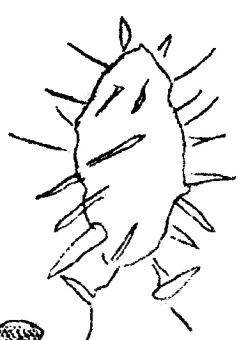


# ESPINAS Y FLORES



Nov-Dec, 1967

Publication of the San Diego Cactus and Succulent Society

## XMAS CACTIVITY

Each year we ask you to bring canned-goods or usable clothing to be distributed by Bob and Suzanne Taylor to some needy neighbors in Baja. 1967 has been a wonderful year for our club, let us reflect that wonderfulness in a generous out pouring of friendship. Friendship even though expressed through a can universally known as "Campbell's P&B" is an experience to be shared.

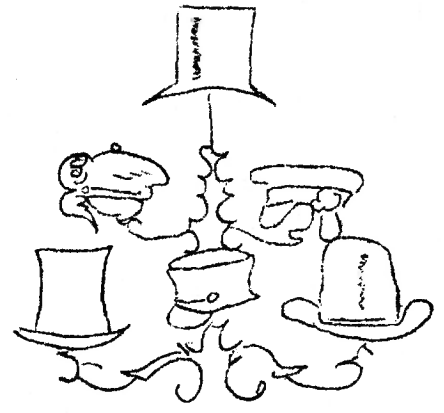
Also, on the high notes for the meeting is the annual gift exchange. Each member brings a brightly wrapped gift of around \$1.00 for a person of like interest and gender. (a plant, a trowel, a pot, a candle, a tootsie roll, or a bag of "Bandini") Anything that strikes your fancy -- mark it simply "Girl" or "Boy" -- If in doubt? Sorry, there's nobody here that can help you!

### DECEMBER MEETING

Saturday Dec. 2nd. 2pm  
 Floral Assoc. Building  
 Balboa Park  
 "Cactus Zodiac" for 1967  
 by  
 Walter Scott  
 Christmas Party

The program will be a recap of the "Cactus Zodiac", the Plant of Month for each of the 12 months this year. Master of Ceremonies and proveyor of props and plants will be the Wagonmaster, Walter Scott. The Plants of the month for December are Echinocactus grusonii - "Golden Barrel" and Crassula argentea varigata - "Christmas Jade".

WHAT KIND OF PEOPLE ARE CACTUS PEOPLE ?



Yes, we know it is difficult for many of you to bring your prize plants for display on the Bragging Table, but it does add a great deal to the show; and as the year runs out, we would like to take the opportunity to thank all of you who have participated this year. The competition is getting stiffer and the rewards will be getting better.

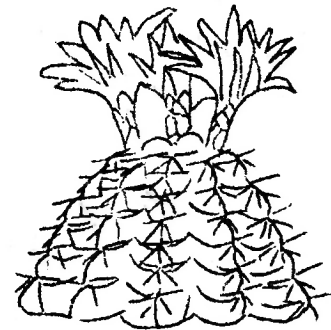
MERRY CHRISTMAS and the best to you and yours during the holidays and throughout the coming year.

## PLANT OF THE MONTH

Riffling through the bright and colorful pages of "Fortune" and "Sunset" magazines, one cannot help

but feel the twang that goes with the urge to travel to all those distant places, breath in the clean fresh air, bathe in the wonderment of new and exciting experiences - yes, going on location and walking among them where they grow is a thrill not quickly passed. Alas, for many of us these will only be dreams. But dreams that may not be unrewarding, for with a little imaginary contrivance -- a slightly tattered issue of "Fortune" propped up and open to the appropriate pages, a beaded bolero jacket snug to the waist, an embroidered pair of gaucho knickers tucked neatly into well worn boots, and a bola draped loosely around the neck, one can hold a *GYMNOCALYCIUM FRIEDRICHIAE* in his hands, close his eyes and smell the warm winds of an Argentine Spring as it caresses the pampas. This may seem to be a lot of faldern to appreciate a plant that needs no auspicious background, but its fun. And fun to this writer is not only collecting plants from all over the world, but to learn a bit about its habitat; thereby becoming much closer to the individual plant and making it much easier to remember through association.

