

Atlantic Coast Camellias



THE TYPICAL AMERICAN CAMELLIA ENTHUSIAST

Luther W. Baxter, Jr.

Camellia enthusiasts are unquestionably beauty addicts. While they declare unyielding allegiance to their precious camellias, they may glance slyly at a beautiful rose, rhododendron, magnolia or zinnia. They may pay special tribute to Boehm porcelain, Persian rugs, Frasier fir Christmas trees or quilted bed jackets. They may be enthralled by a winter snowfall, by a clear, cascading, mountain stream, by an October sunset, or by a rainbow following a summer thunderstorm. A quiet hush falls when grandchildren are mentioned, when their country's flag is displayed, when their alma mater is shown or played or discussed, and when a letter comes from a special friend.

They are sentimental, accommodating, talkative and caring. They are knowledgeable people: some about wine, women and song; some about genealogy; some about Pekingese dogs; and some about Greek mythology. They are travelers, writers, speakers and doers. They are sprightly, resourceful, patriotic, and service oriented. They are eager to learn, to meet new people, to do their part, and to see new places. They would

walk a mile to see a camellia show, a deer and her fawn, a robin on her nest, or an old friend. They belong to service clubs, churches, literary guilds, and coffee clubs. They talk to strangers, camellia enthusiasts, foreigners and even moonshiners about camellias. They enjoy humor, honesty, home and hobbies. They would only lie about their age, size of fish they catch, size of camellia blossoms they grow, and the distance they walked to school as a child. They listen willingly to crows, carols, Cadillacs, and children. They work willingly with hoes, hammers, horses, and hopefuls.

Camellia enthusiasts are all these things and a thousand more. Their interests are as varied as our beloved camellia and their friends are as many as the stars on a clear winter night. Long live the camellia with her beauty and her charm, and long live the camellia enthusiasts with their beauty and their charm.

ABOUT THE COVER DRAWING

This is a pen and ink drawing of the camellia japonica 'Beau Harp.' This camellia has the distinction of being the first winner of the Illges Award, won in 1949. It was originated by Mr. G.H. Wilkinson of Pensacola, Florida. A drawing such as this can only suggest the beauty of this camellia. One would have to see the flower or a good color photograph to realize that this rich red camellia does not deserve to be ignored. Let's bring it back!

Atlantic Coast Camellias

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT	Col. Elliott Brogden	3904 DuBose Dr., Columbia, SC 28204
1st VICE PRES.	Richard Waltz	5405 Pioneer Dr., Baltimore, MD 21214
2nd VICE PRES.	Leslie P. Cawthon, Jr.	2405 Howell Mill Rd. NW, Atlanta, GA 30318
SEC. & TREAS.	J.L. McClintock, Jr.	1325 E. Barden Rd., Charlotte, NC 28226
ASST. SEC. & TREAS.	James McCoy	3531 Scottywood Dr., Fayetteville, NC 28303
HISTORIAN	W.T. Shepherd	4724 Park Place E., N. Charleston, SC 29406
EDITOR	James McCoy	3531 Scottywood Dr., Fayetteville, NC 28303

The Atlantic Coast Camellia Society was organized September 13, 1980 at Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. The purpose was to extend the appreciation of camellias and to promote the science of camellia culture. Dues are \$6.00/year for a single membership and \$9.00 for a couple. Make payment to Atlantic Coast Camellia Society, 1325 E. Barden Rd., Charlotte, NC 28226.

In This Issue

Editor's Page	2
President's Message	4
Cold Damage and Lack of It	6
Show Dates	9
Gibberellic Acid Use and Cold Damage - Related?	
Col Edwin L. Atkins	10
ACS Search Committee	11
ACS Meets in Houston	11
In and Around the Greenhouse - James H. McCoy	12
Mobile, the Interstates and Me - James H. McCoy	14
Camellias for Beginners - Dr. T.E. Pierson	15
My Love Affair with Camellias - Elliott Brogden	19
We Took the High Road and the Low Road - Dr. Asa Barnes	22
No Camellias, So We Show Atlanta - Buddy Cawthon	24
The Effect of Benomyl on a Strain of Glomerella	
Cingulata that Causes Camellia Dieback	
Luther W. Baxter, Jr. & Susan G. Fagin	26
Don't Give Up - I Won't - Lester Allen	28
No One is More Dedicated Than a Camellia Fancier	
Gus Travis	Inside Back Cover

Editor's Page



I recently heard of the theft of a sizable scion from a camellia plant which bore a tag with only the originator's (or propagator's) number on it. The thief in this case probably knew the number of this gorgeous new retic, named for a prominent camellia person, and when he or she saw it in this greenhouse, knew which camellia it was, though it bore only the number, and not the name on the tag.

It grieves me to hear of such incidents. Fortunately, they are very rare these days.

In the heyday of the camellia renaissance, the 40s and 50s, many growers went to great lengths to protect their introductions from unscrupulous scion scroungers, or to use the right word, scion **thieves**. Some nursery men kept their hottest numbers behind locked gates in their greenhouses or gardens. Some still do. Most keep their promising new cultivars under number. This is good. Even though camellia enthusiasts are honest and above board, and would not steal a scion under any circumstances, there still are a few who would surrender to the temptation.

Camellia people are the most generous of any group of people I have ever been associated with. They seem to

enjoy giving camellia scions and even plants to their friends and acquaintances. I remember visiting a camellia man's greenhouse shortly after I became interested in growing camellias. We walked up and down the aisles for about an hour, admiring these camellias, which, in many cases, were so new and rare till one mentioned them in hushed tones. He had already offered to give me whatever scions I wanted. Suddenly he remembered that he had to pick up his wife. He told me, "I'll be back in a few minutes. Here's a plastic bag and a knife. Cut whatever scions you want while I'm gone." I was new in the camellia scene and was stunned! I couldn't imagine anyone so trusting as this! Since then, I have found that this trust, this generosity, was just typical of camellia people.

I am sure that this man from whose greenhouse the rare retic scion was stolen, would have given the thief a scion if it had been possible. It is not always possible to give a particular scion away, for one reason or another. But I'll bet this man, if he could not have given his visitor a scion, would have told him something like this: "I can't give out any wood yet, but as soon as I can, I'll send you one."

Occasionally, I get a scion of a rare, unregistered camellia with the admoni-

tion, "Don't give any wood away yet." I believe I've hit on the best way to protect such a plant from scion scroungers. I give it a name in Spanish that would mean nothing to anyone except me. For example, when I got a scion of my namesake, in advance of registration and release, I

put an ordinary tag on it with the name 'Yo Mismo'. Who in his right mind would even want a camellia he had never heard of with such an ugly name as that! Actually, "Yo Mismo" in Spanish just means "Me."



The following photos were taken at the Mid Carolina Camellia Society BBQ held in Columbia at the State-Record recreation center, May 4, 1985. The officers and directors of Atlantic Coast Camellia Society met with them.

Part of the fun was a raffle on the horses running in the Derby that day. Every one who contributed to "the pot"

received the name of a horse. A small television was set up to watch the results. Reception was terrible, nothing but flips and tumbles until a tin can was placed on the end of the antennae. Then the excitement and cheers and yells began. Look at these photos and see if you can guess who won.





Message

from Our President

Dear Members and Friends of ACCS:

There have been some things on my mind for a long time and I want to share them with you. I know that it is bad manners to complain and it is even more serious to criticize. These suggestions are neither, but I feel that they need addressing by camellia clubs and in particular, by show chairmen.

I wonder sometimes, whether we give proper consideration to our show sponsors. After all, they finance our shows which makes it possible for us to exhibit our beautiful camellia blooms. They have confidence in us to draw a large crowd to view the blooms, and at the same time to swell the coffers of the business establishments. Sponsors are interested in a mass of color to please the public. Sure, the head table and runner ups are beautiful, perfect or near perfect blooms, and are appreciated by the sponsor, exhibitor and public alike. But, the mass of color is what pleases the public, puts a smile on the face of the sponsor and fills up his parking lot. In other words, we need quantity as well as quality. Some of our camellia society members will bring only a few perfect blooms to a show when they could bring 50, 75 or even more. Sure, it takes only one bloom to win the best in show, but it takes a massive splash of color to please a mall manager. Give the sponsor a break, and he will invite you back for another show next year.

Some clubs limit an exhibitor to two blooms per variety. This may have been the proper thing to do years ago when exhibitors numbered in the hundreds at camellia shows. Those were the days when individuals with only a few plants, prized every bloom, and they were thrilled to receive a blue ribbon. Three thousand blooms at some shows were rather common. But our shows are smaller now, and there are a limited number of exhibitors. I contend that the two blooms per variety has out lived its usefulness. A grower should have the opportunity to win a blue, red, and yellow ribbon as well as silver, if he can grow a variety that produces multiple winners for a particular show. So why limit an exhibitor to two blooms per variety, when some of our shows are rather small and there is a limited number of exhibitors.

Another thing that bothers me is entry cards. Nothing is more frustrating than to drive a long distance to a show and upon entering blooms, find that the bloom variety is on the wrong colored card. Fortunately, we in the Atlantic Coast Camellia Society have just about standardized them. Occasionally, a club will come up with something different, such as green cards for outside blooms and white for protected. Some shows may even have different entry cards for gibbed and ungibbed flowers. All protected blooms are gibbed, so why have a separate card for ungibbed blooms. And what about

classes. Class one, two, three, etc. do not mean a thing to the average exhibitor or visitor. Why not keep it simple. Use a standardized color code for entry cards and make the information on the cards easy to understand.

Now that I have these things off my chest, I know that I leave myself open for criticism. That's well and good. If you have better ideas, or if you disagree, let your thoughts be known. Only then will we have better shows, happy sponsors, appreciative show chairmen, enthusiastic camellia growers, and above all, we will please the public that shares our love for a lovely flower.

