

December, 1990

## ILLINOIS ORCHID SOCIETY

FOUNDED IN 1952

**WHO:** Illinois Orchid Society  
**WHAT:** Christmas Party  
**WHEN:** Sunday, December 9, 1990  
**WHERE:** Orchids by Hausermann  
2N 134 Addison Road  
Villa Park, IL 60181  
(708) 543-6855

The most popular meeting of the year is the upcoming Christmas Party on Sunday, December 9, at Orchids by Hausermann in Villa Park. My advice to new and old members is "Don't miss this one!" The buffet will be served at 12 noon, followed by a short business meeting. Plants for judging should be registered by 11:30. There will be no IOS plant sales table.

Each member is asked to bring a hot or cold entree, salad or dessert (plus serving utensils). Please bring enough to serve 6 people, or if you are bringing 10 guests, make it more. Every dish seems to be picked clean by the end of the luncheon.

The Hausermanns graciously provide the bubbly and the coffee. If you have never shopped for orchids with a glass of Cold Duck in your hand, you have a new experience in store. Bring lots of money or your credit card.

After the feast, **Dana Harrison** will give his annual talk. This year he will talk about cattleyas, their culture and hybrids.

### *PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE*

Sue Golan 708/234-6311

Can it be holiday time already? Years ago at this time I would have had my gifts all purchased, fruit cakes baked and soaking in brandy etc. That was when all I grew was a spider plant and a Boston fern.

Now that I am what my husband calls an "orchid lady", I seem to be out of time all the time.

I do, however, have a gift for you all. It's the story of **Vanda sanderiana** which I found while reading some old AOS bulletins. The story was in the September 1960 issue and for sheer suspense, action and mystery I think it rivals *The Gift of the Magi*. I hope you enjoy it as much as I did.

Best wishes for a quick recovery to **Pat Kalina** who came home from an unanticipated stay in the hospital.

The cartoon from the *New Yorker* magazine has been taped to my refrigerator door for ages. I thought I'd share it with you.

See you at Hausermann's. Remember, several years ago John Stubbings saw a nice Phalaenopsis hanging over the checkout counter there, bought it and later received an AOS award on it. **THERE WILL BE PLANT JUDGING AT HAUSERMANN'S** but no plant sales by members.

**SUBREGIONAL JUDGING CENTER:** At the monthly judging on Saturday, November 24, the following plants were awarded:

Paph. Star Beam (Gowerianum x Vintner's Treasure)

