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HUNTING THE SOUTHERN PRIMULAS

Dr. C. R. Worth, Groton, N.Y.

The search for new plants is as habit-forming as indulgence in a drug; more than once, returning exhausted from a plant-hunting expedition, I have sworn that the mountains would see me no more; yet within a few months I would again be studying floras, monographs, and maps, making plans for even more strenuous campaigns.

Last winter was no exception. After the abstinence of the war years, the time spent in the mountains in 1946 had been altogether too short. Besides, the memory of the new Primula I had failed to find still rankled and ranges glimpsed in the distance offered the enticement of the unknown.

Amel Priest, of Peru, Iowa, an ardent Penstemon enthusiast, but without experience in the mountains, or in plant collecting, had become interested in my explorations and decided that he would like to make the 1947 trip with me. A green companion is unpredictable and risky, but he having a car capable of travelling the roughest mountain roads overweighted other considerations; besides, if he found the going too rough, we could part company. However, Amel survived with flying colors his initiation into the tribe of lunatics known as plant hunters, and made possible the exploration of many regions that could not otherwise have been visited in a single season.

The tale of our 6,000 miles' ramble through the more remote corners of the Southwest has already been related by my companion in the Bulletin of the American Penstemon Society, so that here I shall confine myself to an account of the search for the southern Primulas.

On the high Sandia Rim, near Albuquerque, while Amel regaled himself with Penstemons oliganthus and strictus, and snubbed rare Polemonium mellitum, I went seeking Primula Ellisi; which on a previous visit I had failed to find. At first I had no success, but following a most unpromising line of low lime cliffs, I finally came upon a few scattered plants. They grew for the most part in quite inaccessible places, although occasionally by a scramble from above or below, I was able to reach one of the tufts, past flower but with seed not yet quite ripe. This worried me but little, for I expected to meet P. Ellisi again before long, in a more southern station, where presumably, as it normally flowers in early June, seed would be fully ripe. Little did I realize then how plant behavior had been disturbed by the drought then devastating New Mexico, Arizona, and southeastern Nevada.

At dawn a few days later, in the White Mountains, we started on horseback up the fourteen mile trail to the summit, not without misgivings, for the peak was veiled in clouds. Part of the route was new to me, and on north-facing cliffs I noted a dull Sedum not seen on previous visits.
to this range. But of the many interesting plants found there years ago, only Penstemon neomexicanus, brown Delphinium sierraeanctae, and the tall blue Lupin of the same name, appeared until high up in the timber where lacinia raised its large and deeply slashed scarlet flowers on foot-high stems. Above timberline, as we rode up the last grassy canyon, clouds swept up from the valley and blotted out the view of the glistening White Sands below us. Interesting plants began to appear, but instead of being in ripe seed as I had anticipated, their season had been delayed by the drought so that they were just coming into bloom. At the very instant that we reached the greasewood and Primula Ellisiae lay at our feet, the storm broke, an icy deluge driven by tremendous gales, which blotted out the summit and the shaly ridge only a few feet below us. We retreated to an old fire cabin and huddled beneath its lee wall, hoping that the first fury of the storm would abate. There was no letup, and finally, leaving the horses to their scanty shelter, I returned to the scree on foot, grooping my way through the ghom, unable to guide myself by the now invisible landmarks or by the constantly shifting wind. The Primula, instead of being more advanced than at its other station, was just passing out of bloom. Smaller than in a good season, it stood only three or four inches high, with rather narrow strap-shaped leaves, somewhat toothed at the tip, and good-sized flowers that varied through the red-purple shades. I sought for plumy capsules, on the chance that, as these western Primulas often shed their seed green, some might be developed enough to germinate. Then I tried for plants; down went my trowel, only to encounter flat rocks, into the crevices and cracks of which the Primula had wedged itself, everywhere beneath the thin surfaceing of fine fragments. Dynamite was called for, though a piece of the rock would have helped, but a mere trowel was useless; not a single plant would come out with more than an inch of root. At last, chilled to the bone, I abandoned fruitlessly efforts, and turned back toward where I hoped the cabin might be. As usual, my sense of direction was right, although I could barely see the cabin when I tripped over the fallen fence only a few feet from it. Sodden, we mounted and rode down out of the clouds and wet.

