



July 2007
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Moyna Prince
Robert C Meyer
Lynne Fieber

Door Prize: Alan Herndon
Education: Nat DeLeon
Hospitality: Elaine Mills
Library: Lynne Fieber
Membership: Moyna Prince
Member Plant Sales: Anthony Arbelaez
Raffle: Peter & Clara Kouchalakos
Refreshments: Patty Gonzalez

What	Who
Sales Table	Antonio Arbelaez

JULY 3, 2007 MEETING 7:30 PM

SPEAKER: Ken Marks
TOPIC: Florida Natives
RAFFLE TABLE: TBA
REFRESHMENTS: Rolando Rodriguez, Donna Pearce, Joy Parrish, Carl Bauer, Betty McQuale, Leo & Marciela Castro

SHOW AND TELL TABLE: Bring your problem plants and our experts will try to help. If you have something unusual or in bloom, bring it in and share it with us. The S&T table is where we can get some quick tips from our resident experts.

THIS BROMELIADVISORY: This is a very sad issue, but a very proud issue as it dedicates itself to **Edward Prince** – Ed. He died suddenly on June 7, 2007. He was too young. His death was too unexpected. In this journal, we discuss many – no one could cover all – respects of Ed and his contributions to this society, and to others in the bromeliad world. If you were not humbled by what you already knew, the BromeliAdvisory believes that you will be astonished when you see just how much he has done over the past several years, decades. On the 6th page, there are kind words from many of you to Moyna and family. If we had more room, more would have been printed. This man touched many lives, at school or in the BSSF world, and those touched have strong and fond memories.

2007 EXTRAVAGANZA

September 29, 2007
 Hilton, Ft. Lauderdale (954)920-3300
 Single/Double \$89.00 until September 14, 2007
 Speaker: **Chester Skotak**, bromeliad hybrids (his ace subject)

IN MEMORIAM TO EDWARD J. PRINCE

A Loss of Disproportionate Measure by Robert C. Meyer

I commence this issue with one immensely hard question: what exactly can one say in few words about the omnipresent importance of one man to this society? And, the formidably accurate answer to the proverbially trite question is: not enough.

Joined at the hip with **Moyna** at every meeting that I ever attended, he wore about every hat that I imagine could be worn: treasurer, board member, president, auctioneer, Spring Show leader, Extravaganza leader, award-winning horticulturalist and so many more that I have undoubtedly forgotten.

Between he and Moyna, they performed probably more than 50% of the drudgery – paperwork, pamphlets, BromeliAdvisory, mailings, and so much more. And without complaint. So many duties over so many years made their presence dissipate in the public's eye. Their roles, whether by conscription of imposition, were handled efficaciously and professionally. No rag tag. No delay. No flaw. Almost inhumanely accurate in their performance of dreary and mind-numbing duties, they prepared papers and continued to keep the integrity of the BSSF above fray.

This is not just a loss. This is a great loss to friends of the BSSF as well as to the BSSF itself.

Kudos to the society for appearing at the funeral en masse. Probably more than 30 people from the BSSF were in attendance, maybe more. This probably does not reflect that the members of the BSSF are more conscience of the formalities of such events, but probably better reflects the amount of time and effort Ed Prince dedicated and delivered to the BSSF. Judging by the “attendance barometer”, bromeliads were a very big part of his life.

Now, we forage our way, we pass new horizons, the society proceeds without “our” spiritual guide. At first we will stumble, and perhaps confront challenges which make us want to walk away. It will be anything but easy. But, we will persevere. It has been said, “no one is irreplaceable.” Maybe so. But, man oh man, Ed's demise almost invalidates that adage.

But, then again – think of what Ed would have

said. What Ed would have wanted. What Ed would have *requested*. He slowly was in the process of passing off the torch to others in the past several years, and would only tell us that under these unfortunate circumstances, others must pick up the slack and carry the torch immediately so that no one or nothing gets unnecessarily burned. And, you all know what I think about unnecessary burns.

So, in this statement, I decree and cry out for members to pick up their bootstraps and give it a go. There is a vacancy on the board. Think about it. There is a need for help at Jose's Extravaganza (which Ed and Moyna would have invariably have helped many times over). Think about it. There is a need for future Spring Shows, and handling of items. Think about it. The November Auction needs new lungs to sell off the stock. Think about it. And, the Christmas Party and many other overlooked, but time consuming, staples to this society have needs created by Ed's absence. Think about them.

