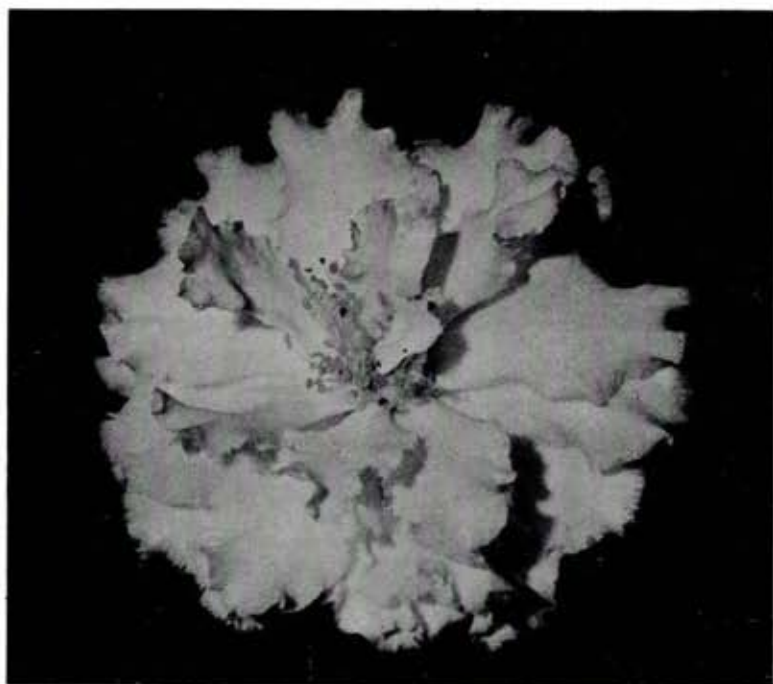


Atlantic Coast Camellias

JOURNAL OF THE ATLANTIC COAST CAMELLIA SOCIETY



FEATHERY TOUCH

Photo by
Jim Darden

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COVER GRAPHIC

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FEATHERY TOUCH is a very fine japonica Camellia which produces ruffled white blooms. It is a sport of FRIZZLE WHITE. The blooms are medium in size, and have a hint of blush pink in the center. FEATHERY TOUCH was introduced by C. R. Butler in Mobile, Alabama, in 1971.

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Tribute to Fred Becton Mayo, Jr.

by Donna W. Shepherd
Charleston, S.C.

It is hard to lose a friend. It is a blow right to the heart. Fred Becton Mayo, Jr. reached the end of his journey on June 5th, 1990, leaving a void in the lives of his loved ones and friends whom he left behind, especially his camellia friends.

Fred's interest in camellias began in 1945 when he returned to Fayetteville from military service after World War II, Louise's sister gave him a camellia plant for his yard. He nurtured the plant and it rewarded him with a gorgeous bloom of "Flame". The Garden Club of Fayetteville was having a camellia show at that time, and he had a friend take the bloom to the show. When he went to the show that afternoon, "Flame" had been judged Best-In-Show and was proudly presiding over the Head Table. (This was the first of many Best-In-Show awards won by the Mayos). He was so pleased that he immediately bought more plants and prepared a place for them across the back of his yard. Later that year he was one of a group of eight people who met at the Library and who formed the Fayetteville Camellia Society. He supported the North Carolina Camellia Society and the Gulf Coast Camellia Society. Fred was a charter member of the Atlantic Coast Camellia Society and enjoyed attending their annual meetings at Myrtle Beach. From the inception of the American Camellia Society he wholeheartedly supported the society and enjoyed the friendship of the originators of our American Camellia Society. His interest and enthusiasm in camellias and camellia

people continued to grow. He attended the first ACS meeting which was held in Macon, Georgia. Back then it was the habit of people interested in camellias to drive on Sunday out to Mr. J. Stewart Howard's Laurel Lake Gardens & Nursery in Salemburg, North Carolina, to see what he might have new in the way of camellias. Fred met and made many camellia friends out there (including Joe and Mabel Austin, Lew and



Fred and his needlepoint.
(photo by Annabelle Fetterman)



Fred at Louise Mayo at a Camellia gathering.

(photo by Shepherd)

Annabelle Fetterman and many others). Fred's love for camellias never ended. He was a director of ACS for many years. Those who were Novice Judges and lucky enough to be assigned to Fred's judging team learned a lot. Fred's knowledge of camellias and his ability to bring out the best in people made him an apt instructor. He always took time to point out the quality of the bloom and the reasons why that bloom won a blue ribbon over competitive blooms.

In later years when Fred was no longer able to participate in shows, he grew camellias out on his balcony at Heritage Place, and also planted camellias on the grounds of this residential home.

Fred was a Southern gentleman — courteous, attentive, caring, dignified and always impeccably dressed. He had a quiet sense of humor and was a delight to be around.

Even after 55 years of marriage, Louise was still his bride, his queen. He adored her and tenderly looked to her comforts and pleasure. Their marriage is an inspiration and a joy to those who know them. Their marriage is an example of what love is all about.

They spent many happy hours together, each working on a piece of needlepoint either for a friend or for

themselves. Each has a favorite chair in the living room. It is upholstered front, back, seat and completely covered in lovely needlepoint fashioned by the Mayos. Fred made needlepoint chair seats, wall hangings, bell pulls, pillow covers, stair treads and Christmas stockings. He made Louise several lovely handbags. Each piece is as neatly finished on the underside as on the front — a masterpiece of needle work.

Fred never waived in his faith nor his beliefs. In this oftentimes confusing and bewildering world, he kept his principles and his priorities with a high and splendid courage in doing what was right. Fred loved the Lord and showed it in the manner in which he lived. He and Louise began each day with a quiet devotional time together. He read familiar and most loved passages from the Bible and she would offer a prayer of thanksgiving for His care and blessings, and guidance.

Fred lived by Micah's words, "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God".

Heaven's gain is certainly our loss. How blessed we are to have known Fred Becton Mayo, Jr. and to also have the assurance that Christians never have to say good-bye for the last time.

The South Carolina

MARKET BULLETIN

New Melon Queen Handles Many Jobs

By Henry W. Smith

When it comes to watermelons, Pam Mizzell is equally at home working in her father's melon fields or helping to promote the summertime treat at a local retail sales outlet.

The five-seven, hazel eyed, ashe blonde haired 20-year-old is a rising junior at Winthrop College and the 1990 South Carolina Watermelon Queen, sponsored by the South Carolina Watermelon Association.

"I know how hard South Carolina watermelon growers work," she said. "My father (Oliver Mizzell) has been growing them commercially for at least the past eight years and even before that we had a watermelon patch."

One of her first memories of watermelons focused on a 110-pound melon grown by her dad which she took great pride in displaying.

Today in the Ellore area, the Mizzell family produces about 30 acres of melons along with some cotton, soybeans, corn and maintains herd of beef cattle. Mr. Mizzell conducts some test plots for area seed companies.

An only child, Pam Mizzell was both her dad's "little boy and little girl" while growing up. "I like to think of myself as his little farmer," she said with a touch of deep pride.