Later, in the Chiricahuas (pronounced "cheery cows") of southeastern Arizona, we sought P. Rusbyi. Although the drought in New Mexico was mild in comparison with that here, the day was sunny, the station definite, and we climbed the mountain with high hopes. When we reached our goal, there were none of the "mossy ledges" which this species is said to inhabit; certainly no moss, and nothing that I should call a ledge. We explored the park and assaulted the sheer cliff from below and from above, and all that we found was—a very small rattlesnake. We went on to the Huachucas (a hearty sneeze does it), where there had been no rain for three years, and after a few reconnoiters in their canyons, abandoned any effort to reach the top

A couple of years ago, during a luncheon conversation with Dr. Rogers McVaugh which involved Campanulas and Chilean Lobelias, he abruptly mentioned finding, in a remote range of Nevada, P. Rusbyi. This in itself was news, for with the exception of P. Parryi the American species are quite restricted in range, and the nearest recorded station for P. Rusbyi is some 600 miles to the southeast. Later we examined his specimens, and at first sight I was convinced that he had turned up a new and still undescribed species of the section Parryi; apparently an endemic of this one peak, for Maguire, working a nearby range, found no Primula at all. My unsuccessful hunt in 1946 has already been mentioned in the Quarterly, but I could not rest without another try. One evening we drove into Blue Eagle Ranch, and were warmly welcomed by my good friends Mr. and Mrs. James Sharpe, who had made possible my previous visit to the region.

Next morning, accompanied again by Jim, we assaulted the peak, some twenty miles south of the ranch. Since my previous visit, a road had been cut to a mine at the start of the steepest part of the climb, and we hoped to be spared the hours of fighting through dense stands of mahogany, which had exhausted us before the real difficulties were encountered. The "road," however, had been only roughly gouged out with a bulldozer, so that army trucks could struggle over it, and after about a mile our pickup found the going too steep, had to be abandoned, and later backed down the mountain. As on a descent the day before, I had sprained an ankle rather badly, I was doubtful that I could go very far on even level ground, and still less on such an arduous climb, but by progressing slowly, I managed to make the entire trip. When we reached the devastated canyon where before fallen trees had so hampered our progress, we took to the precipitous hillside, till at last I could stand the suspense no longer, and we dropped into the narrow limestone gorge, where it was necessary to scramble over one ledge and low cliff after another. Aquilegia scopolorum, usually a plant of the highest scree, grew in shady crevices, which tempted it to extend itself to a foot instead of its usual three or four inches. Normally its flowers are pale blue, showing little variation, but here the long-spurred beauties indulged in brilliant reds, purples, and yellows. High up, on a lime scree, we came upon a dwarf Penstemon of section Glabri, with enormous flowers of intense blue, in close heads on stems of only two inches; it seems to be an undescribed species. But there was still no trace of the Primula, even to Amel's exceptionally keen eyes, and I was very much disheartened by the time we reached the cliffs at the head of the canyon.

Jim was eager to climb to the summit; this had appeared from below to be a fairly simple matter, for we could discern frequent breaks in the long wall of cliffs. As we skirted their base, my companions well in advance, I saw a bit of green, looked again, and there was the Primula, but only two shrivelled plants. Farther on we found it here and there in pin-wide crevices of the sheer north-facing cliffs, mostly out of reach, though by some precarious balancing on the slippery outcrops, we were able to touch a few of the plants. The season had not been too favorable, and plants were not as well developed as in McVaugh's specimens, but retained enough of their distinctive character to set them off as a new species, I still firmly believe. The Primula is midway between the tiny P. Cusickiana and Broadheadae of much farther north, and larger P. Ellisiae and Rusbyi of the southeastern ranges. The leaves are a couple of inches long, toothed at the tip, and in some of McVaugh's material, strikingly lobed. The flowers, nearly an inch across, several
on a stem of four inches at most, are purplish, though we could not
determine the amount of color variation from the two or three plants still
in flower. Seeds were mostly immature, but a few plants which had
seeded down at the base of the cliff were taken, which so far are ten-
atively surviving in civilization, even in open scare.

We searched in vain for a feasible way up the cliffs; one or two
would have been too difficult with climbing gear, but far too hazar-
rous to attempt without it, for the lime cliffs were as slippery as ice, and
from their base the mountain fell off for thousands of feet at a very
sharp angle, so that if one fell off the cliff itself, there would have been
no way of checking further descent. A few rocks rolled downhill revealed
the probable fate of anyone who should lose control on those slopes.
Having exhausted the accessible delights of the peak, we turned back,
Amel and I happy over our finds, Jim disappointed as having unable
to reach the top of the mountain. After another pleasant evening with
the Sharpes we drove on, all of us resolved that we had no desire ever
again to attempt that hazardous climb; yet, such is the madness of the
plant hunter, already I am longing to see once more the treasures of
canyon and cliffs.

