



THE SPECIES LILY

The Newsletter of the Species Lily Preservation Group
Affiliated with the North American Lily Society
Autumn 2007



L. occidentale



L. occidentale

L. rubescens



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Cover: *L. rubescens*. Yes, that's all one plant! Barbara Small
Inside front page: *L. occidentale* exterior. Alan Mitchell
L. occidentale interior: Charlie Kroell
L. rubescens: Pointed flower form. Compare with front cover.
Barbara Small

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The Great Lily Chase of 2007 or A Most Memorable Adventure Revisited

Charlie Kroell - Troy, MI

Illustrations from Barbara Small, Alan Mitchell and the author

In the 1999 NALS Yearbook¹ I presented an account of what, for me, had been truly a most memorable adventure. In July of the previous year Barbara Small had led a group of five liliophiles (Barb, Bert Baumer, Dick Kammer, David Sims and me) on a fascinating overland "chase," searching for and finding Western North American species lilies growing wild in their natural habitats. This was the stuff of which dreams-come-true are made. To retrace, as it were, the footsteps of the likes of Emsweller, Volmer, Beane, Kline and other distinguished lily personages of days gone by was a heady experience indeed and what seemed at the time would probably be a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. It was clearly my good fortune to have been wrong.

In 2004, while attending the RHS Lily Group's International Symposium in London, I met a most interesting Scotsman from Fife, with whom a good chemistry almost immediately developed and which was catalyzed by a mutual interest in the mysterious "Yellow *henryi*." Alan Mitchell, as is typical of most lily growers in the UK, is most deeply interested in the species. He was impressed with (and, yes, a bit envious of) the tale of our travels in 1998 and asked whether there was any possibility of a redo, in which he might be involved. Without belaboring the history further, I'll simply say that Barb was delighted with the prospect and agreed to make plans for another such exploit. As these developed and matured, the date was set for early July, 2007 and the participants would be Barb, Kathy Anderson, Alan and I. This

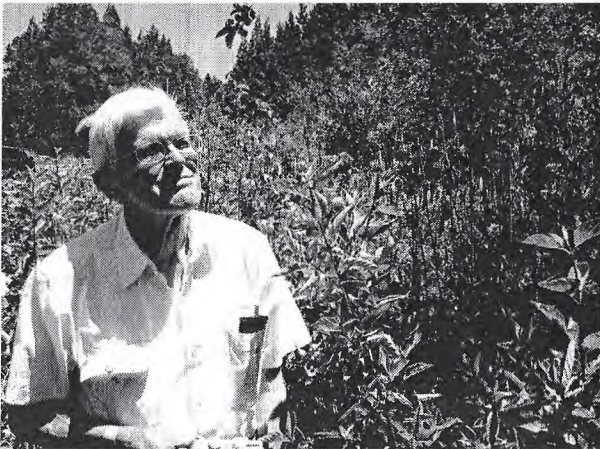
is now a *fait accompli*, and the story of our experiences is what follows.

Marijean and I met Alan at Detroit Metro Airport on Saturday afternoon, June 30. Then after two days of talking shop, visiting local gardens and meeting lily people, MJ returned us to the airport early on the morning of July 3. In Chicago we linked up with Kathy, who fortuitously was on the same flight to Reno. Upon arrival, we picked up a rental vehicle and drove some 10 miles or so to Barb and Dick's place, just west of the city. Shortly after a bit of celebratory wine was enjoyed, the hunt was on, as Barb led us to where she had discovered *L. crystalense* some years ago. The 'Crystal Lily,' which has not yet officially been awarded species status and concerning which all viewpoints do not agree, has been written about in detail in the Autumn, 2002 issue of *The Species Lily*^{3,4}. We climbed a hillside and trudged through tall grasses, scrub growth and muddy patches to reach the prize – lily bearing suggestions of *pardalinum* (and its numerous variants), *parvum*, *wigginsii* and *columbianum* -- but displaying its own individuality as well. It was then back to Barb's for a homemade spaghetti dinner, after which Alan and I returned wearily to our motel rooms thinking ahead toward what the morrow might bring. Kathy stayed with Barb and Dick.

