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When I pass along city streets where houses stand desolate and unpainted on ground almost the texture of the cement that hems it in and behind mere slits of windows at the edge of darkness see a potted plant miraculously alive as though by some desperate promise attended, I am haunted by the vision of a world without flowers; a world not only without flowers but one in which the human affinity need and desire to increase them is absent and those who knew the art of growing absent, too, in a land as antiseptic and barren as a new laboratory. What strikes me then with something like horror and absolute faith blended is the importance of the human spirit yearning for loveliness more perfect than the mind can know; an ancient quest that will surely end when no one any longer understands that not to grow is to die. As long as there are among the living those who out of nothingness evoke music or a poem luminous with remembrance or those more earthly who at night dream of new colors in their garden and wake renewed, growth cannot cease, there will be more dreams and new music—and fewer visions that haunt us.

The presence of those who possess an intimate feeling for the earth with its bright festival from seed flowering each time grey winter passes is something I am very grateful for. I am grateful especially for three, each one for personal reasons dear to me. They are quite different as individuals, but it seems to me they have this in common besides being gardeners: each has a pulse-sense for the continuity of life, for the beauty inherent in all things. I have a great deal of faith in them simply because they are what they are. If their silhouettes appear here under fictional names it is because I don't think names are important.

The 'educational display' of Primula species that year had been provided by Ivy Southern. It is a memory dipped in color for that was the first year I had seen a Primrose Show. I made inquiries and although several people were acquainted with Mrs. Southern no one could give me an accurate description of where she lived. A few miles from Sea-view—that was as much as I could learn. I saw a lot of country before finding the place, a journey's end where the narrow road leading nowhere under an arch of fir and maple suddenly curved down across a plank bridge toward the glimpse of a long shake roof, an immense stone chimney, and a bed of the bluest Primroses I had ever seen.

Through a network of shrubbery I saw what looked like a huge golden poppy nodding toward us, then it became a hat and beneath the hat a child-woman standing quietly until we could see her face. She said: "Don't you feel quite lost?" By now we were close to her, a woman of perhaps sixty with summer brown eyes, less frail than she had seemed at
firs t under the hat; and I remember that when she smiled it made me feel as though it were the morning of the world. My companion was saying, "Lost, yes, in a wonderful kind of way; we would have come with flashlights to see this, even if we had to imagine what these blues were like." "Come," Ivy said, turning so that we were beside her accepting us completely, "I need witnesses to believe something is real." We crossed a pool of uncut grass and down three cedar log steps toward the dim sound of water running to a row of flats of Primrose seedlings. We bent over one of the flats: the flower Ivy wanted us to see appeared to grow from the palm of her hand as for a moment her fingers circled it. "You see, it's a Miniature—but the color! I haven't a word for it..." And again I saw that beautiful smile brighten her face making everything I looked at new, and strange also, as if a different kind of vision had come unaccountably to obliterate my sense of the familiar.

At that moment I knew this was a place and here we were people I would return to often and again until I learned to see with eyes that saw not the illusory forgettable surface of things but the living form in its unique wholeness. The garden we explored until dark was not a Sunday place; things grew there with an almost riotous fertility, so that our tour became a continuous discovery of treasures hidden beyond the point where we had stopped last; the rough mark of the spade was frequent evidence of new ideas; there were many weeds left to be pulled. It was a garden that would have shocked a tidy person accustomed to order and formality, and I remember visualizing the polite, shut-in expression such a visitor might bear viewing the casual antiphony of Primroses and Violas. I remember this and other trivial thoughts because even then they seemed incongruous, so out of harmony with what struck me as the natural unity of the place, and because later, much later when I had come to know something about the Southerners and their life together that first visit became a measure of my capacity for psychic growth. How amazing it is that we often know so little of the inner life of people we see every day. Often it seems as though the nearer we approach our friends the more enigmatic they become.

