



# ESPAÑOLAS Y CALIFORNES

January, 1970

¡Feliz Año Nuevo Para Todos!

PUBLICATION OF THE SAN DIEGO CACTUS AND  
SUCCULENT SOCIETY  
PROPAGATION BY PROXY

"Twas Christmas time a year ago when a small group of balladeers, preparing for the seasonal music fest, were gathered in the court yard of San Diego's historic Mission. Monsignor Booth was exercising some of his curatorial duties by showing the group the grounds and discussing the forthcoming happenings that would commemorate the City's 200th anniversary - guided tours by authoritative "Indian-maids", who relate the role of the Mission in the formation of our past; the refurbishment of tertiary portions of the buildings in the compound and garden areas.

High in interest during the discourse was the anticipation of a new Rose garden, featuring the newly developed "San Diego rose". Exactly how, even in our wildest imagination, it is difficult to see that these thorny things could be simulant with Cacti, but immediately the "better idea" light bulb flashed on in the head of Cactophile Bob Heffenden, local choral and music maestro.... "Egad, what a wonderful place for a Cactus Garden". Meanwhile, across town several other minds of San Diego's Cactus fraternity were flickering by candlelight, as they plowed through semi-arid fields in search of an appropriate

(Continued next page)

response to the gala 200th occasion. Moments later a union was consummated via the Bell System, and the "better idea" bulbs were glowing like those warm amber lights of welcome. The thought of a Cactus garden at the Mission would not only be aesthetically satisfying, but would be historically significant. Many of the plants were economically important to the early settlers of the Southwest. Thusly, the seeds were sown, and with the gentle rains of inspiration the idea grew to blossom. What wonders can be conceived and achieved by an affair of the mind.... call it propagation by proxy.

In April, after the danger of frost had passed (not so much a worry for the plants as for the workers), proxy Walter Greenwood led a merry band of revelers from the San Diego Cactus and Succulent Society to the inner cloisters of the Mission to spread a few tons of sand and ornamental rock into desert like mounds and swales. In a short while the entrance patio took on the appearance of a bit of the back country.

It was truly a remarkable sight seeing Oliver Loyland with his bright blue wheelbarrow making sortie after sortie to the sand pile, where his wife Sophia with Hervulean efforts put her scoop-shovel through tricks and stunts learned only through many winters back in Minnesota. He paused only briefly at the "organic pile" where "Colonel" Bob Fletcher would add his blessings to the earthy mix; then on his way again down the line to where Walt Greenwood and Bill Waite were stacking Mexican driftwood rock into the mounds like two squirrels working on "piece-work" rates with the remnants of an Autumn's harvest of nuts. Next to them, Warren and Mike Buckner with gopher-like tenacity were gouging out holes, and placing the prickly plants under the artful direction of Sydnie Kemp, girl Rembrandt. Bill and Ruth Nelson made like Indians going up and down corn rows stopping at each plant to add just a pinch of something good; while humming and whistling the tune "A Little Bit of Sugar Helps the Medicine Go Down". Meanwhile, Elaine Niehaus and Ione Hubner in a David and Goliath type match were grappling two huge Century plants to a draw. Thirteen year old Ben Klinefelter with bucket in hand, looking for all the world like "Jack" on his unpretentious return from the "well", adroitly dashed to and fro upon call with needed materials and supplies; and his mother, Nibby, dressed in a lovely boucle mesh-knit cream with beige sensation, sandlewood patent leather calf-high boots, broad brim Ecuadorian straw hat with plum and green chiffon band and chin tie, and tartan "Green-thumb" gloves added a lot of class to the operation.

It was a wonderous sight, especially to these tired old eyes that witnessed the events of the day perched precariously atop the adobe wall munching on a Bonusberger with lots of Jack's Secret Sauce, an order of onion rings, a Jackcola, and a hot apple turnover, that was rapidly becoming luke warm... a wonderous sight indeed, because people were doing the only thing that means anything, that "Something" which springs spontaneously from the

innermost recesses of our consciousness. Failing to respond, a person drops like an unsecured tile from the mosaic of life; how can we receive when the mind refuses to entertain. Reproach the negative, for awareness, faith and conviction are as real as the Spirit which ignites the vitality that animates everything.

