes I'm saying we could develop—probably. I'm speaking in conjecture here, I don't know, but I think that would be a way to go. It would be a slow way to go and it would probably take our grandchildren to really tell if there were any that could be considered good or fine. Now, the thing I want to do and not get into any real technical thing about it, unless somebody has got some questions about it that I haven't touched on; I don't want to get into the mechanical details of putting pollen from one to the other 'cause that's been told many times in regular hybridizing sessions like this, but what I do want to encourage you to do is to try some of these miniatures; some of the miniatures you've got now on your list are fertile, such as Wee Bee, Mite, most of the cyclamineus ones are; some of the triandrus ones are; none of the jonquil types are; the little trumpets are; probably that Candlepower—in fact this year I put *cyclamineus*, again after I found out I was going to be an expert on miniature hybridizing, I ran out and put *cyclamineus* pollen on about eight blooms of Candlepower. So I want you to know that although I said it was ugly, I didn't mean it was ugly—I grow it. I'm not anti-miniatures at all. Course that was early in March, and when I left home it looked as if the seedpod was swelling. So it could very well be that Candlepower will set seed. I looked for it in the Data Bank and couldn't find the parentage, but my Data Bank is a little older. It's probably in there. Does anybody know the parentage of Candlepower? [Audience response] No, but I've used its pollen. [W.P.] Is it any good pollen? [Ans.] Yes. [W.P.] Well O.K., if the pollen's good, then it's more likely to set seed also. And I know that the *cyclamineus* pollen is very fertile. Now the two pollens I use the most—not necessarily looking for miniatures but looking for cyclamineus hybrids and I used to use a lot of *triandrus albus* and I've got some triandrus—but *cyclamineus* and *jonquilla* are the two pollens I've used most. Now here's something else I want to impress upon you that I forgot to do earlier. When you're using a species pollen, there's a great variation in species themselves. The slide you saw of *triandrus albus* had two blooms on it and it had a very crooked, wavy perianth. You will see in some of the shows a *triandrus albus* with—I've had them with as many as five blooms on them—three to five blooms, with a smooth and probably a larger flower, certainly a smoother flower than the average one you see. Now if you're doing it with a standard variety, such as Festivity, the pollen you get off of an ugly Festivity is the same as you get off of another Festivity. But when you're dealing with species, each little clump is different from the others somewhat, even though you consider them all the same. So for years, I would say, I took the good ones and put them in a show and took the one that had one or two blooms on it and used the pollen from those thinking that they were the same thing; well, they're not. So some years ago I was down at a show in Hampton, Virginia, and there was a guy named Yazinski down there that had a three-stem display of *jonquilla* and it looked like a bush almost, like a forsythia, it had so many *jonquilla* blooms on it I couldn't believe it. After the show was judged—course he won a blue ribbon—I went up to him, we called him Yaz, and I said, "Yaz, I'm going to take one of your blooms out of here and take it home with me. The other two left have more blooms than any three stems I've ever seen before so nobody will even know it's gone," which he was glad for me to do. I took that pollen home and used it on several flowers, and in every case—I'm not talking about miniatures now—I used it on Cool Flame and some of those big ones and in every case, well I always got two, three, or four flowers to the stem on a big, standard jonquil. Many times before I'd used inferior *jonquilla* and gotten a lot of them

with one bloom or two blooms. The point I'm making is when you do it, get the very best species you can to use in your hybridizing. That's true of any of them. I used to have one I called "super *cyclamineus*." It was bigger and better than the other *cyclamineus* so for three or four years it was setting seed and I used the pollen from that and I got better results than I did from the little smaller ones although there's not as much variation in the *cyclamineus* as there is in the jonquillas and the triandrus groups.