**Pam Mizzell
S.C. Watermelon Queen**

"He got me started early driving tractors and when I got older, making melon deliveries to local grocery stores," she said. "I developed an early fan club in these stores as they saw me with my hair in pig tails, wearing a tee shirt and real grimy. They picked on me a lot then and I know they will even more when the queen shows up in her grimy work clothes to deliver watermelons between promotions.

Not only is Pam enthused about her upcoming promotional role, she is excited about her father's watermelon crop. "Our own crop is looking great," she

said "There were some finger sized melons the last of May and we hope to begin harvesting in late June."

"I look forward to serving as the South Carolina Watermelon Queen this year. I enjoy traveling and talking with people of all ages from kindergarten kids to our senior citizens. It's also great to have the support of my community. I went to a local restaurant the other evening and the band played 'Watermelon Man' in my honor."

As a spokesperson for the watermelon industry, Pam Mizzell is well versed in all facets of the industry. "I know how hard they work," she declared of watermelon growers, "and I want to help them. I've helped my own family's watermelon business for the past eight years and now I want to help growers all over South Carolina."

April and May were break-in months for Pam in her role as

watermelon queen, but a busy schedule awaits her in June, July, and early August.

For example, she will do in-store promotions in several locations, be on hand at the June 16 Summer Celebration at the Columbia State Farmers Market, go to Washington June 19 for National Watermelon Feast Day, attend the June 22-24 Hampton County Watermelon Festival and later be on hand for festivals and market openings at Jefferson, the Pee Dee State Farmers Market near Florence, the Blackville Farmers Market, and the Pageland Watermelon Festival.

"That's all a part of being the watermelon queen," she said of her upcoming schedule. "Besides, watermelon is a fun fruit to promote. You associate watermelons with picnics and other goodtime events. It brings a smile to your face and it's a delicious, nutritious fruit to eat."



Annabelle Fetterman presents a silver service from the Fayetteville Camellia Club to Ann Brown at the Annabelle Lundy Fetterman Museum at Massee Lane.

(photo by Shepherd)

OCTOBER IN THE CAMELLIA PATCH

by Ray Bond, President
Triangle Camellia Society
Raleigh, N. C.

October is a month of waiting and enjoying the early blooming camellias, particularly the sasanquas. If you have gibbed any japonicas, they will be coming into bloom soon, if they have not already.

Always prune away any dead wood on your plants. Fall is a good time to prune, anyway. Open your plants up so air can get into them and the breezes can blow through. This retards any mold, mildew or fungus that may be looking for a quiet place to hide.

If you have not already, feed your plants. As suggested earlier, cotton seed meal is one of the best camellia fertilizers, ever. Sprinkle it under the drip line of the plant and don't worry, CSM has yet to burn a camellia plant!

Continue to disbud as recommended in the September "Patch."

If you like to plant camellia seeds, now is the time to gather them. By the time you get this, probably most of them will have fallen from the plants. However, you can speed the germination by sprouting them indoors.

First, put your seeds in a container of water for about thirty minutes. If any of them float, throw them away, they will not germinate. Those that sink will probably germinate.

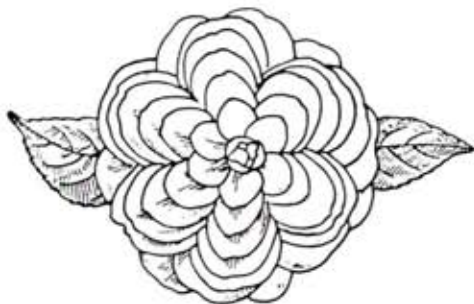
Put the seeds in a moist, not wet, mixture of perlite and peatmoss (no

particular ratio) in a plastic bag and seal it up. Place the bag in a warm place with a fair amount of light. The top of the refrigerator is a good spot for them. Be sure the bag is spread out so that you have a single layer of seeds (make the whole thing about one inch thick, plus a little).

In about a month, more or less, you will see tap roots begin to emerge. A little after that, the green tops will begin to break from the seed pod. If you want to plant them in pots, when the tap roots are a little more than an inch long, nip them off so they will form feeder roots. If you want to plant it in the ground, do not cut the tap root.

Next, place the seed in a pot with the top of the seed, the green sprout part, with the green sprout just above the surface of the soil. For those to be planted in the ground, leave them in a pot for a while, until the root gets to the bottom and then plant them outside where you want them.

Nature can grow them for you, but they must be delayed by the cold winter. Doing it inside will give you a larger plant, faster and you are more sure of getting a plant. Squirrels and voles love camellia seeds for winter dinner.



The following article was written by Jim Darden, Chairman of the Horticulture Technology Department at Sampson Community College in Clinton, N.C., and editor of the journal of the Atlantic Coast Camellia Society, ATLANTIC COAST CAMELLIAS. The article was written at the request of the INTERNATIONAL CAMELLIA SOCIETY JOURNAL and will be published later this year in that journal. It describes the plight of members of the Atlantic Coast Camellia Society who lived through the experience of Hurricane Hugo.

Hurricane Hugo — Atlantic Coast Camellia Growers Endure The Storm

**by Jim Darden, Chairman
Dept. of Horticulture Technology
Sampson Community College
Clinton, North Carolina**

During the middle of September, 1989, all of us along the southeastern portion of the Atlantic Coast began to hear news broadcasts about a hurricane which had been spawned somewhere in the Atlantic near the west coast of Africa. The storm soon became a tropical depression, and when maximum winds reached seventy-five miles per hour it was given the name HUGO. It was headed toward the Caribbean and gaining strength every day, but was still of little concern to us this far north. We had heard such reports many times before, but rarely are we directly affected by such storms. We listened to the newscasts with interest, but had no idea that the storm would ever turn toward us.

Day by day the storm gained intensity, wreaking havoc across the sunny tropical islands far to our south, but still of little concern to us in the Carolinas. As the days wore on, the storm became more ferocious, going from a "Category 1" storm, the weakest classification, to "Category 3." Then it took an ominous turn toward the northwest, and for the first time many of us realized there was a remote possibility that this hurricane might actually come our way.

The coverage of the storm by the weather service was superb, and the satellite transmissions showed that the track of the storm was clearly heading

for a landfall somewhere along the Atlantic Coast. It could turn northward and remain at sea, or it could come ashore anywhere between Florida and Virginia.

By the 20th of September the storm had devastated several islands in the Caribbean, killed dozens of people, and made hundreds of thousands homeless. We all began to respect Hugo as it was upgraded to "Category 4," with winds well in excess of 100 miles per hour. It was just a few hundred miles from our coast, now north of the islands, and it became apparent that it would strike a coastal area somewhere in the Carolinas. Wherever it decided to smash ashore, some of our friends in the Atlantic Coast Camellia Society were sure to be affected.

Bill and Donna Shepherd live in the city of Charleston proper, a couple of miles inland from the famous historic district downtown. They live near Montague Avenue and just across the street from a large park covered with hundreds of ancient pine trees.