HCC 76 points to **Arnold Klehm**

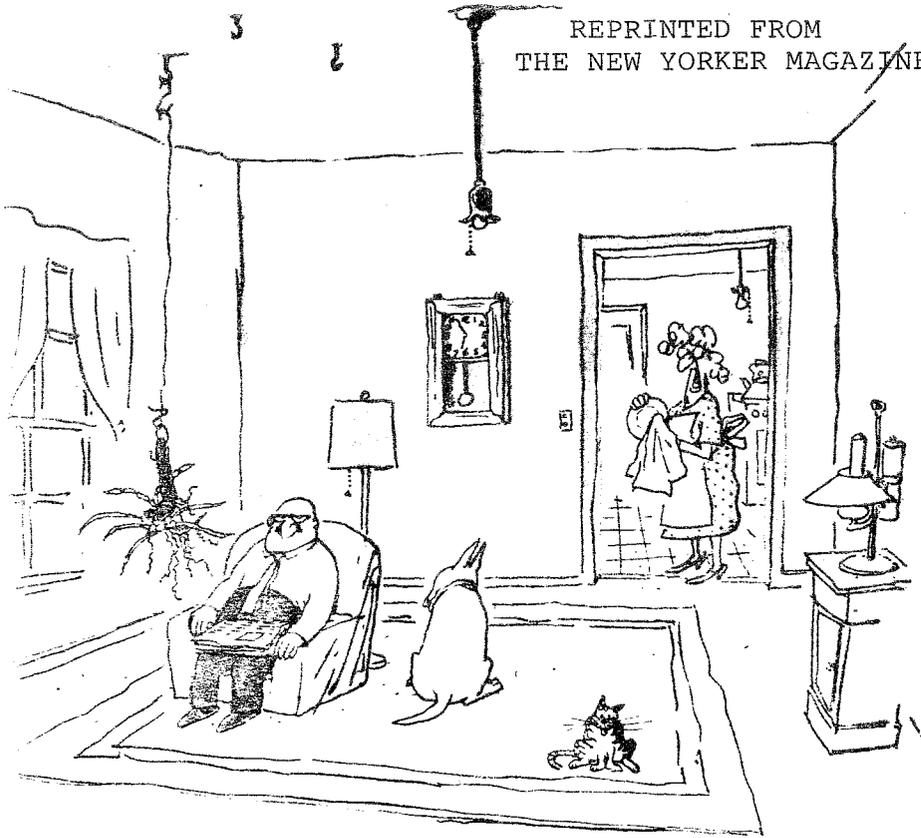
Sophronitis pterocarpa

CBR to **Otto Leupi**

BLC Hausermann's Holiday "Christmas"

(BLC James Hausermann x BLC Lisa Irene)

AM/80 pts to **Hausermann's**



607H

*"It's an orchid."*

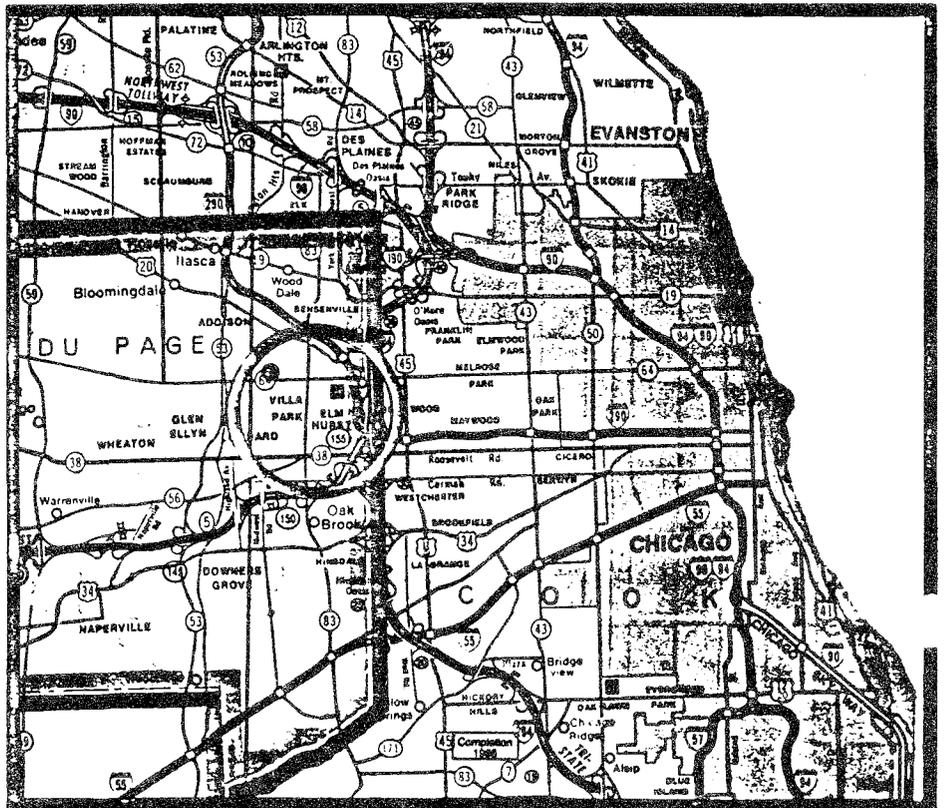
DIRECTIONS TO:

## Orchids by Hausermann, Inc.

2N 134 Addison Rd.  
Villa Park, IL 60181

### LOCATION

Orchids by Hausermann, Inc. is located 20 miles west of downtown Chicago in Villa Park. Exit westbound on North Ave. (Route 64) from the Tri-State Tollway (294) or Interstate 90. Take North Ave. four miles west and turn north on Addison Road. Our greenhouses are just 2 blocks north of North Ave. on the west side—just off Addison Road.