Oh, one other thing I wanted to mention before I quit, people think of Mr. Gray sometimes as being nearsighted, or whatever, in that they get such variety in their miniatures. We in the American Daffodil Society finally decided we would have a Yellow Xit and a White Xit and probably a yellow and white Xit. What happens is—well I've got a little cross of seed now—again I've made it the same year I made this—it's from Mite \times super *cyclamineus* and it has given me a bunch of little flowers which look very similar that look like Mite, but they're much better than Mite. Their cup is short and Mite had a very long straight trumpet. These have a trumpet and most of them come out and flyaway and some of them actually roll back and they are really neat little flowers. I took some pictures, which luckily I don't have with me since the projector isn't working. Matter of fact I haven't had them developed yet—I'm about having film developed like I am about answering letters. Anyhow, they have multiplied so slow that if I were a commercial grower and had to sell them, or wanted to sell them, I'd just have to lump them together, and call them, well, Nashville, Tennessee, if that's what I wanted to name them. Then one lady in Tennessee would argue for years with a lady in Virginia that each of them didn't have Nashville, Tennessee, 'cause one of them's cup rolled back and the other one didn't. Now I'm not actually accusing Mr. Gray of that, but I feel certain that sometimes that has to happen. I know it probably happened in the case of Xit, Yellow Xit, yellow/white Xit; I don't think that that much mutation went on. I think in the early stages they were so similar and it's so hard to keep up with the little bulbs when they're growing that sometimes they get sort of lumped together. For all practical purposes it didn't make that much difference until we started analyzing them. So that's another thing that you've got to be careful of, or either don't care about, and that is since you're dealing with things so close to species, when you get a group of seedlings they will be so similar. For instance I grew a group of Mite selfed; well, none of them looked like Mite; well, they looked like it, they weren't quite as good as Mite, but all of them were almost identical as if I had twenty bulbs from the same clone but they were all different seeds. What I really tried to prove is that Mite is a species or a wild hybrid; nobody seems to know where it came from, and it will almost reproduce itself from seed. The point I'm trying to make is a minor point, is that you will get so similar flowers that the temptation is to lump them together because they multiply so slowly by bulb division that you almost want to raise a good crop of them from seed, and I think that is sometimes done. Well, I've probably taken up as much time as I'm supposed to, and I thank you very much for your kind indulgence.



HORTICULTURAL BREAKTHROUGH—A MINIATURE POET

MEG YERGER, *Princess Anne, Maryland*

Fascination with little things seems to be nearly universal. A display of miniature daffodils at a flower show is a sure crowd stopper. Study of various types reveals there are no poet cultivars on the American Daffodil Society Approved List of Miniatures. Why not? Why couldn't there be a miniature poet? There's a challenge: Make some crosses!

A poeticus species that might possibly qualify as miniature is *N.p. radiiflorus stellaris* from the clone given by Alec Gray to George Lee, former executive director of A.D.S. Another is *N.p. verbanensis* which is described in Mr. Gray's 1960 trade catalogue as "dwarf." Neither of these was available to me. There were three bulbs in my garden of *N.p. hellenicus* which has a bloom miniature in size but a scape 20" tall.

Among the hybrid cultivars, none has ever met the miniature size requirement, but some plants from a clone are often smaller than others. To an unscientific amateur it seemed possible to select out from the runts in an effort toward miniaturization. Certain cultivars whose blooms are always small such as Dreamland (Leitch), an unknown poet from Edwin Powell's garden, and the species *hellenicus* were used in random crosses with the runts. Most progeny were normal size but some seedlings were nearly miniature.

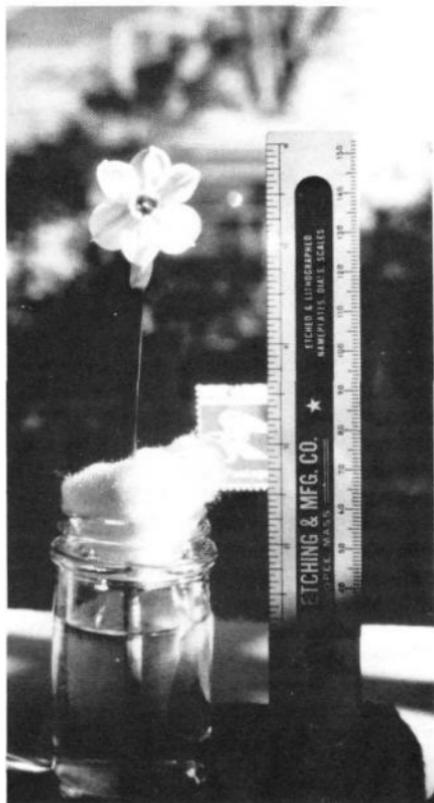
In 1975, one of the usually tall *hellenicus* bulbs put up a bloom on a 5" stem. Even an amateur knows this probably means there's a pest or disease or some reason the plant is dying. (This one didn't die—in 1976 it had returned to its normal 20" height.) Pollen from the sweet-scented Lights Out was used on the stigma of that one on May first. The pod yielded twelve seeds which were planted outdoors under a dogwood tree on June fifteenth. Only four bulblets remained in 1980 when they were transplanted into five-and-a-half ounce juice cans, one bulblet to a can and each marked as to number designation with Dymo-tape on labels cut from vinyl siding.

