

# *The Camellia Review*



CAMELLIA PRIDE OF DESCANSO

OFFICIAL BULLETIN OF THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CAMELLIA SOCIETY

*Vol. 12* NOVEMBER, 1950 *No. 2*

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Published monthly from October through April, and in July.

The Society holds open meetings on the Second Thursday of every month, November to April, inclusive, at the auditorium of the new library of the Pasadena City College, 1500 Block East Colorado Street. A cut camellia blossom exhibit is always held at 7:30 p.m., with the program starting at 8:00.

Application for membership may be made by letter. Annual dues: \$4.00.

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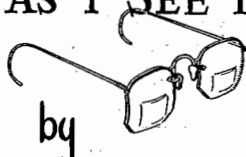
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## DIRECTORY OF AFFILIATED SOCIETIES

Central California Camellia Society.....	Fresno, Calif.
Meeting place: Fresno High School Auditorium	
Secretary: Frances F. Lennox, 4622 Wilson Ave., Fresno 4	
Date of meeting: 2nd Friday of the month	
Nov. 10th program: 8 p.m., Wm. Wylam will speak on "Australian Varieties and New Sasanquas."	
Camellia Society of Kern County.....	Bakersfield, Calif.
Meeting place: 1001 So. Union Ave., Bakersfield, Highway 99	
Secretary: Mrs. Don Wheeler, 2416 Terrace Way, Bakersfield	
Date of meeting: 2nd Monday of the month, Oct. thru May	
November 13th program; Speaker, Mr. Claude Chidamian. Subject: Not announced.	
San Diego Camellia Society.....	San Diego, Calif.
Meeting place: Floral Association Building, Balboa Park	
Secretary: Mrs. Althea Hebert, 4710 Harbinson Ave., La Mesa	
Date of meeting: 2nd Friday of each month at 7:30 pm	
Nov. 10th program: Mr. Frank Wililams, color slides of new varieties.	
Pomona Valley Camellia Society.....	Pomona, Calif.
Meeting place: Ebell Club, Pomona	
Secretary: Lynn Honaker, 2775 N. San Antonio St., Pomona	
Date of meeting: 1st Thursday of each month	
Nov. 2nd program: Wm. Woodruff, "Camellias, Old and New, for our Gardens."	
Temple City Camellia Society.....	Temple City, Calif.
Meeting place: American Legion Hall, 127 N. Golden West, Pomona	
Secretary: Lynn Timm, 2936 Daines Drive, Temple City	
Date of meeting: 1st Monday of each month	
Nov. 6th program: Speaker, Vern McCaskill, "Seedlings, Sports and Sasanquas," showing colored slides of new Sasanquas.	

## AS I SEE IT...



*Arthur S. Kane*

AS I SEE IT . . . the most thankless job in the world, from an editor's standpoint, is to become the "blue-pencil" man on a one-shot publication, such as the "Camellia Research Bulletin," which has just been issued by the Horticultural Research Committee of the SCCS. Therefore, as one editor to another, I offer my heartfelt congratulations to Cliff Johnson for the truly bang-up job he has done in getting out an almost perfect book. (What editor ever admitted that somebody else did a perfect job!) After three years of research effort by the Committee, and the burning of much midnight oil by the contributors in preparing the articles summarizing their findings, it was up to somebody to supply the cement that would hold all these building blocks together. Cliff Johnson was elected to build the structure out of the blocks, and a magnificent job he has made of it, in my opinion. I'll accept the word of authority of the writers in Camellia Research Bulletin, until something better comes along on the subjects they treat—and that'll probably be about five to ten years hence!

\* \* \*

You've no doubt heard the old yarn about how the camellia lost its fragrance? A myth, no less, having to do with Cupid, Venus, Jupiter and various other Roman *dramatis personae*. Too long a yarn to spin here and now. However, Ronald

Townsend, curator of the Huntington Gardens, suggests a neat way of circumventing this minor drawback. And that is, the planting of sweet olive trees among the camellia trees to lend the illusion of fragrance. I think that as it may, your true camellia lover would not give up this near approach to sheer floral perfection for the headiest of perfumes from less noble plants.

\* \* \*

Idly thumbing through the Nomenclature Book the other day, it occurred to me that the camellia fancier ought to possess a working knowledge of some eight to ten languages, if he is to give the real mellow native tones to the names of his favorite varieties. French, Italian and German, of course, would be "musts" on the list; but how many could, if called upon, reproduce correctly the acceptable pronunciations for the Latin, Chinese, Japanese, Dutch, Portuguese, Spanish and hybrid combinations that sometimes turn up by mixing a couple of languages in nomenclature? As a matter of fact, I find it very hard to pronounce some of the names which are supposed to be pure English. The classification boys might give a look into this matter.

\* \* \*

If you have nothing better to do some afternoon in December, and you haven't already found this out for yourself, go over to Pasadena and drive your car north and south and down some of the long streets there. First, you will be amazed at the number of evidently quite elderly camellia bushes growing in front of yards, seemingly with little or no care. Second, your eyes will be delighted by the lush display of blossoms you can see in the short space of an hour or so. And if you are particularly venturesome, go w

(Turn to page 14)

# WHAT DO WE WANT IN NEW SEEDLING CAMELLIAS

By HARVEY F. SHORT

*Editorial Foreword about Harvey F. Short: There are few who need introduction to this camellia wizard who is known as one of the finest growers in America. Those who visit his growing grounds at Ramona in San Diego County California come away and speak in superlatives and end their sentences with exclamation marks. Thousands in the Los Angeles area remember his genial smile; his pleasing personality; and above all, his utter frankness while he was a member of that excellent staff which is always found at Coolidge Rare Plant Gardens in Pasadena.*

*Twelve years ago when Harvey Short started in business for himself at Ramona he took with him a thoroughly grounded education in seedling culture which he has turned to good use, as his "Masterpiece" and many another will bear witness. We know of no one more competent to discuss the subject of seedlings than Harvey Short.*

Seedlings!—Almost a "by-word" in the camellia world today!