(312) 543-6855

## Story of Vanda Sanderiana\*

FREDERICK BOYLE

**T**HERE ARE THOSE WHO PRONOUNCE VANDA SANDERIANA the stateliest of all orchids. To compare such numberless and varied forms of beauty is rather childish. But it will be allowed that a first view of those enormous flowers, ten or more upon a stalk — lilac above, pale cinnamon below, covered with a network of crimson lines — is a memorable sensation for the elect.

We may fancy the emotions of Mr. Roebelin on seeing it — the earliest of articulate mortals so favoured. His amazement and delight were not alloyed by anticipation, for no rumour of the marvel had gone forth. Roebelin was travelling 'on spec' for once. In 1879 Mr. Sander learned that the Philippine Government was about to establish a mail service from Manila to Mindanao. Often had he surveyed the great island longingly from his arm-chair at St. Albans, assured that treasures must await the botanist there. But although the Spaniards had long held settlements upon the coast, and, of course, claimed sovereignty over the whole, there had hitherto been no regular means of communication with a port whence steamers sailed for Europe. A collector would be at the mercy of chance for transmitting his spoil, after spending assuredly a thousand pounds. It was out of the question. But the establishment of a line of steamers to Manila transformed the situation. Forthwith Roebelin was despatched, to find what he could.

He landed, of course, at the capital, Mindanao; and the Spaniards — civil, military, even ecclesiastic — received him cordially. Any visitor was no less than a phenomenon to them. It is a gay and pleasant little town, for these people, having neither means nor opportunity, as a rule, to revisit Europe, make their home in the East. And Roebelin found plenty of good things round the glorious bay of Illana. But he learned with surprise that the Spaniards did not even profess to have authority beyond a narrow strip here and there upon the coast. The interior is occupied by savages, numerous and warlike, Papuan by race, or crossed with the Philippine Malay. Though they are not systematically hostile to white men, Roebelin saw no chance of exploring the country.

Then he heard of a 'red Phalaenopsis,' on the north coast, a legendary wonder, which must have its own chronicle by and by. Seduced especially by this report, Roebelin sailed in a native craft to Surigao, a small but very thriving settlement, which ranks next to the capital. People there were well acquainted with Phalaenopsis, but they knew nothing of a red one; some of them, however, talked in vague ecstasy of an orchid with flowers as big as a dinnerplate to be found on the banks of Lake Magindanao, a vast sheet of water in the middle of the island. They did not agree about the shape, or colour, or anything else relating to it; but such a plant must be well worth collecting anyhow. It was not dangerous to ascend the river, under due precautions, nor to land at certain points of the lake. Such points are inhabited by the Subano tribe, who live in hourly peril from their neighbours the Bagabos, against whom they beg Spanish protection. Accordingly white men are received with enthusiasm.

The expedition, therefore, would be comparatively safe, if a guide and interpreter could be found. And here Roebelin was lucky. A small trader who had debts to collect among the Subanos offered his sampan, with its crew, on reasonable terms, and proposed to go himself. He was the son of a Chinaman from Singapore, by a native wife, and spoke intelligible English. The crew also had mostly some Chinese blood, and Roebelin gathered that they were partners of Sam Choon, his dragoman, in a very small way. The number of Celestials and half-breeds of that stock in Mindanao had already struck him, in comparison with Manila. Presently he learned the reason. The energetic and tenacious Chinaman is hated by all classes of Spaniards — by the clergy because he will not be converted, by the merchants because he intercepts their trade, by the military because he will not endure unlimited oppression, and by the public at large because he is hard-working, thrifty, and successful. He is dangerous, too, when roused by ill-treatment beyond the common, and his secret societies provide machinery for insurrection at a day's notice. But in Mindanao the Chinaman is indispensable. White traders could not live without his assistance. They do not love him the better, but they protect him so far as they may from the priests and the military.

I have no adventures to tell on the journey upwards. It lasted a good many days. Roebelin secured few plants, for this part is inhabited by Bagabos, or some race of their kidney, and Sam Choon would not land in the forest.