-- js

#### JANUARY MEETING

Saturday, January 3rd, 2 pm  
Floral Assoc. Building  
Balboa Park

#### INSTALLATION OF OFFICERS

#### "HOW TO PHOTOGRAPH YOUR CACTUS"

by  
Alice Taylor

Exchange Table  
Braggin' Table  
Refreshments

#### THANKS FOR THE HELP

WHAT I must call a wonderful year has just passed. As president of the Society for the past 12 months, I can only think back with pleasant memories of the many problems which have been presented and the manner in which the membership, as a whole worked to solve them.

Con't page 11




FELIZ ANO NUEVO... New Year's always seems to be a time for reflections... after three years of writing this column, our reflections are like images in a frozen pond... all joined together in a translucent mass waiting for the warmth of a coming Spring to gnaw away at the obscure forms and render them flowing, vital and nourishing to a universe of ideas.... "It is pleasant to think, just under the snow, that stretches so bleak and blank and cold... are beauty and warmth that we cannot know... green fields and leaves and blossoms of gold. Yes, under this frozen and dumb expanse... ungladdened by

bee or bird or flower... a world where the leaping fountains glance... and buds expand, is waiting its hour. And often now when the skies are wild... and hoarse and sullen the night winds blow.... and lanes and hollows with drifts are piled... I think of the violets under the snow. I look in the wild-flowers' tremulous eye... I hear the chirp of the ground bird brown... A breath from the budding grove steals by... and the swallows are dipping above the town... So there, from the outer sense concealed it lies, shut in by a veil of snow.... but there, to the inward eye revealed... are boughs that blossom, and flowers that glow. The lily shines on its bending stem... the crocus opens its April gold... and the rose up-tosses its diadem... Against the floor of the winter's cold." (T. Hempstead)....


(Continued next page)

**ROLL CALL**


I'm an OCOTILLO..  
FOUQUIERIA  
SPLENDENS...  
Everyone oo'o-hs  
and aa-a-hs at my  
brilliant red  
flower racemes on  
the Calif. desert  
in the spring!



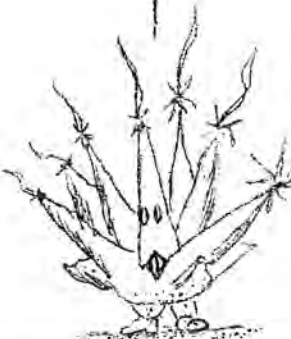
I'm the famous  
CROWN OF THORNS,  
EUPHORBIA SPLEN-  
DENS from Mada-  
gascar. I'm not  
as "showy" as  
the "shrub" on  
your left but  
my flowers last  
nearly all year!




I'm  
ARICARPUS  
TRIGONUS,  
from Nuevo  
Leon, Mex-  
ico. "Tri-  
gonus"  
means I  
have a lot  
of "tri-  
angles" do  
you see any?  
Mucho, no?  
Gracias.



I am the great  
"oddity" in the  
Cactus Family,  
the Agave Cac-  
tus... LEUCH-  
TENBERGIA  
PRINCIPIIS from  
Mexico. You  
wouldn't be-  
lieve me even  
if you saw me.  
But I'm REAL.



Hey "Big Talk  
Leuch-" would  
you stop tick-  
ling my nose  
with your paper  
spine? Don't you  
know WHO I AM...  
I'm the CREEPING  
DEVIL..MACHAERO-  
CEREUS ERUCA, if  
you want to get  
technical, from  
Baja.  
?Sabe V Que?