In Zion Canyon, on Weeping Rock, I was not too surprised to see
Primula speciulca growing in great wads and masses, for I have long
suspected that it occurs in many favorable stations throughout the
lower Colorado and San Juan drainages. It was a disappointment that
we were not permitted to take herbarium material for Sir William
Wright Smith, for this station seems never to have been recorded in
print. Later we visited the plant in eastern Utah, but found that only
a few plants had flowered—they alone know why, for the season was
unusually favorable.

One duty still remained: I had promised to get seed of P. Parryi for
Mrs. Berry, though why she or anyone else should wish to continue the
struggle with this perverse creature is beyond me. The range where I
had expected to find the seed was being constantly swept by tremendous
thunderstorms, so that the long ride up precipitous trails to reach
the Primula was out of the question. A day later, at the type station of
Aquilegia scopulorum, I saw a single plant peering at me from under
a limestone ledge, but it had not even flowered. We set out for the last
conveniently located station of the Primula that I know, racing over
perilous mountaintop roads ahead of thunderstorms that were converg-
ing on us from all sides, unwilling to be delayed by the greasy roads that
are so dangerous after even a shower. We finally reached a cliff where
ten years before I had found a few plants, and fortunately they still
thrive and retained some unsheathed seed. After spending only a few
minutes there, we hurried back to the valley just ahead of a hailstorm,
and looked back on a mountain completely concealed in black clouds.
Quite unexpectedly I met P. Parryi again, a few days later, on wet
lime cliffs beside a small waterfall on Mt. Timpanogos, but seed there
was barely beginning to develop.

The thought of Primula Rusbyi still haunts me. Twice I have failed to
find it, in two different ranges. Perhaps some day I shall return in the
hope that the magic of a third attempt may lead to success.

A request of long standing has been for P. Littoniana and P. Viali
and the nature of the differences between them. In literature preceding
the current re-arrangement of the genus by Sir W. W. Smith and Dr.
H. R. Fletcher, P. Viali was said to be the smaller of the two, insignifi-
and of little garden value, which attained an altitude of 14,000 feet in
its native Yunnan and Szechuan. Further that P. Littoniana was the larger,
handsomer one from the eastern side of the Lichian Range in Yunnan at
altitudes of 10 and 11,000 feet. The recent publication from Edinburgh on
the Section Muscarioides finally puts the matter to rights. The plants are one
and the same, P. Viali being the name given by Abbe Delavy who dis-
covered the plant in 1888 in Yunnan and who named it for his colleague, Father
Vial, and sent the material to Paris labelled with Viali's name. In 1906 Forrest rediscovered
the plant on the low range between the east side of the Lichian Valley and the
Yangtze, on the Lichian Range and mountains of southwestern Szechuan.
Largely due to confusion with three other closely relat-
ed species in herbaria and in description, Forrest believed his plant to be
undescribed though he

thought it strange so conspicuous a member of the Yunnan flora should
have escaped notice. He named it for his friend, Consul Lilton. There is
now no doubt as to the identity of Forrest's plant with P. Viali.

Moist, shady situations and humic, well-drained soil suit it though
Robert Argle succeeds in southern Washington with no pampering, at-
taining spikes measuring 22 inches when a foot is considered quite grand.
This eccentric appeared Primula carries hundreds of small flowers
tightly packed around the spike which in the bud are bright red, but which
open a bluish-violet beginning at the bottom of the cone so that the plant
is a tapering flame gradually extinguished by the advancing smoky blue.
REPORT OF THE SOCIETY'S SEVENTH ANNUAL SHOW

To those responsible for the success of the Society's Seventh Annual Show the preceding weeks were freighted with concern which eventually gave way to relief and finally jubilation. It was the latest spring season gardeners remember and the earliest show in history, March 30th and 31st. Fortunately in this favored area Primroses need little encouragement and a surprise appearance of the sun two days before the show, after two months' retirement, had them opening like corn over heat. The sunken ballroom of the Masonic Temple was transformed into a sea of prismatic, living beauty overflowing onto the surrounding balconies, and for that period Primroses and sunshine reigned after which the sun withdrew for another two months. The magnitude of the show makes generalities necessary. Thousands of entries were received by a large staff hard-put to keep up. Possibly the new rule which did not restrict the awarding of ribbons to one plant in a class if others were worthy of such awards was responsible.