At length they reached Lake Magindanao; the day was fine, and they pushed across. But presently small round clouds began to mount over the blue hills. Thicker and thicker they rose. A pleasant wind swelled the surface of the lake, but those clouds far above moved continually faster. Roebelin called attention to them. But the Chinaman is the least weatherwise of mortals. Always intent on his own business or pleasure — the constitution of mind which gives him such immense advantage above all other men in the struggle for existence — he does not notice his surroundings much. Briefly, a tremendous squall caught them in sight of port — one of those sudden outbursts which make fresh-water sailing so perilous in the Tropics. The wind swooped down like a hurricane from every quarter at once, as it seemed. For a moment the lake lay still, hissing, beaten down by the blow; then it rose in solid bulk like waves of the ocean. In a very few minutes the squall passed on; but it had swamped the sampan. They were so near the land, however, that the Subanos, hastening to the rescue, met them half way in the surf, escorted them to shore, laughing and hallooing, and returned to dive for the cargo. It was mostly recovered in time.

These people do not build houses in the water, like so many of their kin. They prefer the safety of high trees; it is not by any means so effectual, but such, they would say, was the custom of their ancestors. At this village the houses were perched not less than fifty feet in air, standing on a solid platform. But if the inhabitants are thus secured against attack, on the other hand — each family living by itself up aloft — an enemy on the ground would be free to conduct his operations at leisure. So the unmarried men and a proportion of the warriors occupy a stout building raised only so far above the soil as to keep out reptiles. Here also the chief sits by day, and public business is done. The visitors were taken thither.

When Roebelin had dried his clothes the afternoon was too far advanced for exploration. The crew of the prau chattered and disputed at the top of their shrill voices as case after case was brought in, dripping, and examined. But Sam Choon found time in the midst of his anxieties to warn Roebelin against

\* Reprinted from "The Woodlands Orchids," by Frederick Boyle, Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London.

quitting the cleared area. 'Bagabos come just now, they say,' he shouted. But the noise and the fuss and the smell were past bearing. Roebelin took his arms and strolled out till supper was ready.

I do not know what he discovered. On returning he found a serious palaver, the savages arguing coolly, the Chinamen raving. Sam Choon rushed up, begging him to act as umpire; and whilst eating his supper Roebelin learned the question in dispute. Sam Choon, as we know, had debts to collect in this village, for cloth and European goods, to be paid in jungle produce — honey, wax, gums, and so forth. The Subanos did not deny their liability — the natural man is absolutely truthful and honest. Nor did they assert that they could not pay. Their contention was simply that the merchandise had been charged at a figure beyond the market rate. Another Chinaman had paid them a visit, and sold the same wares at a lower price. They proposed to return Sam Choon's goods unused, and to pay for anything they could not restore on this reduced scale. It was perfectly just in the abstract, and the natural man does not conceive any other sort of justice. Sam Choon could not dispute that his rival's cloth was equally good; it bore the same trademark, and those keen eyes were as well able to judge of quality as his own. But the trader everywhere has his own code of morals. Those articles for which the Subanos were indebted had been examined, and the price had been discussed, at leisure; an honest man cannot break his word. Such diverse views were not to be reconciled. Roebelin took a practical course. He asked whether it could possibly be worth while to quarrel with these customers for the sake of a very few dollars? At the lower rate there would be a profit of many hundreds per cent. But the Chinaman, threatened with a loss in business, is not to be moved, for a while at least, by demonstrations of prudence.

Meantime the dispute still raged at the Council fire, for the crew also were interested. Suddenly there was a roar. Several of them rushed across to Sam Choon and shouted great news. Roebelin understood afterwards. The caittiff who had undersold them was in the village at that moment! Whilst they jabbered in high excitement another roar burst out. One of the men, handling the rival's cloth, found a private mark — the mark of his 'Hoey.' And it was that to which they all belonged.

The Hoey may be described as a trade guild; but it is much more. Each of these countless associations is attached to one of the great secret societies, generally the T'ien T'i Hung, compared with which, for numbers and power, Freemasonry is but a small concern. By an oath which expressly names father, son, and brother, the initiated swear to kill any of their fellows who shall wrong a member of the Hoey. This unspeakable villain who sold cheap had wronged them all! He must die!

