

## CULTURE CLINIC, THE SEQUEL!

**W**e're firmly entrenched in autumn now—at least it seems that way—the leaves are past their peak in much of Central NY. I'm sure many of us are still trying to get those last spring bulbs in the ground, as well as spend as much time as possible savoring the last of the mild weather before Old Man Winter takes hold with his icy grip! So it goes every year... But if you can pull yourself away for our next meeting, we will be continuing the topic from our last meeting! That's right, due to popular demand, CNYOS will resume our orchid culture clinic, this Sunday, November 4<sup>TH</sup> at 2:00<sup>PM</sup>. Last month we touched upon various aspects of orchid culture, including requirements such as temperature, humidity, air-movement, and water quality. There were so many questions that there just wasn't enough time to cover them all. So here's your second chance—come armed with questions! No topic is off-limits to our well-seasoned experts, from pests to pots, and stakes to spots! (Out, damned spot! Out, I say!). Bring in your problem plants and we'll try to diagnose what's wrong with them, and if you'd like to know about your water quality, bring in a sample (with and without fertilizer) for testing (pH & TDS, total dissolved salts). Perhaps you're having trouble getting your orchids to bloom—is it too warm or too cold? Too much light or too little??? Every kind of orchid is different—if you're trying to grow your *Masdevallias* along side your *Cattleyas*, you might just be asking for problems! So when you come with questions, please know what kind of orchids you have, how much light they're getting, what your water is like (pH & TDS), how warm it gets during the day and how cold at night, and

how often you fertilize. Honing in on the right combination of these factors is often the key to getting orchids to bloom!

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**N**ovember 10<sup>TH</sup>: Road Trip to Marlow Orchids: Jim Marlow has once again invited us to visit his greenhouse in Scottsville NY. If you're asking yourself, "Didn't we just do that?", you're not loos-

Continued from cover page...

ing your mind—we plan on making this visit an annual fall event, with a visit to Bloomfield Orchids each spring. Jim has invited us to arrive around 11:00<sup>AM</sup>, and will be providing lunch. If you're interested in attending, please call CNYOS President Dave Ditz no later than Wednesday, November 7<sup>TH</sup> (635-8148—Jim needs a head-count). Directions are included on page 4.

**OCTOBER MEETING: ORCHID CULTURE CLINIC**

The October meeting of the Central NY Orchid Society covered the basics of orchid culture, including water quality, humidity and air movement, temperature, and light. Rich Groll gave a fairly detailed lecture on these topics, and lots of questions were asked and answered. Jeff Stuart tested the water quality for members who brought samples with them. It was a very well-received meeting, and due to the large volume of questions that went unanswered, it was decided to continue the topic of orchid culture during the November meeting.

In addition, the topic of the 2002 annual fall show was discussed, with respect to finding a new location and any other changes that might be warranted. After a fairly lengthy discussion it was decided that next year's show will be at Carousel Mall. Unfortunately, Shoppingtown Mall has made it very clear that we are not entirely welcomed there, while Carousel Mall seems very interested in hosting our annual show.

**MEETING MINUTES FOR OCTOBER 7<sup>TH</sup>, 2001**

1. The club show-Thanks to Debbie, Eleanor, and Dolores for all their hard work. Thanks to Iris and Elihu Cohen, and Jen Wilson for their efforts with registration and all of the rest of the computer-work, to Rich for his work with the photography and the supplies; and to everyone else who helped make this show a success.

For next year, Iris would like another person on Saturday to help with the computer.

Many people who attended the show had seen the article in the newspaper. The vendors were basically happy.

The books that had been ordered for sale at the show have arrived, the late arriving calendars need to be sold this year.

The charity donation will be sent to our local Red Cross, earmarked for the Twin Towers.

For next year, all the judges are tentatively returning. We need to pick a date for next year, but not the third weekend of any month as that date conflicts with judging in NYC. The last weekend of September and the first of October were suggested as possibilities. Apparently Shoppingtown Mall would be pleased to have us not return. Possible alternatives were suggested.