Peek into the backyards of enthusiasts and find tucked here and there, fresh, vigorous plants in flats, quart cans, gallon cans to tub specimens, and upon inquiry you find those "good looking babies" are seedlings!

Amble into many of the Commercial Growers' "hunting grounds" and here, too, you find the place literally bulging with plants in all the odd corners or wherever shade may offer its defense from the summer scorch of sun. Not much prodding is needed until "the secret is out," Seedlings! Seedlings!

What is all this leading to; why are we giving so much of our time and attention to this phase of camellia culture?

When checking flower form, color, type of growth and time of flowering of the many hundreds of beautiful camellias that have passed in parade for our approval,—what is there yet that we are seeking that we do not already have?

Interesting is the fact that we never quite attain the point of perfection we are seeking whether it be in the vegetable, floral or livestock kingdom. Thus it appears in our camellia collections that we are ever eager to check on that new "star" that appears on the horizon.

What is it we hope to emulate in the new model? We find we may have perfection of flower, but possibly the foliage is not attractive, or the habit of growth not to our liking. Again the plant and flower may have everything,—form and excellent color, but is inclined to bring its bloom at too late a date, hence warm weather often mars the best performance.

Definitely certain varieties are inclined to open poorly or "ball" in certain climatic conditions,—so always the goal of finding types that are "fool-proof" are what we seek.

The percentage of early flowering varieties is one we can increase. Particularly the florists are anxious for the flowers that appear at Christmas and New Year.

Is it too much to seek a large flower of Lotus type, with a pink or margination and with a neat compact growth as Lady Van Sittart? How about a large flower of the same type as above mentioned, with the black red coloring of the diminutive Kuro-Tsubaki?

As noted in the new Frank Gibson, the desire to emphasize the yellow tone is truly a definite break that could sweep in a complete cycle of interest. Much could happen in line of color (not yet too interesting) the bluish or purple tones, by clearing or deepening the tones now found in Purple Dawn and Roosevelt Blues.

"Fragrance" too, can well drive us to a long and determined effort to have enough spiced or perfumed ones to satisfy the desires of the fancier who "like it that way", for their corsages.

Is there not also a real need for a very compact, rich foliaged plant that has the habit of flowering as freely as an Azalia shrub, with wild burst of color? Not a large flower necessarily, but rich red, pink, white; some early, some late? How many such types can you reach name as filling the need in that special field?

Exciting large singles in all the tints and colors will find an ever increasing following, when the florist finds the charm in a wedding bouquet and can as well come from large snowy camellia blooms, as from much used Calla Lily or even the White Orchid.

Again the type of foliage can swing the pendulum to great variations. The usual average leaf of the camellia is handsome, but an accent bold, magnolia-like leaves with their edges smooth, wavy or deeply serrated, gives an entirely new appearance as a shrub. Some species very dominant with this characteristic. Long slender leaves of black-green—new foliage of mahogany red lend a surprising and stunning effect to a shrub only; also the deeply serrated or "holly-like" appearance are ready newcomers.

The great "snowball" varieties that seem to be rolling our way, leave one no doubt in a state of confusion as to whether it should be added to the collector's collection; time, as a rule, will prove the plant, and if it has merit, it will long remain as the Chandleri Elegans, the Herme and Alba Plena can well attest. Yet there also remains the irresistible urge to have something new,—something different,—and the insatiable appetite calls for more variety, hence *more seedlings!*

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VISITORS WELCOME

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## FIRST MEETING OF THE YEAR

Come Ye! Come Ye! November 9th at 8 p.m. at the Auditorium of the Library, Pasadena City College, East Colorado Boulevard, Pasadena. There will be a bloom display starting at 7:30. And there will be the customary plant sale, of course. This time the committee, now headed by Walter T. Scott, has secured to be placed on sale Gov. Earl Warren, Chin-Akebono, Virgin's Blush, Mary Charlotte, Margarete Hertrich and Max. The Exhibitor's prize will be a Woodville Red.

Speaker of the evening will be E. W. Miller. "Doc," as he is affectionately known to his innumerable friends has consented to come up from Escondido for the evening and address us on the subject of "Camellias—Slips, Scions and Seeds."

This rather all-inclusive title cannot conceal the fact that much of his talk will be devoted to the very timely topic of seedlings, of which he has many thousands growing in his Park Hill Camellia Gardens at Escondido. In fact, he put in more than two thousand during the '49-'50 season of which he has labeled the maternal parentage of more than one thousand.

E. W. Miller attended the University of Wisconsin. (If you have ever stood on the shores of Lake Mandota at Madison in January, you can understand why "Doc" loves camellias!) He is in the prosaic business of managing the Escondido Cooperative Citrus Association. Your Observer can assure you, however, that this is merely for the purpose of enabling "Doc" to acquire the funds with which to purchase more and more and more camellias.

"Doc" knows his stuff, and moreover, knows how to present it. Is it a date?

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## OUR COVER - "PRIDE OF DESCANSO"

"Included in the camellia stock sold by Mr. Uyematsu to Mr. Boddy in 1942 was a large block of seedling plants. Many of these plants had reached specimen size and had been blooming for years. They were grown by Mr. Uyematsu from seed imported from Japan. No record exists of the parent plants. However, all were known to be of good parentage. This block of camellia seedlings was Mr. Uyematsu's pride and joy, and he spent many hours studying and evaluating them.

"His record of evaluation was both simple and unique. A seedling showing promise when it first bloomed was given a label and one star. If it continued to look good the following year, another star was added.

"One of the most vigorous and beautiful of all carried a label bearing five stars. That, of course, gave it the rank of General—and rightly so, for it was truly outstanding among its fellows. At Rancho del Descanso we continued to watch its performance and soon decided it deserved to be propagated. It was given the seedling number 103.

"Since it seemed to be one of the outstanding white seedlings ever to bloom, it was decided to name it Pride of Descanso. Reports reaching us from gardens throughout the entire camellia belt rate it as one of the best. We at Descanso have been happy to have had a part in making available to camellia lovers a variety of such rare charm and beauty."

—From information furnished by Rancho Del Descanso

# ★ *News of the Societies* ★

## SAN DIEGO CAMELLIA SOCIETY

The first meeting of the 1950-1951 season will be held in the new meeting place, the Floral Association Building in Balboa Park, on Friday, November 10th, at 7:30 p.m.