They pressed upon the chief in a body, demanding the traitor. All had arms and brandished them. Probably the savages would not have surrendered a guest on any terms; but this demonstration provoked them. In howling tumult they dispersed, seized their ready weapons, and formed line. The war-cry was not yet raised, but spears were levelled by furious hands. The issue depended on any chance movement. Suddenly from a distance came the blast of a cowhorn — a muffled bellow, but full of threat. The savages paused, turned, and rushed out, shouting. Roebelin caught a word, familiar by this time — 'Bagabos.' He followed; but Sam Choon seized his arm. 'They put ranjows,' he said breathlessly. 'You cut foot, you die!' And in the moonlight Roebelin saw boys running

hither and thither with an armful of bamboo spikes sharp as knives at each end, which they drove into the earth.

Men unacquainted with the plan of this defence can only stand aside when ranjows are laid down. Roebelin waited with the Chinamen, tame and quiet enough now. The Subanos had all vanished in the forest, which rose, misty and still, across the clearing. Hours they watched, expecting each moment to hear the yell of savage fight. But no sound reached them. At length a long line of dusky figures emerged, with arms and ornaments sparkling in the moonlight; it was half the warriors returning.

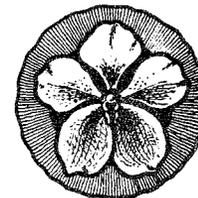
They still showed sullenness towards the Chinamen; but the chief took Roebelin by the hand, led him to the foot of a tree upon which stood the largest house, and smilingly showed him the way up. It was not a pleasant climb. The ladder, a notched trunk, dripped with dew; it was old and rotten besides. Roebelin went up gingerly; the chief returned with a torch to light his steps before he had got half way. But the interior was comfortable enough — far above the mosquito realm anyhow. Roebelin felt that an indefinite number of eyes were watching from the darkness as he made his simple preparations for turning in; but he saw none of them, and heard only a rustling. 'What a day I've had!' he thought, and fell asleep.

It was a roar and a rush like the crack of doom which woke him; shrieking and shouting, clang of things that fell, boom of great waves, and thunder such as mortal never heard dominating all. A multitude of naked bodies stumbled over him and fell, a struggling screaming heap. In an instant they were gone. He started up, but pitched headlong. The floor rolled elastic as a springboard. It was black night. Dimly he saw clearer patches where a flying wretch, tossed against the wall of sticks, had broken it down. But the dust veiled them like a curtain. Gasping, on hands and knees, Roebelin sought the doorway. Again and again, even thus, he fell upon his side. And all the while that thundering din resounded. He understood now. It was a great earthquake! At length the doorway was found; holding on cautiously, Roebelin felt for the ladder. It was gone — broken in the rush.

Of the time that followed I do not speak. There were no more shocks. Slowly the sky whitened. He turned over the wreck — not a creature was there, dead or living. Great gaps showed in the floor and in the roof. Through one of these, against the rosy clouds, he saw a wreath of giant flowers, lilac and cinnamon, clinging to the tree above. It was Vanda Sanderiana!

\* \* \*

But that plant and the others collected at the same time never reached Europe. Upon returning to Surigao with his treasures, Roebelin found little beyond heaps of rubbish on the site. Earthquakes have a home in Mindanao. But that of 1880 was the most awful on record as yet. Two years later he returned and brought home the prize.



## IOS POINT SCORE ACCUMULATIONS

JIM SPATZEK, chairman - (708) 498-4638

The point totals listed below include all points through the Blackhawk (Rockford) show with some exceptions. I do not have the point totals for the MID-AMERICA-St. Louis, and would appreciate receiving those totals from either the individual members who sent plants or whoever put together the exhibit. These totals do not include the November meeting points.

