

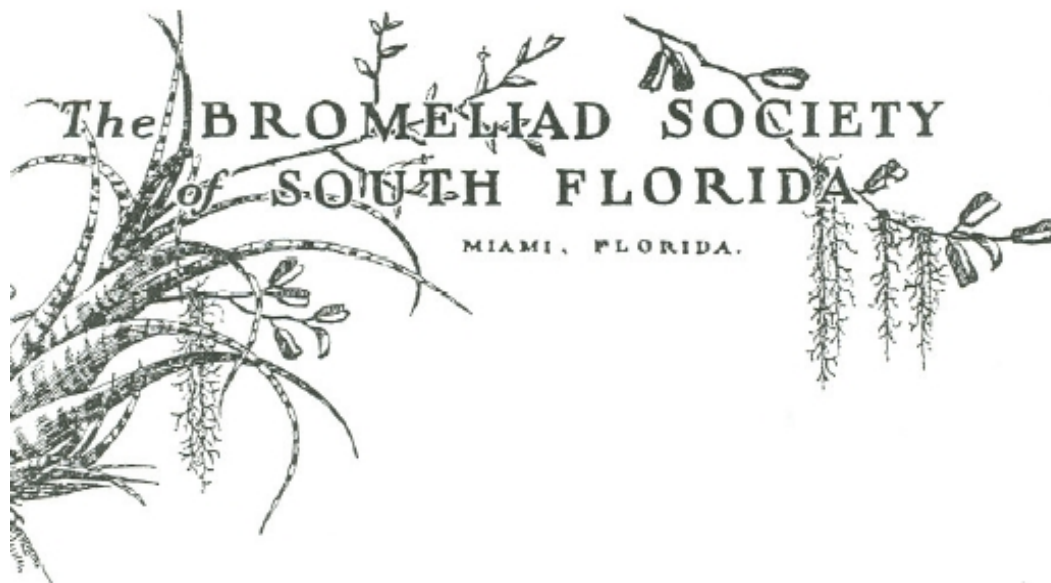
BromeliAdvisory

November 2014



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BromeliAdvisory

Stop and Smell the Bromeliads

November 2014

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



http://www.facebook.com/groups/BromeliadSF/?bookmark_t=group



<http://www.facebook.com/pages/Bromeliad-Society-of-South-Florida/84661684279>

President: Barbara Partagas
VP: Lenny Goldstein
Treasurer: Fred Sussenberger
Secretary: Peggy Fisher

DIRECTORS

Past Pres.: Carl Bauer

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Maureen Adelman '13 –'14

Joy Parrish '13 –'14

Alex Bello '14 –'15

Barbara Sparling '14 –'15

Editor

Robert C Meyer

Advertising: Robert Meyer

Door Prize: Alan Herndon

Education: Nat DeLeon

Hospitality: Elaine Mills

Library: Barbara Partagas

Membership: Maureen

Adelman/Melody Ray

Mem. Plant Sales: Antonio

Arbelaez

Raffle: Melissa Brail

Refreshments: Sandy Roth

What	Who
Sales Table	Antonio Arbelaez

NOVEMBER 18, 2014 7:30 PM

SPEAKER: Speaker: Carl Bauer as our Fairchild tour guide

RAFFLE TABLE: NONE

FOOD: Hors d'oeuvres Fred and Martha Sussenberger, Barbara Sparling, Susan Muci, Peggy Fisher, Joy Parrish, and Lenny Goldstein
Nov 18 is Sandy's B-day



Meet the Speaker

Carl Bauer, our former president and constant volunteer at Fairchild Tropical Botanic Garden, will



give us a moonlight tour of Fairchild while driving one of their trams. This is

something not ordinarily provided by Fairchild, and is a true treat. A Master

Gardner, Carl can be

quite resourceful in identifying and describing the plethora of plants seen along the tram's route – whether in the moonlight or in the day. Hop aboard the tram with our society and breath the fresh air and experience the quiet splendor of Fairchild when the tram veers away from Old Cutler Road.

Bring a flashlight as the night promises ot be dark. The moon will be minimally capable of lighting the sky as it is three days away from the waning crescent's end – or the beginning of the new moon.

Stop and Smell the Bromeliads

President's Message

by Barbara Partagas

What a fantastic auction we had! The tally was over \$5500. In addition, we have two new members.

A special thank you to those of you who brought friends and family to the auction. As always, we had spectacular plants to tempt us. The pace was rapid thanks to our auctioneer's expertise. Just ask the bid takers and the runners who had a real workout. In all, the evening was a success thanks to all of you who worked so hard to make it so.

We have an election and a tram tour this month. See you at the meeting.