Deb Coyle has agreed to be chairperson again.

2. The November meeting will be 11/4/01, The possibility of a field trip to Jim Marlow's was discussed for 11/10/01. Jeff will contact Jim for availability.

3. Christmas party—at Pier 57, we will need lights, extension cords, and a different display table.

4. Elections-a committee was formed, consisting of Jeff, Ken, and Judy to develop a slate of officers.

5. New members were introduced.

6. There was a discussion of general orchid culture.

7. The African Violet Club will have an auction on Thursday at 7:30PM.

8. Thanks to Barbara Weller and David Ditz for the refreshments and especially those wonderful cookies.

**Respectfully submitted  
Barbara Weller**

# MAJOR AWARD WINNERS FROM THE CNYOS FALL SHOW

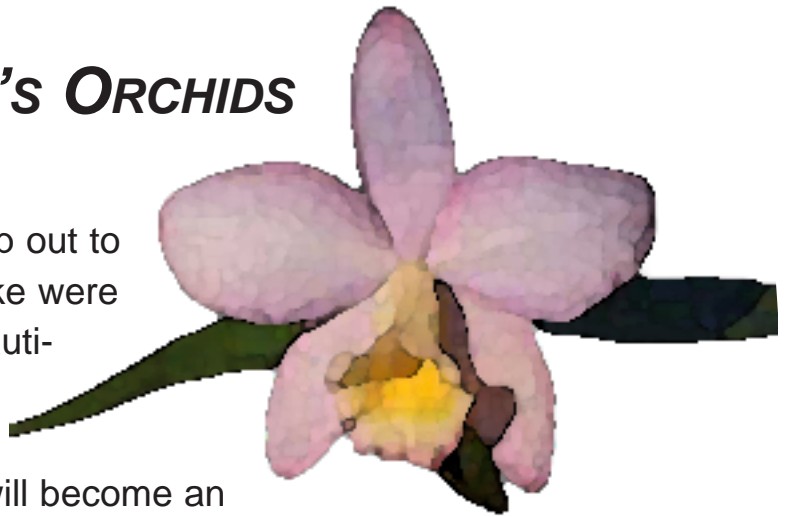
As many of you are no doubt already aware, our annual fall show held in September was our most successful in years, from the standpoint of AOS awards, vendor sales, and attendance—all this, despite the horrific attack on our country just a few days earlier. The quality of the orchids entered into the displays was higher than it has been in several years; highlights included Dave Clemens' remarkable *L. pumila*—sporting at least 6 flowers—which garnered three of our show's highest awards (Best Cattleya, James Rice Memorial Award, and the Margery Ummer Memorial Award). Member Dianne Bordoni's *Malleola baliensis* took home a provisional CBR/AOS, and, among other national awards, Darrin Norton of Mountain Orchids received a national AOS award for his exhibit. And it would be remiss not to mention the CCM/AOS awarded to our regular vendor MaryCarol Frier for her exceptionally grown *Onc.* Florida Gold. All of the major show awards are listed below. Unfortunately, the full list of ribbon awards won by CNYOS members was unavailable prior to publication of this issue, but will be included with the next newsletter. Congratulations to all winners, and thanks again to all CNYOS members who helped to make our show such a success!

