

# 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:

Where has summer gone? It seems like only yesterday that the daffodils were in bloom and competing with the weeds for a place in the garden. Now it's time to start thinking about getting the ground in condition to plant more. Isn't it fun to open the packages from the hybridizers and inspect the new arrivals?

Our annual CODS bulb sale will be on September 26<sup>th</sup> at Franklin Park. Leave space in your garden to plant a few of the many bulbs which were dug from Whetstone Park earlier this summer. And if you have a couple hours to spare that Sunday, please contact Phyllis about distributing them by selling the bulbs and answering questions which the buyers may have.

Two of our CODS members were recently shown on the DAFFNET as being participants at the World Daffodil Convention in Australia. We hope that Nancy Kolson and Margaret Baird have a safe and wonderful time and return with a lot of pictures to share.

Elsewhere you will see that our Regional Vice President has issued an invitation for all to attend the regional meeting of ADS on October 23rd. It's not necessary that you be a member to attend. Phyllis has a great speaker scheduled so plan to attend with a friend or two. We hope that CODS will be well represented that day.

Here's hoping that we have good weather for planting lots of bulbs.

*Betty*

### THROCKMORTON GARDEN Naomi Liggett

Coughton Court in Great Britain is the original home from which all American Throckmortons derived. They are planning a special Dr. Tom Throckmorton Garden to open in Spring 2005. Coughton Court is open to the public with approximately 80,000 visitors per year.

I was contacted by Mr. E C. McLaren-Throckmorton for help in finding sources of Throckmorton hybridized cultivars. Other than Mitsch Daffodils no one seemed to list any of these daffodils. Thanks to Phyllis Hess, Whetstone Display Garden and one cultivar from my garden, I was able to send the following cultivars to Great Britain: 'The Benson' 2Y-Y, 'Star Wish' 3W-GYR; 'Whirlaway' 3Y-GYO; 'Whoa' 2W-GYO; 'Painted Desert' 3Y-GYO; 'Tom Jones' 3Y-ORR; 'Class Act' 2W-GYW.

It was not easy finding the correct department to obtain a phytosanitary certificate. I was told by someone with the US Department of Agriculture that I should contact the state because the certificate would be free. Not the case as they now charge \$25.00 for inspecting the bulbs and writing out the certificate. I thought it would be more difficult to pass inspection but all the gentleman did was look at the bulbs. Didn't ask where they were grown or anything else.

Nice to know CODS could play a small part in commemorating Dr. Tom and his work in daffodils.



## WORLD DAFFODIL CONVENTION

By Margaret Baird

Twenty years ago, my mother (Grace Baird) and I visited Australia on a daffodil tour extension to the world convention in Hamilton, New Zealand. My memories have been of a vigorous country with beautiful flowers and friendly, warm people. This time my roommate was Nancy Kolson; but I was pleased to find Australia remains a vigorous country with beautiful flowers and warm, friendly people.

At the Melbourne airport we were looking for someone with daffodils. Natalie, an employee of Ian Dyson, President of the Victorian Daffodil Society, met us with an armful of plastic daffodils and conveyed us to the convention hotel quite the other side of Melbourne. (Thank you, Nancy, for carefully and thoroughly reading your e-mail!) As Natalie drove we could witness the intense building program going on in what had been the Docklands area as well as in other parts of the central city. We saw many different blooming plants – but no daffodils. And our hotel room had a lovely view of the Dandenong Range – but no daffodils.

On Tuesday, September 7<sup>th</sup>, the first pre-convention tour took us to Hanging Rock, the setting for the novel and silent film, "Picnic At Hanging Rock." The bus driver was adept at noticing kangaroos here and there in the "paddocks" en route but he delighted in referring to our flower as a tulip. Following morning tea, we visited the fields of "rejects" from Fred Silcock's hybridizing. There were the daffodils – rows and rows of the most gorgeous, richly colored, big-bloomed, long and strong stemmed daffodils with all the characteristics that say "Buy me-grow me – show me!" The total view was awesome; and bloom-by-bloom the individual flowers were equally awesome. Not one is registered. Fred Silcock just loves his daffodils. He was there to welcome us and he conversed quite modestly with whoever wanted to talk. The hybridizers – both professional and amateur – had a great time. We were told to take any daffodil we liked. People returned with bunches. In fact, when the bus scraped the front end on leaving the drive, Mike Berrigan quipped, "It' the daffodils! They're weighing us down." Those blooms decorated the hotel desk, lobby, and room after room for the rest of the week. And the vivid orange cups in those plantings still brighten my memories of that visit.