Before her marriage Ivy was a successful commercial artist; the man she married was a stock broker and when the market went haywire at the end of the twenties the Southerns had a bad time. For several years Bill Southern was in an asylum. He was released on condition that then on he would lead a very quiet life. "Buy a place," the doctor said, "that doesn't have electric lights or indoor plumbing and grow things—squash, alfalfa, or Primroses—and stay there past the second crop!" That was why they had come to Seaview where the first winter they lived in an abandoned chicken-house near a little stream that years beyond then became a paradise for P. sikkimensis. For they chose Primroses instead of squash, though they had to grow food for the stomach too. They raised three handsome and talented children. Bill Southern wrote a book that a lot of people liked. These are facts which reveal nothing of the inward compulsion burning through lonely hours of night, the psychic burden of day after day, and spectral fear endured—and conquered—in silence; because it took so much more than virtue or courage to be what the Southerns had become in what amounted almost to a second life beginning with no more than hope.

The last time we visited Ivy she showed us a seed-pan with thirteen frail seedlings of P. ioessa. "This is new to me," she said, bright eyes inviting us to share the moment and the secret. "I'm told it belongs to the Sikkimensis section. I think every seed germinated but the stickers keep dying; here's another looks sick, or maybe it just doesn't want to be thirteenth. Guess I'd hold hands with superstition to save the rest." There was a child-like eagerness about her that made it important that these tiny things survive. She wasn't showing us a possession no one else was lucky enough to have, but revealing a smile of fortune that had come to her as a gift from "someone darling I met just once a long time ago, and I'm so happy she thought of remembering me with this."

I imagine that those who see a Show Auricula for the first time are amazed that anything could be so elegantly beautiful. If perfection can be observed this is one of its residences. I had seen a few Show Auriculas before seeing Reed Ballard's display yet it seemed as though my previous views had a kind of arms-length incredibility. Ballard's entries took up half a long double-decked bench, the light was fine and the pots were spaced far enough apart to give each plant a superb individuality. I had the remarkable sensation of becoming intoxicated merely by the exercise of sight. Presently my companion nudged me from a trance, whispering: "I think this is the man who grows them talking with Mrs. Wyatt." Curiously my first impression of Ballard was of a rather supercilious young man twirling a bunch of keys on his forefinger being polite to a gracious lady who was kind enough to tell him what the judges had said about his Auriculas; I recall that because the impression was so completely in error. When, twenty minutes later, in a split-interval of silence Ballard exclaimed—"I am hungry to talk with people who are actually growing Auriculas!"—I would have given him my last cigarette. It is a rare and inspiring experience to meet unexpectedly someone you are certain you have needed to know for a very long time; when this happens you always feel as though In some mysterious way you had met the person before. The three of us sat talking for an hour in the spacious room where coffee was served; we might have remained there for hours more except that the arrival of photographers for pictures of the Auriculas made Ballard nervous. A week later we visited him at his home. He told us that his garden was about the size of a postage stamp proved to be an exaggeration of modesty. No mention had been made of vertical space embodied in one of the best conceived and most functional rock gardens we had ever seen, or of the variety of plants alive and in bloom, or what seemed to us the incredible neatness of the place after we had learned that Ballard had a business to occupy his daytime and had been for a long while under acute strain with illness in the immediate family. I came away from there not only with a feeling of personal renewal but with the conviction that there is no limit to what man can achieve if he has enough vision and courage. Ballard is only an amateur gardener but his creative faculty is the very life-source of evolution. It is also the only real explanation why the human will to destroy has so far failed to become universal.

Ralph Lewellyn is a slender greyman whose face a sculptor would like; it has bone and angles and flat surfaces and is alight with interior devotion. I think that most of his dreams must be about Primroses, probably in color too. Whenever I see him I think of Robert Ayre's story of
Galligaskins

Curl’d Cowslip or Galligaskins reproduced from Paradisi in Solis Paradisus Terrestris by John Parkinson, Apothecary of London, 1629. His complete description: "There is another kind whose flowers are folded or crumpled at the edges, and the husks of the flowers bigger than any of the former, more swelling out in the middle, as it were ribs, and crumpled on the sides of the husks which do somewhat resemble mens hose that they did wear, and took the name of Galligaskins from hence."

Siswell in his Old Fashioned Flowers, says there are no plants that so much suggest the realm of Queen Mab as the Hose-in-hose and Galligaskin; that they take us back in unbroken ascent to the sixteenth century and that Parkinson tells us more of them than is known by anyone today. There may still be a few Galligaskins in Ireland and England, but none have come to light in America.