<i>L. pumila</i>	Dave Clemens, STOS	Best Cattleya, James Rice Memorial Award, Margery Ummer Memorial Award
<i>Malleola baliensis</i> 'Chrislin'	Dianne Bordoni	CBR/AOS
<i>Onc.</i> Florida Gold 'Frier's Jackpot'	Frier's Orchids	Best in Section, Best Hybrid, CCM/AOS (87 points)
"Home from the Show"	Gary Stensland	Best in Section
<i>Phrag.</i> Sedenii	Jackie and David Churchill	Andy Myers Memorial Award (Best Amateur Grown <i>Phragmipedium</i> )
<i>Paph.</i> Norwoods Creek x <i>sukhakulii</i>	Marlow's Orchids	Best <i>Cypripedium</i> Alliance
<i>Phal.</i> Henry Rothman x Brother Lawrence	Marlow's Orchids	Best in Section
<i>Ctsm.</i> Jumbo Eagle 'Scottsville'	Marlow's Orchids	Best in Section, HCC/AOS (76 points)
V. Barbara Jean Ansley	Marlow's Orchids	Best in Section
<i>Den. masarangense</i> 'Mountain High'	Mountain Orchids	CCE/AOS (90 points)
<i>Den. masarangense</i> 'Mountainside', AM/AOS	Mountain Orchids	Best Species
Exhibit	Mountain Orchids	Best Exhibit, AOS Show Award
<i>Max. turkeliae</i> 'Mountainside'	Mountain Orchids	CBR/AOS
<i>Milt.</i> Cogniauxiae 'Fort Caroline'	Robert Wyman, GROS	CHM/AOS (83 points)

## ***DIRECTIONS TO MARLOW'S ORCHIDS***

Last Spring, CNYOS took our first trip out to visit Marlow's Orchids. Jim and Mike were wonderful hosts, opening both their beautiful home and greenhouse to the club.

On **Saturday, November 10<sup>TH</sup>**, we'll be returning to Jim's in what we hope will become an annual fall visit. Marlow Orchids has a very diverse selection to choose from, as was evident from Jim's booth at our show. If you go, you're sure to find something to add to your collection!



**W**e will be meeting in the St. Augustine's Church parking lot at 9:15<sup>AM</sup>, and plan to leave around 9:30. ***If you're planning to attend, please call Dave Ditz by Wednesday, November 7<sup>TH</sup> so that we can let Jim know how many of us to expect.*** Jim will be providing lunch for the club.

**D**irections: Take **NY State Thruway** west to the **Henrietta exit (46)**. Take **390 North to the Jefferson Road exit**. Turn **left onto Jefferson** and proceed approximately 2 miles past Marketplace Mall and then another 1/2 mile past RIT. Turn left on Scottsville Road and proceed approximately 2 miles. Jim's house is next to Doubling Hills Inn at 2272 Scottsville Road.

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## ***CNYOS CALENDAR***

- |                          |   |
|--------------------------|---|
| <b>November 4</b>        | Monthly meeting at 2:00PM: Culture clinic.  |
| <b>November 10</b>       | Trip to <b>Marlow's Orchids</b> in Scottsville NY. Please let Dave Ditz know by 11/7 if you plan on attending. Lunch will be provided |
| <b>December 2</b>        | Annual Holiday Party at Pier 57 (details to be announced).  |
| <b>March 14-17, 2002</b> | Central New York Flower & Garden Show, State Fair Grounds   |
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# MISCELLANEOUS BUSINESS...

## **CLUB REMINDERS**

**Orchid-Growing Supplies** are now available, including fir bark, sphagnum, sponge rock, charcoal, and 40W fluorescent tubes. Call Rich Groll for details on pricing and availability.

The **CNYOS Club Library** is now located at St. Augustine's church. Make arrangements with Dianne Bordoni if you want to borrow an item from the Library.

***DON'T FORGET TO BRING YOUR BLOOMING ORCHIDS FOR THE MONTHLY SHOW TABLE!!!***



*Phalaenopsis bellina* (violacea), photograph by Vagisha Sharma, with digital enhancement by J. Stuart.

## **REFRESHMENT SCHEDULE**

November  
January 2002

Cheryl & Tom Lloyd  
Judi Witkin

## **2002 AOS CALENDARS AVAILABLE!**

A limited number of AOS calendars for 2002 will be available at the next meeting on a first-come, first-served basis. These had originally been ordered for our fall show, but did not arrive on time.  
See Jeff Stuart.

