



SNIPPETS

Summer 2014

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The Maleny Garden Club extends a warm invitation to all members and visitors to attend the monthly general meetings held on the last Tuesday of each month, as per program for the year.

A Note From Marnie

We are nearly at the end of another year and I would like to wish you all a very Merry Xmas, both to you and your families and may you enjoy the joy of the festive season.

I am looking forward to having members at my home for the next Sip and Snip, as it is my first, that's not good, but I have always thought like others that my garden would not be interesting enough for others to enjoy. I have had so many lovely outings to other members gardens so I hope those of you who come will enjoy the morning.

It is a great time of year in the garden as our hard work seems to pay off with lots of colour. Last month we introduced quite a few new members, which is very good for the Club, and I know that you will interact with them and make them feel very welcome.

We have had such a variety of interesting speakers this year and it makes for a good learning experience at our meetings I think and thanks to Harvey for bringing that part of the meeting together.

With the lack of rain, I have noticed that some plants like my hollyhocks have been disease free this year, and of course the roses don't mind a little dry either, but it will be good to see some rain, even if it comes as a storm to fill our tanks and give everything a good drink.

They say gardening is infectious, I had my sister down from Townsville and she took home some cuttings, Montville rose and salvia, last visit. And then this visit, she was out there looking for more to take home as the last snips took hold, I now receive the pictures as proof.

This gardening thing does catch on doesn't it? As we are coming close to the end of the year break, I look forward to all that Nancy with her exciting trips away, and the rest of our very enthusiastic Committee have in store for us next year.

Yours in gardening,

Marnie.

Sporty Quotation;

Playing polo is like trying to play golf during an earthquake. *Sylvester Stallone*

If you think its hard to meet new people , try picking up the wrong golf ball.

Jack Lemmon

Horse sense is the thing a horse has which keeps it from betting on people. *W.C. Fields*

The reason the pro tells you to keep your head down is so you can't see him laughing.

Phyllis Diller

Australian Earth Worms

Earth worms are the gardeners friends. Worldwide, there are approximately 6,000 species of earthworms described in 20 families, eight of which are represented in Australia.

Australian native worms are estimated to total 1,000 species belonging to three of the 20 families in the world. The 80 or so introduced species have representatives from all eight families in Australia.

Some Australian native earthworms grow to an enormous size. Besides the well-known 'Gippsland Giant', *Megascolides australis*, cited in the Guinness Book of Records at 3 metres, others also grow large. A species of *Digaster* found near Kyogle in north-eastern New South Wales, often grows to a length of more than 150 cm and is as thick as a garden hose. *Notoscolex grandis* from Burrawang, eastern New South Wales, has been recorded as reaching a length of 100 cm. Large worms also occur in Queensland through to Tasmania, and these are all different species.

Earthworms don't have lungs, but instead breathe through their skin. In order for gas exchange to take place this way, the outermost layers of an earthworm are thin and must be kept moist.

Earth consumed by worms is deposited on the surface of the ground, in the form of 'castings'. The effects of worms on the soil are many. The earth of the castings and the burrows themselves are exposed to the air and, therefore, aerate the soil, improve drainage and increase its water holding capacity. The soil is 'cultivated' by being ground up in the worm's gizzard. Leaves and other matter pulled underground, and the addition of excretory wastes from worms, introduce organic matter and nutrients.

Earthworms have a considerable influence on the physical structure of the soil by their active burrowing and ingestion of the soil. This results in mixing of the surface and sub-surface soils. Their presence or absence in any soil, and the overall species composition, may also reflect environmental changes that are not easily recognised using physical or chemical means. This provides a sensitive measure of soil pollution.

All earthworms are hermaphrodites (that is, a single individual can produce both male and female gametes, the eggs and sperm). Eggs are produced when two earthworms inseminate each other during mating. Hermaphroditism makes possible two exchanges of sperms, instead of only one, when two individuals meet.

