

"I wish I knew because I would like to repeat the cross". It is perhaps very coincidental that on 17 July of this year Dr. Kathleen Kron of Wake Forest University identified the yellow plants as hybrids of *R. arborescens* x *R. prunifolium*. I am already in the process of propagating the best plant. Perhaps it would be fitting to name and register it as "Fred Galle" in his honor.

I was deeply honored when Fred asked me to write Chapter 12 in his azalea book. In appreciation he sent me autographed copies of both the original book, as well as the revised edition along with short statements above the autograph. These books are choice to me.

Fred Galle was truly one of America's most notable lecturers, writers, and horticultural consultants, and he will be sorely missed by all those who grow azaleas and hollies. Can you believe (as mentioned above) that a nurseryman once told Fred in his young formative years that he was too small to dig trees and shrubs?

To his wife, Betty, we send our warmest sympathy. □

*[A similar version of this article has appeared in the ARS Journal, ed.]*

---

## IN MEMORY— ROBERT MIRAVALLE

---

Robert John Miravalle, past president of the Louisiana Chapter of the ASA and a retired scientist for the U. S. Department of Agriculture, died of complications from heart surgery at St. Tammany Parish Hospital. He was 69. Mr. Miravalle was born in St. Louis and received a BA and a Ph.D. degree in Plant Genetics from Washington University in St. Louis. His scientific work was in the field of fiber research. He lived in Folsom, Louisiana for the past 20 years and will be remembered for his enthusiasm for off-season fall blooming azaleas. He was a member and past president of the National Association of Retired Federal Employees. □

---

## IN MEMORY—BILL LAND

---

It is with deep regret that we report the passing of Bill Land this past August. Bill was an active member of our Northern Virginia Chapter for many years, and had served as membership chairman for the last four years. He really loved growing azaleas and often provided special plants for our plant exchange. We will miss his presence and enthusiasm. □

---

## IN MEMORY—ANDREW N. ADAMS, JR.

---

Andrew N. Adams, Jr. died on July 5, 1998. Andy Adams was the retired president of Ten Oaks Nursery. Ten Oaks Nursery founded by Andrew Adams, Sr., was one of the original distributors of the Glenn Dale azalea introductions. Andy attended Westtown School (operated by the Society of Friends) and served in the US Army in World War II. Andy is survived by his wife, Ruth. Following are two recollections of Andy Adams written by William C. Miller III and Roberta (Bobby) McCeney, both from the Brookside Gardens Chapter.

**Bill Miller:** I think I met Andy Adams for the first time in 1986. It was my first visit to the Ten Oaks Nursery in Clarksville, Maryland. During the course of my research into the Glenn Dale story, I had discovered a picture taken at the U.S. National Arboretum at the dedication of the Morrison Garden on May 3, 1954.

I recognized most of the people in the picture but there was one that no one at the National Arboretum could identify. One of the people in the picture was Andy's father, and I had been meaning to visit the Ten Oaks Nursery since, of the big three in Maryland (Ten Oaks Nursery in Clarksville, Henry Hohman's Kingsville Nursery near Baltimore, and Tingle's Nursery near Pittsville), the Ten Oaks Nursery was the only one still in existence. It was my hope that Andy would be able to identify the "unknown." From Bethesda, the road to Clarksville took me by the Triadelphia Reservoir and past mostly undeveloped farm land. In those days, Clarksville was out in the middle of nowhere, somewhere between Ashton and Columbia. My first impression of Andy remained the same throughout the time I knew him.

In short, Andy was a very nice person. He examined the picture carefully, but could not identify my unknown person. Then, perceiving my appreciation for historical material, he voluntarily pulled out several notebooks and files of correspondence between Ben Morrison and his father from 1948 and 1949 which he loaned to me without hesitation. I never forgot his kindness. I was a total stranger, and yet he was respectful, attentive, and genuinely helpful. I was to learn later that my colleague, Dick West, had received pretty much the same reception, but that is getting ahead of the story.

"Public speaking" was not Andy's strength. Andy and Ruth, his second wife, were soft spoken and both exhibited a quiet reserve. Andy spoke with a pattern that I will call "Maryland country" with a touch of "Baltimore." I had to listen carefully, because at times, I found him a little difficult to understand. Some of the problem was undoubtedly attributable to my hearing, but his sentences frequently tailed off to a soft ending. Andy did not speak much, but when he did it was because he had something worthwhile to say. He told