After lunch at the charming Bentinck Restaurant we traveled through a chilly rain to Fred Silcock's second planting area. The first had had a flock of sheep baaing across the fence; this one had show horses excited by our presence. Again, exquisite daffodils, especially what could be a miniature tazetta that even my nose could appreciate.

Afternoon tea (including lamingtons) was at Ellerslie, the home of Alison Miller. The plantings at Ellerslie have been developed for over a century on a hillside and in a valley-plantings of large trees, flowering trees and shrubs, and lots of daffodils. Some were labeled, registered cultivars from many years ago. The Millers lived here almost forty years and had a tradition of opening their gardens to the public in the spring. Sadly, Mrs. Miller is now a widow and has just recently sold the property. Her winning blooms from the previous weekends show stood modestly atop a corner bookcase.

Our next stop was the town of Kyneton, known for its many blue-stone houses, its Kyneton Fine China Shop (which

had only eight koalas holding daffodils) and its Daffodil Festival. Unfortunately, the Kyneton Daffodil Show was the weekend before our arrival, but every home had daffodils planted. This was the first sign we had of daffodils used in home landscaping. Kyneton is home to Dot Smith, the very capable and personable Treasurer of the Victorian Daffodil Society; she had arranged our being greeted, at the China Shop by the mayor and the Daffodil Festival King and Queen. The King and Queen are chosen based on their community service. The Shop creates a new one-of-a-kind ceramic floral piece each year for the Daffodil Festival and has them displayed behind glass in the anteroom. They would rival the creations of Cybis.

The chill rain of the afternoon before was gone the next morning and we could enjoy the bus ride through the rolling green countryside. Suddenly the whole busload inhaled with an, "Ooh!" Acres of blooming daffodils faced us, down one hillside and up another. We were at the Blythe Daffodil Farm, the largest cut-flower company in Australia. Started during the depression when the Blythe brothers took along flowers to sell in the city when they went into work, it is still family owned. Each member has responsibility for a unique part of the operation, but they meet each day at both morning and afternoon tea and at lunch to share what is happening. They have 150 acres, of which seventy are planted per year. Although they do much of the work themselves – and they demonstrated their machinery for us – they do hire up to seventy pickers, mostly Cambodians, in their peak season of August. The Australian Cancer Society requires three million daffodils for its sale the second to last Friday in the month. Although the Blythe's business plummets after that, they were sending out shipments of tazettas when we were there. Their bulb business is totally wholesale and brings in only half what the cut flower does, per bulb. Although we had been treated to morning tea at the Blythe Daffodil Farm, we soon had lunch at the "Posey Patch," with a deer and two emu to entertain us in a pen outside.

That afternoon we rode down to Phillip Island. Here I saw a distinct change from twenty years ago. At the Koala Park, great care has been given to enclose the area so that no predators can get in. We walked on designated paths and boardwalks that took us into the trees, and park rangers were everywhere. The nine koalas we saw, even one with a baby, were quite comfortable with our presence. The undergrowth was natural, not a mowed parkland, and various bird species have returned because of that. I was impressed with everything but the mosquitoes.

As well, Penguin Parade has improved. The visitor center is very informative, not just a souvenir stand, and the penguins work their way up the hill to the burrows through natural vegetation. Their routes are under boardwalks instead of across yellow-striped concrete sidewalks. The only negative (besides the return of that chilly rain) was a seagull being a bully to any penguin not in a group of three or more.

Dinner was very welcome at the Charmandene Restaurant where a player piano became irresistible. Before long there was singing and dancing. The most entertaining dancer of all was the young daughter of the translator for the group from



Japan. To top the evening, our Australian friends united to serenade us with "Waltzing Mathilda."

The morning of September 9 we rode into the Dandenongs and boarded the steam-engine-pulled train, Puffing Billy. Although all signs warned against leaning out of the open windows, loads of school children – on other cars – were merrily sitting on the window sills and dangling, if not kicking, their legs outside. Not too far up the mountain either discretion or chill had those legs back inside. Daffodil people do have some decorum – at least I did not see anyone try this style. We were all leaning out taking pictures, probably of one another's elbows, instead.