## **CNYOS is Now ON-LINE!**

CNYOS's new team of web-masters, Charles Ufford and Jeff Stuart, are working on a club website. Although just in the beginning stages, the site is up and running—or rather up and under construction—at [www.paphioepidilum.net](http://www.paphioepidilum.net). We've got lots of ideas and they'll be discussed at the next meeting. Photos from both the September meeting and the show are currently posted there. What would YOU like to see on our own web-site? We're open to your ideas!



## ***SOPHRONITIS BREVIPEDUNCULATA* & *CYMBIDIUM ERYTHROSTYLUM***

The only thing that binds the two orchids in the Spot Light this month is that both bloom this time of year.

***Sophronitis brevipedunculata*:** For many years this species was considered to be a variety of *Soph. wittingiana*. Now it is accepted as a separate species, producing proportionately large salmon to rose pink flowers, roughly 2-3" across. From the interior of the Brazilian state of Minas Gerais at elevations of 1500-2000m, it can usually be found growing on *Vellozia* bushes. This habitat experiences hot dry days and cold dewy nights. Although not as showy as its close cousin *Soph. coccinea*, *brevipedunculata* will tolerate less cool conditions and is generally of easier culture, making it a worthy subject. Grow *Sophronitis brevipedunculata* on a cork slab under moderately bright light and cool to intermediate temperatures.

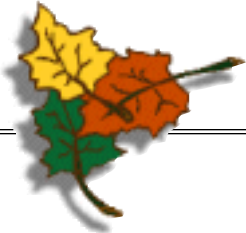


**CYMBIDIUM ERYTHROSTYLUM**

© 2000 Greg Allikas

***Cymbidium erythrostylum*** is a beautiful species from moderate elevations of Viet Nam. The pristine white flowers are offset by the brightly colored and decorated lip. 4-7 large flowers (4", 11.5cm) are produced from the base of the pseudobulbs in the fall to winter months. It has been influential in *Cymbidium* breeding, having been used as a parent over sixty times. Culture as for other cymbidiums under cool to intermediate temperatures.

**Reference:** Photos © Greg Allikas. The Orchid Photo Page by Greg Allikas: <http://www.orchidworks.com/>



**IMPORTANT!!! Dues Soon Due!**

Over the next few months, CNYOS will be looking for your annual membership dues (due each December). Check the label on this newsletter: if it reads "C" you are a Courtesy mailing. If it reads "M01," you are a paid member and owe dues for the new season. "M02" reflects a paid status. "CM" denotes a Commercial Mailing. These labels may not be entirely up to date, so if you've already paid, your status will be updated by the next newsletter. If, however, you are currently receiving this newsletter as a courtesy and haven't joined the club, you will be removed from our mailing list in December. A few exceptions will be made, including commercial vendors and representatives of various gardening organizations. Annual club dues are \$15.00 per person or \$17.00 per family, payable to CNYOS. Dues should be mailed to CNYOS Treasurer Elinor Burton, at 301 Sherbrooke Rd., Manlius NY 13104.

**STOS NEWS: NEWS FROM THE SOUTHERN TIER ORCHID SOCIETY**

The next STOS meeting will be held on Sunday, November 18 at 2:00<sup>PM</sup> in the Vestal Public Library. The speaker is Linda Kennedy, a student judge from Virginia who judged at our last STOS show. Her topic is Brazilian Miltonias: A Love Affair with a Mule Called Moreliana.

The auction was a great success! With about forty energetic bidders present, we ran out of time before selling all the plants. A list of those still available will be in the November newsletter.

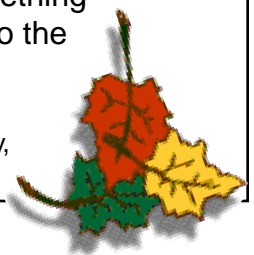
Monthly meetings begin at 2:00<sup>PM</sup> in the Vestal Public Library. For directions, etc. call STOS president Dave Clemens at 570-879-4244 or e-mail him at <cclemens@epix.net>.

