



BromeliAdvisory

April 2013

WEBPAGE: <http://www.bssf-miami.org/>

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Mem. Plant Sales: Antonio Arbelaez
Raffle: Mike Michalski
Refreshments: Sandy Roth

What	Who
Sales Table	Antonio Arbelaez

APRIL 16, 2013 7:30 PM

SPEAKER: No speaker – BINGO with Mike Michalski

RAFFLE TABLE: Alan Herndon

FOOD: Usual suspects

Show Time

Time to get ready for the show!!

The last page of this Advisory is a worksheet – again. For the lollygaggers, fill it out and give to Alan Herndon BEFORE the show and you will save him a lot of trouble.

Make sure to come to the show. And, while you are there, go to Fairchild's new butterfly exhibit – it is a dream.

If you helped Alan for this Show – go to Sandy Roth's house Friday night. It is annual highlight to this organization.

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President's Message

by Barbara Partagas

Thank you to everyone for your efforts to make the 2013 BSSF Show and Sale a success.

By Tuesday, we'll all be tired.

On Tuesday, let's play Bingo.

Michalski's Suggestions for Show

[Reprinted from last year – if you heeded, great. If not, remember about these tricks for next year]



Alan Herndon – Show
Chairman

It is now too late to deliver plants in tip top shape for this show – but now is a good time to plan for the next year.

Tip 1: MAKE PLANTS. The gorgeous plant you buy at the show may be the envy of all next year. What to

do? Cut off the inflorescence. It hurts to do it, but the cutting will emphasize new growth and pups will emerge within a short period of time. By the next year, your one-plant purchase may be a 2-5 plant experience.

Tip 2: MAINTAIN PLANTS. The pups come and make you the recipient of free new plants. Often to the tune of many to the one parent. You must acknowledge the preference of parent to child. Work to the child's best interest. That means removing intruding leaves on the parent for the benefit of the more rounded growth of the pup. Often ugly to the parent while nurturing the new growth, the ultimate result is a better and a less off-centered plant emerges from the old

parent.

Tip 3: KNOW WHEN TO REMOVE PUPS. Alan Herndon says wait until the weather is warmer – hovering or averaging 80 degrees daily. That is unfortunately sooner than you may wish. Wait until the pup is about half the size of the parent is often advisable. Pepe Donayre requests that the pup have roots of its own before extraction. If the pup is getting bigger and the weather remains cold – follow Mike's advice on trimming back the parent in Tip 2.

Tip 4: NURTURE THE BABIES. Look after them for a long period of time. Make sure there is screened covering. Make sure there is water. Make sure that the fertilizing, if delivered, is done consistently and not haphazardly – often a cause of long or irregularly shaped leaves in a plant. Clean regularly. Weekly if you can.

Tip 5: AN ECONOMIC ALTERNATIVE. Buy a great plant just outside of the jurisdictional 6-month ownership period. Make sure it is a beauty. Then baby it for the 6 months and hope that it remains as pretty to the day of the show. If successful, you did it and it only took 6 months of your time. And when the show is over, be more daring and attempt Tips 1-4.

UPCOMING EVENTS

April 13-14, 2013
Bromeliad Show for BSSF
Fairchild Tropical Botanic Garden
<http://www.fairchildgarden.org/Events/?date=04-2013&eventID=740>

April 14, 2013
BALI HA'I at The Kampong
Celebrates fine wine, spirits, and cuisine.

Connects guests with The Kampong's unique collection of tropical plants.

<http://balihai.brownpapertickets.com/g/e/189880-250.gif>

April 20-21, 2013

The Food and Garden Festival Featuring the 34th Annual Spring Plant Sale

Fairchild Tropical Botanic Garden

<http://www.fairchildgarden.org/Events/?date=04-2013&eventID=747>

April 27-28, 2013

Mounts Spring Sale

Mounts Botanical Garden

559 N. Military Trail

West Palm Beach, FL

<http://www.mounts.org/>

May 4-5, 2013

Broward County Plant Affair

Plantation Heritage Park

1100 South Fig Tree Lane

Plantation, FL

<http://www.broward.org/calendar/welcome.htm>

May 17-19, 2013

Redland International Orchid Festival

Fruit and Spice Park

24801 SW 187th Ave

Miami, FL

<http://www.redlandorchidfestival.org/> (Hacked by extremists – so wait)

September 21st, 2013

Bromeliad Extravaganza – Hosted by the Florida West Coast Bromeliad Society

Indian Rocks Beach, Clearwater

Holiday Inn Harborside. Free parking!

