

RHODODENDRON SOCIETY

A Chapter of the American Rhododendron Society

P.O. Box 3040 Langley, B.C. V3A 4R3

NEWSLETTER

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 18th, 1991 at 8:00 P.M.

BRIAN MINTER, of Minter Gardens, - which we are sure you have all enjoyed - will be with us with a garden program to bring our thoughts back to the garden again.

Plant Sale to follow meeting - anyone with a few plants, please call Dave at 534-4884 prior to the 18th.

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SUNDAY, Sept. 29th: VRS Plant Sale at Clays Nurseries, 224th Street, Langley - 1 - 5 p.m.

OCTOBER 4/5/6: ANNUAL WESTERN REGIONAL CONFERENCE AT OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON - FULL PARTICULARS CONTAINED IN SUMMER 1991 JOURNAL - LOOKS LIKE AN EXCELLENT PROGRAM, AND THE COST SEEMS TO BE VERY REASONABLE, INCLUDING A WONDERFUL TOUR OF THE STATE CAPITAL, BRIGGS NURSERY AND THE OLYMPIA BREWERY - SO COME ON, NOW, WE DID VERY WELL LAST YEAR IN OUR TURN OUT AT WHISTLER - COULD BE A GOOD WAY OF GETTING A FEW DAYS HOLIDAY. IF YOU DON'T HAVE A JOURNAL, PROBABLY PAT HAS AN EXTRA ONE IN THE LIBRARY YOU COULD USE. ALSO HAROLD SUGGESTS THAT A VISIT TO THE SPECIES FOUNDATION IS WELL WORTH WHILE. ONE TAKES EXIT 142A OFF I-5, NEAR FEDERAL WAY, WASHINGTON, DRIVE EAST ON HIGHWAY 18 TO THE 32ND AVE.S. EXIT, TURN LEFT AND FOLLOW SIGNS TO VISITORS PARKING AREA. THEY ADVERTISE FALL FOLIAGE TOURS FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER. CATCH THIS GOING OR COMING.

WED. OCTOBER 16th: Bill DALE from Victoria, past President of the Victoria Chapter, and the gentleman who so kindly guided our bus tour through the Victoria gardens, will be with us.

WED. NOVEMBER 20th: Mr. Norbert Wuensche will have a short program for us with some wonderful "double slide" work. This is also our Annual General Meeting night.

PICNIC: The June Picnic was its usual success, with an abundance of good food, and marred only by a few showers, although no one seemed to mind. Dr. Mary once again provided the piping. Unfortunately John Haveman ended in hospital later that evening with a mild heart attack, from which we hear he is recovering, or has already returned to his normal self.

PNE DISPLAY: Diane Scott will be preparing a report on our Display with the Lily Society for our next Newsletter. Apart from the wet week, it appears that everything went well. More next month.

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MEETING: ST. ANDREWS ANGLICAN HALL, 20955 OLD YALE RD., LANGLEY



**PLEASE:** Someone, anyone, please complete our Questionnaire in the June Newsletter. There is still time to do so at our Sept. Meeting or you could always mail it.

**LIBRARY:** Gerry Emerson has provided us with a copy of his detailed article on Home Tissue Culture, which is available from the Library.

**CONSTITUTION:** Chris Ballyn, Mike Trembath and Les Clay are working on revisions to our Constitution, and anyone with suggestions are asked to get in touch with them at the Sept. meeting. The revisions will be brought up at the next meeting.

**T-SHIRTS:** Diane Scott has obtained a T-Shirt with rhodos which we can have our name printed onto. Sweat-shirts and Aprons are also available, but these must be ordered through the States, so there will be a list at the Hostess table at the September meeting and we would appreciate it if those interested would sign up, so that we have an idea of just how many to order. Prices range from \$13.00 to \$20.00 U.S. We would also appreciate some ideas as to whether our FULL name should go on, or whether an abbreviation of some kind?

**TREASURER:** Larry Chase has kindly taken over the Treasurer's position, and we wish to thank Bob Mann for filling in so well for us at short notice, and trust the Manns' will have a great winter down south.

**Secretary** It is with regret that we have to tell you Sue Finley has resigned as our Secretary. Sue is now working full time and finds it harder to attend to Club duties, but feel free to try some arm twisting out there! However, if this can't be achieved, could we have some volunteers please? (See Nominations below!).

**RAFFLE:** Please remember the Raffle Table - we have 4 rhodies left over from May, which will be available, but anything and everything welcome.

**EUGENE CHAPTER:** This month we received a most interesting Newsletter from the Eugene Chapter, (which I enjoyed immensely), and which allows reprinting of their articles, which this Chapter also allows, and we quote the following:

In my Garden I would first plant five rows of peas:  
Preparedness - promptness - perseverance - politeness - prayer  
Next to them I would plant three rows of squash:  
Squash Gossip - Squash Criticism - Squash Indifference  
Then I would put in five rows of lettuce:  
Let us be Faithful - Let us be Loyal - Let us be truthful  
Let us be Unselfish - Let us Love one Another  
No Garden is complete without turnips:  
Turn Up for Meetings - Turn up with a Smile - Turn up  
with a new idea; Turn up with Determination

Kitchen: Ella Crabb would like to have someone take over the kitchen duties, so again, volunteers please. Also volunteers needed for "goodies" for the next couple of months Please? We start into the Fall season with a gift of coffee from south of the border for which we are grateful.