Let's take *Gymnocalycium friedrichiae* (jim-no-ka-lis-i-um == fred-rich-i), it is a plant whose name and flower is often larger than its body. Found in the grassy meadows of Argentina and Paraguay, *friedrichiae* along with the other species of *Gymnocalycium* are highly prized for their quaint shapes and prolific blooms. Described as early as 1845, they were first listed as *Hybocactus*, a sub-genus of *Echinocactus*; *Gymnocalycium* was given to them by Britton and Rose. The name is taken from the Greek gymnos-naked & kalyx-bud and refers to the naked flower buds. If you are familiar with roses or most flowers for that matter, when the flower bud is formed, there is a covering of a small leaf-like sheath over the petals of the flower which peels back as the bloom develops. This covering is collectively called the calyx and its purpose is to protect the embryonic flower as it is forming. The calyx is missing in *Gymnocalycium*, which adds another point of interest to its intrigue.

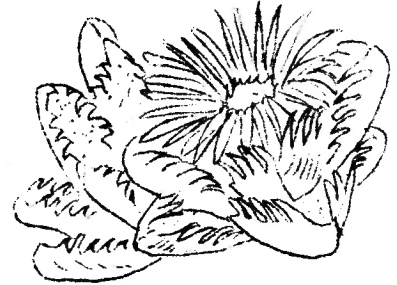


*Friedrichiae*, not unlike the majority of the other species of this genus, is only 1 to 2 inches in diameter. The attractive grey-green surface of the plant is often tinged or tinted with red. The body is divided by 8 rather sharp ribs which are tempered by furrows above and below the areoles, giving a kind of layering effect. From each areole there are 5 thin recurving radial spines projecting in an eight pointed sunburst pattern with the top 3 points missing. Under each areole is an enlargement or protuberance that resembles a "chin".

The engaging widely open flowers are borne on the areoles near the top of the plant and are about 2 inches long and as wide across. This plant is often considered just a variety of *mihanovichii*, but we do not consider it so, even though the only notable difference is the color of the flower. *Friedrichiae* being an adorable pink and *mihanovichii* a pale olive to yellowish green. The blooming period is mainly  
(con't next page)

PLANT OF THE MONTH (con't) in the fall of the year, but with a little care and affection seems to have a flower for all seasons. *Gymnocalycium* requires very porous soil on the slightly acid side. In the summer give them plenty of water and protection from bright sunlight. This is an excellent genus to graft. On *Cereus* stocks they will become quite large and pup around the base.

"TIGER JAWS" or *FAUCARIA TIGRINA* (fo-ka-ri-a ++ ti-gri-na) is one of the most collected plants of the succulent world. It has all the features of interest needed to command this popularity; characterized by densely crowded crisp looking leaves formed in bizaar rosettes on short fleshy stalks. The leaves are about 2 inches long, flat on the upper surface, rounded underneath, but keeled near the tip from the underside to the top, giving a chin-like appearance. Along the upper margins of the leaf are 9 to 10 recurring teeth which together with the keeled chin present a jow-like profile. Hence the name, *Faucaria* from the Latin *fauces* meaning jaws. The keel and teeth are made of a white cartilage material that stands out against the grey-green surface of the leaf which is covered with conspicuous white dots.



The flowers are about 2 inches across, similar to *Mesembryanthemum* in appearance, and borne right out of the center of the jaws like a golden tongue. In many instances there will be two flowers at a time from each set of leaves, and will bloom from late Summer thru November in the afternoon time. A native of Cape province in South Africa, *tigrina* requires a well drained soil mix about 25% organic matter to sand. Its growing period is during the summer months, and seems to be a more vigorous grower if rested from Jan. to March. All *Faucarias* come readily from seed or stem cuttings. Among some of the varieties to be found are *felina*-"Cat Jaws", *lupina*-"Wolf-Jaws", and many others each distinctive in their own way.

## VITALOGY

### ..... SNAKE-WEED (*Euphorbia pilulifera*)

Parts Used: the herb

A common roadside herb of Australia, regarded as an infallible remedy for coughs, colds, bronchial affections and all diseases of the respiratory tract, but more especially esteemed for the prompt and complete relief it is said to give to sufferers from asthma. Of an infusion prepared by diluting one fluid ounce of Parke, Davis, & Co's. fluid extract, in fifteen ounces of water, take thirty drops for dose. May be had at drug stores.

