

Bromeli Advisory

August 2014



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BromeliAdvisory

August 2014

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Arbelaez

Raffle: Melissa Brail

Refreshments: Sandy Roth

What	Who
Sales Table	Andy Siekkinen and Dian Johnston

AUGUST 19, 2014 7:30 PM

SPEAKER: Andy Siekkinen, "An introduction to the Hectias of Mexico: Diversity and Companion Plantings"

RAFFLE TABLE: Maureen Adelman

FOOD: Maureen Adelman, Barbara Sparling, Joy Parrish, Laura Coe, Fred and Martha Sussman, Pam Newman

ABOUT THE SPEAKER

Andy Siekkinen, a resident of Southern California, was trained as a nanotech chemist, but has switched to botanizing in Southern Mexico. Over the last five years, he has searched for (and found) new species of *Hectia* and *Tillandsia*. Currently he is pursuing genetic studies of the genus *Hectia*. Since 2012, he has been the CEO of Eagle Eye Adventures, in which he leads small groups of people on botanical and cultural adventures in Mexico, specializing in searching for bromeliads, orchids, cacti, and any other interesting plants in their natural habitat.



President's Message

by Barbara Partagas

It seems to me that this summer is a lot hotter than it was the last couple of years. Now that the rains have begun, all manner of unpleasant creatures are taking refuge inside the cups of the plants.

I don't know how smart wasps are, but making their nests in my broms is inconvenient, if not painful. Look before you leap (or start cleaning plants) is a good mantra. Now is the time to enjoy our plants. There will be plenty of time to work when the weather gets cooler.

Did you know that Styrofoam pellets will melt in the heat of our summer sun? Just because the plants can *wait* to be planted doesn't mean that the potting media can.

In Case You Missed It

by Leonard Goldstein

Diana Guidry, a Natural Resource Specialist in the Environmental Planning and Community Resilience Division of Broward County, gave a presentation entitled "NatureScaping with Bromeliads." Wildlife and the environment have been the objects of her professional concern for more than 20 years, and she made it clear that she is in a job that allows her to relive her childhood fascination with the wonders of nature through the eyes of her grandchildren.

2015 will mark the 100th anniversary of Broward County, but even before 1915 the county began experiencing profound changes. Its namesake, Gen. Napoleon Broward, had been elected governor of Florida on a platform of draining the Everglades, and he embarked on that goal in 1906. More than a century later, the county has gone from dealing with the drainage crisis that the governor created in the west to having to face rising sea levels in the east. And population pressures in Broward County are squeezing homesites onto smaller and smaller lots. However, the tinier parcels are coincidentally proving ideal for landscaping with bromeliads.

The NatureScape program of Broward County dates back about 12 years. Its goal is to restore natural habitat, remove invasive exotics, reduce

pesticide use, reduce pollution that enters waterways, and connect children to the natural world. Broward was the first county certified by the National Wildlife Federation as a Community Wildlife Habitat. NatureScape offers recognition of noteworthy yards as certified wildlife habitats, and the winners don't have to be planted in just native species; consequently, the makeup of certified yards varies greatly.

There are now 3,450 certified yards, as well as eight certified cities, in the county. It takes 2-5 years to obtain certification. NatureScape has been so successful that 16 of the 20 certified wildlife habitats in the State of Florida are in Broward County. There are none in Miami-Dade County.

The Broward County landscape code is based on nine principles: (1) Right plant, right place; (2) Water efficiently; (3) Fertilize appropriately; (4) Mulch; (5) Attract wildlife; (6) Manage yard pests responsibly; (7) Recycle; (8) Reduce stormwater runoff; and, (9) Protect the waterfront. The reduction of stormwater runoff is one of the most important, and efforts to accomplish that goal are also capable of incorporating a nice landscape around the engineering features, e.g., bio-swales. Protection of the waterfront is also very significant.

