

Espinas y Flores

BULLETIN OF THE SAN DIEGO CACTUS AND SUCCULENT SOCIETY
Affiliate of the Cactus and Succulent Society of America, Inc.

Vol. XIII, No. 12

December, 1978.

DECEMBER MEETING DATE:

Saturday, December 9th., 1978

PROGRAM:

Annual Election

Christmas Party

Your nominating Committee for the Election of Officers for the 1979/1980 Term of Office were:

John Pasek

Ione Hubener

Doris Rake

They respectfully submit the following slate for your consideration:

President	Tom Hammecher
First Vice President	Rick Latimer
Second Vice President	Carl McLeod
Treasurer	Joan Johnson
Recording Secretary	Beverly Kirkegaard
Corresponding Secretary	Anna Cornett



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DEADLINE FOR JANUARY ISSUE.....DECEMBER 19th.1978

PLEASE !!!!!!

THANKS!

Warren Buckner

With 1979 upon us, it's time to welcome in a new set of officers. It's also past time for me to thank all the members of the SDC & SS for their support over the past two years, and to personally thank my Board Officers and Committee Chairmen who have made this a delightful two years.

TOM HAMECHER - for the programs which he has brought us, his tremendous effort at the 1977 Fair, and his willingness to pitch in where needed.

THE DICES, "Jerry", Eleanor and Jim - for their uncountable hours of potting, pampering, procuring, presenting and selling plants. You have truly had an outstanding sales table! There is really no adequate way to express my appreciation, or the Club's thanks. All I can say is: "Thanks, for a job well done!"

THE SECRETARIES and TREASURER of our organization are truly the backbone of the organization, we couldn't operate without you. Thanks to RUSSEL EVANS for his meticulous record-keeping, to DORIS RAKE for her minutes and membership records, and to BETTY ATHY for her willingness to do whatever and whenever.

Visitors and new members have told me many times that we have a great club - the welcome, the newsletter, the library, plant sales and exchange, regalement, plant education and program. So, from the old members, and especially from me, I repeat "Thanks" for a great job to:-

PERISO LEWIS and EDITH BILLMEYER, Greeters Extraordinaire;
The "bookmobile" gang - EDITH WERNER, PAT MOONEY, and Helen Hegyi;
IONE HUBNER and her many helpers at the Plant Exchange "raffle";
MAY ANDREWS and the regalement gang;
MADELYN LEE, TONY D'ATILLIO, RON MONROE, RICK LATTIMER and LEE PHELPS for educating all us neophytes;
AUDREY and GEOFF JOHNSON for putting up with late, illegible and worse copy, and still getting out EyF every month;
ROSE, VERNA and AUDREY for representing us;
"RICK" LATTIMER for his hours of labour at the 1977 Fair, and delving through and sorting out our history;
PAUL JOHNSON and JIM BERRY, eagle-eyed Auditors;
HARRIETT SOPP, FRANCES JOHNSON and JULIANNE RICE for truly outstanding Shows and Open Houses over the past two years;
BOB and SUZANNE TAYLOR for hosting and to LINDA BAINES for arranging a great picnic;
LEE PHELPS, who missed his calling - just think what he could have done on the tobacco auction circuit in Kentucky and Georgia!! ;
The "BOARD" - JOHN PASEK, PERISO LEWIS, SHIRLEY BERRY, LEE PHELPS, JOAN JOHNSON and RICHARD LATTIMER. These people are truly the foundation of our Club. They have supported, suggested, stayed late, and made possible the past two years;
MARTIN MOONEY, Past President and Activities Chairman, 'Bus Scheduler, Tour Director, World Traveller, and swell guy: Thanks!

I regret that it is impossible to individually commend all the members who have made this past two years memorable to me; all I can say is: Thanks, and have a Merry, Merry Christmas and a Great New Year.

Warren.

December 9th will be the Annual Election, and Christmas Party, of our Society. We will have an election of officers for the next two years; the Board of Directors will be elected next December.

Since this is the end of term for the present administration, all Committee Chairmanships are also terminated. The next President and Executive Board will be soliciting help and support. Please volunteer to help where needed. All present Chairmen should make up their final reports. What have you accomplished over the past two years, and what suggestions do you have for the next Chairman?

We will not have:

- Plant Sales
- Plant Exchange
- Cacti and Succulent of the Month.