### AMERICAN IPECAC, Wild Ipecac, Spurge (*Euphorbia Corollata*)

Parts Used: the root

This is said to be a speedy and certain remedy for bilious colic, taken every half hour, in doses of ten to twelve grains, until relief is obtained. It has been effectively used in dropsy, menses, and fevers. Dose, 5 to 10 grains, 3 times per day.

Euphorbin is the active principle of this plant; in nightsweats and lung-diseases it is given in very small doses. In diabetes, it is used as both an emetic and cathartic, combined with helonine, 5 to 8 grains for the former and 3 to 5 grains for the later. The American Ipecac is common to most of the United States.  
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DESTINATION DESERT NURSERY--RIVERSIDE The November meeting was a "roller". Seats were available for everyone who deposited \$2.60 with Treasurer Walt Greenwood. A Calif. Bus Tour 39-passenger rig with a public address system up front and a "sit-and-think" cubicle in the rear loaded up after 8 a.m. in Balboa Park. The day was perfect as was the mood of the group. Altho a sunny day was ordered, we had to drive a mile or two thru low cloud cover near Rancho Bernardo. The day was destined to be eventful, informative, interesting and an "eye-opener".

FIRST STOP, Escondido, Avery's Nursery on West Grand. The Averys were collecting in Texas but everyone got out, looked, handled, admired and maybe made a purchase. And three pick-ups here: *Homonodiae Hegyi*, var *Helenii* and *Dorii*, and *Somersii*, var. *Paulineii*, region Valley Center.

NEXT--RAINBOW CACTUS NURSERY. The Shepherds anticipated the invasion. They had been forewarned and had an opportunity to either construct a barricade or take the day off. The choice turned out extremely well. Their defense was ingenious. They were so agreeable, gracious and pleasant they managed to subdue and control the horde by simply organizing and preplanning a defense as well as with good management. The odds were 16 to 1 against them but they managed to save their nursery and they undoubtedly will be able to continue in business for some time, or until the plague returns.

Next STOP--oops, DRIVE-BY was RANCHO CALIFORNIA. Bill the driver was instructed to lock the bus door and conceal the key and to drive into, thru and out of the parking area non-stop yet in view of the shops. The largest obstacles he encountered were a number of strange looking early day automobiles--vintage about 1900 Detroit, each with a master at the wheel. On seeing the modern monster bus loaded with cactophyles, the ancients scampered for cover and Bill got the bus back onto the highway without a casualty, altho a number of hints or suggestions were made by a number of cactophyles that there be a stop. But really it wasn't a legitimate cactus stop. You all know where Rancho Cal. is now and if you wish to spend a week end and your cash there, that is your decision and responsibility.

YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN THERE, or were you? Wasn't it delightful--a cactophyle's Mecca--orderly, beautiful, and bountiful, anything and everything, organized and growing and all under splendid control. And weren't the hosts, several in number, gracious, thoughtful, generous and understanding. Nary a one of them seemed perturbed or concerned about the consequences of the invasion. And such planning and landscaping--it was contagious in the neighborhood, front yards (and maybe rear yards) showed it. It represented years of thought, collecting, care, planning, study, growing, potting, moving all of which seem to be continuing. Results were something to behold, an eye-opener to everyone. Thank you Art and Del Montague, we were delighted with our visit to your home and cactivity and we are very proud that you are members of our Club.