At Menzies Station we disembarked and rejoined the bus for Hancock Daffodil Farms. Suddenly, when I saw on the hillside the outline of a daffodil created by planted daffodils, I recalled being there twenty years before. Now the operation is run by Will Ashburner. Although he had cultivars many would have ordered, he discouraged foreign orders because of the expense. But he and his family did provide delicious sandwiches and cakes. And his stall of cut flowers by the roadside was doing good business.

Our next venue was the beautiful Olinda Rhododendron Gardens, established originally to create a firebreak for the Melbourne water supply. In a special building, Ian Dyson keeps up a beautiful daffodil display for over a month, freshening it once a week. Stands of named cultivars fill the room. Almost the length of one wall is a framed recess in which he maintains even more bunches. Imagine an old department store window at Christmas, filled from bottom to top with daffodil blooms. Although Ian Dyson does all the flowers himself, other daffodil society members volunteer manning the display to help educate the public.

For afternoon tea we were the guests of Graeme Brumley, Secretary of the Victorian Daffodil Society, and his family. Both approaching his residence and across the valley from it were fields of blooming hyacinths, but the hillside down from his lovely home was devoted to daffodils. His seedlings were soon being examined, and he and I never were able to finish talking about his seed pods on *n. cyclamineus*.

September 10<sup>th</sup> was free for those of us not showing or judging. Nancy and I enjoyed Melbourne's offerings – shopping and museums.

September 11<sup>th</sup> the convention began officially with the mayor of the city of Monash, councillor Joy Banerji, welcoming us. Ian Dyson then introduced us by country. (It was a pleasure to see Keith and Shirley Robinson again; they asked after Naomi and were sorry she was not there this time.) Three speakers then educated us.

Will Ashburner of Hancock Daffodils, who divided gardeners into three categories – showers, growers, and mowers, discussed "Decorative Daffodils" those that show up well as garden or cut-flowers, especially due to color. Because the public likes "pointy, star-like flowers" older show varieties are still popular. He added, "Hybridizers who throw out those odd-ball seedlings should give them to us who can appreciate them."

Then Harold Koopowitz informed us of his progress with fall bloomers from the species. He added that he looks for the best possible parents in form, in the wild, but he also seeks aberrations. The good form of *serotinus* "can breed good stuff."

After lunch was Max Hamilton on "Double Daffodils (Double the Trouble)." Max's success with doubles is obviously the result of his very careful breeding techniques. He checks the pollen under the microscope for a wheat-like appearance. He will not use pollen if it shows any malformation or deformity. He also advised not breeding doubles on doubles-this creates too many petaloids for the bud to hold. Good double pollen put on a standard results in more seeds; a double will provide only a few seeds if the reverse procedure is used. He added "Apply the pollen when the bees are flying-the temperature is right." Max considered "Kiwi Magic" his first really good double and "Gay Kybo" his top one. And then we boarded the train for the show two stations down the line.

A report on the show is difficult. Not until late did I realize the main room held the competition among the professionals and another room entirely held that among the amateurs. Then the series of winners was daunting, with what seemed like each colour code in each division receiving "Best Bloom" until I gave up trying to record anything. Instead, I will say the quality of the daffodils was excellent. Size is an obvious major factor for Australian competitors but the guest American judges down-played that factor-a G. Miller seedling, an intermediate, was awarded grand champion. "Lady Diana", shown by the Radcliff's, was reserve champion. The area was so crowded and our time was so limited that I was frustrated not to be able to view the miniatures well at all. All too soon we had to return to the train and the hotel.

A singer entertained us during the awards banquet. I was pleased to visit with Lyla Coles, widow of Frank Coles, who was a special guest. Twenty years ago he was President of the Victorian Daffodil Society and they had welcomed us to their home; she has sold that since his death and now lives in a retirement community.

September 12<sup>th</sup> was another morning of interesting seminars. "How Far Can We Go With Miniature Daffodils" was the topic addressed by a panel made up of Geoffrey Temple-Smith, Graham Fleming, Kevin Crowe, and Lawrence Trevanion. The panel agreed that in debate oversize-miniature vs. micro – "let the judges see them." Much of the rest had to do with obtaining color in the miniatures. Graham Fleming of Keira Bulbs delineated what he does division by division but in sum take a W-W or a W-Y and crosses it with a colored intermediate. He is also working for early, mid, and late season variety, and is aiming toward good pot miniatures. Kevin Crowe is achieving bicolors by putting "Gipsy Queen" on *n. cyclamineus*; he said they are short lived but he keeps breeding back to *n. cyclamineus*. He is achieving pink with "Killara Pink" x *n. asturiensis* and with "Dailmanach" on a seedling. Lawrence Trevanian is working toward diversity in bulbocodiums: multi-headed, squashed, and possibly a sequencing in opening. Trying to visualize all this, my head felt squashed!

