

# Newsletter

COME TO THE NOVEMBER MEETING!

DATE: Sunday, November 11, 1984

TIME: 12:30 for Cactus Garden Planning Meeting (bring maps)  
1:30 for Regular Meeting

PLACE: CONFERENCE ROOM! (the Orchid Show is bumping us from our usual room.)


South Coast Botanic Gardens  
26300 Crenshaw Boulevard  
Palos Verdes Peninsula

PROGRAM: LILA LILLIE will talk to us about her South African Tour in 1980.

There will be wonderful slides!

REFRESHMENTS: Verna McCarty reports that the following members will bring refreshments:  
Norma Holley,  
Mary Belle W.,  
Doug Rawcliffe,  
Eve Workman.  
Thanks to all!

BRAGGING TABLE:  
Bring lots - they deserve to be seen and admired!



SOUTH COAST  
CACTUS & SUCCULENT  
SOCIETY

NOVEMBER 1984



PLANT OF THE MONTH; None scheduled, but lots of South African succulents are looking good just now. Why not bring them with your bragging plants? Don't let them bloom and shine unseen.

CLUB SALE PLANTS will be available. CLUB SUPPLIES as well.

CLUB BUSINESS this month:

ELECTIONS! 1985 SLATE:

PRESIDENT.....Carol Kennedy  
FIRST V.P.....Ed Hancock  
SECOND V.P.....Jim Hanna  
SECRETARY.....Bert Muensterman  
TREASURER.....Virginia Russell  
SHOW CHRMN.....Norma Holley, Carol  
Kennedy, and Bert  
Muensterman

If anyone else out there would like to help with the show, let the club know!

LILA'S SUCCULENT NURSERY  
LILA A. LILLIE  
PHONE OR WRITE  
FOR DIRECTIONS  
4 ALTENA STREET  
SAN RAFAEL, CA 94901  
PHONE 453-8553  
SUCCULENTS FOR SUN  
SUCCULENTS FOR SHADE

Lila Lillie will be bringing books 1 and 2 of the Euphorbia Journal. These are fabulous reference works for Euphorbia lovers. V. 1 is \$35 and V. 2 is \$30 plus tax.

Plant pictured above is Cyphostemma cirrhosa by James D. McMannis III of Ohio University, and is reprinted from Highland Succulents 1982 Catalog with permission. 1984 Catalog is \$1.00 from Highland Succulents, Eureka Star Route, Gallipolis, Ohio 45631. Jacobsen says this species is from the "Cape: Sondags River".....EDITOR of the S.C. C. & S.Soc. is Carol Wujcik,



REPORT FROM NORMA HOLLEY, MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN:

NOTICE!

We are coming to the close of 1984 with a total of 87 members. How nice it would be if all these members would renew their dues. If you want to be included in the 1985 Membership Roster, and not miss any newsletters, your dues must be paid by January 15, 1985. Dues are being accepted by me (Norma Holley) at the Nov. & Dec. meetings, or you may mail them to me.

Dues are \$5.00 per year; additional household members (12 years and over) pay \$1.00 each. Make checks payable to South Coast Cactus and Succulent Society.

If you would like to mail your dues, please send them and the form below to:

Norma Holley  
[Redacted Address]

Start 1985 off right! Pay your dues tonight! (Or next Sunday!)