For those who have never seen blue Primroses and Polyanthus in quantity this show was a surprise, although the red rays of incandescent lighting tinge the best of blues with purple. There were long tables of blues in every shade and texture in the ballroom and on the south balcony. Next in numbers were the Julianas, table after table of them arranged in collections, for the most part, like jewels in their boxes. Blue, cerise, shell-pink, bronze-pink, wine, white, yellow and rose in mats and mounds of the gayest little flowers spring ever infected with laughter. Each year the beauty of the Polyanthus increases, the color range widens and form travels a straighter road but to attempt a detailed description of all the shades of red, bronze, blue, yellow, pink and so many others exhibited would be impossible. A large showing of old double Acaulis was very lovely and a noteworthy display of new doubles from Washington was a major attraction. Many Gold Lace and some Silver Lace Polyanthus showed this year with a sprinkling of Hose-in-hose and Jacks-in-the-green. The season was too early for Auriculas generally, although a few took tentative steps, among them a green. Only the earliest of the Asiatics were present, with Primulas denticulata and Edgeworthii (syn. Winteri) being in the majority.

Mr. Floyd McMullen staged a complimentary exhibit for the American Rock Garden Society using P. rosea with white and cerise Julianas, Dodecatheons, miniature shrubs and alpines. Amateur exhibits and garden club horticultural displays were on tables arranged the length of the north and south walls to utilize every foot of space. Parallel rows of tables were set up to take care of the welcome unexpected. The east wall was given over to Grant Mitsch's daffodils, a popular exhibit showing many recent originations. The west wall was dominated by the collection of trophies, Balconies took care of arrangements and horticultural overflow. The large central area was planned as one great Primrose planting with the commercial growers more or less unifying their individual exhibits. Clockwise around the central planting were The Clarkes with assorted pastel and brilliant Polyanthus bordered by quite unbelievable pansies; Susie Papes with Polyanthus in wide color range backed by spider Primroses with a sprinkling of Hose-in-hose and Jacks-in-the-green; Mrs. S. R. Smith, Roy & Molin's silver shell container with brilliant cerise of Polyanthus habit; Miss Arlie Seaman won Helen Jones' silver dish with a magnificent white P. denticulata; Mrs. Joseph L. Day of Kirkland took the First National Bank's silver bowl for the first best amateur blue; Mrs. L. M. Buoy won the National Auricula Society's (of England) painting of Briggs' "Seamew" with a pink Auricula; Mrs. Robert Boyd, Barnhaven's silver cup for best amateur seedlings, a white Acaulis; Dr. Matthew C. Riddle won Mrs. Ben Torpen's silver cigarette holder with his miniature Juliana origin, a brilliant cerise of Polyanthus habit; Miss Arlie Seaman won Helen Jones' silver dish with a magnificent white P. denticulata; Mrs. Joseph L. Day of Kirkland took the First National Bank's silver bowl for the best Washington display—the very lovely new doubles; Mrs. S. R. Smith, Roy & Molin's silver shell container with an orange Polyanthus; Mrs. Ben Torpen received the Lawrence silver plate for the best Gold Lace; Mrs. J. L. Karnopp took Braeger's silver bowl for six P. Edgeworthii (P. Winteri) for the best collection; Mrs. L. M. Buoy, the Lois Land gold cup for best garden Auricula; Mrs. Florence Bennett again won the Marguerite Clarke award—a hammered brass tray—with a yellow self Polyanthus judged the best in the show; Linda Eickman took the President's award, a silver tray, for the best commercial seedling, a coral Polyanthus aptly called Radiance; Mrs. W. R. Wilmot's silver dish went to Oswego Garden Club for best Oregon club display and Barnhaven won Mrs. Harry Lathrop's oil painting with P. Clarkii judged the rarest Primula in the show.