Next morning (the 4th of July) Alan took a few practice turns around the motel parking lot in our Dodge Nitro 4x4 SUV. Any strange vehicle requires a bit of getting used to, especially if you normally drive on the left side of the road. After breakfast, our destination was Truckee, where Barb and Dick's daughter Laura lives. In her small but charming garden grew a very richly colored *parvum*, a somewhat spent *L. washingtonianum* and a grand stand of *L. pardalinum* not yet in flower. We then continued in search of *L. parvum* to a region Barb called Pole Creek, some 10-15 miles or so south of Truckee toward Tahoe City. Upon entering this wilderness area all eyes were kept peeled for any signs of smoke. Major fires had been, and were, raging nearby in California at this time; and our destination was accessible by but

a single unpaved road. This led to an isolated small meadow where in the past Barb had found many stems of *L. parvum*, but none were waiting to greet us now. So it was off by foot beyond the glade into a surrounding wooded thicket and closer to the creek. Alan bolted like a startled jackrabbit (as he was wont to do repeatedly at such times throughout the trip) and became the first to strike gold, a couple of nice stems partly obscured by tall shrubby growth. We went off in separate directions, hailing loudly at times to stay in touch. Several other small "stands" were found, but nothing that elicited any collective "Wows." There was really more searching here than finding. However, having already bestowed *our own* species status upon *crystalense*, here now was a second, and it was yet early on day two.

Next we backtracked north and then traveled some 10 or so miles west on Interstate 80 to Kingvale Road, along which were found many orangey/gold *L. parvum*, then continued west on State Route 20 until suddenly, maybe five miles or so ahead, upon a grassy bank to our left and separated from the highway by a ditch, loomed a "mother lode" of *L. pardalinum* brandishing their beauty in full sun and beckoning us to come commune with them. However, we were on a well traveled highway and finding a safe pull off spot was crucial. But these were Barb's stomping grounds, and she knew that just around the bend ahead there was another equally impressive stand on our side of the road and, in fact, quite near an ample turn off. Right she was, and we were



soon moving very carefully among 5-6' floriferous stems of California's best known and most easily grown native lily. These were at their peak of bloom and a sight to behold. Here, within the

Charlie

colony, Kathy found what was almost certainly a natural hybrid with *L. parvum*, stems of which were soon also found in this general area. After photographing, inspecting and admiring these at hand, there was no way we were not going to hike back to the Sirens which had earlier tempted us from the hillside. They did play a bit hard to get, requiring that we first cross a wet ditch and climb the embankment to finally be among them. But this was the very essence of what had been dreamed of, and we were in our glory.

There were yet many miles to go if the arduous schedule Barb had prepared was to be met; and so, as much as we might have liked, it was not possible to tarry. A bit further along Hwy 20, small white trumpet forms came into view, perched upon a plateau some 10 or 15 ft. above the road on the south side. The typical *L. washingtonianum*, with its asymmetry and somewhat floppy tepals, would never win a prize for classic form; but it is charming nonetheless and exudes a lovely fragrance. We were to find more in the days ahead, and some of singular fascination; but these were the first and added to our bounty – two days out and four species found! A short distance ahead, leading off toward the village of Washington, was a road of the same name. It was promptly rechristened "*washingtonianum* Road."

The search-and-find mission for this day was now behind us, and miles of pounding the highway lay ahead. Our destination was the town of Yreka, some 300 miles to the north. It was a straight shot up the Sacramento Valley – a good time and place to blow some carbon from the cylinders. Stopping at a rest area near Redding, we stepped from a comfort-cooled vehicle into 108° F (42-43° C) air and in doing so gained a new appreciation for the term *thermal shock*. Although first on our agenda the next day would be Mt. Shasta City Park to seek *L. shastense* growing along the banks of the fledgling Sacramento River which originates here, Yreka was not far to the north and offered more reasonable accommodations for a frugal four. To our surprise and delight, after having checked into our motel, we learned that the city fireworks were

soon to be set off just beyond a wooded area across the highway. As night fell, chairs were carried from the pool area and placed for optimum viewing. The sky was clear, the evening air delightfully comfortable, the company great and the show spectacular.