Elliott Brogden, President



Here are some of our members living it up at the Gulf Coast Camellia Society meeting in Mobile in August. From top left clockwise: Annabelle Fetterman tris on the highly decorated hat she just acquired at the auction - Lew's not sure whether he likes it or not. Bill Shepherd shows Helen Barnes which way Asa went. Joe Pyron and Liz Jeffares seem to be enjoying themselves. Mike and Betty Hotchkiss are already well known and right at home in the camellia community.

With each passing year, I find that I get more enjoyment from the flowers that can be coaxed into bloom before the grand opening of the season. Perhaps the realization that the season is limited increases the desire to stretch it to its greatest possible limit.

Melvin L. Gum

Camellia Review, Vol. 28, No. 1

Cold Damage and Lack Of It

The following reports are from outside camellia growers in various parts of the Atlantic Coast. We asked them to access the cold damage to their plants from last January's freeze. This subject is getting monotonous, I will admit, but there are still lessons to be learned from this experience.

1.) From Parker E. Connor, Jr., Edisto Island, SC:

Here at my home on the coast, the temperature on January 20th, 1985 was 5°. As far as I can remember, that is the coldest temperature we have experienced. For a while that morning, it looked as if the Boehm Porcelain Works were using my yard for a spectacular display, hundreds of waxy looking blooms that felt like delicate porcelain when touched. Alas, with the thaw, everything looked real bad with all the blooms and most of the buds completely brown.

I believe that my flowers came through this 5° blow better than they did the 1983 temperature drops below 32° prior to this freeze. The plants were conditioned to this cold, whereas in 1983, they were not.

As of now, May 29, 1985, I can see that I was most fortunate in that there is very little evidence to remind me of the freeze. A few black leaves and twigs remained, but most plants look great except they are suffering for lack of rain.

Anyhow, six weeks after the freeze, I was back in the camellia business with a number of flowers. My wife was able to make camellia arrangements for church service on two Sundays and we gave flowers to friends for party decorations and corsages.

Camellias that bloomed well included 'Glen 40' and variegated, 'Helen Bower,'

'Paulette Goddard,' 'Grandiflora Rosea,' 'Pearl Maxwell,' 'Miss Aiken' and a number of miniature to small flowers such as 'Grace Albritton,' 'Man Size,' 'Fircone,' 'Tammia,' 'Boutonniere' and 'Kitty.' 'Kitty' had many nice blooms which were used for corsages.

A surprise to me was the hybrid 'Rose Parade.' It performed as if there had been no bad weather. It was covered for days with many perfect blooms.

With approximately 300 plants, I lost only 'Dr Brian Doak,' which had only recently been bare rooted. Most of my plants had only minor leaf and twig damage. The plants that suffered most were the 'Tomorrow' family, the 'Betty Sheffield' family, 'Carter's Sunburst' family, 'Herme,' and all 'Miss Charleston's.' Some leaf damage is still apparent on 'El Dorado,' 'Cameron Cooper,' 'Dr. Clifford Parks,' 'Nuccio's Ruby,' 'Dixie Knight Supreme,' 'Vulcan' and 'Granada.'

As for plants in pots, I took a bad beating. The camellias I have in pots are for understock and for having camellias on hand to give to friends and visitors, and to give to camellia clubs for auction or door prizes. I try to root a hundred cuttings each July to develop and give away. Well, the 100 or so young plants in black plastic pots did poorly. They were smothered in pine straw and had good overhead cover, but about 70% did not make it. The older potted plants did all right.

My grafting success was about 50%. I note that grafts made with my own scions were usually successful. In other words, the cold damage had not permanently damaged the growth buds on my plants.

2.) From Mrs. Haywood Curlee, Orangeburg, SC:

We have gone over some of our camellias and made a list of the ones that

came through the 2^o temperature fairly well, as well as those that we lost and those that were badly damaged. Most of our plants are under pines.

Survived very well	Damaged	Killed
Lady Clare	The Mathotianas	Mark Alan
Judge Marvin Mann	Ville de Nantes	Carter's Sunburst
Starlet	Betty Sheffield	Professor Sargent
Dawn (Vernalis)	Faith	Marie Bracey
Margaret Ratcliffe	Doris Freeman	Baronne de Bleichroeder
Daikaguras	Florence Stratton	
Dolly Parlor	Wildwood	
Admiral Nimitz	Marie Bracey	
Calico	Mathotiana Supreme	
Arthur Middleton	R.L. Wheeler	
Simeon	Mrs. Charles Cobb	
Paulette Goddard	Clower's White	
Imura	Emmett Barnes	
Berenice Boddy	Dr. Tinsley	
Oniji	Pearl Harbor	
White Empress	Francie L. Var.	
Angel's Blush	Pink Explorer	
Gov. Mouton	Firebrand	
Rev. John Drayton	September Morn	
Elegans	Tick Tock	
Lady Vansittart	Carter's Sunburst	
Elegans Supreme	Huby Cooper	
Faith	Marie Bracey	
Firebrand	Tomorrow Var.	
Debutante	Stella Sewell	
Evelyn Poe	Frank Baker	
Erin Farmer	Tiffany	

3.) From Gen. Harold R. Bauer, Sumter, SC:

The past two winters have been devastating for our camellias. The cold damage has been far worse than any I have ever seen since setting out our first camellia plant in 1952.

The cold wave which came through on the night of December 24, 1983 left plants completely killed and branches on many other plants killed. We had no blooms after that, during the 1983-1984 season. I feel that that season weakened the remaining plants so that the January

1984 low temperature of 2^o here created more damage than would have been the case if the plants would have had more time to return to normal.

Cold damage consisted of light leaf drop to dead plants. Several plants showed light damage in March and early April (leaves still green). By mid-April, no new growth had appeared. By early May, the leaves showed wilting and at this time, May 28th, the plants are dead, with dried leaves still remaining on the stems.

Seedlings seemed to withstand the cold better than the named varieties. Ex-

cept for the seedlings, only three plants were observed with no apparent leaf or plant damage. These three are: 'T.K. Variegated,' 'Gov. Mouton,' and 'Blood of China.' Bloom buds were practically a total loss. We observed only one bloom that opened with no damage whatsoever. To my surprise, it was on a small 18-inch plant of 'Black Lace,' in a 2-gallon container. This was a cutting grown plant and was the first bloom on the plant. The parent plant is a large 8-foot plant about ten years old which suffered light leaf drop and opened quite a few blooms all of which showed cold damage. The container plant growing in the open without any protection, the same as our other plants. This small plant showed no leaf drop.

The damage to our plants did not follow the records for consistently cold hardy varieties. Three eight to ten foot 'Berenice Boddy' plants showed 100% bud kill, with several branches killed from the cold. We lost two large 'Guilio Nuccio' plants, and several other good varieties. One 'Frost Queen' showed one branch dead with some leaf drop. Another showed some leaf drop, both with 100% bud kill. While 'Black Lace' with reticulata parentage (Donation x Crimson Robe) came through with flying colors defying the premise that reticulata plants are cold tender. I have no explanation of what happened with our plants. I'll have to let the experts come up with the answer.

4.) From Ivan Mitchell, Melrose, FL:

I have four camellias that not only came through the freeze without any loss of foliage or terminal growth buds. This quartette also opened fairly decent, though smaller, blooms. They are: 'Grace Albritton,' 'Mini Pink,' 'Edna Campbell,' and 'Don Mac.' Although 'Tammia' is suspected to be the same as 'Grace Albritton,' all the buds on 'Tammia' froze, but the plant came through unscathed.

Other plants that were undamaged, plant wise, were 'Campari' and 'Campari, White,' 'Star above Star,' 'Starlet,' 'Marguerite Sears,' and Var., 'Jocinda' and 'Late Date' (two seedlings of mine), 'Little Slam' and Var., 'Alyne, Linda and Ladell Brothers,' a seedling called 'Sometimes,' 'C.M. Hovey,' 'Early Woodville Red,' 'Just Darling,' the Rothfus mutant of 'Flowerwood,' 'Kitty,' 'Doris Ellis,' 'Something Beautiful,' 'Mary Charlotte,' 'Ruby Mathews,' 'Ruffian,' and 'Guest Star.'

I also had some tragic losses, particularly hybrids and retic hybrids. Lost a 'Pharaoh' with a 5-inch stump. I lost a 'Gigantea' which was very highly variegated, two 'Miss Charleston, Var' plants, 'Archie Lanier,' 'Clown,' 'Diddy's Pink Organdie,' 'Gee Homeyer,' 'Easter Morn,' 'Elizabeth Cooper,' 'Lady in Red,' two 'Helen Bower, Var' plants, 'Mark Alan,' 'Supreme,' 'Mary Agnes Patin,' 'Mike Witman, Var,' 'Pink Frost,' 'Pink Pagoda,' 'Vernon Mayo, Var,' 'W.H. Rish' and 'Premier Var.'

I believe that damage was due to cumulative impact of the cold in many instances. Four out of five damaging winters took the cumulative toll. The degree of dormancy had great influence. The varying existent micro climates accounted for some losses, some near misses, and some apparent almost complete lack of damage. The plant health and condition at time of freeze played an important role. Also benign or malign post freeze environmental factors played a part. This year we had a paucity of precipitation, and minimal humidity. For example, the 7 inches of rain since Thanksgiving on these sandy soils are about 25% of what we usually get. The chilly nights continuing after Easter did not warm up the soil to good growth assist. Continual gibbing, with destruction of terminals, like a drug, will eventually collect an overdue settlement. In spite of

what is popularly purveyed, gib adds nothing, but borrows from the other parts of the plant, and concentrates the impact. Try this on a small plant, and results will be evident. Large old plants can overcome the excesses for quite a while, and in moderation of course, is a blessing. Some varieties simply are not hardy. In some years we have concentrated on cold hardiness of blooms. Now we are finding varieties with cold hardy blooms sometimes will not survive as long from bitter, frigid, cold as some varieties that don't bloom too well after a freeze.

We have survived the coldest day in this century. Many of us will bet that it ain't gonna happen again!

