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COVER

Lancaster, a 3 W-GYO introduced by Ballydorn Bulb Farm.

NASHVILLE: THE NOSTALGIA CONVENTION

MRS. HERMAN L. MCKENZIE, *Madison, Mississippi*



The airplane circling the Nashville airport in a misty midafternoon rain was just the only thing that wasn't *deja vu* about this year's convention. Last time around, eleven years ago, I arrived by car around midnight, with husband, eleven-year-old son, and flowers to exhibit. This time I came by myself, our own bloom season over, bringing only many memories, and to be reminded of many more within the next few days.

Nashville's one of those great places for ADS memories, anytime. This was the fourth convention held here (I didn't know the ADS existed when that first one took place; but at the second one, they were already telling us, "This is where we went, last time.") and it is also the geographic center of one of our major exhibiting areas, the magnet many springtimes for gardeners from Chapel Hill to Memphis, from Louisville to Birmingham, with flowers a bit out of season.

It was a small convention, as ADS conventions go, less than one hundred and fifty people. Frances Armstrong had always told me that in some ways these small conventions were the best, because "You really get to visit with everyone there, really talk." She's right; but this year she was one of the ones we were sorely missing.

Lettie Hanson has a gift always for the succinct summing up. "It's not who's here," she commented. "It's who isn't here." She had to be missing Roberta Watrous, and so was I, as always.

When our president, Richard Ezell, read the list of members who had passed away since the last convention, it was not the two or three we'd come to expect, but an entire dozen, past presidents and their wives and diligent exhibitors and stalwart board members and above all, many good friends. Other members had had to admit, reluctantly, that convention traveling was no longer possible for them. Family commitments kept some at home; and even the demands of today's business world trimmed our roster of those we always felt would be there.

It was my privilege this year to be rooming with Eve Robertson and Barb Tate. Eve was one of the four members present who were also at the very first convention (Lib Capen, Meg Yerger, and Lettie Hanson were the others.) She is, of course, a living legend; but it's downright impossible to treat her as one. I always think of a million questions I'm going to ask her when I see her, but we get involved in laughter and just plain fun, and I have to resort to AT&T when there's something I need to know.

Barb met me at the show's entrance with "Come look! I won a blue ribbon for a seedling I brought, one of those I dug from Otis Etheridge's garden, and bloomed for the first time." She didn't know the parentage, maybe never had a record of it. But I knew. One look brought back literally hours of standing with Otis, at the 1973 Williamsburg Convention, coveting Murray Evans' new white-cupped seedling N-72, which would later become Shadow. I can't keep Shadow alive, but if this seedling can survive in South Carolina's heat and humidity, there's hope for it in my garden.

The show will be reported extensively and exactly by Leone Low in the next *Journal* so I'll stick to impressions. The first was of coast-to-coast exhibiting. Steve Vinisky, for example, won the Gold Ribbon with

Parnell's Knob, from the Pennsylvania garden of Dr. Bill Bender. Steve also took the Matthew Fowlds and Olive Lee Awards, the Miniature Gold Ribbon, and had a most impressive blue-ribbon Quinn. What WILL he do next spring on his home turf? Bob Spotts with the Northern Ireland Award and Stan Baird with the English Award were the other California winners.

If its true that I have to come home to see what I liked best, it's pink-cupped daffodils this year. I was so happy with Elise Havens' White Ribbon winner, but especially happy that she could win the Grant and Amy Mitsch Award for a vase of three seedling specimens of one of her own flowers.

No one could have been more pleased with an award than was Martha Anderson with her Gold Watrous Medal in her first-ever try for this award. Those of us who compete against Martha, year after year, in local shows, were not at all surprised. The high quality of her entries in all of the miniature categories is legendary.

My special personal envy was reserved for Leslie Anderson's Throckmorton Medal. I used all my blooms in a failed try for a Throckmorton at Calloway Gardens; and, season permitting, I'll try again in Dallas. The logistics and diversity of making this entry intrigue me, always.

Bill Pannill's flowers were beautiful and bountiful, and it had been too long since many us had had a chance to see them in a national show. He won the John and Betty Larus Award, the Purple, the Red-White-and-Blue, and the Miniature Rose Ribbon.

Once again Jenny Cheesborough took the Junior Award. Her interest in the convention and all its events is exemplary and a sign of the future of ADS. Beverly Barbour's winners from her Atlanta garden included the Miniature White and Miniature Lavender Ribbons. William Hobby took the Small Growers' Award. Ruth Pardue, whose garden near Knoxville many had the pleasure of visiting after the convention, had the Green Ribbon winner.

The hybridizers' classes totally belonged to Brian Duncan this year, as he won not only the Challenge Cup but also the Murray Evans Trophy, the Goethe Link Medal, and the ADS Hybridizer's Rosette. I've half a roll of film of the winners in these awards; I'm afraid to check out the catalogue prices.

I am always amazed that a show chairman can put on a great convention, present an immaculate and beautiful garden to our tour guests, open a lovely home as well — and still win big show awards. Kitty and Dick Frank did all of these, taking the Carncairn Award, the New Zealand Award, and the Lavender Ribbon.

Twenty-eight states and Northern Ireland were represented at this Nashville convention. Many of us were involved almost on arrival, in

renewing multi-generational friendships. Love for the daffodil is a great common bond. But I was also pleased to see, in groups all over the show room and as we gathered for the first evening's dinner, that from each area longtime ADS members were proudly welcoming and introducing new convention-goers. (Thirty-five first-timers stood up at the first dinner meeting.) Our Mississippi contingent, for instance, took great pleasure in showing off the convention for Dr. Jack Hollister and his wife Betsy. Both say Jack's the current daffodil fan, but Betsy's been captivated by the quest for the perfect white daffodil for Mississippi's climate.

The show was a beautiful array at one end of the Belmont Ballroom, with our dinner meeting at the other end. I always think that show and dinner sharing one great room is a lovely idea, one I first remember from Washington. Some of the beauty that is central to our coming together is available to our eyes for many more hours, adding an elegance to the evening events that nothing else can match.

Speaking of dinner, and breakfast, and lunches, food was just one more memorable thing about this convention. Had I been asked, before I arrived, what was the best convention meal I could remember from my thirteen past conventions, I'd have said emphatically, "The gourmet box lunch in Nashville in '82. Or, maybe, the salmon in Portland, Or perhaps the quail in Williamsburg." But this one convention brought forth many memorable meals, the salmon at the lunch at Cheekwood a personal favorite — and all of those desserts! Just another example of attention to detail from our convention committee, which brought together the members and the efforts of three societies in Tennessee.

Word trickled out from the board meetings of the amiable discussions and harmony brought about by our president, who may list his address as Pennsylvania but is still a bonafide Southern gentleman in my book. Amiable is wonderful, especially with some of the startling innovations which emerged from Board meetings. But I, for one, am pleased not to go to meetings, to which I am generally allergic, but instead spend my time, my note-taking and picture-taking, browsing through the commercial exhibits, which were a knock-out.

On Friday morning, Bill Pannill was in top form at the Hybridizers' breakfast. Kitty Frank presided, and together they drew into the discussion many of the beginners and many of the highly skilled hybridizers from the large and enthusiastic group.

Then we were off, not to see the Wizard, but to Opryland, that fabulous hotel, and to the Springhouse Golf Club. This bus tour was the delightful sort of convention experience which gives a sense of place.

I'd seen that incredible hotel courtyard-under-glass on a "Victory garden" PBS show last year, but was still not prepared for its overwhelming several-storied beauty. No good to be TOO captivated, as the P.R. Moores found out after the Nashville Fall Board meeting, as rooms must be booked very, very far in advance.

A sense of history of a different sort surrounded us as we drove to our luncheon at the Springhouse Golf Club, also on the Opryland property. Our hosts explained that the rolling terrain had been preserved almost exactly as it was for the original plantation a century and a half ago, with the springhouse, central to plantation life, on the very spot where we enjoyed a delicious lunch in a beautiful setting.

Kate Reade of Carncairn Daffodils was the luncheon speaker. She is current history, one of the great hybridizers of today: and we were glad to, belatedly, congratulate her for last year's Gold Medal and to hear better news about Robin's continued recovery from his accident.

Kate spoke of the great hybridizers of Ireland past, sharing vivid memories of her own personal daffodil-growing history, and of the men who had inspired her interest in the daffodil. Guy Wilson and the Richardsons and Willie Dunlop became a part of our own heritage as we listened. She told us that this presentation was originally part of a slide show; perhaps some day we can see it with that accompaniment.

Among the traditions we simply must preserve is Wells Knierim's insistence on taking pictures, not just of the daffodils, but of daffodil people, year after year after year.

At the annual meeting, the highest awards of the American Daffodil Society were presented. The Gold Medal for service to the daffodil was won by Sir Frank Harrison. All of us who have ever had the privilege of meeting the Harrisons remember their elegant friendliness and genial conversations. Among his many beautiful small-cupped daffodils are those with the green eye, a captivating challenge for present and future hybridizers.

The Silver Medal for service to the Society went to Deloris "Tag" Bourne, who is a prime example of a member who is just what every plant society needs — a hundred or so of. She has diligently carried out many tasks at the National level, most recently a long stint as awards chairman. I suspect that those of us who come from other areas only know a small part of it, as her work for CODS and with the Midwest shows is on-going and endless.

Among the magic captured for this convention by our Nashville hosts was sunshine for our second tour day, surely a record or at least a rarity. Even the mishaps had their "plus" side; our bus saw the Brentwood area extensively as we "lost" our first destination. I am convinced the residents of the house where we first stopped tentatively were peering

from behind curtains, wondering why on earth a busload of people were coming for an early Saturday brunch. Even the local policemen stopped to help us find ourselves.

When we actually found the home of Margaret Ann and Walter Robinson, it was worth the search. Mrs. Robinson gave us a personalized tour of the house, with its history and its fascinating architecture. The garden staff were on hand to answer our many questions, about plant identifications and about their success in growing so many plants out of their usual range.

No one, after visiting the charming small hillside garden of Mary and Bob Cartwright, should ever use lack of space as an excuse for not having a fine garden. Mary is of course a noted exhibitor of miniatures. The sloping terrain of their city garden has been shaped and contoured into an ideal setting for many miniature daffodils and an array of other small-scale plants.

Dick and Kitty Frank, in addition to making great show entries and chairing the convention, had their own daffodil garden in great shape for visitors. The layout and the labeling make comparisons and note-taking and picture snapping very convenient, and visiting with friends all at the same time quite possible. Though most of us spent the greatest part of that particular stop in the show garden rows, the rest of the property is beautifully landscaped, and the area around the pool makes that a true garden feature and not just a utilitarian recreational object. I'd long known of their great interest in camellias, so was delighted to visit the two greenhouses. But if I could have figured any way to do it, the plant I'd have sneaked onto the airplane with me would have been that large red bougainvillea in generous bloom tucked away in the back corner of one of the greenhouses.

The sun continued to shine as we went back to Cheekwood. Back, I say deliberately, because many of us were at the 1982 convention and remember the dedication of the Louise Hardison Garden just after we'd had what we knew would be our last look at the daffodils as Louise had grown them. Those who remembered could appreciate the thing of beauty this garden has become, especially as we listen to the horror-filled stories of drainage problems and the reworking that necessitated.

Brent Heath was the guest speaker at Saturday's lucheon, at Cheekwood, bridging the gap between America and Holland, and between the daffodils of colonial gardens and the multi-millioned bulb trade of today. I was pleased to sit near Kathy Andersen and Marilyn Howe and get an update on their visits to the Iberian peninsula and their continuing fight to preserve the species daffodil in its natural habitat. Fortunate too, I felt myself, to visit with Laura Lee Ticknor and to share

the excitement she and Bill are feeling as they plan to fly to Germany to get acquainted with their new grandchild, something of an ADS "grandchild," as Susan is well-remembered by many convention-goers, especially those from the Washington area.

Nearing the end of anything is especially laden with nostalgia. As we drove back to the Loew's Vanderbilt Plaza, which had been as promised an elegant and comfortable setting for this convention, many pictures came back to me of these few days. One special one was a picture in reality — or several pictures. Inside the Franks' charming, liveable home, I just had to get several shots of the room where the *Journal* becomes reality four times a year. Perhaps more than any other spot during the whole weekend, here I had felt I was standing where history is made.

At Saturday night's dinner, Bill Tribe stood up to issue an invitation to "this big family reunion you people have every year." He may be something of a newcomer, only ten years or so of involvement in ADS, but he understands. One thing, I believe, did surprise him. As he began what was obviously to be a hard sell promo for next year's 1994 convention with "How many of you think you might be coming to Portland?" he seemed a bit nonplussed when every hand shot up! Even before the wonders of "next year in Portland" were outlined, and the amazing growth and strength of the new Oregon society was documented (a 1,900 bloom show where in the past they'd even had to import convention *chairman*), he had a sale! Is he so close to that wonderful climate and the heritage of daffodils in Oregon to know that for the ADS, this is mecca? And so we ended with a rousing "Wagons ho!" invitation to the Oregon Trail.

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EARLY IRISH HYBRIDIZERS

(from a talk at the 1993 ADS Convention, Nashville, Tennessee)

KATE READE, Broughshane, Northern Ireland

Ladies and gentlemen, and all my friends in the ADS, first I want to thank you very much for inviting me here to give an informal talk. It was just the boost I needed to make the effort to come.

I have put together a short talk about the early daffodil breeders in Ireland up to the present day.