Many thousands made the spring pilgrimage from all parts of the northwest—some from the east—to be surrounded by the beauty and the friendliness which have become synonymous with Primroses. Mrs. M. A. Lawrence and Mr. Carl Maskey were the chairmen aided by a committee of twenty. Mr. E. B. MacNaughton, president First National Bank, officially opened the show.
Panoramic view showing south half of central planting before official opening of the American Primrose Society’s Seventh Annual Show. A few entries in the seedling division are on the foreground table, President Allen W. Davis and Marguerite Clarke in left foreground.
THE PRIMROSE SHOWS FROM SOUTH TO NORTH

The spring of '48 in the Northwest will be remembered for rain, Primroses and Primrose shows, there were six in Oregon and Washington in addition to the Society's show. It is an odd thing about flower shows. How the months of planning and pre-show work by chairmen and committees, how the jumbled, often tangled, plants and people during staging are forgotten almost as soon as the guests arrive. The sense of accomplishment, of beauty achieved through cooperation, the introduction to the general public of these plants which are the very essence of cheerful friendliness stimulates these same people, and others who have been exposed, to planning not just another show, but a bigger and better show, next year. As far as is known at this time, the shows held in Jerome Prairie and Mt. Angel, Oregon and those in Longview, Napavine, Kirkland and Bremerton, Washington are being planned again for 1949.

The Southern Oregon Show, April 9th

The First Annual Primrose Show of Southern Oregon was a community event which was made possible by the combined work of the garden clubs of Bonanza, Central Point, Gold Hill, Grants Pass, Illinois Valley, Jacksonville, Klamath Falls, Medford, Rogue River, Talent, Phoenix and the Men's Garden Club of Grants Pass—town names historically rich in Oregon's early development. Mrs. Clyde Willey, chairman, writes that entries were in such quantity table after table had to be added; that the crowds were so great the Jerome Prairie Community Hall, where the show was held, could not at times accommodate all the visitors simultaneously, rotation being necessary. And this despite the week of snow and general bad weather preceding the show. High quality plants, corsage and arrangements from all parts of southern Oregon found their way to this first Primrose show, some so fine the accredited judges of the American Primrose Society had difficulty in deciding the best—as with two of the artful corsages by Mrs. Alma Reed which were pinned together and the blue ribbon placed upon them. Mrs. Clyde Willey's blue Polyanthus-Primrose was awarded sweepstakes.

The show was staged against a replica of southern Oregon's hillsides, Mt. McLoughlin in the distance, with moss, ferns, budding native Rhododendrons, small trees and shrubs. Only the earlier blooming Primroses were out due to the delay season so that Polyanthus, Acaulis and Juliana made up the bulk of the display. As Mrs. Walter H. Petersen's review in the Grants Pass Bulletin states in part, "We could go on and on and never be able to correctly describe the beauty, coloring and texture God has put in these flowers for our enjoyment. It is a real incentive to get our old work clothes on, get out and start right now getting ready for another bigger and better show next year." And that just about sums up every Primrose show.

The Mt. Angel Primrose Show, April 4th

Mt. Angel, Oregon, lies in the heart of the Willamette Valley's flax growing industry which would be of no interest in a Primrose journal but for the fact that hand-weaving is being encouraged here and the Primrose has been adopted as the town flower recalling the early English weavers and their love for and development of the flower. The Primrose was the unanimous choice of the Mt. Angel Garden Club shortly after its organization and a plot, once the residence of weeds, now burgeons with Primroses, and the first Primrose show is history.

Plagued with the same weather conditions which beset every show this year, the entries were less than could ordinarily be expected. But they were adequate and good, and hundreds saw Primroses who might otherwise have gone uneducated. Polyanthus, Acaulis and Juliana naturally predominated but with a sprinkling of Hose-in-hose, Gold Lace and Asiatic Primulas. Primrose corsages were made and sold to defray show expenses and the demand was more than one worker could supply. The Gervais Garden Club is graciously given credit by the sponsoring
Club for much of the show’s success and Mrs. Ted Nibler of Gervais took home the sweepstakes ribbon. Miss Juliana Debler was general chairman of the show.

The Longview Primrose Show, April 7th

Moving north from Oregon into southern Washington and Longview on the Columbia River, the second annual Primrose show sponsored by the Garden Department of the Longview Woman’s Club under the chairmanship of Mrs. T. R. King opened to capacity crowds during the usual inclemencies of the current spring. The date being somewhat early for the season, many were unable to exhibit but those who could—and there were twenty-two—brought in one hundred and twenty-two entries which brings up the question of what would have happened had the season been normal.

It was a Polyanthus show in point of exhibits and popularity. Four sturdy ones considered of outstanding merit were a clear pink, ruffled wine, a pink with yellow overcast and a clear light terra cotta with tiny half moon edging which is thought to be an offspring of a small, heavily fragrant bronze which is to be found in nearly every Longview garden. Acaulis, then Julianas followed numerically with some early Asians. Plants were displayed in carpets of woods moss with four commercial growers, Homesite, Andersons, Relin and Cowlitz Gardens building their exhibits tier-style in the corners of the club house auditorium.

