

CODS CORNER

NEWSLETTER OF THE CENTRAL OHIO DAFFODIL SOCIETY
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Betty Kealiher, President Tag Bourne, Editor

PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Dear Daffodil Friends:

The calendar may say that it's spring, but the weatherman says that more snow flurries are expected. Whichever way, my daffodils are poking above ground. Deer have nipped some of them, but they'll be OK.

Time has a way of passing very quickly and it will soon be time for our show. We will be setting up in the afternoon of Friday, April 23 and help is always appreciated. This year we will be fortunate to have Michael Baxter as one of our judges. He and his wife, Sandra, will be vesting from England. Please make yourself known to them.

The previous weekend is the national convention being held in Washington DC. They will be celebrating the 50th anniversary of the founding of the American Daffodil Society. I hope everyone attending has a wonderful time. If you are unable to attend and need to see more daffodils, Whetstone Park will be in full bloom. Also, the Granville Garden Club will have their daffodil show that weekend.

Speaking of Whetstone Park, please find time to spend a couple of hours there weeding and doing whatever housekeeping necessary to keep the beds looking good.

This is the season for sharing our daffodils with others. Share them with your dentist, and doctor offices, beauty shop, your office, etc. Spread daffodil fever everywhere.

See you at the show.

Betty

Welcome new member: Lisa Stiver, 797 S. Roosevelt Ave., Bexley, OH 43209. Phone 235-7589

Spain Revisited

An invitation in late February for Kathy Andersen and me to join Brian Duncan, John Blanchard, and Derrick Donnison-Morgan in Spain to see perhaps 20 different species proved too hard to resist. So on March 10 Kathy and I arrived in Madrid, got our little Hertz car and set off to meet the gentlemen. Brian had emailed a tentative itinerary, and we had rented a cell phone, so we called to find exactly where they were.

Our first stop was alongside an embalse (a lake formed by a dam) where we found a form of *N. jonquilla*, perhaps *N. jonquilla minor*, growing in standing water. These were very precisely formed flowers, much better form than on any jonquillas I've seen in shows here. (It wasn't clear whether that area would eventually be under water or not. I think it was probably only seasonal standing water, as there was a house in an adjacent field that looked too good to get submerged.) We were directed to a site further down the side of the embalse where the gentlemen had seen *N. hispanicus*. They were growing in brambles and bracken in an area where the water would run off down the hillside into the lake. We finally caught up with the guys at a location where *N. perez-chiscanoi* had been reported, and sure enough, we found them, again in a wet area. This looked very much like *N. hispanicus*, though without the green perianth tube. These two trumpet-types, as well as some other trumpet-types we saw later, all seemed to be growing in wet areas. Nearby we found a few plants of what was reported to be *N. bulbocodium viriditubus*. We spent the night in Almaden in a hotel which is in an old bullring. They did a great job turning the building into a hotel. The ring is intact in the center, and you go around the ring to get from the hotel to the dining room.

Next day we found *N. jonquilla minor* growing on a hillside, short ones and tall ones. Inside a fence were blooms of *N. triandrus*, and here we saw a beautiful hybrid between the two, *N. x nutans*. It had all the grace and charm of 'April Tears'. We visited a spot where bulbocodiums and triandrus grew together, and so we found several of the hybrids. Most were yellow and single headed, but there was one with three blooms/stem. Later we found an area which had quite a few two-headed bulbocodiums.

The weather deteriorated after the second day, and we had mostly cold, cloudy, windy, or rainy, or all together, but you don't travel that far to let the weather bother you. We made a quick stop in an area I'd visited several times before with Kathy, where *triandrus*, *bulbocodium*, and *cantabricus* all grow—along with their hybrids, but this time John pointed out *N. x barrae* (*bulbocodium x cantabricus*) which I hadn't seen before. It looked like *cantabricus* to me. Then we were on to a wonderful site where *cantabricus* and *triandrus* grew abundantly in the

rocks. We found some lovely hybrids, and up higher in the rocks we could see some *N. rupicola*. It's amazing to see them all growing happily together.

We stopped next to see some *N. hedreanthus*, though since it was raining pretty hard, one of us elected to stay in the car! Later we found more *N. jonquilla minor* growing in rushes. Those growing where there appeared to be the most water were taller, while those growing at the edges of the rushes were smaller. Again, they were elegantly formed flowers, with 6, 7, or 8 blooms on a stem.

The next day was mostly a repeat of an area I'd visited with Kathy on my first daffodil trip to Spain. The "Cazorla circuit" as John called it, where we found *N. hedreanthus*, *N. longispathus*, and several unknown trumpets.