In Europe we have a very serious disease of cattle known as Bovine Spongiform Encephalitis (B.S.E. for short), also known as Mad Cow Disease. One of my grandsons is always telling stories and he said to me: "Granny, did you hear about the cow who was talking to another cow, and she said: 'Aren't you worried about this B.S.E. thing?' The second cow rolled her eyes in a rather strange manner, and replied: 'No it doesn't worry me at all. You see I'm a Daffodil!'"

Now I have to prove that I haven't got to that stage yet, and tell you all I know about the early Irish daffodil breeders and how they started.

When Parkinson wrote about daffodils in the 17th Century he mentioned varieties of *pseudonarcissus* growing wild in Ireland. After that, there is very little mentioned in the books I have read.

Much later Mr. F.W. Burbridge was apprenticed to the Royal Horticultural Gardens at Chiswick before becoming a student at the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew. From 1870 to 1878 he was on the staff of *The Garden*, which is the R.H.S. Journal and familiar to anyone who is a member of the R.H.S. While on the staff of *The Garden* he published, in collaboration with Mr. J.G. Baker, a book called *The Narcissus: Its History and Culture*.

In 1879 Burbridge was appointed curator of the Trinity College Botanical Gardens in Dublin, where he worked for the rest of his life. He died in 1905 having collected many daffodils for the garden at Trinity.

During his time at Trinity, Burbridge met William Baylor Hartland, born in 1836, who had nurseries in Cork at Temple Hill, and Ardcairn in Cork City, stocked mostly with varieties of daffodils he had discovered in old and interesting gardens in the south of Ireland, and which he used for hybridizing.

In 1886 Hartland brought out *Ye Original Little Book of Daffodils*, ornately decorated with butterflies, fairies, flowers, etc. The Rev. Engleheart who was then *the* great man in daffodils wrote ridiculing this catalogue in *The Garden*. Poor Mr. Hartland replied sadly: "The fangs of a bear, and the tusks of a wild boar do not bite worse or make deeper gashes than his goosequill."

I would love to have met Baylor Hartland. He was an Irish giant with a large beard, very eager and excitable, and with tremendous enthusiasm. In his booklet he described an Irish variation of *pseudonarcissus* which he named Irish King (Ard Righ). No one knows its origin but when he sent it to a celebrated grower at Edge Hall in Cheshire, he said it was the finest narcissus in cultivation. It was planted en masse at the beginning of this century, at Rowallance, the famous garden in County Down which is open to the public.

Most of this information I found in an article from the 1937 *Daffodil Year Book* entitled "Daffodils in Old Irish Gardens" by Lady Moore, whose husband was a famous horticulturalist living in Dublin. Also in Lady Moore's article was a mention of 'The O'Mahoney', a grower in County Kerry who grew a large stock of *maximus*, the very old, wild, yellow trumpet discovered pre-1576, and also known as *pseudonarcissus maximus*, *Trinity College Dublin maximus*, etc.

Poor Sally Kington, the daffodil registrar, who completed the International Check List in 1989, has at least ten different names for *maximus* on the list. As I have found from exporting bulbs to all parts of the world, and seeing them grow so differently in varying soils and climates, I wonder if Irish King from Baylor Hartland and *maximus* could have come from the same original bulb. The well-known yellow trumpet, King Alfred, was bred from *maximus*, and this was the beginning of many of the yellow trumpets. Just as Madame De Graaf, bred by De Graaf Brothers in Holland seems to be the most prominent white ancestor. Nowadays with the computer print-outs one can easily trace (if the breeder has kept records), the family tree of most modern hybrids.

Meanwhile at Brodie Castle in Scotland, the Brodie of Brodie was quietly hybridizing. He did not go to all the shows, but was awarded the Peter Barr Memorial Cup in 1928 for his work in breeding.

In 1910 Baylor Hartland died, but he had already sown the 'Yellow Fever' seed in the mind of a young man living in Broughshane — Guy Livingstone Wilson, born in 1886, the youngest son of the Wilsons of Raceview Wollen Mills. Guy, encouraged by his mother, had developed a great interest in flowers and plants; and had pored over Baylor Hartland's little books which his mother received annually.

In 1907 Guy sowed his first seeds — he was then only 21. It was sad that he could not show Baylor Hartland his first results; but in

Scotland the Brodie of Brodie was there to invite Guy to stay, and to talk daffodils well into the night.

There was also a rising star in Waterford in the South of Ireland. Lionel Richardson, four years younger than Guy, was seeking colour, while Guy was fascinated by the white flowers.

Lionel was tall and thin, with a slight stoop, and wore large glasses. His family came from the North of Ireland and were in linen. His wife, Helen K. Richardson, was well known at American conventions and became, after his death, a continuous winner of the Engleheart Cup at the R.H.S.

Lionel started hybridizing merely as a hobby, and it was not until 1922 that he started raising in earnest. Gaining knowledge from P.D. Williams in Cornwall and the Brodie of Brodie in Inverness, he bought highly coloured red and yellow seedlings from Mr. Williams which laid the foundations for his breeding stocks. He did not keep proper records until 1928.

As the good flowers appeared in his seedling beds he became more selective, and his interest grew. He soon found which flowers made good parents. I remember asking him about breeding tips and he said, "always choose a good brood mare." One of the yellow reds he used a lot was Narvik. He also did a lot with Carbineer which we had in our early catalogues.

Both Guy and Lionel would travel to London to put up trade stands and compete for the Engleheart Cup. I believe that Lionel Richardson's breeding of coloured daffodils had more effect at that time than anyone else in the world. While Lionel was breeding for colour, Guy Wilson's search for pure white trumpets was proving more difficult. Most of the species had yellow trumpets, but *pseudonarcissus moschatus*, also known as *cernuus*, the Swan Neck Daffodil, or Silver Trumpet, was grown by Baylor Hartland in Cork. It was pure white, and probably inspired Guy Wilson in his search for a perfect white trumpet.

Guy Wilson had another friend and guide in James Coey who was a nurseryman in Larne and Newcastle, County Down, where the mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea. He founded the Slieve Donard Nurseries, later run by Mr. Slinger who himself was a daffodil man. His name is on the Peter Barr Memorial Cup for his work in daffodils.

As Guy Wilson became famous and started making himself felt at the London show and was many times Engleheart Cup winner, his visitors increased from all over the world. He had friends all over the U.S.A., Holland, New Zealand, Australia and Japan. I well remember seeing the old Rolls that Lionel Richardson always drove, arriving up to the Knockan to visit Guy.

People ask me what was Guy Wilson really like? I remember him as a small figure, usually dressed in his own Raceview Tweed, made into a plus four suit. A round face with round glasses, and a Labrador at his heels. I used to be a little afraid of him, as I sensed he did not suffer fools gladly, but he was always kind, and extremely generous. When I asked him for £1 worth of show bulbs to compete in the Ballymena Show, he gave me Chinese White, Chungking and several others, which must have been worth a lot more than £1.

Many people ask me what started my interest in daffodils.

My first memory of them was long ago in Cushendall, a small seaside town in County Antrim. My grandfather, an ex-colonel in the Gurkhas, had retired with his wife to Rarkmoyle, a house just opposite an old churchyard, above Cushendall looking over the sea.

The front drive was lined with daffodils. I imagine they were *pseudonarcissus*. These were picked and packed in boxes, and sent off in a horse drawn carriage to Parkmore Railway Station on the old railway which stopped at Cargan, then went on the Ballymena. By train, boat, more train travel and some magic they arrived at Covent Garden the next day, and were sold in the market. I must have been five or six at the time, and I well remember the pain of cold hands, but also the beauty of the flowers, and of course Old Rufus the chestnut horse who pulled the carriage.

I lived with my grandparents while my parents were in India. Later when my father retired we went to live at Coolgreany in Ballycastle. My mother had a beautiful garden and looked after the flowers while my father kept us in vegetables. My mother grew some modern hybrid daffodils, and used to take a weekly cargo of cut flowers to sell in Belfast.

It was not until Robin and I were married in 1948 after we had both been demobbed — he from the Army, and I from the Navy — that, when spending the weekend at Carncairn, his parents organized a trip to see Guy Wilson's fields at the Knockan. There I was completely dazzled by such a collection of beauty, all shapes and colours stretching down the field as far as I could see.

When my in-laws died, Robin and I moved to Carncairn. He commuted to Belfast daily. His grandmother, who had been living with his parents, stayed on with us. She was a wonderful old lady, with a fund of gardening knowledge. She showed me with pride, the Guy Wilson bulbs gowing at Carncairn.

Also at Carncairn, we found John Maybin who had, as a boy, worked for Guy Wilson, and had many amusing stories to tell about him. Guy was a perfectionist and when the beds were made up for the bulbs, they had to be measured and correct to a fraction of an inch.

Another great grower was John Shaw from Broughshane who went to Guy when he left school, and stayed with him as his right hand man, until Guy's bulbs were sold to Dick De Jaeger, a Dutchman who had a daffodil farm at Marden in Kent.

It was lucky for us that John Maybin applied for the job of gardener to my father-in-law in 1948. He had acquired a great knowledge of bulbs when working for Guy. Apart from a few years in Ballymena he has lived in the gardener's cottage at Carncairn, and without him we would not have been able to produce the good, healthy bulbs that customers expect from us.

John is a tremendously hard worker, and though retired, he comes and goes as he feels able, and puts in a lot of hours at flowering time, and still helps with the digging and planting. John's main hobby is his collection of racing pigeons, and in 1990 he had his most successful year ever with them.

When we found that the daffodils were taking over the walled garden, we decided to plant them in the field in the same manner that John had learnt from Guy.

One day Robin looked at a glistening bed of Kanchenjunga, one of Guy's early white trumpets, and said (looking at Guy's catalogue): "Do you realize you have over £100 worth of bulbs in that bed? What are you going to do with them?"

That was when we decided to go commercial, produce a tiny catalogue, and get started.

When I talked to Guy about it he looked doubtful. He warned me of all the hard work. With the farm and the children I was very busy. Robin was working in Belfast. However, when Guy realized we had thought hard about this he looked at me, shook his head, and started to give me advice on breeding.

So in the 1950's we set up at Carncairn Daffodils Ltd., and were joined by John Pearson a young Englishman who had been working for Guy and was bitten by the daffodil bug. We had great hopes that he could run a market garden at Carncairn while the daffodil business was growing, but unfortunately we did not have enough capital to get it off the ground, so, very sensibly John went back into the army and ended up a colonel, and now has his own daffodil business in Essex called 'Hoffland's Daffodils'. He is producing very good show flowers. From him I learned more tips about hybridizing.

Another man living in Broughshane was Willy Dunlop, the raiser of the famous white and yellow trumpet Newcastle, and many others. He encouraged us from the beginning, and invited John Maybin and me to see the pots in his greenhouse when he was taking them to London to the R.H.S. Show. Willy's first success in showing was spring

shows in Ballymena and Coleraine. In 1942 and 1943 he won Gold Medals in Dublin, where he met Lionel Richardson and they struck up an immediate friendship as they had the same aims in breeding red cupped flowers.

From 1946 on, Willy was consistently putting up large trade stands at the R.H.S in London; and we still use the enormous wooden box he bequeathed to us when he stopped going to London in 1973. It is full of old aprons, watering cans, etc., and lives in the basement. It appears by magic and the kindness of the staging staff, beside our stand when we arrive in London with our flowers.

When Willy decided to retire due to ill health, he sold us a lot of his bulb trays which we still use. Also the racks he had made, so that the trays could be pulled in and out like a chest of drawers.

It was wonderful to have Willy so close when we first started, as we could supply bulbs when he had oversold, and vice versa. I have warm memories of Willy and his wife welcoming visitors with cups of tea and home-made biscuits. The tragedy for Willy was breaking his hip very badly, from which he never recovered. Sadly he died in December, 1990. We still grow some of Willy's flowers.

In 1972 a collection of ardent daffodil growers started talking about a group to promote and encourage the growth and breeding of daffodils in the province.

Mrs. Richardson was asked to present a cup from the many she had at Prospect House to be competed for in 'The Championship of Ireland', for twelve varieties staged singly. She readily agreed to this. Keen on this idea was Willy Toal who had helped the Richardson's at their shows, and had done a lot for the Dublin Show. He had since moved to Belfast, and did a lot of judging at local shows with Tom Bloomer.

Brian Duncan was an enthusiastic competitor, and was also pressing for the formation of a group. The steering committee with Willy Dunlop as chairman was formed in 1971.

Prominent at the committee meeting were Sir Frank and Lady Harrison from Killinchy, County Down. They had been growing daffodils since the end of the war. Starting with the cut flower trade, and then getting into serious hybridizing and producing a catalogue in 1948, and have built up a wonderful collection. Their specialties are the green eyed poeticus types with small cups and delicate rims, mostly scented. Their firm is called Ballydorn, and the fields slope down to Strangford Lough. Whatever is in their soil, or Frank's hands, their bulbs are enormous, flowers tall and with tremendous substance.

A great influence on all the daffodil growers in Northern Ireland was Tom Bloomer from Ballymena. I understand he had become really keen on daffodils in the 1940's, and in 1954 and '55 he went to London

and won the Bowles Cup in the amateur classes. Quite a marathon as then it required three stems each of 24 varieties (72 flowers). Now it has been reduced to 15 varieties. In 1956 and 1957 he repeated this success, adding in 1956 the Barr Vase for most points in the single bloom classes.