Egg-laying starts when the gland cells of the clitellum secrete a mucous ring that is moved forward over the body of the worm. As this passes the opening to the oviducts, it receives several ripe eggs and a quantity of albuminous fluid (like the white of an egg). Then, as it passes the sperm receptacles nearer the anterior end, it receives sperm that was deposited there previously. Fertilisation of the eggs takes place within the mucous ring, which finally slips past the anterior tip of the worm and becomes closed at each end to form a sealed capsule, called an 'egg cocoon'.

Egg cocoons are deposited in the soil. The fertilised eggs develop directly into young worms, which then escape through the egg membrane and eat the nourishing albumen contained in the cocoon. This enables them to increase rapidly in size until they are big enough to escape from the protective cocoon and begin life in the soil. The juveniles grow continuously until they reach adult size. Most earthworms possess amazing powers of repairing body damage caused by predators or by accident. If a worm is torn or cut in two (for instance when a bird catches the head end

of a worm protruding from its burrow) it can regenerate the missing end.

Peter Owens (reference-Australian Museum)

Old Farmer's Advice

- * Always drink upstream of a herd.
- * If you find yourself in a hole, the first thing to do is to stop diggin'.
- * Do not corner something that you know is meaner than you.
- * A bumble bee is considerably faster than a John Deere tractor.
- * Words that soak into your ears are whispered...not yelled.
- * Meanness don't jus' happen overnight.
- * Forgive your enemies. It messes up their heads.
- * If you think you are a person of some influence, try ordering somebody else's dog around.
- * Live simply. Love generously. Care deeply. Speak kindly and leave the rest to God.

Anon

Travelogue.

After the August meeting we travelled out west to catch up with our daughter Helen, for her 40th birthday, at Charleville. Which as many will know is about nine hours west. We had joined a small caravan group earlier in the year and a couple of our members decided to join us once it was known where we were going. This eventually swelled to eleven caravans doing the trip.

Our first two nights were under the stars at free camp sites, the first at the Chinchilla Weir, and the second at Judd's Lagoon near Yuleba, about sixty kms east of Roma. All the way out there was signs that rain had fallen as the edges of the roadways were green, and the local wild flowers were in bloom. As we headed into Charleville the trees on the verges with the wind blowing and the with westerly sun shining on them, glistened like Christmas decorations on a Christmas Tree. Whilst in Charleville we did some touristy things that we had not done before.

One being a tour around the airport perimeter, as during the second world war there were 3500 American servicemen there, living in tents and working on secret flying systems. The area was considered too far inland for enemy aircraft to reach them. Also at the airport was a brand new building for the RFDS, as their

previous premises in town had flooded in recent times, and the airport was the high point in the area.

We parked in town at our daughters rental place, which was empty between tenants, and I enjoyed a few walks around the local street, admiring the various gardens that I passed.

After the party weekend, we headed west again to Quilpie. The highlight of the time there was an Outback Mail Run. The truck with its mail and supplies did 10 drops over a 450km run.

We had morning and afternoon tea and lunch supplied, stopping at a Station called Trinidad for lunch, and our host, Margaret, had lived on the property since 1958. Her garden was like a beautiful oasis, with lots of cottage flowers, and beautiful roses to die for. Not a bug is sight! Along the way as well as the local wild life, and cattle, we passed several "Out back Bunnings", on different properties, were all manner the things could be found.

After Quilpie we headed south through to Cunnamulla and on to St George. What was lovely were all the little places we passed through took pride in their streets with flowers and shrubs abounding, many in flower. Our last main stop was St George, and on the last evening we did a Sunset Cruise on the river. Our skipper was very knowledgeable, and pointed out much of the wild life along the way. It was a great way to end the trip, as we were all home by the next day.

Emily Jeffery

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Odyssey of the "Sea Princess"

Owens and Plucknetts went to sea
On a beautiful snow-white boat
Saw thousands with stuff all embarking
"Will the "Sea Princess" still stay afloat!"
They took some money and plenty of luggage,
'Cause a woman must think what she wears';
And Peter and Kevin just toted the lot
With never a care what to wear
(Or maybe they thought they could share).

For three days they bobbed through the
Tasman
With water - more water - galore
Adapted to life in a cabin,
And planned what they'd do when ashore.

