

AMERICAN RHODODENDRON SOCIETY

EUGENE CHAPTER

MAY / JUNE 2012 NEWSLETTER

Photo by

Ted
Hewitt



Trillium undulatum

RETIRING OFFICERS & BOARD

As of June 30, 2012

President:	Ted Hewitt
Vice President:	Vacant
Treasurer:	Ali Sarlak
Secretary:	JoAnn Napier
Past President:	Helen Baxter
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Gordon Wylie	2009 - 2012
Terry Henderson	2010 - 2013
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Nominations Harold Greer	541-686-1540
Hospitality JoAnn Napier	541-746-0828
Welfare Nancy Greer	541-686-1540
Honors Rich Aaring	541-485-6013

NEWSLETTER

Frances Burns, Editor	541-896-3216
Electronic mailing	rebfeb@gmail.com
Postal Mailing	
JoAnn Napier	541-746-0828

JUNE 24 CHAPTER PICNIC & PLANT EXCHANGE

Come celebrate the sunshine and enjoy good food from the best cooks in town - YOU!



In case of rain Picnic will be inside.*



Harold and Nancy Greers' Nursery

1280 Goodpasture Island Road, Eugene

Starting time 12 noon - Meal served at 1 p.m.

Closing time whenever!

Come earlier if you wish - Greers open at 11 on Sundays*

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President:	Ali Sarlak
Vice President:	Jack Olson
Treasurer:	Ted Hewitt
Secretary:	JoAnn Napier
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BOARD MEMBERS

Gordon Wylie	2009 - 2012
Terry Henderson	2010 - 2013
Nancy Burns	2011 - 2014
Helen Baxter	2012 - 2015
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CHAPTER WILL PROVIDE MAIN DISH,

ICE, SOFT DRINKS & CUPS

PLEASE BRING:

Salad, vegetable or dessert to serve 10 to 12 people, and a serving utensil.

AND Your own table settings and chairs

(Greers have extras if someone forgets)*

TO PARTICIPATE IN THE TRADITIONAL PLANT EXCHANGE:

Bring a nice plant and take another one home.

Cuttings may be exchanged for cuttings.

* Always read the fine print!



R. pemakoense

Good Rock
Garden Plant

Editor's Byte Frances Burns

The minute I left the rainy Willamette Valley for a trip to Denmark, the sun and 80- degree temperatures moved in. On my return, the whole garden was in bloom at once – early blooms lasted due to cool spring weather, and the mid- and late May rhody buds popped out to join them. Plants that had never bloomed joined the mix. It was extraordinary display and a joyful welcome home on Mother's Day!

In Denmark I witnessed how great minds develop marvelous minuscule gardens in what is reputedly the happiest country in the world, as well as one of the heaviest taxed – no homeless folks displaying their misery on Copenhagen street corners, and rush hour traffic a myriad of bicyclists pedaling to work – similar to the ubiquitous Vespas in Rome without the beggars. I never quite figured out Danish auto etiquette—cars parked in either direction on both sides of the street, often pulling out in U-turns. One needed rear-view spectacles when exiting the car to avoid being flattened by fast moving bikes on the right or passing cars on the left. Politeness reigned—no finger signals or cursing to mar the morning, though dyspepsia may have perplexed the dyslexic.

A memorable boat trip through the canals of old Copenhagen took us gliding past Hans Christian Anderson's home, many historic buildings and churches, and Amalienborg Palace, the castle of the popular Queen Margrethe II of Denmark and her Prince Consort, Henrik. Then there was the drive up the eastern coastline of Denmark, which consists of a western peninsula connected to Germany and several islands scattered to the east of in the Baltic Sea. In some ways it was mindful of Oregon's Willamette Valley—brilliant fields of golden mustard among the bright green gently rolling countryside – minus the characteristic Danish cottages with thatched roofs. Gusting clouds with fleeting sunshine highlighted Hamlet's Elsinore (Kronborg Castle) where 'Hamlet' was filmed – within spitting distance of Sweden across the Kattegat waters separating the two countries.