Bill and Donna didn't take any precautions as they watched the progress of the storm on television for several days as it swept across Haiti and several other Caribbean islands. No one knew exactly where Hugo would hit, and everyone in the Charleston area had ridden out storms many times before, so there seemed

to be little need to take extraordinary precautions as the storm roared from island to island hundreds of miles to the south. As the storm loomed closer and closer, however, Bill and Donna became more concerned.

Pete and Mildred Lambrakus live in Mount Pleasant, just across the Cooper River from downtown Charleston and about a half a mile from the water. They, too, had been listening to the reports on television as the storm neared the coast. For three days the storm had been getting stronger and closer. Then, suddenly, the authorities were advising everyone to leave. Even so, the Lambrakus' were still not overly alarmed. After all, they had been through several hurricanes, riding our Hazel and Gracie among others.

Parker and Amy Connor had left their beautiful plantation home on Edisto Island, about thirty miles south of Charleston, and were about 80 miles inland at Lake Santee where they were participating in a seniors golf tournament. It was a two day affair, and they had completed one day of play when the news reports indicated that Hugo would probably strike the South Carolina coast near Beaufort, just a few miles south of Edisto.

Parker and Amy became justifiably concerned, so they headed back home to prepare for the impending storm. They spent a full day boarding up windows, nailing shutters closed, and securing tin on the roofs of out buildings. Their magnificent home sits on a low bluff on the Edisto River which looks across the water at the back side of the barrier islands and is almost within sight of the ocean. It is just a few feet above sea level, and the reports of a possible storm surge gave good reason for alarm. Having secured their home as best they could, Parker and Amy left the island and went back to Santee, figuring that it would be safer to ride out the storm inland.

During mid-September Geary Serpas left his home in Summerville,

South Carolina, for a nine-day backpacking trip in New Hampshire. An avid outdoorsman, jogger, and hiker, Geary would attempt to climb Mt. Washington, the highest mountain in eastern North America as the culmination of his trip. He had looked forward to the trip for some time, and once his team hit the trail they had little contact with events back home in South Carolina.

Geary called home to check in with his wife, Bonnie, on Tuesday, September 20. He was happy and excited to tell her that he and his group had scaled the mountain successfully. Her news for him was that a Category 5 hurricane was bearing down on the coast and would probably make landfall near their home the next day. Even though Summerville is twenty miles inland, Geary knew how dangerous the situation could become. He left immediately for home on the long drive down I-95.

By 1:00 on the afternoon of Wednesday, September 21, all of the weather reports made it apparent that the storm would come ashore in the vicinity of Charleston. That was enough for Bill and Donna. They packed a few belongings and got into their car. It was time to leave the city.

Bill and Donna had ridden out numerous storms in the decades they have lived in Charleston. Not this one. The reports were too scary. This storm sounded too dangerous. It was time to go to higher ground, so the Shepherds decided to drive inland.

The Shepherds did not get far before they realized that they were not the only ones heeding the warnings of the Weather Bureau. Interstate 26 headed west out of Charleston was choked with traffic fleeing the storm. It took Bill 2½ hours to drive the fifteen miles to Summerville, and over six hours to reach their destination in Augusta, Georgia. There they checked into a Holiday Inn to ride out the storm.



ABOVE: Bill and Donna Shepherd's home in Charleston as it was before Hugo — tall pines and large shrubs everywhere. BELOW: After Hugo, the lot has been virtually swept clean of pines and shade.

(photos by Shepherd)



By 5:00 in the afternoon the Weather Service indicated that the storm would probably score a direct hit on downtown Charleston. Even so, Pete and Mildred Lambrakus decided to remain with their home. Many of their friends also decided to remain in Mt. Pleasant, decisions most would soon regret.

The National Weather Service and local meteorologists did an excellent job of informing the public of the impending danger. At the first warnings of imminent danger the public did have time to evacuate. As the storm drew closer, however, leaving became more difficult. Pete had friends who decided to leave for safety in Columbia, normally a two hour drive away. They called back after five hours on the road to tell Pete that they were only ten miles away. Pete's daughter left for Columbia early, but it took her six hours to negotiate the hundred miles through the snarl of traffic fleeing the approaching tempest.

The early evening of September 21 was filled with a strange tenseness and apprehension as everyone in the Charleston area waited for Hugo to select his target. At 11:00 p. m. the monster storm crashed into Charleston Harbor. The counterclockwise motion of the great funnel cloud caused the city to feel a devastating wind from north to south, while the Mount Pleasant area just to the north took the brunt of the winds coming directly in off the ocean from east to west. For the towns of McClellansville, Isle of Palms, Sullivan's Island, and Mount Pleasant, especially the barrier islands, the catastrophe was beginning. These areas would endure the worst of the storm.

Not only did the storm pack horrible winds, but it also made landfall at high tide. This created a storm surge, a wall of water measured at seventeen feet high in some places, being pushed across the barrier islands. Some people who remained in their homes near the beach told of rapidly rising

ocean water filling the first story of their homes, and their breaking holes in the ceiling through which to push their children into the attics. Some were trapped in their homes with only their heads above water, standing on tables with only inches of air left before the wall of water filled the rooms to the ceiling.

For one hundred miles from Charleston northward the coastline endured the brunt of the rampaging storm. Thousands of boats, from motor boats to shrimpers and fishing trawlers, were pushed out of the water and left in piles hundreds of yards inland. A large fishing boat was left in the median of highway 17 near Mount Pleasant, nearly a mile from its moorings. Most of the homes along the beaches for several blocks inland simply disappeared. The few remaining were torn to shreds.

Pete and Mildred Lambrakus spent two terrible hours, from the time the storm hit at 11:00 until nearly 1:00 a.m., huddled in their home. One large tree came crashing into the house and many others fell nearby. Mildred described the constant roar of the storm as sounding like a freight train going round and round the house. Pete said it sounded more like a herd of elephants rampaging across the roof non-stop for the entire two hours.

Geary Serpas stopped his car for gas and food in Wilmington, Delaware, at 12:00 midnight, just as the storm was making landfall in Charleston Harbor a few miles away from Bonnie. He telephoned home and could tell that Bonnie was very concerned, but she felt that she could ride out the storm at home, especially since several people had joined her. Bonnie's 86 year old mother was visiting her, along with her sister and brother-in-law. Also, Denise Steubenrauch, a Camellia friend from James Island, had come to ride out the storm in the relative safety of Summer-ville. Denise had one small child with her, and was eight months pregnant,

so she and her husband Bobby felt that Summerville would be the safest place for her.

Suddenly, at about midnight, a strange quiet settled over the devastation in Mt. Pleasant. Hugo's evil eye was over Charleston harbor. Across the street from Pete and Mildred Lambrakus another couple, two of their good friends and neighbors, had been huddled in the center of their house with their elderly parents. A huge pine had crashed through their living room, and pines had also smashed each of the bedrooms. There was little left of the house. The couple asked Pete and Mildred if they could join them. Quickly the four people made their way across the street through the broken trees and debris, trying not to touch

any of the downed power lines.

Soon after the six people had resumed their protective position in the center of Pete's house, the other side of the storm came roaring in. They remained crouched in the center hallway of the house as more trees came down onto the house and glass windows began shattering. The three couples remained there until daylight, trying to make conversation to pass the time but terrified all the while. Finally the storm died down to a steady, heavy rain.