Next day was another cold, rainy day as we set out to see more of the smaller trumpet types. We found them . . . *N. yepesii*, following the water down a hillside; *N. segurensis* and *N. bujei* in wet locations, and *N. alcaracensis* growing among rushes in a seasonal lagoon. One clump was actually growing through a clump of rushes with water all around. Even when you couldn't see the water, it was there, and walking between the humps of the rushes was not easy. Several of us fell, injuring our pride, but nothing else. Many blooms of *N. alcaracensis* were 2/stem. The thread running through all the sites where we found these smaller trumpets was that they were growing in very wet areas. The one we couldn't find is *N. genessii-lopezii*.

We visited a site where the flowers were reputed to be *N. eugeniae*, but they didn't look anything like those I'd seen in 1995 in two different areas, nor was the habitat the same. So who knows for sure, without DNA testing

On our last day we found *N. bulbocodium nivalis* growing in a high meadow where the snow had recently melted. We even saw snow alongside the road. They were tiny, delightful little flowers.

Several people have asked about the terrorist incident in Madrid, and whether it caused any problems for us. It was dreadful for the Spaniards, of course, like 9/11 was for us. There were more police on the highways, I thought, but nothing else. I noted no added security at the airport.

It was another great trip, marred only by my flight home which was late causing me to miss my connection to Cincinnati. But that's a small price to pay for seeing so many species in their natural home.

Mary Lou Gripshover

CHRISTOPHER MASLON'S PRIVATE
NEW ZEALAND TOUR DOWN UNDER

August 2-13, 2003

It was early in the spring, I had the idea of fulfilling what I talked to Spud Brogden about some years back at the Pittsburgh "Something Special" Daffodil Conference. Spud and I were the last to leave the conference and we had some traveling to do before we got back to our respective homes. Spud had about 24 hours flying time and myself, well 6 hours if I pushed the speed limit. Diane Mrak was so welcoming to let both Spud, his wife and myself stay in Pittsburgh that weekend. During dinner I said to Spud, I would really like to come down to New Zealand. He said to me "Christopher you'd be welcome if you came." I had no idea that I would be living in South Korea some 12 hours by plane away and I would still be invited after all those years.

"It only goes to tell you that Daffodil friends mean what they say and keep the exchanges going. Once a Daffodil friend, always a Daffodil friend." (A daffy friend to the end?)

All the stuff I did in college, forgive me, but, now forward with me to the year 2003. I packed my bags with anticipation for a 12 hour flight down to New Zealand out of South Korea. The temperature on the plane dropped from a sweltering 90F in Korea to a mere 32 F in New Zealand. At night the temperature swung close to 21F. I am so glad I brought my long underwear. I could have frozen my "beegangy" off. And for me, it's like Naomi always says, "I must check to make sure it has all its koochies" and I sure didn't want to lose mine, so I brought a muffler along as well.

I arrived on August 4th and began a trek from Auckland to Hamilton. I stayed in Auckland for a few days. O.K. see if you can follow this? The Korean Vice-Principal of the school where I teach, his wife's older brother lives in Auckland and was willing to take me in to stay for a week in his home there. The older brother's best friend, who was named Sam, took me to PIHA rock where ancient tribal ceremonies were practiced. I was wondering why my tour guide named Sam brought his 12" sacrificial knife with him to the rock ... just joking! At PIHA rock the sand on the beaches is jet black, from countless volcanic uprisings the power was laid before my feet.

The first item on Christopher's Private Daffodil Tour was to see the Ramsey's in Hamilton. At the Ramsey's the house was warm and I had a complete private section of the house all to myself. Leslie Ramsey is very accommodating. I was overwhelmed by my extended stay of 4 days.

Originally, it was going to be for one night. The Ramsey's had two things set aside for me: (1) magnificent home cooked English-style dinners and (2) a private 4-flower garden tour. Dr. Ramsey has a distinguished style about him. He is an awesome dad. I met his daughter, his grandchildren and we share a passion for Oliver Twist.

Dr. Ramsey and I talked for hours, about bulbs and the unusual flowers, by the glow of his grand central fireplace at his country home. A quick drink and we were off and running. As the fire crackled, I was reminded that tomorrow I was to see daffodils in August. This Alice in Wonderland feeling (or Christopher in Wonderfulzealand) was about to come true.

In the morning a mist covered Dr. Ramsey's yard, which is a collection of botanicals from the far corners. I could only imagine the place exploding in color in summer. Everything was carefully placed and well labeled. His beds had four sections to them: trial, permanent, breeding and for sale. I was impressed by all that he had back there.

The next day, I was taken to Max Hamilton's gardens, which again are another clean and well-organized garden. Mr. Hamilton was sick during the visit so I went to the hospital to see him. The day I arrived at his house a mist of incredible thickness settled on us and I could barely see three feet. I was led into a wet field and came out very cold, but daffodilized. I do have to say, even in sickness with an IV stuck in a New Zealander's arm, their gardens are very well kept.