Then Sally Kington gave the history of the RHS registration with William Herbert the first named breeder and with Backhouse with over 200 cultivars. The first list was in 1907. Guess what- the next new register will be published in 2008. Ms. Kington put forth that Division 7



may soon be divided by jonquilla and apodanthi. She also asked to be told of autumn-flowering and, perhaps, winter-flowering cultivars; and she questioned should these be in a separate category. I must say, her dedication to her job is commendable. Throughout the two weeks she was fine-tuning the records, seeking confirmation and verification of older registered cultivars.

After morning tea, the Australian pathologist, Mark Whattam, who checks plants coming into the country, gave a very illuminating talk. Some plants are grown for up to two years in controlled conditions to check for disease. This island nation is presently fighting to keep out a prunus virus. He is trying to get the government to be less strict on bulbs because the known bulb pathogens are already in the country. The commercial growers present were very supportive of his efforts.

After lunch, Brian Duncan gave the history of intermediates and then had a panel discussion. Obviously the intermediates are here to stay, but each country has a different opinion on whether or not an approved list should be used and on which divisions should be included. Mary Lou Gripshover ably presented our stand in the U. S.: no approved list; avoid those divisions (5-13) in which cultivars are naturally small. However, New Zealand does have a list and it includes all divisions. That list was the approved one for the Victorian Daffodil Society Show.

Because all of us wanted more time at the show, afternoon tea was cancelled and off we went by bus. This time I did have a chance to look at the amateur section, mostly single-bloom entries, and to view the split-corona miniature in the hybridizer's section. Sorry, but I was one of those having trouble seeing the split.

Then we were bussed to Ian Tyler's nursery where we munched on the following "Savouries": Kangaroo and Poppyseed Pies, "Crocodile and Sesame Seed Pies," cold rolls of buffalo, kangaroo, or egg lemon myrtle, or a spinach flan. At the same time we sipped excellent local wines and ogled a greenhouse full of blooming daffodils. In the meantime, twenty-two legs of lamb had been turning on a spit nearby. Yes, after all those "Savouries" we still feasted on a wonderful lamb dinner. I never did get the name they used for what followed, but we were treated to a performance on the native Australian rose flute and then by three native Australian male dancers. They threw down shavings on the cold cement floor of the shed and, while we shivered in our lined coats against the evening damp chill, they, barefoot, clad in paint and loincloth, performed for us. The kangaroo dance really impressed me; probably because I knew what I was seeing- each dancer became a kangaroo. The young men were most gracious about answering questions and posing for pictures afterward. Then came the bulb auction. The pots of blooming (most of them) cultivars were rolled in on a wagon bed and bidding went by the pot. John Reed had sent ahead a number of his cultivars so that they were turned around. Unfortunately, "Dahlia Bob" was not as assiduous as I would have liked in running the auction-some very good cultivars went too cheaply-but a pot of John's 5 W-P "Pink Chimes" did go for over \$100 AUS.

With thanks and appreciation given around, this was the conclusion of the convention. But it is only the end of Week One!

Because those of us continuing to Tasmania had a variety of flights, the Victorian Daffodil Society had to alter the intended post-convention trip, but we did get to return to those acres of seedlings Fred Silcock had created. They were just as awesome as almost a week before, but that persistent chilly rain finally drove me into the bus and to my boxed lunch. The two-engine prop plane flight was uneventful and, once safely checked in at Devonport, most of us scattered over the town to shop. The sun was shining!

On Tuesday, September 14<sup>th</sup>, the bus took us through the hilly agricultural area outside Devonport where they cultivate root vegetables, cauliflower, broccoli and poppies-yes, poppies. This area of Tasmania is the only place in the southern hemisphere where farmers legally grow poppies, under contract to Glaxo and to Johnson and Johnson, for opium. After a stop at a chocolate "factory" where most of us indulged in hot chocolate, we visited Radcliff's Daffodils at Jamie and Kaye's lovely new home at Port Sorell. What is not devoted to daffodils has been beautifully landscaped in many native plants on the hillside, and some of us were as involved in those as in the daffodils. Can you imagine? We enjoyed a delicious lunch as we sat outside in the sun and looked over the water in the distance. The Radcliffs are quite comfortable there.