Early in the morning, back in Mt. Shasta, we were trudging through the woods and thicket, looking for glimpses of orange *L. shastense*, one of the several subspecies of *L. pardalinum* which bears a marked resemblance to its uncle (or whatever). Those we did find were far fewer in number than in 1998, and it seemed that they were deeper into the woods growing in quite heavy shade. Barb and Alan found one tall, well flowered stem, which Kathy then proceeded to lovingly groom at great length until it was *just right* for a photograph. Somehow, the whole setting seemed a bit muted from recollections of my earlier visit here, although the flowers did appear to be somewhat more richly colored, especially the shades of red. Several years ago Barb and June Taylor had been here and witnessed children stomping around and smashing the lilies that grew closer to the park, where we had seen them in 1998 but which were now were no longer to be found. They had proceeded to plant *L. shastense* seeds farther



upstream, and possibly those we did find may have been the fruits of their labors [they are]. Species number five was celebrated by breakfasting at the *Black Bear*; and, as had been the case at Yreka's *Purple Plum* some nine years earlier, *exceptional* pancakes were a special treat – a seven-grain blend with a nuance of almond, which I can still taste.

Then began a climb to about the 7300' level up snow-capped

Kathy

(but less so than a decade earlier) Mt. Shasta, sacred ground to the Native Americans in this area. It wasn't long before *L. washingtonianum* began to appear along both sides of the ascending road. As noted above, despite its informality, this white redolent lily has a beauty all its own. I think this is a truism that applies to any species, especially when seen in its natural habitat. On the descent, as well, more were found, fondled and photographed. Intraspecific diversity is one phenomenon that was observed again and again throughout our trip. Here were blooms with differing degrees of marking and coloration: purple upon white, with green and yellow nuances and, my notes tell me, a scent wonderfully reminiscent of carnation.

Again, another long drive lay ahead, but an extraordinarily scenic one – winding along the Klamath River Valley with great caverns, tall conifers and cloudless skies above. Alan drove admirably and, by late afternoon, brought us safely to the town of Orleans along State Route 96 in the heart of the Six Rivers National Forest. Here we would spend the night in a unique (strictest sense of the word!) setting. The Orleans Mining Company almost defies description but was, without question, one of the countless highlights of this remarkable trip. It is a strange blend of junkyard sprawl and undeniable charm, consisting of a few "rustic" motel rooms, a small store and restaurant (which really served excellent fare), an apparently defunct gasoline pump and a beer bar. All this was surrounded on three sides by a visual cacophony of, well, junk. Truly a sight to

Orleans
Mining
Company



behold, but further descriptive comment is beyond the scope of this tale.

July 6 was to be, without question, *the* most memorable day of this most memorable adventure. We would navigate the Onion Mountain Loop, a ~ 40 mile drive, originating in Orleans, climbing via continuous serpentine curves to some 2000 ft. and ultimately descending back to Route 96 at Aikens Creek West. The possibility of finding three new species plus more *L. washingtonianum* put the excitement level to "full on" as we set out under clear blue skies following a good breakfast at the OMC. Even with the aid of an impressively detailed Forest Service map, navigation of this remote wilderness proved something of a challenge. Sure, Barb had been here more than once before, but not yesterday; and this was one of those homogeneous environments without prominent landmarks and where the surroundings display much similarity in all directions. The region is laced with a labyrinthine network of routes (county, Forest Service primary and secondary, maintained and not), roads (paved, gravel, dirt, "not fit for passenger cars") and trails of various kinds (scenic, historic, recreational), all identified with such original and descriptively helpful names as 11N26, 12N04H, 13N02S.