**GROS NEWS: NEWS FROM THE GENESEE REGION ORCHID SOCIETY**

Our next meeting is given over entirely to the annual Orchid Auction; there will be no other GROS activity in November. Please note that you will need to arrive by at least 6:45 p.m. (6:30 would be a better choice) in order to have enough time to register and to have a chance to see all of the plants being offered before the bidding begins. The Auction bidding starts at 7:00 p.m. sharp.

There will be plenty of refreshments, as usual, but no business meeting, Show Table, Raffle or formal presentations. With over 130 plants up for auction, everyone is sure to find something interesting - and at a good bargain. Remember, all Auction proceeds go right back to the GROS!.

Taken with permission from *The Orchid Collection*, Newsletter of the Genesee Region Orchid Society, Vol. 24, No. 3, November 2001, Phil Matt, Newsletter Editor (716) 288-7025.





## THE FLOWERING OF THE STRANGE ORCHID

-by H.G.Wells. (originally published in Pearson's Magazine, April 1905).

The buying of orchids always has in it a certain speculative flavour. You have before you the brown shrivelled lump of tissue, and for the rest you must trust your judgment, or the auctioneer, or your good-luck, as your taste may incline. The plant may be moribund or dead, or it may be just a respectable purchase, fair value for your money, or perhaps—for the thing has happened again and again—there slowly unfolds before the delighted eyes of the happy purchaser, day after day, some new variety, some novel richness, a strange twist of the labelum, or some subtler coloration or unexpected mimicry.

Pride, beauty, and profit blossom together on one delicate green spike, and it may be, even immortality. For the new miracle of Nature may stand in need of a new specific name, and what so convenient as that of its discoverer? "Johnsmithia!" There have been worse names.

It was perhaps the hope of some such happy discovery that made Winter Wedderburn such a frequent attendant at these sales—that hope, and also, maybe, the fact that he had nothing else of the slightest interest to do in the world. He was a shy, lonely, rather ineffectual man, provided with just enough income to keep off the spur of necessity, and not enough nervous energy to make him seek any exacting employments. He might have collected stamps or coins, or translated Horace, or bound books, or

invented new species of diatoms. But, as it happened, he grew orchids, and had one ambitious little hothouse.

"I have a fancy," he said over his coffee, "that something is going to happen to me to-day."

He spoke—as he moved and thought—slowly.

"Oh, don't say THAT!" said his house-keeper—who was also his remote cousin. For "something happening" was a euphemism that meant only one thing to her.

"You misunderstand me. I mean nothing unpleasant...though what I do mean I scarcely know."

"Today," he continued, after a pause, "Peters' are going to sell a batch of plants from the Andamans and the Indies. I shall go up and see what they have. It may be I shall buy something good, unawares. That may be it."

He passed his cup for his second cupful of coffee.

"Are these the things collected by that poor young fellow you told me of the other day?" asked his cousin as she filled his cup.

"Yes," he said, and became meditative over a piece of toast.

"Nothing ever does happen to me," he remarked presently, beginning to think aloud. "I wonder why? Things enough happen to other people. There is Harvey. Only the other week; on Monday he picked up sixpence, on Wednesday his chicks all had the staggers, on Friday his cousin came home from Australia, and on Saturday he broke

his ankle. What a whirl of excitement—compared to me."

"I think I would rather be without so much excitement," said his housekeeper. "It can't be good for you."

"I suppose it's troublesome. Still...you see, nothing ever happens to me. When I was a little boy I never had accidents. I never fell in love as I grew up. Never married...I wonder how it feels to have something happen to you, something really remarkable."

"That orchid-collector was only thirty-six—twenty years younger than myself—when he died. And he had been married twice, and divorced once; he had had malarial fever four times, and once he broke his thigh. He killed a Malay once, and once he was wounded by a poisoned dart. And in the end he was killed by jungle-leeches. It must have all been very troublesome, but then it must have been very interesting, you know—except, perhaps, the leeches."