Returning south on the freeway through the center of Denmark, we visited a large well-kept farm where new and precisely thatched roofs of sturdy grass stems, grown in Hungary, added to the beauty of the buildings. From there we visited one of the largest rhododendron species gardens in the world, named "Apple Core", developed by Sven Hanson, who, along with windblown light hair, beard, and a bronzed face wreathed in smiles, had a scientific bent to his quick mind. We listened as he discussed his theories on the purity of pollen transported by bees in and among the same plant. With a chair to sit on, and more patience than most, he had observed for 2 hours the activity of a single bumble bee on one rhododendron! The investigation will include tying threads of a different color between thoraxes and abdomens of participating bees to keep track of their individual pollenising patterns. One had to marvel at the tenacity and delicacy required to accomplish this research. After final sips of coffee with waffle cookies, we bid farewell travelled the remaining metres back to Copenhagen where the metric system reigns. There, a fine extended-family group dined on chicken curry and rice, salad, vegetables and dessert, prepared entirely by 6' 6" sixteen-year old Lauritz, son of my good friends and hosts Carl Adam and Charlotte Besse-Lehmann. Well done, Lauritz!

Another day we visited ARS Gold Medal winner Jens Bircke and his picturesque garden, filled with a well-placed *thomsonii* and other species and hybrids, before whisking him south with us for lunch with Mogen Rasmussen, a retired teacher/boat builder/rhody hybridizer, in Gedser where his garden is surrounded on three sides by the Baltic Sea—a Land's End, if you will. Joined by his German friends Elfrieda and her barge captain husband, we enjoyed (understatement) heavenly smoked salmon, that only Scandinavians can prepare right,—not too salty, not too dry—on whole grain bread baked by Mogen that morning and a panful of fresh cod caught that morning from Mogen's fishing boat and cooked to perfection by Elfrieda. It was a surreal moment, the camaraderie of men of the sea, gardeners and rhododendron enthusiasts, their merry conversation switching seamlessly between Danish, German and English, accompanied by toasts of delightful white wines. Eventually we got around to touring Mogen's garden, marvelling at his latest hybrids, and inspecting his meticulous greenhouses, before attacking Mogen's 3-layer "flat cake" with strawberries and crème filling, and topped with dollops of whipped cream!

From the President Ted Hewitt

The months of April and May have once again proven themselves to be a busy time in the garden world. In April, I was very pleased with the Spring Rhododendron Show at Mookie's as the truss racks were filled with 184 entries, more than double what we had a year ago. Through the afternoon, the atrium was a busy place with people completing entry forms, getting the entries placed in the correct classes, admiring the many blooms from a wide variety of rhododendrons, and visiting with friends. Again this year Terry and Jack provided an array of foliage samples from large to small and fuzzy to shiny. Ali brought a nice sample of his photography and I hope that more of us will do so next year. Helen and Nancy Burns did a fine job of organizing the entry table and the tabulation of votes and many of you helped, making the process run smoothly. I much enjoy watching you, our chapter members, discussing the variety of the entries and helping others learn about how to judge a truss or a spray, all the while enjoying friendship. As President, one of the most enjoyable tasks is the presentation of the chapter awards, so I thank Rich Aaring for doing the work on compiling the awards but again thank the recipients of the awards for the contributions that they have made to the chapter over the years -Certificates of Recognition went to John Fry, Paula Hewitt, and Doug Furr and Bronze Medals went to Bob Kintigh (posthumously) and to Terry Henderson. Mookie's supplied us with a nice meal and Keith White took us traveling to the gardens of Belgium to end a fine Spring Rhododendron Show and Awards Banquet.

A couple of days after the show, Paula and I flew to North Carolina to spend some time traveling before the ARS Convention in Asheville. For me the Outer Banks has held an allure for a long time so I much enjoyed the sunny day that we had to drive the 70 mile stretch of long narrow islands that comprise the Cape Hatteras National Seashore with sandy beaches and dunes along the Atlantic and the wetlands of the Pea Island National Wildlife Refuge along the protected Pamlico Sound on the inland side. Bird watchers and history buffs can spend an enormous amount of time here.

After visiting a niece and her young family in Chapel Hill, we headed west and a bit north to pick up the Blue Ridge Parkway that meanders along the ridge tops heading toward the Great Smokey Mountain National Park on the North Carolina / Tennessee border. This wonderful, two-lane roadway with no stoplights and a low speed limit has many pullouts with panoramic views but one can also stop anywhere as long as all 4 wheels are off the pavement and, in three days, we did a lot of stopping as the wildflowers were in full bloom. In many places, the road is lined with large *R. catawbiense* and