In case You Missed It

Nat DeLeon on Bromeliad Talk – June 2007

Nat DeLeon gave basics, but had some curve balls as well. And, some things some of us did not know.

Rule 1: Try to avoid allowing peat in pot to dry, it takes a lot longer to get the soil moist again.

Rule 2: If you use peat, it breaks down and slowly will need replacing.

Rule 3: *Vriesia* and *Guzmania* like a shower every night. If you are busted, don't refer to this article.

Rule 4: Do fertilize certain neoreglia – those with universal color.

Rule 5: Don't count on rain forecast – can rain of the opposite side of the street and not your lawn or bromeliads!

Rule 6: Orchid/Bromeliad growers have better fed bromeliads than those who grow bromeliads alone.

Did You Know? Probably Did.

If you dig deeply into the crevices of the bromeliad listing on the internet, you get a list of judges. And, there it includes: ED PRINCE (AJ) MIAMI, FL. The “AJ” stands for accredited judge. After his name comes, MOYNA PRINCE (AJ), MIAMI, FL. There are only 43 (now 42) in the eastern U.S. You may recognize other names: NANCY STEINMETZ (MJ) – “MJ” stands for “Master Judge”; B DEAN FAIRCHILD (MJ); ELOISE BEACH (MJ) (JCC) – “JCC” stands for Judges Certification Committee Member. Now for

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trivia: After **Fairchild** and **Steinmetz** moved out of the Miami area, the **Schrenkers** moved to South Carolina (and Jim died May 17, 2007) and Ed has passed away, Moyna is the only accredited judge in Miami. This is one little way, among many others, that Ed Prince has affected the bromeliad world of Southeastern Florida.

Adventures of a Novice: Part I

By: Ed Prince

This article appeared in BSI Journal Vol.44 #4 also see: Bromeliads in Habitat - Ecuador and Adventures of a Novice: Part II

I'm not exactly certain when the notion of going on a bromeliad collecting trip, and my decision to actually take the plunge, occurred. It's one thing to attend a monthly meeting featuring a speaker recently returned from some exotic tropical locale and say, "Someday I want to try my hand at collecting," and actually do it (figure 1). I suspect the picture of **Dennis Cathcart** (you know, the one in his Tropiflora ad) was central in my making the decision. I mean, I'm not even a minor player in the bromeliad big leagues. Moyna, my patient spouse, is the real enthusiast and grower. I just build the occasional shade house or bench.

It was fortunate that we had become friends with **Wally Berg**, an experienced collector and grower of unusually fine specimen plants. In a moment of weakness he agreed to allow me to accompany him and **Chester Skotak** on a collecting trip to Ecuador. Needless to say, I was the designated number three man in matters both minor and major.

Our base of operations was the Hotel Zumag in Quito, a city of modern beauty and old world charm, both of which were absent from the Zumag. The daily rate of U.S. \$19 including private bath with lukewarm water made it tolerable.

We departed on the morning of Monday, July 11th, 1993 and headed southeast toward Baeza on a road that would take us up and over the mountains. We had rented a 1992 Chevy Trooper with four-wheel drive (don't leave home without one) and on pretty decent roads made our way over the Andes reaching altitudes exceeding 12,000 feet. All along the slopes we saw a great variety of plant life, including several dazzling bromeliads in full flower. Although easily accessible, none was collected as its chance of survival in Florida was nonexistent. The scenery surpassed all expectation and was, in a word, glorious.

Between Baeza and Tena the altitude dropped to below 3,000 feet and we started to see plants that would, given the proper care, survive in South Florida. I constantly shouted (from the back seat)

"Stop the car, did you see that!" Chester or Wally would say, with just a hint of exasperation, "Yes, Ed, I saw it. That's not a bromeliad but a red leaf of a this or that." In all fairness to them, they never said anything to curb my enthusiasm but encouraged me to continue spotting as, who knows, I might actually see a worthwhile plant. By day's end we were in Tena, a town apparently built around a huge statue of an Indian. After rejecting two hotels that left everything to be desired (I finally asserted myself) we discovered the Hotel Mol, which had clean rooms and private baths. The owner/operator kindly cooked us a very good dinner of chicken and potatoes. Regardless of what your guidebook recommends, in Tena go for the Mol.