Happy  
Thanksgiving



1985 DUES

NAME (S) \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

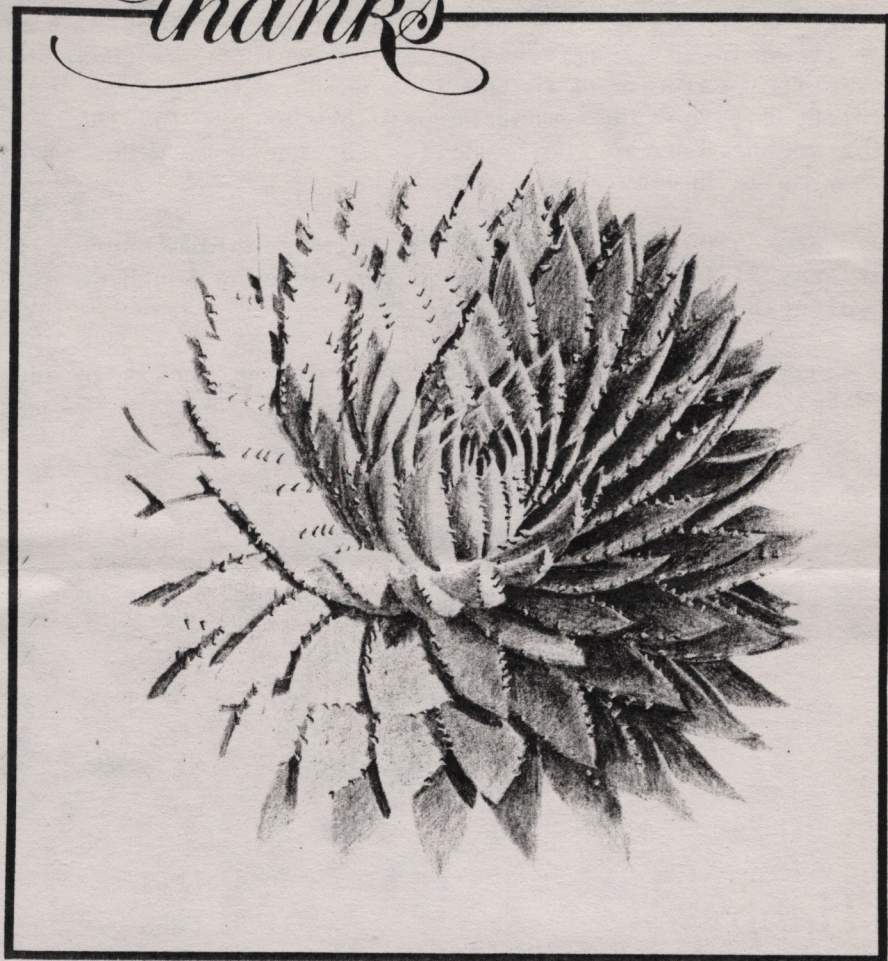
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP CODE \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE NUMBER \_\_\_\_\_

ANY CHG. IN TYPE OF  
SUCCULENT YOU LIKE BEST? \_\_\_\_\_



Let us give  
thanks



*Aloe polyphylla*

For some, cacti are a pleasant diversion, but for others of us our plants are a kind of love, sometimes sublime, sometimes not!

From the 1943 Desert Plant Life Magazine come two reprints (without corrections). The first is a kind of thanksgiving hymn to Nature; the second a kind of thanks to understanding and longsuffering family members. Of course these two writings are personal, and you may disagree with the "philosophies" they directly or indirectly express. But I believe they can both be classified as "thanksgivings".



## I HAVE LIVED YEARS WITH PLANTS

I have lived years with plants, and seen many of them. Were I to live ten times as long, and live to see a thousand times as many, I certainly would learn much which I do not know, see details hidden to the eye, forms and manners that are strange beyond words. I would gaze upon forests the like of which I have never contemplated before, and hold in my hands flowers with new perfumes and rare colors. I would dig deeper into things, and perhaps fill to overflowing my cravings for knowledge and understanding.

Yet, at the end of this long time I would not alter, I fancy, the belief that has been with me now for years. This is what I believe: the symphony that is Nature spins all its sounds around a core of few notes. Nature is monotonous and all these notes repeat themselves. They are hidden in a sprightly *allegretto*, they power the flights of a *scherzo* and uncoil their threads in the most solemn *largo*. No doubt, they are one and the same all over.