Later I was introduced to Mr. Graham Phillips... true hobbit! He doesn't wear shoes! His toes with dirt caked on them was a trademark. I also took my shoes off and went barefoot. Mrs. Phillips (her name is Browning) made me some special muffins. Inside the warm just-baked muffins were ham and egg! Scrumptious. Mmmmmmm you missed out. Graham's house, being a little higher in climate, had a pile of flowers up and through field after field we walked. What I thought was strange, Graham's assistant was burning daffodil bulbs, thousands of them in a semi-tribal daffodil dance to please the "Daffodil God" of the fields, with war paint on his face and his hands reaching to the sky. I was just "pulling your leg" again---it was bulbs of lost origins that simply were not field quality Grade A bulbs. I could not tell you how many bulbs were being burned.

That day the CODS Group dug some 2,000 bulbs before I left one summer for a sale to be held at Franklin Park Conservatory, can you see all

those bulbs in your head? Multiply it by 5 or 6 times, simmering on the fire. I asked Graham how many bulbs were in his field and he said over a million and a quarter easy. That's, say, 1,250,000 bulbs. I have about 200 bulbs and I thought I was the "big little dog". Well, I haven't a bone or a clue!

To get straight to the daffodils: I saw a mixture of new and upcoming stars. The ones to watch from Down Under are as follows: (all are either Phillips or Ramsey's)

Renevator 1-44/1-77, #03-01 Odoratus x Paperwhite (a happy white with very pointed petals), #93-31 Seedling (a 4 Y-Y soft and cupped), 1 Y-Y VGF GJF 30JIY, a Ramsey seedling 6 Y-R x Loch Hope (I felt was a winner with good breeding), 2 W-P E-5-4 (most stunning of the collections, I thought. Clean and White with diamond dust on the petals, the cup a coral sea pink with a unique ruffled rim), Rheban Red x Lock Hope x Danger seedling No. E-43-10, a 3 Y-R. Jackson's Terminator stood out in the fields like a light bulb, 2 W-P (F-77-1-82-126) x (Te Rangi Pai), Ramar G77 x Ramar A55-1 (Loch Loyal x Nelaroni) (a side note: Loch Hope seemed to be the breeders best of choice in each garden I visited.

An added note: each and every house I attended in New Zealand was impeccably clean and tidy. The hospitality cannot be beat.

After Graham's flower **Hobbit-daff-o-dil-rama** I was asked to visit the famous Hamilton Gardens which are really nice, yet small, but truly a "must see" in Hamilton.

Since this was my own private daffodil tour of the Down Under, I decided to really enjoy myself. I took the crisped-air afternoon off and had an incredible pasta meal, with glass of Gwertztimer 1988 wine, of course. I just whipped out a NZ \$100 to pay for it all. Again Mmmmmmm scrumptious.

Dressed in my best black velvet jacket, burgundy tie and a waitress from Holland, I had the most incredible view any man could want; a lake, white swans and a blue, blue sky that would rival that of any Monet painting. The food Martha or Julia or even that naked chef guy would love. After a delicious lunch, I walked around the Hamilton gardens and was impressed by the Italian gardens – the most giant corsgan urns brimming with terra cotta orange, lions in marble welcomed me, while I crunched pea stone under my black leather ZiO ZiA shoes made in Korea.

And to see the famous Hamilton garden I had heard so much about – I just lovvvvved the American garden!!! With the 1950's retro-California dreaming momma and the papa's bubbled white plain stone cement and Andy Warhol matrix 12 foot

by 12 foot Marilyn Monroe painting....Howwwww American! (It just needed neon lights, overflowing garbage pails, a man dressed up as a really overweight Mickey Mouse AND a McDonald's plastic arches glowing in the background and the smell of greasy hamburgers wafting through the skimpy landscaping. It captured the **TRUE** American spirit. Aheeeem. Wink! Wink!

On to the other gardens; the Chinese and Japanese gardens were in excellent taste.

I returned to the Ramsey's after what seemed like a 4-mile hike around Hamilton Gardens Lake to come to a surprise. A Ligularia called "Alien Invasion" (ruffled dark green) **UGLY** and something that was worth seeing.

I meant to stay only 1 day at the Ramsey's, but it turned into 4 and I cannot help be reminded of the sincere and genuine love they showed me. **I FELT LIKE FAMILY** and was not put aside. They let me overstay and for that I hope one day to return the favor. They helped me get a bus to see Spud and Joy Brodgen some miles away. I got confused at a bus stop and spent 3 hours waiting for the bus to show up, so I did tea, sandwich and some shopping (how New Zealand of me).