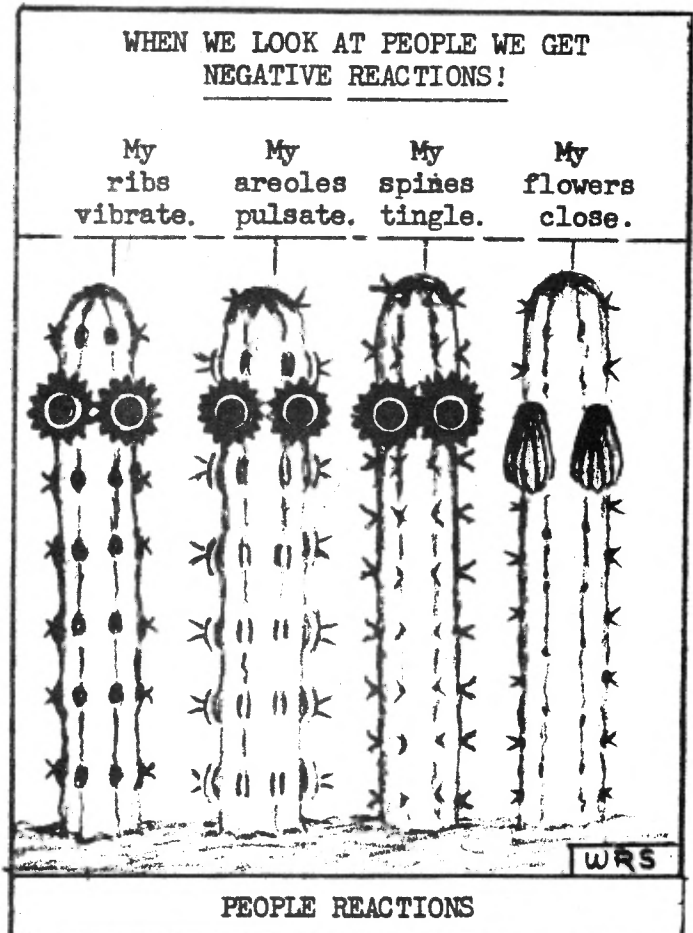
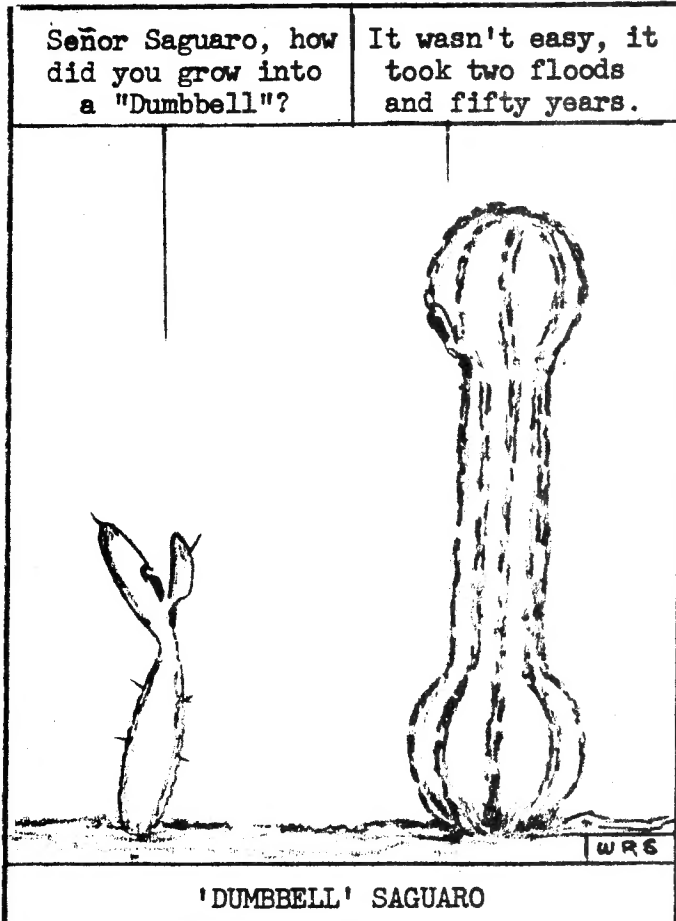


We will have:

- Bragging Plants, and
- Gift Plants for all Members.

Bring in your favourite plant and brag about it to the Club. Best bragger/plant, as determined by the audience, will receive an extra gift plant.