Guidry's specific interest is in wildlife habitat, and that's where bromeliads come into play. They suit the climate of southern Florida, and are wildlife friendly, economically friendly, and ecologically important. Moreover, exotic bromeliads are not invasive! At the same time, they add color and interest to a landscape. Good placement allows exhibition of the plants' best features, even when they're not in bloom. But not everyone who grows bromeliads knows how to take care of them -- they may toss out a plant after it flowers -- so education is important.

Water is an important element of a bromeliad's habitat. The plants are capable of supporting a lot of life. Insects, worms, frogs, snakes, salamanders, spiders, bats, and birds rely at one time or another on bromeliads, if only for a drink of water. Bromeliads provide good nesting sites for butterflies, birds, and owls.

With the aid of photos, Guidry spent a few moments discussing frogs and how to distinguish native and exotic species. Any tree frog in southern Florida that exceeds 5" in length is introduced; the exotic species are predatory. The Greenhouse Frog, native to the Caymans and Jamaica, is not a problem here, but is in Hawaii. Both the Squirrel Tree Frog and the Green Tree Frog are native to our region.

There is a decided role for Florida native bromeliads in habitat restorations. *Tillandsia usneoides* (Spanish Moss) and *T. setacea* (Southern Needleleaf) are frequently seen, though they are not intentionally reintroduced as part of restoration projects. Rather, they simply begin reappearing in their former home areas. (Guidry noted that Spanish Moss once had a larger commercial use than now -- as mattress stuffing.) She also suggested *T. recurvata* (Ball Moss), *T. paucifolia* (Twisted Wild-pine), *T. flexuosa* (Banded Wild-pine), and *T. balbisiana* (Reflexed Wild-pine).

The latter two *Tillandsias* are upland species that she considers important to include in restorations. Other species shown were *T. utriculata* (Giant Wild-pine), *T. X smalliana* (Reddish Wild-pine), *T. variabilis* (Soft-leaved Wild-pine), and *T. fasciculata var. densipica* (Stiff-leaved Wild-pine).

Guidry is responsible for the annual NatureScape Awards program, which recognizes landscapes and environmental achievements in Broward County. (Since she personally knows many of the nominees, she does not herself judge any of the candidate properties.)

In 2012 one of the winners was Colleen Hendrix, who hosted the BSSF during the spring of 2013. Hendrix's property boasts well-designed pathways. Bromeliads are well-placed and not crowded. For example, *Neoregelia* 'Fireball' is well-exhibited in a tree. Her backyard includes several water gardens, features created by the previous owner of the property. Guidry also pointed out that stones make a nice hardscape element that shows off plants. Also enhancing the live material are bamboo mulch and ceramic containers.

As an example of the variety found among award winners, Guidry showed photos of another certified yard that features an all-edible landscape. Because of the abundance of fruit trees on the relatively small property, the ground in many areas does not receive enough sunlight to sustain grass. Consequently, the owner used bromeliads and herbs as ground covers. And while on the subject of small yards, Guidry pointed out that for zero lot line plots, it is useful to display plants in containers that can be moved around from season to season.

One homeowner's solution to tight space was to mount bromeliads vertically on lattice work in front of an unused garage door. Another positive aspect of landscaping with bromeliads is speed; Guidry showed a yard where a combined bromeliad/orchid landscape was established in two years. The combination of multiple species can create rich landscapes. In addition to bromeliads and orchids, Guidry suggested sansevierias and small succulents. Yard art can also make for a nice landscape, and the thoughtful placement of pathways – using stepping stones and/or mulch – creates a nice effect.

Guidry closed her remarks by commenting on her agency's role with respect to waterways. The Environmental Planning and Community Resilience Division works closely with the South Florida Water Management District and other agencies that deal with waterways in Broward County. She dispelled the idea that those agencies remove all trees from canals to minimize clogging from hurricanes. Sometimes cypresses are permitted.