Tom Bloomer was lucky to have Willy Dunlop and Guy Wilson with whom to discuss his hybridizing aims. From Camelot and Arctic Gold (both Richardson flowers) he raised Golden Joy and Golden Jewel two of the best large cupped yellows on the show bench. Probably his most famous flower is White Star. When you watch an expert at work there is always a special feeling, and it was like that with Tom Bloomer. He knew how to make his flowers look their very best. I remember him, white haired and elegant, with his wife Flo, putting up his small, beautiful stand in London.

In Ballymena the invasion of the men from Omagh to the shows was soon being felt. One found that Brian Duncan was becoming as hard to beat as Tom Bloomer had been. It was all good for competition, and the standard of the flowers improved in colour and form all the time. In London Tom realized that he was taking on too much, and in 1973 he decided he must pack it in. So it was that Brian Duncan formed a partnership with Clarke Campbell who farmed not far away and they took over Tom's stock and set up in business under the name Rathowen Daffodils. This was the name of Tom's house, which he had used himself when he was in business.

A gang of amateurs always went over to London to help with the Rathowen stands. Taking their own flowers to compete in the amateur classes. Sandy McCabe who had worked with Guy Wilson as a boy, stages very well, and so did Bob Sterling from Bangor, who sadly, has since died.

Rathowen consistently won Gold Medals for their stands, and the whole thing was like a good party. I well remember Dr. Hugh Watson from County Tyrone, having won some good prizes, sitting on a ledge in the R.H.S. Hall with a bottle of champagne on one side and a bottle of Guinness on the other. He was a most entertaining after-dinner speaker. Brian's Dr. Hugh was named for him.

Now I would like to take you briefly to London. We were usually helped by our own children when they were living in London, and they brought their friends with them who had never staged flowers before. We were not very professional as the staging was not uniform, but we had a lot of fun and achieved two Gold Medals during those years.

On Wednesdays the show closes at 5 p.m. Depending on one's success, one is feeling exhausted but elated, or exhausted and disappointed, after putting up the stand on Sunday and Monday,

finishing it on Tuesday morning early. Then judging classes, taking orders for the rest of Tuesday and all of Wednesday. Legs ache, backs ache, and heads ache.

Then suddenly at 5 p.m. comes the sound of the bell. Immediately there is a rush of people who have been waiting outside to buy the poor, tired flowers. We hurry to get the stand down, clear up and go for the boat train. People rush at you with coins in their hands wanting one special colour, or one special vase.

I take my shoes off and being the lightest, climb to the top of the tall stand, then hand down the bunches which are grabbed by eager hands. I will never forget one little old lady with an old brown coat, knitted hat with grey hair straggling round her face, holding a bunch of daffodils much bigger than herself, saying: "Bless you dearie. I take them to the hospitals."

In about 30 minutes the stands that took so long to erect, are reduced to empty vases and green hessian; and one remembers three stands taking up most of one side of that big hall, all coming from Northern Ireland. We feel we are ambassadors, so many people come up and say: "They are so beautiful — and all from Northern Ireland." Another comment: "So they *do* do something over there, besides bombs and bullets."

We must keep up this interest in the plus side of our province, and I do hope that this interest can be fostered in the young people.

WHERE CAN I GET . . . ?

Laurens Koster.....Lynda Cook
906 S.W. 6th Ave.
Albany, OR 97321

THE DAFFODILL SOCIETY



was established in Britain in 1898 to cater for the needs of all daffodil enthusiasts and now has members in all the countries where daffodils are grown seriously.

The Society issues two publications each year to all members and welcomes contributions from all growers on the complete range of topics.

Minimum membership subscription is £3.00 per annum; overseas members £15.00 for three years (optional); payment by STERLING International Money Order please to:

Hon. Don Barnes, Secretary, 32 Montgomery Ave., Sheffield, S7 1NZ, England

GOLD MEDAL PRESENTATION

When you stand in front of the house and gaze in wonder over the water of Strangford Loch and the Irish Channel and beyond, and your host tells you that on a clear day you may see the Isle of Man, you are apt to find yourself so lost in the joy and beauty of the moment as not to notice that the bright array of daffodils in their long beds that sweep down almost to the sea endure some of the most brutal onslaughts of wind and rain and cold that any grower anywhere ever asks of them.

It will not surprise anyone who has visited Ballydorn Bulb Farm that letters about Sir Frank Harrison say things like, "He is as kind and generous as his daffodils are tough and persistent," and "His introductions seem always to have a certain strength of character," "If he can grow them to show quality in the open, you know you can."

He wants them strong and healthy or not at all, so the daffodils get but little mollycoddling at Ballydorn, which is why Churchman, Firestorm, Golden Sovereign, Lancaster, Hilford, and especially Golden Amber prove to be great garden flowers as well as perennial contenders on the show bench. How many of the best of late flowers and those with deep green eyes have come from Ballydorn.

The list of world class daffodils introduced by Sir Frank in almost fifty years of life at Ballydorn could go on and on, but would have to include Moon Rhythm, Ireland's Eye, Witch Doctor, and Golden Halo, flowers that can excel in the most exalted company.

And when company — exalted or otherwise — visits Sir Frank and Lady Harrison they are treated to the sort of gracious and genuine hospitality that can make them forget they came for the daffodils.

His legendary generosity when filling bulb orders, his encouragement of novices, the sprightly wit that has made him a favorite speaker at several ADS meetings, are but a few of the reasons, it gives me such pleasure to announce the awarding of the American Daffodil Society's Gold Medal in recognition of creative work of a pre-eminent nature in the understanding and advancement of daffodils to Sir Frank Harrison.



SILVER MEDAL PRESENTATION

Tag Bourne has been chairing ADS committees since 1980: she has chaired the Nominating and Photography Committees twice each and put in eight long, hard years as Awards Chairman in what must surely be one of the most demanding and under-appreciated positions in the ADS. Three times she has been Registrar of National Conventions.

Locally she has been a tireless worker and leader of the Central Ohio Daffodil Society. The word around Columbus is, "If you've got a really rough job to be done, you can give it to Tag and forget it," confident not merely that it will be done, but that it will come in on time and under budget.

She has, in her years of service to all of us in the Society, performed a wide range of tasks, and, without exception, every assignment she has undertaken has been accomplished responsibly, intelligently, and with such enthusiasm and good humor as to make her one of the most beloved and valued members of the American Daffodil Society.

If God were to set out to design from scratch a Silver Medal honoree, He could scarcely do better than to take for his model, Mrs. Hubert Bourne, our wonderful friend, "Tag."



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BULLETIN BOARD

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

The 1993 season provided the best growing conditions in living memory for most areas in the eastern part of the U.S., this despite a late start and a typical number of violent wind and rain storms. There was, for once, enough moisture throughout March, April, and May. Gardeners complained that there was rather more than enough, but the daffodils showed their approval with size and colors rivalling those of more favoured climes like Britain and Oregon. We were spared this year those dreaded extremes of temperatures that often give us record lows chasing record highs across the calendar.

Show tables everywhere were filled with outstanding blooms. Of the nine shows I saw personally, there was not a one that did not seem up to a higher standard than usual.

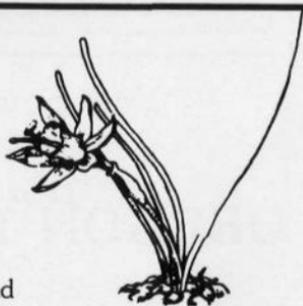
And it wasn't only the daffodils: I should have predicted a good spring when my snowdrops were the best they've ever been back in February (*before* the month of snow hit). From snowdrops and small, early crocuses, through all sorts of tulips to the later alliums, all the bulbs performed exceptionally well, not to mention flowering trees and shrubs . . . well, let's not get too carried away here: the flowering quinces were a little bit "off" this year.

One thing that was definitely not "off" was our Convention in Nashville, graciously hosted by the three Tennessee daffodil societies. Oh, Co-Chairmen Kitty and Dick Frank seemed to be off — and running — in six different directions throughout the event, yet they bore up

NANCY R. WILSON

*miniature and
species narcissus*

Contact her at 6525 Briceland-Thorn Road
Garberville, CA 95542



splendidly, as did Mary Cartwright, who did double duty as Registrar and Schedule Chairman. (She probably helped her husband count the money, too.) Sam Winters chaired the National show, which was large and beautiful, with competitive entries from Georgia to Oregon, and all the way from Ireland. Our grateful appreciation is due to these and to all who worked and worried so to make our stay in Nashville delightful.

And now it is time to look ahead: as we bulb growers all begin our spring in the fall with fertilizing, planting, and mulching, so we should begin our fall now with a close, hard look at those bulb catalogues piled on the shelf in the corner, get out our notes of the best flowers we saw in friends' gardens and at the shows, and dispatch those orders to the specialist growers we can count on for sound, healthy, true-to-name bulbs. Then, and only then, can we retire to the beach with a clear conscience and a trashy novel . . . or do we also have to weed the asparagus patch first?

—RICHARD EZELL

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TREASURER'S REPORT

ADS BALANCE SHEET December 31, 1992

ASSETS:

CURRENT ASSETS:

Checking accounts	18880
Certificates of Deposits	94294
Inventory	6382

TOTAL CURRENT ASSETS 119556

FIXED ASSETS:

Fixed assets net of depreciation	746
----------------------------------	-----

TOTAL FIXED ASSETS 746

TOTAL ASSETS: 120302

LIABILITIES

CURRENT LIABILITIES:

Advance dues	16451
Computer Fund	2053
Convention Surplus	11756
Fisher Bequest	5000
Journal - color	1000
Larus Bequest	10000
Life membership account	37806
Membership Brochure	5000
Memorials	9717
Research & Education Trust Fund	215
RVP/Committee Expense reserve	250

TOTAL CURRENT LIABILITIES 99248

EQUITY ACCOUNT

Opening balance	18511
Current surplus	2543
Ending balance	21054

TOTAL EQUITY 21054

TOTAL LIABILITIES AND EQUITY 120302

INCOME:

Auction	1640
Contributions	671
Convention Surplus	1240
Committees	801
Dues	17809
Interest	6738
Journal advertising	1360
Miscellaneous	500
Sales	6516

TOTAL INCOME: **37275**

EXPENSES:

Ameriflora	82
Committees	760
Cost of Goods Sold	3251
Depreciation	496
Executive office	10849
<i>Journal</i>	17941
Miscellaneous	250
Officers	58
RVP's	1044

TOTAL EXPENSES: **34731**

INCOME OVER EXPENSES: **2544**

I hereby certify to the best of my knowledge that the Financial Statements - 1992 are a true and accurate summary of the activities of 1992 and the status as of December 31, 1992. The accompanying notes are an integral part of the Financial Statements.

Joseph Stettinius
Treasurer, ADS

NOTES TO FINANCIAL STATEMENTS 1992

1. The Society is a 501 c(3) corporation chartered in Washington, D.C., and currently domiciled in Ohio.
2. The records are maintained on a cash basis unless otherwise noted in the notes.
3. The accounting system utilized is a modified "fund accounting" system.
4. Current investment policy allows funds to be in insured institutions or U.S. Treasury instruments.
5. The only fixed assets are office equipment, primarily a computer, located at the home of the Executive Director.

6. Inventory is maintained on an average cost basis.
7. Income from dues (with the exception of Life dues) are taken into income in the year earned. Dues paid in advance are accrued.
8. Life dues, Memorials, and designated gifts are not considered income but are posted directly to the appropriate Fund account.
9. Convention surplus is considered income, but historically, the Board of Directors on an annual basis has transferred the surplus to the Convention Surplus Fund.
10. In 1992, \$750 was paid into the Life Membership account and \$500 was transferred by standing instructions in honor of the immediate ex-President, Jack Romine. The Board has approved the adjustment of the Life Membership Fund by crediting adequate earned income to offset the ravages of inflation with a payout to income based on an actuarial life estimate of the life members. The variables used for 1992 are: inflation factor (CPI): 2.9%; average interest earned: 8.3%; actuarial life: 25 years. This resulted in a net addition to income of \$458.07. The objective over an extended period is to strengthen the Life Membership Fund to the point that the interest and amortization will carry its fair portion of servicing the membership.
11. Memorials received in 1992 amounted to \$1035.
12. Undesignated contributions during 1992 were \$671. A major contribution of \$5,000 was given anonymously for the purpose of creating a new membership brochure. This money was set up in a Fund account for this purpose and was not recognized as income.
13. The RVP/Committee reserve is maintained to pay previous years bills by officers and chairpersons that are not submitted prior to the end of the year.
14. Liability insurance has been purchased for the Society. It does not cover any affiliate or the sanctioned shows (except for the Society's participation in the National Show). The policy is kept at the office of the Executive Director.

FROM THE EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR'S DESK

Modern Miniature Daffodils, by James Wells, is no longer available from the publisher, Timber Press. However, we were able to get a few of the remaining copies and suggest that if this is a book in which you might be interested, now would be an excellent time to order a copy. After these are gone, I don't know whether we'll be able to track down any more copies. Books are available from my office for \$38.00, postpaid.

After each issue of the *Journal* goes into the mail, several are returned either because a member has moved or gone away for the winter. It would be a great help if you'd let us know when your address changes; the post office even provides the proper form. If you plan to winter in warmer climes, ask us to hold your *Journal* until your return. When they come back marked "Temporarily Away," I don't know when to send them on to you. Help us keep expenses down.