On April 21, 1981, a bloom came from one of those bulbs—a perfect miniature poet cultivar with number 75-H-3-1 and pet name Wag-the-Chief-of-all-the-Kewpies. The next day it was entered in the Maryland Daffodil Society Show in Baltimore where it was awarded the ADS Miniature Rose Ribbon for the best miniature (candidate) seedling. Even more gratifying than the award were the words of praise spoken later by the eminent judges Phil Phillips of New Zealand, Bill Bender of Pennsylvania, and Frank Seney of Virginia. All these expert hybridizers were so startled at the facts about Wag's parentage that they said, "But it can't happen!" Then they did a double-take saying, "But in genetics anything can happen."

Curiosity for more information about evolution, heredity, and cytology sent me to those sections in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. Although a little knowledge may sometimes be worse than none, I seem to find that irregularities occur from time to time resulting in genetic change which may increase or decrease the normal; that a type of change involves rearrangement of chromosome materials, without addition or loss, such as inversions and translocations which bring about a new inherited character; that in plants single genes often determine difference in size.

With no background at all in these subjects it is hard for me to understand the vocabulary to say nothing of the information. However, it looks to me as if this horticultural breakthrough was a trick of Nature to scramble chromosomes to make a new type of daffodil that never existed before, adding a poet to the group of miniature daffodils.

(Ed. Note: A note to Mrs. Yerger about the performance of her miniature poet in 1982 brought the following reply.)



Yerger 75-H-3-1

MERTON YERGER

YES, my miniature poet is still tiny and lovely—it bloomed yesterday, April 24, just too late for me to be tempted to show it again in Wilmington so now it has been crossed with a tiny seedling and is carefully covered with nylon net—fingers are crossed in hopes of tiny descendants.

Data on 75 H-3-1 is that perianth is 3.2 cm; corona is very short, cup only 1.5 mm deep and 6 mm wide. It has dusty sweetness like *hellenicus*. Color code is 9 W-GYR. In looking at my other record book I find that it did have the notation “very tiny bloom” in 1980. I don’t know what distracted me that spring not to do something about it. Anyway, it now has bloomed three times and I am going to register it. I will ask for Wag-the-Chief as its name because my mother suggested it last year. She thinks of me as Wag the Chief of all the Kewpies because as a child I believed in Kewpies and insisted on wearing a flag in my hair drawn to a topknot just as Wag did.

In checking on *hellenicus* today I find that the plant all this came from is tall as *hellenicus* is supposed

to be, BUT the flowers on those scapes are noticeably smaller than the other *hellenicus* plant I have.

Same cross of *hellenicus* × Lights Out gave me the Miniature Rose Ribbon in Baltimore last Wednesday with 75 H-2-1 and in Wilmington on Friday with 75 H-1-1.

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How do others do it? Find out. Join a Round Robin.

TAZETTA TALK

WILLIAM R. P. WELCH, *Carmel Valley, California*

With another season coming to an end as I write this, I am able to report additional observations on both named and unnamed poetaz hybrids. Those in place from last year have increased in number, and some newly added ones have proven to be worth attention also. I use the term "poetaz" loosely, as there is really no generally-recognized term to refer to the hybrids where *N. tazetta* is one parent and a member of Division 1-3 the other parent, the term "tridymus" having been pretty much forgotten. Besides that where does one draw the line between the true poetaz (bred directly from *N. poeticus*) and tridymus when bred from white perianth Division 3's that are so much like poets?

A hybrid of Soleil d'Or × Malvern City bred by Graham Phillips gave its first stem, carrying four florets about 2 inches across. I found them to be a very smooth, rich self-yellow, with flared cups much like I see on triandrus hybrids. Its most remarkable characteristic is that it produces an abundance of fertile pollen, and sometimes sets seed also. A strong-growing plant, with a good 12-inch stem, I felt it had more show merit than most tazetta hybrids and merits a name.