From these four reports, some interesting facts are revealed. Some conclusions can be reached. Every little bit of information on cold damage and/or the lack of it adds to our pool of knowledge on the subject. For example, 'Paulette Goddard' definitely has some genes which thumb their noses at Jack Frost. This variety was named by Parker Connor as one of about a dozen in his collection of 300 varieties which "bloomed well." It was one in the Curlee's collection which

"survived very well." The other two "reporters" did not mention this variety, but we know that it is the variety that came through best in the garden of our president Elliott Brogden. His plant showed no damage whatsoever!

'Black Lace,' a retic hybrid, has something too. General Bauer reports that his plant "came through with flying colors." Elsewhere in this issue is a similar reprot (along with a photo) from Ed Atkins. He says of 'Black Lace:' "As of this date, it has put on most new growth. To look at it, one would think that nothing had happened."

'Starlet' can be grown at the north pole too! It "survived very well" in the Curlee's garden. Ivan Mitchell lists it as one which was undamaged. In my own garden, 'Starlet' was awarded my "Himalaya Hattie" award because of its utter disregard of the cold.

'Governor Mouton' has definitely established his place at, or close to the top, of the list of camellias which do not fear the cold. Take note, "fringe belt" camellia growers. Take note and take heart!

SHOW DATES

January 18-19, 1985	Aiken, SC	U of SC, Aiken Campus 171 University Parkway
January 25, 1985	Charleston, SC	Citadel Mall
February 1-2, 1986	Charlotte, NC	Eastland Mall
February 15-16, 1986	Atlanta, GA	Atlanta Botanical Gardens
February 22-23, 1986	Wilmington, NC	Independence Mall
March 1-2, 1986	Fayetteville, NC	Cross Creek Mall
March 8-9, 1986	Greensboro, NC	Forum VI, Friendly Center

Gibberellic Acid Use and Cold Damage - Related?

Col. Edwin L. Atkins

Shalimar, FL

I have for several years thought that Gibberellic acid, similar to Die Back, traveled down the stem of plants lower than the first or second growth bud. I had heard also that there might be a connection between acid and cold weather (below 10°F) that would result in lack of new growth.

For the past two years here on the Gulf Coast, we have had temperatures much lower than usual. In 1983 it got as low as 10°F, and in 1984 from 2 to 5°F. This is considerably lower than our usual winter weather which reaches no lower than 28 to 30°F.

My outside japonicas, semi-protected by pines, have always produced good blooms, and have had abundant new growth the following spring. These plants are always heavily gibbed, 4 to 6 buds per branch per plant. In the spring of 1985

they received a similar application of gib beginning Labor Day weekend, in hopes of getting some outside blooms before frost. I am enclosing photos of four plants: 'Tom Cat,' 'Miss Charleston, V,' 'Moonlight Sonata' and 'Black Lace.' The first three, japonicas, were heavily gibbed. The fourth, a retic hybrid, was only lightly gibbed, only four or five buds. Normally, I would expect the retic hybrid to be most heavily damaged. However, as of this date (early May), it has put on most new growth. To look at it, one would think that nothing had happened. The other three are really sick looking and hardly any new growth is evident.

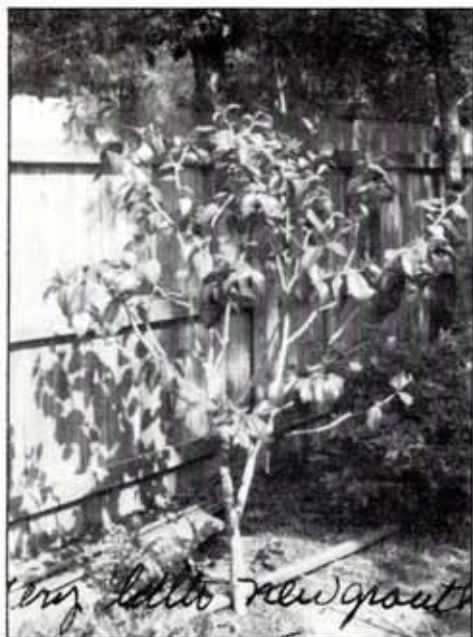
It would be interesting to know if others have had similar experiences, where heavily gibbed plants seem to be the ones most badly damaged by the cold.



Tom Cat



Miss Charleston, Var.



Moonlight Sonata



Black Lace

ACS Search Committee

American Camellia Society's president Abendroth has appointed an Executive Director Search Committee. Its function will be to select and present to the Governing Board of the Society an Executive Director to replace the incumbent, Milton H. Brown. Brown is retiring effective July 1st, 1987.

The Committee is composed of Dr. James M. Habel, Jr., as chairman; Roy C. Stringfellow, I. John Movich and Milton H. Brown. Joining these men will be the new President-Elect, who will be chosen from the Atlantic Coast Territory when the ACS meets in Norfolk, VA in April 1986.

Meanwhile, if any member or friend of ACS has a candidate for this position, he can inform Dr. Habel, 726 Jones St., Suffolk, VA 23434. Details of the requirements for the job and salary can be discussed with him.

ACS MEETS IN HOUSTON

Of course there are ACS Conventions all the time, two a year. But this one promises to be different. For example, how often do you get to sit "front row" at a rodeo! Or to hear "how it was" from a real astronaut (Capt. Don Williams, Mission Discovery, April 1985). The Convention will be held November 13-17, 1985. If you would like to attend, see the August 1985 ACS journal for details or write Mrs. Alfus O. Johnson, 58 South Longspur, The Woodlands, Texas 77380. Or if you prefer, write to the editor of this publication.



IN AND AROUND THE GREENHOUSE

James H. McCoy

Fayetteville, NC

At a gathering of the Fayetteville camellia people in mid-July at the home of Mabel and Joe Austin, I was talking with Scott Kelly. I remarked that many of my camellias were not as badly damaged as I thought they were. He asked me if any of my outside camellia plants had buds. He said that none of his were budded and that he didn't believe we'd have any outside blooms this year. I had to admit that I had not examined the plants for buds but believed that I would have outside blooms on some plants. How wrong I was! When I had an opportunity, I examined my plants for buds and found very few. None had budded up normally, not even old 'Governor Mouton,' which did not seem to have been hurt at all by the freeze. Of all my outside plants, and there are scores, these are the only ones on which I could find any buds, and some of them only 3 or 4: 'Governor Mouton,' 'R.L. Wheeler,' 'Glen 40,' 'Starlet,' 'Ilam Satin,' 'Dr. Geechee,' 'Shiro Chan,' 'Reg Ragland,' and 'Te Deum.'

It seems that I'm always trying to change the rules, dispel the rumors, or put to rest what I consider to be camellia "old wives tales." Here I go again! I have always heard, and I'm sure that you have too, that you cannot pot up camellias in the same soil that they were growing in out in the garden. That it's too heavy. It will not drain fast enough. I have actually read that you will kill your camellias if you pot them in "regular" garden soil. You are supposed to add peat, sand, pine bark, ad infinitum, to the soil you use for potting up camellias from the yard. I am not going to say that this is poor advice. I believe that soil should be very friable. But let me relate my experience last year and you will see why I say your camellia **will** grow well in the soil from the garden, if the soil is reasonably friable. I had 5 retics

growing in the garden when winter approached. They were 'Arthur Knight,' 'Len Bray,' 'Francie L. Surprise,' 'Pike's Peak,' and 'Mary Kay.' I felt that I should pot them up and put them in the greenhouse because of their retic blood. I didn't have any potting soil mixed up and didn't have the ingredients to mix up any. So I took a spade and plunged it into the ground all around in a ring about the size of a 3-gallon lario can. It wasn't hard to dig from one side enough to get the spade under the plants, about 7 or 8 inches deep - the depth of a lario can. I got the plant out of the ground with all the soil still around the roots. I trimmed the resulting mass of soil to resemble a lario can in size and shape. I simply dropped them in the cans and watered them. A couple of them had to have a small amount of sand poured around the outside of the "root ball." All survived. I gave one to a friend but the other four are growing well and have at least one bud per plant. 'Francie L. Surprise' has eight or nine.

I have had such poor luck trying to grow the retics till I had about decided to quit trying. I tried to blame my poor performance on my having to grow them in containers instead of in the ground. But some of our most formidable competitors at shows grow them in containers. **What is it then,** that I am doing wrong? In an attempt to find the answer to that question, I went back to the beginning. Back in the 60s, Howard Burnette of Castro Valley, CA, was tearing them out of the frames! He was growing his retics as I am, in containers. He wrote an article for the 1966 ACS yearbook entitled, "Ah So, Reticulata." I reread his article and came to the conclusion that I must be trying to grow them in containers too small for them. Mr. Burnette says, "Don't let anyone tell you that a retic likes to be

near pot bound. A healthy root system needs room to develop" The only retics which are doing well for me (no dieback, no rootrot, no problems) are 'Francie L,' 'Dr. Clifford Parks,' 'Valentine Day,' 'Terrell Weaver,' and 'Pharaoh.' These were grafted on very large japonica stock which my step mother in South Carolina gave me from her garden. The stock was cut back heavily, root pruned to fit, and potted up into half 55-gallon drum containers. The only problem was getting them into and out of the greenhouse. I had begun to think that these 5 were the hardest, the easiest to grow, when all along, they were the only ones with adequate space for the roots to develop.

I used to throw away the grass clippings from lawn mowing operations, either over the back fence or into the garbage can. I don't anymore. My neighbor convinced me of my error. He has used his clippings for several years as mulch around his azaleas and camellias. His plants always looked greener and healthier than mine. He is convinced that there is much food value in these centipede grass clippings. I believe that there is too. I began to use the clippings as mulch last year and have not used any other fertilizer. All my azaleas and the camellias (those that survived the freezes) have never looked better. Leaves a glossy green and new growth completely satisfactory. It is a lot more trouble to use the clippings as garden mulch because it must be spread or scattered, instead of just dumped. If you do not spread it, it will generate too much heat in decomposition. I'm not sure that this heat would be dangerous to azalea roots,

which are close to the surface of the ground but I don't want to take any chances. This makes a most attractive mulch, much easier to keep free of trash than pine straw.