RHS DICTIONARY OF GARDENING

Thanks to one of our members, we are able to get a discount on the RHS Dictionary of Gardening. This is a four-volume, comprehensive set of books for the serious gardener. The retail price is \$795, but we can offer it to our members for \$716, postpaid. We had a copy at the recent convention in Nashville, and at least one person says she is going to hint broadly to her family that it would make a wonderful birthday present.

—Mary Lou Gripshover

JUDGING SCHOOL

Judging School Course I will be held in Little Rock, Arkansas, on August 21, 1993. Contact Mrs. Thomas Dunn, 1813 West Gate Drive, Heber Spring, AR 72543.

—NAOMI LIGGETT, Chairman

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1993 WISTER AWARD GOES TO 'SWEETNESS'

JULIUS WADEKAMPER, *Faribault, Minnesota*

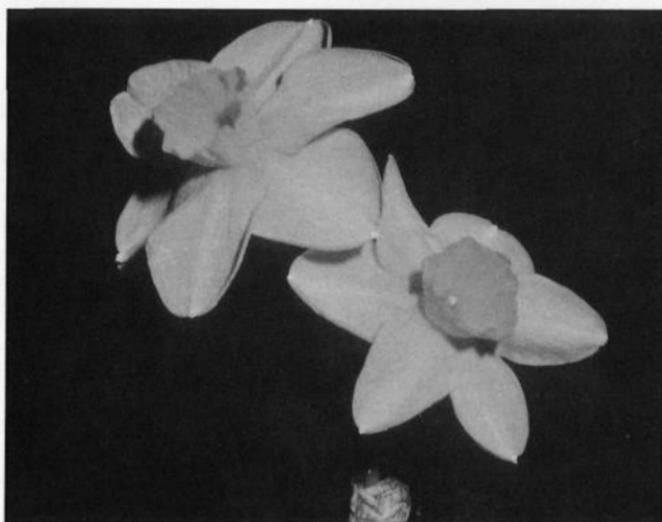
The 1993 Wister Award for garden daffodils was awarded to Sweetness, a daffodil registered in 1939 by R.V. Favell.

Sweetness is classified as a division 7 daffodil, that is a daffodil with characteristics of the *Narcissus jonquilla* group. The color code for Sweetness is Y-Y meaning that both the perianth and the cup are yellow.

The flowers are smaller, about seven centimeters across and are a bright golden yellow. They bloom later in the daffodil season and occasionally bear two flowers per stem. The stems are tall holding the flowers well above the foliage, a major criteria for a flower to win the Wister Award.

This award, named in honor of the late, noted horticulturist, Dr. John Wister of Swathmore, Pennsylvania, lists several important criteria necessary for a daffodil to win. These are:

- 1) The cultivar must be a good grower bearing many flowers. While newer daffodils may be more popular they have not yet stood the test of time — a sure sign of a durable bulb. Sweetness meets this test.
- 2) The bloom should be long lasting with clean color, showy at a distance and sunfast. Flowers that do not show off well are of no advantage in a landscape or garden setting.
- 3) The foliage should be vigorous and resistant to disease and frost damage.
- 4) The strong sturdy stems should be taller than the foliage.



- 5) The bulb should be resistant to disease.
- 6) The major emphasis is on garden quality, although this does not mean that the flower cannot also be a good show specimen. Finally,
- 7) The cultivar must be readily available in commerce at a reasonable price.

The cultivar Sweetness meets all the above criteria to a high degree. It is a flower that can readily be recommended to the gardening public.

Previous winners of the Wister Award are Accent, Stratosphere and Ice Follies. Each is recommended as a good garden daffodil.

Member of the American Daffodil Society may make nominations for the Wister Award and are encouraged to do so. Nominations should be sent to Julius Wadekamper, Chairman of the Science and Education Committee — 15980 Canby Avenue, Faribault, MN 55021. The committee then selects a nominee for the award and presents it to the Board of Directors of the ADS. They, in turn, approve the award.

Commercial dealers and the garden publications media are encouraged to publicize winners of the Wister Award.

HERE AND THERE

Word has reached us of the sad news that Mrs. Walter Thompson, Margaret, of Alabama, died in February of this year. Margaret and her husband had both been charter members of the Society. Margaret served for many years as Membership Chairman, and had also been a Regional Director and a Director-at-Large. She was an Accredited Judge and a Life Member of the Society.

Sadly, we have also to report the recent deaths of Mrs. Bernard Lowenstein, Arizona, and DeShields Henley, Virginia.

Overseas, two of the daffodil world's strong supporters have been lost to us: William Brogden of New Zealand, well known hybridizer of such as Bandit and Twilight Zone, and father of Spud Broden a visitor to the ADS Convention in Columbus; and Alf Chappell, an amateur hybridizer who may be remembered from the San Francisco Convention.

Our sympathies to all their families

Several members have written or called asking where they can obtain the card pins which many shows use for holding names on individual blooms. The information we have is that the companies which made them (Labelon, Scovil, Dritz) no longer make them. Noesting, Inc., made a pin, Pin Point No. 2, but it has been discontinued. They recommended their Number 5L, but upon receiving samples, I can say

that it is much too large. All this is a rather long-winded way of saying that it's not worth calling Noesting about pins. Several alternatives come to mind. You can bend a paper clip around a pencil to make your own, or you can cut slits in the stiff cardstock and insert it at the top of the test tube. You can go one better and make slits in cardstock and slip the stem of the bloom through the cardstock when you pick it in the garden. That way you have the label ready to go — and if you move a bloom from one collection to another, the label goes right along with it. Thanks to Tommy Dunn, Char Roush, and Harold McConnell for their input on labeling.

[Another possibility is the Avery Removable Label, 1/2 inch x 1 1/2 inches, which, of course, must be changed when a flower in a collection is changed. Ed.]

THE TAZETTA SAGA

ANN BLAIR BROWN, *Executive Director, American Camellia Society*

There was much excitement at the American Camellia Society when heirs of the late Mrs. Willie Rice Hurst, a Charter member of our Society, notified us that she had designated in her will that her Tazetta collection was to be planted at ACS Headquarters. "Miss Willie", as she was affectionately called, was considered an authority in the Middle Georgia area on daffodils and camellias. We received the news of this bequest in March 1976. The Executive Director contacted a daffodil enthusiast in Atlanta and he agreed to come, chose a proper site and instruct the staff on the preparation of the beds and proper planting procedures. This visit occurred in the late spring.

In early August, the beds were dug in a well drained area. Sand was added to break up the Georgia clay and well rotted manure was added in anticipation of planting in November. Great care was taken to incorporate the sand and manure in the beds and to smooth the soil at the site.

Seventy four large brown bags were delivered to us in October. We were thrilled to see hundreds of healthy bulbs to be added to our gardens and we envisioned a virtual fairyland the following spring. Each bag had a name and if my memory serves me well, I remember such names as Cragford, Geranium and Laurens Koster. Permanent labels were made to be attached on stakes when planted.

Mid November finally arrived and four seasoned gardeners began the process of planting these treasures. Bone Meal was added in the upper two to three inches of soil and evenly distributed. The bulbs were

carefully spaced and planted at the proper depth as recommended. As each bag was emptied, the labels were put in place. Eventually all bulbs were planted and we waited with great anticipation for a spectacular show the following spring.

That year winter was very mild in our area and we were excited to see foliage breaking through the soil in early January. Foliage and buds were luxuriant in early February. We were certain that we would enjoy spectacular bloom as all bulbs were growing at the same rate. Excitement was at fever pitch in mid February when the buds opened. It was a magnificent sight those several hundred blooms BUT there was also a GREAT SHOCK. Although the labels sported different names, ALL BLOOMS WERE THE SAME!

ABOUT ACS

KITTY FRANK, *Nashville, Tennessee*

In central Georgia near a small town called Fort Valley, down a road called Masee Lane is a piece of land — about 100 acres — given to the American Camellia Society. The property itself is called Masee Lane and is the U.S. Headquarters for the Camellia Society. Now there are not only many, many fine camellias, but also many other seasonal gardens. The result is that Masee Lane is a great place to visit any time of the year. If by chance when you drive by, it is raining then go into the main building and see a fabulous collection of Edward Boehm birds. Masee Lane is the kind of place that any self-respecting plant society yearns for. We in ADS cannot have the likes of this, but we can help the camellia people have a first class daffodil trial and test garden on their land, to be maintained by their staff. (Five horticulturists on staff is another dream that we cannot fulfill.) Would not this area in central Georgia help all daffodil people discover what cultivars do best in a moderate winter and hot summer climate? Would it help add members from the deep south to our roster? Might it help people in other warmer than usual climates discover what cultivars do well? And then it might tell people from the very cold climates what not to try.

As you noticed from the preceding article by Ann, they now grow only one variety of daffodil. However, they want more and are very excited at the prospect of a daffodil garden that will start to bloom as the camellias finish their season. ACS will supply the land, sand, peat, mulch, labels and labor to build a first rate test garden.

Because Dick and I love camellias as well as daffodils we have agreed to help with the development of the garden. We plan to supply about

100 different cultivars and would greatly appreciate help from any other ADS member who plans to dig or thin daffodils this year.

If you can spare two or three bulbs of a given cultivar please send them to American Camellia Society, One Masee Lane, Fort Valley, Georgia 31030. If you lose the address, please send the bulbs to Dick and me and we will take them to Masee Lane when we go in the fall to help with the planting. Your input will be appreciated by all the lucky people who get to see the daffodils at the camellia headquarters.

P.S. ACS Headquarters is to be included in the travel guide programs for the Atlanta Olympics, and it is already in the AAA travel book on Georgia.

STRANGE COMPANIONS

Laura Lee Ticknor, *Tyner, North Carolina*

N. x biflorus is the last daffodil to bloom in our North Carolina garden. It is, of course, a 10 W-Y, with two or three florets on a stem. Its white perianth is not especially smooth and its yellow cup is tiny. It is a natural hybrid between a poet and a tazetta and has long been known locally as "Twin Sisters" or "Loving Couples". It has a spicy fragrance and is a charmer.

The area we live in is one of the oldest settled areas of our country. I can imagine a courageous lady who crossed the ocean with her husband and perhaps a child or two on a small rickety looking sailing vessel from England to Virginia. Tucked in a pocket, or somewhere in a bundle, were a few bulbs from her Mother's garden in Devon or Cornwall. She could carry a piece of "home" with her to the New World. Later, she or one of her descendants, moved from Virginia across the Dismal Swamp into northeastern North Carolina. Once again a bulb or two moved with the family.

These cheerful perky flowers still abound here along ditch banks, on the edges of woods, on old farm house sites and, I've decided, pretty much wherever they decide to land. For many, many years they have survived droughts, too much rainfall, mowers, even the monsters used by the Department of Highways. They still greet and charm us in latest April or early May.

While checking out the last of our daffodils this morning, April 28, I discovered six bloom stalks of *N. biflorus* growing happily in the midst of a clump of Prickly Pear cactus! Strange companions indeed.

HISTORY AND EVOLUTION OF THE DAFFODIL (Part 2)

HELEN K. LINK, *Brooklyn, Indiana*

It is known that daffodils were given varietal names in cultivation before the end of the sixteenth century. Many were credited with Spanish origin which is interesting since travel at such an early date was difficult. It is thought that political connections between Spain, the Netherlands and the royalty of the Spanish with the Tudors probably accounts for the travel of the early daffodils. It is also known that areas once prolific with daffodils are now denuded and have been for years.

Concerning the popularity of daffodils in England, Rev. Joseph Jacob in his book *Daffodils* says, "To begin with, although Gerard (1597) is the earliest author that is mentioned, it must not be supposed that the introduction of the daffodil into English gardens dates from his time, for it must have been known and cultivated long before. It is mentioned by Turner (1548) and Lobel (1570), both of whom published their books many years before Gerard."

H.W. Pugsley in his *Monograph of Narcissus Subgenus Ajax* states that the earliest figure of a daffodil on botanical literature was probably *N. luteus* on Brunfel's *Herbarium Eicones* [Vol. 1. p. 129 (1530)]. The picture shows a plant in bud, and a detached flower erect with a much expanded corona, probably *N. hispanicus*.

In 1557 the name pseudo-narcissus appeared for the first time in Dodoen's *Historiedes Plantes* originally written in German and translated into French by Clusius. It appeared again in 1578 in an *Herball* by Henry Lyte and was termed the "Bastard Narcissus". The picture resembled the cultivar Sir Watkin. Later the same picture appeared in other literature.

Pugsley lists a number of writings by various authors. Names which appeared in the literature were *N. totus*, *montanus*, *hispanicus*, and *minor*. A picture of *totus lutens* appeared in 1586 in the *Epitome* of J. Camerarius which depicts an open double flower, a developed capsule and seeds.

Rev. Jacob tells the story of the discovery of *N. cyclamineus* as related in *Theatrum Florae* which was an anonymous work published in 1633. One of the plates in the book showed a picture of a drawing of *N. cyclamineus*. Dean Herbert called it an absurdity and said, "It will never

be found to exist." It was rediscovered in Portugal in 1887 and considered one of the romances of the daffodil world. Think of all the beautiful hybrids we have from it today!

In Gerard's *Herball* (1633) four species were listed and depicted. By 1714 Barrelier's *Plantae per Galliam* published in Paris included fourteen different daffodils. There was no information, just names. Eight of the 14 were white flowered. In 1757 in Hill's *Eden* there appeared an account of the "fringed narcissus". Directions were also given for raising daffodils from seed. It was stated that normally it took five years from seed to bloom; however, Pugsley states, "There is evidence nearly a century earlier that daffodils were sometimes raised from seed". This leads one to ask the question, what's new?