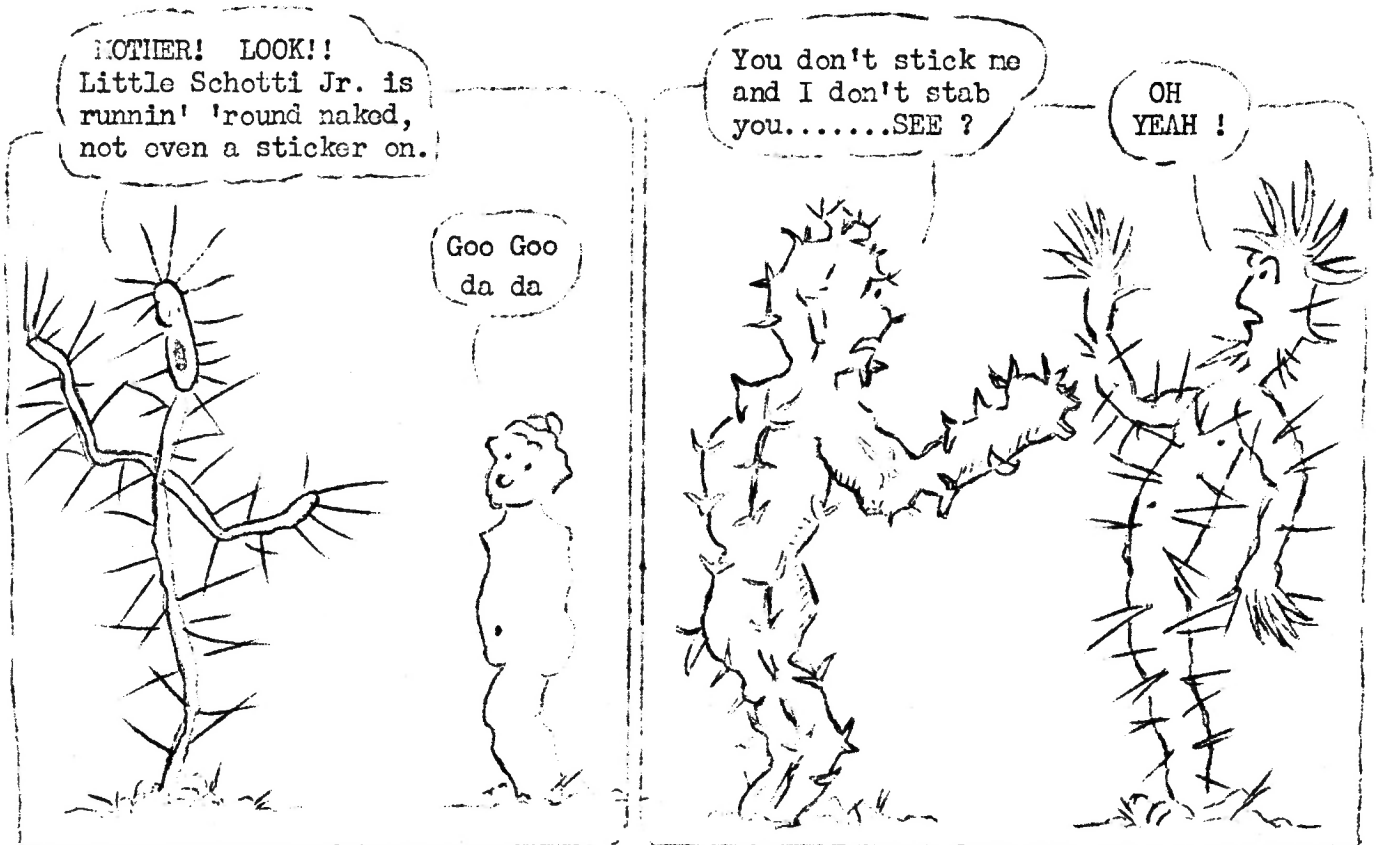
DESERT NURSERY, Cactivity of Col. and Mrs. Halverson and Ted Hutchison. What a delightful stop and what wonderful surroundings and accommodations. An out-door kitchen and barbecue, service counter with hot top, a moving table top, screen for projection, shade and generous (free) parking, AND refreshments served. Hospitality and graciousness exuded everywhere. Paths to interesting plants and plantings, desert landscaping befitting of the great southwest. Everyone loved it and enjoyed it. ..But a short drive down the road was the DESERT NURSERY, overlooking Highway 60 to Indio and Blythe. You'd never know it unless you had stopped there. Ted had cautioned his charges about the "happening" which was coming. They were told to stick back only when attacked. If any of his charges last either stickers or glochids, Ted, it surely wasn't their fault. The lineup at the carryout counter was active into overtime, or should we say it was "long and sticky". Ted finally won out and Bill provided a metal-lined compartment under the bus for specimens. The trip was very successful. A cacto-wit was overheard to say: "The loot resembled

a collection of variegated pincushions. But that's what makes a cactus garden, isn't it. Each to his own liking. And if you don't get stuck up, you're among friends if they are cactophyles.