Geary stopped his car again at 2:00 a. m. to call home. Amazingly the telephone lines survived the fury of the storm, and Bonnie told how the storm had just passed over Summerville. The group in Geary's home had ex-



Once a beautiful park, this was the view across the street from Bill and Donna after Hugo's visit.

(photo by Shepherd)



Pete and Mildred Lambrakus' home is covered with pine trees and limbs after Hugo.

(photo by Lambrakus)

perienced a harrowing two hours since his last call. Seven tall pine trees had come crashing down on the Serpas' lot, several of them on the house. One had fallen directly along the ridge of Geary's Camellia greenhouse, crushing in to the ground.

Geary Serpas continued his journey along I-95 on Friday morning. When he reached Lumberton, N.C., near the border of his home state, he began to look for supplies, which he knew would be difficult to find farther south. In Lumberton all of the ice had already been bought and there was none to be had. Just fifty miles farther south he stopped in Florence, S.C., for gasoline to find that it, too, was unavailable. The electricity was out there and none of the pumps was working. Geary had about 150 miles to go before reaching home. The closer he got, the worse the

situation looked.

With the first morning light Pete Lambrakus began to assess the damage. Huge pines and debris three feet deep covered the ground around the house. Many of Pete's hundreds of Camellias were gone, crushing under the falling trees, with the remainder now exposed to the full sun. Mildred's glass greenhouse was destroyed by the falling pines, but miraculously Pete's fiberglass greenhouse remained standing. Over one hundred new grafted plants would live to bloom another day.

Geary Serpas finally reached home at 10:00 Friday morning. He found his home, the neighborhood, and the entire city of Summerville a devastated wreck. Most importantly, everyone in his home was safe. Geary and Bonnie spent the next two days having the

trees lifted off of the house and then waterproofing the structure so that the continuing rains would not flood the interior.

At 2:00 the next afternoon the Shepherds drove back into their neighborhood, anxious to see what had happened to their home. They had seen little damage along the interstate until they reached Orangeburg, about 100 miles inland from Charleston. From that point on the damage got worse and worse. When they turned onto their street there were trees and power lines down everywhere.

Bill and Donna made it to Park Circle, the park in front of their house. Over 400 huge pine trees were down in the park alone, and they could not see their house across the street. They feared the worst as they began making their way through the dangerous maze.

The entire city of Charleston was a huge mess and was frequently compared to a war zone. The Shepherd's house was no different. There were five great pine trees down on the house, and nine others were ripped out of the ground and lying on their half-acre lot. Bill could see several large limbs impaling the top of the house as he dug his way toward the front door. Both the front and back doors were virtually barricaded shut. The grounds around the house had been a beautiful Camellia garden with over 200 huge plants growing well above head high. Now most were crushed to the ground with only a few remaining upright.

Bill and Donna's daughter lived only two blocks away. She had elected to stay with her home and ride out the storm. She told her parents that she had not been injured but had gone through a terribly nervewrecking night. The eye of the storm had come over the center of the city. After nearly two hours of terrible rain and roaring winds the storm had suddenly abated. Suddenly all was calm and everyone thought the storm had ended, only to realize a few minutes later that they were directly in the eye of the deadly

storm. Suddenly the winds came back at 135-150 miles per hour, this time in the opposite direction and once again began to tear away at the magnificent old city.

In the calm after the storm there was an eerie quiet. There was no electric power, no water, no telephone, just devastation. After a day telephone service was restored. After three days there was water, but it was not potable due to a strange, heavy smell and taste of turpentine. It was said that there were so many thousands of pine trees down in the water supply that their sap had tainted the drinking water. There was still no electric power, and with the holes in the roof the nights were unnerving periods of discomfort, with rain water and swarms of mosquitos streaming in.

The storm's counterclockwise winds struck the coast north of Edisto Island, so they were actually heading back out to sea when they began lashing Edisto. There the winds were coming out of the northwest and actually blew the water out of the river and toward the ocean. This gave Edisto and reverse of the deadly storm surge phenomenon experienced by the area north of Charleston.

Parker Connor's Oak Island Plantation home had dodged the storm's most violent fury, sustaining many downed trees but not being blown from its perch just above the waterline. Parker and Amy returned to find the house intact amid ground strewn with huge live oaks and pines. Many pines and at least five of the majestic oaks were down around the house, but the structure itself was spared. The Connors breathed a sigh of relief as they turned down the mile-long lane approaching the house. Even though they were forced to park and walk around fallen trees to get to their home they were elated that it was still standing. Several days with a crew of men and chain saws lay before them in the initial stages of the cleanup.

Parker Connor's idea that he could beat the storm by traveling inland became only partially correct. They



This tree crashed through Pete Lambrakus' roof.
(photo by Lambrakus)

were able to avoid the greatest fury of the storm which was worst along the coast, and they successfully avoided the deadly storm surge. However, the storm followed them inland, passing over the Holiday Inn in which they sought refuge in Santee. The night of September 21 was a scary one for the Connors, for as they waited out the storm it blew the roof off of one wing of the motel about 100 feet away.

Parker and Amy brought water and supplies with them when they returned to Oak Island Plantation. They were without electricity for eight days, during which time they conserved their precious water and cooked on a gas-powered Boy Scout stove. One blessing was the lack of television, which they enjoyed for several days until someone brought them a small battery-powered set.

The day after the storm Geary Serpas had to go back to work at the DuPont plant in nearby North Charleston, where he is an engineer responsible for supplying power, water, and all vital supplies to the plant to keep it in operation. The disaster had cut off all outside power to the plant, so Geary spent the next two weeks at work twenty hours a day trying to revive the facility. He was successful in supplying auxiliary power to the huge plant, but this left Bonnie to deal with the crisis at home. She did a terrific job wrestling with the building contractors and getting the repair work completed there.

After having no electric power for three days the Shepherds began calling to find an electric generator. None were to be had in Charleston or the surrounding towns, nor would there be

any in to the south in Brunswick, Savannah, or Jacksonville. Likewise to the north, where the devastation was worse, there would be no help for over 100 miles to Myrtle Beach and beyond.

Finally Bill called his good Camellia buddy Jim Pinkerton near Columbia, over 100 miles inland. He had been without power for three days as well, but his electricity had just been restored. He had been using his electric generator for the three days, but was glad to lend it to the Shepherds since his need was over. Jim immediately put the machine in his car and drove to Charleston, having the generator on the Shepherd's doorstep in just over two hours. What a good deed by a great friend (or should the adjectives be reversed?) in a time of need. It would be fifteen days before the Shepherds would have normal electric power.

After the roads had been cleared of fallen trees, Geary and Bonnie drove down old Highway 61 from Summer-ville past Magnolia and Middleton plantations to Charleston. They shed tears as they saw what had happened. The magnificent thoroughfare had been completely covered with trees, their canopies touching over the two lanes and making it virtually a tunnel of greenery for nearly twenty miles. Now, after the chain saws had finished with the necessary cutting to clear the road, it is an open highway not unlike many others in the open country. According to Geary, if you visited Charleston and had never been there before, you would still see it as a beautiful old historical city. But, to those who knew the city well, the changes brought by Hugo are drastic.