Regular meetings of the San Diego Camellia Society are held on the second Friday of each month at 7:30 p.m. Visitors are cordially invited to attend the meetings.

The Society considers itself most fortunate in securing for its first program, Mr. Frank D. Williams of Beverly Hills, who will show 90 new pictures of new camellias. He says these are the finest pictures that he has ever made, so every one knows that he has an evening of pure enjoyment to look forward to.

Several members found it impossible to serve on the committees previously announced and the following changes have been made: Program—Mrs. Becky Campbell; Publicity—Lucien Atherton; Representative to the Floral Association—Commander Chas. Barnes; Park—Lucien Atherton.

The American Camellia Society has approved a recommendation that A. P. Carlton, Stanley Miller, "Doc" Miller and Larry Boyle be accredited as judges. Harvey Short is already an accredited judge and served last year.

"Doc" Miller has recently returned from a trip to Oregon and Washington. He reports that there are a great many commercial and amateur growers in the northwestern states growing fine camellias in the open, under trees, and some in full sun. The particularly severe winter of last year did some damage to the smaller plants, but not to the extent that might be expected from below zero temperatures and as much as five feet of snow in some localities.

The Society is happy to have Mr. Victor J. Wagoner in its midst, (San Clemente isn't so far from San Diego), and hopes that he and Mrs. Wagoner will attend as many of its meetings as possible.

## POMONA VALLEY

The POMONA VALLEY CAMELLIA SOCIETY announces its list of officers for the coming season: Harold E. Pearson, president, 178 E. Aliso St., Pomona; Dr. Alvin D. Ayers, vice-president and program chairman, 6144 Elenor St., Riverside; Lynn Honaker, secretary, 2775 San Antonio St., Pomona; Jack A. Rains, treasurer, 1966 Cadillac Dr., Pomona; Mrs. George Pugsley, director and membership chairman, 560 East Pasadena St., Pomona; Hollis Tompkins, director and publicity chairman, 2273 Second St., La Verne; V. S. Aronovici, director and show chairman, 1150 Indian Hill, Claremont; Clark Thomas, Test Garden chairman, 128 W. Sixth St., San Dimas.

# A STAR FELL ON SOUTH CAROLINA



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Frank Griffin

*Something about the newest bright star in the firmament of camellia publication.*

## FRANK GRIFFIN

*Ed. Note: Unquestionably one of the most discussed personalities in camellias today is this dynamic organizer of the rapidly growing South Carolina Camellia Society. He flashed across the zenith with the brilliance of Haley's Comet, and brought new interest to camellia enthusiasts everywhere. His "Camellian," the official publication of South Carolina Camellia Society, is adding much to camellia literature. We are happy to present to our readers an article by this sparkling editor, preceeded by a foreword from the pen of Judge Marvin M. Mann, president of South Carolina Camellia Society.*

St. Matthews  
South Carolina  
Oct. 16, 1950

My dear Mr. Tourje:

Your request for a foreword on Frank Griffin presents me with a pleasant but difficult task. It takes not words but pages to describes Frank Griffin. He is "Frank the Irishman." If you knew him as we do you might wonder why it is necessary to hold on to the Griffin, anyway. In South Carolina, or elsewhere, the surname is superfluous. It is carried only out of reverent regard for geneological identity and clarity. You must give him the "Hello, Frank."

Single words may be used as synonyms for a complete description. Spontaneity: Yes, sir. It just bubbles out of him like clear water from gurgling spring. Energy: He moves with the speed of a racer in high. Pilot of a jet plane, he'd have its tongue hanging out in twenty minutes. Industry: He despises laziness as the devil does holy water. Honesty: To him the straight line between the beginning and the objective is the orthodox course. Loyalty: Friendship means laying down your life for our friend when necessity calls. Temper: Don't slap his rosy cheek thinking that he'll remember the scriptural injunction to turn the other! Charity and benevolence: Confronted with an appeal for merited mercy, his bank account will stand in danger of strain. Irish, Yes. When suddenly tempted he's as quick as old Saint Peter. With his heart touched he's as tender as the good Samaritan. His mind works with electric swiftness. Mulling over conflicting ideas has no place in his rapid mental

processes. Once the thought hits with clear impression, action becomes a most instantaneous.

Versatile in thought, word and action, his mental reactions are quickly set to words entirely and clearly descriptive of his impressions. What ever the occasion, he has the phrase with which to paint a picture of his reacting mind.

His entire life—jovial, serious, busy, worried or annoyed, alike is firmly rested upon a beautiful and simple faith. Home and family mean to him a quiet sanctuary where God should find an abiding Fatherhood. His church and all that it implies is a charge from the Divine that must faithfully be kept.

Frank was born in Columbia, S. C. in 1895 and has lived here ever since. He was in England, France and Belgium for two years during world war I in the Naval Air Force. Later he wrote a feature column daily for several newspapers; edited a professional magazine for four years. For many years he has been in the real estate business in Columbia where he developed and sold several large subdivisions. He is a member of numerous lodges, societies and organizations but his present obsession is Camellias, Camellias, Camellias. He is deeply interested in them but is the first to admit that he knows nothing of botany, or of the science of camellia culture.

Just why this man Frank ever thought of organizing a State camellia society, or editing and publishing a periodical exclusively dedicated to camellias is a problem for you to work out in your own way. But I believe I can tell you just about how it happened.

Awake at five in the morning he cannot go back to sleep. Many things course through his mind, including the strange idea of forming a South Carolina Camellia Society. It hits his fertile mind like a bolt from the blue. He leaps from his bed; out of his pajamas; one bound to the bathroom where he shaves with six well curved strokes of the razor. immaculately groomed he dashes to the kitchen; he impatiently prepares black coffee which he gulps down scalding hot; hastens to the garage and wheels out the Buick and races to the office with a speed that grazes the edge of the law. He half unlocks and half kicks the office door open. He pounces on the typewriter as though he had a score to even with it. He rattles off a notice for the press that a meeting will be held on a certain day and hour for the organization of the society. He works out the form postal, with reply coupon, to be mailed to prospective members. He has it ready for the press, and in less than twenty minutes the machinery for the organization of a society is in motion. It is as yet just sunrise and Frank has had no breakfast, but South Carolina Camellia Society has been delivered. It has been awaiting his master touch these many years.