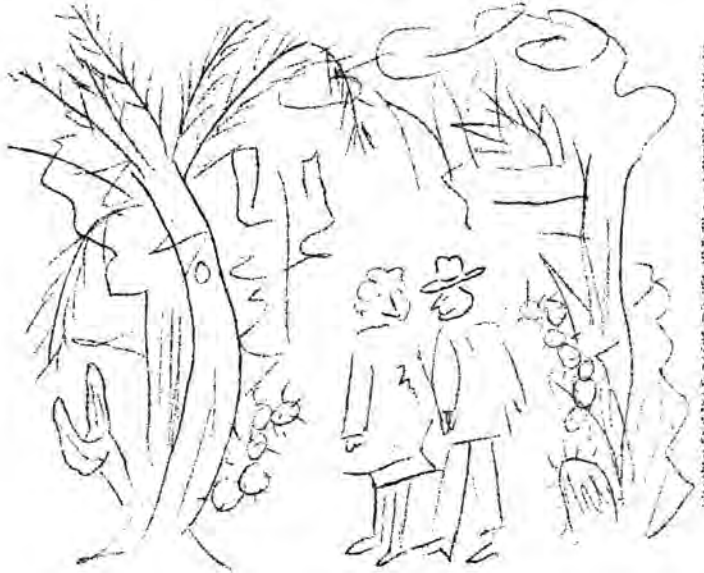
W. R. SCOTT



CACTUS SQUEEZIN'S - Continued

PHEW... The by-laws have been finally revised and corrected copies will be made available shortly... new officers will be installed and the prospects for a warm and interesting Spring are formidable... the "easy riders" are JIM STALSONBURG, Pres., IONE HUBNER, 1st Veep, OLIVER LOYLAND, 2nd Veep... NIBBY KLINEFELTER, Recording Sec... PERLSO LEWIS, Corres. Sec., GLENN HEYER, Treas... the horses are WARREN BUCKNER, Exhibits Chairman, LE ROY PHELPS, Education Chairman, MIKE BUCKNER, Editor... the Wagonmaster, WALT SCOTT, Activities Chairman... RUTH NELSON, Librarian... LILLIAN FEINGOLD, Historian... BILL WAITE, Preparations Chairman... Host, JULIANA RICE, Reception Chairman... and LUCILE "Soupy" BECKFIELD will take care of the cheese, crackers, and all that... WALT GREENWOOD, immediate Past Prexy, will play the role of "free safety" on the Board of Directors (to those of you who are football oriented)... "DOC" says our prospectus will rival the night skies on the 4th of July.....

When one looks ahead to the Cactus Car=A-Vans and Cactivities coming up, he can't help but reflect on the places visited in the past on group trips or scouting parties, along paths we would gladly travel again.....



To the Botanical wonderment of CHARLIE BENBOW'S "jardin natural".....



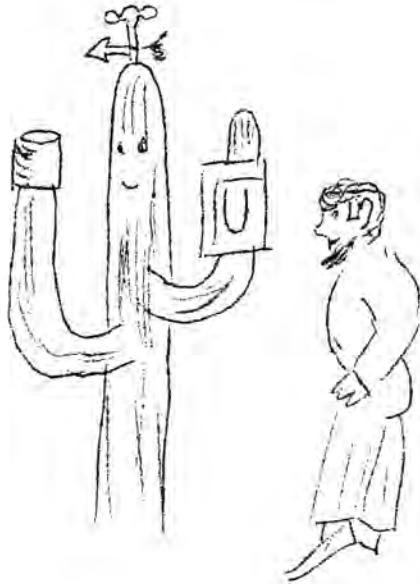
or Scotty's and Floribunda's multi-level modular maze of massive pots and matchless baskets



or at JACK WARD'S tidy backyard, when you could check the names against your own.....

CACTUS SQUEEZIN'S - Continued

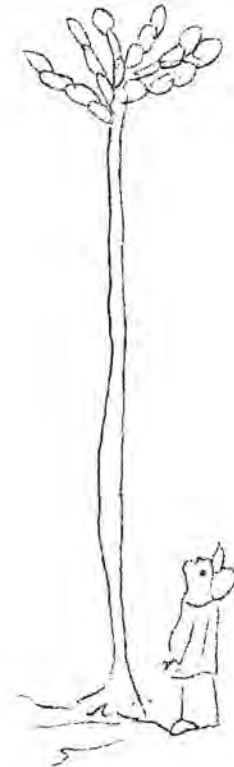
and HELEN HEGYI'S protectorate of petite pots, where most anything would grow, and usually did.....



