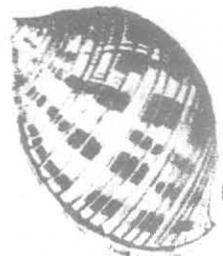


NORTH CAROLINA SHELL CLUB



Scotch Bonnet

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SUMMER MEETING

Nags Head, N. C.

May 13-14, 1988

Meeting Place and Lodging:



Surf Side
Motel

P.O. Box 400 • Nags Head, N.C. 27959 • (919) 441-2105

ON THE OCEAN AT MILEPOST 16

441 2105

Our rates for two (2) persons are:

Northside - \$48.00	Southside - \$53.00
X Oceanfront - \$65.00	North Corner (Deluxe) \$93.00
South Corner (Superior) \$78.00	

These rates do not reflect the 8% sales tax. It is our understanding each member will handle their own reservations and the required first night's deposit.

The Surf Side offers its guests coffee and danish each morning 8-10 A.M., and wine and cheese 4-6 P.M.

Friday, May 13, 1988

- 7:00 p.m. Registration; refreshments; shell identification, sales, and trade
- 8:00 p.m. Program plans for this evening are not yet finalized, but we promise an interesting topic. (If the Webers are back from Mexico, we hope they will share their adventures.)

Saturday, May 14, 1988

- 7:00 p.m. Registration; refreshments; shell identification, sales, and trade; judging for "find of the day"
- 8:00 p.m. The Thomas J. Lawson Shell Exhibit, program by the North Carolina Aquarium staff
Business Meeting
Find of the Day announcement
Door prizes

President's Message

Our spring meeting at Surf City was most enjoyable with good programs and time for catching up on news after a long winter. Officers were elected. I have enjoyed serving as your president for the past year and look forward to serving you again in 1988. The office of recording secretary is still vacant. If you have a nomination or would like to serve yourself in this position, please contact a member of the Nominating Committee: Ruth Dixon, Cora Staples, or Janet Truckner.

We are excited about meeting on our beautiful Outer Banks in May. This is an area where we haven't met for quite a number of years and promises us adventures in shelling, sight-seeing, shopping and eating. We will be close to the N. C. Aquarium, the Wright Memorial, The Elizabethan Gardens, and many other interesting places. Only one motel is listed since that motel has offered us a free meeting room if we book fifteen rooms with them. Make your reservations right away since this is a busy season at the coast. I look forward to seeing all of you for this exciting weekend!

Books and Prizes

We had lovely books for members to share with each other at our last meeting, so don't forget to bring your favorite book for our book table.

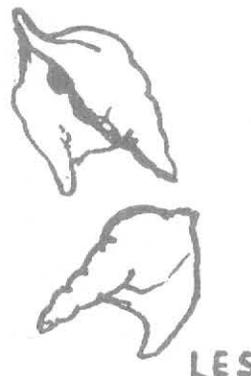
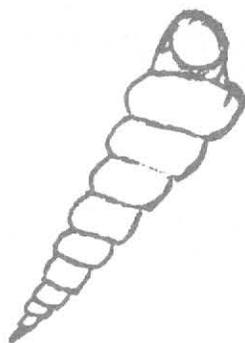
Also, we had wonderful donations of door prizes at Surf City. Everyone won a doorprize! So join in the fun and tuck a goody in for the door prize drawing. Many thanks to all who contributed so generously last meeting!

Last Call

Please remember to get your dues to Alta Van Landingham, P.O. Box 542, Hampstead, NC 28443. As you know, dues are due by thirty days after our first meeting so this is the last reminder. Thanks.

Shell Auction

Our Auction Committee tells us it is not too soon to start putting aside those treasures you'd like to donate to our annual fund raiser, the Shell Auction, which is traditionally held at our fall meeting. These treasures may be shells, shell creations or crafts, or other shell-related items such as books, etc.



LES

MEMBER PROFILE: CHARLOTTE DEXTER

by Dean Weber

Charlotte describes herself as "an amateur's amateur" -- even after collecting shells most of her life. She enjoys them for the colors, shapes, and designs, and marvels at people who can look at a shell and produce the Latin name.

Most of her collecting has been on the North Carolina coast, along with parts of South Carolina, Virginia, and Florida. Although she has made one shelling trip to Costa Rica and has picked up shells in Hong Kong and on the Isle of Skye, the North Carolina species are her favorites. A special favorite is the Atlantic deer cowrie.

Shelling along the beaches and sounds of the Wilmington area came naturally to her, for both of her parents grew up on the water. Her earliest childhood memory is as a three-year-old in summer on her father's boat. Nowadays her two sisters provide the boats. They are Emily Ezzell and Mary Mobley, also members of the North Carolina Shell Club.

Charlotte was born in Wilmington and never strayed very far from it. She did leave for college, obtaining an AB in Geography at East Carolina University and a masters degree in Adult and Community College Administration from North Carolina State University. But after a brief sojourn as a high school teacher in Virginia Beach, Virginia, she was back in Wilmington.

A job at Cape Fear Technical Institute turned into a career of twenty years or more. Most of those years were as a coordinator and director in the Programmed Instruction Center, but recently she was appointed Acting Personnel Director.