The great old plantations and gardens had many of their majestic trees swept away. Boone Hall, where the avenue of oaks was used in *Gone With The Wind*, had lost many of the famous live oaks. Cypress Gardens was virtually destroyed and, six months later, is still not open to the public. Cypress Gardens will not open until next year. Magnolia and Middleton plantations reopened

recently after heavy losses. They used helicopters to lift away many of the downed trees.

Geary did not show any Camellias this year. Bonnie had wisely laid the plants over on their sides (they are all containerized) in the Serpas' greenhouse before the storm. This proved to be the salvation of the collection, since the top of the greenhouse was pushed tightly down on top of them. Geary has worked to prune away the damaged parts of his prized plants and has rebuilt his greenhouse. Not to be outdone by Hugo, Geary and Bonnie will be back in the Camellia shows next year.

Parker's Camellia collection, numbering some 400 varieties growing on the grounds around the main plantation house, came through the storm in surprisingly good condition. As the trees came crashing down they crushed several plants, but most survived intact. Some were actually lost in the ground after being whipped by the vicious winds, but nearly all bloomed later in the fall and winter, giving Parker beautiful blooms and allowing him to maintain his status as our best outdoor Camellia grower.

Six months after the storm Parker was still cleaning up the debris and broken trees caused by Hugo. The loose plants have been propped up and staked, and he believes that all will survive to bloom another day.

Now it is April, 1990. Most of the debris from the "war zone" of late September has been cleaned up. Some debris, many broken trees, and much of the three feet of sand and mud swept into the city from the ocean remain. The cleanup is still underway. The beach areas are still devastated, but the rebuilding is underway. The cleanup is said to be 90% complete.

Charleston still shows many scars from Hugo. Bill Shepherd's Camellias are nearly all gone, and the remaining ones are now in full sun. Without the protection of the great pines the blooms have all burned rapidly, and the summer sun will probably bring even greater damage to the leaves.



Bill Lambrakus' Camellia greenhouse sustained severe damage from Hugo.
(photo by Lambrakus)

They will burn just as if they had been taken out on a beach and left in open sun.

Many people were not as fortunate as our Camellia friends in the wake of hurricane Hugo. The timber industry in South Carolina was particularly hard hit. Six months after the storm, the Associated Press reported that 2.7 million acres of trees, estimated at \$250 million dollars worth of timber, were flattened. That is more timber destroyed than in the disasters at Mount St. Helens, Yellowstone National Park, and hurricane Camille combined. Despite a huge effort by the timber companies in the last six months, loggers have been able to remove only seven percent of the downed trees.

The destruction caused by HUGO was not limited to the coastal area. In fact, the swath of destruction forged by

the storm churned inland over 200 miles to Charlotte, N.C., before the winds subsided. Charlotte, like Charleston, took a direct hit with the eye of the storm passing over the city. By that time the winds had been slowed somewhat, but were still in excess of 90 miles per hour. A large percentage of Charlotte's majestic trees were destroyed. It is estimated that 100,000 truck loads of trees have been taken from the city, and the work is still going on six months later.

Perhaps the greatest risk is still to come. With millions of trees rotting on the grounds and now being covered by falling debris and leaves, a virtual tinderbox exists. During the coming hot, dry season all of this wood will become potential fuel for massive forest fires. The Forest Service has already enlisted the aid of spotter planes and tanker planes in order to



As if reaching out to destroy, this pine limb pierces a window in the Lambrakus home.

(photo by Pete Lambrakus)

control the expected conflagrations. And, yes, the arsonists have already begun their work as well.

In retrospect, Hugo was one of the most devastating storms to ever strike the coastline of the United States. In its wake eighteen people lay dead, and the damage from the storm is estimated to exceed four billion dollars. Millions and millions of trees, particularly the soft-wooded pines that are the heart of the timber industry, are gone in a swath nearly one hundred miles wide extending from the South Carolina coast north of Charleston through Columbia and beyond Charlotte in North Carolina.

The timber industry in South Carolina, normally worth over a billion dollars a year, is devastated for decades. Despite all of this, when we consider the severity of the storm, everyone agrees that the human death toll was remarkably low. The Francis Marion Forest, once a national treasure consisting of many thousands of acres of pine woodlands

along the coast north of Charleston, now lies in ruins with millions of trees on the ground or broken off halfway up the trunk.

Those of us in the Camellia societies can be proud of the response of our members in the aftermath of the storm. Many of our fellow Camellians, like Jim Pinkerton, came to the aid of their friends in a time of great need. And while thousands of Camellia plants lay crushed under the debris of the storm, our shows went on as usual this winter and Camellians provided us with great blooms all year. Many of our shows along the Atlantic Coast boasted over 1000 blooms, and the quality was thought by most to be outstanding.

Hugo knocked many of our Camellia friends down, but none of them out. We all hope that we never have to go through such a catastrophe again, and our hats are off to all of those suffered through HUGO.

FALL-BLOOMING CAMELLIAS

by Bill Miller

Potomac Valley Camellia Society, Washington, D. C.

I like fall-blooming camellias. It is true, of course, that the blooms of *C. sasanqua* and other fall-blooming species are not available for our spring shows, and for that reason some camellia enthusiasts are reluctant to grow them. However, the fact that they bloom in the fall when there is little or nothing else in bloom is a *plus* for me. And because they are available at that time of the year, they can increase the interest in our mini-shows and brighten our fall meetings.

With their small, glossy leaves, *C. sasanquas* are at home in foundation plantings or in hedges. They also make an ideal specimen plant. If used as specimen plants, they may even be planted in exposed situations provided they are given some protection during the winter months. This protection may take the form of wire cylinders (made from utility fencing) the sides and top of which should be wrapped with a Microfoam blanket. If the plant is in a sunny location, the Microfoam should have a plastic covering (either white plastic or clear plastic that has been painted white so as to diffuse the sunlight and protect the Microfoam from deteriorating). I've found that covering the cylinders with shade cloth, the kind that nurserymen use, is even better. If neither Microfoam nor shade cloth is available, the wire cylinders may be covered with sheets, blankets, etc., during extremely cold weather. When the cold weather subsides, these coverings may be removed.

C. japonicas — as well as *C. sasanquas* — may be grown in exposed areas if they are protected during the winter with cylinders et al. However, I've never had very good blooms on *C. japonicas* when they were protected with wire cylinders — certainly not nearly such good

blooms as when the plants were placed on their sides on the ground and then covered with a Microfoam blanket. In this respect the *C. sasanqua* has another advantage: Because it has bloomed in the fall, it has no buds to protect over the winter. I should note here though that all of the species that I have protected with cylinders have survived during cold winters without cold damage to either the plants' foliage or their wood.

