portrait? The computer can help. Beacon is 3a Y Y O, a small-cupped yellow
daffodil with an orange rim.

Princess Mary is 2a Y Y O, a yellow-panthered daffodil with a large
yellow cup rimmed in orange. I find a certain personal satisfaction in this
knowledge and am fearful that it is being lost. Another generation of daffodil
lovers should not be denied at least a casual acquaintance with Green Island.
Perhaps it is well for each of us to remember that the present scheme of
daffodil classification was not handed down from above, graven on stone
tablets. It has been a product of thoughtful persons, subject to modification
from time to time, and the better for each change. The Board of the American
Daffodil Society is asking, through this “Proposal of Marriage,” that a further
modification be considered. I have an intense admiration for those men who
have loved daffodils enough to categorize them into useful divisions. By the
same token, I believe that those same men would and will approve changes
in any such classification made apparent by the burgeoning of both interest
in and varieties of their favorite flower.

MATTHEW FOWLDS

By Grant E. Mitsch, Canby, Oregon

Born in Scotland in October 1880, Matthew Fowllds died at Salem,
Oregon, December 27th, 1972. Coming to America as a small child, he
spent most of his life, until retirement, in Minnesota and South Dakota,
subsequently making his home in Oregon. Having had little opportunity for
formal education as a child, after training in the field of genetics he became
an agronomist for South Dakota State University, and did research in the
development of improved strains of grasses, grains, and legumes. Among
his accomplishments was the introduction of a strain of hull-less oats. Being
interested in botany, he collected and prepared a comprehensive herbarium
for his department in the school.

Upon retirement he moved to Oregon, and soon developed a large garden
with many rare and unusual plants, growing with them specimens of a
variety of the plants with which he worked in South Dakota. In the process
of accumulating an extensive collection of plants he became interested in
daffodils and soon took up with breeding them, with particular emphasis on
the miniature species. These were intercrossed among themselves, and with
the larger garden daffodils. After some years’ work, and finding that his
favorite species, _N. cyclamineus_, was a very temperamental garden subject,
he embarked on a plan of developing a strain as much like the species itself
as possible, but incorporating several of the small trumpet species into it.

He had hoped to impart some hybrid vigor but, by continuous backcrossing
with _N. cyclamineus_ itself, to maintain its form, and in the end have a little
daffodil like this species that could easily be reproduced by seed. Due to the
requirement of many generations being raised to reach his goal, and to
his advanced age, his work was never completed, and it is feared that most
of his efforts were lost.

On the positive side, his crosses involving _N. cyclamineus_ and _N. triandrus
albus_ on the larger daffodils are responsible for most of his named introductions. Perhaps his most popular flower has been Harmony Bells, while Honey
Bells has been widely grown as the first triandrus hybrid to set seed with any
degree of regularity. Others of note include Waxwing (a Honey Bells seedling), Nuthatch, Little Lass, Greenlet, Stint, and the newer Delegate, Chipper, and Kite. Comment and Grosbeak are contributions to the larger daffodils. His Pixie was a lovely little flower, and while a very rapid increaser and profuse bloomer seems to have developed a susceptibility to some strain of virus.

Matthew Fowlds was a most generous, kindly man, and very modest as to his attainments. Few were aware of his accomplishments, and it was fitting that the American Daffodil Society bestow their Gold Medal on him during 1972. He was one of the most popular residents of the retirement home where he spent his last few years. Though never married, he was very fond of children and would read to them by the hour. He never seemed to tire of their questions. He was most industrious, and after retirement he could turn out more work than many men half his age. Though a great lover of flowers and plants, he thoroughly despised weeds, and very few saw the light of day long until they were spotted and destroyed, even though his grounds were very extensive. He was of the “old school” and believed in thorough preparation of the soil, sometimes digging large areas “two spits deep” as Scottish forebears would say. He had little patience with adults who were indolent or wasteful of their means.

We considered Matthew Fowlds one of our closest friends, and often were recipients of his generosity. On many occasions he aided us with planting bulbs, hoeing weeds, or imparting knowledge in the field of botany, genetics, or other realms. His passing is a great loss, not only to his personal friends, but to the daffodil world as well.