Then aboard the bus again we headed down the state and to the west coast. My notes have us going through mountains, forests, scrub, farmland, and stock areas-quite a variety. Our first stop was Sheffield, a town that had been depressed until someone suggested they commission murals to be painted on the sides of the buildings-to entice the tourists. We were enticed. Finally, almost dark, we reached Strahan (pronounced Strawn), a small resort town on the west coast. Very early in Tasmanian history, it had been a penal colony and, until 1963, it was the port outlet for the Queenstown mining operations, but there was no evidence of those today. It is a charming resort town, and we had very nice accommodations overlooking the bay from our individual balconies. We luxuriated in that, especially when a strong wind and rain buffeted our windows in the night.

That rain sounded mightily like hail the next morning but we trooped by bus to the ABT railway for a ride up the mountain through the rain forest. At our first stop we spied hailstones in the crown of a tree fern but no hail bothered us the rest of the day and the wind did die down. Halfway up, while we munched on a box lunch, the engine was switched from a diesel to a steam engine; the rest of the way was by rack and pinion, the only such system in Australia. Our destination was Queenstown, a mining town. In the past, gold, then silver were mined. Today copper is being carved from the mountain near the town. Now great efforts are being made to control pollution, but the scars from the past are horrendous. Outside Queenstown was once lush forest, but acid rain destroyed the vegetation. Heavy rains washed away so badly that the rivers ran so thick with mud that an object thrown on them would not sink, and



today a pebbly moonscape is all that remains. The Green Movement is very strong in Tasmania. I can understand why. Fortunately, power is from hydroelectric plants. But I diverge. We went by bus back to Strahan. I occupied the rest of the afternoon with an exhibit on Huon pine.

On the 16<sup>th</sup> we left Strahan, retraced the route to Queenstown, and then rode on across this island state through the Cradle Mountain, Lake St. Clair, and Franklin Garden Wild Rivers National Parks. We went from Huon, Celery, and Kingwilly pines and rain forest to eucalyptus and then to more developed agricultural land where, as rain clouds came and went, we chased rainbows. A faulty windshield wiper on one of the busses had us late arriving at the Bonorong Wildlife Park, but no one minded, especially we tourists. The kangaroo and wallabies were freely roaming and not at all shy about eating the provided food from our hands. The koalas were willing to be touched, and even the echidna paraded for us. and the Tasmanian devils were cantankerous, but we saw them. Nancy had an altercation with a cockatoo-ask her some time. We reached our hotel in Hobart after dark.

Friday the 17<sup>th</sup> was a free day; Nancy and I visited Port Arthur, a long-time held goal of mine. We returned to Hobart too late to attend the mayor's reception in the City Hall but we did have some time to see the show. Yes, the daffodils were gorgeous. The champion bloom was N. Rowes' 2 Y-R "Redlands Too." Again, your show winners report will have to come from elsewhere. Carnielias, fruits, and vegetables shared the competition floor.

Saturday morning we had a workshop breakfast with a panel discussion on miniatures given by Kevin Crowe, Ian Norman, and Geoff Temple-Smith. Ian Norman gave tribute to the late Harold Cross for being his mentor. He then discussed what he is doing division by division. In Division 2 he is having good success from "Lady Diana", and he is using "Dailmanach" for pinks. He finds Division 11 fascinating for its potential. Geoff Temple-Smith is working mostly with Division 5. He is also looking for orange. He has had some success with N. asturiensis and has four flowering bulbs from that now. Kevin Crowe is also looking for pink and for orange in miniatures and challenged why cannot miniatures be bred to be smaller-so small the judges cannot see them.

The Salamanca Market drew most of us for the rest of the morning, but two options existed in the afternoon: a guided tour of the Royal Tasmanian Botanical Garden or a visit to the "daffodil patches of Ian Norman and of Michael Temple-Smith. Nancy and I chose the latter. Ian Norman's property, on a bank of the Deswent River, has been in his family since his father raised chickens on it when Ian was a boy. In retirement, Ian raises cut flowers for the market. His daffodils are in raised beds and in Styrofoam boxes. Four years ago Michael Temple-Smith transplanted his daffodils from northern Tasmania to the very steep, very slippery hillside property of a friend whose family used to grow blackberries on the slope. I paid my obeisance and sought a flatter surface.