Off to Spud's on a gorgeous scenic ride to Mt. Taranaki. I was welcomed by Joy and Spud, Joy giving me a big kiss and Spud lugging my suitcase to his car. Now Spud doesn't drive, but that doesn't stop him from being the Co-pilot. We were taken to his adorable turn-of-the-century style cottage home. Yard was brimming with plants and whimsical whirlygigs. His private workshop is a museum of virtually everything imaginable. His extra workbenches hold a private stock of a few hundred cultivars of Gladioli.

Spud's garden is immaculate. If I were a weed I would be very scared. Very, very scared. There were none. The raised beds and markers numbering 1 to infinity were laid out in Arlington National Cemetery precision. White tags marked with codes so secret the CIA could not unlock them. But, if you just ask him "what is that", Spud would say "Oh that's Teki Teki or something sounding.

I am not a believer in re-incarnation. No, but I do believe I have met my grandfather in another life. If Spud had a grandson to help him with gardening in what could have been a massive family business, I know in my heart, I should have been the one. I am not the perfect or best at anything, and quite honestly, I am lazy and selfish, but to be Spud's grandson would be fulfilling enough for me.

Spud's collections of potatoes, sweet peas, lachinalias, daffodils, potted plants, even mosses, were incredible. Spud and Joy served me home

cooked meals and we joked about a recipe that was handed down by Joy's great-great-great-great grandmother from England.

I was taken to an Orchid growing industry where Spud's son worked. Later that day went to a beach that the awe striking black sand and the white featherweight pumice shimmered while the full white moon rose in the background. The cool night air and the pounding cold ocean blanketed us with memories I know that shall remain with me forever.

After a few days at Spud's house, I was put on a plane and sent back to Auckland. I knew my amazing trip was coming to a close.

My heart sank, but my suitcases were brimming with treasures: black sand, pumices, lava, special tribe nose kisses, a Maori necklace, a seashell prized for its electroplated azure and sky-blue glow, and a box of tea.

I said my goodbyes and off I went to South Korea back to the 90-degree weather. I feel like I dreamed it all; black sand, volcanoes, Kiwis and daffodils.

Christopher J. Maslon
Daejeon, South Korea

WHETSTONE DAFFODIL GARDEN
Helen Meeker, Chair

In 2003 The rains came – no bulbs were dug. The Park sprayed the weeds, with a follow-up spraying.

In 2004 to dig Beds #2, 3, 11 and 12 will again be our plans. All members should plan to weed each month. Scheduled times to work does not bring members. Call a fellow member, or friend, to go and weed.

The Park contacted to learn our show date, wanted to get the Open Gardens date on their calendar. Previously our show and Open Gardens have been on the same Sunday. I suggested we try, this year, the Sunday a week before our show so visitors may learn about our show at Franklin Park Conservatory the next weekend.

Many members will be at convention. I plan to be available for the Open Gardens. I plan to be available for the Open Gardens. Anyone who would like to assist, give me a call (261-0647); I have not learned the hours.

See you at the Gardens.

NOMINATING COMMITTEE REPORT

President: Betty Kealiher
Vice President: Jody Scribner
Secretary: Cindy Hyde
Treasurer: Phyllis Hess
Irene Moseley, Chairman, Nancy Kolson and Sarah Scribner

BRIAN DUNCAN – On Sunday night, April 18, Brian was taken to Fairfax, VA hospital for treatment of viral pneumonia. After receiving antibiotics and bronchial treatment, he was released Tuesday, April 27 and was expected to fly home to Northern Ireland on Wednesday, April 28 to see his flowers that have opened in the last two weeks. He wants to thank all who sent goodwill messages

NOTES:

Hubert and I were fortunate to have Michael and Sandra Baxter as guests after the Washington Convention. Michael triumphed with two of his own seedlings at the Tonbridge Show, a good colorful 2 W-P, and an extremely desirable 3 W-YYO, both of which (according to David Matthews of the Southeast t England Daffodil Group) will make their mark on the show benches in the future. Michael judged in Washington, Chillicothe and Columbus and enjoyed it very much.

Congratulations to Malcolm Bradbury, who has been awarded the Peter Barr Memorial Cup for 2004. This prestigious award is presented each year by the Royal Horticultural Society to a person who has contributed greatly to the world of daffodils.

Sad to learn that 2005 will be John Pearson's of Hofflands Daffodils final year in business and Rosemary and John will be taking a well-earned rest. John has produced some magnificent cultivars over the years and I am happy to report that he intends to continue with his hybridizing. Get your orders in so you can be assured of getting the cultivars you want.

NEXT MEETING:

May 11, 2004 at 7:30 p.m., Franklin Park Conservatory. Election of officers and Slides of 2004 Show Winners. Bring a friend.