DISTRICT DIRECTOR: Nominations are requested for District Director and Alternate, presently filled by Clive Justice and Les Clay, whose term expires in April of 1992. Anyone with suggestions, kindly contact Les Clay at 530-5188, or see him at the meeting.

Executive for 1991

President: Les Clay (530-5188) :  
 Vice-President: Dr. Mike Trembath (856-7261)  
 Treasurer: R. Mann (Interim) 576-8889  
 Secretary: Sue Finley (888-0920)  
 Directors: Chris Ballyn (3 years)  
 Harold Johnson (2 years)  
 Pat Glennie (1 yr)(538-2844)

Committees

Programs: Harold Johnson - 581-5253  
 Les Clay  
 Membership: Chris Ballyn - 857-0253 (987-2991)  
 Publicity: Diane Scott - 533-4378  
 Library: Pat Dahl - 534-5200  
 Hospitality: Mrs. Phil Anderson - 856-8139  
 Bulletin: Ella Crabb - 534-4884

The above welcome your questions, suggestions as to future events, articles for the Newsletter, etc.

NOMINATIONS: Harold Johnson has been appointed Chairman of this Committee - the following positions have to be filled:

President, Vice President, Secretary, Director (to replace Pat Glennie), and Treasurer (Larry Chase, proposed) Anyone having the time and interest in the above, please, please, call Harold at 581-5253.

Next Executive Meeting to be held on Tuesday, SEPTEMBER 24th at 7:30 p.m. at the Glennie residence.

NEWSLETTER: Gerry Emerson continues to amaze us, as in spite of continuing to be under treatments and attending doctors on a regular basis, has put many of us to shame this summer by completely weeding and mulching his mass of rhodies, as well as hooking rugs, and now has come up with a few articles for our Newsletter, but the one I enjoyed most was the following on Gerry's first 9 years in the Prairies, which will ring bells with some of our members, whereas with our younger group, it may make them realize just how "easy" life has been for them! (but maybe not as much fun): (Gerry also hopes to do a short "history" on any of our members who don't mind some of their life story appearing in print).

WHEN I WAS A SMALL BOY

I can see the farm where I lived as a small boy as clearly as I can see the big maple tree just outside my studio window. It was a huge place with rolling land, clumps of poplars, and fences in every direction. The centre of my universe was my family. Whether I was out playing, or helping Mom or Dad, or doing my chores, I was always happy to get back to the warm friendly house. Even though this was only a three room, unfinished house, it nevertheless had all the elements of any happy home where something to eat could always be found when I was hungry.

I can remember this family farm with its shiplap house, large pile of wood and sod chicken shed as though it was yesterday. It was no accident that the house was placed on the leeward side of the clump of poplars nor that the well stocked wood pile was between the house and the trees, for when the winter blizzards came and the snow drifts covered the fence posts and the ditches, we were snug in the knowledge that, come what may, we were well protected from the elements.

Of course the wood didn't get into this pile by accident, nor the vegetables in the root house, nor the ice in the ice shed. Every hour of every day all year long, everyone in the family had his "chores" to do. It might be a small chore for a small person and a big chore for a big person, but there was always a job to be done at a certain time of the day and a certain time of the year.

I was four when I first remember anything about the farm. At that time there was a house, a well, and an outdoor biffy, and lived you haven't until you have treated your body to the unmistakable charm of an outdoor biffy when the wind is howling and the thermometer needle is resting on the 30 below mark. For a small boy just getting to the thing was bad enough, never mind the bone chilling blizzards that sometimes sprang up without warning.

When I was five, I was expected to catch Blackie, the horse, first thing in the morning and bring him back to the barn. This wasn't funny because he was frisky and I was too small to jump on his back. I solved this problem by 'shinnying' up his leg and hoisting myself on his back with the aid of his mane. But once on top I was at his complete mercy with no saddle and just a rope as a guide. Sometimes we sailed right back to the barn, but at other times Blackie and I went flying over the stubble with me hanging on for dear life.

The summer I was seven it was time for school. When school was three miles away and the winters were bitterly cold, the three R's were a secondary consideration. A book was a rarity in those days but somehow I managed to read before I was six. I was immediately promoted to grade two, took part in the Xmas concert that year showing off to the parents. By the time I was eight, I had a lot more responsibility on the farm; feeding and watering the horses and removing the piles of manure that accumulated at an unbelievable rate. I also helped Dad in the field. After their hard day's work, we took the horses to the slough for a drink. Whenever I could I rode Frankie for his drink, but one day he decided that lying down was much better than just bending his head. This he did with me on his back scrambling from top to side and back again as he added rolling to lying down.

When I was nine Dad fixed up a telephone line to the neighbours. He used a barbed wire fence and crank-handled phones. One crank for Mrs. V. and two for Mrs. A. The women really liked to gossip, and when the nearest neighbour was three miles away, this was a good way to keep in touch. Of course the lines were constantly needing repairs and it was my job to go along with Dad when this work was done. At the Christmas concert I was given a Zane Gray book for perfect attendance and a pen and pencil set for deportment, whatever that was. I still cannot understand how any child living on the Prairies three miles from school could attend class every day for a period of three years.

Between Christmas and New Year in 1926 when I was still nine years old, we moved to British Columbia ending my life on the farm."