In my feature, "Camellia Spotlight," I have expressed my enthusiasm for various camellias. I have never gone the other route and expressed my disappointment and disillusionment with any camellias. But there are some which I have expected to be better. Or at least more interesting, exciting, and beautiful than they actually turned out to be. Since most camellia growers are like me in that they don't have space to grow all the camellias that they would like to grow, it probably would be well to mention those camellias which have so badly let me down. One which readily comes to mind is 'Lemon Honey.' This is a New Zealand introduction which is described as a lemon yellow formal. My plant does not produce blooms which are lemon yellow nor are they formals. The blooms are about as "blah" looking as those of 'Gwenneth Morey.' It may have some garden value, but not to me. Another terrible disappointment, and waste of a good name, is 'String of Pearls.' This is a non-retic hybrid from Savannah. How two such great camellias as 'Snowman' and 'Charlene' could have produced such an insignificant progeny is a mystery to me. Another mystery is how it could have occurred to anyone to register such a camellia. Please don't think I consider myself an arbiter of camellia excellence. I am just expressing my personal opinion. Others may like the very ones I don't like. We have different tastes - that's the reason the Lord made different colors.

Another important thing to do is to look at your plants every day. They seem to enjoy this, at least mine do - they give me some pretty nice blooms.

I. John Movich

Camellia Review, Vol. 29, No. 5

MOBILE, THE INTERSTATES AND ME

James H. McCoy

Fayetteville, NC

Ah, Mobile, you used to be such a gentle city. Such a beautiful city. What I would call a typical Southern city. Camellias, live oaks, and endless azalea trails. You wouldn't even let the interstates come in! Your suitors, I mean your visitors, would have to approach you with respect and dignity, first by tip-toeing along a causeway where even the water lapping at their feet would warn them to be careful. Then through the tunnel under the river. There was no wild looping of expressways, interchanges, bridges one on top of another, ramps swooping off to one side or the other. Just Government Street with its two-way traffic and its traffic lights telling you when to stop and when to go. Camellia people just kept going till they reached Dauphine Island Parkway, turned left and kept going. They eventually reached Belle Fountaine Nursery, River-view and a few others before winding up on Dauphine Island. That was the good ol' days.

I was in Mobile recently for the Gulf Coast Camellia Convention, and was invited to visit a private garden. I was given instructions on how to get there from Bayley's Restaurant. I thought I knew how to get to Bayley's Restaurant, but just to be sure, I asked a friend. He told me, "Oh, just get on 1-20 east, to the second exit. This will be 64. Take 64 east. You can't go wrong." He didn't know me! Murphy's law applies to me at all times when I'm involved with interstate highways! If something can go wrong, it will!

Like the first time we drove out to California. We came in about at San Diego. We got a motel and spent a couple of nights and a couple of days seeing the city. We planned to do the same in Los Angeles. But I got in the wrong lane at the

wrong time of day and couldn't get out. I went 30 miles past the city before I could get off the expressway, or interstate or whatever it was I was on - slam out of the county!

I was raised in the country and learned to drive a Model T on dirt roads. It sometimes seems that highway engineers make an effort to confuse people like me. I remember when we went out to Jackson, Mississippi to the ACS Convention. We couldn't get a room at the convention hotel but stayed in one about 5 miles east of the city. Saturday night after the banquet, I asked somebody how was the best way to get to my motel and I told him the address. He said, "Take such-and-such street till you get to I-80. Take I-80 east about 5 miles and you'll see it." Simple instructions, right? But listen to this. I took the street he told me and found I-80 easily. The only thing, when I got to I-80, I couldn't find any way to get on it. I saw an exit ramp for east bound traffic. I figured that the entrances to I-80 must be on the other side of the bridge. So, I went under the bridge, made a U-turn, and came back. The same thing, an exit ramp for west bound traffic, but no way to get on! Thinking that maybe I just didn't see the entrance ramp, I went back to the other side, made another U-turn and tried again. I drove very slowly as it was late at night and very little traffic. I still could not find the entrance ramp if there was one. I stopped and considered my predicament. There above me was the highway I wanted, but there was no way to get on it. I decided that I'd wait till I couldn't see any headlights coming, and go up the down ramp. That's just what I did. Went up the ramp quickly, made a sharp right turn at the top and took off east on I-80!

But to get back to my story. I followed my friend's instructions and found myself on Dauphine Island Parkway. I breathed easier. I couldn't possibly get lost now. Well, I did! I drove and drove and drove, looking for Bayley's. I couldn't find it. Finally, after I had just about left civilization behind, and maybe the state of Alabama, I saw a man mowing his lawn. I stopped and asked him if he knew how to get to Bayley's Restaurant. He told me to turn around, go about 3 miles to a blinking light, turn left, go a couple miles to another blinking light, turn right and keep going till I got to Bayley's on my right. This time I found it.

The visit to the private garden was worth every moment of anxiety and

frustration! I saw one of the loveliest views anyone can imagine from my hosts' back porch. I'm not sure that they call this the back porch. They might call it the front porch. But the green lawn stretching down the slope to the water and the trees everywhere, made you think that this must surely be one of the loveliest views in the country.

For a spot so lovely, Mobile, I can almost forgive you for letting the interstates come in. Almost, but not quite. Who would change a tunnel under the river for a highway clover-leaf! Who would change the Admiral Semmes hotel for a Ramada Inn! Who would change Melanie Wilkes for Scarlett O'Hara!

CAMELLIAS FOR BEGINNERS

Dr. T.E. Pierson

NSW, Australia

EDITOR'S NOTE: When I started editing this publication six years ago, I ran a regular feature for more than two years, covering various aspects of camellia culture for beginners. Since then, I have published very little material for beginners. The following article was prepared by Dr. Pierson, National President of the Australian Camellia Research Society. It was published in the St. George - Sutherland Newsletter in monthly installments. Though it does not go into great detail on "How to," it does address camellia culture and a good part of the camellia scene in terms that a beginner can understand and appreciate. I have changed months to correspond with Northern Hemisphere seasons which are just the reverse of those in Australia.

Like so many so called experts, I have been guilty of overlooking the fact that not everyone of our members has been involved in camellia activities for the same length of time nor to the same intensity, and it wasn't until it was commented on, towards the end of last year, that I thought to attempt this series of articles.

So, let us assume that you have been to a few shows and have a few spots that you think to fill with camellias. Firstly, look

to the soil. A hard baked clay pan, set like concrete, is **NOT** ideal for anything except tennis. So add peat, mulch, humus, blood and bone, or similar fertilizer, and a light dressing of dolomite, and thus convert the lot to a desirable friable tilth. Don't panic as to shade or sunlight either, but please, no high, hard brick or tin walls, as a backdrop. Due westerly or southwesterly aspects are not the best either, but any of these factors can be dealt with.

Now, as to varieties, when do you want them to flower, September - November? Then sasanquas are your lot, and on the whole, they don't mind the sun. December through April, look to japonicas. March and April, getting a bit pricey now as you will need retics, and that means grafts, which cost. But as you can see from the above, if you have the space and the money, you can range camellias from August through to April, and what other plants are as rewarding as that?

The colours presently occurring in camellias are white, various shades of pink and red through to a plummy red, though not all are equally widely spread throughout the various species of the genus. The same may be said of form. The basics are formal, which shows no centre other than petals tightly folded on to one another; semi-double which has two or more rows of petals and a clean and distinct central bunch of stamens; single, which has only one row of petals limited to a specific number, and stamens as in the semi-double; anemone form, which has a single row of petals as in the single but the stamens are all in the form of petaloids; and informal double*, in which the bloom is either a loose or tight mass of confused petals, petaloids and stamens.

To a more or lesser extent, the colours are all present in the earliest bloomer, *C. sasanqua* which commences to bloom September-October through to January. There are whites, some pale and some darker pinks, many whites with varying overtones of pink, some dark plummy pinkish reds and even a few true reds.

I shall start on japonicas, and here we enter the really big time. Not only have we all the forms and colours represented as in the sasanquas, but the question of size also enters into the question with the addition of miniatures and small sub-groups. Miniature is 2½ inches or less in diameter. The classification small is not used in our shows. Further, the class singles can also be subdivided, but not for show purposes, but adding a group known as Higo, in which the central stamens are flattened out into a hollow cup. This is a class much favoured in Japan.

Colour is also more diverse than in the other species, as there are many natural bi-colours both by gentle blending as in 'Waterlily' and 'Sawada's Dream,'

ribbon end or stipple as in 'Betty Sheffield Supreme' and 'Jean Clere,' colour on colour as in 'High Jinks' and 'Carter's Sunburst,' not to mention white blotching or stripping called variegation, which can occur either naturally or by virus infection on both red and pink varieties. There are even varieties claimed to have yellow in them, such as 'Brushfield's Yellow' and 'Gwenneth Morey' and I understand that Nuccio in the US has registered a yellow formal japonica. But really, the yellow is rather to my mind in the eye of the beholder.

If anything, japonicas are even more hardy than the sasanquas. They will grow and flower quite well in conditions of much deeper shade than the other species, though it is essential that the shade cover be well clear of the head of the plant. This is so, irrespective of type, either shade house or tree cover must be high. Provided the right cultivar is chosen, they will even prove to be quite sun hardy. The thing to remember is that the lighter the colour (pinks and whites particularly) then the less sun tolerant they are. The same applies to the number of petals and the complexity of the flower, so that even red formals such as 'Grand Sultan' and informal doubles such as 'Tomorrow' don't really like full baking sun, but red informal doubles like 'The Czar' and 'Great Eastern' (both Australian varieties) will grow and flower in conditions which cause sunscorch to their foliage. All of them though, will flower under shade conditions and the blooms will be of a much better quality for the extra care.