On a recent occasion when we saw him he was in the plant salesroom adjoining the main showroom floor; we knew immediately where he was by the cluster of rapt listeners down at the far end. His greeting when we finally reached his 'stand' of plants was characteristic then or at any time; it left the impression that our arrival was a happy coincidence at that hour when he could give us all of his attention because he had nothing else to do except continue our last conversation that had been interrupted at the moment it was being enjoyed. Talking began instantly as though there had never been an interruption. Lewellyn had a knack of revealing the root of a question with satisfying rapidity so that in a crowded place where thoughts came more like a random flight of birds it was possible to dip from one subject to another with unrestricted freedom.

Before long we were in the showroom on a criss-cross tour drawn irresistibly to kneel beside Lewellyn's floor display edged with Rosea grandiflora, where his choice Auriculas, all thrum-eyed, yielded so much charm when looked at intimately; then suddenly we had to see the Gold Lace and the Miniature Polyanthus; then we were back once more with the Auriculas, the Show Auriculas, and I became aware of the fact that we were now more than a trio, that we had become a roving band intent on discovering new areas of knowledge. Behind me I heard a man say: "He sure knows what he's talking about, this is the most interesting part of the whole show." We were standing before a section of Polyanthus and a question had been raised about point scoring. Lewellyn promptly drew out his copy of the rules for judging saying, "Well, let's score these three and see how it compares with the awards." In less than three minutes he was hemmed in by an impromptu student body; and though I listened as earnestly as the others a part of my mind kept returning to marvel at his complete unselfconsciousness and the peculiar devotion that made him forget his personal interests back there in the sales room so long as he was with those who shared a part of his love.

Odd questions silently intrigued me. In what way, I wondered, did this man earn his living? How did he become so enamoured of Primroses? Why were gardeners, if not a separate race of people, at least different from most? To me they seemed more generous, tolerant, kindly, loving; in fact, gardeners were more like what I wanted to think of as human. And somewhere between that unpremeditated lesson on the showroom floor and the present I came to realize that Lewellyn has done what many of us feel the need of doing: that knowing an inward necessity to have some intimate special creative area in our life other than the forever repetitious sameness of day after day routine diminishing the soul, we reach for
meaning vibrant rhythmic with promise dreamed of in still moments alone; but that Lewellyn had done more than this, for in his way he was an artist fulfilling in singleness of mind desire for renewal, with living things as his medium. The idea of him as an artist is especially pleasant to me personally, but I have an assurance about him that has deeper roots than personal fancy: I feel sure that he will continue being what he is. And if, by some curious twist of evolution, he becomes a new species of Primula I couldn’t possibly think of that as a catastrophe. The event for me would be a justification of faith.

1952 National Primrose Show Date

The Eleventh Annual Primrose Show of the American Primrose Society will be held April 19th and 20th. Complete information on what promises to be a real gem among shows will appear in the April Year Book.

Would the Publicity Chairmen of other Primrose Shows kindly send show dates and places direct to the Editor’s Office, Box 218, Gresham, Oregon not later than February? Announcement in the Year Book would especially convenience those who plan attendance.

Mr. Ralph W. Hanna, 101 East 31st, Vancouver, Washington is accepting reports of Primula Testers (Men’s Garden Clubs) in place of Mr. George MacAlevy. Mr. Hanna, as contact man between the APS and the Primula Testers, invites cooperation and Inquiries.

Dr. Richard M. Bond left January 18th for the Virgin Islands to work on soil conservation and an improved agricultural program generally. He expects to return in a year resuming his place on the Board of Directors to which he was re-elected in December for a three year term.

A letter last spring from Elmer C. Baldwin on behalf of the Onondaga Primrose Society of Syracuse, N.Y. contains information on advantages of mulching. He says that a check on the gardens in April showed the Primulas in better condition than they had been in several years. “It is quite possible that the gain is due to a rather good mulching of mushroom-house soil throughout last year. I think our plants have been starved up until now. This same mushroom-house soil makes a wonderful replacement soil after aging. I spread it in the shrub border to a depth of 6-8” and use as needed. Its greatest advantage and recommendation is that there is not a weed in a car’oad as it has been sterilized for several hours at a high temperature.”