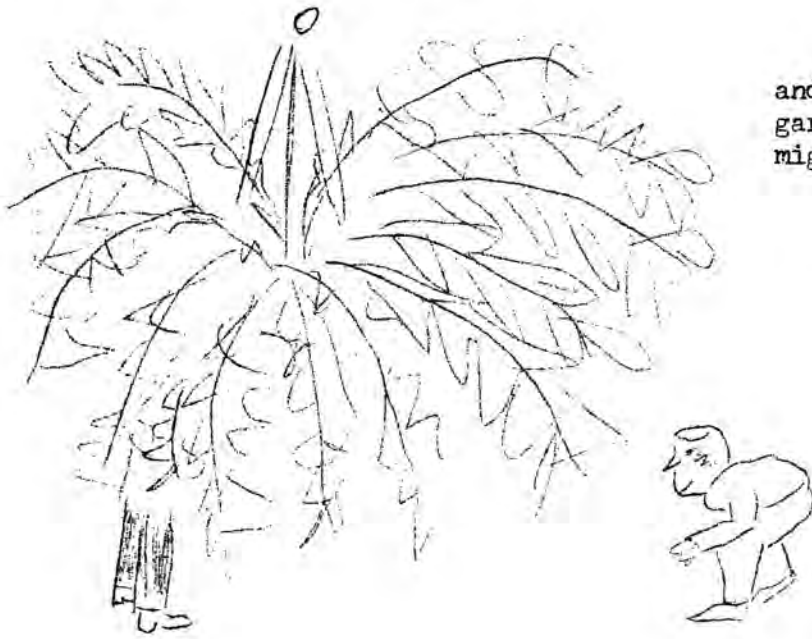
who could forget the cactus tree in JOAN FLEER'S front yard that anchored our Fair Exhibit and almost put us in traction



and DOC CORLISS with a crush of cactus criterion, where every place and everything was used.....



(Continued next page)



and GLENN HEYER, who was just getting his garden started, but had one basket he thought might show well.....



Who could gorgive ELAINE NIEHAUS for not answering her door, because she was absorbed in the back yard tending the good ones....



Who could forget Scotty holding up 15 cars, so that NELLIE KENNETT could take "one" more picture of a specimen in the wild.....



or WARREN BUCKNER'S backyard jungle where the tree-moss bloom better than the epiphyllums...

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Oh, my, we have travelled many miles together in the past three years, and alas, Jan. 1... another milestone on the beautiful road of life... which affords us the opportunity to look thankfully back and confidently ahead... knowing that He who guided us in the past will guide us still, and we can salute the future with hope and faith for the opportunities, warmth and friendship spread out like jewels before us. -- A. Phidd

## PLANT OF THE MONTH

### KALANCHOE MARMORATA

"When you said three o'clock, I thought you meant four o'clock!" It's been years since my babysitter threw me with that light-hearted excuse for being an hour late. Now, I, too, have reason to use a similar line: "When we agreed on *Kalanchoe marmorata* for succulent-of-the month, I thought we meant *Kalanchoe tomentosa*!" The latter is in bud and is a felty fuzzy favorite of mine.

But belong to the same genus which is in the *Crassula* family. (*Crassula* is from the Latin meaning thick, in reference to the leaves.) The *Kalanchoe* Tribe contains three distinct genera. (1) *Kalanchoes* (kal-an-KO-ee) which have erect flowers. (2) *Bryophyllum* (bry-oh-FI-lum) with pendant blooms. *Bryophyllum* is from two Greek words meaning "to cause to burst forth" and "leaf".

(2) *Kitchingia* (ki-CHING-ee-ah) - pendant flowers similar to *Bryophyllums* - BUT - the anthers are attached to the upper part of the flower petals and the ovaries are wide spread, which is a very intimate distinction.

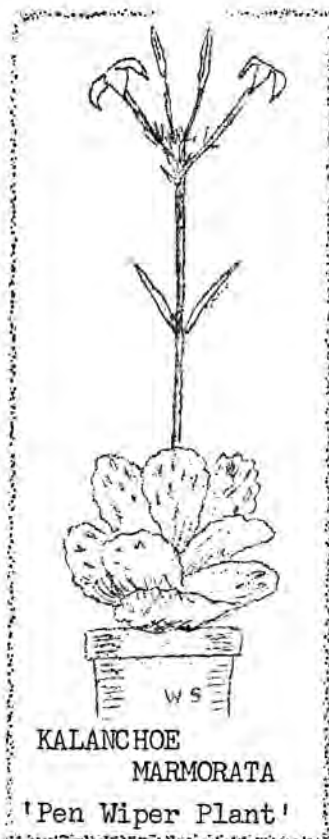
In botanical literature, however, these three generic names have been used almost interchangeably. Now the tendency is toward simplification and all three may be found listed under *Kalanchoe*, originally named by Adamson in 1763. Almost half a century later Salisbury coined *Bryophyllum*. Baker published *Kitchingia* in 1881. In 1960 Ladislaus Cutak wrote of *KALANCHOIDS*, a collective term to include over 200 species within the three genera. Another juicy tidbit - the name *Kalanchoe* comes from the Chinese name for one of the species.