Quite different was another Soleil d'Or seedling, this obviously by pollen of a standard daffodil also. The cup was as brilliant as Sol ever is and did not burn. The perianth reflexed rather markedly, and was of a good rich yellow. Pollen looked viable, though not nearly as plentiful as on the Malvern City seedling. This colorful flower stood on a sturdy 15-inch stem and the round bulb shows no sign of leaves from a new offset. Apparently it will prove to be a rather slow increaser, as it has also proven to be for the raiser, H.A. Vandervliet of Jersey (Channel Islands).

Of similar color was a seedling of Matador × Soleil d'Or, which Murray Evans selected as being the best of all seedlings raised from Matador by the late Harry Tuggle. If anything, its cup was even darker in color than a well-developed Sol, and it opened that way, too, and stayed unfaded for the life of the flower. Perianth opened of similar color to Sol, then gradually lightened just a little. It seemed like a much improved Scarlet Gem. Pollen is reasonably plentiful, and while I have not yet gotten seed from it, Polly Anderson has. This plant definitely deserves a name. I do not believe I have yet seen it at its best, but in this climate it has proven to be a rapid multiplier and a good bloomer on tall stems.

A sister to this, sent by Jack Romine (but also raised by Harry Tuggle), has proven to be a larger, sturdier plant. I grew this a number of years ago but lost it due to overwatering as I was over-anxious to increase the stock. While the previous seedling has smaller florets than Matador, this one has them closer in size to Matador, but up to eight in a head and a tendency to give two stems out of the same nose on a mature bulb. This twice-blooming comes from Matador, while the improved medium-yellow perianth was inherited from Sol. The cup is of a good orange, but without red of the parents. Neither Jack nor I have ever gotten seed from this one in the past, but it looks like I have two very promising pods on one stem. The pollen is poor, but I have collected a few fat seeds this year from its use on some Israeli type Soleil d'Or in December. Which reminds me that this is the only one of these seedlings I've described that comes earlier than Matador, the first of this one having opened

on a short stem in late December. Cold weather was no doubt the cause, for those stems coming later in January and February were of the usual sturdy 12-15". This has good potential as an early cutflower. It is long gone by show time, but its more brilliant sister comes at the right time and is of better show quality, too.

The Tuggle Matador \times *jonquilla* seedlings have in most cases shown themselves to be rapid increasers and prolific bloomers, but their orange-red cups tend to burn quite easily. In most cases their perianths are of a good yellow, and the jonquil-type fragrance is heavenly. Of thinner, lighter build than Matador, the stems are tall and strong like the related Golden Dawn. Though I have not grown the Mitsch seedlings from this cross, it being such an easy cross to repeat, I'm sure they're bound to be very good also.

This might be a good time for me to point out how I am getting much better luck now with the setting of seed on Matador. I have found that by waiting until the blooms are fading, or even starting to wilt, to do the pollinating, they have shown themselves to be much more receptive. This does not surprise me as I have found this to be true of everything of tazetta background. I know one reads of pollinating the standard daffodils at a much earlier stage, but at least under my conditions, this is the way to go. I doubt I've ever made more than one or two crosses where both parents were standard daffodils, so it is impossible for me to judge whether they would be more receptive when old also. I suppose though that the use of tazetta pollen (usually Matador) onto the first three divisions should be a good guide and here, too, I have found that they give a better set after the flowers have been open several days at least. If I apply pollen earlier it often tends to fall off. I would love to hear from others on any comparisons they may have made with regard to time of pollination, whether it be with standards or tazettas.

A batch of Matador o.p. seedlings from Sid DuBose proved to be very interesting. Many seemed quite similar to Matador, sometimes less vigorous but out of eight or ten clones, three were notable. One was considerably deeper in perianth color and held it quite well. The cup was of deeper yellow with a narrow wire rim of red, like a larger version of Chinita but better at holding its color. Another opened lighter color than Matador in perianth and faded to creamy. Notable was its narrow cut and frilled edge on the cup of orange. But best of all was one that opened creamy and became lighter with age. The cup was a good solid red to the base. Though all three were tall and strong-stemmed as would be expected, this one was particularly tall and like a much smoother Cragford it seemed. There didn't seem to be any pollen on this one, but the pods look real fat and the same is true with the others which gave pollen as freely as Matador itself.