Contact Judy Lund at 727/439-7782

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MURDER IN CORBIN A

© by Robert Meyer

PREVIOUS CHAPTERS MAY BE SEEN IN

<http://www.bssf-miami.org/>

69.

The Captain was a third generation cop whose ancestors came across the Atlantic after famine in Ireland had emptied their finances and stomachs. Unlike his parents or grandparents, he could not find a bonnie lass to marry, and instead hooked up with his high school love, Angela Delgado. Although not of Irish stock, she was a lovely girl who regularly

attended the Sunday services at their Catholic Church, and therefore received acceptance by Captain's Irish flock.

After a marriage held just days after their high school graduation, he entered the police academy and Miami-Dade Community College to become another cop of the family. He excelled in both his class work and academy training. In the end, he received his A.A. and academy uniform with pride. After a few years on the beat at Metro, he received great accolades from his superiors and gossip in the officers' clique resoundingly proclaimed him as a future leader of the Metro Dade Police force. His picture became commonly seen on television and in newspapers for great escapades which included arrests of the seemingly unstoppable and monumentally sized drug traffickers of Miami. The size and force of the drug trade had grown so large that it embarrassed the force on many levels – the most drastic being the revelation of infiltration of the drug lords' influence in the force by means of bribery.

Unlike his fellow soldiers on the streets of Miami, Captain was not someone who knew or had attended school or associated with someone affiliated with the drug lords. He was a teenager with focus. While his peers roamed blindly about the high school halls, dreaming of money from unknown sources, and trading ribaldries about their female classmates in the locker room, his incessant studying kept him away from the bad influences. The others' idolatry of local hoodlums perniciously led many classmates to failure.

Captain's isolation was not by coincidence nor a product of conscious habit. Instead, as a young man in high school, Captain had a limited social life centering upon Ms. Delgado, his studies and the Boy Scouts. The BSA had delivered numerous awards to numerous boys in the community, but few made it to eagle like the Captain. He obtained the mandatory 21 merit badges at the age of 14, earned one more merit badge each month thereafter for a period of three years, delivering him to 57 badges by the time he was 17. He began to earn Palm awards like no other scout in his troupe's history had. A Palm is awarded to active Scouts who for a minimum of three months since attaining Eagle (or a previous Palm) demonstrated Scout Spirit, leadership and ability and earned five additional

merit badges beyond those required for Eagle or the last Palm. The first Palm was bronze, the second gold, the third silver and then combinations in accordance with the guidelines of the organization's requirements.

Captain's troupe leader always worried about his teenage boys losing interest in scouting to one of the two or three liquids: perfume, gasoline and liquor. None affected the Captain. At least, not to the extent of his interest in scouting.

After a year's marriage, Angela gave birth to their first child. And, within a year's time, she became known as the Cuban who gave birth to an Irish twin. Ultimately, they raised their children with parochial school education, became well established leaders of the church, and sent their children to Jesuit schools of renown: Georgetown and Notre Dame. Ultimately, each of their children would obtain education and opportunities that neither Angela nor Captain ever would have envisioned. And, accompanying these great events, Captain knew that his legacy would end the three-generation run of family members joining the police force.

Over the years as Captain of the precinct, Captain understood his career had peaked. He was comfortable with this occurrence as the money and benefits he received would be forever and he could retire whenever he felt it appropriate, and then move to a town near either of his children where he could daily entertain his grandchildren while his educated child went to build his or her respectable and white collared job.

With these thoughts floating about his mind on an hourly basis on any given day beneath the fluorescent lights of his office, Captain would sit back and understand that in his 50's he was soon becoming a dinosaur to those surrounding him. While feeling remorseful this particular morning after passing these very thoughts through his beleaguered mind, Captain heard Boss rapping at his door, and nodded for him

to enter.

"What can you do to make me smile this otherwise drab day, Vazquez?" Captain always was looking for his people to make him smile.

"I do not know if insurance fraud can make you smile, but the plant case is now about insurance fraud." Boss then looked at Captain whose lips remained pursed.

70.