A Master Gardner in Iowa by Robert Meyer

While Floridians sun bath and exercise 24/7, 12 months a year, the remainder of continental United States embraces and clings to the limited sun drenched days with lovelorn lust. No greater established rite to summer passage exists than the annual RAGBRAI visit I had this summer in Iowa. RAGBRAI is an acronym which stands for Register's Annual Great Bike Ride Across Iowa – which is essentially a bicycle jaunt across the entire state of Iowa. In a period of seven days, people

spend chunks of money to endure the hottest month of Iowa's limited summer, and ride their bikes into the wind, weathering all elements (including bone chilling rain) across the surprisingly hilly terrain for 500 miles of truly exploited fun.

RAGBRAI through evolutionary mystery has morphed into a two-wheeled Woodstock. Fancy team names like "Azz Hurtz" or "Pork Bellies" and more become as characteristic as the team busses. Those busses are essentially the same busses that you rode in during your elementary school days, held together by layers of paint (pink for Pork Bellies) and are commonly (and appropriately) described as tenements on wheels. Riders often wear costumes, and the delivery of liquor at the wee early morning hours makes the Iowa of RAGBRAI less reserved than the Iowa I once knew.

RAGBRAI life improves daily with camping. Military reserve tents, home tents, luxurious tents, and more concepts of cover scramble for spaces at the towns which were 4,000 to 8,000 in population before the RAGBRAI entourage of over 10,000 (limited to this number because of the host's problems of handling more). Each night local churches hawk their overcooked pasta to the carbohydrate-loading boomers who for these rare seven days can eat anything with abandon, or without concern. Burning over 5,000 calories daily makes loading a requirement. Homemade pie ends the eating. The swill and other hydrating needs are emblematic of the town's heritage (Danish, German this trip) which ends the daily hosting with two Rock and Roll concerts each night. This is a week of partying separated by daily jaunts of 70+ miles on road bikes' chaffing seats.

When the night's shadows overcome daylight at around 8:20 each night, the less shapely elders retire in their respective tents, with their last statement to those around them being a gentle sound of an upward moving zipper sound.

Younger cads go after hours to the local bars where events common to college fraternities become the norm. Word of note: an Iowa wet t-shirt contest of midwest-fed biker chicks is not something which you need to put on your bucket list.

The majority of the old folk left at the 6AM awakening of downpulling zippers, packing zippers, brushing teeth background noise, and a 10-minute

wait at the port-o-Johns. Often the early departures were without any breakfast more than a day-old Gatorade to down three Advil or other pain relievers of choice.

The average ride is thankfully replete with stops by licensed vendors. Amid the infinitely wide and deep and long areas of cornfields, trucks in the morning huck coffee, eggs in blankets, breakfast burritos and more for the riders. My favorite – Amish pie.

Other vendors manage to obtain shade at farms along the way. Beneath century old trees, the canopy provides rare shade which the roads amid cornfields cannot. About every ten miles, a town full of Iowans awaits to host the riders – whose collective goal is to end somewhere beyond their humble grounds. Literally, every citizen comes out to waive to the thousands of cyclists, a day after they vacuumed, raked, mowed, planted, and spiffed up their already gorgeous surroundings. *This is the part that applies to this publication.*



Mr. Fitz at his garden

In the town of Rockport, after guzzling some water and Gatorade, popping one Advil, and scarfing a breakfast cheeseburger, we trekked up a hill amid which a woman yelled out – “. . . his garden really is beautiful and you should see it.” Note, I already saw or would see the largest ball of twine, the largest strawberry, two lakes, the place where the music died, a buffalo statue the size of Godzilla, Amish children and their buggies, the Field of Dreams, and more. But, what are these sights compared to the backyard of an octogenarian gardener? Please.

So I turned my bike, after yelling the obligatory “rider off to the right.” And, went two houses down and saw one yard which definitely was special when contrasted to the neighboring yards. Years of planting, literally 100+ hostas and other varieties, all of which adorned the yard wherein the middle stood a triangle palm (stored indoors in the winter) above some caladium and only a few other plants which I recognized. After identifying the tropical plants, I took note of Master Gardener Mr. Fitz of the Fitz-Reading Garden, and did what any bromeliad grower would do to this poor garden which lacked having even one bromeliad – I sent him a bunch of bromeliads.