R. maximum but that floral *R. catawbiense* in bloom and we spied one bright orange *R. calendulaceum* glowing like a flame in the deciduous hardwood forest that still was dormant at this altitude of about 4,000'. However, we thoroughly enjoyed the many kinds of wild trillium, the carpets of tiny, blue-flowered bluettes, the crested dwarf iris, the wonderful yellow blossoms of the *Magnolia fraseri* and the orange, tulip-shaped flowers of the *Liriodendron tulipifera*, among many others. Of course, one of the things that I had looked forward to was seeing some of the native rhododendrons in bloom, so when we came to the locations that Don Hyatt had indicated in his ARS Journal article we spent much time looking for and finding the various shades of *R. vaseyi* that often drapes down nearly vertical cliffs. This dainty pink azalea with the long, graceful pistils and stamens varies from nearly white to dark pink and was at peak bloom. Often together with the *R. vaseyi* was the *R. minus* var. *minus* (syn *R. carolinianum*), an evergreen rhododendron often with curled leaves and white to pink flowers.

Co-hosted by the ARS and the Azalea Society of America, the convention had about 450 attendees, similar to the ARS Convention in Vancouver last year. However, this year the format used only three programs, one each evening, with Don Hyatt offering the highly enjoyable key-note talk the first evening that laid the ground work for the garden tours of the next three days including a trip along the Blue Ridge Parkway. At the ASA banquet, a North Carolina State University horticulture professor, a graduate student, and an undergrad student presented a very fine program on the use of plant DNA research to study the hybridization of azaleas on isolated balds of the Appalachian Mountains. During the days, we spent considerable time on buses, saw a variety of gardens, and saw a bit of the area south of Asheville. Of course, one of the highlights of any conference is establishing friendships with people from other parts of the country, learning how gardening is done differently with different conditions, and exploring how different ARS chapters handle similar problems.

Back in Eugene, it was time to arrange for the annual fund raising plant sale in conjunction with the Willamette Valley Hardy Plant Group's large sale at the fairgrounds. I want to thank Leonard especially for the amount of time he spent helping to select 300 plants from Terry's nursery, get price tags in all of them, and then to spend most of two days selling the plants at the fairgrounds. Of course, we could not do this without Terry growing the plants, transporting them to the sale, and spending all of Saturday explaining to people how

From the President Ted Hewitt

to raise the funds that we need to operate the chapter for the next year. At the end of this long epistle, if you are still reading, I must say that this is my last President's Message as Ali will assume this office on July 1. It has been a rewarding last 4 years in which I have learned a great deal about the genus *Rhododendron* and about the ARS on the chapter, district, and national levels. Thank you to all of our members who have helped make this a viable organization of gardeners. Ted

A Day in the Life – Hinsdale Garden and Beyond Ali Sarlak

I signed up early to go to Hinsdale Garden, but when the date got closer I was not sure if I wanted to take the time and/or pay today's gas prices to get there. However, I'm, glad I did. It was a tee-shirt weather day, if you know what I mean, and Gordon Wylie did have something to do with that!! Thanks, Gordon.

Hinsdale Garden is improving all the time. It was the most colorful so far that I have seen it, and the garden couldn't be happier than that. One important improvement since my last visit has been the labeling; now all plants are numbered and lists are handed out by BLM employees so you can look up the names if you want to see particular plants or trees.

This time I saw some beautiful Magnolias, Camellias, Tulip tree, colorful beech trees, and of course, the ancient rhododendrons and Azaleas in their happy stages! Some of the plants which I helped plant last year are doing well and some didn't make it. The day I was visiting there were few visitors in the garden, but a few BLM staff were there to help if you needed it. I include a few pictures of garden, including Gordon talking to a visitor from Corvallis.

Now I was ready to head on home the coast way, and ran into Gene Cockeram, who I know slightly; after a short visit he invited me to visit his garden, and let me tell you, for me, that was another treat!! I followed him to his place; it is not hard to tell where his place is. As I got closer, I saw a soothing entry with water feature, and all sorts of rocks along the perimeter of his pond and water falls.

In his garden, I had chance to see the biggest Loderi King George since my previous trip to Oban, Scotland. I was very impressed with the Rhododendron and Azalea

selection at his place; I took many pictures of his plants and including 'Pink Ribbon', the lovely rhody which is being marketed through some nurseries with part of profits going toward Breast Cancer research—a wonderful idea.

Since I do some mountain hiking, I should mention the R. 'Kilimanjaro' I saw in his garden. Another an eye opener was to see the seedlings and the differences among them in the way of foliage and flowers .