EXTRAVAGANZA NEWS: Please consider donating those gift baskets received during the upcoming holidays for us to use for our raffle fundraiser. Better yet, take the basket, pick a theme, and fill it with donated goodies and garage sale picks. Have some fun collecting to benefit BSSF. praise to Kerry's which received numerous awards for conservation over the past few decades

In Case You Missed It

by Robert Meyer

FIELD TRIP TO KERRY'S AND DR. GREEN'S

On Saturday October 11, 2014, a group of enthusiastic members arrived at Kerry's Bromeliads and were escorted by Robert McMillan – a longtime employee and important cog to the bromeliad business's success over the last several years/

The sight looked more like a northern company's sight as large equipment was used to pot and feed the plants. Big bins for 18-wheelers to back up abutted the factory-like internal structure – where acres of covered mesh protected hundreds of thousands of plants.



Large inventory at Kerry's for single plant

Identifying many of the machines and showing the robotic-like sequencing of events at Kerry's, the membership's hobbyist mass



Dr. Green's Nursery

learned the vast difference between their production of plants with the "in-for-the-money" grow houses of one of the United States' 100 largest nurseries.

Pushing growth with chemicals, and fighting disease with other chemicals, play a large part of the shade houses' use. Because of this fact, large fans burst out winds throughout for the chemicals to be swept away through the side screened panels – for the preservation of the health of employees and plants.

Water retreatment plants, accompanied by cistern recycling of rain waters have earned Kerry's many awards over the years.

Water heating utilities (much like a northern radiator system) allow Kerry's to withstand the occasional, but rare, freezes in Miami-Dade County.

Afterward, the group ate a great meal at the White Lion.

Nourished, and recovered from the heat of the morning, the crowd then went to the private

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shade house of Dr. Green where the hobbyist proved that his facilities and plants were not of the ordinary hobbyist.

Abutting the shade houses of Bullis's western land, the Green shade house has numerous unique plants gathered over decades from either his or others' excursions through Latin American jungles.

The weekly grind requires assistance of others as the number of plants and delicate maintenance for the same is not something which a single person could handle.

The grounds covered were massive. The plants were seemingly perfect. Another visit to either would be welcomed.

P h o t o s a t :
<https://www.facebook.com/84661684279/photos/a.10152748244434280.1073741860.84661684279/10152748246124280/?type=1&theater>

UPCOMING EVENTS

November 22-23, 2014

Key West Garden Club Sale
10:00-3:00PM

http://www.keywestgardenclub.com/Open_to_All.html

December 6-7, 2014

Caloosahatchee Bromeliad Society Sale
Terry Park
3410 Palm Beach Blvd.
Ft. Myers, FL

December 6 -7, 2014

9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.
Bonnet House Museum & Garden
900 N. Birch Road
Ft. Lauderdale, FL

<http://www.bonnethouse.org/news/orchid-festival/>

September 26, 2015

Bromeliad Extravaganza
"Bromeliads in the Magic City"
711 N.W. 72nd Avenue
Miami, Florida, 33126,

MURDER IN CORBIN A

© by Robert Meyer

PREVIOUS CHAPTERS MAY BE SEEN IN

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

103.

Marlene's eyes were dancing about as her thoughts still fluttered about the news from Candy and other recent events. She heard voices in the booth, but did not distill one word spoken by the others. Finally, when she had not responded to Shirley on one too many occasions, Shirley belted out, "Hey, honey – what is the matter with you? Can't hear me speaking to you?"

Marlene, suddenly awakened from her torpor, focused on Shirley and said, "Sorry, but my mind had been wandering all day. Nothing personal. I assure you."

"Nothing taken personally." Shirley responded. "Anyway, as I was asking you, haven't I seen you before at the Full House? You and another woman entered there only a few days ago. I got the right person, right?"

Marlene laughed at this comment. Smiled at Shirley and said, "That's a clever one. No, this girl does not frequent places like the Full House. I am too old fashioned for that lifestyle. Just not for me."

"Oh, I know a looker when they walk into the Full House. And when I scout them, I remember them well. You were wearing black pants, a red shirt painted on your torso, and had a thick leather band around your right arm. I saw you and fell in love right away. I know what I saw, honey."

Marlene knew Shirley would engage in a dog fight over whether or not she appeared in the Full House. And, the longer the fight, the worse it would be for her if she chose to keep her preferences unknown to the guys in the squad. So, she used the oldest line in the book to end the conversation.

"I do own black pants, I do own a red shirt, and I have many bracelets and bands. But, that night and any other night for the past two years would end in my fiancé's home where he, and no one else, would have the luxury of taking off those items from my body. So, leave it at that." And Marlene looked away from Shirley.

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“Okay. Let us test this theory of yours. Call the guy up and let me talk to him.” Shirley adamantly requested.

Marlene liked that response and expected it. She requested Shirley to engage in clean language, limit the conversation to the relationship, and quietly end the discussion within two minutes. After the ground rules were agreed upon, the call was made from Marlene’s cell – speed dialed – and a male answered.

“Honey, it’s Marlene. A woman named Shirley wants to ask you a few questions.” And then Marlene handed the phone over.

“Hi ya buster. This Marlene here says she is engaged to you. Is that for real?”

The man took a slow pause, and then responded, “Yes. Been engaged for a few years now. She is to wed someday, but the date is not yet established. Why do you want to know?”