Slight railery, you say? Well, maybe so. But not so much as you think. There is only one Frank Griffin. His life is an open book and he looks every man straight in the eye. His code is "I don't care who you are,—What can you do?"

I hope that by these words I have given you something of the picture of the man who is your friend as well as ours—Frank Griffin.

Sincerely,  
Marvin M. Mann

# PASS THE GRITS AND RED GRAVY!

By FRANK GRIFFIN

A heap of people think I am crazy for having undertaken the job of organizing the South Carolina Camellia Society and in the audacious undertaking of establishing our magazine—Camellian. I will now remove all doubt by accepting the invitation to write an article for the Southern California Camellia Society's Camellia Review! I feel that I am a part of the camellia family now, and that I am especially close to many Californians. So long as we may keep this in the family I will avoid detection of my utter inability to write about camellias and their culture. I am wholly incompetent to vie with the haute monde authors of the west coast, and far too inexperienced to attempt to write any acceptable matter on horticulture or botany. As a matter of fact I abhor things scientific in relation to the growing of camellias! Science cannot determine origin, and so cannot determine destiny. It presents only a sectional view in the growing of anything. Art and science in the culture of camellias have their meeting point in *the methods employed!* There is a lot of hocus pocus written and read about the mysteries of growing camellias. I can sum up my own opinion in a very few words! Successfully growing camellias results from personal experience mixed with good soil and plain ordinary common sense. Use care, prayer, wear and tear and good blooms will come in spite of all the hodge-podge of scientific do's and don't! Of course, some fundamental principles must be adhered to—but—this comes under the head of common sense!

My mind now is on California! . . . a place I've always dreamed of . . . when it is mentioned I have visions of beautiful gardens and flowers, . . . of Los Angeles . . . of Hollywood . . . of white meat and the breast of chicken . . . the mystery of the crowds that aimlessly wander to and fro on Vine Street looking for something they expected to see and can't! I've read of the snack emporiums . . . the marvelous cafes . . . the unheard of food. I have seen sample menus and I cannot fathom the meaning of the fancy and foreign names. I am no more of a gourmet than I am a camellia expert . . . I was not born with a sterling spoon in my kisser and I didn't see a camellia until I was thirty years of age and then I was like the farmer who went to the circus for the first time, and saw a giraffe, and remarked "It's a damn lie—there ain't no such animal!" . . . there is none of the dilettante or the bon vivant in me. I am strictly of the *dirt level*; of the hot dog and chili school of cuisine, and my idea of a large evening—say for a wedding anniversary—is to take my better half out to Joe's for a dressed weiner and a soda pop. Once or twice I have delved into the mysteries of frappe, au jus, a la poulette, and things a la foie gras, but like my simple process of growing my few camellias, I have adhered to the greasy spoon league and have stuck to the simple fare. I shudder to think of pistils, corollas, Coq au vin rouge, or Grenouilles a la poulette, or Huitres a la Rockefeller, or a planked steer for two embellished with onions, broiled mushrooms and asparagus Hollandaise to say nothing of Bisq Tortoni or Spumoni. If I tried all the scientific methods of growing camellias and would partake of a meal from consommé to crepes suzette I would groan and growl all night long and would shake the timbers of my simple cottage with my snores. I would

rue the day of those high-falutin' things. I am a simple soul and must cling to the good old Southern stand-bys that stick to the ribs of those of us who were born of "pore" but honest parents in log cabins along the river where only honeysuckle and yellow jasmine bloomed, and who were raised by the seat of our britches on cawn-pone, pot likker, 'taters and chittlins' . . . I remember back home when our mailman bought a new uniform—one of the natives thought he was a Yankee and shot him. . . . Anyway . . . if I had to grow camellias by a set scientific method and eat that fabulous food . . . before the day was over I'd be longing for my *camellia* trees that have been growing and blooming for lo these many years with simple care . . . and my simple fare of cracklin' bread, batter cakes with black-strap, field peas, fried okra, rice and gravy. I'd be yelling for my spade, my own leaf mold, home made compost, and my flit gun. After working with my own plants to my heart's content I could go into the house . . . take off my shoes . . . and say "Maw, pass the grits and red gravy!"

I visited one of these *scientific growers of camellias* one day and ate one of those fancy meals at his home . . . served by white-coated butlers . . . with all the trimmings. My friend talked of botany, horticulture and even zoology—. On my way home I stopped over in a city to visit a friend . . . I felt like a stuffed toad both *mentally* and physically . . . and was almost blinded by a splitting headache from over indulgence . . . my friend suggested a walk and he talked long and hard of the wonders of the city. "This city," he boasted, "is one of the healthiest cities in America. Our death rate averages only one person a day." . . . I slowed down . . . "Tell me," I moaned, holding my throbbing head in my hands, "has today's man died yet?"

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## IS IT WORTH THE \$4.00?

When you join a camellia society, you join a rather select circle of people who have the same hobby that you have. The monthly meetings during the growing season give you the chance to meet and know wonderful friends, whom you would otherwise, perhaps, never have the opportunity to meet.

At the meetings you hear fine speakers who give you knowledge about how to improve your own growing methods.

But perhaps greatest among the services of the society is its publications. Members receive 8 copies yearly of "The Camellia Review," their official bulletin, which carries authoritative articles to help them. If bought individually at the newsstand, these copies would sell for 35 or 40 cents apiece. Each membership carries with it free a Nomenclature Book, revised every two years. This book sells at \$1.25 retail. Included with membership is a free copy of any special report which may be issued by the society. This year it is the Research Report of the Horticultural Committee. Individual copies of this report will sell for \$1.25. Thus members are receiving this year, in printed matter alone, more than \$5.00 worth for their \$4.00.