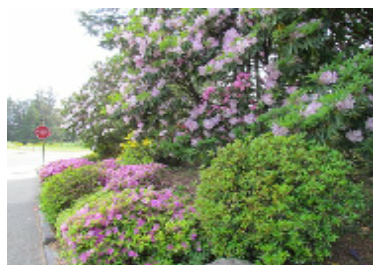
I've heard say that plant people are friendly folks and Gene happened to one of those generous personalities! I loved viewing his lovely rhododendrons and if I have the opportunity, I would like to visit his place more times in the future.

Now I was not going to leave Florence without stopping at the Rhododendron park—another oasis for selections of Rhododendrons. I was not surprised because, I am sure Gene once again had much to do with the choices of plants. The park is a colorful and lovely addition to the entrance into Florence. I include pictures from the park also.

In the end it was an enjoyable Garden visit day for me and worked out just perfectly, seeing those three places the same day.

So my advice, if I may, to my fellow gardeners and rhody lovers, please get out and enjoy the wonderful gardens in our area and, also, give encouragement to the folks who work hard to create such beauty . Thanks to you folks at BLM, and thank you, Gene, for letting me visit your wonderful garden!

Ali Sarlak



The Loderi Story, Conclusion by John Hammond .



Sir Gerald W. E Loder

Sir Edmund Loder and Sir Gerald W.E. Loder provided other members of the family, and some of their fellow rhododendron friends with unnamed Loderi seedlings, some of which came from the 1901 cross. Many of these veterans, some around 35 ft tall, still light up the woodlands collections at Bodnant, Bulstrode Park, Colonsay House, Exbury, Muncaster Castle, Nymans, South Lodge, The High Beeches, Wakehurst Place & Windsor Great Park gardens. Reports of visits to these gardens over many years suggests that individual unnamed clones still exist that are the equal of, if not better than, many named clones. 'Loderi Exbury', 'Loderi Venus' and 'Loderi Maximus' are the exceptions amongst the original named 1901 batch of seedlings. 'Loderi Venus' found its way to Exbury, along with another seedling that Lionel de Rothschild named 'Loderi Exbury', probably when Sir Edmund supplied plant material to Exbury in around 1919, when the gardens were being laid out. 'Loderi Maximus' found its way to Compton's Brow and was named by John G. Millais. All 49 named clones are fragrant.

A total of 35 named clones are known to have been raised by Sir Edmund Loder.

Registered Clones:

Loderi Dairymaid, Loderi Fairyland, Loderi Fairy Queen, Loderi Gamechick, Loderi Georgette, Loderi Helen, Loderi King George, Loderi Patience, Loderi Pink Coral, Loderi Pink Diamond, Loderi Pink Topaz, Loderi Pretty Polly [The High Beeches], Loderi Princess Marina, Loderi Queen Mary, Loderi Sir Edmund, Loderi Sir Joseph Hooker, Loderi Spearmint [The High Beeches], Loderi Superlative [The High Beeches], Loderi Venus, Loderi White Diamond, Loderi White Pearl, Loderi Christopher Loder, Loderi Cream, Loderi Diamond, Loderi May Pink, Loderi Maximus [J.G. Millais], Loderi Millais Pink, Loderi Pearly Queen, Loderi Pink Glamour, Loderi Stag's Head, Loderi Woodland House.

Unregistered clones:

Loderi Buckingham Palace, Loderi Exbury [L de Rothschild], Loderi South Lodge, Loderi Hammerkop [The High Beeches].

The following 14 named clones were not raised by Sir Edmund Loder, but by other hybridizers [whose names are in brackets, or are of doubtful origin]:

Registered Clones:

Cornish Loderi [J.C. Williams], Loderi Irene Stead [E.F. Stead], Loderi Julie [Lord Swaythling/F. Rose], Loderi Kunoo [origin unknown], Loderi Nertherfield Rose [H. Heal], Loderi Olga [L.E. Brandt], Loderi Pink Satin [J.M.J. Evans], Loderi Sue [D.W. James], Loderi Titan [G. Reuthe].

Unregistered clones:

Loderi Astarte [L de Rothschild], Loderi Horsham [origin unknown], Loderi Pink Gleam [origin unknown], Loderi Peter Veitch [Veitch]. Loderi Saunder's White [Bowood].