"I am sure it was not good for him," said the lady, with conviction.

"Perhaps not." And then Wedderburn looked at his watch. "Twenty-three minutes past eight. I am going up by the quarter to twelve train, so that there is plenty of time. I think I shall wear my alpaca jacket—it is quite warm enough—and my grey felt hat and brown shoes. I suppose—"

He glanced out of the window at the serene sky and sunlit garden, and then nervously at his cousin's face.

"I think you had better take an umbrella if you are going to



London," she said, in a voice that admitted of no denial. "There's all between here and the station coming back."

When he returned he was in a state of mild excitement. He had made a purchase. It was rarely that he could make up his mind quickly enough to buy, but this time he had done so.

"There are Vandas," he said, "and a Dendrobe and some Palaeonophis." He surveyed his purchases lovingly as he consumed his soup. They were laid out on the spotless tablecloth before him, and he was telling his cousin all about them as he slowly meandered through his dinner. It was his custom to live all his visits to London over again in the evening for her and his own entertainment.

"I knew something would happen today. And I have bought all these. Some of them—some of them—I feel sure, do you know, that some of them will be remarkable. I don't know how it is, but I feel just as sure as if someone had told me that some of these will turn out remarkable."

"That one"—he pointed to a shrivelled rhizome—"was not identified. It may be a Palaeonophis—or it may not. It may be a new species, or even a new genus. And it was the last that poor Batten ever collected."

"I don't like the look of it," said his housekeeper. "It's such an ugly shape."

"To me it scarcely seems to have a shape."

"I don't like those things that stick out," said his housekeeper.

"It shall be put away in a pot tomorrow."

"It looks," said the housekeeper, "like a spider shamming dead."

Wedderburn smiled and surveyed the root with his head on one side. "It is certainly not a pretty lump of stuff. But you can never judge of these things from their dry appearance. It may turn out to be a very beautiful orchid indeed. How busy I shall be to-morrow! I must see tonight just exactly what to do with these things, and tomorrow I shall set to work.

They found poor Batten lying dead, or dying, in a mangrove swamp—I forget which," he began again presently, "with one of these very orchids crushed up under his body. He had been unwell for some days with some kind of native fever, and I suppose he fainted. These mangrove swamps are very unwholesome. Every drop of blood, they say, was taken out of him by the jungle-leeches. It may be that very plant that cost him his life to obtain."

"I think none the better of it for that."

"Men must work though women may weep," said Wedderburn, with profound gravity.

"Fancy dying away from every comfort in a nasty swamp! Fancy being ill of fever with nothing to take but chlorodyne and quinine—if men were left to themselves they would live on chlorodyne and quinine—and no one round you but horrible natives! They say the Andaman islanders are most disgusting wretches—and, anyhow,

they can scarcely make good nurses, not having the necessary training. And just for people in England to have orchids!"

"I don't suppose it was comfortable, but some men seem to enjoy that kind of thing," said Wedderburn. "Anyhow, the natives of his party were sufficiently civilized to take care of all his collection until his colleague, who was an ornithologist, came back again from the interior; though they could not tell the species of the orchid and had let it wither. And it makes these things more interesting."

"It makes them disgusting. I should be afraid of some of the malaria clinging to them. And just think, there has been a dead body lying across that ugly thing! I never thought of that before. There! I declare I cannot eat another mouthful of dinner!"

"I will take them off the table if you like, and put them in the window-seat. I can see them just as well there."

The next few days he was indeed singularly busy in his steamy little hot-house, fussing about with charcoal, lumps of teak, moss, and all the other mysteries of the orchid cultivator. He considered he was having a wonderfully eventful time. In the evening he would talk about these new orchids to his friends, and over and over again he reverted to his expectation of something strange.

Several of the Vandas and the Dendrobium died under his care, but presently the strange orchid began to show signs of life. He was delighted and took his housekeeper right away from jam-making to see

it at once—directly he made the discovery.