From a different batch of Sid's Matador o.p. came one of which he sent me half the stock, and this one was quite distinctive in having in most cases only one or two florets per stem, pale yellow fading to creamy having red cups. While I think it is quite clear that the other batch were all Matador selfed, this one could possibly be a cross with something in Division 3, if not a selfing throwback towards *N. poeticus*. Pollen was quite different from the others being grayish and grainy. It is too soon to see if the pods will set.

It is surprising how many crosses bred from Soleil d'Or produce pollen, in fact one pollen just received from Barbara Fry is as powdery and plentiful as anything from Matador. This one is a cross of Sol \times Porthilly, described as being of the Highfield Beauty type. Another from Sol \times Arbar gave a lesser amount of pollen.

My experience has led me to conclude that, generally speaking, if the pollen looks good it usually is, and even if grainy a few seeds can be gotten using it onto the more easily seeding tazettas. I can't emphasize enough that I have found tazetta stigmas to be by far the most receptive when the flowers are nearing the end of life, and when one is using questionable pollens this becomes crucial.

One poetaz that gave particularly plentiful pollen as usual is Chinita. This usually comes with but one flower per stem for me, making it look just like a yellow perianth poet. Though the yellow of the perianth quickly fades after opening, a pale yellow remains for the life of the flower, during which time it enlarges dramatically to reach about 2½" across. The cup opens like a poet with green eye, yellow mid-zone, and neat dark red wire rim. Just like a poet the wire rim soon burns but the cup holds its yellow making for a very attractive flower at all stages.

Highfield Beauty is showing itself to be great for garden and naturalizing as well as show. Whether with the more common one or two florets, or the occasional three or four, it is like a multi-headed version of Division 3. I do not get seed from it but there is usually a good supply of pollen. Like Chinita, it is especially tall.

Sir Winston Churchill, the double form of Geranium, has been particularly impressive this year. My second year down bulbs increased well but the heads of two to five florets were smaller than the three to seven seen on bulbs newly received from Holland. Most interesting was the full doubleness of the Dutch ones, while mine were semi-doubled and often came with good anthers. I have often wondered how the degree of doubling is affected by growing conditions. It seems that doubles bred out of any of the RHS divisions all share the tendency to vary also in the production of anthers and complete stigmas between individuals of the same clone. Often it seems as though richer growing conditions make doubling more full, and this results often in the complete elimination of pollen as well as stigma.

I have found that I can dramatically increase the production of pollen on Erlicheer by giving the bulbs a thorough roasting in the sun for a couple weeks after digging soon after dieback. One must be very careful with this sort of thing as bulbs can be cooked to death if temps get above the 70s and even then I have found it best to turn over the bulbs a couple times each day to prevent sunscald. It has proven well worth the trouble, and seems particularly effective when bulbs grown under poorer conditions are used. The result was that most florets gave useful anthers, often several of them down in the usual location which would ordinarily be too fully doubled to permit them. Being the double form of Grand Primo, whose pollen is usually rather hard to work with, I felt it best to use the Erlicheer pollen on the most fertile things and as a result I have one pod coming on a tall stemmed, large headed yellow and orange rogue I found in the stock of Israeli-type Soleil d'Or. I call this particular clone "Late Israeli" and have found it to be the most fertile thing I grow, both as a seed and pollen parent, even exceeding Gloriosus. It would surely be nice to raise a yellow version of Erlicheer.

I do have a double yellow true tazetta coming from France under the name of Golden Rain. It is the double sport of the French Sol Barbara Fry has found to be a good parent. It is ordinarily an even worse pollen producer than the average flower of Erlicheer but last year I did find enough pollen to cross it on Avalanche and collect a few seeds. This year there was no pollen but maybe with the aid of roasting they will yield more next year. It is really a very well

doubled flower, every bit as full as most Erlicheer, being of good clear yellow with orange center. Unfortunately the later buds in the cluster tend to blast, whether left on the plant or picked. Maybe they are too fully doubled to develop properly. Even with only the first half of the eight to ten florets opening properly, it is still a very pleasing flower and often starts the season in November. How the parentage of Soleil d'Or x Sulphur Phoenix ever got attached to it is beyond me, and as I have gotten them under name from several sources in the warmer parts of England I think I can safely say they are true to name. They differ from French Sol only in the doubling. The Dutch firm that registered the name is said to be no longer in business and I have had no luck getting the bulbs direct from France. A salesman tried to promote them to English growers but without success as it was found that they needed a good deal of summer baking just to flower at all. What a pity as it sure does grow well otherwise. I have never been able to find a double of the true Soleil d'Or. It would sure make a nice companion for Erlicheer. What more could one ask?

