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TREE OF THE MONTH

WITH DAN ROBINSON

by Felix B. Laughlin

"If you wish to know the road up the mountain, you must ask the man who goes back and forth on it."

- Buddhist Text

Dan Robinson, the gifted bonsai teacher and collector, will be in the Washington, D.C. area on September 28 and 29 to participate as a featured speaker at the Sixth Annual PBA Symposium. My wife and I recently spent a week with Dan and his lovely and gracious wife, Diane, in their home country in the Northwest. This is an account of the visit.

Saturday, June 14

In the innermost part of a deeply wooded peninsula, reached by ferry from Seattle, is a crystal clear spring fed lake, surrounded by an old growth forest of Douglas fir and hemlock. Here, in a spacious cedar home designed and built by the Robinsons, with giant window-walls opening out to a fabulous bonsai collection and the shimmering blue water beyond, Dan and Diane live with their children, Shanna and William.

Betty Gayle and I arrived from Washington, D.C. last night, too late to see the bonsai. Now, standing amid these beauties in the morning light, we are amazed at the exceptional quality of DR's trees. Our mind's eye can sense the unmistakable presence of that "mysterious power to revitalize our love of nature" which is at the very heart of the art of bonsai.

The trees, in slanted and informal upright styles, generally have large trunks and most were collected in the West, reflecting some impatience on his part with the typical bonsai material available through nurseries. They are potted in decomposed granite (collected in the nearby mountains) and fertilized with Ra-pid-gro. The containers are simple and elegant Yamaaki pots (from Kobe Trading Co., P.O. Box 1083, Gardena, Calif. 90249), except for the giant containers that DR has made for his largest collected pines.

He consoles me with the fact that collecting can be highly rewarding almost anywhere in the United States -- in the city as well as in the mountains. Pointing to his azaleas, each with a huge gnarled trunk, he confides that they were collected in town. I now recall that, when we were sightseeing in Washington, D.C. last year, he spent a good deal of time looking under bushes to see if a large trunk was hidden there. He assures me that many people are glad to part with their old azalea bush for a fair price (say \$50 to \$100), particularly if you agree to replace it with another one from the local nursery.

DR, though, seems to have the greatest affinity for the ponderosa pine, a rugged western inhabitant and undoubtedly a kindred spirit in tree form. They have reddish-orange "plates" of bark that fit together like jigsaw puzzle pieces, and under favorable conditions can grow to 200 feet. DR's naturally stunted collected pines, whose bulky bark plates enhance their large masculine trunks, have a weathered appearance distinguished by sun-whitened dead branches ("jin"), peeled-away bark ("shari"), and hollowed-out trunks ("saba-miki"). One of these well-girthed native trees is destined to become an inaugural part of the American Collection at the National Arboretum in Washington, D.C.

Sunday, June 15

At daybreak a soft drizzle is gently watering DR's trees, relieving him for one day of that pleasurable labor. We load up the station wagon and head due east for the ponderosa pine area around Cashmere in central Washington State, about a three hour drive to the other side of the Cascade range.

The equipment we have with us is simple and streamlined, reflecting the experience gained on DR's many previous collecting trips. It includes two lightweight painter's buckets containing enough wet peat moss to root layer about six pines, heavy duty black polyethylene garbage bags for wrapping the root layer, and used electrical wire for tying

up the wrapped root layer. We also have pruners, a hand trowel, a folding saw, a crowbar to help uncover the necessary mat of roots to be layered, and navel oranges to satisfy our thirst and hunger. During the past twenty years DR has perfected his collecting techniques to a fine art.

The drive through Blewett Pass allows time to contemplate the ancient virgin stands we are passing by. DR seems to have mastered the skill of driving with one eye on the road and the other on the tree-lined slopes (somewhat to Diane's chagrin). These magnificent trees, generally ignored by most passing motorists, must sense a close friend as he returns for another appreciative look. We occasionally stop the car and take pictures of his favorites, recording a silhouette against the sky that holds all of the secrets of bonsai. Living reason for the traditional rules on branch angles is shown by their heavy branches bending sharply downward in a centuries-old battle against gravity. Their antiquity is also occasionally indicated by a lack of trunk taper on the old trees that were topped long ago by wind and lightning, a pointer for "aging" bonsai not often made in the manuals.