That evening the Australian speaker at the farewell banquet was Peter Brown, a retired wildlife specialist who spoke quite entertainingly about the probably extinct Tasmanian tiger. He also expressed concern that foxes may now exist on Tasmania, endangering the many ground-nesting animals and birds. Other worries are a facial tumor problem on the Tasmanian devil and the possible arrival of the bumblebee. The latter could be hazardous to proper tree and plant pollination, eliminating present pristine forms due to cross-pollination. (Every time I hear the attempts in Australia to protect their unique flora and fauna from foreign contamination I wonder what North American counterpests would have become under similar restrictions.) Richard Ezell was at his humorous best as the American speaker.

Our last day in Tasmania was down the Huon Valley. I remembered the area as full of apple orchards, with packing plants dotting the roadside. Now much of the fruit is gone, the trend shifted to cattle raising. The advent of the European Common Market caused the bottom to drop out of the Australian apple market. Geeveston had become close to a dead town, with young people leaving and, as the bus driver said, "The old waiting to die." However, the Tahune Forest Air Walk has been constructed nearby and has become a successful tourist attraction. Geeveston has become revitalized. Yes, the tour planners had us do the air walk. It is a suspended walkway through the treetops - and yours truly has a fear of heights. I was one of the eyes-straight-ahead zombies that followed directly behind the young guide. Ask Nancy about the view.

The aim of our drive was Jackson Daffodils. The major fields were a ways away from the house, but down the slope from David and Robin's home were rows of named varieties, planted there so that customers could identify their desires. Many such desires were being written down, of course! Across the road above the home were the seedling beds; they also had a display of seedling blooms in the garage. Where both Nancy and I focused on a 2W-W seedling, 139/92. The Jacksons provided a lovely meal for us - and I don't know whether I was being kidded but I was told the salmon (two in fact) were caught in the nearby river. At the seedling field we had a good conversation with Amanda Jackson White, David and Robin's daughter. She has retained the Jackson name after her marriage, "because customers insist on talking with a Jackson!" Amanda has always been involved in the family business and both she and her brother intend to keep it going. Her own hybridizing interest has been in creating a Division 1 red cup but she has not pursued that recently; however, as she said while waving her hand to the rows of seedlings behind her, "The genes are here." Then she added, "I am quite touched to see how patient my father is with my son, in the rows, showing him how to do things. Jackson Daffodils shall continue!" Amen to that!

If you think we ate our way through Australia you are right. The gracious hospitality of our hosts was calorie-laden. But their warmth and their friendship were genuine. My old memories were correct.



**CODS BULB SALE**

Bulbs Sold \$1, 002.50

Expenses 77.20

Deposited \$925.30

We will also have more funds from bulbs sold on the internet.

**Phyllis Hess, Ways and Means**

**CODS DUES ARE NOW PAST DUE:**

Please send your check for \$5.00 single, \$6.00 family dues made out to CODS, Phyllis Hess, 3670 E. Powell Rd., Lewis Center, OH 43035-9530.

An "X" in this space \_\_\_\_\_ indicates that this is your last copy of the newsletter because dues have not been paid.

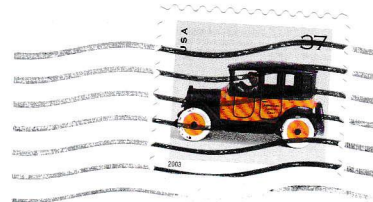
Deadline for the Jan. Newsletter: Dec. 15, 2004

**ARE YOU A DORMANT AUTHOR?**

Are you a dormant author or are you "budding", or in full bloom? Do you have thoughts milling around in you head about our favorite flower that you might want to share with the rest of us? Among our ranks are beginners, experts, and some in-betweeners, people from many different areas with different climates and soils. What you have to say may be very helpful to at least some of us.

I know of no one that is bashful, in fact, there may be members outside Ohio and the USA that could contribute articles to CODS CORNER. Send articles to Tag Bourne, Editor, 1052 Shady Hill Drive, Columbus, OH 43221

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