Computer hacks and computer geeks were some of the most peculiar persons walking the linoleum floors of the precinct. The computer criminal and the police computer geek actually played off one another on a daily basis amid the incredibly anonymous world of the internet. The occasional crook, whose bad deeds were neither harmful to others' welfare or being, was offered a job with the force to encourage improvements in Cyber to configure new ways to decipher what the latest criminals in the computer world were doing which the computer geeks at the precinct were not able to comprehend. When these people crossed the lines, the force's geeks embraced the criminal in exalted manner, and within moments they shared their information and became lunch buddies – often as though



they had been friends since elementary school. Most of the cops in the precinct concluded that the fraternity in Cyber was different from their own, and none of its members attempted to understand the reason for this difference.

Ronaldo Echeverria, Rodriguez's liaison with Cyber over the plant case, returned within hours of his assignment to tell Rodriguez what had been found about Stitch.

"Hey, Rodriguez, we got some stuff on Stitch that we think you need to know." Ronaldo did not wait for a response. "This girl Stitch, she has no Social Security number, no birth record, and basically is a first class ghost. And, as she is so young, we threw out that she was a government operative or other

kind of spook. So, we asked Joshua to run down some chemical tests on her. And he is doing them. Don't ask what, we will explain later when the results arrive. But, we swam around her computer banks by threading through her computer at home. And, we learned a lot."

Rodriguez was not now interested in their report, but very impressed that the geeks went to her place, absconded with her computer, and infiltrated the same within a matter of a few hours.

"First, she is a lesbo. Really a shame to us heterosexuals. She has pictures of herself all over her computer, which any appreciative art lover would honor. Secondly, she is a person. She writes to her parents almost daily. The e-mails use the terms 'mom' and 'dad' all the time. Her parents are, and you are going to love this, living here in Miami. We then uploaded your bromeliad book on a hunch, and sure enough her parents are members of the society. And, you play cards with her father. A lot. Now, for the weird stuff. Her parents also have no Social Security that dates back to a valid birth certificate. See what we were running into. A spook family. So, we have asked for legal to give us a search warrant for their computers as we believe there may be keys of their identity in the machine. And, that leads us to where we are now. Stitch also writes a lot to people in New York. Now, we can put a program together to find out what they have in common, and you are really going to like this. Guess what they have in common?"

Rodriguez had no great idea. He thought maybe Mets fans, or lesbian Mets fans, or something equally ridiculous. And, before he blurted out something so inane, he merely said, "Stop playing games. Speak or I'll rip out your tongue, and break all of your keyboard-plunking fingers before you make your next breath."

"They are all workers at 1 World Trade Center. Get it? These are people who survived 9-11-2001. She at the tender age of 12, somehow has friends with people who worked at the World Trade Center. Think about it, who at that age knew workers? Unless. . . their parents worked there – see my point? So we then refined the search to which businesses they worked for . . . and guess what?" Before pausing, Fernando remembered the threat and continued to speak, "They all worked for Pace University. So, we thought, maybe she is a Pace

University child. So we then looked into who at Pace died that day. And, many did."

Ronaldo needed to assure his friend was following his story. He spoke quickly, and with this topic especially quickly. Rodriguez stood there with a look on his face which differed in no way from his normal look, which wasn't one of apprehension. So, Ronaldo continued, "We then heard from Boss who told us to focus on insurance fraud. And we did. Of the Pace employees, many made insurance claims. But, one made a claim for \$25,000,000. Amazing amount of insurance for someone making a fraction of that money. So we investigated further. And got that person's name. Guess what it was?" Ronaldo again quickly remembered the threat. "Don't guess. His name is Nat Strong. Play with the letters of his name, and you get Stan Gort. Get it? According to the file we read, you play cards with a Stan Gort, who we believe is Nat Strong. Now, we need the DNA tests to prove our point."

Rodriguez, floored with this story, and incapable of properly relaying it to Boss, said, "You better personally tell this to Boss." And, they walked down to Boss's office without further word.



Neoregelia camorimiana
Photo by Michael Schalme

The Show This April

- April 11, 2013 – Bring Plants to FTBG 1-5PM
- April 12, 2013 – Judging
- April 12, 2013 – Judges Dinner at Sandy's
- April 13, 2013 – Show 9:30 AM - 4:30 PM
- April 13, 2013 – Afternoon Auction
- April 14, 2013 – Show 9:30 AM to 4:30 PM
- April 14, 2013 – Afternoon Auction
- April 14, 2013 – 4:30 PM pick up show plants