Hardy Primroses were unknown to me, in fact I had never seen one until a box arrived in full bloom, and I immediately wanted to raise them in quantities, but was anxious to learn the best way to grow them. However, after an exhaustive search of gardening books, I concluded that other people must also be unaware of them. Therefore, after much experimenting and many failures along the way, my sister and I finally arrived at the best method for us to raise Primroses. We found that they were definitely not a plant for the perennial border.

We have a woodland garden where we raise Trilliums, Bloodroots, Hepaticas, wild Bleeding Heart and many other native wild flowers. It is located on the side of a small ravine with a northeastern exposure, shaded by oak trees. In order to have access to the garden, we constructed a path about halfway down the hill, directly through the middle of the ravine. To keep the dirt from washing and to conserve the moisture as it drains down the hill, we have outlined the path with logs. Along the upper side of these logs, in rows two and three deep, we raise all of our woodland Primroses. Here our Polyanthus, Acauliis, Sieboldiis, Kisona and other Primroses flourish and increase despite hot summer days in July and August. The ravine shelters them from the hot southwest winds and the tall oaks at the top of the hill shade them during the summer months. In spring and up until about the end of May, sunshine pours through the bare trees and, by the time the leaves have emerged and the bed is shaded, the Primroses have bloomed. The little Juliana bloom first in early May while the Polyanthus are still forming their buds. In late May, just as the Trilliums and Daffodils are in their full glory, the Polyanthus, Acauliis and Sieboldis bloom. The Kisona also bloom around this time, I believe just a little earlier.

I have found that the best time to plant the woodland Primroses is in early spring as soon as the ground can be worked in April and then again in the fall in early September just before the fall rains begin. Our soil is a typical woodland soil, with a great deal of leafmold. Before planting, we dig a trench and line the bottom with rotted cow manure and peat moss and then saturate the trench with water. After this has been done, we mix the remaining soil with peat moss, refill the trench and plant the Primroses.

After planting, we again water thoroughly until the soil refuses to absorb any more moisture. A little peat moss is spread around the plants for mulch and to keep the soil from drying out too rapidly. Unless we have a hot dry spell immediately following the planting, this takes care of the watering and it is never necessary again to water the Primroses. The rains in the spring and fall and the moisture from our winter snow supplies the necessary water. Although the leaves wilt badly during a prolonged dry spell, the plants always seem to pick up during the fall when the rains come.

For any other mulching, we depend upon the oak leaves. In the fall the bed is heaped with them and this, together with our usual foot or two of snow protects the plants during the winter months. We tried at
first mulching with marsh hay but we have found the oak leaves much more satisfactory and far less work. The Sieboldis, Kisoanas and Saxatils die completely back after flowering and do not appear until the following April. The Polyanthus, Acaulis and Julianas carry their foliage through the winter, but in April put forth an entirely new growth of leaves just as the buds begin to form.

Although we have endeavored to grow the Auriculas many places, including the woodland garden, the only place we have ever had any success with them has been in a moist spot in heavy soil in full sun. There the leaves are greener and the plants look as if they may eventually increase. However, we are still looking for a more satisfactory place to grow them.

The Asiatic Primroses, such as the Candelabras, Bellad Primroses, Denticulatas and Rosea grandifloras are another story. We originally had the Denticulatas in our woodland garden but a prolonged dry spell last summer made us very much aware of the fact that this would be satisfactory only during the years when we had unusual amount of moisture during the summer. The only place we can grow all of these Primroses and be sure of their survival without additional watering during the summer months, is in the lowest part of our yard, in full sunshine, along the creek bank. We have planted them among the Flags, Louisiana Iris and Japanese Iris and they provide a little shade for the ground. Here the soil is always moist, even when the creek has ceased to flow during the months of July and August, and in the springtime it is very wet and mucky. The best we can do is to dig a hole and plant them in the mud. We cover the ground around the plants with peat moss and put some rotted manure on but keep it away from the crown of the plants. The ground is well above the high water level of the creek so there will be no danger of stagnant water rotting the plants. During flash floods we have had a stream of water pour over the bed but the only plants injured were those where dirt was washed over the crown.