A native of Abyssinia, *KALANCHOE MARMORATA* (meaning patterned like marble) is commonly called "The Pen Wiper Plant" - plunging those of us who can remember back to grade school. We pushed an oily steel pen point into a holder, dipped it in ink and rubbed off oil and ink with a little piece of cloth called - you've guessed it - a pen wiper!

The maroon-spotted, light green leaves have a waxy coat. Since there is not reason to doubt that my plant is fairly representative, the ruler showed the leaves to measure over two inches long and a little short of two inches wide. They are crenulated (notched or scalloped) with a rich wine-red blotch at every notch. Each pair of leaves is opposite to each other, and opposite to the next pair. The lower leaves have a tendency to dry and drop so that only about six pair remain at a given time. When your plant looks leggy, lop it off and reroot in the usual fashion. This activity not only improves your plant, but gives you a great feeling of control. While I have not grown *K. marmorata* long enough to see it bloom, I understand the white flowers are few, but are 2" to 3" long, appearing in Spring. The tubular flowers are 4-parted with petals united except at the tips. Incidentally, the branch which bears flowers dies after flowering or when the seed is ripe, but new shoots are formed at the base - and from the stem-end of the leaves. The seeds are very small and should not be covered; in fact, I wouldn't even plant them.

Familiarly known as "the Panda Plant", *KALANCHOE TOMENTOSA* has plushy grey-green, almost silvery leaves, outlined in reddish brown along the upper third of the margin. *Tomentosa* means covered with matted woolly hairs; the leaves are so fuzzy looking that you want to

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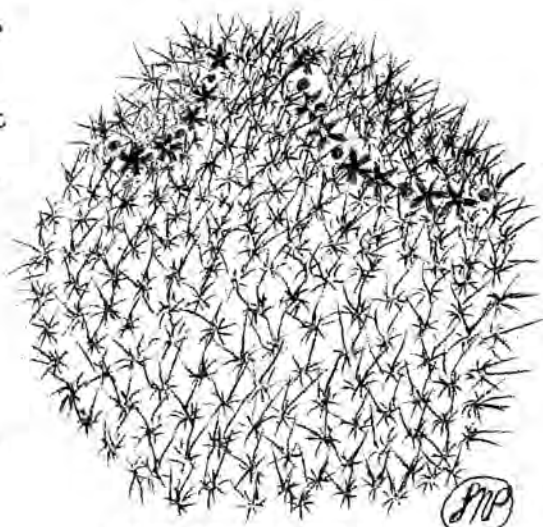




## SUCCULENT OF THE MONTH - Continued

touch them - they feel like a short bristly crewcut. My specimen is 10" tall and only a little less across. The sturdy stem supports innumerable substems with lancelike leaves terminating in loose rosettes. At the moment, the growing point of the mainstem has shot up almost a foot above the rest of the plant with what I trust are buds on the extreme tip. Apparently they won't be very showy for none of the reference books mention the color or shape.

Another fuzzy one is *KALANCHOE BEHANENSIS*, called "Velvet Elephant Ear" which is large and bold enough to use in landscaping. The thick silver leaves are brushed with cinnamon brown on top, are roughly triangular with fancy crenulations, and mature to 18" in length. As the leaves drop off they leave handsome scars on the stems. Several authorities mentioned casually that it was often sold as *Kitchingia mandrakensis* but gave no explanation.



MAMMILLARIA CELSIANA

*KALANCHOE BLOSSFELDIANA* has a profusion of small scarlet flowers in clusters and is grown for the bright show they make in winter. Florists grow them and supermarkets sell them across the country. *K. FLAMMEA* is even more brilliant. All of these plants are fairly easily grown with no special requirements except protection from the frost. Excellent houseplants, they do best in full sunlight. Give them light shade for the hottest part of the day outdoors, particularly in Southern California. And share with me your secret for eliminating black mold which is the only problem I've encountered. Next month is open for any ALOE.

