

August at the age of 97. Sadness engulfed us when we learned of her passing. This summer Camp Jabberwocky will remember, and celebrate, her life.

Camp Jabberwocky, located in Vineyard Haven, is the longest running residential camp for people with physical and intellectual disabilities on the Eastern Seaboard. Mrs. Lamb, known to all as Hellcat, felt that Martha's Vineyard provided the ideal community for a camp such as this. The Fourth of July parade on the Island was one of Hellcat's favorite events. Way back in the mid 1960s Mrs. Lamb recognized the potential of this parade to help raise awareness about the disabled community and inspire donations to support her camp.

The former actress, who immigrated to America with her three children from England in 1951, also considered the parade her stage.

"One of my favorite Fourth of July memories of Hellcat was the summer when a chariot was built for her to be carried in for the parade route," recalled Kristen St. Amour, who has been coming to camp since 1996 (and presently is a trustee of the camp as well as as-

spared us unnecessarily. As Peter, who has spina bifida, and I, who has cerebral palsy, grew older, we began to realize how much Mrs. Lamb did for us and other people with disabilities. There were no blueprints in 1953 for creating a camp for people with disabilities when she established Camp Jabberwocky. The medical community back then actually thought such a camp would be detrimental to the disabled population.

"The tenacity with which she faced obstacles when she first had the idea is to start Camp Jabberwocky still inspires me," Faith Carter said.

My friend and fellow camper Faith first met Mrs. Lamb in 1974. Hellcat came to Faith's house to interview her for a spot at Camp Jabberwocky that summer. The interview was going very well until Mrs. Lamb saw that Faith was chewing something. Hellcat asked, "Are you chewing gum?" Faith, who has cerebral palsy and uses a wheelchair, said, "My daddy has more. Do you want some?"

Mrs. Lamb told the six-year-old "Proper young ladies do not chew gum!" After the interview, Faith wondered

how she did and thought perhaps her gum chewing hurt her chances of going to camp.

"A few weeks later, my mom and dad got a letter in the mail," she said. "I was going to be a Jabberwockian!" In the 38 summers which followed, Faith established many wonderful friendships at Camp Jabberwocky.

Like many at Camp Jabberwocky, Mrs. Lamb taught Arthur Bradford the valuable lesson of speaking your mind. "She accomplished so much by not accepting the standard answers and asking 'why not?'" he said. "She was never afraid of rocking the boat."

I agree with my friend Arthur, who began as a counselor in 1993 and now is on the camp's board of trustees. Rocking the boat is a tradition at Camp Jabberwocky.

It seemed that the definitions of "no" and "impossible" were not in Hellcat's dictionary. So she never accepted when people said "it can't be done." To her, almost anything was doable.

Peter O'Hara said Hellcat had no problem getting unwilling campers to exercise and attend physical therapy — she just disguised it as fun activities such as swimming and horseback riding.

Jeff Caruthers, who has been involved with Camp Jabberwocky since 1974 and is also a trustee, recalls his fondest



Helen Lamb, founder of Camp Jabberwocky, died last August.

memory of Mrs. Lamb that she helped him with physical therapy. "Hellcat did so much for me every day," Jeff said. "By the summer he walked up the concert hall during performance."

Besides pushing camp goals, for example, to get her master's pathology. And with Hellcat gave me the journalism at Southern Massachusetts at Dartmouth.

"She opened up so much for so many people who never have the impact she has had, but then again she was another Helen Lamb."

The Flatbread Pizzeria is doing a fund-raiser tonight. A portion of the cost of the pizza will be donated to Jabberwocky and I will be there with my family and we would love to see you. Please come eat something. She would most definitely love you use good

Paul Remy is a friend of Mrs. Lamb's who lives in Fall River.