NOTE TO COL. HALVERSON: Receipt of your recent letter and inclosure is acknowledged and appreciated by the San Diego Cactus & Succulent Society. Contents of letter noted and discussed at Board of Directors meeting. Your suggestions will be followed. The Club is grateful to you for your idea and support. Your ideas are practical and down to earth and extremely appropriate for the southwest. Our vote of thanks is unanimous.

It was getting late about now and it seemed everyone's thoughts seemed to have a connection with the abdominal region and their appetites were tuned into a far away Snorgasbord. An hour or so later the bus was loaded up and all aboard went enmass to Sir George's where the management had thoughtfully arranged two long tables side by side in a room in the back. Good manners and good fellowship were in evidence for the next hour. A good time was had by all. Anyone opposed please stand up! If you don't stand up you are in agreement. If you can't stand up--you ate too much.

JUST ONE P.S. One Cactus Caravaner managed to do a bit of shopping on the trip. While others stood in line at the food counter, one dashed off to a shop or two and made a few purchases and got back to the tail end of the chow line. She sat down at the last place at the second table. But that's HOWE it went, Helen, on Saturday, November 4th at the November meeting.



OPUNTIA  
LEPTOCAULUS

LOPHOCEREMS  
SCHOTTI  
MONSTROSUS  
(Toten Pole)

EUPHORBIA  
GRANDICORNIS  
(Cow's horn)

OPUNTIA  
SUBULATA  
(Toothpick plant)

YOUR BOARD OF DIRECTORS MET AND ACTED: Your Board met in YOUR interest on Friday the 17th at the Blue Ribbon Outdoor Living Area of the Warns and Jin. S. at 10274 Madrid Way, Spring Valley. Newly elected Treasurer Olivia Fletcher and Board Member Oliver Loyland (both with escorts) joined the spirited dactivities. Many matters of inportance to the operation of the Club in 1968 were discussed in depth, and in voices loud and clear, and action taken as deemed appropriate. Actions taken may affect your disposition and pocketbook in '68. We narrate:

1) A letter with check from Col. Hernan Halverson of Desert Nursery in Riverside was read and discussed and a plan of action outlined. The check provides funds for prizes for "best landscaping involving the use of cactus and succulents" in 1968. All of you who wish to participate in '68 please sign up at the December or January meeting. Pre- and final judging will take place early and late in '68 by a committee to be chosen in December.

2) BLU\$H, BLU\$H....DUE\$ were DI\$CU\$ED and an INCREA\$E VOTED. Up from \$1 to \$2 single annual, or \$3 for a family membership effective Jan. 1, '68 (if approved by a vote of the membership in December.

3) The Board voted to continue in '68 such programs as were in effect or initiated in '67 such as:

- a) PLANTS OF THE MONTH (Cactus & Succulents) plus awards for best plants.
- b) BRAGGING TABLE--Best plant other than plants of the month, plus award.
- c) GIFT PLANTS FOR VISITORS AND NEW MEMBERS.
- d) CACTUS CARAVAN, to operate under direction of a committee.
- e) EXCHANGE AND PLANT SALES, and AUCTIONS as deemed appropriate.
- f) Development of a "flyer" or "brochure", pocket size, to include info about purposes, activities, membership, publications, library, and general information about the Club for distribution.

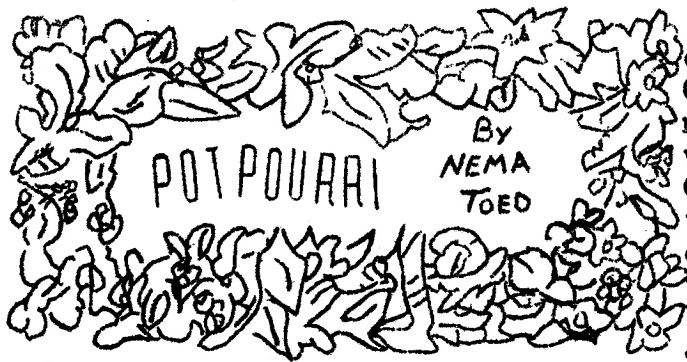
4) Action on program for Fair Exhibits was postponed until December Board Meeting, except that approval was given to artist Tony Feinboldt to proceed with acquisition of materials and to collaborate with Jin Stalsonburg on ideas.