-- Nibby

### MAMMILLARIA CELSIANA

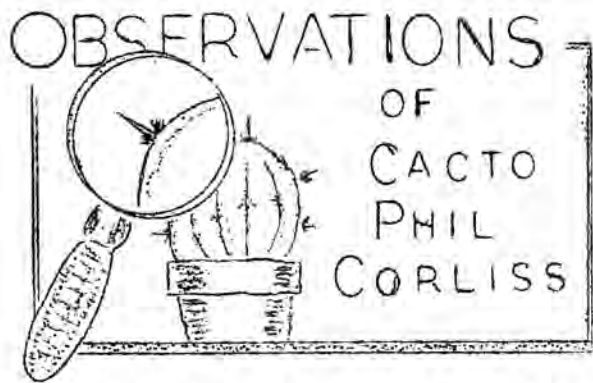
*MAMMILLARIA CELSIANA* (mam-uh-la'-re-uh sel-se-ah'-na) is a beautiful plant with a confusing description. All the published descriptions agree on most points, but all except one say the plant is cespitose when old. In reality the plant normally divides dichotomously (1 head, 2 heads, 4 heads, 8 heads, etc) insofar as I have been able to determine. A short article in the *Cactus & Succulent Journal* (Nov.-Dec. 1967--39:212) mentions this disparity.

This cactus was originally described by Lemaire in 1839, so it is not a newcomer to the scene. The genus name means 'nipple', of course, and from all I can find (in Paxton's 1849 *Botanical Dictionary*) the species name means 'upright'. The plant body may get to 5 inches tall and 3 inches in diameter before beginning the dichotomous divisions and the original description states that this is the maximum size. The body is a medium to dark green with many small ( $\frac{1}{4}$  inch) tubercles. The axils between the tubercles are white woolly as are the areoles. There are about 25 radial spines  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch long, and these are very thin and white. The central spines are from  $\frac{3}{8}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  inches long, usually with the longest at the bottom of the areole. The 4 to 6 centrals are yellow, being described by various authors as pale or golden or dark yellow. I think of them as golden. The plant does have milky sap, but only deep in the plant body, not in the tubercles.

The deep red flowers form a crown around each head of the cactus in the winter months. They are only about  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch in diameter, but with so many of them mixed with the golden spines, they make a spectacular sight.

This cactus is easy to grow in about any soil mixture, in half to full sun. It is relatively fast growing, and once it begins to divide, the heads will split about every two years. As mentioned above, most descriptions give maximum size at about 3 inches in diameter. I have seen clusters with 8 heads and a diameter of over 6 inches, so I don't know the maximum size - yet. - L.P.





LET'S TALK ABOUT LABELS. Good labels are important to owners and visitors of every garden and every collection. The principal requisites of good labels are:

- (1) Legibility
- (2) Attractive Appearance
- (3) Durability
- (4) Adequacy.

Legibility: The name of the specimen should be readable without having to pick up the label or step into the bed or bend down. This means the letters should be large enough and of sufficient

contrast with the label. Black or white letters on a contrasting ground are best. PRINT PLAINLY!!

Attractive Appearance: It is best to use only one type of label; an hodge-podge of different types of labels should be avoided. A garden with uniform labels looks neat; diverse labels look messy. In gardens, for esthetic reasons, it is usually best to avoid reds, yellows, purples, and other strong colors; stick to black and white and perhaps green. In a greenhouse collection, red may be permitted. The size of the labels should be relative to the size of the specimens, always taking into consideration the legibility and distance from the viewer.

Durability: There is no such thing as a "Permanent Label" - unless you use a massive Rock of Ages and chisel the letters. It would have to be massive to avoid being stolen, and whose garden could hold many of these? Other label materials all have limited life: wood rots, metal oxidizes, and plastics crystallize. If you use wood (as for shrubs and trees) it should be redwood treated for rot. Stainless steel is the best (and most expensive) metal, some aluminum products are fairly resistant to oxidation, but other metals must be protected frequently with paint. The lettering may be from plastic tape embossing machines, etched with acid, or applied with inks or lead or wax pencils. If the embossed tapes are used, the name should be written on the reverse of the label as the tapes often fall off. Many ink, pencil, or paint labels may fade or disappear and should be frequently checked and renewed when necessary.