Linnaeus (1753) admitted only one species, *Narcissus pseudo-narcissus*. In the second edition of *Species Plantarum* he included *N. bicolor*, *N. minor*, and *N. moschatus*. Those three were represented in his herbarium. From general information it is thought his knowledge of the daffodil was only very general.

By 1800 there seemed to be a revival of interest in the daffodil in England. There were four Botanists who worked on the genus; namely, William Curtis, R.A. Salisbury, A.H. Haworth, and Dean Herbert. In 1787 Curtis gave an account of *N. minor* followed in later years in the Botanical Magazine of *N. moschatus*, (1806), *N. bicolor* (1809), *N. major*. (1810). All were described in detail and illustrated in color plates. These plates are valuable today for identification of the species.

In 1796 Salisbury in *Prodomus Stirpium*, Chapel Allerton gave an account of daffodils with seven species all under new names. By 1812 he placed the daffodils into the genus *Ajax* and listed ten species. Good drawings of several daffodils were placed in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington and were useful for identification purposes. Salisbury was known to possess a wide knowledge of daffodils.

Haworth in 1800 wrote a paper where six species, two new ones (*N. albus* and *N. sibtharpitii*) were described. Three years later he described *N. tortuosus*, and *N. serratus* which was an obscure form near *N. pseudo-narcissus*. In 1812 he described *Ajax telamon*, *Ajax nobilis*, and *Ajax spurius*. In 1819 fifteen species of *Ajax* appeared and a number of varieties. In 1830 he added *A. lobularis* and *A. cernuus*.

Haworth's final work was a monograph published in 1831. Very few copies are now known to exist.

In 1837 Dean Herbert set forth his account to the study of daffodils. He numbered the species as nine, *A. minor*, six varieties; *pseudo-narcissus*, four varieties; *A bicolor*, three varieties; *A luteus*, four varieties; *A. abscissus*, *A hexangularis*, and *A. sabianus*; the last was thought

to be an *Incomparabilis* hybrid. His method of classification was looked upon as difficult to understand and of little value.

In 1875 Burbridge and Baker's *Narcissus* was published. They included all in one species *N. pseudo-narcissus* L. with a botanical account. the book is beautifully done and of considerable value today, if it can be found and the buyer wishes to pay the price. It truly is a book of beauty.

In 1884 a Daffodil Conference was held and Mr. W. Baylor Hartland of Cork issued the first catalog devoted entirely to daffodils. Also in 1884 Peter Barr produced an interesting list of forms in the *Florist and Pomologist*. He listed a large number of plants he had collected, chiefly in cultivation in Britain. He enumerated thirty-eight plants arranged under eight species; *N. pseudo-narcissus*, *N. abscissus*, *N. cambricus*, *N. minor*, *N. Bicolor*, *N. lorifolius* and *N. moschatus*. More about Peter Barr later.

Early botanists classified differently. Even today those who study the species tend to rename them such as has been done lately with *assoanus*. It previously was *requenii*, synonym *juncifolius*, now listed as *N. assoanus* by Blanchard and classified as a form of *jonquillae*. It seems changes are inevitable as knowledge about daffodils increases.

The organs of the daffodil, bulb, foliage, and flower differences furnish the reason for reclassification. I have always thought evolution also plays a part. Pugsley states that species in different localities seem to show individual variation such as form of corona, size and width. I have noticed variation in pots of seedlings *N. viridiflorus* and *serotinus*, but should this give reason to separate or rename when the differences are very minor?

There were other botanists besides those mentioned in this article who wrote and published works, but probably not so important as those mentioned here. It would be impossible to discuss the works of all in one short article. Many chapters might be written on the history and evolution of the daffodil. It is an interesting subject to daffodil lovers. So many distinguished persons have added to the knowledge of the daffodil.

Ref. *A Monograph of Narcissus, Subgenus Ajax*, H.W. Pugsley, *Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society*, Vol. LVIII. Part 1, 1933.

Ye Narcissus or Daffodyl floure and hys Roots, London, 1884, Reprinted by American daffodil Society, No. 1968. Sold by Peter Barr and hys Sonne, at their Shoppe in King Strete, by ye Convent Garden nigh ye Strande, in the Parish of St. Paul's. Westminster. *Daffodils and Narcissi*, Rev. Joseph Jacob, *Present Day Gardening Series*. London, 1910.



Mary Lou, the Peter Barr Cup and John Blanchard.

THE PETER BARR CUP

This award is given by the RHS for exceptional service to the daffodil world. This year's winner is Mary Lou Gripshover. She accepted this award at the Tulip and Daffodil committee meeting in London at the Daffodil Show. Mary Lou is the fourth American to earn this cup, the others are B.Y. Morrison, Grant Mitsch and Dr. Tom Throckmorton.

We knew she was a winner all the time!

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PINK-CUPPED DIVISION THREES

LEONE YARBOROUGH LOW, *Yellow Springs, Ohio*

The progress of Brian Duncan, Barbara Abel Smith, Murray Evans, Jim O'More, Grant Mitsch/Elise Havens (and undoubtedly others) towards Division III cultivars with pink in the cup is leading to the release of new introductions that amateur hybridizers can use to achieve the same goal.

This goal was almost in the grasp of the late J.M. 'Toty' de Navarro. Toty's early introductions were marketed by his good friend, J. Lionel Richardson. The de Navarro records, which are in the American Daffodil Society archives, indicate that he was making progress towards obtaining a show quality 3 W-WWP, etc., until ill health and then death halted his efforts in 1979.

His interest in pink cupped III's evidently began when recessive poeticus genes recombined to give a pink rim to a seedling from a cross of Division III whites.

He pursued this clue further by crossing more white cupped threes with each other or with Division III cultivars with yellow rims, pinks rims, orange rims, and then very short cupped 2 W-P's. His notes indicate that he also approached the problem via the very difficult task of selecting shorter cupped seedlings from 2 W-P crosses. His last recorded crosses to set seed were in 1976. These had explanatory notes such as — for pink III's — Dulnan x Shell Bay and Dulnan x Audubon. (The seed parent is always listed first.)

The pedigree of Dulnan, a small 3 W-W, is listed as Portrush x Galilee although de Navarro notes that it could be Portrush selfed.

In addition to these crosses, his 1975 comments indicate that pink III's were his goal with seeds collected from Dell Chapel x Audubon, Shell Bay x Audubon, seedling 852 x Cascade, and Delos x Cool Crystal (? or Audubon). His 1975 notes suggest using little Grey Lady in future crosses. The 1974 note "for most of season in bed" explained why there were no tries that year.

The progress that J.M. de Navarro made with Jewel Song crosses in the sixties is indicated by comments in the 1973 cross records. He described eight selected seedlings from a single Dulnan x Jewel Song cross:

pink II, 3b pale pink edge, 3 bic(olor), rose pink edge
Div II, pinkish apricot 3b, pksh orange crown ?Div III, pk-
rimmed 3, pksh apricot rim IIIb. He used this last mentioned
seedling in 1973 crosses.

He also crossed these seedlings with each other, a Dulnan x Cascade rimmed pink 3 seedling, and two Richardson Verona x Stainless pale pink 3 seedlings. He crossed Jewel Song and Cascade with some of the seedlings.

He also crossed Jewel Song with other seedlings, as well as Division III's Bushmills, Dell Chapel, Cerona, Cascade, Blarney, Galilee and Delos. His code indicates some success with this latter cross and Dell Chapel x Coralita.

Although J.M. de Navarro was unable to complete the task that he began 25 years ago, he made more than 100 crosses in a decade of pursuing perfection for division III flowers with pink in the cup. He incorporated many selected 3 W-WWP and 3 W-P seedlings from 'first-round' crosses in the sixties into his 'second round' effort in the seventies. These seedlings were from crosses of short cupped whites Dulnan, Verona, Cascade, Snowhill, Syracuse, Tobernaveen, Delos, Richardson and de Navarro seedlings, etc. He used Jewel Song with these in both stages.

All these had Green Island and/or Chinese White, or close relatives, in their pedigrees, often several times. These de Navarro seedlings were probably dispersed in the same manner as his other seedlings, with most being lost.

Not a lot more is readily available to hybridizers at the present time. Murray Evans' Newcomer (the blooms are not large, but the pink is strong,) and Upshot are offered by Oregon Trail. They also offer Heart Throb 2 W-GWP, the parent of my own borderline division three seedling with a frilled pink cup. I measured it as cup 12 mm, perianth 36 mm, (although another measured the cup as 12.5 mm, placing it in division 2).

Pink Evening differed even more in the wrong directions from published measurements in my garden in 1992, but measured Division III by a whisker in '93. O'More's Little Jewel from two seedlings — (Green Island x Rose Dawn) x (Anouk x Chinese White) — is a Division III very pale lavender pink (with an occasional orangish rim) in Ohio. Undoubtedly there are others to use from Mitsch, Smith, Ballydorn, etc.

Modern hybridizers can have a great time mixing the new and the old!



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PINK SILK TRAVELS

SANDY MCCABE, *Ballemena, Northern Ireland*

I was pleased to see my winning Richardson Entry featured in the December issue of the *ADS Journal*.

Thought you might be interested in hearing of the travels of Pink Silk which was featured in the front row.

Several years ago I was the grateful recipient of a number of small offsets of different U.S. varieties.

One of these was Pink Silk and my benefactor was Delia Bankhead to whom I was, and am, much indebted.

In 1992 the N.I.D.G. held their early show at Ballymena on Sunday, 29th March. This is just a fun day to whet the appetite for the more serious affairs later. Mary and I were pleased to have Brian and Betty Duncan stay overnight on the eve of the show.

In the morning Brian enquired what I was showing that afternoon. I replied nothing, as we were scheduled to fly to London on the following Sunday and I wanted to keep my flowers for the R.H.S. Show.

He wouldn't hear of it, and insisted that I **MUST** exhibit something. As a result, a bloom of Pink Silk was cut from an open bed (without much examination I might add).

Later that afternoon Pink Silk was selected as best bloom, and Brian asked if he might take it back to Omagh to use the pollen. The following Saturday he telephoned me to say that he had not had time to use the flower, that it was still in fine condition and might be useful in London.

Early Sunday we met at Belfast Airport where I relieved Betty of the flower which she had nursed en route from Omagh. I placed it in the plastic bag of leaves which constituted my hand luggage and boarded the plane. We all arrived safely at Heathrow and I nursed it in the taxi from the Airport to the Hall, where it was immediately placed in water.

The rest is history. It featured in the winning 12 and attracted much favourable comment. However, I resisted the temptation to carry it back again for use in Belfast two days later!

THE EXTENDED COLOUR CODE?

REG NICHOLL, *Rainham, England*

If, as seems likely, due to genetic engineering, we are not far short of some laboratory with a fastish buck in mind producing colours in flowers as yet undreamt of, it behoves us to give some thought to how we might extend the colour-coding system implemented by the daffodil world in the late seventies. This we know caused not a little consternation when the a,b,c and d's were dropped from the nomenclature with the adoption of upper-case letters to designate the colour scheme of both perianth and corona. So| successful has it been that loud noises for the retention of lower case letters are regarded almost as Flat Earth Society devotees. However it may be that if the aforementioned colours and combinations arrive even our present colour coding would be hard pressed to accommodate them.

It seems a gent named Brent Heath and myself have coincidentally been mulling over the same problem and have come to almost the same conclusion. If grey — there are already some very near — appeared in the throat of a Division 3W flower, it could not be adequately described. To give a hypothetical example which could become a reality, consider a Division 3 white perianthed flower with a yellow corona having a grey eye. If we were to describe it as 3W-GY this would not suffice, as G has already been designated for the colour green. If then we were to adopt Gy for grey and Gn for green the flower could thus be described as 3We-Gy Yw, where We is white, Gy is grey and Yw is yellow! Where Mr. Heath and I differ is that he advocates the use of the first two letters of the colour descriptive word whereas I am suggesting the first and last letters and using green and grey as an example explains the reason why.

No doubt there will be much gnashing of teeth and arm waving at the thought of 'Merlin' for instance being described as 3We-Yw Yw Rd but think of a flower being produced containing purple (Pe), indigo (Io) or violet (Vt) which are contained in the Spectrum that Sir Isaac Newton discovered when he passed his little ray of sunshine through a glass darkly in 1671.

To extend the matter a little further, we have recently had the problem of distinguishing red (Rd) from orange (Oe), and orange (Oe) from yellow (Yw) thrashed out and catalogued by our charming lady International Registrar but pink (Pk) has not yet been accorded any definition as have the aforementioned in the Colour Chart. As pink contains as many variations as practically any other colour, peach (Ph), salmon (Sn), apricot (At) and buff (Bf) would easily be encompassed in the E.C.C. (Extended Colour Code)!!

CATCHING COLOR

ROBERT E. DARLING, *Washington, D.C.*

The color code Dr. Tom Throckmorton devised gives a semiotic snapshot of the daffodil flower. The formula, easily read, sketches an idea of the bloom; 1 Y-Y, or 3 W-GWP speak volumes, The voice is clear and *nearly* unmistakable. This improvement over the previously used RHS system (1-A, 3-B etc.), provides a logical and readily learned guide to daffodil division and color. When I started seriously growing daffodils some years ago how impressed I was at its descriptive elegance.