“That is a bud,” he said, “and presently there will be a lot of leaves there, and those little things coming out here are aerial rootlets.”

“They look to me like little white fingers poking out of the brown,” said his housekeeper. “I don’t like them.

“Why not?”

“I don’t know. They look like fingers trying to get at you. I can’t help my likes and dislikes.”

“I don’t know for certain, but I don’t THINK there are any orchids I know that have aerial rootlets quite like that. It may be my fancy, of course. You see they are a little flattened at the ends.”

“I don’t like ‘em,” said his housekeeper, suddenly shivering and turning away. “I know it’s very silly of me—and I’m very sorry, particularly as you like the thing so much. But I can’t help thinking of that corpse.”

“But it may not be that particular plant. That was merely a guess of mine.”

His housekeeper shrugged her shoulders. “Anyhow I don’t like it,” she said.

Wedderburn felt a little hurt at her dislike to the plant. But that did not prevent his talking to her about orchids generally, and this orchid in particular, whenever he felt inclined.

“There are such queer things about orchids,” he said one day; “such possibilities of surprises. You know,

Darwin studied their fertilisation, and showed that the whole structure of an ordinary orchid flower was contrived in order that moths might carry the pollen from plant to plant. Well, it seems that there are lots of orchids known the flower of which cannot possibly be used for fertilisation in that way. Some of the *Cypripediums*, for instance; there are no insects known that can possibly fertilise them, and some of them have never been found with seed.”

“But how do they form new plants?”

“By runners and tubers, and that kind of outgrowth. That is easily explained. The puzzle is, what are the flowers for?”

“Very likely,” he added, “MY orchid may be something extraordinary in that way. If so, I shall study it. I have often thought of making researches as Darwin did. But hitherto I have not found the time, or something else has happened to prevent it. The leaves are beginning to unfold now. I do wish you would come and see them!”

But she said that the orchid-house was so hot it gave her the headache. She had seen the plant once again, and the aerial rootlets, which were now some of them more than a foot long, had unfortunately reminded her of tentacles reaching out after something; and they got into her dreams, growing after her with incredible rapidity. So that she had settled to her entire satisfaction that she would not see that plant again, and Wedderburn had to admire its leaves alone. They were of the ordinary broad form, and deep, glossy green, with splashes and dots of deep red towards the base. He knew of no other leaves quite like them.

## FEATURE ARTICLE, CONT.

The plant was placed on a low bench near the thermometer, and close by was a simple arrangement by which a tap dripped on the hot-water pipes and kept the air steamy. And he spent his afternoons now with some regularity meditating on the approaching flowering of this strange plant.

And at last the great thing happened. Directly he entered the little glass house he knew that the spike had burst out, although his great *Palaeonophis Lowii* hid the corner where his new darling stood. There was a new odour in the air—a rich, intensely sweet scent, that overpowered every other in that crowded, steaming little greenhouse.

Directly he noticed this he hurried down to the strange orchid. And, behold! the trailing green spikes bore now three great splashes of blossom, from which this overpowering sweetness proceeded. He stopped before them in an ecstasy of admiration.

The flowers were white, with streaks of golden orange upon the petals; the heavy labellum was coiled into an intricate projection, and a wonderful bluish purple mingled there with the gold. He could see at once that the genus was altogether a new one. And the insufferable scent! How hot the place was! The blossoms swam before his eyes.

He would see if the temperature was right. He made a step towards the thermometer. Suddenly everything appeared unsteady. The bricks on the floor were dancing up and down. Then the white blossoms, the green leaves behind them, the whole green house, seemed to sweep sideways, and then in a

curve upward.

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At half-past four his cousin made the tea, according to their invariable custom But Wedderburn did not come in for his tea.

“He is worshipping that horrid orchid,” she told herself, and waited ten minutes. “His watch must have stopped. I will go and call him.”

She went straight to the hothouse, and, opening the door, called his name. There was no reply. She noticed that the air was very close, and loaded with an intense perfume. Then she saw something lying on the bricks between the hot-water pipes.