It is just before 10:00 a.m. as we pull into Cashmere, east of the Cascades in the orchard country that produces Aplets and Cotlets. Ahead is a pleasant day of rafting down the Wenatchee River, thanks to the foresight of Diane who made the arrangements some weeks ago. Reconnoitering the slopes from this new vantage point will be quite a novel approach to bonsai hunting.

The cold spray from the rapids is invigorating. Just before the lunch break, DR points to the outlines of a ponderosa pine on a high rock face we are floating by. Around the next bend we pull into shore, and clamor up the steep canyon wall for a closer look. In this high place above the oxbow in the river we find three or four pines of unusual quality, each having trunk diameters of five to ten inches. Definitely a place to revisit tomorrow with our gear.

Monday, June 16

This morning we drive back up along the river toward the mountains outside Cashmere, and an old bumpy road takes us to the base of the same foothills we visited yesterday. Our raft had passed on the north face but today the road ends to the south. The south side spends more time soaking up the hot sun, and thus actually offers greater collecting opportunities than does the greener north side. The naturally dwarfed trees DR seeks are those contorted with the struggle for survival; better conditions make straight and uninteresting trunks.

Soon after we begin our trek up into these rocky foothills I can confirm the truth in John Hinds' "young buck" description of DR; he is clearly in his natural habitat in this rocky mountain terrain. At 41, DR is tireless in uphill climbs, sure-footed in lateral traverses over loose rock on avalanche slopes, and completely without fear of heights. We have left the trail far behind, and as the canyon opens out into a panoramic view of the orchard valley far below I blame my boots for my inability to keep up with him. I see him waiting for me atop a giant boulder precariously balanced on the edge of a precipice at an elevation of about 2,000 feet. We rest here, watching swallows gliding in the void underneath our dangling feet.

Just below, on a dry and windswept slope, we find a beautiful six-foot tall ponderosa pine whose stout trunk seems to grow straight out of the naked rock face. Working efficiently on this 60-degree incline, DR first uses his trowel to flake off the top stratum of rock to look for a sign of accessible roots. Within a few inches uphill from the base of the trunk, he finds what he is looking for: a pad (or mat) of fibrous roots with their white leaders waiting for the burst of activity that will occur once they are enclosed in the moist peat moss. DR then gingerly slips a sheet of the black plastic under the rootpad, adds the peat, and tightly wraps the root layer with electrical wire. The peat should be moist but not dripping wet. Wire is used mainly because rodents cannot chew through it in search of food. As a final step, DR saws off the top several feet of the trunk to reduce the height of the tree to bonsai size and to give the lower branches more energy and sunlight.

We move on to apply DR's root layering technique to several other magnificent pines, including those we located yesterday during our rafting trip. In each case DR repeats the same process. Within a month the roots on all of these pines should have activated and the plastic covering should be filled with enough fine roots to be the entire life support system for the tree. He will then return to dig these trees out of the rock -- trees that would have been uncollectible without the application of his technique.

Tuesday, June 17

The slightest breeze off the lake has given us a cool and clear morning as I follow DR's hose around the thick-planked benches in his bonsai garden. Although he usually uses his thumb to regulate the flow, he seems pleased with the innovative features of his new watering nozzle designed by Bill Merritt of Arlington, Virginia.

There is a natural harmony here, which DR helped to create and of which he is a part. From the jinned branches of the bonsai to the tall cedar snags guarding his garden's entrance, his fascination with the life-and-death cycle of nature is apparent. Infusing his work with this reality seems to be one of his special talents.

In the landscape designs for which he is well-known in the Seattle area, DR's trademark is the use of these hollowed-out gray snags exhumed from the nearby forests. These dignified, long-dead skeletal trunks provide a unique and striking centerpiece for his natural landscape plantings of such material as vine maples and ferns. For bonsai, he has saved driftwood collected from the western mountains as a reminder of the windblown effects he wishes to achieve, and he has carefully studied photographs of the sculptured deadwood on the 4,000 year-old bristlecone pines growing in California, the oldest living things on earth.