“No reason.” Shirley responded. “Have a good night.”

When the phone call ended, Shirley handed Marlene her phone and apologized the only way Shirley could – she gave a lowly eye look and ordered another round of drinks. When the drinks came, Marlene smiled at Shirley and lifted her glass to her lips and remembered that pact she made two years ago with her gay friend Mike – when one questioned their sexuality, the other could always call the other as the fiancé so the questioning parties would be compelled to believe they were heterosexual. Mike devised the idea, and it worked like a charm.

104.

Being a bartender was not what Earl sought to become. It was not on his high school counselor’s career list. Nor were many of his other income-earning ventures. But, that never bothered Earl. He was safe where he worked, the money was good, and the extracurricular benefits were never unforgiving.

But, when such freelance thoughts drifted through his mind, two more men walked into the abn which Earl knew to be one thing– not regulars. And, their shirts, haircuts, and builds

gave away their careers. Badges did not have to be held out by these people for anyone to believe they were police. “Feds,” Earl thought. “This does not look good.”

At this time, Earl reached down below the glass compartment holding cleansers and other cleaning items, and pulled out a glock. It was something he received from a police officer during a party when he managed to hide some evidence of a young woman’s presence when the officer was arresting a political person of Miami renown whose problems with the law did not need be exasperated with underage women of the wrong ethnicity. He quickly looked at the safety, checked the cartridge as quietly as he could, and shoved the geometrically rectangular weapon into the back of his pants’ waistband.

Just as he performed the ritual of pretending to be a hood, Earl saw the two men walk toward him and order “virgin” drinks upon which they immediately paid and after such purchase, the two walked toward Boss and the Captain.

As this perambulation happened, Marlin’s eyes fixated on the two squares in the Miami Beach hip establishment, and he head signaled to Gort about the awkward presence of the two guys walking toward the two men clad in Tommy Bahama shirts, holding unlit cigars in their mouths, and appearing to be very uncomfortable in their otherwise comfortable surroundings.

“Heck.” Marin thought. “What is pint-sized Lieutenant doing with that other cop in this bar when I am here?” He then looked to Gort and continued with the conversation as though everything inside was perfectly fine.

Earl, having watched Marin carefully while his thoughts flashed across his face, knew that something was very out of joint. He speed dialed his bouncer who was outside enjoying the inspirational views of the young women who traipsed along the avenue in their outfits made for the warm weather. Feeling the vibrations of his phone, Pablo reached for the phone and looked at the screen. It was Earl who had texted Pablo with one simple message, “Cops everywhere inside.”

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Pablo, who was tougher than most anyone Earl had ever known, had one soft spot: police. He was born with the wrong people to be his parents, and his grandparent were no better. When the police incarcerated Pablo's last legal blood guardian, another officer relayed the boy and his few belongings to foster care. The homes were sporadic, and never permanent. Many of the parents liked him enough, but the monthly stipend provided to them was not enough to handle the 12-year old's voracious appetite and clothing allowance. He was not a money-maker like the others in his household.

Eventually, when he was 16, he received care by a couple who needed no more money. But, they were more in the character of his parents than of the previous foster house parents. They did not mind his truancy, and in fact favored it for his education of breaking and entering – something they found financially rewarding and very useful when using small children for the breaking and larger children for the entering and looting. When the police caught him the first time, they knew of his name being tarnished by bad seed. So, they gave him a Mulligan. By the third arrest, Pablo was no longer favored by the police.

He was another of his clan, and would receive a new standard: guilty until proven innocent. During incarceration, his malleable mind accepted the prophecies of the jail-house clerics who told him that his road to ruin was caused not by genetic mishap with criminal parents who are children of criminals – rather, the self-proclaimed clergy told Pablo, it was the arrest of his parents and grandparents which was the cause. And, since the arrest was created by the police – somehow not the crime – his adversities in society were a derivative of the police, not anything nor anyone else.

Believing these prophecies made Pablo bitter. And, whenever he saw police uniforms, or heard sirens, or watched most prime time television, he would growl. The bane of society were those who we proclaimed were her to protect society. "What hypocrisy," Pablo would think. "Hypocrisy" was a word he learned in jail which became synonymous with police.

This hatred for the police continued. Earl would know – just by Pablo's facial expressions – that

police were mentioned or near. But, Earl never knew the story about the relationship between the police and Pablo's hatred for them. Pablo did not discuss his personal life with anyone – especially his employer. But, Earl – who was extremely concerned about this extremely extraordinary circumstance presently arising his premises – knew that Pablo's feelings about the police would be very useful. Barometrically and physically. And, for that reason, he knew that the message he texted to Pablo would make the large bouncer's blood pressure rise, and have the large man enter his bar within seconds of receipt.

SLATE for ELECTION

Sandy Roth, President
Alex Bello, VP
Fred Sussenberger, Treasurer
Maureen Adelman, Secretary
DIRECTORS
Rhonda
Herndon 2 year term
Peggy Fisher 2 year term



Potting machine at Kerry's