Japonicas, like people, come with many different growth habits and spreads. Some are short, dense and rather slow developers such as 'The Czar' which is about the slowest of all. Others give dense stocky plants but are a little quicker getting there, such as 'Polar Bear.' Some remain quite thick, but get there a lot faster, such as 'Blushing Beau-

ty' or 'Dr. Herzilia De Freitas Magalhaes' and the 'Aspasia' group. Some are open and rangy, but still rather slow growing. Look at the 'Elegans' clan, which can be rather slow to move off, or 'R.L. Wheeler.' Then there are 'Doris Hirst' and 'Laurie Bray' or 'Mrs. D.W. Davis,' all open growers but which go like a rocket. Most of the miniatures when established, are fairly rapid growers, but the singles, Higos particularly, are rather sluggish.

Irrespective though, they all reach a maturity after about 10 to 15 years, of around 15 feet. They then **continue** to grow, but much more slowly. I have seen very old trees of 30 to 40 feet in height and the diameter quite staggering.

Reticulatas are truly the imperials of the camellia world, the absolute, the crown jewels! I like the retics!

Reticulata camellias have been with us for over 100 years, but the two early ones, 'Captain Rawes' and 'Pagoda' ('Robert Fortune'), were not the best ambassadors for the species, though they were spectacular. It was not until the end of the second world war that the western world received any true idea of the wonders awaiting, when the first of the 'Kunming' varieties were released. These included 'Willow Wand,' 'Purple Gown,' 'Lionhead,' 'Tali Queen,' 'Shot Silk,' 'Moutancha,' 'Crimson Robe,' 'Butterfly Wings,' and two hybrid camellias that first flowered in the United States, 'Buddha' and 'Confucius.' Since then, at least thirty cultivars have been received in the west and this is only the tip of the iceberg. The reticulata has been cultivated in China for at least 1000 years. In fact, I recall reading somewhere that 'Tali Cha' (queen) is amongst the oldest plants still in continuous cultivation. In fact, 72 distinct varieties were listed in China in the eleventh century.

These camellias all share the common fault of having the most magnificent flowers on the most revolting of plants.

Unlike the japonicas and the sasanquas, which are bushes or tall shrubs, the reticulatas are trees, and given time, that is just what they will become. So their growth pattern is open and rangy, with a rather sparse leaf cover. They prefer a rather open situation, much more definitely than any of the other species. Even though they are rather late flowering, they don't like to be baked, as their heavy blooms can be rather soft and will collapse under such conditions.

My own group of registered seedlings are in the main, descended from this group, but for some unknown reason, are much earlier flowering than the Kunming varieties. In fact, the earliest of them, 'Dorrie Higgins,' flowered first on my mother's birthday, May 2nd, and almost without exception, they are in full bloom by mid June or early July. (Ed. Note: In our hemisphere, this would correspond with Nov., Dec., and Jan.) As this seed was set here in Hurstville, acclimatisation may have had something to do with it.

But to get back to the tree habit of the Kunmings, they are also less keen on root competition than the japonicas and sasanquas, and at least in the early stages, don't compete as well. As maturing trees, when they get their heads above the rest, they seem to be rather tough, and will give most things a run for the money. As to soil, like the rest of the genus, they like a fairly rich, friable soil with plenty of depth and humus. They can't stand wet feet at any time, but as they are mostly grown in grafts onto 'Kanjiro' understock, this is not quite as crucial as it might at first seem. As young plants, they must not be allowed to dry out, particularly in the growth period. Their growth is quite rampant, usually at least two growth periods each year of 9 to 12 inches each. Colours are more restricted than the rest of the genus. There is no white in the true retics. They come in

pink, pinkish red, scarlet, red, reddish purple and mottled red and white. They hybridize very readily, particularly as seed parents.

Hybridisation is by definition, a deliberate act where parents of different species are bred to produce offspring with different properties from either of the parents. Obviously, there is an attempt to enhance the properties of both the parents and to transfer them to the offspring. The objective of Williams in using the species *saluenensis* seems to have been to enhance cold hardiness into cultivars which would have the floral attributes of the japonicas, for example, but would be as tough as possible and thus able to cope with North Europe climates. This group with *saluenensis* in the parentage is generally known as Williamsii, and our own Professor Waterhouse was one of the most prolific workers in this field. His 'E.G. Waterhouse' would be deserving of registration against any competition though many other members of the group probably would have a hard time nowadays gaining recognition. Their worst fault is probably their ease of shattering, and that they quickly look stale following the discolouration of the stamens and anthers.

There are many other sources of hybrids however other than *saluenensis*, such as *lutchuensis* and *japonica* to give 'Cinnamon Cindy' or *japonica* and *irrawadiensis* to give 'Burma Baby' or *japonica* x *granthmiana* to get 'Autumn Glory.' Then there is *oleifera* x *hiemalis* (it is suspected of being a natural hybrid) to give 'Big Mo.' There are the *pitardii* seedlings of Sebire, one of which, 'Snow Drop,' is probably the most densely flowered cultivar I have ever seen in a camellia. There are clusters of blooms at every leaf axil, so that in bloom, a mature plant looks as dense as *prunus*.

The result is that hybrids, even ignor-

ing the retic group, come in almost every possible size, shape and form from 'Tiny Princess' to 'Elsie Jury' and those with *lutchuensis* are also frequently perfumed as well.

With the addition of the *reticulata* group, where a deliberate attempt has been made to modify the straggly growth and late flowering habit natural to the retics, we have the 'Girl' collection, 'Dream Girl,' 'Show Girl,' and 'Flower Girl.' Here 'Narumi-Gata' was used with 'Buddha' for the first and 'Cornelian' for the others to get much earlier flowering with the denseness of flowering of the *sasanqua*. In the retic x *japonica* cross, much more attractively furnished plants have eventuated such as 'Lasca Beauty,' 'Lila Naff,' and 'Valentine Day.' Two *reticulata* hybrids containing *saluenensis* blood are 'Leonard Messel' and 'Grand Jury.' Both of these have a double dose of the *saluenensis* blood as the pollen parent of each is a retic x *saluenensis* cross. 'Leonard Messel' has a retic type bloom and 'Grand Jury' tends more to the Williamsii.

Interesting things, hybrids, aren't they? And don't forget that when we use *chrysantha*, its progeny too will be hybrids. Maybe with the advent of *C. chrysantha* and the use of more of the *camellia* species as well as further use of *C. pitardii*, we can look forward to some fascinating things in the future.

*In the States, this group is divided into two groups, 1.) the rose form double, imbricated petals showing stamens in the center when fully open and, 2.) peony form, a deep rounded flower with many petals and petaloids and an insignificant display of stamens.

"A properly pruned camellia plant should look like a half plucked chicken." If you know the author of this "Wish I had said that" comment, let me know.

Editor

My Love Affair With Camellias

Elliott Brogden

Columbia, SC

Most of my camellia friends think I am new to this hobby. They have every right to assume this, as my blooms seldom reach the head table and my plants are nothing to rave about. Considering the time I have been involved with camellias, I should be taking my blooms to Camellia Shows in bushel baskets and my plants should be the envy of everyone. I have tried every potting mixture in existence, every fertilizer program ever devised and I have experimented with every gimmick known to Camellia culture and I am still on the bottom of the totem pole. I have now concluded that my problem stems from the facts that I am a slow learner and that all good growers have been out to hoodwink me.

My love affair with camellias started at an early age. As a youngster in Columbia, SC, I always grew flowers. Such things as nasturtiums, verbena, a dahlia or two and a few gladioli were my prize plants and I cherished them. Then in 1936, during the harshest years of the depression, I went to the South Carolina State Fair. My pocket was heavy with a 50 cent piece and I planned to ride every ride and see every girlie show that was open on kids day (admission was free). My love affair with Camellias started that day. For some unknown reason I toured the "Steel Building" immediately upon entering the fair. There were exhibits of farm produce, machinery, furniture, you name it. But the thing that caught my eye and left me spellbound was an exhibit by Fruitland Nursery of Augusta, Georgia (it's now the Augusta National Golf Course, the home of the Masters Golf Championship).

I saw several camellia plants in bloom and that started it all. I talked with the exhibit manager. He answered all of my numerous questions. I ended up spending my 50 cents for one Camellia (called Japonica) liner, variety unknown. I only looked at the fair for most of the day for my money was gone. My older sister was also at the fair and when I found her I put on the charm, gave a super sales pitch and was rewarded with another 50 cents. I then made a B-line back to the Steel Building and bought another camellia liner. But this time the exhibit manager gave me a better deal. He sold me a named variety, 'Prince Eugene Napoleon.' These two plants were the light of my life - I planted one on each side of the walk leading to the front door of our home. I watered and fertilized my prizes religiously. They both survived and grew to be nice plants by the time I left home for college.

Two years of college and Army Air Corps flying school afforded me little time to nurture my love for camellias. Oh, I came home whenever I could and almost immediately after greeting the family I always checked on my two camellias that I had planted in 1936. They had survived and grew well without my tender loving care.

I finished flying school on July 3, 1942 and left for the South Pacific the next day. My first port of call was Wellington and the next was Auckland in New Zealand. I didn't see any camellias there, but I was aghast at the flowers that seemed to grow everywhere.

In fact, I was so impressed that I

caught a local bus in both cities, with no intended destination, just to see the flowers growing and blooming in every yard. The visit to New Zealand was a beautiful experience and far too brief. Then, it was on to Australia and New Guinea where I served as a fighter pilot for 18 months in P-39's, P-40's, P-38's. During this time, survival was uppermost in my mind, not camellias.

In January 1944 my overseas tour was over. I had survived and in one piece, however, it was a small price as I weighed only 127 pounds sopping wet. I was reassigned to Thomasville Air Base in South Georgia as a fighter instructor. How lucky could a person be to get back home safely, be assigned to a Camellia town and best of all, marry my college sweetheart, Lawanda. Newly married wives love to please their husbands and they even tolerate, with pleasure, their hobbies. Lawanda even encouraged me with my love of camellias, and that must be one of the answers to our long and happy married life.