The Asiatic Primroses die back completely after the first hard freeze and do not appear again until late April. The first to bloom are the Roseas in early April before the leaves start to grow. These are followed by the Denticulatas which also bloom before the leaves develop. The Japonicas, Pulverulentas, Aurantiacas, and Florindae do not bloom until late June and while these are still in bloom, the Alpicolas begin, usually about the middle of July and continue almost into August. Even when not in bloom, the luxuriant foliage is a delight to the eye and the flaming red Candelabras and yellow Alpicolas swaying side by side in the afternoon breeze are a magnificent sight. These plants require ample room as the spread of the Japonicas is between a foot to eighteen inches and they usually grow about two feet high. To those who have ample water and time to devote to the plants, other places will probably be suitable for them to grow these flowers. My sister and I are weekend gardeners and many a plant may be lost between weekends if constant care and devotion is necessary.
About indoor culture of Primroses, I am sure there is little I can say that is not already known but will give a short resume of my experiences since you ask me to do so. Auriculas apparently love to grow indoors. I start the seeds in my bathroom window and I do think the steam from the baths in winter are just what they like, at least they grow faster there than any other place in the house. And I also discovered, quite by accident, another very good idea that has performed miracles for me. Some years ago during the war, when a clay pot could not be bought for love nor money—at least not here—I had a stand of probably fifty seedlings badly needing transplanting. I was able to put only twenty-six in the one pot I resurrected which left twenty-four, so started looking for a makeshift to use until spring arrived and they could be planted out. My eye lighted on the clear glass candy dish whose lid had been broken a few days before. It was eight inches wide by four inches deep. Now how couldn’t I use that for a month or so? It had no drainage but I put a layer of decomposed granite gravel on the bottom and then the same soil used for the pot I had just finished transplanting. In a very short time—a matter of days—they were about five times larger than the ones in the pot and continued to grow so fast that the foliage began to look like Elephant Ears and the meal on the leaves developed in three weeks when usually it doesn’t show for at least six months. The ones in the pot had foliage as large as a thumb-nail; while the ones in the glass dish looked like one year old plants. I can’t explain it but the light shining through the clear glass must have produced some change to cause such a strong, active growth. I cannot say if they bloomed sooner than the others as an out-of-town nurseryman took both pot and dish. I now use a rectangular pyrex dish that fits the window sill to start them in and keep them there until time to be planted out... sometimes I have a few blooming before I can get them outside. I usually plant only a couple dozen seeds at one time—usually in August—and by next June they are budded, not all but a few will bloom in less than a year.

Much has been said and written about soil, and this or that mixture, when we all know that a few miles can change soil from clay to gumbo, loam, sand or whatever nature decides upon. Ours is mostly a sandy loam with a sticky black soil streaked with fools gold in wet places but very good growing soil if mixed with the sandy loam and decomposed granite gravel. I usually mix my potting soil in a washtub: one ten-quart bucket of sandy loam, one of black leaf mold soil, one of the black muck dried out until it can be sifted through a quarter inch screen, one of granite gravel. Add one bucket of very old mellow manure, preferably rotted with straw, and if that cannot be obtained, use chopped dried sphagnum moss, about one-half bucket. To this mess add one-half cup bone meal and one cup old plaster rubble or crushed limestone powder and stir until thoroughly mixed. It works wonderfully here but may not be your dish of soup at all down there, climatic changes react so differently on growth. Now this mixture is sandy but the Auriculas love it. Here they don’t take to peat moss so I try not to use that if I can get the dried moss.

I will try my best to answer your questions on how I treated the Julianas and Miniatures which are blooming so nicely on the porch now.
Additionally known, in the sixteenth century, as the Frantickr, Fantastick- or Foolish Cowslip, Parkinson's description of his Jack-an-apes on horseback reads, in part, "... it beareth at the toppe of the stalke a bush or tuft of small green leaves, with some yellow leaves, as it were pieces of flowers broken, and standing among the green leaves..."

Reproductions of the sixteenth century forms in this issue are from enlarged water color paintings copied from hand-etched plates in Parkinson's herbal by Mrs. Richard E. Pearson of Portland.

PRIMROSES IN COLORADO
Mrs. Mary McGlothlin, Pueblo, Colo.