Tuesday morning found us on the road to Lago Agrio, an oil boom town. The road surface changed from basic unpaved rock and clayish mud to an oily sludge that made for smooth driving but literally got onto and into everything. To make it even more interesting, the rain began and continued for the next sixty hours, or so. All along the roadside we saw the type of tropical vegetation you dream about: orchids in full bloom, heliconias of every size and color, and yes, bromeliads in profusion. Whenever possible (but not too frequently as most bromeliads were nestled on the top branches of trees far too tall to reach) we stopped to gather plants that were for the most part either totally unknown to Wally or Chester (everything was unknown to me) or a different variety from those presently in their collections.

We arrived in Lago Agrio at almost sunset and immediately sought lodging. The town was teeming with oil-industry folk and consequently good accommodations were few and far between. We were really fortunate to get a single room containing four beds on the top floor of the Hotel Colon. The fact that hot water pipes didn't even reach the top floor was of little consequence as we were delighted to have a place to sleep. Nothing like a cold shower to take the chill off on a cool rainy night. We had dinner in the hotel dining room: chicken and potatoes. For any purists who are still reading this narrative in the hope of learning what we actually collected, please skip to the last paragraph where plant names and locations are revealed.

Wednesday morning after a breakfast of instant coffee and bread, we aimed for Putomayo and drove to within five miles of the Colombian border. We turned around with no regrets as the available bromeliads were the same as those collected earlier. We spent the rest of the day looking for and occasionally finding some different plants, for the most part aechmeas.

For readers who had not had the pleasure, I think it's time to spend a few lines describing the actual act of collecting a bromeliad. Step One, of course, is to

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spot the plant, which more often than not seems to be just a few yards off the road in a tree and just begging to be a part of your collection. Step Two is the discovery that between you and the tree is a medium-sized valley filled with a typical Everglades swamp. Step Three is (it won't be easy) reaching the base of the tree and realizing your plant is just a bit higher than you first estimated. In Step Four you discover that in the wild, bromeliads are super-glued to the limbs they so delicately cling to. The Final Step is holding your new prize in your own hands and watching all the previous tenants (most of which sting or bite or both) race to see which will claim your various body parts. But don't be discouraged, think of the fun and excitement you're having, and you're only two or three thousand miles from home. It's especially adventurous when you do it in the rain.

Wednesday night was a replay of Tuesday: same hotel, same room, same dinner. Thursday's objective was to reach Coca, another oil boom town. We had no major mishaps on the way unless you count getting a flat tire and finding your jack is broken. With our luck, an American petroleum worker stopped to help and we were soon on our way again. This was AECHMEA country and we saw them everywhere. We think we may have collected one plant that might turn out to be a real find. It is just possible that it might be *Aechmea anomala*, a beauty that hasn't been seen for many years (figure 2). Harry Luther will render the verdict.

Aechmea anomala

On the outskirts of Coca we caught our first sight of *Aechmea romeroi*. It was in a lone tree standing in a field of grass and shrubs populated by a few cows. The fact that we could see only heads and horns gave rise to the suspicion that perhaps the ground was not as solid as we would have wished. That condition was verified by Chester as he approached the tree and appeared to grow shorter with every step he took. "I don't think I belong here," (a classic Skotak understatement) signaled surrender. After removing his boots and dumping the muddy water, he saw another handsome specimen a few hundred yards up the road and was able to collect it.

Chester is an excellent driver, it's his judgment that I sometimes fear. Having arrived in Coca and there still being an hour or two of light remaining we decided that the exploration of a "new" road (not on any presently existing map) would be in order. After a few miles it seemed to end at a small but swiftly moving river. As there was no bridge to be seen, I suggested we make a U-turn and call it a day. Chester saw the lack of a bridge as a minor inconvenience and forged on. When the water level approached our feet I envisioned disaster whereas Wally merely remarked that it was deeper than it looked. Somehow our Trooper not only reached the

opposite shore but repeated the feat on our return.

We made it to Coca and obtained rooms at the Hotel Oca. Fairly clean, but once again, no hot water. We discovered at dinner (chicken and potatoes) that because of all the rain there had been a major landslide and the road to Quito was closed to all traffic (figure 3). In the event you are wondering why there is so much emphasis on hotels, food, road conditions, and the like rather than on the bromeliads we collected, the simple truth is that it is much easier to write about a subject of which you have a little knowledge rather than grope and fumble over a subject that is almost totally foreign. The information relating to the identity of the plants collected is courtesy of Wally, Chester, and in some cases, Harry Luther.