5) Discussion of a REQUEST by a Committee of the Floral Assoc. toward action on opening Floral Bldg. on Sundays as outlined by Botanical Foundation. Action deferred awaiting additional information.

6) SPIGOT-EERS WANTED: An old proverb says: "The wind blew up strong and there was fruit aplenty in the trees--but no fruit fell."

Unanimous and vociferous approval was expressed favoring continuation of the present format, content and direction of ESPINAS Y FLORES. Means were discussed to provide immediate and continuing assistance to our Editor (Mr. A. Phid) and his helpers Nema TOED and Charlie CUTWORM in their efforts to prevent "deadline-itis" and to get the product in postal carriers bags well in advance of meeting days. Remember, all the above is air and words (wind) and there is no fruit yet. BUT we do know there is a barrel of ability, intelligence and talent in our cactophyle group. We don't want any more wind. We want a grease job on the spigot, it's rusty. Let's oil 'er up and start "pouring" as Doc. Vaughan says. Who will do what----and when. Who will be a "spigoteer" ?? Stand up, please. Now come forward.

Note: Board Meetings are a Club activity. We invite participation. We want ideas. If you have something to offer, favorable or unfavorable, you will be heard. Get in touch with any member of the board. A good starting place is to phone 296-6022.



Thanks for your many cards requesting a reprint of the "American October" as read by "Doc" at the Oct meeting... "Now October has come again which in our land is different from October in other lands. In Maine, the frost comes sharp and quick as driven nails, just for a week or so the woods, all of the bright and bitter leaves, flare up, Maples turn a blazing red, and other leaves turned yellow like a living light, falling about you as you walk the woods, falling about you like small pieces of the sun, so that you cannot say where sunlight shakes and flutters on the ground, or where the leaves.

The season swings along the nation, and a little later in the South dense woodings on the hill begin to glow and soften, and when they smell the burning wood-smoke in Ohio children say; 'I'll bet that there's a forest fire in Michigan!' October is the richest of the seasons; the fields are cut, the granaries are full, the bins are loaded to the brim with fatness, and from the cider press the rich brown ooings of the York Imperials run. The corn is shocked, it sticks out in hard yellow rows upon dried ears, fit now for great red barns in Pennsylvania; and big stained teeth of crunching horses. The barn is sweet with hay and leather, wood and apples. The late pears mellow on a sunny shelf, smoked hams hang to the warped barn rafters, pantry shelves are loaded with jars of fruit.

There is a smell of burning in small towns in afternoon, and men are raking leaves in yards. The oak leaves, big and brown, are bedded deep in yard and gutter; they make deep wadings to the knee for children in the streets. The fire will snap and crackle like a whip, sharp acrid smoke will sting the eyes, in mown fields the little vipers of flame eat past the black coarse edges of burned stubble like a line of locust. The bladed grass, a forest of small spears of ice, is thawed by noon; summer is over, but the sun is warm again, and there are days throughout the land of gold and russet. The sun flames red and bloody as it sets, there are old red glintings on the battered pails, the great barn gets the ancient light as the bay slops homeward with warm foaming milk. Great shadows lengthen in the fields, the old red light dies swiftly, and the sunset barking of the hounds is faint and far and full of frost; there are shrewd whistles to the dogs, and frost and silence. Wind stirs and scuffs and rattles up the old brown leaves, and through the night the great oak leaves keep falling.

Trains cross the continent in a swirl of dust and thunder, the leaves fly down the tracks behind them; the great trains cleave thru gulch and gully, they rumble with spoked thunder on the bridges over the powerful brown wash of mighty rivers, they toil thru hills, they skift the rough brown stubble of shorn fields, they whip past empty stations in the little towns and their great stride pounds its even pulse across America. Field and hill and lift and gulch and hollow, mountain and plain and river, a wilderness with fallen trees across it, a thicket of bedded brown and twisted undergrowth, a plain, a desert, and a plantation, a mighty landscape with no fenced niceness, an immensity of fold and convolution that can never be remembered, that can never be forgotten

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POTPOURRI (con't)

that has never been described -- weary with harvest, potent with every fruit and ore, the immeasurable richness embrowned with autumn, everlasting and magnificent -- American earth in old October... Excerpt from "Of Time and the River" by Thomas Wolfe.....