While in Thomasville, I found a camellia friend who took an interest in me. His name was Mr. Willis and I believe his nursery was called Star Nursery. He primarily grew azaleas but he had a rather extensive collection of camellias. I would visit him when I could find time and help him plant azalea liners. In return he taught me how to root, graft and take care of camellias. He was a wonderful teacher and our association was a joy.

Tick Tock Nursery was just starting and I watched them propagate camellia cuttings in raised beds. They were the first nurserymen that I can remember to put their cuttings in the sand at an angle. When a rooting bed was finished no sand could be seen, just camellia leaves that

appeared to rest on each other.

Sam Hjort's Nursery was the largest nursery in Thomasville and although they grew some fine camellias, his specialty was roses. I was a camellia nut and not really interested in roses so I didn't pester Mr. Hjort.

The one family in Thomasville that gave me so much encouragement was Mr. and Mrs. Fred Scott. They had a beautiful home with an extensive camellia collection in their large garden. Lawanda and I lived in their garage apartment and they treated us like one of their own. Mrs. Scott, Elva, was a lover of camellias and she spent many hours with me, giving advice on camellia culture and how to best use them in the landscape.

Like all good things, my tour in Thomasville ended soon after the war. The Air Base closed and Lawanda and I decided to join the "good life" and become civilians. I had the urge to start a nursery. While in Thomasville I rooted about 500 camellias and with 2,000 liners purchased from Mahan's Nursery in Monticello, Florida, we loaded up the Chevy and moved to Columbia. We didn't have any furniture and few clothes to pack but we filled every nook and cranny in the car with plants. The trip to Columbia was uneventful but to our sorrow we could not find a house with yard space and had to settle for a furnished apartment. What could we do with my beloved camellias?

Several years earlier, I had inherited a 250 acre farm about 30 miles from Columbia toward Aiken. This farm, now known as "Poverty Center Plantation" was the only option to getting my plants in the ground. Lawanda and I camped in the old cabin on the place and the two of us

cleaned the brush from about an acre of land in the swamp next to the creek. It looked like an ideal place for camellias with its tall pines and oaks, at least a foot of mellow leaf mold and a nearby stream to provide high humidity. After clearing the area of brush and small trees and the land needed plowing and leveling. This presented a problem. The caretaker owned a horse and plow and although he refused to plow it for me he did agree to lend me the horse and plow. I didn't even know how to hitch up a horse, and I had never been behind a plow. But, as the saying goes, "necessity is the mother of invention," I learned enough, very quickly, to get the job done. After the plowing was completed Lawanda and I planted by hand on our knees the 500 cuttings plus 1500 Sarah Frost and 500 Pink Perfection. It nearly killed us but we finally finished. The one thing that almost caused me to commit mayhem was that while we slaved, the caretaker sat on a stump watching us and as we finished he remarked, "If you had as many cotton plants as you have those things you're settin out, you might have sumpin.'" I believe I would have choked him but I didn't have the strength. It was only a short time until the caretaker was relieved of his job.

It didn't take me long to realize that starting a nursery was a difficult task. I had no money and no one to back me. Lawanda and I were living in a garage apartment and all my camellias were small - too small to sell. I didn't give up though. I continued to grow camellias at Poverty Center and on the roof of the garage that was attached to the apartment. I have heard of enthusiasts growing camellias in apartments, garages, condominiums, basements and screen porches but no one except me has ever tried to grow them on top of a garage. This arrangement continued for a year, until the owner advised me to either remove them

or move. We moved. Lawanda and I bought our first house. She liked the house, but really, I bought the place because it had a large lot with plenty of trees and room for my camellias.

During the year we lived in the garage apartment, I landed a job. George Baker of Atlanta asked me my hobby. I said camellias. That did it. I got the job. George was also a camellia enthusiast and he was attempting to start a camellia nursery in Atlanta for himself and his son. He was my boss but more important, he was my friend. When he came to South Carolina we always traveled together in the low country, seldom called on customers but we visited every nursery, new or old.

I remember George calling me one night soliciting \$2.00 for dues for a Camellia Society that was just being formed. The Society turned out to be the American Camellia Society. I sent him the \$2.00 and sometime later I received the 1946 American Camellia Society Yearbook - Volume I. My name was not included in the roster possibly because the publication had gone to press after my dues were sent in.

This concludes the first installation of the story of my love for camellias. In the next issue of Atlantic Coast Camellias I'm recalled to active duty in the Air Force. I have to leave my camellias at Poverty Center plantation but my love of camellias continues to follow me wherever I go.



We Took The High Road And The Low Road

Dr. Asa Barnes Fernandina Beach, FL.

We are grateful to Patterson Travel Agency of Sacramento, California, for arranging a tour of Scotland and England for a group of American Camellia enthusiasts who were going to Brighton, England to attend the International Camellia Society Congress. The tour leaders were Bill and Dorothy Stewart. Bill is a Director-at-large of the ACS. The tour started with ten wonderful days of touring the highlands and lowlands of Scotland and England prior to the Brighton Congress, and concluded with six days in London. The group was able to attend the world famous Royal Horticulture Society's flower show in Chelsea.

On April 19, a part of our group took off on Pan-Am from New York's Kennedy Airport for London. There we were joined by three others for the flight to Glasgow, Scotland. At the Albany Hotel in Glasgow, we picked up seven more camellia tourists and met our bus driver Andy, and our guide, Kensyn Crouch. He is a sometimes professional actor and a man most knowledgeable of the highways, cities, history, literature, and legends of the British Isles. The twenty-one of us enjoyed a get-better-acquainted, welcoming, and cocktail party that evening at the hotel.

We represented a cross section of camellias in the United States. There was Edith Mazzei, Bill and Dorothy Stewart, Marian and Milton Schmidt, Ken and Kay Hallstone all from California; Hank and Vi Stone and Doug Mayfield from Louisiana; Tom Perkins from Mississippi; Greg Davis, Boyd and Lorene McRee with daughter, Gay McCoy, Dr. Emil and Justine Carroll from Texas; Dot Urquhart from Virginia; Helen and I from Florida

and Maise Chettle from Australia. A more congenial and considerate group would be hard to find.

Our bus took us through the beautiful Scottish countryside where the gorse and fields of rap were in bloom and thousands of yellow daffodils seemed to grow wild. The highways were good even with everyone driving on the wrong side of the road. It took us some time before we could enjoy the fact that there were no litter or billboards along the highways. It was spring and lambing time. The sheep made a pretty picture in the green fields, outlined by rock walls and hedges.

We drove along the shores of Loch Ness, but failed to get a view of Nessie, their famed monster. After an overnight stop at Inverness, we journeyed on to Edinburg with a stop to see the Glenlivet Malt Whiskey distillery, home of one of the better Scotch whiskeys. Along with our visits to the Royal Botanical Gardens, John Knox House, Edinburg Castle and Holyrood Palace in Edinburg, we took time to satisfy the golfers in the group by having lunch at St. Andrews Golf Club Clubhouse. We saw the famous old course and were able to pick up some mementoes. Edith Mazzei purchased a putter for her son-in-law and carried it with her on the trip. We ended our Edinburg stay with a Jacobean feast at Dalhousie Court with wine and Scottish entertainment. We couldn't imagine how they managed to eat with only a dagger shaped knife. I used my fingers!

Heading south, we found we were in a good place to purchase Scottish woolens; caps, sweaters, skirts, suits or just material to take home. We visited one of the woolen mills to watch the looms turn out their beautiful Scottish plaids.

With some tea-stops and overnights, we journeyed on through the Lake District, and the wonderful world of Beatrix Potter, who wrote those childrens' books we can never forget. Who could forget "Peter Rabbit squeezed under Mr. McGregor's garden gate and went hipity-hop down the garden path!"

Journeying on, we saw Carlisle, the old city of Chester and on to Stratford on Avon. Here we had dinner and saw Shakespeare's play "Merry Wives of Windsor" done in modern settings and costumes at the Memorial Theater. We visited Shakespeare's home and Ann Hathaway's cottage and garden. Across the road from the cottage was a tea garden with a gazebo. Here we had a celebration of my wife Helen's 39th plus birthday with a one candle cake and tea.

We visited Coventry with its cathedral and its statue of Lady Godiva. Next was Warwick Castle and Blenheim Palace, the birthplace of Winston Churchill. We also visited the little churchyard with the tombs of the Churchills. We visited Oxford with its colleges over 400 years old and on to Brighton and our residence at the Old Ship Hotel for the ICS Congress.

Here we found another sixteen American Camellia growers, including Annabelle and Lou Fetterman, Ann and Milton Brown, Jean and Frank Pursel and a number of others, for a total registration of 36 ACS members. We were second in number to Australia who registered 52. New Zealand was third with 33 followed by France, United Kingdom, Japan, Italy, Spain and South Africa for a total of 170.

That evening the congress started with a reception at the Royal Pavillion where we met His Worship, The Mayor of Brighton and the chairwoman of the congress, Cecily Perring. On Friday, four bus loads, taking a "packed lunch," visited Leonardslee and Haselands, two beautiful gardens. After dinner in the

evening, we had a slide show and talk about Sheffield Park by Mr. Archie Skinner of the British National Trust Gardens. The following day we visited Sheffield Park to be guided by Mr. Skinner.

Saturday and Sunday mornings were given to lectures with such papers as, "The Development of Twentieth Century Garden Plans with Changing Techniques" by John Brooks, "The Yellow Camellia" by our own Milton Brown and "Distribution of Wild Camellia Japonica in Japan and South Korea by Dr. Shunpei Uemoto. The garden tours were very interesting. The rhododendrons and azaleas were in full bloom. The camellias were mostly past their peaks but had some beautiful flowers. I considered 'Donation' to be the outstanding camellia.