Six members showed 23 plants and received 19 ribbons or special awards. Not bad!!! The exhibit received a 1st Place, Best of Class, and the AOS Show Trophy. The special Awards at this show were presented as follows:

SUE GOLAN	Coelogyne rochussenii Dendrobium streblocerus
LAIMA SAHAGIAN	Ascocenda 50th State Beauty "Mayumi"
FOX VALLEY ORCHIDS	Paphiopedium adductum

Congratulations to all the winners and supporters of the IOS display!

Following are the latest point standings:

### POINT STANDINGS

LIGHTS		GREENHOUSE		COMMERCIAL	
M. Nichele	100	L. Sahagian	379	A. Klehm	837
M. Schmidt	65	S. Golan	316	Fox Valley	329
J. Edwards	49	J. Mullen	136	River Kwai	160
J. Pupelis	30	O. Leupi	120	Cyps, Etc.	70
P. Kralik	25	G. Freeman	105	Inverness	60
W. Losert	20	M. Kuntz	65		
L. Beemster	20	J. Spatzek	56		
C. Bloome	20	G. Steuben	41		
K. Vrabel	16	J. Stubbings	36		
S. Maloney	11	C. Hartman	30		
K. Langwell	10	N. Radcliffe	26		
W. Krahl	10	J. Sikora	25		
L. Linert	10	J. Coutts	30		
B. Glowacki	7	C. Cloud	20		
E. Juracic	3	C. Thompson	15		
C. High	2	F. Cogswell	6		
		C. Dubenic	2		

#### 1991 DUES

Enclosed you will find your 1991 dues envelope unless you joined the society after September 1 in which case your 1991 membership card is enclosed.

The dues are \$15 for an individual and \$18 per couple, plus \$3 for each additional person at the same address.

The *Bylaws* require payment by the end of January so please start writing that check and mail it to Jack Coutts or bring it to the Christmas Party and give it to either Jack or Heddi Schellbach.

Have you thought about giving a membership or two as a present at Christmas or any other special occasion?

**DATES TO REMEMBER**

**1990**

**December 9:** Christmas Party at Hausermann's  
**December 22:** AOS Judging at CBG

**1991**

**January 14:** Board Meeting at Sue Golan's  
**January 20:** Monthly IOS Meeting at CBG  
**January 26:** AOS Judging at CBG  
**February 22-24:** IOS Spring Show at CBG  
**February 23:** AOS Judging at CBG  
**March 17:** Monthly IOS Meeting at CBG  
**March 23:** AOS Judging at CBG

**NEXT BOARD MEETING:** The next Board meeting is scheduled for Monday, January 14, at the home of Sue Golan in Lake Forest.

All Board members and committee chairmen are encouraged to attend the meeting which is scheduled to start at 7:30 p.m. If you cannot attend or need directions, please call Sue @ (708) 234-6311.

**CLOSING DATE FOR JANUARY NEWSLETTER**

Please submit copy for the January Newsletter by December 25 either by mail to Heddi Schellbach, 3825 Jarlath, Lincolnwood, IL 60645-1015 or via FAX @ 312/440-7494.

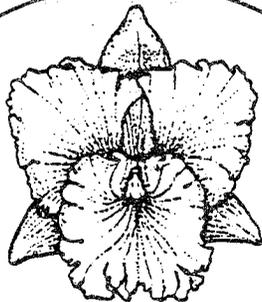
**COMMUNICATIONS CENTRAL**

**WANTED TO BUY:** *Awards Quarterly* back issues. Please call Jay Mullen @ (708) 386-4147.

**VOLUNTEER NEEDED:** The Stratford School in Highland Park is looking for a volunteer to help maintain plants in greenhouse and to work with handicapped students. Specific interest in orchids would be great.

Call: Helen Dombrow @ (708) 831-5100  
Vocational Contact  
Stratford School  
760 Red Oak Lane  
Highland Park

**WANTED TO SELL:** Bound annual volumes of AOS monthly bulletins. Contact Grace Freeman @ (708) 831-3297 who is selling the volumes on behalf of the Illinois Orchid Society.



**FIRST CLASS**



**ILLINOIS ORCHID SOCIETY**

**Editor: Heddi Schellbach**  
3825 Jarlath  
Lincolnwood, IL 60645-1015

**ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED**

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