Through RAGBRAI, the town of Rockport's master gardener now has bromeliads from the BSSF. I am sure all are in good hands and will fair better this winter than I did during my July trek across Iowa.

As an endnote, I managed to finish the ride. Days of applying sunscreen to salty skin, experiencing a daily sore back from the bike and tent's bed, receiving wind and sun burns (where the lotion apparently



Ride ends at the Mississippi where tradition is to lift the bike.

missed), enduring a nasty rain on Friday which came accompanied by a 30 degree temperature plunge, and more unpleasant reminders of the drudgery will not be forgotten. But, Mr. Fitz remains my fondest memory. Something which I have to assume the BSSF life has instilled in me.

UPCOMING EVENTS

September 8-14, 2014

21st World Bromeliad Conference
Honolulu, HI

<http://www.bsi.org/new/wbc-2014-registration-and-info/>
<http://www.bsi.org/new/wbc-2014-event-schedule/>

October 21, 2014 – 7:00 PM

Annual BSSF Auction
Fairchild Tropical Botanic Garden
<http://www.bssf-miami.org/>

MURDER IN CORBIN A

© by Robert Meyer

PREVIOUS CHAPTERS MAY BE SEEN IN
<http://www.bssf-miami.org/>

99.

Shirley walked into the bar like she did any establishment –as though she owned it. She called out to the bartender and waved high and spoke to him on a first name basis and asked for the regular at “her booth.” She was in control. Whenever she walked into a bar with a new bartender, she would walk to the tender, shake his or her hand, introduce herself by first name, ask for a special rum and coke, double, with two limes and just a splash of the coke – always diet. After the drink came, she would tip two dollars, and warn the bartender that more would be ordered that night and she hoped that the bartender would watch out for her., They always did. And, from that moment until a new tender was hired, she strutted

into the establishment knowing that her order would be handled properly and effectively.

Soon three of her friends followed through the door, and each pointed to the tender and asked for a “Shirley.” He knew what that meant, and immediately worked on their drinks even though others may have ordered earlier. The \$2 tip had grown to \$8, and before the night was over, the tender would have another \$30, and after a free round by the bartender without the boss's acquiescence, that tip could double. Bartender business was the great world of cash and undiscoverable income derived from the generosity of some, compounded by the embezzlement of the proprietor's potent potables.

The wonderful world of the silent communication between Shirley and the bartender was greater than a one drink affair. The bartender knew she was a cop, and when she ordered the drink while holding her right hand in the vee position, he knew that meant the drink was to be virgin. She signaled she was on duty and that the mix would have to be soda or another white liquid which was other than liquor. He also knew this would be charged at rum rates, but would be charged at the lesser rate of a rum and soda – the difference being a greater tip for the bartender.

While Shirley held court with her chosen subordinates, she scouted the territory to see whether or not fresh meat was entering this establishment this night, or if she would have to resort to normal venues later that night for the regular players. Her eyes were not pleased until a young dainty woman entered who delivered a vibe to Shirley that this newbie may play on her side of the field. That arousal died immediately when she saw Joshua tagging behind the cutie. Shirley immediately put on her game face, alerted her subordinates, and told the crew to be on guard. Two slipped off to the women's room, checked their pieces, and returned to the booth with acknowledging nods to Shirley indicating that they were not only armed, but ready.

While sitting, Shirley had to create a conversation. “You know, I rarely go here, but I hear the people at this place can be pretty strange.”

“Yeah. She don't come here no time at all, but we see her here every time we are here, we see her snap her fingers for ‘her’ drink, and we just ask for a drink with her name, and the tender gives it the same every time. A real stranger to these parts, she

is.” One of Shirley’s subordinates did not feel too impressed by their inferior rank at this place and moment.