# THE AMELIA THOMPSON STORY

By GORDON ADAMS

New Plymouth, New Zealand

*Editor's Note: Recently our member, Mr. Ralph S. Peer, received several scions from Mr. Gordon Adams, proprietor of Greengates Nursery Gardens, New Plymouth, New Zealand. Mr. Adams, during World War II was thrown together with many American troops during the fighting in the Pacific area. When he returned home he was fired with camellia enthusiasm and has successfully developed a nursery where he mixes business with his hobby. Two of the scions were labeled "Amelia Thompson," a variety of C. japonica, named and introduced by Mr. Adams. From his letters, we have extracted the interesting story of this very old but unknown variety . . . . .*

MANY years ago—about 1840—a small vessel named the "Amelia Thompson" set out from England carrying new settlers to New Zealand. After eight months at sea (it was necessary to sail around the Cape of Good Hope and the southern part of Australia) this ship landed at a Maori village where the city of New Plymouth now stands. The Maoris, a Polynesian race which then inhabited New Zealand, were friendly. Among the new settlers who went ashore at this point was a family named Ginger. These intrepid people, when they left England, had brought various plants from their gardens in pots, but during the eight month's voyage everything died excepting a small camellia (tough, these camellias!) Several acres of land a few miles from the village were cleared away and the Ginger family built a log cabin. The camellia was planted and grew rapidly. (This part of the world has a moist climate and the soil is acid.) The Maoris were a war-like people and battles between the tribes were quite usual long before the white people arrived. It was natural, therefore, that some of them would turn against the white settlers, especially in an isolated position. Two years after the Gingers had established their farm a marauding band of Maoris attacked their home and they barely had time to flee to the village on the Coast. When, a few days later, they returned to their log cabin they found it burned to the ground and all of their crops, sheds, etc., destroyed. The camellia plant was, however, not damaged. They dug it from the ground, left the place in disgust, and found a small ship which took them to the new settlement of Nelson in the South Island of New Zealand where they started all over again. The camellia was replanted in the garden of their new home. For twelve years they lived and prospered in this region, and the camellia grew taller and stronger each year.

The South Island is, however, a cold and dreary place in comparison with New Plymouth. Learning that the trouble with the Maoris had ended, and that the region around New Plymouth was quite peaceful, they decided to return once again to that section. A new home was built at a different place called Manuatahi on a main road not far from New Plymouth. The camellia, now their most treasured possession because of its memories, was rather large to be moved, but was severely "cut back" and brought along with their baggage. It thrived again in the salubrious climate—the last remaining link between the Gingers and their homeland. Within three years, however, what are known historically as the "Maori Wars" broke out and the British Government found it necessary to send

(Turn to page 22)

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# THE 1950 FALL FLOWER SHOW AT BROOKSIDE PARK, NOV. 3, 4, and 5

A fairy flower wonderland of gorgeous blossoms, at Brookside Park each year, known to us all as the Fall Flower Show, draws to it the flower lovers of the environs, as a court beauty draws the cavaliers. This riotous display of color and magnificence of the flower kingdom ranks high among the floral exhibits staged in the southland, be it specialty or general show.

However, as all camellia fanciers know full well, no matter how large their collections may be, this Fall Show at Brookside is held too early for the best displays of camellias—in fact, about three months too early. The dates are too early for camellias for several reasons:—First, in south-land California, only a very limited number of varieties have started their blooming cycles as early as November first. Second, of the number of varieties which have started to bloom only a very few of the plants have grown enough blossoms to make a satisfactory showing among so many other spectacular exhibits. Third, and quite important, is that too frequently we encounter at this season some extremely warm days, which are not conducive to the most satisfactory display of camellias.

In spite of all this, it was the conclusion of the Board that the Society should accept the invitation of the Independent Garden Club of Pasadena, (Mr. David O. Gilfillan, president) sponsors, and enter an exhibit. It is customary in such cases, the baby was placed in the lap of Colonel Gale, and the Colonel has done his customarily good job of rounding up the material and planning the exhibit. Heaven only knows where he was able to find the plants (although we do know where he got those live redwood tubs—that is an open secret which may be discovered by reading a certain advertisement on the back cover of this Review!)

All fortunate enough to attend this display, which has become a "must" for genuine flower lovers, will agree that the showing Colonel Gale and his associates made in behalf of the S. C. Camellia Society reflects credit not only upon us, but also personally on his diligence and good judgment, for producing such a splendid display, despite the scarcity of good material this season.

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# Membership Application

To The Board of Directors,

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CAMELLIA SOCIETY

I hereby make application for membership in your society and enclose \$4.00 for the current year's dues.

Name (Please print or type) (Husband and wife combined same rate)	
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City	Zone
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Members receive the book, "The Camellia, Its Culture and Nomenclature" revised every two years, and the society's magazine, published eight times yearly.

Open meetings are held on the second Thursday monthly, from November to April, inclusive, at the auditorium of the Pasadena City College Library, 1500 block East Colorado Street, Pasadena, Calif. Flower exhibit at 7:30 P.M., program at 8.00.

Application may be made by letter

AS I SEE IT . . . (from page 2)

along Walnut street to just west of Fair Oaks. There, in full sun, protected slightly by a wire enclosure standing almost on the sidewalk, is a magnificent bush (variety unknown to me) which stands at least 12 feet high, and which must contain thousands of buds—when I saw it. It is a fascinating way to spend an otherwise lazy afternoon.

\* \* \*

One of the curses of being an editor is hearing so many things which would make the most delicious reading for the members, but which are only in the frying stages, and cannot be revealed to the cash customers at the present writing. "This is strictly off the record," says Mr. Biggs, "but I'll tell you confidentially, that . . ." and then the most nerve-tingling news imaginable. Right now it happens that I know about something BIG that is cooking in our Southern California Camellia World—but I can't even hint. Rufus (my carrier pigeon) is camped right on the ridgepole of the guy who really knows the details, though, and I've ordered him not to leave in spite of shotguns or birdseed. By next issue, I hope, I hope, I hope.

\* \* \*

Something I want to read as soon as I can is the lives and works of those geniuses of the camellia world, Berlese and Verschaffelt. It seems there is practically nothing to be found about these men, outside their own writings, in any library indices I have consulted to date. This is something I must take up with Mr. Robert O. Shad, the Huntington Library curator of rare manuscripts, right away.