REPORT OF THE HEALTH AND CULTURE COMMITTEE

March 30, 1982

THEODORE E. SNAZELLE, PH.D., *Chairman*

Several areas continue to be researched with the hope that specific recommendations can be made during 1982. These areas include the following:

1. Devrinol - Dr. Dwight V. Peabody, Northwestern Washington Research and Extension Unit, Mount Vernon, Washington, advises that Devrinol "can be used safely, efficaciously, and legally in Washington" to control weeds after bulb emergence but before summer annual weed appearance. Also, Devrinol can be used after planting but before bulb emergence to control weeds. Presently, Washington is the only state in which Devrinol can be used legally for the control of weeds in narcissus plantings. Devrinol is the trade name of Stauffer Chemical Company for napropamide.
2. Dursban - Correspondence with Dr. Arthur Antonelli, Western Washington Research and Extension Center, Puyallup, Washington, reveals that "Dursban does show promise against many species of the fly group, and it demonstrates pretty fair soil residual." However, Dr. Antonelli also said, "I can't say anything definitely about the efficacy against bulb fly." Reports from England and the Netherlands indicate effective control of the large narcissus fly with Dursban. It is used both in a pre-plant dip and as a spray on foliage (base) at the time of fly activity.
3. Benomyl substitute - Although there is no proven resistance by the basal rot fungus to benomyl according to Dr. Gary Chastagner, it seems "unwise to rely solely on this chemical for control of this pathogen." Thus, I have proposed to research the use of two other fungicides, Ornalin and Banrot, for possible use in control of the basal rot fungus. A proposal for such research was submitted to Dr. Koopowitz.

Hopefully by the time of the fall board meeting, I will be able to provide specific recommendations for the use of Devrinol in weed control and Dursban for fly control. The benomyl substitute experiment will require 1-2 years of work before a specific recommendation can be made.

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COME INTO MY GARDEN

MARIE BOZIEVICH'S GARDEN

RICHARD EZELL, *Chambersburg, Pennsylvania*

Photos by the Author



Marie Bozievich

The time to see ADS Immediate Past President Marie Bozievich's garden at its most attractive is several weeks after the conclusion of daffodil season. Of course the azaleas peak before the rhododendrons reach their best bloom, but then the flowering trees begin early and follow each other in succession for a number of weeks. You might miss one or another of these, but there are so many of each, that you are assured of a stream of great sights to see. There are wildflowers of many kinds, massed and drifting in careless splendor among the trees and shrubs, and if you come later in the year, then the calming and secluding green of the woodland will serve as a foil

for the blooms of the perennials in the great curving beds toward the front of the property.

The daffodils? Well, yes, there are those. But Marie has made a garden of her whole one-acre wooded plot, and the daffodil beds occupy maybe twenty-five by seventy-five feet of that teeming acre. She came, besides, to daffodils rather later in her gardening career than to her fondness for all those other plants that make her garden such a delight.

Not a "born" gardener, her memories of life as the oldest of seven children growing up in Utah, are of marvelous summers spent scrambling about in the wilder portions of the Rocky Mountains. Having met and fallen instantly in love with John Bozievich while both worked at summer jobs with the Salt Lake City Park Service, she married, and the pair of them were far too busy finishing college, finding jobs, and helping with the education of the rest of their large families (John, too, is the oldest of seven children) for their thoughts to be bent on gardening.

John's work as a parasitologist took them to Washington, and when they decided in 1940 to build a home, they chose a wild, densely wooded area of Bethesda, Maryland, near an abandoned gold mine, a location at that time so remote that when they built their house they paid for the poles that had to be placed before either electricity or telephone service could reach them. No longer "remote," the area retains the charm of hilly, winding, tree-shaded roadways, with houses screened from one another by the vestiges of the woodland and by careful planting of azaleas, conifers, and broad-leaved evergreens.