“Okay, Miss I feel like being a good girl and not being confrontational all night, you made a point. Now, in the future, either zip your lip, or I’ll crease your puss with my cleaver mitts.” Shirley then glared at her friend, and wondered if any more talk could be started without problem. After some contemplation, she thought it could and spoke, “I really think some of the people here can make the odd people of the other bars – which I admit to having spent a few dollars in over the past years – look like normal suit-wearing dweebs who have to commute each morning in their monkey suits to sit in their carrels under inflorescent lights and occasionally peek out their skyscraper windows to see the rest of us leave on our boats with drinks in hand for the real fun and reason to live in this town.”

“You know you may have a point there. Like let’s talk about height. Don’t they have shots now that stop people from being short and actually can make them grow?”

Shirley did not know about this, but one of the others immediately jumped in on this topic and responded, “Absolutely. Costs a fortune. But, if your future looks like you are to be a five foot tall punk in your future, take shots for months, and before you know it you are five feet six or more. Amazing.”

“Well that was really fascinating.” Shirley retorted. “Now, what in the heck does that have to do with anything in our lives or our prior conversation?”

“I don’t know.” one quiet subordinate said. But, then she nodded her head to Shirley in a signaled manner asking her to look behind her. Shirley slowly twisted her head around and looked over the booth’s top and saw that Boss had walked into the bar with Captain, each clad in Tommy Bahama shirts and holding Fidel-length cigars in their mouths. But, before they could sit down, a waiter walked to the men and said, “Sorry sir. No smoking allowed in these premises. It is a Miami-Dade law.”

The two officers looked at one another, nodded, and put their stoagies into their pockets knowing that what little pleasure they anticipated to experience that night was now over.

100.

Marlene could not believe her emotional state. Inside she was shaking recklessly while her exterior appeared staid. Reflexive responses seemed shut off, and every little attempt became a chore. Breathing even had to be purposely thought about in order to

continue. At times, she would stand for minutes and then gasp, unknowingly having been without a breath for that time because of something she neither knew could explain. The surreality surrounded her.

When walking into the hospital, she knew enough of her past experiences what to do: do not look into rooms with open doors; do not stare at the patients; and try to ignore the smells.

All prior experiences at the hospital had been job related Although this was to appear as job related injury, it was not. When told of Candy’s room, Marlene put one foot in front of the other in a very deliberate manner. Almost stumbling at times and realizing the reflexive loss had made the lifelong experience of balance even arduous. Eventually she reached the room and knocked.

“Come in.” Candy spoke in a very calm and weak voice.

After slowly strolling in, Marlene began to tear and saw that her friend was not too ill, but looking desperately helpless in her hospital gown, on her hospital bed, under hospital neon lights and being anchored by an IV attached to the wall’s conglomeration of electrical and other outlets. Candy weakly smiled at her friend, and gingerly motioned for Marlene to sit on her bed. Marlene felt some regrouping of her reflexes. Suddenly the laborious efforts to do the mundane became normal. Again. That one smile. That one motion. The one reassurance delivered by Candy’s eye rejuvenated Marlene’s essence.

“Oh how I worried these past few moments. But, you look fine. How do you feel?” Marlene asked as she sat on the bed and lightly put Candy’s hand into her own.

“I have a headache. I have a little memory of fainting. But, I really do not know what happened. Can you fill in the blanks?”

“You fainted. Why? I cannot tell. The doctors will have to answer that question. You fainted in the office. I caught you, and I think nothing was hurt from a hitting on the ground. Sorry. But, that is the best I could do.” Marlene began to cry at this moment.

“Well thank you then. For catching me.” Candy clarified. “I guess they will test me until the bill is adequate to feed the staff, and then send me home with a report that I faint.” Candy then looked down. “Maybe I am a weakling.”

As she said this a squadron of doctors and medical students entered the room. "We have news for you." The oldest announced. "Sorry ma'am. We need for you to leave while we speak to the patient. You can wait outside. This will not take more than a few minutes." And, then one of the young students opened the door for Marlene who obediently walked out.