The Executive Board has authorized the purchase of gift plants to be distributed by raffle at our Christmas Party. Raffle Tickets will be distributed at regalement time, with the drawing restricted to members only. Guests are welcome and will receive the usual gift plant, but will not participate in the Christmas Gift Plant Drawing.



MORE FROM THE OLD TONGUES

by Rick Latimer

A year ago we did as below only just with Latin. But our cactus and succulent names are not merely Latin, as they include Greek. For example, Notocactus is all Greek, Heliocereus is half Greek, half Latin, and Mammillaria is all Latin. Yet at the same time, beneath our Latin heritage are two cultural forces-both Hellenic and Jewish. So this year we will again lift phrases that are peculiarly relevant to us out of their original context to be examined by us from our perspective as succulent lovers. (If any one wants to go deeper next year and do Egypt and Mesopotamia, let them! My sources are exhausted!) As we will see, these three tongues intersect, forming a forth force.

California (Motto of)-Eupnka-Archimedes =I have found it!
[Thus said the searching succulent lover after following the advice:]
παυτα κλην ειπ πετρον-Euripides=Leave no stone unturned.

Aristotle-Αει λιβυη φερει τε κεινον=We are always hearing of some new thing from Africa. [A new Euphorbia, a new Stapeliad...]

Caudiciforms-His roots shall be dried up beneath, and above shall his branches be cut off,-Job XVLLL 16

Rο ροδον ακμαζει βαλον χρονον' ου δε παρελθον, λητων ευρησεις ον ροδον αλλα βατον -Anon.=Short-lived the roses bloom, and when 'tis gone, Seeking, no rose thou'lt find, but only thorns. [Cactus flowers are ephemeral, but we have the beautiful foliage to appreciate 365 days of the year!]

Unappreciative visitor-Palingenius: Gaudet stultis natura creandis, Ut malvis atque urticus, et vilibus herbis.=Nature delights in making foolish things: Nettles and docks and other worthless weeds.

or
Lithops-Plautus: Aquam a pumice nunc postulas.=You are trying to get water from a stone.

Solomon (Proverbs XV 19)-The way of the slothful man is as an hedge of thorns, but the way of the righteous is made plain. [Are cactophiles slothful? Perhaps they grow cacti so as to not water as often as other horticulturalists!]



R $\lambda\delta\epsilon\iota\sigma\alpha\iota\ \mu\omicron\lambda\iota\omicron\kappa\rho\alpha\phi\omicron\upsilon\varsigma$ =Respect grey hairs. [especially if they conceal red thorns!]
or
He giveth snow like wool.--(Psalms CXLVII 16)[To all cacti with white hair, fuzz, etc.]

Natura non facit saltum.=Nature makes no leap. [But how is the Cereoideae related to the rest of the Cacti and how is the Cactaceae connected to the rest of the plants?]

S $\epsilon\iota\ \kappa\alpha\tau\epsilon\rho\epsilon\alpha\nu\ \epsilon\pi\iota\ \tau\omicron\iota\varsigma\ \pi\alpha\rho\omicron\upsilon\alpha\iota\ \kappa\alpha\iota\ \theta\alpha\rho\rho\epsilon\iota\nu\ \pi\epsilon\rho\iota\ \tau\omega\nu\ \mu\epsilon\lambda\lambda\omicron\upsilon\tau\omega\nu$
(Δ)
-Isocrates=We ought to endure patiently our present suffering, and look with confidence to the future.
and
Hesiod- $\Delta\epsilon\iota\lambda\eta\ \delta'\ \epsilon\nu\iota\ \pi\upsilon\theta\mu\epsilon\nu\iota\ \phi\epsilon\iota\delta\omega$ =It is hard to save when you have spent your all.[Conversation between Cereus and Opuntia in summer. Do cacti speak Greek?]

St. John XIX 39-And there came also Nicodemus (which at the first came to Jesus by night) and brought a mixture of Myrrh (*Commiphora abyssinica* a relative of the *Bursera*) and aloe (*Aloe barbadensis*?), about an hundred pound weight.

Ubi uber, ibi tuber.-Apuleius=Where the soil is rich, there you'll find the fungus. [...virtue of the soilless mix.]

Cissus & Cyphostemma- $\text{Payes}\ \omicron\upsilon\phi\alpha\kappa\iota\gamma\omicron\upsilon\varsigma\epsilon\iota\ \mu\alpha\lambda\alpha$ -Aesop=The grapes are sour.

or
Jeremiah XXXI 30-...every man that eateth the sour grape, his teeth shall be set on edge. [The fruits of these two genera contain high amounts of oxalic acid, rendering them inedible. See CSSA Journal V. L, P. 136.]