DR's artistic expression is untrammelled by conventional thinking, and if there is a better way to produce a particular result he will say, "Let's go for it." This free spirit has perhaps led to some cringing on the part of the Japanese bonsai experts, but undoubtedly has enabled him to develop some truly creative techniques.

A good example is his use of the chain saw to achieve the driftwood effect he values so highly. He initially did all his sculpting work with the traditional hand tools. But, having used chain saws for years, he saw the possibility of adapting them for bonsai. If a tree must be topped or a large branch removed from the front of the trunk, his logic told him that it would be better to hollow out the trunk at that point to improve the tree with a natural characteristic rather than let an obvious and unnatural scar diminish the tree. A chain saw can be the perfect tool for this purpose.

Through experimentation, DR has concluded that the best size chain saw has a 10-inch bar. The quiet electric one he uses is made by Toro and costs about \$55. Since even small chain saws are somewhat hard to control for fine work, he has added a handle to the end of the bar. It is now a very unique bonsai tool -- one that he will be using more often in his lecture-demonstrations.

Wednesday, June 18

The sun is barely visible through the morning haze laden with volcanic ash, and the recent eruptions of Mount

Saint Helens are hard to push out of our minds as we drive south from Seattle to Portland on our way to Mount Hood. Along certain stretches ash covers the highway and has turned the trees from green to gray. We are grateful when we arrive in Portland to find it clean and ash-free; tomorrow, we later learn, Saint Helens will explode for the third time and this time the wind will be blowing towards Portland.

The drive from Portland east to Mount Hood is about one hour, during which we leave the wholesale nurseries behind and climb up into the snow-covered mountains that form this middle section of the Cascade range. This trip DR added burlap and nails to our supplies, a sure sign that he expects to find immediately collectible trees, and so the suspense is building. Our destination has been known locally as a bonsai collecting area for most of this century. In the early 1900's, a Japanese bonsai man who lived in Portland traveled there frequently in a horse-drawn buggy. I can remember the excited tone of DR's letter telling us that, after three visits to this "tree collector's paradise", he was still shaking his head in disbelief.

We check into the rustic Timberline Lodge which stands in the snow at the base of Mount Hood and whose broad sloping roof complements the mountain's majestic peaks and ridges. Through the window of our room, we gaze up at the blindingly white cap of this 11,000 foot, hopefully inactive, volcano. Tomorrow we will proceed to the nearby White River.

Thursday, June 19

As is true of many good collecting areas, the White River area is a place of unusual natural incongruity. At this time of year nature has almost turned off the spigot on the water flowing down the river from the Emmons Glacier. The wide banks bespeak a raging white water torrent swollen with melted snow. But now the riverbed is dry, except for a narrow channel in the center that quietly bubbles around the smooth rocks on the exposed river floor. The Creator seems to have misfitted a brook with an oversized riverbed.

Gear in hand, we make our way across the dry bed and jump the vestige of the river. DR lands solidly on a slippery rock on the other side; I ignominiously pull myself out of the water. Up the far bank, under the towering presence of Mount Hood, we enter a dwarf forest filled with assorted sizes of granite boulders and planted in Engelmann spruce, alpine hemlock and lodgepole pine. Only the white skeletons of the long-dead ancestors of these little trees belie the illusion that this is a manicured Japanese garden.

In a more generous environment the normal mature height of these spruce and hemlock is 100 to 175 feet. Here, growing in a fine granular pumice from ancient volcanic eruptions, the largest of these trees seldom exceed three feet, even though some are several hundred years old. In her book, Reading the Landscape of America, the naturalist May Theilgaard Watts aptly described these trees as "elfin timber". Her theory on how they become dwarfed is based on the severe

winter conditions that kill any part of a tree that grows above the snow blanket:

"Summer after summer the tree continues its outward growth from the tips of its branches. On the windward side, these branches are dwarfed, or shorn. On the leeward side they elongate steadily. Winter after winter the new leader that rises above snow level is killed. Winter after winter the deep snow lies on the elongated side branches and flattens them."