Beginners with Primroses find it confusing to read in the Quarterlies "Don't do much fertilizing. A little rotted sawdust, perhaps—", and then another member advises "Give them lots of good food, bloom will be lovely as a result." The answer to the puzzle, I think, is—use common sense. If you are lucky enough to be doing your gardening on the West Coast, that Primrose paradise, you probably can get by with very little extra feeding, provided your soil is good to start with. On the other hand, if you live where soil is gravelly, climate unfavorable, then you will find that if you don't feed and water your plants very liberally you simply will not have much bloom. Given ample feedings of cow manure and leaf mold, with a little balanced fertilizer and plenty of irrigation water, results are really lovely. Such rich, soft colors, hardly ever two quite alike, everyone who sees them falls in love with them.

In winter my garden looks like "Jerusalem's ruins" with cornstalks, leaves, boards, peach crates held down by bricks (to prevent the wind from making a clean sweep of all my Primrose protection)—anything and everything is pressed into service to keep the bitter wind from blowing my Primroses out of the ground. We are in a very exposed position with altitude 4,692 feet although we are not in the mountains, the foothills being more than twenty miles to the west. A covering of ice over the plants would be grand but it would not stay frozen. Days may be so sunny and warm you can go outdoors with no wraps, then perhaps that very night will be near zero. In January of last year temperatures were as high as 70 degrees, but cold at night; then early in February the thermometer registered 31 degrees below zero with little or no snow cover. Another thing we have to contend with is the fact that often after a below zero night the sun will come out the next morning bright and hot driving the frost in, so that is why I try above everything to protect my Primroses from the winter sun although it means using whatever comes to hand which would serve the purpose. Our spring and summer weather is also unpredictable but, on the whole, although we don't have the mild, moist weather Primroses love, it is really a wonderful climate, such bright sunshine, such bracing dry air and the sky as blue as the finest blue Primroses.

So far I have grown only a few kinds of Primroses, a few Auriculas and Sieboldi, some Acaulis and many Polyanthus. Almost all my plants have been grown from seed here, I find I have better luck with home-grown plants, they are toughened to our climate and our chlorinated water. In the fall, after the old plants are covered and fixed for the winter, I have no end of fun raising hundreds of new plants, so I am never without Primroses to interest me. I freeze the seed in our refrigerator, in little whisky glasses from the dime store. This year I tried an experiment, and it seems to work out very well. I soaked the seed in a detergent and water to soften it (I used Cheer, about as strong as for dish washing). Then I rinsed the seed off after soaking them about 20 minutes, put clean, cold water that had been boiled on the seed, and froze it as usual. I have always had difficulty in getting germination of blue Polyanthus seed, but after soaking in the detergent and freezing as usual, I was soon able to transplant forty little seedlings and the pot is...
Artificial Freezing Found to Benefit Fresh Seed

We are approaching the season when perhaps the majority of gardeners sow their seeds. Both Mrs. Johnson of Butte and Mrs. McGlothlin of Pueblo point out in this issue the excellent results to be had by subjecting seed to freezing temperatures. Those who expect to make a spring sowing of Primroses will gain by freezing the seed from now until early spring planting. The general idea is to duplicate nature's frost action and for this, moisture on the seed must be present for the duration of the freeze. The wet seed can be put in the freezing unit of the refrigerator and taken out occasionally to thaw for a day; or it can be put in a jar, moistened and placed outdoors where temperatures are below freezing.

Two experiments were made on a quantity of very fresh Polyanthus seed last July. One using water at 120 degrees, two very thorough applications, one after sowing and one again the next day; the other freezing the fresh seed for a week before planting, then using hot water at 115 degrees as above. The seed treated with hot water alone gave ½ to 2% germination in ten days; the seed frozen and then hot water produced more seedlings, practically simultaneously on the tenth day, than the estimated amount sown. From this it would appear that frost action hurrises the laggards and may dispense with the inconvenience of straggling germination.

As this is written, there has been some snow in the Northwest which should help protect the gardens against freezing. In the eastern states, severe cold has, of course, been prevalent for some time. Even on the 9th of November, Mr. Kuntack from Wisconsin writes, "Since last Saturday the gardens have been heavily covered by snow, with three or four days of below zero weather; one ten and another nine degrees below. Such weather as this would strike terror into the hearts of western growers, as the beds are still without cover; but here all species are dormant."