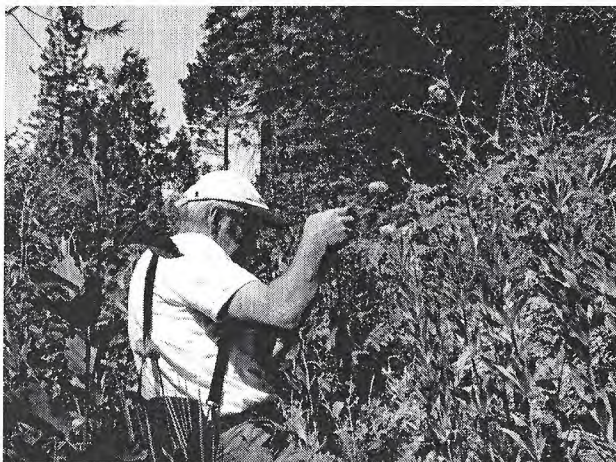
We began the ascent on what apparently was a route bearing two number labels, 14N04, identified by the map as a FS secondary road, and 15, labeled a FS primary route. In any event, near milepost 7 we happened upon *L. rubescens*, growing along both sides of the road. I had seen this lovely lily for the first time in 1998 in this same general area. Up facing, glistening white, delicately spotted with purple and wonderfully fragrant, here was a bit of déjà vu, and here was species number six. The climb continued, as we inadvertently drove right by the 13N01 junction and eventually came to a dead end. Backtracking with greater attentiveness, we found the turn in plain view, at a sign pointing toward *Nickowitz Peak*, and headed west, our specific destination now being *Onion Lake*. Here, Barb had been told by biologist

Wayne Hoffman, was to be found a fascinatingly diverse collection of natural hybrids, certainly involving *L. pardalinum*, but together with what elusive suitor was not clear [Wayne believes *L. wigginsii* is involved]. Find this treasure trove we did, *and a bit of excitement to go along with it*. First, however, there would be a pleasant surprise, about 10-12 miles from the turnoff, quite unexpectedly, there appeared a colony of *L. kelloggii*, growing upon a steep slope, immediately off the road to our left. This species had not been found anywhere on the loop in 1998, so it was an exciting new discovery and brought the species count to seven. However, the thrill of this find, per se, was overshadowed by the discovery of a *totally yellow* flowered form. You read that correctly – a yellow variant of *L. kelloggii*!! It bore but a single bloom and this, unfortunately, had suffered some kind of damage resulting in deformity of the flower. But it was yellow, beyond question! The stem grew high on a steep embankment, yet before you could say *Lilium leichtlinii maximowiczii*, Alan had clawed his way up the slope, his new Panasonic Lumix in hand, and was focusing in macro mode. Kathy was of course right up the hill behind him playing photographer/contortionist, as she does so amazingly well, to get her own set of priceless pictures. A note here is warranted. In the Spring, 1999 issue of *The Species Lily* Boyd Kline⁵ refers to natural hybrids between *columbianum* and the white variant of *L. kelloggii* found near the California/Oregon border, which he describes as "delightful golden *kelloggiis*."

We then pressed on to Onion Lake, finding our turnoff this time without difficulty. Access to this small, idyllic mere was down a short but steep (repeat *steep*) incline, at the bottom of which was a convoluted mass of hillocks suggestive of a mogul ski course the sort of thing for which we had rented an all wheel drive. Off to our right and rising gently from the lake lay a wet meadow, bathed in sunlight and conspicuously spotted with red, orange and yellow. This was the family of Nature's own hybrids spoken of by Dr. Hoffman. Diversity abounded: typical red-tipped *L. pardalinum* types, unicolor tangerines bringing to mind old 'Shuksan' and one with a saturated red over most of the tepal area

beautified by pure yellow pollen. There were others with golden pollen as well, and those with the typical shades of rust/brown/red. Kathy found one stem bearing flowers of an almost spherical form. It was once again difficult but eventually necessary to leave, as the day was wearing on and our search for *L. bolanderi* and *L. wigginsii* lay ahead. Backpacks and other paraphernalia were returned to the trunk, we climbed aboard, then held on for dear life as Alan renegotiated the badlands at the foot of the hill.