Signs of a Blooming Fourth



Peter Simon

Tuesday Chronicle: The Bonnie Jean

From the Vineyard Gazette edition of July 6, 1962:

More than seventy-five fun-loving tots and forty-five interested adults were lined up along an Edgartown dock early one afternoon this week. Each squirmed to get on the Bonnie Jean, of fond memory for her service during the boatline strike two summers ago. She handled most of the transportation to and from the U.S.S. Glennon, the destroyer here for the Fourth of July activities.

The sixty men, women and children who scampered, butted, shoved, jumped, or stampeded their way aboard were indeed proud as the small boat pulled away. Long faces were indicative of the emotions of those that missed the Bonnie Jean.

The sailboats and motor boats, especially the huge cabin cruisers, which filled the harbor for the holiday period, made the twenty-five minute trip to the Glennon exciting. As the Bonnie Jean rounded the lighthouse, all eyes turned toward the Glennon, which suddenly loomed up in the harbor. The deep blue water, the dazzling Chappaquiddick beach, and little white spots scattered on the destroyer's gray commanded attention.

Gentle sunburns and smiles were plentiful on the visitors, but many tried to enrich their tans by wearing shorts and short-sleeved or sleeveless shirts.

As the Bonnie Jean drew closer, her passengers turned their heads to see what was happening on board. The casualness of shipboard life was surprising to those taught by movies to expect sailors on duty to be rigidly military at all times. Lines

white, but a visiting ex-Navy man, who thought before the tour that he knew more about the destroyer than his eight-year-old nephew, commented that the white was whiter in his day.

What began as a guided tour with a score of visitors ended up with one sailor talking to one infatuated girl, who did not realize or care that the other civilians had gradually gone their way.

Young boys clambered over a torpedo and through rockets. They climbed through hatches into the seats of the gunners, and although some of the lively youngsters (luckily for the Navy it happens only once a year) no doubt found how to set off the five inchers, their parents managed to see that there were no serious misadventures. Little girls were more interested in the captain's seat on the bridge, where everyone played skipper.

The adults were captivated by the inside of the ship, especially by the radar equipment. The old timers hardly felt energetic enough to move about the Glennon in the manner and ease with which the youngster maneuvered. To reach another deck, an adult had to climb terrifyingly steep stairs. There was some question whether the more lively boys actually used the stairs.

Suddenly the loudspeaker blared that the Bonnie Jean was about to pull up alongside the Glennon and that passengers who wanted to return at that time should move to one side of the ladder. The faces that had been disappointed at missing the Bonnie Jean an hour and a half before were now gleeful. There was the usual rush to get on the Glennon. The boy

In Polly's Garden



The Elusive mountain camellia.

Sowing Lasting Seeds at Polly Hill

By TIM BOLAND

POLLY HILL WAS WELL KNOWN FOR HER LOVE OF STEWARTIA, greatly admired by our visitors and represent years of Polly's efforts and our continued devotion to these trees as a recognized national collection. What does that mean exactly? The objective for the development of a national collection is to create a comprehensive collection of plants within a particular genus. The North American Plant Collection Consortium requires which includes the examination of our plant records, a report on the and welfare of our current collection, and consideration of the future. The consortium is administered by the American Public Garden Society in cooperation with the USDA Agricultural Research Service and the States National Arboretum.

Arboreta play a critical role in educating the public about plants and the protection of threatened trees in their natural habitats. The mountain camellia, *Stewartia ovata*, is restricted to the southeastern United States in Florida and Virginia in the East, westward to Mississippi and wooded stream margins just above the flood plain. My trips in pursuit of the mountain camellia have taken me to some of the most spectacular natural areas you could ever imagine. Sadly, many places for stewartias to grow are also favored places for large-scale retirement communities. In some southern states, the mountain camellia appears as a plant of special concern. This federal listing foreshadows the challenges for this beautiful species. Our distribution of these trees indicates that habitat fragmentation and the trees own inherent lack of genetic diversity, is causing a decline in their numbers.

Polly Hill is believed to be one of the first private individuals to introduce the mountain camellia into cultivation in a garden setting. Her collection of mountain camellia collections in 1967. The common name of the mountain camellia is the more well-known and more widely distributed