\* \* \*

And speaking of reading matter, I hunted through eight or nine volumes

(Turn to page 16)

# THE TOUGHER IT GETS— THE BETTER THEY LIKE IT

By MARY WILCOX

*Ed. Note: Mrs. J. W. Wilcox of Yemassee, South Carolina, is a transplanted Yankee who has gone all out for camellias. She will not admit it but we insist that her desire to have more and more camellias is the primary reason for the removal of the Wilcox family from the land of the bean and the cod to the historic cradle of camellias—South Carolina.*

I SAW my first camellia plant in the year 1942. They were not common, I can assure you, in Boston. As I recall it six small liners were shipped to my mother by Margaret Higdon of Charleston, South Carolina.

Under my mother's patient care these small plants grew and thrived until she sold her residence, and that was my undoing, because I became the proud possessor of one of them. I do not know why it is, but there seems to be no specific or inoculation against the disease. In a few short years that one has grown to a thousand plants of assorted shapes, sizes and varieties. Camellias, I have found, particularly the newer and more rare varieties, are expensive. The more we have the more we want, but how are we to acquire them all?

But back to the text: At the time I acquired my first plant we lived in a large old fashioned, rather draughty house in the suburbs of Boston. The house had as a main attraction a beautiful dining room with southern exposure and a large bay window across the entire front of the room. It was there, amidst a welter of begonias, geraniums, cacti, and Heaven knows what, that my first camellia came to reside.

To my great joy this camellia grew by leaps and bounds. It even developed two buds. Unfortunately, however, they dropped off the moment we turned on the heat in the fall of the year.

I've always had a weakness for dousing plants with water so we rigged up a hose which ran from the pantry into the dining room, and had a bath room spray nozzle attachment, so the plants got a bath daily whether they liked it or not. I don't remember fertilizing with anything other than a little Clay's mixture every now and then.

The following year a friend of ours gave me a really big camellia for Christmas. It was about three feet tall and covered with buds, most of which were just about to open. I was in ecstasy, but my joy was short lived. Every bud promptly fell off. The plant itself however, flourished.

In summer, the two plants went out with the hodge-podge under a big tree in the yard. They set buds, and did wonderfully, only to drop the buds again in the fall as soon as they came inside, and the heat went on.

This sad state continued until the war and the fuel shortage really hit New England. We had oil heat, and they cut us down to almost half of what we had originally enjoyed. The family suffered, *but not the camellias.*

*That year we had our first blooms, and they were beautiful.*

The following fall, I went in for camellias in a big way (or so I thought) by ordering six gallon-sized plants from Mr. Sterling S. Tompkins, of California, and four from Gerbings in Florida. I also managed to wangle a few helpful hints from Mr. Tompkins on how to grow them. It has been

(Turn to page 23)

A

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is to a camellia grower what an "Oscar" is to an actor or actress. It is the spotlight on achievement. It is the "well-done" of your colleagues. The receipt of a Hertrich Award is a moment of high triumph in the life of a camellia fancier, to be treasured down through the years.



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Dr. Daniel B. Esterly

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AS I SEE IT . . . (from page 14)

umes of poetry anthologies recently, trying to find a poem to, or about a camellia. In vain. Roses, lilies, violets, cowslips by the scores—even daffodils, yet—but nothing about camellias. It's time some immortal bard whanged his lyre and turned out something memorably anthologically reprintable so I speak, about the darling of the all, Camellieae.

\* \* \*

The giving away of a camellia plant, or plants, can be a blessed experience, or, on the other hand, it can be a rather bitter experience if the donor frequently has occasion to visit the recipient, and finds the aforesaid recip. hasn't the faintest notion of how to care for aforesaid cam. One of our more open-handed members suffered this breakdown of illusion because of his generosity. He could not bear to see the plant expire completely from neglect, and posing as a nurser-back-to-health of ailing plants, and by a good deal of double talk about soil conditions and such, he wheedled the plant back into his own garden. But it has taken him a good two years to nurse it back to a semblance of its former glory—and he has to keep inventing reasons why he doesn't return it to his friends! What is the old saw about "we are victimized not by our enemies, but by our friends?"

\* \* \*

Let your patience hold out just a little longer—for the last time was over to the Huntington Garden they were putting in retaining walls along some of the paths in the camellia section, and beginning to install hand-railings. It may happen sooner than we expect—when the non-expert like me may be able to wander freely among that most won-

(Turn to page 19)

# TAKE AN ACTIVE PART IN THE AFFAIRS OF YOUR SOCIETY

When we first consider joining a floral group, we are motivated by the desire to acquire more knowledge about our hobby. This is commendable so far as it goes, but if our desires go no further, we immediately place ourselves in the category of non-participating members. The desire to receive is always coupled with the desire to give, or at least should be. A Camellia Society has much to contribute toward the enjoyment of our hobby, but the accomplishments that make it so are the results of the time and efforts given by the officers and the various committees. They are the people who make the wheels go round—participating members in the fullest sense of the word. It takes new ideas to keep an organization progressive—each season should be increasingly helpful for every one concerned.

In a large society the officers are confronted with the problem of getting new members working. Many newcomers have talents and abilities which lie dormant, until the officers can become acquainted with them, and conversely, the new members are not getting the most out of their society, until they become participating members.

Your society needs your co-operation if it is to fulfill its obligation to you. That co-operation can be expressed in many ways. There are the various committees, where new ideas are always welcome. The Review must ever be on the march so that it will not become drab and lifeless. Your Camellia Review Chairman would welcome any suggestions you may have for the advancement of our publication, which circulates from coast to coast. To give you eight Reviews a season requires a lot of thought and planning. A new approach,—a new idea,—can accomplish much to keep the magazine progressive and interesting. It needs your help to make it so.