This is the perfect time to collect these minatures. Although spring has come and gone at lower altitudes, here at above 4,000 feet spring is just beginning. The buds on the dwarfs have not yet begun to swell, so there is plenty of stored energy to help the trees survive the shock of transplanting. I have a good deal of difficulty in choosing one to collect among the limitless possibilities. DR, appearing to ignore this difficulty, proceeds with practiced discrimination to locate an incredible specimen, as my camera clicks away at a series of beginning-to-end photographs. Working with only a hand trowel, DR carefully digs a trench around the rootball, snipping lateral roots along the way. White roots are abundant. Within minutes the tree is free, and DR tightly wraps the rootball in burlap.

We collect several more in the vicinity, both alpine hemlock and Engelmann spruce. Some are single trees and others are multi-trunked "forests". Holes refilled, we pack the car and make a happy journey back to the Robinson's home.

Friday, June 20

The alarm is particularly disturbing as we awake this morning, for it signals a visit ending. Four precious trees, packed in a reinforced banana box, are returning East with us. DR reminds me that collecting is not the goal but only a step along the way. As attractive as these wild trees are in their present state, I now must attempt to apply the principles I have learned to progress to that "higher plateau" of which he often speaks.

Once airborne, Betty Gayle and I are spellbound by the lively mental images jumping from our rare experiences of the past week. The pathways of our mind are flooded with the lessons learned and new vistas opened, and by the warm hospitality of Diane and the creative exuberance of this man who showed us "the road up the mountain".

Felix B. Laughlin

DAY IN ROCKVILLE, MARYLAND:

Part 2

NIGHT IN KYOTO, JAPAN

The Sizes of Bonsai and His Majesties

Quartermaster Corps

I have met a Japanese nurseryman who was drafted as a private in the Quartermaster Corps of the Japanese Imperial Army during the Second World War. He liked to talk about his hard times in the army. He was assigned the charge of a horse. He had to take care of the horse with the utmost care because the horse was considered one of the emperor's precious properties. Should anything happen to the horse, he might have to commit a suicide to show his regret and responsibility. I asked if he committed a suicide, would not His Majesty also lose one of his precious soldiers. This was just as bad as losing a horse. His Imperial Majesty would lose a horse and a soldier at the end. "Oh, no!" he replied, "Horses were important and expensive in that they were needed to transport ammunitions and food to the front, but as for the soldiers, they were expendable. Just draft more men to replace them." "What if," I asked, "the horse died and it was not your fault, for example, the horse was overworked." "If the horse died of overwork," he replied, "I would have been worked three times as more. I would be happier to be dead than alive."

I recall this conversation from time to time because it signifies what the orientals considered the human resources. In Asia, people were the main source of labor. Many impossible tasks, such as building a rampart of a castle with huge boulders, were done by men. In fact, the Japanese have an expression that he (or she sometimes) was able to lift so many sacks of rice, therefore, he was worth of 2 man power or 5 man power, etc. Thus, the measurement of power and force was often expressed as so much man power.

On the other hand, the western culture had a completely different approach. In the many American folk tales, we have powerful lumber jack, railroad men, cowboys, etc., but their power was never expressed as so much man power. Indeed, their measurement of power was expressed by horse power. We still use the measurement, horse power, in measuring force. Even an air plane engine, in which I cannot think of any association with horses at all is expressed as horse power.

People asked me frequently about the sizes of bonsai. They expect me to give them a measurement in height.....but I cannot express exactly the size in that way. My first answer is, "If I see a bonsai, I can tell reasonably well what size it belongs to, but if you want me to define each size that is difficult....." Indeed, it is difficult because one must decide the size of bonsai by weight which is determined by individuals. Let us take it from the top!

OH MONO (大物)

Oh means "big" and mono means "things". Mono can also be pronounced as "butsu". Remember "dabutsu"? Oh mono is classified by weight as 2 men carrying size, 3 men carrying size, etc. Although some think this size is the bonsai in America, they are too large and not popular in Japan. It also tends to become a "hachiue" rather than a "bonsai". Oh mono

are used to decorate a large wedding hall, entrance to the hall way, or in gardens. Their height must be at least 1 meter or taller.

CHU MONO (中物)

Chu means middle. One should be able to carry this bonsai freely with one's two hands. How tall a tree can you carry freely?

KATE MOCHI (片手持)

Katate means one hand and mochi means to hold. This is the small size of Chu mono and one should be able to carry it with one's one hand. If you want to test it, be careful and don't drop it! By the way..... there is a problem. For example, my katate mochi is quite different from that of say,.....Mr. Koetsch's. His katate mochi can be my chu mono. The height is approximately 24-36 centimeters.