For a minute, perhaps, she stood motionless.

He was lying, face upward, at the foot of the strange orchid. The tentacle-like aerial rootlets no longer swayed freely in the air, but were crowded together, a tangle of grey ropes, and stretched tight, with their ends closely applied to his chin and neck and hands.

She did not understand. Then she saw from one of the exultant tentacles upon his cheek there trickled a little thread of blood.

With an inarticulate cry she ran towards him, and tried to pull him away from the leech-like suckers. She snapped two of these tentacles, and their sap dripped red.

Then the overpowering scent of the blossom began to make her head reel. How they clung to him! She tore at the tough ropes, and he and

the white inflorescence swam about her. She felt she was fainting, knew she must not. She left him and hastily opened the nearest door, and, after she had panted for a moment in the fresh air, she had a brilliant inspiration. She caught up a flower-pot and smashed in the windows at the end of the greenhouse. Then she re-entered. She tugged now with renewed strength at Wedderburn’s motionless body, and brought the strange orchid crashing to the floor. It still clung with the grimmest tenacity to its victim. In a frenzy, she lugged it and him into the open air.

Then she thought of tearing through the sucker rootlets one by one, and in another minute she had released him and was dragging him away from the horror.

He was white and bleeding from a dozen circular patches.

The odd-job man was coming up the garden, amazed at the smashing of glass, and saw her emerge, hauling the inanimate body with red-stained hands. For a moment he thought impossible things.

“Bring some water!” she cried, and her voice dispelled his fancies. When, with unnatural alacrity, he returned with the water, he found her weeping with excitement, and with Wedderburn’s head upon her knee, wiping the blood from his face.

“What’s the matter?” said Wedderburn, opening his eyes feebly, and closing them again at once.

“Go and tell Annie to come out here to me, and then go for Dr. Haddon at once,” she said to the odd-job man so soon as he had brought the

water; and added, seeing he hesitated: “I will tell you all about it when you come back.”

Presently, Wedderburn opened his eyes again, and, seeing that he was troubled by the puzzle of his position, she explained to him: “You fainted in the hothouse.”

“And the orchid?”

“I will see to that,” she said.

Wedderburn had lost a good deal of blood, but beyond that he had suffered no very great injury. They gave him brandy mixed with some pink extract of meat, and carried him upstairs to bed. His housekeeper told her incredible story in fragments to Dr. Haddon. “Come to the orchid-house and see,” she said.

The cold outer air was blowing in through the open door, and the sickly perfume was almost dispelled. Most of the torn aerial rootlets lay already withered amidst a number of dark stains upon the bricks. The stem of the inflorescence was broken by the fall of the plant, and the flowers were growing limp and brown at the edges of the petals. The doctor stooped towards it, then saw that one of the aerial rootlets still stirred feebly, and hesitated.

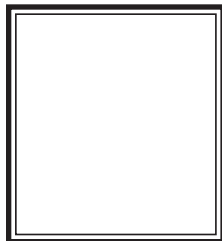
The next morning the strange orchid still lay there, black now and putrescent. The door banged intermittently in the morning breeze, and all the array of Wedderburn’s orchids was shrivelled and prostrate. But Wedderburn himself was bright and garrulous upstairs in the glory of his strange adventure.



Next Meeting: November 4th, 2:00pm, St. Augustine's Church:  
Culture Clinic!



November 10th: Trip to Marlow Orchids



THE CENTRAL NEW YORK ORCHID SOCIETY  
Your local AOS & Orchid Digest Affiliate  
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## Central New York Orchid Society

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The Central New York Orchid Society meets at St. Augustine's Church, 7333 O'Brien Rd, Baldwinsville, at 2:00<sup>PM</sup> on the first Sunday of each month from September through June. Yearly dues are \$15.00 per individual, or \$17.00 family. Dues should be paid to the CNYOS Treasurer, Elinor Burton.

## THE ORCHID ENTHUSIAST

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