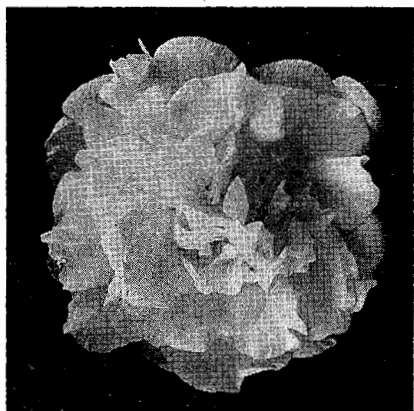
The new member can do much to make his membership a thing worthwhile by becoming a participating member. "I can't" has no place in the accomplishment of a worthy objective,—and what could be a finer one than the betterment of YOUR Camellia Society, and its efforts to make your garden more beautiful.

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**SO I SEE IT . . .** (from page 16)

ful of camellia gardens, instead  
merely having to stand down in  
the Oriental Garden part, and ad-  
mire the camellias at a distance.

\* \* \*

So much ancient history comes  
down to us as legend, that it is  
difficult to know what is authentic  
and what is not; particularly in  
our history, which few except the  
devotees take the trouble to  
memorialize. At any rate, the way  
I heard the story, in the old days  
the greatness of the Mediterranean  
port cities of Italy and the caravan  
routes to China, one of the nobles  
of Venice made a very shady deal  
with a famous character of the trade  
routes, who might have been called  
a merchant, or he might have been  
called a freebooter. Let us not be  
personal and mention names, but  
certain noble wished to import  
plants from China and plant  
them in his Italian gardens, that he  
might enjoy the luxury of this then-  
Chinese drink, at lower prices  
than demanded by the importers of  
the time. It seems that the Chinese  
enjoyed a monopoly on the produc-  
tion of tea, and had forbidden the  
exportation of tea plants, so our  
freebooter-trader was to steal them  
if necessary, and smuggle them in  
as the noble.

The deal was carried through as  
planned—except the plants which  
the freebooter brought were not tea  
plants, but camellias. When the no-  
ble learned that his bushes did not  
produce tea, he had the freebooter  
thrown in prison and was planning  
to execute him. However, being a  
man of affairs, he did not get around  
to the execution for a couple of  
years. By that time, the camellia  
bushes had produced such beautiful  
blossoms, and our noble, who was  
an artistic sort, had so fallen in

(Turn to page 24)

# Camellia Show

**BROOKSIDE PARK, PASADENA**

**FEBRUARY 17 & 18, 1951**

**EVERY CAMELLIA GROWER**  
in this area is cordially invited  
to enter an exhibit in this show.  
There is no charge for exhibition  
space. Make application as early  
as you can, because space will be  
allotted to exhibitors in the order  
of receipt of application. Apply to  
the Secretary of the Show Com-  
mittee, or be prepared to hand  
your application to the show re-  
presentative when he calls.

**A MATEURS** desiring to enter  
either plants or cut blossoms  
in the competitive exhibits should  
obtain blanks and make their en-  
tries early. There will be hundreds  
of classes for all varieties, types  
and colors of camellias.

**CANDIDATES** who may have  
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winner, **DON'T FAIL** to send in  
your registration **NOW** to the  
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**San Marino**

## **SECRETARY**

**40 N. San Rafael Ave.**

**Pasadena 2**

**SHOW COMMITTEE**

# QUESTION and ANSWER

## A DEPARTMENT

Conducted by

A. H. DEKKER

*We trust that the members of the society realize that the writer conducting this column does not pose as an expert and that he welcomes any additional information or observations, whether they are in agreement or whether they controvert the answers given by the writer, in connection with any of the questions and answers which appear herein.*

**Question No. 1.** What is the cause of the cork-like knobules on the underside of leaves on some of my plants? S. L. M., Sierra Madre.

**Answer.** The writer is certain that he does not know the answer to the above question and perhaps we should refer the questioner to Pages 141 to 146 in the 1949 Edition of the American Camellia Society Year Book. On the aforementioned pages will be found an excellent article on the subject by A. K. Plakidas, Plant Pathologist, Louisiana Agricultural Experiment Station, Baton Rouge, Louisiana. In Mr. Plakidas' article, he tells that he has made quite an exhaustive study of this leaf condition and that he was at first of the opinion that it was due to a fungous attack but that, after considerable study and experimentation, it is his opinion that it cannot be concluded that a fungus is the cause and that insufficient information is available to designate the causes.

Our own Claude Chidamian, who refers to this phenomenon as leaf scurf, is of the opinion that there is some indication that it may be caused by excess watering and humidity. It has been the writer's observation in his own garden that this condition appears on some varieties and not on others and that it appears to be more prevalent on plants growing in the hottest and most sun-exposed areas in the garden.

**Question No. 2.** How should I plant my camellia seeds? M. R. S., Pasadena.

**Answer.** It is best to gather the seed pods when they appear to be ripening in late September and October before they crack and burst and distribute their seeds on the ground where it is almost impossible to find them. After the seeds are removed from the pods, they should be planted almost immediately. If only a few seeds are to be planted, it is quite satisfactory to plant them in an ordinary pot in a mixture of sand and fine peat moss. If a large number of seeds is to be planted, it is suggested that an 8 inch deep flat be filled almost full and the seeds planted approximately 1" deep. Provision should be made for proper drainage of the flat. If a greenhouse or hotbed is available, place the flat or pot in the greenhouse or hotbed and water it sufficiently to keep the mixture slightly moist.

After the seeds have sprouted, it is advisable to transplant them to small cans or pots and some growers and amateurs advise cutting the tap root in order to stimulate the growth of seed feeder roots.

See E. C. Tourje's article on "Seedling Culture" in the Camellia Research Bulletin, just out. A splendid treatise!

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The *Camellia Review* needs an advertising solicitor and manager. Due to a change in business connection, Harry M. Wammack no longer feels that he can continue in this capacity, and has resigned. The position of *Camellia Review* advertising manager is now open.

Suitable compensation on a commission basis will be arranged. Someone now contacting nurseries, chemical companies and garden supply houses might take on this job as a sideline. Or a lady with leisure, a car and some knowledge of advertising solicitation could make a part-time job of it.