They did several laps of the circuit,
Hopefully walked off their food;
Sometimes they needed a compass,
Like poor little Babes in the wood.

Why is the Princess butter white,
Where does En Zed send their pine
My watch is quite confused from shifting
To damned New Zealand time.

And sometimes I'd be puzzled
When I saw the shipboard clocks,
And what a thrill it was to meet
My great friend Norma Fox.

We dined nightly at Caf Rigolletto
Where the waiter displayed his libretto
To each course I said "Fine
I'll have it - it's mine"
And my shape shall be termed "imperfecto."

While we waited at Tauranga pier
For N.Z. friends we hardly knew;
Wayne and Marie Stewart said
"Fancy meeting you."

"We saw you at a distance
As across the sea we chugged"
The En-Zed cruise was fast becoming
"Maleny Garden Club."

There were nights that were choppy
And days that were still,
Each traveller has his highs and lows
And how they get their thrills.

And some of us did movies
Some concerts or the Quiz
Some strode the promenade
Drank lattes or pink fizz.

We've seen Wellington and Auckland;
The fiords clothed in mist;
To see them on a sunny day
One would be blest.

And then 'twas three days Homeward Bound
With a gentle rolling swell
We touch and go our separate ways
And make our last farewells.

And as we make our way Onshore
We'll remember "Criusing Oh-One-Four."
Lisa and Kevin Plucknett October 2014
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New Zealand

Late September we flew to New Zealand (this was just prior to meeting Lisa and Kevin Plucknet on a cruise) to journey around the North Island and attend the World of Wearable Arts Show in Wellington.

The show was one of the most intriguing and fascinating theatrical performances I have ever seen. Lasting over 2 1/2hrs, entries came from many countries including, Denmark, China, Germany, UK, Australia, Canada the US and NZ. All garments had to be made from recyclable materials. The designs were certainly not seen on your average street as they were beyond the imagination of most but each was cleverly designed and constructed.

The show included acrobats, dancers and singers in fact the whole of the stage from ceiling to under the floor was used to excite and capture the imagination of those 2-3,000 people present. So much was going on stage it was difficult to follow everything that was occurring, this included the backdrop and scene changes that were handled so expertly by stage hands dressed in black.

Wellington is an interesting city with some beautiful buildings and shops to interest most travellers. Coffee shops and eateries abound while many homes in residential areas seem to cling precipitously to steep hillsides.

Our base was largely in Hamilton the centre of the NZ dairy industry and famous racehorse stud farms. We were taken with the lush green paddocks and hills, the fat contented cows and sheep with their new lambs, along with the hedgrows and the beautifully clipped tall trees bordering so many of the roads and long driveways to homesteads. In fact the whole of the country we visited seemed covered with lush verdure. Then there were the acres of vineyards and the roadside stalls that sold asparagus to die for; so large, sweet and succulent, - a must at every evening meal.

Napier was a delight with their Art Deco architecture and acres of espaliered apple and pear orchards all in flower. What a sight!

Some of our finest dining experiences in New Zealand were here at two of the vineyards, The Mission and The Old Church restaurants. I have to say that it helps to know a few of the locals who can take you to places not generally known to tourists.

There were other places visited, too many to mention here but for those of you who have not yet experienced the delights of New Zealand you are in for a treat.

Margaret Owens

Gardening.

**Count your gardens by the flowers,
never by the leaves that fall
Count your days by the golden hours,
don't remember clouds at all
Count your life by smiles, not tears and
with joy on every birthday
Count your age by friends not years.**
Anon

Editor's Note;

Many thanks to those who support the Snippets Newsletter with articles. Your support is greatly appreciated.

A special thanks to Marnie Trass, Peter Owens, Lisa Plucknett and Emily Jeffery who made this summer edition possible.

Please remember us when you travel or if you have an article that is suitable, we would love to hear from you, besides it helps me put 'Snippets' together.

The Club's Objectives are:

- To further knowledge and enjoyment of horticulture.
- To raise awareness in the club and community of local environment and to encourage planting of local indigenous species.
- To enjoy social interaction between members of this and similar clubs.

All contributions to: Margaret Owens
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