Conservationists (two good mottos for)-Sic transit gloria mundi=So passes away the glory of the world.

or
Si monumentum requiris circumspice=If you seek his monument, look about you, [Sir Christopher Wren's epitaph in St. Paul's, London]

Underground influences the aboveground]-Matthew XIII 6 or Mark IV 6-Because they had no roots, they withered away,

Lithops-They shall be still as a stone-Exodus XV 16-Moses Written...not in tablets of stone, but in fleshy tablets of the heart.-II Corinthians III 3-Paul He wrote them upon two tablets of stone-Deuteronomy IV 13-Moses

Euphorbia-...a land flowing with milk and honey-[South Africa? see Espinas y Flores Oct. 1977 "Euphorbias".] (Exodus III 8)

Nomenclature-L'is est de nomine, non re.-Paltingenius=We're fighting merely about names, not things. (Taxonomists)

To each his own]-Petronius Arbiter-Inveniat quod quisque velit, Non omnibus unum est, Quod placet, Hic

spinas colligit, ille rosas.=May each man find what he desires; all tastes are not the same. One roses plucks, one thorns.

REFERENCES:

Harbottle, Thomas Benfield, Dictionary of Quotations (Classical), 2nd ed., pp. 14, 110, 291, 473, 512, 653, 655.

Jones, Hugh Percy, Dictionary of Foreign Phrases and Classical Quotations, Revised ed., 1963, pp. 129, 137, 138, 146, 170.

Stevenson, Burton, The Home Book of Bible Quotations, 1949, pp. 50, 179, 373, 419, 420.

CALENDAR FOR 1979

<u>Meeting Date</u>	<u>Succulent of-the-Month</u>	<u>Cactus of-the-Month</u>
Jan. 13th.	Kalanchee	Acanthocalycium
Feb. 10th.	Senecio	Borzicactus (sg. Matucana/Submatucana)
Mar. 10th.	Haworthia	Thelecactus
Apr. 14th.	Pedilanthus, Jatropha, Monadenium, Synadenium (Other Euphorbiaceae)	Pygmaeocereus
May 12th.	Carpet Mesembs.	Buiningia
Jun. 9th.	Dioscorea, Ipomoea, Solanum, Cissus, Cyphostemma, & Dorstenia (Fruits & Vegetables)	Pediocactus
Jul. 14th.	NONE - <u>PICNIC</u>	NONE
Aug. 11th.	Stapeliads	Echinocereus
Sep. 8th.	Minor Crassulaceae	Dissecactus
Oct. 13th.	Halephytes, Pepperomia, Bursera, & Coleus. (Spices & Essences)	Wilcoxia
Nov. 10th.	Shrubby Mesembs.	Oroya
Dec. 8th.	Your Favorite	Your Favorite

Note : The above dates are the Second Saturday of the Month, which is the normal Meeting date. However, after the mix-up we had this last year, we will be sure to let you know if there is any change in the date.

TAXON TAXON

by John B. Myers

When Charon rowed me across the river Styx we docked near the Taxonomic Monuments at the edge of Cactusland. There were many paths across the Xerophytic Shores and each was marked with familiar signs: species nova, nomen novum, nomen nudum, nomen conservandum, nomen confusum - all spelled out as would be expected in such a place where only a confused amateur would choose to go.

Then the lands rose, the paths merged and the light shown brilliant. Two shades, N. L. Britton and J. N. Rose stood beside their four pillars of wisdom - THE CACTACEAE. The monuments were illustrated with colorful art and the plant names could be traced to the time of Linnaeus. Approaching closer, however, the clean lines were blurred by many scars and patches. Chunks had been chipped away and replaced with newer material. Time had taken its due but overall the structures were still sound and well constructed.

Nearby was the small but beautiful supplemental structure to the great ones. CACTACEAE by W. T. Marshall and T. M. Bock. It stood unmarred and neglected in the shadows - perhaps a victim of its time - 1941.

Down the way stood the solid and compact work simply called CACTI. The shade of J. Borg seemed proud that his work was still much used.

But my journey sought the whole of truth in final form. The shade of Curt Backeberg echoed from nearby. I approached his six great blocks, DIE CACTACEAE, but they were surrounded by a language barrier and there was little I could learn. A much used path led to a sturdy single structure - DAS KAKTEEN-LEXICON. It was carefully coded and immensely useful even to one who knew little German.