KO MONO (小物)

Ko means small. Sometimes it is also called ^{hin}Shoin (小品). Sho means small and hin means thing. Sometimes, I consider it as an overgrown mame bonsai. The height is about 15 centimeters. When we got to the size of komono, it is becoming more difficult to maintain them. They must be watered more frequently during the summer months. It also becomes difficult to shape komono bonsai as the number of branches is reduced in this size.

MAME BONSAI (豆盆栽)

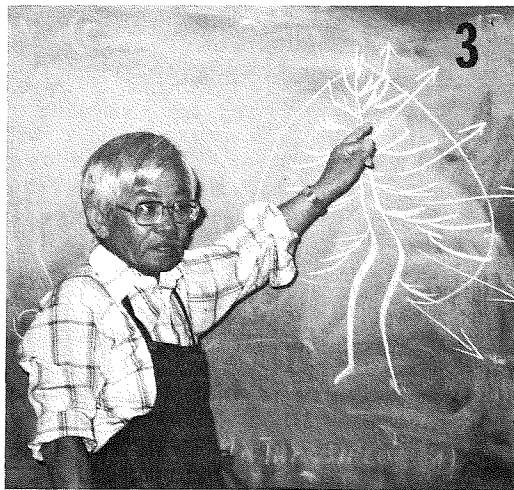
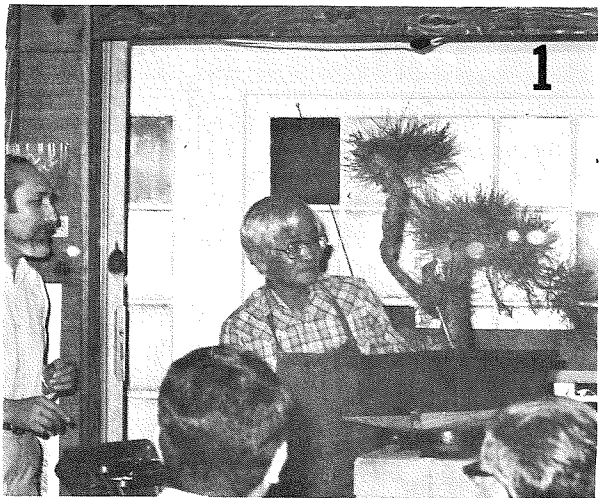
Mame means peas or beans, but can also mean miniature. You have seen 2 or 3 of them placed on a palm of the hand in pictures. Mame bonsai has a field of its own. It requires specific techniques and maintenance. It is not for everyone.

In America, many people ask first how old a bonsai tree is before considering its form, gracefulness, overall balance, wabi, sabi, etc. There seems to be a general concept that if a tree is old, it is big. Accordingly, if a bonsai tree is big, it must be an old one and is an "Itsubutsu". It never occurs to them that how difficult it is to keep an old tree smaller and compact. In that sense, those big bonsai trees in the Arboretum are doing disservice to the public. Perhaps, the Japanese donors should have had the bonsai of all sizes.

The other day, a young man dropped in our shop. He said that the bonsai collection in the Arboretum was good and that our mame, komono, and katate mochi bongsais were merely prebonsai to reach ultimately the size of those in the Arboretum. (He did not know there were such sizes). Unfortunately, I was not in the shop to debate with this Young Master of Bonsai. Perhaps, it was lucky for him that I was not in. Because he was spared from a dragon lady's fire works which might have roasted the seat of his pants before he could escape. I am now training my dog, Yatsubusa, to take a part in the debate in such an occasion. Yatsubusa does not say anything much of importance but she can bark loud and if she cannot win, she knows how to bite.

by J. Y. Haga

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1. John Naka with Dave Dambowic at NOVA
2. John and Bob Dreschler at the Arboretum
3. John on styling a beech.
4. John with Dave Brown of Annapolis
5. John and Bruce Ballantyne of Annapolis