Leaving the office of her psychiatrist, a confused Caterpillar met a friend just outside! "Are you going or coming?" asked the friend.. "If I knew that," said the Caterpillar, " I wouldn't be here."

DEAR FELLOW CACTIPHILES; I would like to share a lovely write up about our own Espinas Y Flores written in the Affiliate Reporter of the Cactus and Succulent Society of America, Inc... "The San Diego Cactus Society writes a very serious publication of several sheets, filled with excellent and highly instructive articles on plants and such, aside from Club news."

As you all know, Jim Stalsonburg is the editor, chief bottle washer, etc. of EyF. He works and goes to school and it takes lots of time to compile, print and mail the paper. He can use any help offered, so let's all start by deluging him with mail, articles, questions and answers, anything to help him. This is your club, and your paper; give us your support... MERRY CHRISTMAS... Perlso Lewis, Director

THANKS, PERLSO...our greatest pleasure is that which rebounds from hearts that we have made glad...N.T.

DEAR NEMA; The Interested Observer sees: That the whole "point" of being a Cactophile is to become acquainted, even enamoured with a whole new and fascinating family of plant. That once "hooked" on the study of this family, the Cactophile has no hope of recovery; but that association with and communication with other Cactophiles has the curious effect of intensifying the disease while at the same time alleviating any annoying symptoms.

That no Cactophile has ever been known to say "no" when offered "just one little pup from this one". That he or she would not be a Cactophile in the first place, if he or she could say "No".

Your career as a Cactophile will show you this --the more you know about Cacti, the more you will find you need to know....Ruth

DEAR RUTH; idleness is emptiness; the tree in which the sap is stagnant, remains fruitless....N.T.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT...After the verb "to love,"... "to help" is the most beautiful verb in the world!!! N.T.



THE CALL OF THE DESERT

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What to do in December...protect your tender plants...most of your outdoor chores subside...at last the gardener may relax and enjoy his library...it's funny that one should start writing in October for November and all of a sudden it's December...where does the time go??? you will never "find" time for anything, if you want time, you must make it... so Mr. and Mrs. Cactophile, let's go to press...Congrats to our fearless leader "Robin" Vaughan, who will lead our merry band for the third straight year...he will be assisted by such "Spiny-wood" forest notables

as "Friar" Greenwood, vice-pres, "The Fair" Olivia, treas., "Maid" Ione, sect., and "Little Walt" Scott, chairman of the Board.

It looks as though we'll be needing new quarters for our meeting.. WHY??? travel is broadening, they say..and with the Fletcher's just returning from the "autumn Leaves" tour, Bob Butler making the rounds of New England, Joan Fleer doing things right in the "Big" city, and the Reinbold's and Scott's swinging through the Midwest...to say nothing of over 30 xerophytes rounding out November with Cactus Car-a-van #3...well, maybe, Nellie will be serving up some Metracal, instead of coffee and goodies.

"Pearls of Wisdom" from Periso..never turn a Xmas Cactus around while in bud..it will drop them from lack of light...let's spread some of our abundant sunshine to N:P. Stevenson-4739 Saratoga Av. S.D. 92107, who will be going into the Naval Hospital for surgery on leg..also, Kim Arnold will be visiting the "white pillars" for a gall bladder refresher. the address is 3436 31st. S.D. 92104...send some sunshine...

If you still have the "yen" to travel...the Palomar Travel Service in Escondido is sponsoring exciting Baja Tours..some go only part way down the peninsula and others go all the way to La Paz...we'll check for further details..sounds pretty good...and there is always the possibility that you might be the one to find the great oddity of the West..the rare Jackalope...

When Grant Standley overheard our editor telling Emily Park that he was going to list the 10 Commandments in the next issue, he immediately walked up and said, "You're getting entirely too personal! Please, cancel my suscription."

Hope you all had a big Turkey Day...See you at the Party...remember..feed your faith and your doubts will starve to death..... A. Phidd