Then at the end of the way I saw what must surely be the object of my quest. Shining new, compactly constructed, beautifully pictured, updated by Walther Haage, and best of all, in words that I could understand, there it stood: CACTUS LEXICON.

The satisfied feeling that comes at journey's end was interrupted by distant shouts of "No, no!" coming from the paths by the river. I returned thinking they were meant for me. I found an amazing conclave of voices and shades assembled as if for debate. They had divided into two groups. Much German was spoken in the one group with frequent pointing to

the Backeberg monuments. English was the dominant accent of the opposite group. They were addressing each other, not me, so I approached to hear the words. It was all very learned and technical but there was a sharpness in the voices. They called each other by the names "lumpers" and "splitters". A voice⁽¹⁾ pointed to the Backeberg monuments; "a gross pseudoscientific misdemeanor". Another voice⁽²⁾, "The work will probably always be regarded as a curiosity of botanical literature, for, here the low quality of Backeberg's work sinks to a grotesque level."

Then I heard the voice of Backeberg himself, "I must require that my special and unusual method is consented". He must have been smiling when he added, "There is no business like cactus business... to change a bit the song of Irving Berlin." (3)

Charon motioned that my time was up and I quickly returned to the real world of living cacti. The trip was well worth the risk of entering the nether world for now I knew for sure what I must do: use two name labels, one for the lumpers and one for the splitters. Time will tell.

TAXON - TAXON



- (1) F. Buxbaum in an article criticizing Pseudolobivia in the Swiss Cactus Society Yearbook, Jan. 1957
- (2) M. Kimmach reviewing a Backeberg publication in C&S Journal Am. 29: 146(1957)
- (3) taken from a letter that Backeberg wrote to Cyril Parr in 1965. Reproduced complete in the Cactus and Succulent Journal of Great Britain, V.40/#3, August 1978, p71.

These quotes were lifted out of context for the purpose of this fiction only.

MY GARDEN FLOURISHES -- AND SO
DO THE BIRDS!

Audrey Johnson
(Ye Lady Ed.)

Now that we are back to cool, damp weather, my crazy garden is regaining its full Summer splendour. The roses (of which I have seen very few during the Summer) are now popping out all over, and the fuschias are coming on apace!

As for the succulents, after looking positively dashed throughout the past hot, dry weather, they are all colouring up and are almost back to their normal beautiful shapes and forms. Those of the Mammilarias which bloom around Christmas, I have brought indoors, where the more constant warm atmosphere is already producing a crown of little buds like candles on an iced cake! The native dudleyas, particularly, show almost unbelievable improvement as they expand day by day. The rock slope up behind the house very much agrees with them, and, after dwindling to next-to-nothing during the Summer, they are now already the size of dinner plates, and expanding all the time! Yes, Nature is doing a great job on the outdoors, and indoors great things are happening too!

THE BIRDS..... A N N O U N C E M E N T !!



I am happy to announce that our crazy little zebra finches have finally 'got the idea', and have produced a number (?) of baby birds. Already I feel like the proud grandmother of quads (or quints(?)), although lately I have begun to wonder if, how, and when, we shall ever get them out of the nest!

As many of you may remember, I received a pair of zebra finches as a Christmas present last year, and, for the past eleven months, these energetic little birds have kept me intrigued and entertained with their efforts to produce a family. They are such "neat" little things, and yet so zany and so untidy in their housekeeping, that their nearby bachelor neighbour - Fred, the cockatiel - has long since given them up in disgust! My pair of parakeets, on the other hand, who inhabit the cage beneath them, just eye the nesting material which daily floats past their cage, and, apparently, couldn't care less... The more mess the better, seems to be the motto of Mr. and Mrs. Ding-a-Ling (as we have affectionately named them), and so we all just have to put up with their unti-dy behaviour.

For some time recently I had been aware of sundry twitterings coming, periodically, from the nest, and yet, after several disappointments (and knowing the peculiar sounds which the finches themselves make on occasions) for awhile I took little, or no, notice. One day last week I peered absentmindedly into the nest, which the parents had vacated for a time. Imagine my astonishment, and double-take, when I looked straight into a, comparatively, enormous open beak!! Needless to say, excitement abounded as, by telephone, I passed the news around to friends, and to Geoff at his office...