With *C. sasanqua* and other fall-blooming species I know that I will have many beautiful flowers in the fall. The blooming begins in late September and continues throughout the autumn and into early winter until the hard freezes begin. I often have flowers during the Christmas holidays. Many of my plants are in containers, which makes it possible for me to move them into my basement should we be expecting threateningly cold weather. When the severe weather passes, I move the plants back outside again. With this routine I can enjoy most of each plant's blooms until I cover the plants outside later with a Microfoam blanket.

The following are some of my favorite fall-blooming camellias:

C. sasanqua:

Cleopatra — Rose pink, semi-double. Probably the most common, and as hardy as any.

Bonanza — Large, deep red, semi-peony form. Beautiful flower that holds up well. My favorite red.

Yuletide — Small, red, single with yellow stamens. Blooms late.

Mine-No-Yuke — Medium, white, peony form. Rather late bloomer. My favorite white.

Hana-Jiman — Very large, white-edged-pink, semi-double.

Setsugekka — Large, white, semi-double.

Sparkling Burgandy — Ruby rose overlaid with a sheen of lavender. Peony form with stamens and petaloids. Early bloomer.

Jean May — Large, shell pink, double.

C. hiemalis:

Showa-No-Sakae — Medium, soft pink, occasionally marbled white.

Shishi-Gashira — Medium, red, semi-double to double. Late bloomer.

With the development of Dr. William Ackerman's cold-hardy hybrids, we now have quite a number of fall-

blooming camellia cultivars that need little, if any, winter protection. *Snow Flurry*, *Polar Ice*, *Winter's Hope*, and *Winter's Charm* are a few of Dr. Ackerman's registered hybrids that have bloomed well in the fall and survived the winters without protection.

It gives me great pleasure to watch the flower buds on my fall-blooming camellias swell and then burst into bloom during the fall and early winter. The flowers brighten my yard at a time when everything else has gone to sleep for the winter.

* * * * *



Tubby and Alice Habel chat with Sammy Thompson, designing architect of the Annabelle Lundy Fetterman Educational Museum Building at Massee Lane.

(photo by Shepherd)

**Make Plans Now To Attend The
Atlantic Coast Camellia Society**

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October 5-6, 1990**

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AN INVITATION TO JOIN

We hope that you will join the Atlantic Coast Camellia Society. Let's enjoy Camellias together.

The Atlantic Coast Camellia Society was organized September 13, 1980 at Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. The purpose of our organization is to extend the appreciation of Camellias and to promote the science of Camellia culture. Through our Camellia shows and programs, and by exchanging knowledge and ideas with the Camellia specialists within our membership, we feel that everyone in the ACCS benefits from being a member of this organization. Whether you are a beginning Camellia fancier or a veteran Camellia competitor, the ACCS is dedicated to providing information, shows, and social events that you will find helpful, entertaining, and enjoyable.

Annual dues for membership in the ACCS are \$10.00 for singles or couples. The membership year runs from September to September. A membership entitles you to three issues of Atlantic Coast Camellias, the journal of the Atlantic Coast Camellia Society. These are issued January 1 (spring), May 1 (summer), and September 1 (fall). In addition, your membership provides an invitation to our annual meeting in October in Myrtle Beach, S. C. This event has been especially successful in recent years, with over 100 participants in 1986, and with such keynote speakers as Julius Nuccio and Sergio Bracchi.

A variety of Camellia topics are addressed in articles published in Atlantic Coast Camellias. In addition to regular features concerning Camellia culture in the landscape and in the greenhouse, articles cover such topics as Camellia planting, grafting, rooting, judging, pruning, gibbing, disease control, insect control, new and old varieties, show preparations and results, liming, fertilization, spraying, mulching, disbudding, and nursery production. Numerous photographs and illustrations are provided.

We invite you to join, and welcome you as a member. Please make your check payable to the Atlantic Coast Camellia Society. Fill out the convenient application blank below, and mail it to:

Atlantic Coast Camellia Society
1325 East Barden Road
Charlotte, N. C. 28226

NAME _____

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

PHONE () _____

☐ *Check if you want a membership card.*



A MESSAGE FROM OUR PRESIDENT

BUDDY CAWTHON
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Hearty Greetings! And I hope you have your plans all made to attend our 10th Anniversary Convention at Myrtle Beach. You all received the August 15th letter about arrangements and I hope all cookers and bakers have planned what they will bring to eat "around the pool" on Friday night. I hope you also responded to Latimer McClintoche's earlier letter and made your room reservations. I hope we can fill the Holiday Inn as we have in years past.

Hopefully, you too have made plans for how you will portray your favorite nursery rhyme for your Friday night costume. These costume contests have been a highlight of past meetings. Some of us have done such good jobs we were hard to recognize!

I'm sure you have all sprayed and dis-budded and are anxious to get the fall shows underway. If you're like we are, you've had some water bills to show for the lack of rain. We've had feast and famine — but here of late, that seems to be the pattern. When rain does come, it's so hard that it runs off instead of soaking in the ground.

We have two good speakers coming to talk to us. One will tell us what we

can do to improve our plants and flowers. The other will tell us what's happening at our handsome headquarters at Massee Lane. If you send any money down there, use the new address! If you don't, I'm sure the post office will get it to them anyhow. When Warren Thompson, one of our Georgia Directors retired, he left the post office in good shape.

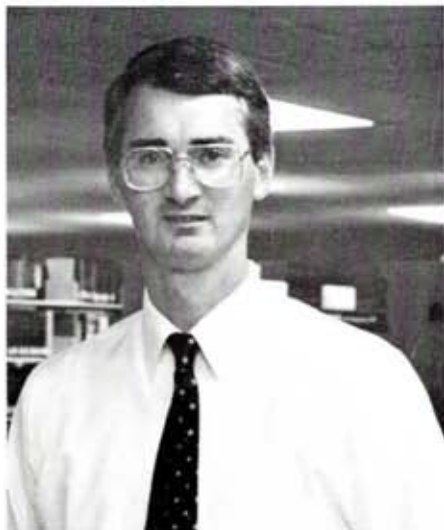
I know you all grafted or air-layered an extra plant or three for our Convention Plant auction. Crafters and preservers are urged to contribute their goodies too. Bring anything that will sell. And, bring money! Chances will be sold on TWO Sadie Aycock Lyon paintings of camellias — one from 1989 and one from 1990. My, we are lucky to have such an accomplished and generous artist as one of our group!

Remember, ACCS memberships make great gifts for birthdays, anniversaries, or any occasion one wants to commemorate.

Mainly, bring yourselves and friends to Myrtle Beach, October 5th or earlier. You will be warmly welcomed and you will have fun! Sure hope to see you all there!

Editor's Column

by Jim Darden



The old adage "There is good news and bad news" certainly does apply to those of us who grow Camellias commercially, at least in eastern North Carolina. The good news is that the Camellia season is almost upon us, and the buds are swelling nicely. Lots of us are getting excited about the fun and competition that is surely about to happen. After missing our annual meeting last year because of Hugo, we will kick things off with a fine meeting in Myrtle Beach in October.

The bad news is that in our immediate area the Camellias were devastated by the cold last winter. The situation is severe in my nursery, with virtually all of the three gallon and one gallon Camellias that were outside now dead.