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## THE AMELIA THOMPSON STORY . . . (from page 11)

thousands of troops in order to subdue the native warriors. The settlements all over both North Island and South Island were plundered and burned by Maoris. Once again the home of the Gingers was destroyed by the crazed natives. Escaping massacre, the Gingers fled to New Plymouth and when the Treaty of Waitangi again brought peace to New Zealand this dauntless family built a new house on their old homestead.

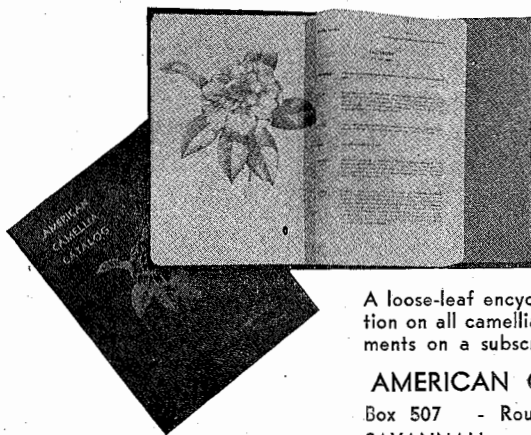
The camellia brought from England many years before, although badly damaged, still lived, and now, more than one hundred years after its arrival in New Zealand, is twenty-seven feet high, dominating the lawn in front of the old homestead—a proof that “endurance pays dividends”—the lovely pink blossoms literally smother the tree year after year.

The name of the variety has been lost, and it does not resemble a camellia now grown or described. I have, therefore, decided to propagate it under the name of the ship which brought it to New Zealand—AMELIA THOMPSON.

The last surviving member of the Ginger family died several years ago but the plant brought from England under such difficult conditions still grows vigorously. Possibly, after its introduction to the United States, some expert will be able to suggest the original varietal name. Countless visitors to my nursery have said that the blossom is different from a variety with which they are acquainted.

### *American Camellia Catalog*

- \* Simplifies classification and recognition;
- \* Gives correct names with proper pronunciation and all synonyms by which varieties are known;
- \* Describes each variety in complete detail and includes history of each plant.
- \* Selected flowers are illustrated in life-size hand-colored lithographs of original drawings by Athos Monaboni.



Limited first edition (1949) in handsome gold-embossed brown linen binder still available at \$15. Place orders now for 1950 supplement, with index including 2400 names of 1500 actual varieties, before price advances to \$17.50. (This offer expires on 1 November, 1950.)

A loose-leaf encyclopedia of reference information on all camellias—published in yearly installments on a subscription basis.

**AMERICAN CAMELLIA CATALOG**

Box 507 - Route 2 - Wilmington Island  
SAVANNAH GEORGIA

## THE TOUGHER IT GETS . . . (from page 15)

undoing, as now we shuttle letters and ideas back and forth at an alarming rate, with little profit to him, and all to me.

The six camellias did wonderfully well and the four B. and B. plants did very well. The California plants all bloomed, and two of the Florida ones did also.

I learned about fertilizing, and the value of fresh air as well. We had to shut up the camellias every night, and open the tops of the windows, even on the coldest nights, and although I did not become very popular with the rest of the family, they were brave and suffered in comparative silence.

We moved to South Carolina in June of 1948, and it was quite an undertaking. We had to get a permit from the Dept. of Agriculture which necessitated bare rooting all the plants and re-potting them in sterile soil. Neither the Inspector nor I knew much about bare rooting, and consequently all the feeder roots got lost in the shuffle.

The following day, with the Permit safely in my pocket we departed for South Carolina, bag, baggage, and camellias all squashed in one beach wagon, plus two dogs and a cat. I don't think I have ever been hotter in my life than I was on that trip. We just cooked, and so did the camellias. When we finally arrived in Yemassee, they were all shrivelled up, and there were dead leaves everywhere. I was sure it was the end of them, but not so the camellias. They promptly put out new growth, and even showed sickly buds. Then, to make matters even worse, I planted each and every one in full sun, out in the yard in August! How they lived, I'll never know, but only one plant died.

Last winter they bloomed beautifully and profusely until the freeze got them, but even that was only temporary. In the spring we had a most disastrous fire. The house burned flat, and all the plants around the house within 100 feet had to be sawed off at ground level. With two exceptions every plant has come back, and several will bloom this year, weather permitting. Truly camellias are the most astonishing plants I have ever seen. The tougher it gets, the better they like it.

Of course, ever since we got here, we've been adding to the collection. Many of the plants are from California and now, thanks to the Quarantine, we've learned all about bare rooting. Also, thanks to a Californian, we've really learned how to grow them. We even use a California fertilizer, exclusively. We have well over 100 varieties and grow them mostly in containers. We're great container enthusiasts. The more we see of container grown camellias, the better we like them.

If one starts with good healthy plants from a reputable grower; gets a few helpful hints; gives them plenty of fresh air; hoses them regularly (and I mean by that *really syringe them*); waters and feeds them well; cannot see why camellias won't grow and flourish north, east, south or west.

We've found they appreciate sun, but eastern sun burns the flowers badly in cold weather, so we try to block off the sun till about 10 A.M., and it warms up. We do not cover the plants but we do place them during the first season so they will get some protection from sun for a while, particularly if we take delivery on plants in the spring. Other than that

we don't bother. A few varieties seem to mind the heat no matter who you put them, but even they manage to stagger through. We've lost a few plants, but very few. Only about eight in all, and those, I blush to say, were eastern plants.

We're looking forward to some new California varieties this year, and some eastern ones as well. It's going to be a nice season. Our plants look well, and we are looking forward to the fulfilment of our prayers.

## AS I SEE IT . . . (from page 19)

love with these gorgeous flowers, that he not only released the freebooter from durance vile, but rewarded the man handsomely. History (or legend) does not mention whether the customary hand of the customary beautiful daughter was included in the reward; but it is a good story, anyway.

But the best chuckle to me is—that actually the freebooter kept his part of the bargain and brought back a tea plant, as he could have proved by expert testimony in a court of law. For horticulturists know that the camellia is of the same family as the tea plant!

\* \* \*

Well, here it is November, and the early payment of your 1951 dues would be greatly appreciated by our hard-working—and overworked—secretary.

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