For a few days, we waited with bated breath, while the finches seemed to spend their entire time feeding either themselves or their family, to the sounds of excited twittering from the nest. And then, one morning, we found two little bodies at the bottom of the cage, one quite naked, the other fully feathered. The feathered one appeared to be breathing gently, and so, figuring that there was still hope, we left him there. The other little body we sadly removed. Should we try to return the remaining little bird to its nest, we wondered? Finally, we decided that it would be best not to interfere, if only for the sake of the ones still inside.

The next morning I anxiously peered into the cage, but there still lay that tiny feathered body, showing little or no signs of life. But then the worried parents went to work on him - our Ding-a-Lings were not so stupid after all! The rough treatment meted out to that poor infant was both a fascinating, and a horrifying, sight! Father would pull out to its full extent first one tiny wing and then the other while Mother prodded the poor little fellow on from behind. On several occasions I saw that poor tiny bird manage to stand on his feet, stagger a couple of steps, and then fall flat on his face again. Horrified and helpless, I watched their cruel "survival of the fittest" technique, and then, unable to stand it any longer, I retired upstairs for awhile. When I returned, the parents had given up, and another poor little lifeless body lay on the floor of the cage. There was another sad removal that evening.

All this was going on along with preparations for Thanksgiving, and so when Mike finally arrived home from S.D.S.U., I was extremely glad to have another bird watcher to spell me! Things seemed to be getting a trifle crowded in that little nest, and, yes, we decided, there were triplets still in there. Three little heads (sometimes two at a time) popped out of the small hole time and again, only to retreat to their original positions. Would they all get out before they were too big to come through that tiny doorway, we wondered?

Meanwhile, the parents started removing the nesting material from inside the nest and placing it on top, from whence it hung down in festoons, making the cage look even messier than usual! This seemed like a very good idea, we decided, since it gave the ever-growing birdies more room inside the nest.

Halfway through Thanksgiving dinner we realized that Mr. and Mrs. D-a-L had had another bright idea. It was at this exact time that the most advanced of the fledglings chose to emerge completely from the nest, only to flop exhausted upon the debris aloft. From this point of vantage Fiddler (-on-the-Reef, of course), as Mike promptly named him, could take stock of his surroundings, while recuperating. It was, for him a long, long way to the "trapeze" bar at the top of the cage, and a precipitous flight to the floor of the cage below. The next one to start teetering on the brink I named Casper (the Friendly Ghost). This one blended in all too well with the nesting material, being very light in colour, right down to his beak. In fact, the only way that I could distinguish him as he peered out was by two round, dark little eyes - hence his name! The last little fellow emerged one and a half days later, and became known as Johnny (come-lately). He is by far the smallest of the three, but, like the others, is growing fast. Already they look almost as big as their parents, but perhaps that is partly because they are fluffier.

As for the fond parents, I can't speak highly enough of their devotion to their offspring, and the brilliance of their strategic ideas!! I have long felt that the term "bird brain" is a great insult to the intelligence of birds in general, and now, having watched our so-called zany little zebra finches at work at close range, I know that I was right!

The young birds are now partly feeding themselves, but still expect their hard-working parents to supplement the diet. To watch each young bird (after a fierce twittering) open wide his beak and throw his neck and head right back while waiting to be fed, is a fascinating sight. Mother, or father, thrusts his or her beak right down the little one's throat, so that you would think it was about to be choked, but it never is. Naturally - they know what they're doing!!

Anyhow, folks, Fiddler, Casper and Johnny and their fond parents are doing fine. What comes next? Well, this I don't know at the moment - more research is needed, I think! I promise to let you all know later.

Ye Lady Ed. A.J.

Proud Grandmother of
TRIPLETS.



P.S. Perhaps I should apologize for having written so much about the birds and so little about the plants this month. (Did you ever before read such a lengthy Birth Announcement?!!) However, since we have all had to wait so long, I did feel that some of you might like to know the -details of the 'Birth of the Birdies', and our Christmas issue seemed like a good place in which to celebrate such a happy occasion.

Geoff and I would like to wish you, one and all, the Merriest of Christmasses, and the Happiest and Most Prosperous of New Years!!! Y.L.E.

Regalement for December

The following Members have signed up to provide refreshments for the December Meeting : -

Jean Kleinhans
Sophie Loyland
Rose D'Attilio
Peg Bryant

Harriet Sepp
Mildred Anderes
Randy Jungers
Jean Van Fleer

Sandy Buck
Verna Pasek
Frances Johnson



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