At the peak of the afternoon attendance Mrs. M. A. Lawrence and Mrs. John M. Young, accredited judges from the Society, discussed the merits of the ribboned entries and answered questions on varieties, grooming and culture, a service which was appreciated by exhibitor and visitor alike. Elizabeth Sims Roberts, well known in the area as a poet and nature lover, won the sweepstakes with a double Lavender Acaulis. Runnerup was Mr. Austill Keller with the garden club award for the most outstanding Polyanthus in the show; Mrs. John R. Bartell received the Mrs. L. E. Frederick award for the most outstanding Auricula.

The Napavine Show, April 17th and 18th

The Southern District of the Lewis County Garden Club postponed their annual show two weeks from the dates originally planned to catch the Polyanthus at their peak. Though still showery, the dates were right, and over four hundred entries introduced at least a thousand visitors to some very fine Primroses. The majority of the plants shown could have competed favorably with the best anywhere and several were of exceedingly rare beauty perfect in every point. As in most of the shows, commercial displays were largely staged on the floor with amateur entries arranged on tables which ran the perimeter of the hall. There were some extraordinarily good pinks, blues, bronze and red shades and several double Lavender Acaulis, large as small shrubs, were covered by hundreds of blooms.

Mrs. L. B. Hope took the sweepstakes with a rose-pink Polyanthus; Mrs. Henry Lucas the runnerup with one of much the same color and a special award for a blue Acaulis of great clarity and beauty of her own breeding. Mrs. George Norris’ vermilion self Polyanthus with dark wiry stalk was breath-taking in color, form and blooming habit.

Mrs. Matt Torkko, president of the Southern District, was chairman of the show which was held in the Town Hall.

The Kirkland Show, April 9, 10 and 11

Between four and five thousand attended the First Annual Primrose Show sponsored by the East Side Garden Club in Kirkland, which is adjacent to Seattle. Plans were drawn by Mr. E. Perrine, prominent landscape architect, who was also in charge of staging. The majority of commercial and garden club exhibits, back-grounded by nurseries’ and florists’ displays of flowering shrubs and spring flowers, were plotted in patterns on the floor of the Civic Center while the amateur entries were placed on tables ranging the walls.

It was a vernal showing, beautiful with Polyanthus, single and double Acaulis, Julianas and a liberal mixture of early Asians all displayed with artistic imag-i**
The Bremerton Show, April 13 and 14

The East Bremerton Garden Club has for four years focused attention upon itself by Primrose shows which have attracted exhibitors and visitors from all the large cities and towns in northwestern Washington. They pioneered the way for extra-Society shows which are blossoming each spring in greater beauty and numbers.

A pleasant woodsiness pervaded the Civic Center springing from the fresh moss and huckleberry brush used to set off the brightness of the Primroses. The north end of the hall was banked in evergreen and willow trees with a border of spring flowers; the south end carried a floral display surrounded by a white picket fence arranged through the courtesy of the Naval Shipyard. Commercial growers displayed on the east side of the auditorium; the amateur horticultural entries on the west and down the center aisle in conjunction with arrangements.

Being the northernmost Primrose show the late season prevented many different types from being shown, but the earlier kinds were in full glory. For the third year Mrs. Harold T. Lebo took the sweepstakes with a total of 14 blue ribbons, seven red and four white. Runner-up was Mrs. George Luppolo followed by Mrs. Coleen McGill. Mrs. Ray Hess scored the highest points on any one exhibit with a china cup holding Primroses and Violets in exact duplication of the hand-painted design. Plants from commercial displays were contributed for special amateur awards.

Dr. John H. Hanley, Editor-in-chief of Northwest Gardens Magazine, consented to show slides of English gardens taken on a recent trip abroad. There was standing room only. At all times the auditorium was packed and occasionally visitors could not gain admittance. Mrs. J. M. Meredith was chairman of the show with a committee of fourteen.

During the summer most Asiatics lose their old root systems and the new, which begins development barely below soil surface, must carry the plant through the heat. Moisture and an occasional dusting with fertilizer and sulphur will keep down crown rot. Do not disturb Asiatics for dividing until September (unless it was done after blooming) because of short roots after seeding.
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A new poisoned Apple bait. Kills Cutworms, Strawberry Root Weevil; also Vegetable Weevil, Slugs, Snails.

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- Kansas City, Missouri