Some ten miles or so farther along 13N01 Kathy spotted the first little brick red thimble and the SUV was brought to a stop a short distance beyond. We jumped out, popping lens caps, and ran back to examine *L. bolanderi* up close and personal. Glancing over my shoulder, I saw all doors open on the vehicle and Alan frantically clawing and pawing through its contents. In short order, he came walking, grim faced, toward us and said "We've got to go back to Onion Lake!!" His rucksack was missing, replete with camcorder and all manner of other indispensable stuff. He was *certain* he could recall putting it back in the trunk, but it *was.not.there!!* Our only option was to return to the "scene of the crime," and so we did. Alan said that he'd run down the hill while the rest of us waited in the car. In a manner of moments, he came walking back up, smiling broadly and carrying not only *his* pack but *Kathy's suitcase as well!* Apparently what had happened was that during the gyrations of the vehicle as we left the lake, the deck lid (sorry, Alan, the boot) had disengaged, flown open, the luggage fallen



out and the door slammed shut again, all without any of us being aware of what had happened! Had Kathy's sharp eye not seen that little red lily, we'd have been much farther along the road

Alan

before the loss would have been discovered. After exclamations and mild expletives were uttered and sighs of relief exhaled, we returned to the *L. bolanderi* site, which had been conspicuously marked with a stake. After a more relaxed visit here, we continued slowly along the road until other, taller and more floriferous, stems appeared. These were all of the "brick red" color typically reported in the literature. In 1998 the only two found, in early flowering, were a beautiful deep plum; and on another occasion Barb had discovered a colony displaying great diversity of coloration and markings. One variant we found had atypical, more widely flaring, star shaped flowers. The stems rose from bone dry (at least on the surface), hard packed gravelly soil. Nine or so undulate leaves in each whorl turned upward to near vertical at about half their length, reducing the apparent diameter of each cluster. One of the attributes enhancing the beauty of *L. bolanderi* is its generous endowment of glaucous "bloom" which extends even onto the base of the flowers.

Continuing along and down the return side of the circuit, more *L. rubescens* were seen; but after one additional stop for final photographs, we proceeded back to State Route 96 and headed toward Eureka. Although "The Loop" had provided us with much pleasure, unexpected discovery, more excitement than we might have cared to have and great photo ops, there was one major disappointment – not finding *L. wigginsii* – not even its habitat. I had in my mind's eye a distinct picture of the setting, and Barb's landmark was a great horseshoe bend in the road ahead. In both instances we saw surroundings that made us wonder, but nothing looked quite the same. On the other hand, Alan suspected that some of the "hybrids" at Onion Lake may in fact have been *L. wigginsii* although Barb thought otherwise.

The drive south and west to the coast was replete with more spectacular scenery and a time to simply ride, gaze and enjoy. In Eureka we stepped from the car into, not the 108 degrees of two days earlier, but something closer to 45-50° windswept jacket

weather. Cool temperatures and cloud cover are typical of this coastal ecological region in which both northern and southern California maritime climates overlap and blend together.

July 7 loomed, especially for me, as a day of great expectations. Nine years ago our visit to the *L. occidentale* sanctuary, secluded deeply within the Table Bluff area, had provided a near semi-religious experience, and how I longed for more. Following breakfast, under foreboding gray skies, we got underway and with a bit of careful searching found our Shangri-La. After trudging through shoulder high grasses and a surrounding border of trees, we finally stepped into the preserve but in doing so (speaking for myself) experienced a twinge of alarm. Yes, here were *L. occidentale*, and every bit as stunning as before, but many fewer than I could recall; and a specter of things to possibly come would haunt me for some time. *L. occidentale* remains for me the most appealing of all Western North American *Lilium* species. The saturated, rich red coloring of the tepals; the green wash over a spotted, golden throat; flowers borne like bells suspended from long sigmoidal pedicels – such a combination of aesthetic qualities is to my eye about as good as it gets. But it's the eye-of-the-beholder thing all over again. One single small bloom discovered on a short stem was



densely spotted and graced with a particularly dark green center. Kathy and I loved it! Alan and Barb all but thumbed their noses!! Ah, different strokes. In two places small groupings of stems were

Table
Bluff

surrounded by wire fencing, offering some degree of protection from predatory activity – but not cameras.