We left Coca at six the next morning; no breakfast; not my idea of a good start. As this was our last day of collecting and as we had already accumulated quite a few nice looking plants, both Chester and Wally were very particular regarding any new acquisitions. About midmorning they spotted some completely different looking plants on a dead tree that was overhanging a fairly deep chasm. Wally literally took a dive (about ten feet headfirst) but fortunately was not permanently damaged. With the help of a young Indian, the plants and Wally were successfully retrieved. Wally said that a few bruised ribs were all in a day's work. It turned out that those were the last plants collected.

We arrived at the site of the landslide four hours after the road had reopened and were in a long line of heavy trucks and buses that traveled single file over a section of road still under muddy water. The rest of the trip was relatively easy. Arrived Quito tired but triumphant.

In five days we had covered about 1200 kilometers on roads designed for Jeep TV commercials, crawled and climbed in and on some very inhospitable territory, collected some (we hoped) new bromeliads, obtained various bites and bruises, and in short, had a blast.

A final thought: Just do it!

For pictures, go to:

http://fcbs.org/articles/adventures_novice1.htm

Editor's Note: Doesn't the final three-word statement fully and fairly depict Ed's enthusiasm?

Ed Controlled, for Good Purpose, the Extravaganza

You knew it. You knew Ed was controlling the Extravaganza. But, when I went onto the

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internet and pulled up the minutes of the July meeting of the Florida Council, I had to sit back and laugh. It was just like a BSSF meeting. He came in with an agenda and got it done. Read for yourself this portion of the Florida Council of Bromeliad Societies, July 8, 2006 Minutes:

Extravaganzas.

2006. Ed Prince reminded the Council that although FCBS was host of the Extravaganza this year it is a Council event which requires its full involvement. He also reminded the Societies to contribute five rare plants each for the auction, proceeds to go to the Council. **Mary Whittemore** has responded positively to an invitation to be the Auctioneer. She will have a free room available, will not charge a fee, will pay for her fare but would like to be shown the area. Arrangements will be made accordingly. Seminars will be presented by **Harry Luther, Janet Brown, Magali Groves** and **Bruce McAlpin**.

Ed circulated a colorful ad prepared for the sale and informed that a special ad will be in the Fairchild Tropical Botanic Garden publication which has a large circulation.

He also proposed that the Council recognizes the outstanding achievements of **Nat DeLeon** at the Extravaganza. A motion to spend up to US\$ 200 for an award object was approved. The Chair will introduce the honoree and expects notes from all who would like to contribute to the introduction.

Editor's Note: Until I read these minutes, I did not know just who or what or how that award for Nat was spurned or even created. We now know.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE
Summertime Blues

Life throws us some curve balls at the strangest times. It is constantly changing like the seasons. We talk about nurturing our gardens...this season I will be nurturing my soul. I will miss Ed greeting me at the meetings. He always arrived before me. He was one of my favorite members ! I know he will be there in spirit... most importantly....Moyna... we all send our condolences and know that we are here for you, if you should need us

Peace and love *Sandy Roth*

Clip <----->

Some old formulae for Healthier plants:

- 1 cup of household vinegar..
- 1 cup of Epsom salts = magnesium sulfate MgSO₄
- 3 Tbs Captan
- 3 Tbs Peters 20/10/20 peat light special
- 4 Tbs "K -power"potassium nitrate 13.75 - 0 - 46

My Neighbors recipe:

- For 20 gallons:*
- One bottle of Beer
 - 1 Tbs Epsom per Gallon
 - One Cup Listerine – Old Fashioned Flavor
 - One Tbs of Peters per Gallon
 - Drop of Superthrive per Gallon

Bob Spivey Fertilizer Chart

Species	N (Nitrogen) parts	P (Phosphorous) parts	K (potassium) parts
<i>Aechmea</i>	1	1-1.5	3-4
<i>Guzmania</i>	1	.3-.5	2-3
<i>Neoregelia</i>	1	.5	2-3
<i>Tillandsia</i>	1	1	2
<i>Vriesea</i>	1	.75	2.5

Clip <----->

BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS

The Council is selling *Beginning with Bromeliads* books. Orders will be filled on a first come, first served basis. They are being offered at \$16.50 each.

Books must be reserved by July 11; send me an email with the number of copies you want.