Many commentators have noted that too many seedlings have been named, as there are often only minor differences in the volume, color or placement of the spotting in the throat to distinguish between named clones; or, there may be an element of vein marking present; or, there are slight tonal differences in the shades of pink, blush and white; or, a particular plant may fade to white slower than others. To completely complicate matters, the color of spots on the sunny side of a plant can be different on the side of the same plant that is out of the sun, or the color of the flowers change with differing light conditions.

As the named seedlings flowered, Sir Edmund made a sequence of crosses between the various varieties of R.'Loderi' and a range of other species and hybrids. A cross with *R.suctchuenense* produced R.'Seagull' (AM 1938) and R.'Seamew' (AM 1940); the cross with *R.irroratum* produced R.'White Glory' (AM 1938) and R.'Pink Glory' (AM1940); a cross with R. 'Queen Wilhelmina' produced 'R.'Sunset' (AM 1931); a cross with R.'Halopeanum' produced R.'Snow Queen' (AM1934); and a cross with R.'Barclay' produced R.'Cretonne' (AM1940), to name just a few.

The Years Leading up to The Great War and its Aftermath:

Although it was many years before Robin took to a rifle or a gun, he very much enjoyed the times in Scotland in the deer forests. The first time he went was to Benmore in 1898. This year was a marked one in the Loder family's Scotch

The Loderi Story by John Hammond Cont.

annals, for there a collie named "Ross" became part of the family circle, which played a very important part in their lives, and was indeed the pride of Leonardslee for thirteen years and Sir Edmund's inseparable companion. It would never do to leave Ross out in any account of either Sir Edmund or Robin. It was the proprietor of the hotel at Inveran in Nairn who in 1898 gave Ross to Robin. Sir Edmund's daughter Patience says of Ross :

"For many years our dear old collie Ross went with my father stalking, and if he wounded a stag Ross was always trusted to chase it ; and he seemed to understand his job, for he never made a sound till he brought his stag to bay in a burn—then he would bark from pleasure and excitement. Ross's exploits and accomplishments were many, and varied from hunting a stag to sitting up on his hind-legs and holding a biscuit on his nose for my mother's Borzoi ' Masha ' to take ! We were all devoted to him and he was father's closest companion for many years."

In 1899 the Loders were hunting at Clunie Lodge, twenty-five miles from Invermorison, and at the end of the season Lady Loder had a very terrible accident whilst out deer-stalking. She fell over a precipitous rocky brae and was very nearly killed. The man who got down to her did not expect to find her alive, and years passed before she recovered from the effects of her injuries. Robin was at school when this happened, and it was not till the Christmas holidays that his mother described to him how nearly she had been killed; but she had to stop and change the subject, as the boy's eyes filled with tears.

Sir Edmund's brother, Gerald W.E. Loder, later Lord Wakehurst, purchased the 500-acre Wakehurst Place estate, some six miles north of Haywards Heath in Sussex, in 1903. Here Gerald landscaped and developed the great garden that in January 1965 became an outstation of R.B.G., Kew but, as our story unfolds, he would also become more heavily involved with Leonardslee.

After Sir Edmund gave up hunting in Schwarzensee, Austria, he had several forests in Scotland, including Glencarron, Rothiemurchus, Achdaliu and Glenclunie. It was during this same period that he probably had Ben More Asynt, which provides a good illustration of how deeply he became involved in everything he did. After Glenclunie Sir Edmund took Hopfreen in Tirol for three years and then came back to Scotland once more. Amongst other places he took Forest Lodge for one season. A year or two later he took Dundonnel on a lease, and that was the last forest he had. Dundonnel was a most attractive place, though at that time the stags were not very good. Lady Loder killed one very heavy stag on the low ground, around 20 stone, but the general run of stags was much smaller. The fishing was good, as there were several lochs and the Gruinard River. The best of the fishing was earlier in the summer, but in August there was still a certain amount of sport to be had.

When hunting, Sir Edmund's spare time was spent on colour photography, and nothing that he took up showed more clearly his determination to do a thing well or not at all. He was never quite satisfied with his work, though to the ordinary individual his results seemed perfect. There was a certain rowan-tree near the lodge which was scarlet with berries, and this tree made an excellent subject for colour photography. I should not like to say how often that tree was photographed. If the light seemed extra good or different from a previous day, another plate would be exposed in the hope of eliminating some tiny defects in previous pictures. To attain perfection in his work seemed almost an obsession, but those who have seen an exhibition of his colour photographs will agree that his striving after perfection was justified. He had mastered the technique by sheer hard work and constant repetition, and his scientific mind enabled him to select and use to the greatest advantage the best lenses and apparatus.