Charlotte lives with her mother on a farm which has been in the family since 1945 and which they made into a tree farm and wildlife habitat area. With beautiful birds coming to the feeders year round, deer often visiting the edge of the yard, the waterway barely a half mile away, and the beaches a few minutes by boat or car, she says "I could not ask for more".

She has been in the club for about fifteen years, helping with door prizes and registration and serving as Corresponding Secretary and Vice President. She was President of the club in 1981 and 1982 and has exhibited in four or five of our Shell Shows.

Charlotte enjoys traveling and her destinations, along with Costa Rica, have included Japan, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Thailand, Mexico, Canada, and Europe.

She likes to read, mostly non-fiction, and takes an active part in many church activities. She has done quite a bit of study on free market economics and belongs to the Ludwig von Mises Institute. She enjoys gardening in the spring, jeep drives in the summer, spot fishing in the fall, and long walks on the farm in winter.



LES

Shells, Ostriches, and Friends

Alta Van Landingham shared the following tale with fellow shell club member Mary Louise Spain. The tale begins in Goodland, Florida.

We had hired a boat to take us shelling for a couple days, and the first day we left at 0 Dark Thirty and went to the "Shell Hump" which used to be a large island, but now is only exposed at low tide. Our boat Captain put us out in less than knee deep water, and we waded to the island. Now, let me be very conservative and say we saw over 200 live, large, Lightning Whelks. At least 60 live, large Horse Conchs, and so it went for about three hours. The shells were exposed on that sand bar, live, beautiful, saying pick me up, here I am. We were all sort of conservative, and turned over all of the live shells looking for just the one we really needed. And if it wasn't the "one" we turned it back, said rest in peace, and breed for us for another year. We found Cones, Conchs, Melongena, loads of Bi valves, and just so many species. Ann Buddenhagen kept a count of what we found and I believe it approached 180 different species, for the entire trip. So much for the Sand Hump!! We then went on to a muddy-sandy flat and found Melongena, Tulips, and others.

The next day we went to Cape Romano, which is the most South-Western tip of Fla. Only Key West is more Southerly. Anyway, we again got off the boat, this time without even getting our feet wet. Cape Romano is a fairly large island, mostly un-inhabited, but there are a few very large and fancy and wealthy homes on the island. We were not interested in bothering the homes, or even going near them, as they were back in the woods. Anyway, after about fifteen minutes on the island we were sort of in shock as an Ostrich joined us. It was a female, and she was very gentle, staying only about two feet away from our bodies. After awhile, we realized she was looking for human companionship, and tentatively petted her. So she followed us the whole day. Meanwhile, we sort of split up, as shellers tend to do. In the lead were myself, Odessa, and Ann Buddenhagen, along with our Ostrich. After about another half hour, the three of us were shocked again, when out of the woods comes another Ostrich, really running and charging. This one was a male, and he was not as friendly and docile as the female. He sort of run up behind or to the side and bumped us. Keep in mind these are seven feet tall, and sort of looked down upon the tallest of us, and I am only five one. So he tried to eat Odessa's straw hat right off her head. He grabbed my plastic bag and ran. I started yelling at him, running at him, and waving my jacket at him. This did calm him down for awhile, and he went down the beach to where Shirley Collins and Ann Yelvington were. So Odessa, Ann B., and myself sort of chuckled and watched them go through the same thing for awhile. Ann Yelvington finally threw some shells at him and he left them and came back to us. By then, I had had it with him, and tried a method that I had seen used in a movie, "Crocodile Dundee" wherein you use two fingers and hiss. Believe it or not, it worked, and he backed down right away. He finally figured out that I must be superior to him, and for the rest of the time on the island, he sort of strode along with me. He would try to be casual and get behind me, but I was having none of that, and each time, I would give him the fingers and the hiss and he would run ahead.

Well, we finished the day with no mishaps. but when you go on a shelling trip with me you never know who or what you will meet. Keeps things interesting. I did just happen to have my camera along, and hope all these shots will turn out.



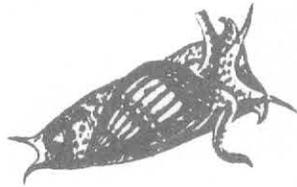
I SAW A SHELL

I saw a shell a clinging there among coral worn with time.
 I saw a shell a crawling there and reached to make it mine.
 I drew back and gave time to pause about this creature so colorful and
 small.
 I changed my mind and left it there rather to contemplate the beauty of
 it all.

I saw a shell a hiding there under stones awash with foam.
 I saw its trail a leading there and dug to take it home.
 I removed the stick and replaced the stone and gave a sigh of glee.
 I'd not upset this shell so fine, but leave it for someone else to see.

I saw a shell out on the beach washed to and fro by the sea.
 I saw a shell dull with time and decided to take it home with me.
 I marveled at the beauty of all the shells I saw.
 But, I only took the dull one home, because a tiny life should be preserved
 and I can live with a flaw.

--G. Payne Daniel



North Carolina Shell Club
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FIRST CLASS



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