Adequacy: While the size of the label should not be so large that it is too obtrusive, it must have sufficient lettering area to present the name in letters of legible size, as noted above. In addition, I think it is advisable to also put on the label such pertinent information as the source of the plant (from whom you purchased or otherwise acquired it), date received, date of last potting or planting, and perhaps such other information as variety, flower color, parentage (if an hybrid), etc. Such information may be in small letters, readable only on close examination. You may wish to keep such information in a book or file, but I think it should also be on the label.

Some Suggestions and Conclusions: That so many different kinds of labels are available commercially does not mean that they are all satisfactory; rather, it suggests that none of them are wholly so. In over 35 years of rather extensive gardening activity, including considerable plant breeding, I think I have tried every kind of plant label in the trade. I incline at present to the white plastic labels. Two little boys climbed over my fence one Sunday morning and "collected" over 75 such labels, which were later returned by their mother - but I had not made a detailed garden map, so it was impossible to again correctly identify many of the plants. A leading iris breeder was unable to identify the parents of one of his most famous iris originations because his grandchildren had played in the garden and mixed up his labels. Moral: Make a map of every bed in your garden! The plastic labels are best for pots. I find that doctors' tongue depressors marked with felt labels, make quite satisfactory TEMPORARY labels - if the plant gets much watering, the part in the soil will rot in a few months. Since labels of any type may accidentally be knocked from the pots, I have found it sometimes advisable to mark the pot itself. Since the ink or pencil markings may either not last or will be so permanent that if the plant dies or is "potted up" the pot is permanently marked, I have found that an eminently satisfactory label may be achieved by applying a length of medical white adhesive tape to the outer rim of the pot and marking it with ink. The tape is easily removed, but cannot be lost.



ONE SUNNY SATURDAY afternoon at a club meeting, I happened to view Leif-hopper and A. Phidd chewing a leaf and coalescing ideas together. As I listened, it soon became evident that they were talking about an idea that I had also had, this column. It seemed to me like an excellent idea to honor and introduce members of the club to each other.

So as a first choice it seemed fitting to introduce our new president and retiring Espinas y Flores editor, Mr. JAMES STALSONBURG.

Jim, a confirmed bachelor, has not quite reached the "life begins with" milestone. Born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, he first became interested in cacti and succulents when he and his parents moved to La Mesa in 1956. At home in Grand Rapids, Jim had collected over one hundred named varieties of roses and had developed a rock garden. When he moved to "Sunny California" it was just a short jump from thorns to spines. As he tells it, he became enamored with those things growing in his back yard, but really got "hooked" when he had the chance to visit King Miller's Cactus Rancho in Lakeside. At the Rancho, King found fertile ground - and bequeathed not only several lovely plants to Jim, but also some of his great fervor and spirit.

At this time Jim was selling insurance and mobile homes. He was getting a "bellyfull" of suitcase living and didn't know whether he was "a salesman on the run or a running salesman".

He was also attacking with great gusto the back yard and transforming it into a landscape, lush with the flora of the deserts. He decided that this was "the life" and what he really wanted to do, so back to school he went to devote his life to those things he held dear.

Jim went through the National Institute of Landscaping in Los Angeles first, and then to Mesa College in San Diego where he received a Turf Management Degree. He is still attending Mesa College at night and is seeking a degree in Ornamental Horticulture.

All of this, of course, ties in with Jim's occupation. He is now the Landscape Foreman for the City of San Diego. This encompasses the developing of all new park areas and the redeveloping of existing areas. You can see that this is not a small job when you consider that San Diego is the largest developed turf area in the United States, possibly the world, and the San Diego Park System will add another twenty to thirty per cent of maintained grass acreage in this next year.

Jim first became involved with the Cactus and Succulent Society early in 1966. At that first meeting Jim struck a happy medium with Dock Reuben Vaughan when Jim would not let Doc Vaughan go until he took his dues money, and Doc Vaughan would not let Jim go until he got it.

In December of that year, the birth of Espinas y Flores took place when Jim saw an eminent need to broaden the spectrum of the society. He has been editor for three years,

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As an editor and landscaper, Jim has developed his interests in the plant kingdom in a very broad sense. Rather than developing an interest in a particular genus he has developed a keen interest in a landscaping sense. It would be impossible to have a favorite genus when one is looking, as Jim is, for plants with strange forms, sizes, textures, and colors to incorporate into the whole of a landscaped area, yet stand out as individual plants.

Another reason why Jim has not channeled any particulars is because as editor of Espinas y Flores, he wrote for the interests of the society, a society composed of many different interests.