Whilst at Cambridge Robin formed a very close friendship with Charlie Williams, the son of his father's friend J. C. Williams of Caerhays Castle. They had known each other at Eton, and after their Cambridge days they went off together on a shooting trip to New Zealand in 1911 and returned home across America. On August 9th, 1913, he married Miss Muriel Hoare, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Rolls Hoare of Horsham.

In the same year Sir Edmund took on-board a somewhat different challenge. He pored endlessly over the proof of his first publication, *List of Trees and Shrubs Grown in the Open Air at Leonardslee*, a somewhat rare book of 122 pages published in the same year by, Army and Navy Co-operative Society of London. Meanwhile, with the clouds of hostilities on the horizon, Sir Edmund finally decided to dispose completely of the Whittlebury Estate, which had been a "White Elephant" ever since he had inherited it in 1888. The House and Park were sold at auction on 7 July, 1914, however, the impact of The Great War meant it took many years to sell the rest of the estate.

The Loderi Story by John Hammond Cont.

On August 4th, 1914, Robin Loder was with his regiment, the 4th Sussex, on the way to Salisbury Plain when war was declared. Robin's son Giles was born on November 10, 1914, whilst Robin's regiment was being mobilized for action and they were sent to the War Station at Newhaven till May 1915—then once more he was at Cambridge for three days when en route for Bedford. The regiment remained at Bedford till July. On July 17th they sailed from Devonport and eventually landed at Suvla Bay. At this time Robin was machine-gun officer. He was seconded as Brigade Machine-gun Officer on September 3rd, and was in the Gallipoli Peninsula until the evacuation. He stood the hardships of this awful campaign and was one of three out of twenty-nine officers who were never in hospital. Even during the blizzard and the privations of the evacuation he took no harm.

Whilst Sir Edmund was out deer stalking in 1915 his heart strain showed itself again due to over-exertion, and that year he made a decision to give up stalking. Meanwhile, the 53rd Division was sent to Egypt, and on May 1st, 1916, Robin was seconded as Staff-Captain. In this year General Sir Archibald Murray, K.C.B., mentioned him in dispatches for his distinguished services between June 1st and September 30th (1916). He was again mentioned in dispatches. Then his regiment moved up towards Gaza, and on March 26th, in the Battle of Gaza, he was fatally wounded. Three days later he gave up his young life in the hospital at Khan Yunis. He was re-buried on May 13th, 1919, at Deir el Belah, between Kasa and Gaza ; his body lies in Grave 72, Plot C. His General noted, "He was one of the bravest soldiers ever seen."

Sir Edmund wrote on 10th April, 1917 to his long-time companion on his hunting and fishing forays, Sir Alfred Pease, Bart., of Pinchinthorpe, Guisbrough in Yorkshire:

"Dear Alfred,

If anything could lessen my sorrow it would be a letter like yours written from the heart. The boy was everything to me: he entered into so many pursuits with keenness and worked hand in hand with me in all our little schemings in the garden, woods and lathe-room.

We were just good pals and partners; he was to me a dear friend, an able colleague and a charming companion as well as a loving son, nothing could have been further from his character than fighting and soldiering; but yet from a sense of duty he joined the Territorials some years before the War, and since that time he does his work with energy and efficiency. He has been on the Staff of 5 or 6 Generals in Gallipoli and in Egypt, and besides being mentioned in dispatches, they have all spoken very highly of his conduct.

I try and comfort myself by thinking of his 30 years of blameless life well lived, and of his work well done, but I shall always miss him terribly.

I remain,

Yours aff,

E. G. Loder."

Sir Alfred Pease later recalled:

"The stalking at Dundonnel was the last I ever had with Sir Edmund. The lease came to an end during the war, and he never took another forest. I think he felt he had no longer the energy or desire for the sport, and there was no Robin to help him to enjoy it. He had always been fond of fishing, and he took a beat on the Tay in the autumn of 1917. There is little better autumn fishing in Scotland than the Stanley Water, and Loder meant to have a real good time with the salmon. Unfortunately it was a bad autumn and the fish were not taking. That year I had fourteen days leave in September, and Sir Edmund asked me to spend a week with him on the Tay. With only a week to spend on the river, it was long odds at that time of year that the water might be too low, but when I arrived at Stanley I found the water as good as could be, and from previous experience I felt I was in for a good time. But the fish were hopelessly stiff, and I only had hold of two fish in six days, one of which got off. Loder could not understand what had happened and why no fish were being caught. He knew he had a first-class bit of water, that the river had a good fishing height and that there were plenty of fish up.