So then, with a new house on the south-sloping hillside, Marie began to garden. Began in proper fashion too, by going to the public library in search of books on establishing a lawn. John became interested as well, in time joining the prestigious Montgomery County Men's Garden Club. Marie had found



About half of the exhibition beds

her first "serious" plant interest in iris. She was growing many, showing, and even hybridizing them. One evening she prevailed upon John to slip her into one of the meetings of his all-male garden club. As you might guess, she *was* noticed. Shortly after crashing their meeting, she received a phone call from Fred Lee, who was to be one of the founders of the American Daffodil Society: "Marie, you and John must come to dinner; Donald Wyman will be here, and I want to see him when you start firing questions at him."

She went, of course. She went to see other good gardens, including Carey Quinn's for a look at his daffodils. Especially eager to learn about plant propagation, she has grown most of the many shrubs in her garden from seed or cuttings. A few especially fine specimen rhododendrons, now over fifteen feet tall, were grown from seed produced by a cross Marie made herself.

She came round to the "serious" growing of daffodils as she saw how—compared with other flowers—such impressive results could be achieved with a relatively small effort. And grow them seriously she does. The perennial borders are fetchingly studded with clumps of her older cultivars, but those being grown primarily for production of show blooms are handled much more like a farm crop: they are grown in straight, raised beds four feet wide and eighteen inches apart, each bulb precisely placed in rows a measured distance apart. The daffodils are kept thoroughly watered during the growing season, and the raised beds promote good drainage—moisture about the bulbs during a Washington heat wave can bring the kiss of basal rot faster than summer lightning to susceptible daffodils.

About four hundred cultivars are currently being grown; Marie doesn't grow *all* the novelties . . . quite. But not many of the good ones, from anywhere in the world, escape her acquisitive eye very long. Still, space in the exhibition beds is limited, so as new ones are added old ones are discarded every year. The cultivars that prove themselves worthy are allotted full four-foot rows; only a scant handful of favored ones are given two rows.

The beds are neatly mulched, though this year's experiment in using the Bozievich's own plentiful supply of autumn leaves, after shredding them, proved unsuccessful; the leaf bits packed down tightly enough so that the merging daffodil foliage had too hard a time penetrating to the spring sunlight.

With occasional help from husband John, Marie is her own staff of gardeners. She obviously relishes the hard work of growing outstanding daffodils, and not merely the glory. The tough, clayey soil of her hillside is deeply and thoroughly prepared by hand digging, with lavish additions of peat moss, as well as sand, to lighten the texture and raise the surface of the beds. Superphosphate, which leaches extremely slowly, is added to the full depth of the beds, and fertilizer dug in a few weeks before planting. No fertilizer fanatic, she is likely to use whatever low-nitrogen formulation is ready to hand, trusting more to liberal watering than to liberal fertilizing to produce those big, prize-winning blooms.

And win those blooms surely do. Without counting, one might still confidently hazard the guess that her string of numerous major awards in ADS competition over many years is unequalled.

Quick to deny possession of a Green Thumb, Marie can be forced to admit to having something better: the determination to discover what things her plants need, and to see that they get them. This determination to get things right will be noted by any visitor to her efficiently farmed daffodil patch, while a more relaxed and casual rightness shows in the profusion of wildflowers, perennials, shrubs, and trees crowding the rest of her wonderful one-acre garden.



Marie's exhibition beds

BITS FROM THE ROBINS

It can hardly be said too many times, I think, that having a "green thumb" is nothing more than paying attention to your plants. And nobody I know pays better attention than Bill Bender. As he dug his bulbs this past summer he noticed that in row after row the biggest and healthiest bulb was the one just behind the stake of his label. These big rectangular labels are supported by stakes of galvanized steel, and galvanized steel, he reasoned, would impart minute amounts of zinc into the soil. So, in an effort to instill greater size and health in *all* his bulbs, instead of just those snuggled up against the row markers, before replanting he dug in zinc sulphate (at 4 oz. per 100 sq. ft.). Those of us who have to compete against him can hardly be sanguine at the thought of his daffodils growing even larger and healthier than they have been. Personally, I'm hoping that the greater size and health of the bulb behind each stake was not due to the zinc, but rather to the extra shade provided by those big labels.

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Bill Bender noted, as did a number of other Robin writers, a greater than usual incidence of basal rot in bulbs dug this year, although it had not seemed the sort of season to make fusarium especially troublesome. Every daffodil season has its peculiarities, of course, its surprises and its mysteries. The season of '81, judging from Robin letters, seemed to have even more than its share, a season in which many ordinarily dependable cultivars were disappointing, while others, not usually so good, were fine this time round.

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