A Council meeting will be held in July the weekend succeeding our July meeting. Hence, BSSF people, if you want your Council rep to pick up a book for you, bring your check book to the meeting.

IN MEMORIAM TO EDWARD J. PRINCE**THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES**

[Editor's Note: Below are brief statements from members regarding their dear and never-to-forgotten memories of Ed Prince.]

There is so much to say about Ed. He always referred to himself as a dirty old man, then he always said I am harmless. How I will miss him. Ed not only dedicated his live to Bromeliads he was a champion for children. He took my granddaughter under his wing, looked out for his students and of course was an incredibly dedicated family man. If there were questions, he had or found the answers. He looked out for those who were ill or having any type of situation he was there to be a support. Our daughter Steff (in Texas) sends her love to the family, our granddaughter Peggy says it won't be the same without him, and of course Karl and I will miss him terribly. Moyna, we love you and will be here for you any time, day or night.

Kris & Karl Green

Ed was both my mentor in all things Bromeliaceae and my colleague in education. I tried to soak up whatever bromeliad wisdom he wished to impart. I once won a prize in our plant show because at Ed's suggestion I mounted a tiny Tillandsia in black aquarium gravel: simple, but effective.

I enjoyed telling him about what was going on in my career because he really seemed to want to know. He might start these conversations with a boisterous: "How's life in the wonderful world of marine biology?!"

And sum up whatever boast I then made with: "Well, that's just extraordinary!" If Ed had been my father, he would have been a very young dad, but he would have been perfect: dispensing wisdom by charming example, and sharing my life in monthly installments. I am proud to have known him for a short 14 years.

Lynne Fieber

Ed prince was a wonderful friend, leader and always there to help or give wise advice. Our loss is great.

Carl and Margie Bauer

When Ed gets up to speak in his "Speaker's Voice" it makes you want to stop whatever else you're doing and listen. His voice is pleasant. I think even E.F. Hutton listens. I like Ed's friendliness and seeing his smiling face at meetings.

Joan M. Manley

I loved Ed for his good humor and this sense of humor came through at every event.

Ed was a person I could always go to for advice on my bromeliad problems or to find an answer to a question I had. I will miss him very much as I know will everyone whose life he touched.

Shirley Berkman

Ed was a kind and giving person. He was never too busy to share a laugh or advice. He embodied everything good about our group. The Bromeliad Society is poorer with his passing.

***Peggy Fisher-
John Lazarus***

The first thing that comes into my mind is- I CAN'T IMAGINE THE BROMELIAD SOCIETY WITHOUT ED!

I can't imagine not seeing his grin, his smile and not hearing what he has to say...about anything!

I will surely miss him...but most of all... I will always remember him!

Sandy Roth

Ed was a good man. I still remember a few of his words to me, especially from when we were colleagues that one year at Miami Killian. His 7th grade English class is where I was first exposed to Shakespeare, a topic he dearly loved.

Barry Huff, 7th grade 1965
[Note; Barry subsequently obtained a B.A. and Masters in Drama]

My memories of Ed include both Ed and Moyna. Whenever Sandy and I ever had a question, or didn't fully understand what was going on we would always refer to Ed and Moyna who never thought that any question was to big or too silly, (even though many of them were), so I don't know who our "go to guy" will be, but I know Moyna will always be there. He will be missed.....

Judy Pagliarulo

Ed Prince, a "Prince" if ever there was one! Certainly for all of us Bromelied people...

Ed and Moyna were members when I joined - some 25 or so years ago. He was always so helpful and inspiring and never too busy to answer the dumbest of questions, and I had many! He enthusiasm was boundless -- and so inspiring. All these many years I can't remember seeing him tired or down, even recently at the Extravaganza he kept going and going even though he had to be exhausted. His passing is difficult for all of us and he will be sorely missed.

Joy Parrish

Ed Prince made me feel welcome at our meetings. I will greatly miss his friendly smile and genuine friendship. No question I asked was too dumb. His years of teaching talents made him a truly valuable member of our society. No one can ever replace him. My heart goes out to Moya.

Bobbe Dooley

*Now cracks a noble heart.
Good night, sweet prince,*

*And flights of angels sing thee
to thy rest!*

Horatio
(V.ii.370-371)

Thank you so much. I appreciate your kind thoughts. Family and friends have been a great support.

Moyna Prince