However, in spite of this unfortunate autumn, he was badly bitten with the salmon fever, and determined, as he said, to have one real good time with the fish before he died. He therefore took the Lower Scone water for the next two or three springs, and, I think, realised his ambition. I went up for a fortnight with him in 1919, and during that time he killed a lot of fish. He had also done very well before I joined him, killing one fish over 30 lb, and several over 20 lb.

It was during this time that he was at work on his Conifer List (Sir Edmund's second publication, *Conifers at Leonardslee*, a privately published 15-page list of his Conifer collection and their attributes). The first and second proofs had been corrected by himself and then sent to my brother for further correction. The third and final proof arrived while I was staying

The Loderi Story by John Hammond Cont.

with him at Perth. We set to work on the final revision, and he was not satisfied until we had both been through those proofs five times. They were then sent again to my brother. This incident will perhaps give an idea of the care he took with all his work and his intense desire to make anything he did as nearly perfect as possible. This trip to the Tay was the last sport that I enjoyed with him, and in many ways it was one of the pleasantest fortnights I ever spent in his company."

In September, 1918 Sir Edmund compiled a list of the *Rhododendron* species at Leonardslee, and the list of 208 species was published in *The Rhododendron Society Notes* Vol. I., No.4., in 1918. His daughter Patience (Mrs. W. Otter) described in some notes how the garden that had been his delight in the sunshine of youth became his refuge in the last storm of life:

"The years slipped by and after a time Father came to realize that he was not quite so strong as he had been. He had a pony 'Toby' to ride about the Garden, up and down the hills. Toby had to wear a net muzzle—someone asked the reason why—'He eats the shrubs,' Father said. ' But does that matter much? There seem to be a good many,' asked his friend. ' No,' answered Father, laughing, 'it wouldn't, only Toby always chooses the rare ones.' The Garden was really his greatest interest, and during those terrible years of war, when the blow fell which broke his heart it was to his garden he went for comfort and found it, I think, and strength as well to take up life again and to face the world like so many fathers who had given their best."

And, so it falls to Sir Alfred Pease, Sir Edmund's hunting and fishing friend, to bring this story to a close:

"Some time before the outbreak of the Great War, Sir Edmund wrote to me saying that he was troubled with his heart and asking me whom I had consulted about mine in London. I told him he could with confidence go to Sir James Mackenzie. He wrote again to me and gave me the opinion and results of the diagnosis—how that his was an incurable case and that he would have to go slow and avoid worry and physical exertion. In March 1920 he went to the Tay, as he had done for several years, for the only form of sport that was still within the limits of his strength, salmon fishing and harling [trolling] from a boat. But even this was now too much for him. He became ill, and accompanied by a nurse he arrived once more at Leonardslee. He walked into the house and went straight into his little room near the entrance hall to see his letters, exactly in the same old way. Lady Loder suggested to him that after his long journey he had better leave his pile of papers and correspondence and come upstairs. He "supposed he had better"—and in his own room and in his own home he passed the last weeks of his life. He suffered discomfort but not much actual pain, and then without a struggle on Wednesday night, April 14th, 1920, the wonderful light went out of those eyes, the clever nervous hands had done all they had to do and he left the body behind him which had served him so well for more than seventy years. On April 19th, without pomp but in the company of many mourners, his body was carried in a moss-lined farm wagon drawn by four horses to the old parish church at Lower Beeding. On the coffin rested a full-length cross of the beautiful rhododendron 'Glory of Leonardslee'; lovely blooms of the same plant were massed beneath the memorial window to his boy Robin."

In Conclusion:

It is a tragedy for the parents when a son or daughter's life is suddenly taken away whilst they are still relatively young, and its impact can sometimes spread well beyond the immediate family. Being an only child, Robin's death had taken away the heir to the Leonardslee Estate, and so it was Robin's only son, Giles, who inherited his grandfather's mantle at the age of five. His mother, Muriel, ran the estate until Sir Giles came of age, whilst his uncle, Sir Gerald W.E. Loder, cared for the garden.

Our story began with a testimony by John G. Millais who, like Sir Edmund, had a razor-sharp mind, a photographic memory, an abiding interest in zoology and botany, and had been Sir Edmund's close companion and confidant for around 30 years. It would seem appropriate that this narrative should finish as it started, and the following observations are taken from two articles written in *Country Life*, May 22, 1920 and the *Rhododendron Society Notes* Vol. III, No. II, 1926.