A John Naka Bonanza

John Naka visited the PBA area the weekend of May 1-3. Over 100 people the various clubs participated in the unique learning experience. The first night John conducted a workshop with the Baltimore Club members. Then on Friday night he was off to Northern Virginia for their well-attended workshop. A certain pine at that workshop is involved in a styling dispute. I wonder how its design will go over the next few years. Bob Dreschler and John discussed the health and styling of the trees in the National Collection. Bob is trying to open the styling up a bit--"so the birds and butterflies can fly through". One little interesting tidbit I learned, the Japanese use the oil from their skin, noses, hands, etc. as a polish for their pots--that hand rubbed effect. Rub your hand over your nose, and then smooth your hand over your bonsai pot. Can also be used for smooth-trunked trees. Then John had an early start at the Arboretum on Sat. morning with Brookside, Kiyomizu, and Washington. These clubs decided on a member tree critique. Over 20 trees of all sizes, designs, kinds were presented. Quite an interesting way to learn about bonsai. The styling and outline for the beech or ginko was discussed as shown in the photograph. Another interesting point--graft a small pine to a large pine at the base to grow roots where you need them. The last club for John to Visit was the Annapolis club Saturday afternoon. As usual a wide assortment and variety of trees were brought to the workshop. And as usual John drew his famous pictures of how our trees are to look in the future. What we should strive for. Every thought and design seems so clear during the workshop, but how nice to be able to look at the picture and have all those thoughts brought back to us in the years ahead. I know we all look forward to having John back with us again and also watch the improvements that our trees make in the future.

by Vicki Ballantyne

IBC - '80 'Bonsai: A Bridge for International Friendship

A star was born at the Sheraton-Waikiki Hotel in Honolulu amidst a galaxy of stars who began to shine the morning of July 3. Since this superb convention will be covered in its entirety through other media, I will attempt only a thumbnail description of what was for me a most exciting and exhilarating event. From the moment we set foot in Honolulu and were met at the airport by the very gracious representatives of the Hawaii Bonsai Association, and subsequently welcomed by the Lt. Gov. of the State of Hawaii, until the last Aloha, the International Bonsai Convention 1980 can only be termed as -WOW! Co-chaired by Y.C. Chung and Mike Uyeno, the coordination and cooperation among the members of the host bonsai clubs, the warmth and hospitality extended throughout the convention and the tours through the private bonsai collection, the demonstrations from a 3-ring presentation, through our own wonderful John Naka to the master artist, Mr. Saburo Katoh, official representative of the Japan Bonsai Association, can be described in nothing but superlative terms. It is not possible to single out any one artist/performer, demonstration or exhibition, although I did start this by noting that

Cont. on p. 13

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NOTICE !!!

Mr. S. Sasaki, Japanese Embassy gardener for over 14 years is returning to Japan.

His bonsai will be on display and are for sale. Please phone for information.

Subscriptions to a new quarterly magazine, Bonsai Sekai, are available. It will contain 24 pages with 8 pages in color. Subscription for 4 issues is \$14.00.

Medium and Small sizes of chicken grit and terra-green are available in 5 and 10 pound bags.



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

With spring all but over we have now settled into the routine of watering, feeding and refining our trees. While performing these tasks don't forget those other tasks which could/should make future Bonsai accomplishments easier --- Take pictures of your Bonsai for use as a developmental tool --- Plan display space so that you can view and display your trees properly (see the excellent article on bench building in a recent issue of the Newsletter) --- Try sketching your next Bonsai planting prior to actual planting. You will be surprised at the ease in putting together your next composition if you put it on paper first. It need not be a Naka or a Haddrick or even a Pottberg, a simple line drawing will do. Think and advise PBA of program ideas to help you progress as a Bonsai person.

I need your help. The Symposium chairman has asked me to be responsible for the exhibition of Pine Bonsai at the Fall Symposium. The problem is, of course, that I do not know all of the excellent Pine Bonsai in PBA, but you folks out there do. How about making this a cooperative effort by advising me of the existence of Pine Bonsai by sending me the name of the PBAer (your's too) who owns such a tree, and a photograph of the tree, not the owner. The photo will be returned as soon as the exhibit is planned. The exhibit is expected to be in a separate room with posted security and scheduled viewings. We want this exhibit to be spectacular so send in those letters and photos..... Many thanks to the auction staff for a job well done. If you missed it plan on going next year. Mark your calendar now for the Saturday after Memorial Day (the Federal one).