That it caused intense controversy and trade-offs when proposed surprised me. Several articles encountered in past ADS *Journals* and RHS Daffodil yearbooks confirm old battles and a reluctance toward change. The recent evolution of division 11 confirms the systems flexibility and possibility to adapt. 11a Y-Y/O/Y or 11b W-OW understandably elaborates this changing, evolving division. Of course 'a' and 'b' need explanation and are not as elegant as the initial simple form. I further would propose and argue for the inclusion of a small 'm' before the division number to indicate recognized miniatures. Thus Candlepower m1 W-W or Little Rusky m7 Y-YYO. It would be both educational and communicative of miniature flowers. Objections that such changes fill the available "cell" in the data base are practical technical concerns requiring design thought, but should be possible. These modifications alter the scope of the original system. They make it more complex. But such additions provide important guides for the daffodil enthusiast and general public that outweigh complexity to communicate valuable information.

However advanced and perfected the system becomes, color coding still is an imperfect descriptor. This was wonderfully underscored recently in perusing an old article by E.A. Bowles on *Narcissus cyclathinus* that Roberta Watrous had copied for her *ADS Journal* files. It is found on p.314 of the July 5, 1919 issue of *The Garden*. In it Bowles comments on a bulb given him by Mr. Chapman (of Peeping Tom fame). Chapman called his creation *cyclathinus* [sic] after its two parents, *N. cyclathineus* and *N. calathinus* (presumably *N. triandrus* var. *calathinus* or *T. loiseleuri*). In 1993 we would classify it using the Throckmorton system as a 6 Y-YYW. Simple, direct, logical but a bit dry. Bowles was far more eloquent in 1919:

Its parent cyclamineus has given it its shape, but there is a pleasanter proportion between trumpet and perianth, so that it looks better tempered somehow, with less of the kicking horse expression produced by the sharper reflex of the perianth in cyclamineus, so suggestive of laidback ears. In colour it is soft primrose. Brimstone butterfly, Rosa Hugonis, the sulphur bar of the dogs' drinking pan, butter and milk, all shaded and blended till no one could say where one begins and the other ends. Its great beauty and interest are due to the pallor of the rim of the cup, for the trumpet is gradually shaded, from the brightness of a Brimstone butterfly's wing at its base to the tone of milk from a Jersey cow at the rim. So few daffodils have a trumpet paler than their perianth that this latest addition to their company is very welcome.

Brimstone butterfly to Jersey cow milk or 6 Y-YYW, now that is a real choice of descriptors. It is certainly one that I don't want to make. Both systems are readily useful and needed.

Dr. Throckmorton confounds the system he devised by his own delightful introductions. A recent catalogue attempts to clarify the picture of Suave, a Throckmorton 3 Y-Y 1976 introduction. It notes that the "tailored cup is shaded with grayish-lavender and pearl with a buff rim. As it ages, the whole flower becomes soft yellow." No 'butter and milk' or 'Jersey cows' here. Perhaps we need to resurrect Bowles to write catalogue descriptions.

Bowles' intensely keen observation of the small beauty he grew in the spring of 1919 delights as he struggles to capture that flower's evanescent qualities. Meanwhile it behooves those of us interested in daffodils to continue to evolve the descriptive abilities of our growing data bank, even while enjoying more poetic descriptions. *N. cyclathinus*

is not listed in the ADS Data Bank. I would love to find it for my garden. Lost now, save for Bowles small sketch, his delightful verbal picture from the beginning of this waning century — a fading Brimstone Butterfly on a cup of Jersey cow's milk — catches color beautifully.

note: Mr. Chapman introduced many flowers with cyclamineus parentage. His most noted introduction in addition to Peeping Tom 6 Y-Y was Mini-Cycle m6 Y-Y (*N. asturiensis* x *N. cyclamineus*) introduced in 1913. He is also credited with many division 9 introductions. The ADS Data Bank records several but there are no listing using *N. cyclamineus* x *N. triandrus* var *calathinus* or *T. loiseleuri*.)

AVERAGE GARDENER?

LYNN LIBOUS-BAILEY, Leland, Mississippi

For the “plain average gardener”? For shame Jeanie Driver (March, 1993)! I consider myself anything but! Doesn't “For the person who gardens with daffodils” have a nicer ring to it?

Realizing the virtues of the Intermediate daffodils in the garden, I spend many an hour scouring the catalogues looking for statements like “can't seem to grow it big enough”, “flower quite small”, “too large for a miniature” — you get the idea. Sometimes I feel like Goldilocks — too large, too small but have you ever tried to find “just right?” It is these intermediates which bridge the size gap, providing flowers that help to bring balance to a garden.

For the last five years I have attended shows in hopes of seeing some of the Intermediates. This year I was in luck. There, in all its glory, was Rimski (2 W-YWP). How pretty that would be, I thought, tucked next to the grey-green foliage of the Yellow Columbine (*Aquilegia chrysantha*) instead of in the shadow of Standard 2 W-WP's at the show table. What a shame this show did not have an Intermediate class in which to enter, for it surely would have won.

I am an avid gardener and I sense that those of us who “just” garden with the newer hybrids are few and far between. I defend my position against the predictable statement concerning Intermediates: “That's too small — it will never win at a show, so why waste space growing it?”

WHY? Because my daffodils are grown in my perennial and shrub borders, my foundation planting and my woodland garden — not in raised beds off to themselves. When I sit on the porch having my first

cup of coffee in the morning and look across my yard, I see the balance I work so hard to create. Standards among the shrub border in the back, sweeps of species and miniatures throughout the woodland section, and among the base of smaller shrubs towards the house and in the perennial borders are the 5's, 6's, 7's and the small flowering Intermediate daffodils that I have grown so fond of.

One day breeders might introduce Intermediates for Intermediate sake, and not as "apologetic" standards. And when that day comes, perhaps the shows that I am able to attend will have an Intermediate Class in which to enter. Then you'd better watch out — I'll be able to have my cake and eat it too: a beautiful garden and a scrapbook full of ribbons!

Jeannie Driver says, "Hooray, Hooray, we need more like this!!"

IT'S THE VISION THING, STEVE

DONNA DIETSCH, *Columbus, Ohio*

I've enjoyed Steve Vinisky's articles on beginning hybridization. On occasion, however, he's made statements that seem to need an alternative opinion, if not an outright challenge. With both feet firmly in mouth, I offer this different viewpoint.

In a past *Journal*, Steve stated that the most important part of hybridizing is the selection of the seedlings. I don't agree. This reduces hybridizing to a mechanical process, which it is not. It is an art. Oh, yes, the pollen goes on the stigma, the seed goes in the ground, the bulb forms and blooms, and "Presto" you're an hybridizer. The process is deceptively simple. Anyone can do it, but if they can, why are there so few people hybridizing daffodils? The answer is also deceptively simple — it's an art, and it's not that easy to do it, at least not do it well.

I recall, a few years back, being in a discussion with a group of artists — painters and sculptors. The question was whether Andy Warhol, with his paintings of Campbell's soup cans, and Jackson Pollock, with his can of earthworms crawling around the paint on his canvas, were producing "art". One of the painters gave us the definitive answer. "It's art if the artist says it is. The real question is — Is it good art?"

Extrapolating from that statement — it's hybridizing if you produce flowers from seed. But is it good hybridizing?

Bringing that back to Steve's statement about the selection of seedlings being the most crucial part of hybridizing, I have to say that selection is not the art. Anyone who has grown and/or shown daffodils for several years has most certainly trained their eye to choose the best flower from among others, even more so if they've taken the time to learn to be a daffodil judge. By the time they decide to try their hand at hybridizing, one would assume that they could tell a good flower from a bad one. If, however, they've not taken several critical steps long before this time of selection, all they have from which to select is the best of a sorry lot of mediocre flowers.

The art of hybridizing starts long before the first bloom. It starts long before that first grain of pollen is placed on that first stigma. It starts with a vision, a dream, an idea. It starts with a burning desire to create — to create something more beautiful than anything yet seen. It starts with a commitment to the long years that stand between the vision and the realization of the dream. If it doesn't start with these things, there will be nothing to select.

No one can say or do anything to give another person that desire to create. You can't instill in anyone else the need to know, and the ability to predict, with some accuracy, what would happen if you bred this flower to that one. If you don't already have that all-consuming desire, no one can give it to you. They can give you the mechanics, but not the vision, the talent, the perseverance. You must come to hybridizing with those things already in place. The passion has to be there — first. Otherwise, you may make art, but it will never be good art.

I realize that Steve may be directing his remarks to people who may want to have a bit of fun by breeding their flowers. They may not have chosen varieties for their breeding potential. Without good breeding stock, you will not be able to achieve the results you visualize and, consequently, the first opportunity you will have to make choices will be in the selection of your seedlings in five to seven years.

I've been soundly trounced for saying that the first step in breeding is picking the right parents for your seedlings. Trounced or not, I stand on that statement. What I mean is that you have to be able to look at a flower, evaluate it for its virtues and faults and decide of those characteristics have a good chance of being passed on to the next generation. Can it be done? Of course it can. It does take a bit of work. You have to map out the flower's pedigree. Then you have to find its parents and look at them. Then look at their parents. That can prove to be difficult if you can't find them growing anywhere! In that case, you can look at flowers which have one or the other parent somewhere in the pedigree. You can read ADS and RHS publications, old catalogues and books. Talk to the daffodil breeders and write to those you don't

see. Visit as many shows as possible. Talk to the exhibitor of a flower that catches your eye. Learn everything you can. When you finally realize that, no matter how much you learn you will never know enough, you are ready to learn more through your hybridizing.

I am not saying that breeding pretty to pretty or expensive to expensive will not produce for you an occasional good cultivar. But, if you take that route, you will only have an occasional good one. It would be better if you were forced to destroy a number of good ones because one out of the crop is so outstanding that the rest paled by comparison. That would be a wonderful (although distressing) situation in which to find yourself.

Do have fun with your hybridizing. You may want to do it only for the fun and not want that glossy, full-color catalogue of your introductions and the attendant work that goes with it. Use some planning, anyway, even if you're only hybridizing for yourself. Don't become known for breeding poor quality flowers, even if you never intend to market them. Keep in mind that we would not have the poets of Englehart, the white-reds of Richardson, the pink cups of Jackson, the reverse jonquils of Mitsch or the yellow-reds of Lea if these men did not have that dedication, talent, and vision that are the most important part of the hybridization process. They learned what they needed to know before they hybridized. They picked the right parents for their seedlings based on the knowledge they had already gained. They grew seedlings that far surpassed any from their contemporaries, from which they could select the best. Did any of them achieve their dream — the perfect daffodil? No, but they produced good art. We, from the perspective of time, can look back and see clearly why it worked. It was the vision.

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NOTES FOR THE NEWCOMER

RECAPPING THE SEASON

PEGGY MACNEAL, *Cincinnati, Ohio*

April — wasn't it wonderful? Our favorite flower certainly made up for the disappointments of last year. How many shows did you get to? The only danger of much show-hopping is that you don't have time to enjoy the flowers in your own yard. It's important to just putz around the garden part of every day and make a few records for future considerations. Now that hot weather is at hand, I can pull out my file cards and relive the excitement of picking six perfect Fragrant Rose blooms from a big clump of fifteen or so from one four-year-old bulb.

Even though the Fragrant Rose clump throws lots of bloom there were signs that it would make sense to dig and divide it this year. Some of the flowers were quite small — that's one sign. Some were crowding the edge of the bed, in danger from the lawn mower. Yes, I'll bet I now have enough bulbs so I can have fun giving some away. Fragrant Rose would be a popular choice at our fall bulb exchange, or maybe I can trade a few for a nice daylily from the Hemerocallis enthusiast I met this spring.

There are several other clumps that need attention, too, and now is the time to do this chore. Actually, it really isn't a chore if the soil is good and slightly moist, and if you have kept track of where the bulbs are to be found. The earlier you get to the digging before the browned foliage has been cleared away, the better off you are. Otherwise you may have to do some guessing, and that could result in the awful sound that your spade makes when it cuts into a bulb.

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When the clump is lifted — and you can do this with a fork as well as with a spade — the bulbs should easily shake apart. Don't pull off the attached off-sets: they will separate naturally when they are big enough. After four or five years, one bulb of a fast-multiplying variety such as Fragrant Rose, Festivity, or Phantom, will have produce 20-odd, nice-sized clones. I wash off the soil and spread the bulbs to dry in a shaded place. The garage might be too warm, so an air-conditioned basement room might be a better option. After a thorough drying, any remnant leaves and roots can be removed. Each variety, with proper label, may now be put in a mesh bag and hung up in an airy place till late September or October. Examine them from time to time to ascertain that no basal rot is evident. *Discard at once any bulb that is soft.*

If your spring notes and records indicate that you have a gap in your collection — not many Div. 5's, for example, get your orders mailed in as soon as possible. Don't wait till planting time to make your decisions as orders sent in promptly will be given priority at delivery time. It is particularly important to plant miniatures as early as possible, so if you want to receive those packages for September planting, it is well to heed the early bird advice. Enjoy the summer.

DAFFODIL DEFICIENCY

LINDA LEE WALLPE, *Cincinnati, Ohio*

Is this written across my forehead? Yes.

We share a small farm in Kentucky about 50 miles from Cincinnati with our friends Kim and Jim Henninger. Last fall, I planted daffodils in three locations there. One spot was my favorite: across and halfway down the lake where Jim has placed a rustic bench and which can be seen from the kitchen window.