The well organized conference disbanded on Tuesday with those booked for the ICS post congress tour boarding their coaches. Our tour group assembled with our bus driver, Andy, and guide, Ken-syn, and started back in the direction of London. On our way we visited the gardens of David Trehane and Dr. James Smart. David Trehane and his little wife, Joan, proved to be perfect hosts. They showed us their outstanding camellias, including an outstanding one named 'Joan Trehane' for David's wife. After a conducted tour around the property, with a detailed history, we wound up our visit with a typical Cornish lunch with meat pies, pear cider and a delicious country cake.

At Dr. James Smart's home, we had a "creamed tea," served by local ladies. After touring his 20 acre garden, admiring his beautiful camellias, we were served cocktails in his living room.

The next day, after an extensive ride, we arrived at the Sheraton Tower Hotel in London. This was our base for the last several days of our visit.

We saw the usual tourist attractions

including Buckingham Palace for the changing of the guard, Picadilly Circus, Trafalgar Square, London Bridge, Westminster Abbey, Whitehall and the House of Parliament to name a few. Our hotel was only two blocks from Harrods, the big department store patronized by the royal family. This made it convenient for the ladies of the group, in spite of the large crowds. We found large crowds everywhere in London; lots of visitors in England.

Our final delight was the Royal Horticulture's famous Chelsea flower show. There were many thousands of pot plants, trees, bushes, cut flowers and vegetables. Tall flowering and foliage trees had been brought to the show, set out with shrubs in full flower. All looking as though grown there. Cottage garden flowers, orchids, roses, carnations and

pinks, gerberas, and bulbs of all types. Jim Smart's camellia 'Pink Jade' won an award of merit. The show caught the essence of the famous English gardens in all their richness and endless variety. Truly the English love their gardens.

We had an uneventful flight home bringing many happy memories but glad to be home to see how our own camellias were doing.

Bill and Dorothy Stewart, together with Patterson Travel Agency, are in the process of organizing a tour of New Zealand and Australia to coincide with the 1986 ICS Congress at Sydney, Australia. We are just waiting for details. We know it will be an even more wonderful trip. We are putting our pennys in our piggy bank. Better make your plans to go with us.

No Camellias, So We Show Atlanta

Buddy Cawthon

Atlanta, GA

What do you do with a visitor from New Zealand who has come to Atlanta to see your show. A visitor who rolled out the Kiwi carpet for you when you visited him. What do you do, that is, when your show has been cancelled!

One mall told us, "No shows that don't last all week." We moved on to another one. The young man in charge of this one gave us all the rules and regulations and told us, "Check back with me after Christmas." We did. Right after Christmas, and found out that the young man had been transferred to Houston and that he had not put our show on the mall calendar. This was the second week in January and our show was scheduled for the third week end in February! Out goes a letter. "Sorry folks, no show this year in Atlanta. See you next year." It was not the wicked weather but the wiles of man.

Now, what do you do about this visitor from New Zealand? Well, the first thing you do is to call his host for the prior period and see when your visitor is being dispatched to Atlanta? Turns out, you're not as interested in when he's being sent as you are in when he's arriving. Seven A.M. on a Saturday morning, and taking a plane back to the west coast at ten A.M. the following day, Sunday. Twenty-seven hours!

The next thing you do, you con your roommate into getting up **early** on Saturday morning and fixing a "company" breakfast while you go to the bus station and pick up your arrival from Valdosta. It's only been three years since you saw him last. Surely, there'll be no problem recognizing him! Thankfully, there were not many travelers who had that wonderful Kiwi early morning glow. I hadn't had time to look at myself in the mirror.

Heaven only knows what kind of a glow I had!

Back to the house and the ready cooked breakfast. A bit of chit-chat and then down the hill to the House of Green to see the blooms that would have been in the Atlanta show.

Fortunately, the writer has a cousin in the graduate school at Emory University. The three of us journeyed there for a guided tour of the campus. Much was said about the generosity of a Coca-Cola magnate to this university. We visited the new gymnasium, a Portman creation; the Cannon Chapel, a tad contemporary for such a traditional campus; but the visitor seemed impressed.

It was a brisk, clear day. It seemed right for a visit to Atlanta's Stone Mountain, the largest out-cropping of granite on this continent. Winter-time schedules prevailed and no cable car operation to the top for viewing.

Since we were showing him our "little" attractions compared to the "big" ones "down under," we were off to Atlanta's new botanical garden. He was most noble in that he said he understood the "master plan" and could see the possibilities. Since we had kept him moving at a brisk pace, he was more than willing to return to our home and sit down and put his feet up. A chance to re-charge batteries!

The three of us all showered and spruced up and took off for the home of Ann and Boynton Cole for a visit over cocktails. At this point, Ann, John

Newsome and I were all trying to convince Boynton to **DO IT!** Go to New Zealand! I think that we accomplished much, as they took the trip.

From here, we took our visitor out for a quiet dinner. Frequently, when we have visitors in town, we feel that no visit is really complete without a trip to the top of the Westin Peachtree Plaza Hotel, which has a revolving restaurant and cocktail lounge. Over dinner drinks, we gave him the forty-five minute rotation tour of the city by night, with the help of many twinkling lights, as seen from 72 stories up!

Home to bed a bit after midnight. This is a little later than if we had put on a camellia show. There was a little difference in the "tiredness" too. We had enjoyed showing off our city much more than we thought we would. We recalled the marvelous hospitality shown us on our visit to Auckland, N.Z.

Early up and another nice breakfast. There's nothing like a good resident chef! Load up and head for the airport to dispatch Neville Hayden back to California. He had been state-side a few years ago and had encountered some nasty weather. So, this trip, he made all his plans for later in the camellia season. He only encountered four cancelled camellia shows.

So, if you ever have a camellia show cancelled and you have a visitor from New Zealand or some other far country who has come to see your show, don't panic! Just grab him and hit the road! You might enjoy it yourself!



There is a splendid kind of justice in the camellia's performance — it rarely permits us to reap where we have not sown. In short, learn how your camellia was meant to grow in nature, try to give it those conditions as nearly as you can. Then, sit back and enjoy your plants, for you cannot grow camellias — they grow by themselves.

Mrs. W.A. Miller, Jr.

Camellian, November 1956

THE EFFECT OF BENOMYL ON A STRAIN OF *GLOMERELLA* CINGULATA THAT CAUSES CAMELLIA DIEBACK

Luther W. Baxter, Jr. and Susan G. Fagin

It is well accepted by experienced camellia grafters in the southeastern United States that during camellia grafting benomyl (Benlate) affords protection against contagious graft failure caused by the fungal pathogen, *Glomerella cingulata* (Smith, E. Huly. 1983. Using Benlate. *Camellia Journal* 38(1):12-13). This work was done to find out if benomyl kills the *G. cingulata* conidia or if it only inhibits their germination. If there is only inhibition then the benomyl must maintain its effectiveness until either the conidia die or until the wounded camellia tissues heal.

The procedure involved soaking freshly harvested, newly-formed conidia in varying concentrations of benomyl (300, 600, and 1200 parts per million, active ingredient) for varying time (0, 30, 60, 120, 240, 480, and 1440 minutes). Two hundred milliliters of a conidial suspension of *G. cingulata* was standardized at a Klett reading of 100. Actually this is a light transmission mechanism which allows rapid standardization of conidia from one test to another. Then the contents (200 milliliters) were poured into 800 milliliters of a benomyl suspension. After mixing, the concentration of the active benomyl was either 300 (0.6 grams/liter), 600 (1.2 grams/liter), or 1200 (2.4 grams/liter) parts per million, active ingredient (ppmai). A benomyl concentration of 300 ppmai is equivalent to $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon of Benlate (50% benomyl) per gallon of water, the current recommended rate of benomyl use. Benomyl is sold by du Pont under the trade name of Benlate, usually as a 50% wettable powder (wp).

After the soaking period, 1 milliliter (ml) of the conidial-benomyl suspension (in sterile tap water) was added to 999 ml of sterile tap water. This diluted the benomyl from 300 ppmai to 0.30 ppmai. Then 1 ml of this dilution was added to each of the 10 culture dishes poured with carrot juice agar (CJA). The culture dishes (with the *G. cingulata* conidia) were incubated at 21 C under fluorescent light for 7 days and then the data were collected.

The benomyl concentration of 600 and 1200 ppmai were diluted the same way, making the final dilution either 0.60 ppmai or 1.2 ppmai before plating onto CJA which further diluted the benomyl. There was approximately 30 ml of CJA in each Petri dish.

The conidial concentration was diluted from 100 K units to 20 K units (800 ml benomyl + 200 ml conidia at 100 K) and finally to 0.02 K units (1 ml to 999 ml sterile water just before adding 1 ml of this dilution to each of 10 culture dishes of CJA). Each test was repeated and each test involved 10 Petri dishes at each concentration at each time exposure.

Exposure of *G. cingulata* conidia to benomyl at 300 ppmai for even 1440 minutes (24 hr) did not kill them (Table 1). However, when *G. cingulata* conidia were exposed to benomyl at 600 ppmai for 120 minutes or longer, the number of viable conidia was greatly reduced (Table 1). When *G. cingulata* conidia were exposed to benomyl at 1200 ppmai for 60 minutes or longer the number of viable conidia was also greatly reduced (Table 1).

Fig. 1 shows three exposure periods (0, 30, and 60 minutes) of *G. cingulata* conidia to benomyl at 300 ppmai.

Fig. 2 shows CJA amended with

benomyl at 300 ppm and CJA without benomyl. After 15 days (Fig. 2) there is still no growth of *G. cingulata* on the benomyl amended media while the fungus grew entirely across the plate within 5 to 6 days on the nonamended

CJA.

Benomyl is a very good fungistat (suppressant of conidia of *G. cingulata*) but is a fairly weak fungicide (killer of conidia of *G. cingulata*).