"He studied astronomy. . . . When he took up zoology and botany he did it first by acquiring a great library and then reading every book on the subject before beginning to propound his own new theories. His memory and analytical powers were extraordinary and he seemed almost incapable of making mistakes. One wet day we sat in the library at Leonardslee and I gave him a new book on Africa I had brought with me. He kept turning the pages at such a rate that he did not seem to be reading it at all, and when he threw it down after an hour, I asked him what he thought of it. Then he began :

The Loderi Story by John Hammond Cont.

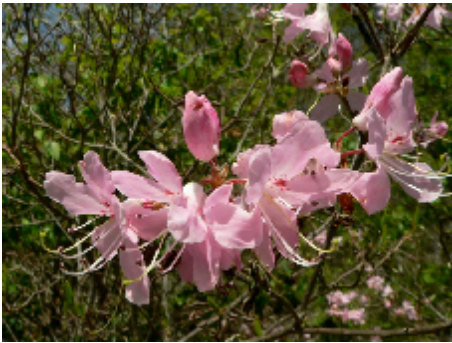
'You will see the author says on page 22'—then followed an analysis of the writer's views, which he proved were completely wrong, as was the case. 'On page 35' —a further long quotation from the book, almost word for word, and his own reason for disagreement. And so on throughout the whole volume, examining every error and praising every good point, as if he knew the whole of it by heart. I confess it amazed me, and though I had read the book twice very carefully, Edmund Loder had read and digested the whole matter in one hour, and what is more, could remember all about it afterwards."

It takes many years before a man's work can be seen or judged, because the majority of hybrids, especially those from Himalayan parents, do not flower until they have reached from 6 to 15 years of age. In fact some of the Loderis already over twenty years of age have not flowered yet. Nevertheless at least fifteen to twenty of Sir E. Loder's hybrids have flowered out of some 200 yet to bloom, and the majority of these are exceptional rhododendrons, which are great additions to our gardens.

He achieved no outstanding hybrids amongst the dwarf or the large-leaved sections, and did not appreciate the Chinese species at their true value. In consequence, the collection at Leonardslee of the latter is only a small one, and he did not use them in hybridization.

Considered as a whole, Sir Edmund Loder achieved a high percentage of successes by his efforts, and gardeners will always owe him a great debt for the series of splendid hybrids he has given us to enrich our gardens."

Ed. Note: Many comments have been received indicating the interest in this facet of rhododendron history. We are very grateful to the generous author, John Hammond, for sharing the Loderi story with our newsletter.



R. vaseyi



R. occidentale



R. minus var. minus

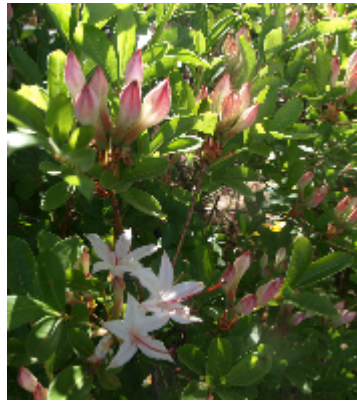


R austrinum

Above: Pictures taken by Ted Hewitt following the 2012 ARS Convention in Asheville, North Carolina.

Above: Pictures taken by Frances Burns.

American Rhododendron Society
Eugene Chapter
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R. arborescens



R. viscosum

**May / June 2012
Newsletter**

Stormy Days

Cormorants three, as you scan
the cloudy sky –
Looking heavenward, never
down –
Searching in your frock- tailed
coats
For the sun to warm you on a
Hard cold Big Rock.

Cormorants three, perching on
the same Big Rock –
A sanctuary in the middle of
the river –
Heads tilted high to the sky
above the murky torrent.
What are you thinking
As you huddle in the chill –

And uprooted trees glide by on
churning waves so
Eager to submerge your haven
on,
The hard cold Big Rock?

F. Burns

CHAPTER CALENDAR

Jun 24 Picnic and Plant Exchange at Greer Gardens. See Page 1

Sept 9 Picnic and Cutting Exchange - Details in August Newsletter

Meanwhile, summertime...

And the livin' is easy –
For some,
But not for the gardener.
Prune and deadhead the rhodies!
Don't forget the watering and
The lawn is always there to mow!

Watch for next season's program schedule in the August Newsletter.