EVE ROBERTSON

Eve Robertson, of Greer, South Carolina, USA, died on 2 February 2003, aged 96. Eve, was the next-to-last surviving charter member of the American Daffodil Society (ADS), who awarded her their Silver Medal in 1989 for service to the Society. She was an accredited judge from the earliest years, and was second vice-president of the ADS during 1962-1964.

Eve was known and loved around the daffodil world. She made three trips to the United Kingdom - alone in 1962, with Elise Havens in 1993, and as a part of the Centenary Convention tour in 1998. She had also travelled to New Zealand in 1983. She always said, “I love my daffodils, but I love my daffodil friends even more.”

Eve began growing daffodils when she was six years old, and learned hybridizing through correspondence with Guy Wilson in the 1930’s. Her all-too-small list of registered daffodils include ‘Sunbeater’, ‘Limey Circle’, ‘Elegant Lady’, ‘Indian Brave’, ‘Angel Silk’ and ‘Amy Linea’. Her goals were to extend the season, especially with late daffodils, and to produce brilliant red-cups. She had not one but two daffodils named for her. Brian Duncan introduced the split corona ‘Lady Eve’ in 1999; and John Pearson registered a 2W-W ‘Eve Robertson’ just in time for Eve’s 96th birthday on July 10, 2002.

She never lived anywhere but the area around Greer and Taylors, South Carolina, but daffodil friends made their way to that garden year after year. She will be greatly missed.

Loyce McKenzie

RICHARD NUTT

The death of Richard Nutt on 12 October 2002 has already been recorded, with details of his achievements as a civil engineer, oarsman, plantsman and most of all galanthophile, in several publications. For a number of years now, towards the end of February, a varying number of friends have driven to his house, Great Barfield at Bradenham, bidden to a “snowdrop lunch”-which did not feature them on the menu though. This year on 25 February a large number of cars parked on the Green and around 100 people-galanthophiles, relations and friends from various societies filled the little church of St Botolph for his memorial service. Snowdrop lunches were often in inclement weather, but on this occasion it was a bright day with hazel catkins dangling in the hedge and crocus expanding in the sun.

As we sang familiar hymns and listed to Christopher Brickell recalling incidents from earlier years we remembered Richard, leading...