By the end of March, Kim and I were desperate for blooms as our season was so late this year. When we arrived late one Friday afternoon and pulled the car up the hill in back, lo and behold, lemony yellow blooms across the lake!

Without a word, we unpacked the car, put away the groceries and poured two glasses of wine. In five minutes flat! We were going to see the blooms!

Well the lake is more than 1/4 mile long and we were moving fast. Halfway down, hands on hips, I started wondering, "What did I plant there? Is that February Gold? Tete-a-Tete? No, too lemony. What is that?" We made record time to the end of the lake, across the creek and back to the bench.

We were within three feet of the patch before realizing that these lovelies were silk and had been planted an hour earlier by Jim. He had even rowed across the lake so as not to leave incriminating footprints. And there he was, standing on the dam, well out of range of flying objects, laughing his head off about how fast two hippy, obsessed gals can move when they need a daffodil fix!

I FOUND AN ANGEL IN A TEN CENT STORE

JAMES WELLS, *New London, New Hampshire*

Is there any daffodil grower who has not read with interest and envy the many "Portuguese Diaries" that have come from the facile pen of John Blanchard? Time and time again, reading these chronicles, I have tried to imagine how wonderful it would be to emerge from your car, far out in the unspoiled country to see one of those fields of wild narcissus as shown in full flower on the back of John's recent book. Wild hybrids! What fun it would be to wander slowly at your leisure through such a field, looking for that outstanding specimen so clearly one of a kind. I have never been so fortunate, yet something did occur a number of years ago, which, as I look back is just about as close as I am ever likely to come to such pleasures.

You do the most simple and innocent thing, and you just never know what will turn up. Here is what happened.

In September 1982 I was in England for a holiday to see some bulb growers and to take delivery of some bulbs from John Blanchard and some other growers. One day I casually walked through the new Woolworth's Store in my home town of Bournemouth, and naturally gravitated to the garden counter and the new display of bulbs. Among these was a card of miniature types, put up in small packets and attached to the larger card. I "collected" a packet of twelve bulbs of N. Angels Tears, which returned to America cheek-by-jowl with dozens of other packets filled with interesting rarities. On October 24th of that year the twelve bulbs were planted in one small pan and labelled WOOLCO.

Later that next spring one or two flowered, but I was not impressed, noting that the flowers were small and the scapes short. But the twelve had become fifteen which were lifted, cleaned and stored. Four bulbs died over the summer and eleven good bulbs were planted on October 31st, 1983, and on March 8, 1984, some were in bloom listed as white and pale cream.

Eleven good bulbs were planted in August 1984 and flowered the following March with "Large, white to pale cream flowers." On March 25 one bulb was noted as having three scapes, and five flowers on each, a total of fifteen flowers from one bulb. This bulb was separated and grown on. The year 1985 it did not do too well, and so when a few flowers appeared in 1986 these were selfed and the seed sown. The single bulb split into two, both looking very healthy, and a fair number of seedlings had been grown. All these were combined into one pan in 1990 and some more seedlings added in 1991, so that finally last autumn I had the grand total of seven bulbs to plant, of which two were from the original bulb, and the rest selfed seedlings. This year I must have done something right at last because all my bulbs seemed to have grown much better, included the pan of WOOLCO. Perhaps it is the three lots of liquid feed with 20-20-20 which I have applied. I noticed one day that a short, stubby but very robust scape had appeared in the middle of the pan, and shortly thereafter two more of the same emerged. Since then other seedlings have produced scapes but all much thinner and smaller than the first three. As I write the strong one is in flower with flowers as large in length of corona and length of perianth as is stated to be the limit required for the elusive *N. triandrus capax*. Whether it is indeed Capax or just a very good collected bulb of the average type really does not matter for it is a most interesting and outstanding flower. In colour it is almost a bicolor, for the corona starts a deep cream and as it goes back to the junction with the perianth this cream intensifies until it is a clear but light yellow.



WOOLCO

WELLS

It is perhaps stretching a point to suggest that I "collected" this bulb, but although I did not dig it up from an open field, had I not gone into that store and bought the package, I would never have seen it. So I like to delude myself that I "collected" it, and anyway, it is clearly a superior and worth while bulb.

Of all the many forms of *N. triandrus* only one has grown for me without trouble and maintained itself by division, rather than by seed and that is the bright yellow form with the rather horrifying name of *N. triandrus pallidulus*, var. *aurantiacus*. It is a delightful little bulb and gives me no trouble at all. Clearly this must have some quality which would be desirable in many others.

Accordingly some years ago I crossed this with *N. triandrus capax* and last year the batch of seedlings flowered for the first time. They are just coming into bloom for the second time, and I believe that there just might be something worth while. All the plants are strong with the solid, stiff capax habit, and in the main large flowers, a real mixed brew of plants but all with larger and stronger scapes than is normal, and with a wide spectrum of colours ranging white, through shades of cream to pale yellow, and a few quite deep yellow. I see that Burbidge in his book reports that a yellow form has been seen, although I have not heard of any in cultivation. It will be interesting to see whether the ease of growing and relative freedom from disease which is typical of the form *Aurantiacus* will be passed on to any of these seedlings. Although *N. triandrus* has been used to great effect to produce outstanding hybrids to the point that they now have a division to themselves, no effort has yet been made to improve the stamina of any of the bulbs which are typical of the wild form, and I believe that here lies a real opportunity for someone to really make a difference. We need a form of triandrus with a strong and vigorous constitution, which grows with the same vigor as, say, Bambi. What a pleasure that would be, and how dull if there were no challenges left of this caliber. We always need something to aim for, and any bulb with a really vigorous strong constitution is an asset.

COMING EVENTS

Fall Board Meeting, Chapel Hill, North Carolina...Sept. 10 - 11, 1993

ADS Convention, Portland, Oregon.....March 24 - 26, 1994

ADS Convention, Dallas, Texas.....Spring, 1995

LEEDS, S.E.E.D.S. AND WEMBLEY

KITTY FRANK, *Nashville, Tennessee*

The RHS and a large group of other garden-minded people were gathering at Wembley in London this spring for the largest flower and garden show ever held under cover. They were right. It was, indeed, large with every imaginable garden aide available for sale from whitefly killer strips to ornate Victorian gazebos, from spring flowering gardens to cactus gardens, from linen tea towels with flowers on them to tractors and ploughs. That was the first floor.

On the second floor plant societies took up major space including two judged flower shows: camellias and daffodils. Heaven, you would think, for fans of both flowers. Unfortunately, the camellia show was a disappointment. Knowing full well that the English hybridize camellias as well as daffodils, we were saddened to see only older varieties and tragically, of mediocre quality. This, of course, could be due to the season — late — the manner of culture — outside instead of a glass house — and the lack of gibberellic acid, a growth enhancer.

On the other side of the pathway (which was a little narrow for the crowds of people looking) was the Early Daffodil Show. Since many of the major exhibitors were not showing, or the travel restrictions kept them from exhibiting, the quality and size of the show itself was a disappointment. This could have been influenced by the large number of people peering at the flowers. They were three rows deep, and each with a firm opinion. Actually the quantity of flowers was prodigious when the trade stands were included. It was nice to see an increased interest in the minor divisions but it was sad to see the beautiful doubles — we always struggle to get rid of the green backs, and these people seem to have no trouble at all! Not fair.

It was then that Wim Lemmers found us. (He is tall and that must be why he found us, because all I saw was a lot of coat backs and shoulders.) And, bless him, he introduced us to many daffodil people who had only been names before. We also found Don Barnes touting Daffodil Society memberships, and he told us of a major exhibitor who had entered Oryx in the wrong class! What a relief to know experts do that which comes easily to me! As a trial effort to show off Spring gardening, plants and supplies, this show had to have been a success. As a means of displaying daffodils in order to interest the public it had to have been a success. Unfortunately, it was not an ideal situation for a judged daffodil show.

This was where we also found out that Lyme Regis was the wrong direction for the rest of the daffodil season. We went to Lyme Regis anyway, and enjoyed a full day of rain for driving, so that we could not look at any outside ruins, or walk around any gardens. The next several days were beautiful.

On Saturday, the day before Easter, we received a telephone call: Would we be interested in helping to judge the daffodil show in Tonbridge? "How far away is Tonbridge?" "Oh you can make it in 3½ hours." "Yes, we would love to come." Having committed ourselves to that long a drive, we also decided to move from Lyme Regis to Rye. The reservation at a Rye hotel was easier to obtain than finding the hotel itself.

Early Sunday morning, and I do mean early, we started on our way. The longer we drove, the farther away Tonbridge seemed to be. Fortunately the rain was gentle and sporadic. People were not rushing to the coast for a holiday, and we were driving at a very rapid rate, so that we arrived only 30 minutes late! (Three and a half hours at 85 miles an hour — no stops!) Very properly SEEDS' — South East England Daffodil Show — judging had commenced.

We were thrown at division II pink cups, joining a harried judge already there. There must have been close to 30 flowers in the class, each one an excellent entry. How to pick the best three plus several honorable mentions was an ordeal. Of course the obvious — dirt, pollen in cup, poor axis, muddy color, missing sheath — were considered quickly. There were no candidates! Now we are down to one speck of pollen, one almost-not-there nick, and one by one some of the entries were turned aside, and finally we three came up with the winners. At most shows each one of these flowers could have earned a ribbon easily. We moved on to the white large cups and had exactly the same problem! Over all, each and every flower was gorgeous. Each person whose entry failed to place should not be disappointed. I doubt that I have ever seen a show of such superior quality from the weakest, which were not weak at all, to the first place winners.

What was fun to see was the mix of the old with the new. For example, *Passionale* almost made it to the top of the pink cups. Not so strong a pink as many of the newer cultivars, but still a show-worthy flower. This mix was especially apparent in the collection classes. For example Geoff Ridley's South East England Championship Collection of twelve had *Panache*, *Hotspur* and *Arkle* as well as the lovely new *Cherry Gardens*.

The old reliable flowers seem to be the same on each side of the puddle, because many names were very familiar: *Gold Convention*, *Achduart*, *Unique*, *Amber Castle*, *Rameses*, *Dailmanach*, *Ice Wings*, *Pipit* — all friends, all dependable.

The hybridizing bug seems to have attacked here earlier than in parts of the States, because fine flowers were entered by people I haven't heard much about. It is to be hoped some of these flowers will show up in the market.

Another fun part of the show was the trade stands. What a wonderful way to introduce people to daffodils. Order now for fall delivery. No need for pictures, or verbal descriptions. See it. Like it. Buy it. Fall will come. Constable Daffodils won the Most Meritorious Trade Stand, and that too was not an easy decision.

Best bloom in show went to Maurice Malyon's *Evesham* (I want this one), and Reserve Champion went to John Pearson's *Alton Ha*, and just wait until his *Quiet Waters* arrives on our shores — Best Division I. (I want them, too.)

Delightful people, fantastic show (a one day show) with over 1200 flowers, 942 entries and 64 exhibitors) and worth every bit of that hair raising trip. A fine show worth going over to see.

After a rest in Rye and some 1066 investigating, we arrived at Leeds Castle. Everyone said to see it. Many say it is the best castle in England. A lived-in castle beautifully restored and modernized. The bed in the royal receiving chamber had no mattress, only a wooden pallet, and we were told it was used only for receiving court, and wedding nights "and they probably didn't sleep

much anyway." The moat was full of ducks, geese, swans and all happy together. The "Keep Off The Grass" sign suggested keeping off the grass so that it will be available for the ducks to eat! The most startling thing, however, were all the daffodils in large, long drifts on both sides of the moat in full bloom! Just as each flower was gorgeous at SEEDS, so each drift was a feast at Leeds. For the first time we may have seen our fill of daffodils. Masses and masses, beneath the trees, beside the shrubs, near the water, along the paths. Thousands. And they say they are still planting daffodils.

Three stops in England. Three totally different displays of daffodils. Each one a joy — a commercial display, a spectacular show, and a garden full of daffodils. What a Spring!

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WHITE KNUCKLES AND PERSISTANCE, THE SEARCH FOR *N. EUGENIAE*

SPANISH ADVENTURE - 1992

KATHRYN S. ANDERSEN, *Wilmington, Delaware*

(Photos by the author)



Having experienced overnight snowfalls of up to 8" in 1991 and seen pass after pass "Cerrado", Marilyn Howe and I were delighted to arrive in Madrid on Friday morning, May 1, and find lilacs and iris blooming along the N-1 as we headed towards the Sierra de Guadarrama in search of species daffodils. A more comprehensive study of *pseudonarcissus* could not be undertaken in

1991 since snow prevented our crossing over the Pyrenees to have another look at the French *pseudonarcissus* and stymied our efforts to find *N. eugeniae*, the short yellow trumpet reported in the Sierra del Moncayo. In 1992 we planned to return to the Luchon area in France and attack Moncayo once more. We also wanted to return to the upper monasterio at San Juan de la Pena to determine the size of the *N. jacetanus* population. We were concerned about the growing popularity of 'Midget', listed as 10 Y-Y, which we are convinced is *N. jacetanus*. The thought of finding more natural hybrids in areas where two different species grew in close proximity and of seeing small forms of any of the larger species added that tantalizing factor that impelled us forward. In addition, we wanted to check back on some familiar sites to determine the status of populations we had visited in the past.