While waiting outside, Marlene received a text from Boss to immediately run down to Reynold's Run. It had been sent two hours earlier. She had missed it. She panicked, but decided to wait until the doctors left to give her friend an appropriate farewell.

As promised, the group of doctors left the room within minutes of entering and proceeded to the next room while the older doctor spoke and the younger doctors listened. Marlene entered the room and saw the expression of Candy's face had become ashen and frightened.

Expecting the worse, Marlene still asked, "Are you okay? You look like you saw a ghost."

"I cannot believe it. I fainted for a reason. And that reason is . . . guess it . . . oh no don't . . . let me tell you - I am pregnant. But how?"

WBC 2014 EVENT SCHEDULE BROMELIADS IN PARADISE

Ala Moana Hotel - Honolulu, Hawaii
September 8 - 14, 2014

Monday Sept. 8

Arrivals / Hotel Check-in

Tuesday Sept. 9

8 am - 9 am - Board Registrations & Continental Breakfast

9 am - 9:30 am - BSI Annual General Meeting

9:30 am - 5 pm - BSI Annual Board Meeting

9 am - 5 pm - Judges School #2

12 - 1 pm - BSI Board & Judges School Luncheon

Afternoon City Tour - Included in Registration

6:30 pm - Board Cocktails & Dinner

Wednesday Sept. 10

8 am - 5 pm - Conference Registration, Hospitality & Raffles

8 am - 3 pm - Plant Sale Vendor Set-up

9:30 - 10 am - Welcome Address: Jay Thurrott, President

10 am - 3 pm - Plant Show Entries Accepted

10 am - 11 am - Seminar #1

11 am - 12 pm - Seminar #2

12 - 1 pm - Box Lunch - All Registrants

1 pm - 2 pm - Seminar #3

2 pm - 3 pm - Seminar #4

4 pm - 'til Evening - Optional Tours - Additional Cost to Registrants

Thursday Sept. 11

8 am - 5 pm - Conference Registration, Hospitality & Raffles

8 am - 2 pm - Plant Sale Vendor Set-up

8 am - 9 am - Plant Show Late Entry Classification & Placement

Judges & Clerks Continental Breakfast

9 am - 12 pm - Home/Garden Tours - Included in Registration

9 am - 5 pm - Plant Show Judging

12 pm - 2 pm - Luncheon - All Registrants

Afternoon City Tour - Included in Registration

2 pm - 9 pm - Plant Sale Open to Registrants Only

7 pm - 9 pm - Plant Show Opens to Registrants Only

Friday Sept. 12

8 am - 5 pm - Conference Registration, Hospitality & Raffles

9 am - 5 pm - Plant Show Open to the Public

9 am - 5 pm - Plant Sale Open to the Public

9 am - 5 pm - Secure Auction Holding & Packing Room Available to Registrants

9 am - 10 am - BSI: Website & Journal - Evan Bartholomew

10 am - 12 pm - Poster Sessions: Bromeliads - Hawaiian Style

12 pm - 1 pm - Box Lunch - All Registrants

1 pm - 5 pm - Garden/Home Tours - Included in Registration

1 pm - 5 pm - Auction Items Accepted & Set-up

6 pm - 7 pm - Auction Preview - Cash Bar

7 pm - 10 pm - Rare Plant Auction

Saturday Sept. 13

8 am - 12 pm - Farmers Market Plant Sale - Open to the Public

9 am - 3 pm - Plant Show - Open to the Public

9 am - 3 pm - Plant Sale - Open to the Public

9 am - 5 pm - Secure Plant Holding & Packing

- Phyto Certificates Issued

9 am - 4 pm - All Day Optional Tour - Additional Cost to Registrants

6 pm - 10 pm - Cash Bar & Banquet



Sunday Sept. 14

All Day Optional Tour to Hilo - Additional Cost to Registrants