The interest of all Primrose lovers is stirring, however, and they are looking forward to Spring (with a capital S). And we enjoy the philosophy of Mrs. Glen Fisher, also of Wisconsin, who writes, "We have had twenty degrees below zero, but I believe the snow was deep enough to protect them. Not one thing I can do about it if it doesn't." "Them" in this quotation, is her "precious Primroses", of course.

With due consideration to the modesty of our member, Mr. duPont, we feel we should call attention to the article in the Saturday Evening Post last year concerning him and his wonderful project at Winterthur. And we imagine there are plenty of Primroses on his lovely grounds.

Last year we had a nice letter from Mr. Legg, one of our English friends, who offered to help any of our members. He said he always enjoyed correspondence, so those of you who enjoy writing letters, here is your chance. His address: Mr. John B. Legg, Cranford House, Denver Road, Topsham, Devon, England.

A New Year's note came from Mrs. C. Walker, Tehoro, New Zealand. She is enjoying a letter acquaintance with members here.

It is so warming to my heart to have dues come in before statements are sent out. And very often a cheery greeting or note of appreciation is in the envelope.

Romance in our midst! In December Mr. Lawfield on the staff of "Gardening Illustrated" was married to the secretary of the editor. They are now established on a place in Surrey, where "I am looking forward to having my own garden once again, and where I can grow Primulas and Meconopsis."

Our editor has on occasion asked for suggestions and criticisms on the Quarterly. That requests still holds, and if you wish to include any word with your remittance to the treasurer, it will be forwarded to Mrs. Levy. And we would add, any ideas as to how the Society may give additional service would be gratefully received and carefully considered.

Our Society is very fortunate in having as an enthusiastic member the chairman of the Men's Garden Club Primrose Testing Committee, Mr. Charles G. Crawford. He reports one of the biggest challenges so far faced is the growing of Primroses in the deep South. But he feels there probably will be an answer to the problem, which should be very valuable information for us.
Mr. R. H. Briggs, Hon. Sec'y of the National Auricula and Primrose Society (Northern Section, of England) writes in connection with their Year Book which is to be off the press next month ($1, either currency or check) that one of their most distinguished members, Dr. Hough, has been experimenting with a new re-agent for the control of woolly-aphis and ordinary aphid and from this article, which is to be included in the 1952 issue, it would appear that a cure is within measurable distance. Address Mr. Briggs at “High Bank”, Rawtenstal, Lanes, England.

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**Show Auriculas**

SEEDS AND PLANTS
Finest Edged Shows $3.00 per pkt.
Finest Selfs Selected $2.50 per pkt.
Finest Mixed Shows $2.50 per pkt.
Green Auriculas $2.50 per pkt.
Alpine Auriculas $2.50 per pkt.
Small Packages, fifty seeds, half price.
List on application.

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**Monotony in Gardening**

Is Impossible For Members of
The American Rock Garden Society
19 A Pittsford Way Summit, N. J.

**Amazing Results And Lower Cost**

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You can buy for $3.30 per gallon in 5-gallon drums with freight prepaid to your door the new combination of chemicals named CARCO-X, which mix one part of CARCO-X to 100 parts of water and drench your trees and shrubs and the soil underneath them as well.

This applied material is only costing you 3.3 cents per gallon. Compare this cost with any other dormant spray material and you find CARCO-X is much less expensive... also compare its effectiveness. We are sure it will prove superior.

Read this:

One grower states to us: “One penalty for having too much to do is that sometimes really important matters escape one’s attention. That is how a bad infestation of scale got started on a young ash tree before it was noticed in the fall of 1947. It did not look very promising for rapid relief from any spray available, so I ordered a new preparation, CARCO-X, which was being advertised at the time. I am happy to report that one dormant spraying and one delayed-dormant spraying has cleaned up the infestation.”

**Spray When Buds Just Start to Swell**

Postpaid prices on smaller quantities are as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Size</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>One-half pint</td>
<td>$1.20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pint</td>
<td>$1.75</td>
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<td>Gallon</td>
<td>$6.45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5-Gallon</td>
<td>$25.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Cut-Out Products**

GETZUM PRODUCE
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Summer, Wash.

Send check or money order NOW! NO CUSTOM CHECKS

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Ortho Lawn Groom—the complete lawn treatment. It feeds the soil, kills the weeds and controls the insects.

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