I realize some will not understand how that could happen, since most of the south and mid-Atlantic regions were spared severe weather this past winter. We had a peculiar situation on the day before Christmas, at a time when almost no hardening off had occurred and the Camellias were still

herbaceous. Suddenly the mercury plummeted to -2 degrees, a rarity in these parts, and the next day we had twelve inches of snow.

The snow would not have been so bad, in fact it might have insulated the plants and we wish it could have come before the freeze. But the below-zero temperatures were lethal to almost all of this year's crop, and to the one gallon plants that would have been next year's crop. It is really a sad sight.

We have potted our Camellia cuttings and are housing them in a large greenhouse on an adjacent farm. We will not be able to grow Camellias in the future that we cannot protect in greenhouses during the winter. That will mean a bit of change in direction for the nursery, since we will have to go back to azaleas for the most part.

The lessons of nature are sometimes bitter, but we will not be discouraged in our resolve to grow Camellias, the finest landscape shrub in America. It seems that in 1977, 1978, 1985, and now again in 1990, the weather has dealt Camellias a blow in certain parts of the country. We should simply use this as a lesson for our future growing procedures, learning from our mistakes and taking appropriate actions to be sure we don't let this happen again.

Everyone in our area was saddened to hear of the passing of Fred Mayo early this summer. Fred was a wonderful man, and I enjoyed knowing him since I became involved in the Fayetteville Camellia Club. Camellia friends came from several states for his funeral in Fayetteville in June. Fred was a true friend of the Camellia, and we will miss him. Our sincere sympathy goes to Louise and all of Fred's family.

TIDEWATER CAMELLIA CLUB

Wilmington, N. C.

716 Blooms

February 24-25, 1990

Best Bloom in Show	<i>Redwood City</i>	Clara & Fred Hahn Charlotte, N. C.
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Japonicas Grown Unprotected		
Best Bloom Large/Very Large	<i>Tiffany, Var.</i>	Lib Scott Aiken, S. C.

Best Bloom Medium	<i>Betty Sheffield Silver</i>	Lib Scott Aiken, S. C.
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Best Bloom Small	<i>Maroon & Gold Var.</i>	Parker Conner, Jr. Edisto Island, S. C.
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Japonicas Grown Under Protection		
Best Bloom Large/Very Large	<i>Elegans Splendor</i>	Joe Austin Four Oaks, N. C.

Best Bloom Medium	<i>Margaret Davis</i>	Joe Austin Four Oaks, N. C.
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Best Bloom Small	<i>Black Tie</i>	Anna Belle Fetterman Clinton, N. C.
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Miniatures		
Best Bloom	<i>Man Size</i>	Harry Watson Charlotte, N. C.

Reticulatas and Hybrids with Reticulata Parentage		
Best Bloom	<i>Marion Edwards Var.</i>	Joe Austin Four Oaks, N. C.

Hybrids with other than Reticulata Parentage		
Best Bloom	<i>Mona Jury</i>	William Robertson Aiken, S. C.

Seedlings or Mutans	# 302	Dr. & Mrs. J. M. Habel Suffolk, Va.
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White Japonica		
Best Bloom	<i>Charlie Betts</i>	Joe Austin Four Oaks, N. C.

Novice		
Best Bloom	<i>White Empress</i>	Harvey Smith Wilmington, N. C.

Collection on Tray		
Three blooms of same variety grown unprotected	<i>Danckelarii</i>	Bill & Molly Howell Wilmington, N. C.

Three blooms of same variety grown under protection	<i>Bernadette Karetan</i>	Bill & Molly Howell Wilmington, N. C.
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Five blooms of different
varieties grown unprotected *Mary Knock Var.*
 Betty Sheffield Blush Supreme
 Betty Sheffield Blush
 Betty Sheffield Pink Var.
 Betty Sheffield Dream

Becky Newber
Wilmington, N. C.

Five blooms of different varieties
grown under protection *Our Kerry*
 Cornelian
 Harold Paige
 Ray Watson
 Paul Harvey

Joe Austin
Four Oaks, N. C.

Sweepstakes Winner Grown Unprotected

Parker Conner, Jr.
Ediston Island, S. C.

Sweepstakes Runner-up Grown Unprotected

Lib Scott
Aiken, S. C.

Sweepstakes Winner Grown Under Protection

Joe Austin
Four Oaks, N. C.

Sweepstakes Runner-up Grown Under Protection

Harry Watson
Charlotte, N. C.

* * * * *



Jonsie and Ray Bond have done a fine job organizing a new Camellia society in Raleigh, N. C. It will be called the Triangle Camellia Society.

(photo by Shepherd)

ATLANTA CAMELLIA SHOW

Atlanta Botanical Garden, Atlanta, Ga.

February 17-18, 1990

Sponsoring Org.: North Ga. Camellia Society

Blooms Displayed: 1,017

C. japonica: (In Open)

Best Local	<i>Donckelarii</i>	Bonneau Dickson Atlanta
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Runner-up	<i>Ville De Nantes</i>	Bonneau Dickson Atlanta
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Best Non-Local	<i>Miss Charleston - Var.</i>	M/M Tom Adams Orange Park, Fla.
	<i>Tom Thumb</i>	Dr./Mrs. Dan Nathan, Ft. Vly, Ga.

C. japonica: (Protected)

Very Large	<i>Guilio Nuccio Var.</i>	Louise Poe Hairston Birmingham, Al.
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Runner-up	<i>Mathotiana</i>	Geo/Jane Griffin Nashville, Tn.
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Large	<i>Louise Hairston</i>	Louise Poe Hairston Birmingham, Al.
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Runner-up	<i>Veiled Beauty</i>	John Newsome Atlanta, Ga.
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Medium	<i>Florence Stratton</i>	Bill Hardwick Reynolds, Ga.
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Runner-up	<i>Nuccio's Pearl</i>	Bill Hardwick Reynolds, Ga.
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Small	<i>Little Babe Var.</i>	John Newsome Atlanta, Ga.
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Runner-up	<i>Little Babe</i>	John Newsome Atlanta, Ga.
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Miniature	<i>Fircone</i>	Geo/Jane Griffin Nashville, Tn.
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Runner-up	<i>Man Size</i>	Geo/Jane Griffin Nashville, Tn.
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C. reticulata: (Includes hybrids with reticulata parentage.)

Best	<i>Jean Pursel</i>	Louise Poe Hairston Birmingham, Al.
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1st Runner-up	<i>Mark Cannon</i>	Geo/Jane Griffin Nashville, Tn.
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2nd Runner-up	<i>Mary Evans Ferguson</i>	Frank D. Jamison Ft. Vly, Ga.
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C. hybrid: (With other than reticulata parentage.)

Protected	<i>Pink Dahlia</i>	E. P. Brogden Columbia, S. C.
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Runner-up	<i>Buttons & Bows</i>	Geo/Jane Griffin Nashville, Tn.
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Best White Bloom	<i>Swan Lake</i>	Frank D. Jamison Ft. Valley, Ga.
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Runner-up to Best White

Kim MacGowan

John Newsome

Atlanta, Ga.

Best Bloom by Novice

Prima Ballerina

Curt Smith

Atlanta, Ga.