We eventually moved on to the hillside village of Kneeland, several miles inland, where *L. kelloggii* grows in happy profusion along the roadside. Again, intraspecific diversity abounded: varying flower size, intensity of pink coloration from light to dark, patterns of spotting, and even one with considerable green in its throat. In the past Barb had seen white variants here (see also Kline⁵), and on the way back both she and Kathy thought they might have spotted one; but it turned out to be a blackberry cane in flower. And, there were *no* yellows!

L. columbianum was also known to lurk in this general area. As time would not permit our driving farther north along Highway 1 through the great redwoods, where the Columbia tiger lily flourishes in such abundance for miles along both sides of the road, it was a no-brainer that we attempt to find it here. After striking out along Stagecoach Road, we doubled back on Patrick's Point Road, where Kathy spotted the first little golden bells. These were relatively few and not impressive stems, compared to those known to be beyond our reach farther north. But this was species number nine and a reason to celebrate, which we did shortly thereafter with lunch at an organic café in Trinidad State Beach.

Before turning south for the conclusion of our trip, a stop was made at the unique Freshwater Nursery, where Barb and Kathy purchased potted flowering stems of *L. pitkinense*. We were told that The Nature Conservancy may purchase this unique emporium and its surrounding property, while allowing the current proprietor to continue living there.

Eventually we headed east on State 299 to I-5, then south to Sacramento, concluding day five. Tomorrow it would be Georgetown, with faint hopes of seeing *L. humboldtii* in flower but a bit more optimism for the "Ditch Lily." Tomorrow came,

and we went first to the Georgetown cemetery and then to the Ranger Station in search of Humboldt's lily. A couple of dried stems with vestiges of color were all that we would find – not enough to add one more to our species-found-in-flower list. Pretty much as we had expected, but a bit of a letdown, nonetheless.

Finally, except for a moment of déjà vu on the return trip to Reno, we would now seek our final species – that dressed-in-its-Sunday-best variant of *L. parvum*, the "Ditch Lily" which grows along the banks of a brook flowing down from elevated woodlands into the village of Georgetown and supplying its water, "imaginatively" called the Georgetown Ditch. I've described my visit here in 1998 as an Alice in Wonderland experience¹, and indeed it was. Not so this time, but had we *only* been here about a week earlier! Walking along the stream for some distance, we found many flourishing stems, but all of which had bloomed out. Many of these carried multiple seed pods. Eventually we happened upon one plant that bore, at the very top of its inflorescence, two yet unspoiled flowers. They were exquisite, and they counted! The list would now stand at ten! Barb was relieved to find so many healthy, flourishing plants. Within the past six or so years the banks of the ditch had been cemented over a considerable distance, and there was concern that the habitat might have been irreparably disrupted. It looked as though the lilies couldn't have cared less.



A final note before closing seems appropriate to reemphasize the intraspecific diversity which was so apparent throughout this trip. Variation in *L.*

Georgetown
Ditch

washingtonianum has already been mentioned. There were also some with considerable yellow in the throat and one the floral architecture of which actually suggested *L. candidum*. For both *L. rubescens* and *L. bolanderi* we were surprised to find star shaped flower forms; and *L. kelloggii* was all over the map. Add to this the natural hybrids and their many differences, all serving to provide one more dimension of interest and fascination to our remarkable experience.

The afternoon in Georgetown was wearing on, and the weary travelers were to dine back in Reno that evening, where Dick would join us. But Barb had one more great idea. Since our route home along Interstate 80 would take us once again close to the large stands of *L. pardalinum* that had provided the most spectacular displays of the chase, why not stop there for one last look and a group picture? This we did, and it brought a most memorable conclusion to the Great Lily Chase of 2007.