Jim's real love is for the natural and the beautiful that he finds in the desert. Always packed and ready to go in his International Camper, he is sometimes known to take short solitary trips to get closer to that which he holds so dear. In a very reflective mood he summed up his love, "Silence, solitude, and peace of mind are the three biggest qualities the desert has to offer and these three are among the many that modern society is trying to shove under the rug".

Salute to you, Jim, as you caravan across the sunset desert searching for that last bit of sunshine in which to find that last little cactus.

-- Mike Buckner.

CACTO PHIL CORLISS - Continued

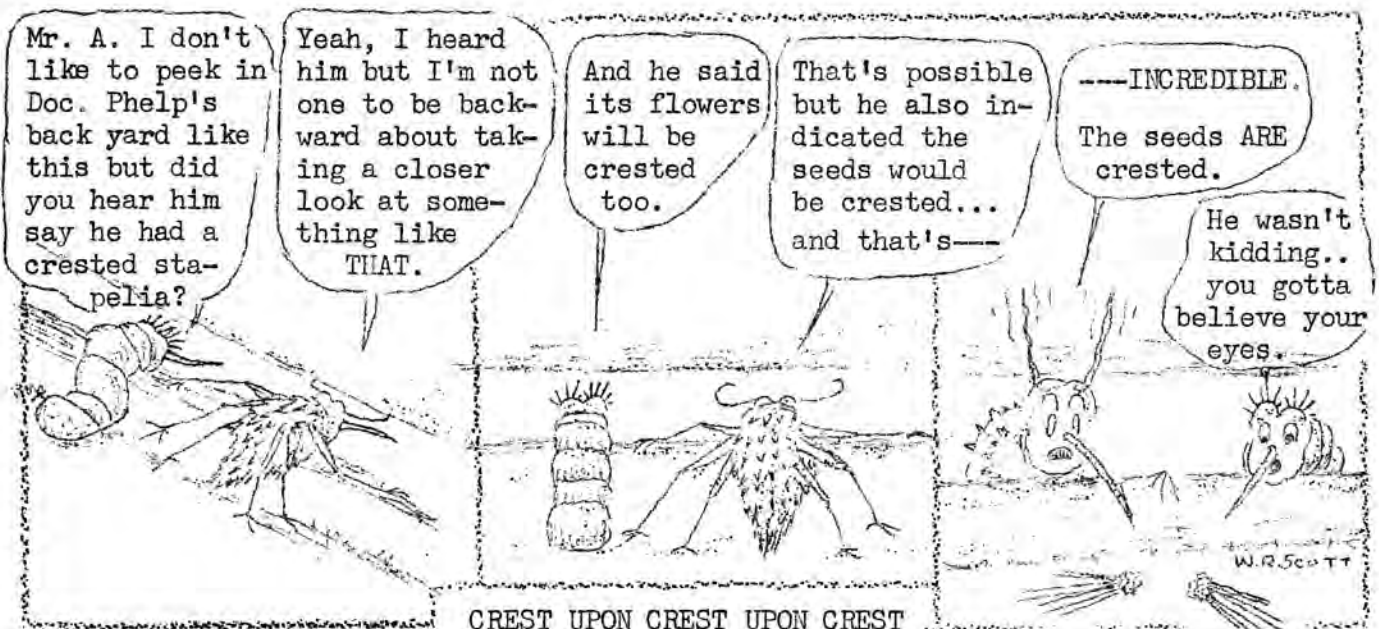
You may not yourself care whether you know the correct name of your plants or not - but you may have visitors who may want to know. You may never expect to sell a plant - but the administrator of your estate may! The first thing I used to tell every new gardener I employed was: "A properly identified plant may be worth \$25.00. If it cannot be identified, it may not be worth 25¢. Take care of the labels!"

THANKS FOR THE HELP (con't)

There have been several members who have helped considerably and without their help most of our projects could not have succeeded.

It would be hard to indicate individuals who have done more than their share and it would finally become a reading of the Society roster.

I can only say thanks to all for the fine spirit shown by all. With such combined cooperation we cannot help but increase in strength and members each succeeding year.... Sincerely, Walt Greenwood-president







GET THE  
JUMP ON  
DUES

*Help our club begin a  
prosperous year,  
by growing, and not owing.*