We knew we would enjoy a day in the Sierra de Guadarrama area assessing the season before returning to Madrid early Saturday to pick up my son, Donald, who could only join us for a week. As we approached Miraflores and saw the horse chestnuts in full flower, we had some concern that we might be missing all except the poets. Climbing slowly to the Puerto de la Moncuera we were aghast to see the onslaught of vacationers sitting in lawn chairs in the area that in 1991 had been blanketed in *N. bulbocodium nivalis* emerging from the snow. This year the blooms had gone by, and the masses who had emerged from Madrid to start celebrating the long "Labor Day" (May Day) weekend were oblivious to what lay beneath them. Beyond the puerto, *N. bulbocodium graellsii* was certainly past prime but still



San Juan de la Pena:
Front lawn, May 1992.
Poachers have removed bulbs.

Vall d'Aran: *N. abcissus*,
thinner perianth segments.



apparent. Small wet areas, covered with ice in 1991, were white with masses of blooming *Ranunculus peltatus*. In the valley, our favorite hotel was already full, so we set out for a nearby monestario, now a fine Ciga hotel, where we booked the last room, an inside closet with bath.

The day was absolutely gorgeous! Temperatures stayed between 65 and 70°. All of Madrid had come to the Guadarramas for the holiday weekend. Motorcycles chased up and down the country roads, and one poor soul even fell into a meadow where we were admiring small white funnel-shaped forms of *N. b. graellsii*. His friends soon righted him, and they all took off in a roar. At the L-9 near Canencia, hikers, loungers, football players and everyone else was out and about. *N. rupicola* fortunately grows in very rocky terrain so was not crushed down by the hoards. It was beginning to fade, but *N. triandrus cernuus* was at its prime. This population was composed of one- and two-headed stems. Of special interest was a small group with bright yellow flowers and a pleasant fruity fragrance. They had more than the usual one leaf per blooming scape. Several *N. x rupidulus* were observed. These were similar to those seen above Lozoya but had narrower perianth segments. The populations of *N. rupicola*, *N. t. cernuus*, *N. x rupidulus*, and *N. bulbocodiums* appeared to be thriving in spite of massive use of the recreational area. The only other stop that day was back in the Moncuera area to hunt for a cross between *N. b. graellsii* and *N. rupicola*. Both species grow in profusion, but no natural hybrids were observed.

Saturday dawned rainy, raw and generally unpleasant. We left El Paular before dawn to pick up Donald at the airport in Madrid and headed toward Guadalajara. The day is better forgotten. Hours were spent searching fruitlessly for a wild hybrid of *N. t. cernuus* and *N. assoanus*. Records indicate that **many** stops were made. We walked miles through a mixture of rain and sleet made ever so much more disagreeable by an incessant wind. As the afternoon wore on we finally gave up and headed for the parador at Soria. It was full so we ended up in a wretched hotel downtown which boasted the worst cuisine to which we had yet been exposed: translucent fishy smelling fish and cold gelatinous chicken in vinegar. The day had no saving grace except that we had gotten Donald and made some progress up the road.

Sunday we set out to the Parque Natural de la Dehesa del Moncayo and in particular the monestario. Another chilly day sent us on our way. As we approached the mountain along the N-122, we could see that it was covered with snow to an amazingly low level. The summit disappeared into dense cloud cover. Several inches of snow covered the ground at the level of the old ruins where we had seen *N. b. nivalis* and *N. b. bulbocodium* in 1991. Deep ruts could be seen around the

next bend in the parking area which had been our turn-around before. Donald pressed forward on ice and snow until he started to skid toward the edge (straight down). Somehow he managed to back up a little and turn around. We returned to the parking area to reconnoitre. We really wanted to find *N. eugeniae* which had been reported around the monestario. Donald remarked that the icy tracks were well worn by many cars and thought we should try again. We went a little further than before but soon the wheels spun to a halt. Donald and I left the car and hiked to the monestario in 20° weather. The structure, hewn into the cliff, was surrounded by concrete. It housed a bar and restaurant. Several motorcycles and small cars were parked out front. As we retreated to the car in defeat, a motorcyclist came up from below. As Donald tried to back down the narrow road to turn around, the back wheels migrated closer and closer to the sheer drop off at the side of the road. Marilyn and I stood in frozen horror watching as the wind almost blew us away. The Spanish motorcyclist came to our assistance. He and Donald picked up the back of the car and placed it much further from the edge. Our new friend backed the car down, turned it around for us and then cycled up to the bar. Without that bar to bring him there, the three of us might be buried in the park forever.

Our next destination was through Arguedas and onto a dirt road which was supposed to bring us to a population of *N. dubius*. Evidently, the literature is not clear. We spent the rest of the day wandering around a desert. I felt as though I were home in the USA Southwest as we wondered among mesas, cuestras, canyons and salt flats. The wind blew fiercely but it was pleasantly warm. Eventually, we found a road and headed to the parador at Sos, arriving early enough in the day to take in local sights of ruins and reconstructed castles.

Tuesday we knew that we would see daffodils at San Juan de la Pena. At the Puerto de Cuatro Caminos, we walked up the trail to see if we could find any *N. assoanus* still in bloom. To our delight quite a few were still at their prime, and we admired them while listening to two cuckoos answering one another in the distance. As we approached the monestarios at San Juan de la Pena, we observed vertical beds that had not seemed so obvious the year before. The caterpillars which have been working over the pines for several years were producing shocking changes in the view. Suddenly the rock strata below were casting a strong influence on the landscape. A few spent *N. alpestris* could be seen along the road leading to the older monestario. We were not prepared for the shocking sights at the newer monestario at the summit [See this *Journal*, V. 28, p249 (June 1992)]. The entire front yard once home to a large population of *N. jacetanus*, was now pock-marked by poachers in the area not occupied by the new sewer.

One section of the upper hillside where a giant relay station has been installed is now free of *N. assoanus*, this terrain also pock-marked by poachers. The area is a park with many signs (NO CORTA FLORES, RAMIS NI PLANTAS) forbidding the taking of flowers, branches or plants. Nobody seemed to care! We purchased San Juan de la Pena tee shirts at the bar hoping to help the cause but probably only filled the bartender's pockets. The western hillside appeared virtually unscathed. We had never observed *N. jacetanus* here, only *N. alpetris* and *N. assoanus*. No natural hybrids were observed even though hundreds of each species grew in close proximity.

Monday night was spent in an ancient building at Berdun, a town atop a mesa. We dined with a group of British birders and found them to be even more serious about their interests than we. Early Thursday we set out for the Vall d'Aran, that part of Spain which is north of the Pyrenees. Several strong populations of *N. assoanus* were seen along the back roads. The areas behind seemed to be quite dry and rocky, supporting *Echinopartum horridum* in great quantity. In front the *N. assoanus* grew in rich clayish loam along with *Muscari*. Again, we saw evidence of digging.

The Vall d'Aran was cold and hazy when we emerged from the long tunnel on Tuesday afternoon. A few poets could be seen just opening as we drove from Viella to Arties where we booked a room for the night. Several groups of shepherds with sheep and/or goats or cows strolled along the road. The meadows appeared close cropped without much sign of emerging poet foliage. Leaving Arties we headed towards the Puerto de la Bonaigua. Climbing out of Salardu, we soon



Vall D'Aran: *N. x incomparabilis*, better form.



Moncayo: *N. eugeniae*.

found winter weather and no signs of green anywhere. Returning to Salardu, we followed the lower road towards Bagergue which is now filled with new condos, all closed at the end of the season. With tourists gone, the locals were burning up the winter rubbish. At least three huge dumps were on fire between the tunnel and Bagergue. Twice Donald checked under the hood to make sure our car was not on fire. Outside of Salardu, as we stood at the side of the road near a dump, we spotted a few yellow *N. abcissus* just opening up. These had quite flat perianths and pointy petals. On the other side of the village high on the hillsides, an abundance of flowers could be seen with binoculars. Climbing up we were pleased to see a wealth of *N. abcissus*, *N. poeticus recurvus*, *Fritillaria pyrenaica*, and emerging *Lilium pyrenaicum*. The steep fields were filled with yellow and white as far up as the eye could see. Beneath a tree in the middle of the meadow, two different *N. x incomparabilis* strains were identified. The small one had a smooth, flat perianth. Both measured just over Division 3 in cup size, and the cup would have to have been coded YO, with the yellow and orange evenly divided. Forms of *N. abcissus* varied from smooth to ribby, hooded to well-overlapped. All petals were uniformly pointy. Color ranged from all bright yellow to cream and strong gold. Blooms could be seen in any size from very small to huge.

Leaving the parador for France on Wednesday morning, we had another go at the hillside and found a large *N. incomparabilis* clump (13 flowers/buds). These had less orange in the cup and were of smaller size. As we came over the pass at 1293 m. we did see some snow in wooded areas, and as we suspected, the trip to Superbagnares, the



Jezeau, France: *N. poeticus recurvus*,
red-eyed form.



Jezeau, France: *N. poeticus recurvus*,
all two blooms/stem.

ski resort above Luchon was not too rewarding. A few narrow leaved *pseudonarcissus* with expanded cups (like those pictures on *The Daffodil Journal* cover, Vol 28, March 1990) were in bloom on the western side of the mountain. In 1990, we thought they were *N. psn. ssp. nobilis* but now realize that *nobilis* is only found on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees, and has definite yellow staining of the perianth. We now refer to them as *N. psn bicolor*. *N. absiccus* with its wide foliage and often stove pipe trumpet was observed. The classic hillside on the eastern side was not in bloom. Much rubble had been thrown down from new construction, and we noted animal damage, plants chewed almost to the ground. The daffodil is tough, I hope it can withstand this abuse. The Val d'Oueil had supplied the hotel lobby with a magnificent bouquet of *N. absiccus*, and indeed they covered the hillsides far up the valley. Poets had just started to open in the lowest areas. On our way out of France we visited several other valleys where we were just a little early to see many poets. Outside of Jezéau we happened upon a small field of unusual poets. Many had either two heads or red eyes.

The short tunnel through the mountains at Bielsa brought us near the eastern part of Ordessa Park where we spent the night and hunted for *N. alpestris* up high. Here, within the park, we saw complete obliteration of this species as described in the previous article. On Friday we explored many valleys and high passes on our way to Lérida where we planned to put Donald on the night train for Madrid to catch a plane home. We enjoyed magnificent views, ancient villages and dreadful roads, but no daffodils.

Saturday morning Marilyn and I arose very early for one last attempt to see *N. eugeniae* at Moncayo on our way back to Madrid. As we approached the mountain, we could see some remnants of snow on the top but nothing like the snow of the previous week. Driving into the Parque, the santuario appeared, and it was entirely below the snow level. With horrors of the previous sliding and our first true view of the unimproved road between the parking lot and santuario, we decided to park and walk to the top. What a beautiful Sunday! Temperatures were between 75 and 80°, and the sky was cloudless. Just before reaching the santuario, a large stone building with ugly bright apple green windows, doors and shutters, we spotted a single *pseudonarcissus* in bloom very near the area where Donald had almost taken the car to meet his final reward. Was it the *N. eugeniae* reported at this location? It is said that there were flowers on the hills. Somehow we missed the official trail up the mountain and followed a crude scramble trail. We saw several clumps of daffodils where the flowers had been picked and some clumps of young foliage coming on to bloom another year. Above the santuario we joined the main trail to search for the high meadow.

We passed through woods, dry desert areas, snow, etc., but found no meadow filled with daffodils. I even climbed into the cirque and approached the high ridge. No meadows. It was only on our descent as we were enjoying the view way into the distance beyond the plains and feeling extremely hot and frustrated that we saw it. The small meadow, lush and green and dotted with unmistakable patches of yellow was completely surrounded with rock and very private. Working our way into it around sharp rocks, we were delighted to find *N. eugeniae*, perhaps not at its peak, but looking very good to us. Beneath our feet the sod was dense, damp and very springy, like a sponge. This bright yellow mid-size daffodil grows on short stems, but is refined and quite at home in its meadow. The population was quite uniform in color although some had perianths which were somewhat paler than the trumpets. Sizes varied from tiny to large intermediate. Most had two narrow bright green leaves (not wide blue-green leaves as described by Blanchard). These flowers bore little resemblance to those in the picture taken by John Blanchard in Teruel (*Narcissus, A Guide to Wild Daffodils*, St. John's, Woking: 1990, p. 73) which appear to be of more massive proportions on short stocky stems. Since there were absolutely no other *pseudonarcissus* in the area (and we had covered the ground quite well in our quest for a meadow), we had to conclude that we had indeed seen *N. eugeniae*.

After Saturday's find, the rest of the trip was quite routine and somewhat frustrating. On Sunday we (and thousands of Spaniards) took to the countryside. A significant stand of bright yellow *bulbocodiums* were seen at Puerto de Piqueros at 1710 m. outside Soria. These had a distinct green stripe on the perianth tube and were probably *N. b. bulbocodium*. We had hoped to see more *n. eugeniae* near Laguna Negra but were overwhelmed by the crowds and could only speculate as to the identity of some yellow patches picked up by binoculars in cliffs across the laguna.

On Monday we returned to the area above Lozoya in the Guadarramas where we had first seen *N. x. rupidulus*. The destruction seen there was reported previously in the June, 1992, article. Poachers have taken their toll along the roadside and into more distant rocky areas. On this sad note, we gathered together our thoughts, notes and pictures and headed back to Madrid for the flight home. We were happy with our finds but disheartened to think that future generations may not have these opportunities. Those of us here and abroad who value the gene pools which wild populations provide for future hybrids should give serious consideration to the problem at hand and discourage the growing of species in home gardens where chances for success are minimal at best.

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