Barbara, Kathy, Alan and Charlie

Epilogue:

Our trip chasing wild lilies throughout northern California sequestered a quartet of very different personalities in a mid-sized SUV while traveling some 1500 miles over the course of six days. A recipe for friction and trouble? Not in the least! I cannot imagine four people getting along any better and enjoying themselves to any greater extent. There were minor humorous "glitches" now and again, of course, and a game of rotating responsibility (even Murphy, at Onion lake!). But there was laughter aplenty, patience, respect and mutual admiration. We all came to know one another a little better, and, I believe, are all the richer for having done so.

References

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Photographs Back Pages

Inside Cover: *L. parvum* red form. Charlie Kroell
L. parvum orange form. Charlie Kroell
Outside Cover: *L. washingtonianum*. Alan Mitchell
L. kelloggii yellow form. Alan Mitchell
L. kelloggii pink/purple form. Barbara Small
L. kelloggii light pink form. Barbara Small

SLPG People

Suzanna and Katrina Durand, Alberta



Katrina [top picture, left] and Suzanna work in the construction trade in Northern Alberta. During their work days they had been observing a field of *Lilium philadelphicum* and noticed that they were slated to be bulldozed. Following the NALS

summer show, they returned to the field and rescued as many bulbs as possible.

June Taylor and Barbara Small, California and Nevada

Several years ago June [lower picture left] and Barbara noticed several children playing in the creek at Mt. Shasta City in Northern California and in the process stomping *Lilium shastense*. We returned that fall to collect seeds and planted them in an almost inaccessible spot behind the headwaters of the Sacramento River. When I visited the area again this summer [see “The Great Lily Chase”], there were scarcely any of the original lilies to be found, but many new ones were blooming behind the headwaters, well-protected by fallen branches.



Ieuan Evans, Alberta

Ieuan's beautiful garden contains many special lilies, particularly martagons, but his real love is species lilies, particularly *Lilium philadelphicum*. His entry in the NALS show won the Best North American Species Award with a prize of \$100.00. Rather than use the money to add to his already large collection of lilies, he donated the money back to the Species Lily Preservation Group.



Royal Horticultural Society Lily Group

Alisdair Aird, England

The RHS Lily Group has several hundred members in various countries. Its main activity is a good seed distribution (stronger on lily species than hybrids), with non-lily

species as well. US members must apply for a permit to import the seeds. Google USDA and type in "Importation of small lots of seeds." You will find the correct form there. The Group produces *Lilies and Related Plants*, successor to the *Lily Yearbook*, every two years, and a short quarterly newsletter. In the UK, the Group runs an annual bulb auction each autumn and arranges garden visits, displays and lectures. It has expert advice panels and hosts an occasional International Lily Conference. The annual subscription is £10.00 (or £30.00 for three years). The Group accepts credit cards for those not in the UK. Further information from Mrs. Rose Voelcker, Lanjique, 32380 St Leonard, Gers, France; phone 003305062043076; email rvlanjique@wanadoo.fr.

Our New Conservators David Sims and Nigel Strohman

Our first conservator, Eddie McRae, spent many years working for the Species Lily Preservation Group to provide us with healthy bulbs, usually at a financial loss to himself. We are extremely lucky to have two young [well, to this gray-haired lady, they seem so] extremely knowledgeable lily growers to replace Eddie. Although those are big shoes to fill, David and Nigel are certainly capable of doing so and also of taking our group into a new era. Geographically, the choice is perfect for the SLPG since David's acreage is in the United States and Nigel's is in Canada. Thank you David and Nigel for volunteering for this immense and utterly important job!



SLPG GOALS

- * Growing as many species lilies as possible, especially those rare and in danger of extinction.
- * Making excess species bulbs available to members.
- * Collecting, preserving, planting, growing and distributing species seed.
- * Collecting all possible information on each species: its habitat, distribution, cultural needs, etc.
- * Disseminating cultural information on each species.
- * Assembling a slide and photo record of all species lilies.
- * Identifying areas where specific species grow and seeking protection for these areas.

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L. parvum



L. parvum

L. pardalinum

L. pardalinum





Lilium washingtonianum



Lilium kellogii [yellow form]

Lilium kellogii

Lilium kellogii