Table 1. The survival of *Glomerella cingulata* conidia when soaked in benomyl at varying concentrations for varying time.

Benomyl concentration (ppm*)		Time conidia soaked in benomyl (minutes)					
	0	30	60	120	240	480	1440
300**	20/20	20/20	20/20	20/20	20/20	20/20	20/20
600	20/20	20/20	20/20	20/20 ^a	20/20 ^a	20/20 ^a	1/20 ^a
1200	20/20	20/20	20/20 ^a	20/20 ^a	20/20 ^a	7/20 ^a	0/20

^a sharp reduction in number of colonies

* parts per million, active ingredient

** the recommended rate (½ tablespoon per gallon)

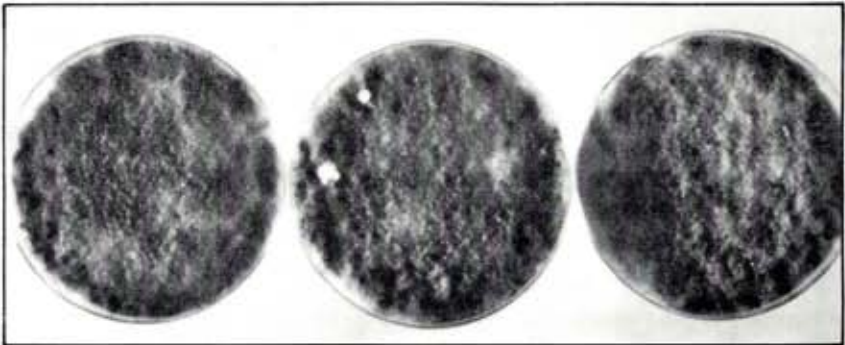


Fig. 1. *Glomerella cingulata* growth after 7 days on CJA after soaking in a benomyl concentration of 300 parts per million, active ingredient for 0, 30, and 60 minutes.

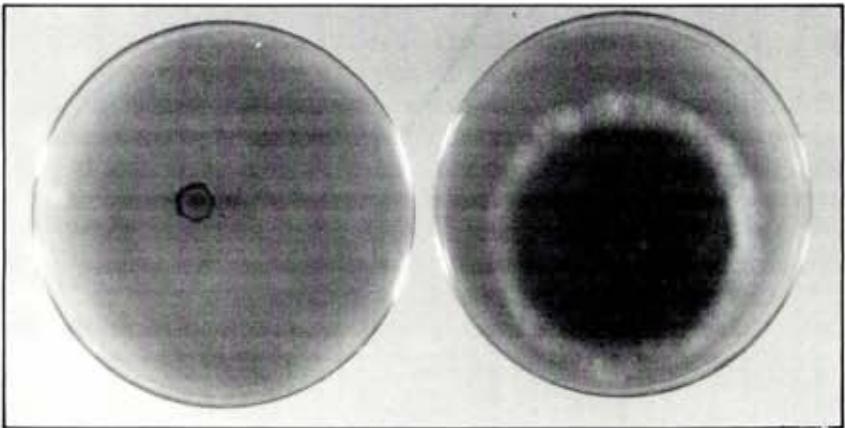


Fig. 2. CJA amended with benomyl (300 ppm) and seeded with *G. cingulata* (on left) compared with nonamended CJA supporting growth of *G. cingulata* after 4 days at 21 C (on right).

Don't Give Up - I Won't

Lester Allen

Greensboro, NC

Camellias are reputed to be the most beautiful evergreen flowering shrubs in all the world. Where else can one find very nice evergreens with large glossy leaves and those magnificent large blooms that come in such a wide range of colors from snow white through those delicate tints to the pleasing shades of pink and the most satisfying assortments of red, rose, and orange tint. Don't forget the ones that bloom variegated, white and red, white and pink, and those that are spotted with large white blotches on a background of vivid red, or pink. Quite frankly, there is nothing else that comes close.

When the Men's Piedmont Camellia Club was first organized, it was realized that the Piedmont area of North Carolina was near the northern limits that camellias could be grown out of doors successfully. However, over the years since 1958, camellias have performed out of doors very nicely for many years. My own plants which numbered 13, have been planted since 1957 and have come through some very severe winters with little or no damage, and blooming most winters and often in the fall as well.

On Christmas morning 1983, after a very mild fall with only a little frost and barely freezing temperatures, the thermometer dropped suddenly to one above zero. Then in 1984, we had a repeat of a mild December which carried over into January 1985. There was hardly any freezing temperatures to force camellias into a dormant state. Suddenly, the temperature dropped to the lowest point on record, 8 degrees below zero.

Camellias are fairly hardy shrubs that are native to the orient where they have survived for ages untold. There, the weather is quite severe and it is now recognized that camellias are more har-

dy than once believed. However, it was proved this year that a very sudden drastic drop in temperature after much mild, or warm weather will damage or kill some varieties of camellias.

Out of my thirteen varieties, two look as though they will survive. Several seedlings, un-named, were planted along my garden border and there was one that has shown no damage, even to the leaves. All the others were killed back to the ground, but recent examination shows every one has put forth green buds just above the ground. These seedlings were from the hardiest plant I had that set seed.

I have watched in vain, so far, for a bud to appear on any of my 13 varieties which would give me hope for some chance of survival.

Where do we go from here? Two people have told me they are through with camellias. Well, I disagree with them. For 27 years those camellias have been enjoyed by my family and neighbors and friends. There has been much pleasure seeing those plants bloom year after year. I know of no other plants that would give me 27 years of magnificent blooms for a very modest expenditure. If my 13 varieties do not survive, I will plant again, not necessarily the same varieties, but any improved variety I want to try. Many new varieties have been brought out in the last thirty years. Some need to be tried outdoors to prove whether they are hardy. I will give some a chance to prove their hardiness, especially some of superior types. I feel sure some of them will not let me down, but if they do, then others will get a chance to take their place.

To quit growing camellias in this exciting age when so many superior

varieties have just been brought out is unthinkable. Then too, remember the first yellow camellia has recently been imported in America. We are waiting to see the first yellow camellia bloom, and there

is much striving among hybridizers to bring out a beautiful yellow bloom that will match some of the older varieties in shape and size.

No One Is More Dedicated Than A Camellia Fancier

by Gus Travis

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following article was written more than 12 years ago and published in the Charlotte Observer. It was sent to me by Fred Hahn. I am bending my rule about no reprints, because the article especially appealed to me and besides, not having been published in a "camellia" publication, probably has not been read by many of you.

There's one breed of humans completely immune to the vicissitudes of this turbulent world. They are the camellia growers, and all they're interested in is developing a new variety.

I never saw such a dedicated bunch of men as those I encountered at the recent Men's Camellia Club show at Southpark. This spectacular show had entries from all over the Southeast and other areas as far away as Mississippi.

Around among the exotic blooms darted many guys I know, some of them almost foaming at the mouth over some prize winning exhibit. I saw doctors, lawyers, businessmen, politicians and sundry big shots who couldn't care less about what has been happening in Vietnam, as long as they had some camellias to concentrate on.

I spotted Graem Yates, past president of the club, and managed to pull his nose out of a fantastic looking camellia.

"Graem," I said, "what the heck is going on here? Looks like I've stumbled into a bunch of wild men."

"These displays are enough to set anybody wild," he said. "Do you know anything about camellias?"

When I confessed by ignorance, he seemed overjoyed at the chance to get a new camellia convert. He led me to a

nearby bench and gave me a lecture on camellias that would have made any botany professor sit up and take notice.

"The camellia originally came from Japan," he pointed out.

"So did my dishwasher and radio," I replied. "Looks like everything comes from Japan."

He was so engrossed in his subject he ignored me and continued, "At first camellias were either red or white. They were called Japanese roses. But years ago camellia fanciers learned how to grow cross-breeds. Now every grower is trying to produce a new variety that will take first prize somewhere. You can see the results in this show."

He paused to get his breath, then went on, "In the exhibits here you'll see Miss Charleston and --"

"Now you're getting down my alley," I said. "You've also got a beauty show on?"

"Miss Charleston," he snapped, "is the name of a camellia. Then you'll see the Francie L. Carter's Sunburst, Mary Alice Cox, Debutantes, Gladys Pinkerton, and over on that table to your left is a display of Rebel Yells, which look just like a peppermint cake."

I looked where he pointed and exclaimed, "I'll say they look like peppermint cakes! There're four kids trying to eat them!"

Graem was horrified.

"Call the security guards!" he

Continued on Back Page

SOUTH CAROLINA CAMELLIA SOCIETY, INC.

James H. McCoy
3531 Scottywood Dr.
Fayetteville, NC 28303
Editor

BULK RATE
U. S. Postage
PAID
Fayetteville, NC
Permit No. 282

shouted. "They're eating the prize winners!"

One of the men called the guards and in no time they skidded up and shoved the kids away from the Rebel Yells. One of the guards, I later learned, was Herbert Davenport, and the other was Tim Osborne.

Having done their job, they started to leave when Graem yelled, "Come back! They're now at another table nibbling on Carter's Sunburst!"

The guards ran back, shooed the kids away from the Carter's Sunburst's, then they noticed a silver-haired woman pinning a prize winning Gladys Pinkerton on her jacket lapel.

I guess you would have called this shoplifting, but the guards were satisfied

to retrieve the Gladys Pinkerton and let the poor woman go.

By that time, the members of the Camellia Club were guarding their own entries and shoving the kids away by the dozens. And I can't blame the kids. Nearly every one of the camellias looked good enough to eat.

Well, it was a lot of excitement. In addition to Graem, I saw Terry Tarrant, Dr. Olin Owen, Banks McClintock, who is now president of the men's club, Marret Wheeler, Fred Hahn, Willie Royal and Harry Watson - all in a high state of excitement.

I'm a little dubious about the name of Fred Hahn. That may be the name of a new camellia variety.

M/M Geary M. Serpas
104 Tyvola Drive
Summerville, S. C. 29483