Gold Certificates

In Open, won by

Rev. Bonneau Dickson

Atlanta, Ga.

Protected, won by

Geo/Jane Griffin

Nashville, Tn.

Silver Certificates

In Open, won by

Dr. Dan Nathan

Ft. Valley, Ga.

Protected, won by

John Newsome

Atlanta, Ga.

Judges: Dr./Mrs. Dan Nathan
Col./Mrs. E. P. Brogden
Dr. Dave Scheibert
W. Lee Poe, Jr.

M/M Mike Hotchkiss

Mrs. R. D. Hicks

5 Novices!

* * * * *



Lawanda Brogden
enjoys placing
these two fine
blooms in the
Charlotte show
this past February.
(photo by Shepherd)

P.O. Box 120
Ashton, Md. 20861
May 12, 1990

Dear Jim:

Just finished reading your fine article on Jack Kohler at Ravenscall in the Atlantic Coast Camellias. On page 14 you mention the cultivars 'Cream Puff'. I believe I can help you out on its identity.

'Cream Puff' came out of my breeding program when I was searching for good fragrant flowered camellias of commercial value. It was registered with ACS in 1986 along with several other miscellaneous selections. (see enclosed sheet). It was supposed to have been included in the 1987 Camellia Nomenclature issue but somehow was overlooked (as were the others also).

Not sure how Jack obtained 'Cream Puff' but the most probable was through our annual camellia auction at the July picnic of the Camellia Society of Potomac Valley. I always provide several dozen plants each year and as I recall, I included a large specimen of 'Cream Puff' a couple years ago. Jack either bought it directly or purchased it later from someone who did.

Best Regards,
Bill Ackerman

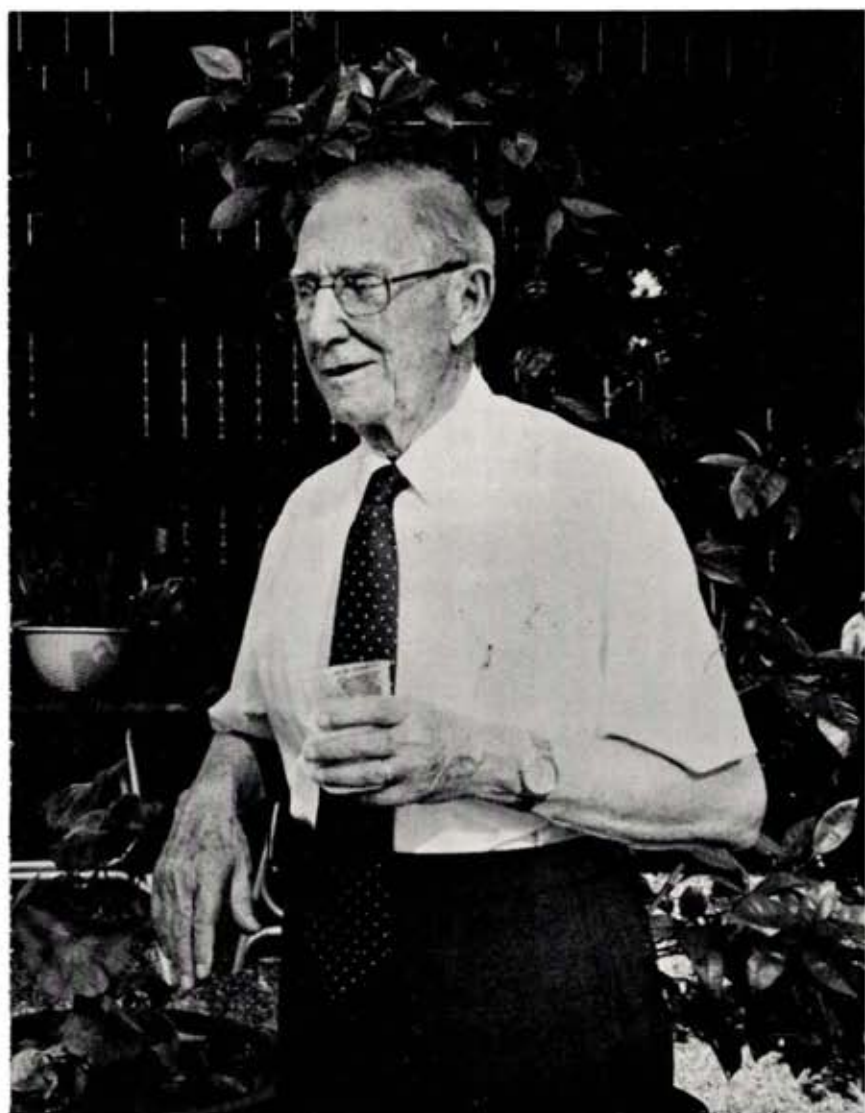
CREAM PUFF - LARGE, chalky-white peony with stamens intermixed. (Very full like Debutante and Ack-Scent) Blooms Jan-Feb. 4' wide x 3" high (GARDENIA TO LEMON FRAGRANCE). Good substance. (352669 x B61370). Midseason. Velvety texture. Registered in 1986. ACS Reg. # 2035.

WHITE DRAGON - 5+" Large, single, white with serrated notched petal edges & lg. yellow stamen center. 6 petals, crimped at edges. Petals HEAVY SUBSTANCE. Leaves have SERRATED edges - very distinctive. Slight fragrance. Blooms Feb-March. (Bertha Harmes B61078 x Cherry Blossom B60980). Won first prize (best seedling) at two Mini-shows at Wash. meetings - winter of 1985-86. Late. Won 2nd prize at Pioneer show 3/1/86 in Baltimore (Hunt Valley). Registered in 1986. ACS Reg. # 2035.

WHITE ELF - 1-2" Small white single flushed pink edges with VERY FINE PALE YELLOW STAMENS. Very dainty looking. Many flowers on a dwarf compact plant with small leaves in proportion to the flower. Long Blooming season - Dec. to Mar. LIGHT MUSKY FRAGRANCE. Good Bonsai possibilities. Registered 1986. ACS Reg. # 2032.

NEON TETRA - 4-5" Single, 6-8 petals NEON MEDIUM PINK/violet tone-striking color!! Petals HEAVY SUBSTANCE & slightly crinkled at edges with double circle of lg. anthers which are PINK some years. Won first prize in Pioneer Camellia Show in Baltimore on March 1, 1986 as best seedling! C. reticulata x C. saluenensis. Stamens dark red chocolate brown some years). Tetraploid. Med. to late. Registered 1986. ACS Reg. # 2029.

PEPPERMINT PATTY - 4-1/2" anemone (loose), STRIPED petaloids intermingled with stamens. Sometimes rose form double. Usually Higo like. High contrast candy stripe. Fragrant, sweet scent. (B60330 Higo 'Hiko Osoraku' x B58297 'Fragrant Star'). Reg. 1987. ACS Reg. # 2056.



FRED B. MAYO

ATLANTIC COAST CAMELLIA SOCIETY

Jim Darden, Editor

P. O. Box 1087

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CAMELLIAS . . .