Till next time, Happy trees

Anschel

Cont. from p. 11

"a star was born". I am referring to a young lady, a very lovely and talented young woman from Sydney, Australia--Deborah Koreshoff--who has been attending these conventions for the past several years with her family whom I have enjoyed, and looked forward to seeing each year. This is her debut in international bonsai. She chose for her lecture/demonstration to discuss "The Chinese Influence on Bonsai" while sculpting into an angular informal upright a juniper procumbens nana. Debbie is a student of Chinese history and literature, very active in Australian bonsai, an accomplished artist, and a delicious, young addition on the bonsai scene.

Molly Hersh
BGB

Editors' Note:

SNIPS AND SLIPS and Part II of the article of Black Pine by Dave DeGroot of New Orleans have been postponed until a later issue.


Club Calendar

August 9 Collecting with Dan Robinson - a slide program. 10 a.m. Gulf
Saturday Branch Nature Center. Felix Laughlin will present his slides
of his stay with Dan Robinson and tell of his experiences collecting
in the Northwest. This will be followed by styling critique
workshop. Bring trees. NORTHERN VIRGINIA BONSAI SOCIETY

August 21 Refinement and cosmetic workshop. 7:30 p.m. Main Building,
Thursday Audubon Naturalist Society, 8940 Jones Mill Rd., Chevy Chase, Md.
Preparation for our first annual All-Member Show on Sunday Oct. 26
at Audubon Society Headquarters. Every member is strongly en-
couraged to bring at least one tree for entry in show. Do not be
bashful - we need and want trees in all stages of development, be-
ginner to advanced, in training to "complete." Secondary and accent
plants also welcome. Workshop will be devoted to preparation of trees,
discussion of stands, finishing touches, schedules, etc. Bring any
collected mosses and lichens you may be willing to share with members.
Raffle: Tree-of-the-month: azalea. BROOKSIDE

NO meeting in August for ANNAPOLIS or WASHINGTON!

PBA SYMPOSIUM !!! 27 & 28 September '80 ↓



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PBA 1980 SYMPOSIUM UPDATE

Dan Robinson and the family here
admire the lodgepole pine Dan will style at
the Potomac Bonsai Symposium in late
September. The tree was collected and
established more than eighteen months ago.
The tree came from a rocky ridge in the
high country of Montana. Another contorta
taken from the same ridge was cored and the
ring count showed a conservative 360 years.
Some rings were only one cell wide. A
laboratory technician in one of the nation's
largest timber company laboratories used an
electron microscope for detailed growth
analysis. Dan believes this tree to be at
least 200 years old. The winter winds in
the valley below the ridge where this tree
was collected have often been clocked at more
than 100 miles per hour. The growing season
in the collecting area is usually about two
months long.



Photo and story by Col. John W. Hinds

(Ed.'s note: The rabbit's name is Honey Bunny)

The tree will be styled on Sunday morning of the Symposium and Dan
will use some unusual methods to achieve this. Due to the fact that it
is absolutely the wrong time of year to repot pines, and the fact that the
tree is already in a small container, he will be giving a styling demon-
stration only. The tree will be raffled following his demonstration and
everyone has an equal chance to win.

REGISTRATION

Vicki Ballantyne, Registrar
28 West Drive
Plover Park, Maryland 21146
(301) 647-3224

| I Wish To Attend: | Cost | | No. | Total |
|---|-----------|-------|-----|--------------|
| | Cost | Late* | | |
| Entire Program (excludes banquet) | \$30 | \$35 | 2 | \$ 60 |
| Saturday night banquet only | 14 | 14 | | \$ 28 |
| Saturday program only (9-5) | 20 | 25 | | \$ |
| Sunday a.m. program (9-12) | 20 | 25 | | \$ |
| Sunday p.m. styling workshop (1:30-4:30) (trees provided - bring your own tools) | 25 | 30 | | \$ |
| Sunday p.m. collecting trip | No charge | | | |
| Total | | | | \$ 88 |

(Make checks payable to Potomac Bonsai Association)

Name JACK + Mary Alice Wells Phone 338-7832
Street 1810-37th St. N.W. City Washington State DC Zip 20007

*Late charge due on registrations received after September 16