Poets in uncounted languages have raised their songs to the glory of Spring. Nightingales have filled the night for them, and roses have blossomed for the inspiration. Love everlasting has been their theme, and the rebirth of the fields and the dales their subject. Few among the poets have seen that every new Spring that comes brings into its fold nothing that is new, but the same flowers, the same songs and the same feelings. Pushkin greeted the Great Season with sadness: almost alone of our bards he pierced its veils and saw behind them the face of boredom, sorrow and death.

Such is Nature that it always does the same. It beats a rhythm as steady as that of a clock. We listen and meanwhile we go. But Nature remains, for Nature is the bosom of all things, their birth and their end.

I have learned that every one of the things which seem new and strange are hammered out of the same metal, and beaten into shape upon the same anvil. Live matter is so plastic that it takes no effort to mold it to any shape to suit the will of its maker. The more I have seen things that looked different, the more I have trained myself to discover the hidden bar that stamped them as one. In all, the same notes have played the same symphony and echoed the same song.

The thorns of *Ocotillo* are drawn out of the same metal and by the same skilled pliers that builds those of the common *Berberis*, and less than the breadth of a hair separates them from the spines of *Euphorbia*. It is the same matter which sharpened to extreme pungency dwells upon the body of a cactus. The hooked prickles of *Pereskia aculeata* stand shoulder to shoulder in the arsenal of Nature with the prickles of some Bittersweets. Men who live short lives spend long hours and days and months to figure out how the sepals of these structures differ and to show us why they do differ. Were these men to lead long lives, they would know better, for they would learn in time that differences are there, indeed, but that it is not so much the single note that counts as the whole of the song.



We can live in two patterns of thought. It is open to us to consider that after all everything is mortal, and that nothing really matters. Thus, we may not hate too much, love too strongly, hope too deeply and known too intimately, for everything in the long run is always the same, and the ultimate sum of our strivings is somehow bound to be naught. So thinking, we may barely dwell on generalities and principles, and live amid the things of life the like a fish floats down the waters of an overpowering stream. What can really matter with this fish, when, after all, its fate is to reach the sea, there to get lost?

It is open to us, on the other hand, to live in the present, and to make each day stand unto itself on the ledger of our born days. We may hate, and love, and hope, and know to the sweet or the bitter end. The sea will in time swallow us, but meanwhile, as we float downstream toward its final embrace, we know every nook of the river and live to record it. We shall perish indeed, for this is the fate that overtakes all but not too soon and with a full heart, anyway. In the word of a Latin poet, we will depart as a guest who has been well treated.

Some prefer to live by contemplation, others enjoy spending their days in action. The ideal of a full life is to live both ways at once, for the knowledge of one will make the other richer. But, to live thus man must be able at all times to look backward and forward, to balance the opposites without ever becoming confused in his mind.

Such, too, is the path of science because science is a manner of living the like is art. The realization that beyond the limits of our eyes stand new worlds, and that their purview is so wide as to deny the depth of the horizon to our guesses cannot blind us to petty problems of detail. It is good to dwell upon these problems when we know that something lies beyond.

The thorns and spines which are at bottom one, tell each a tale of supreme craftsmanship. The same pattern has been constantly redrawn in some detail, and offered as new, each time. True, the Ocotillo, the Berberis, the Euphorbia and the Cactus are monotonous, for they all are culled out of the same mold and cast of the same metal. However, the subtle manner in which everything is made to look new in Nature is amazing. Spring may be boring when it is conceived as the return without end of everything that was before, but Spring can be joy for the minute gifts which it brings within the folds of its mantle. The everlasting and the fleeting always meet, and the opposites both have their day. The detail is not an iota lesser than the whole. The symphony which uses a bar to create delight for us throughout an hour works the like does Nature. It is craftsmanship and through that lift a welter of forms and sounds out of the chaos. Nature is the supreme artist for its thought has matured throughout ages and uncounted shapes have been molded under its fingers.

I have lived with plants, and I have delighted at the tales they have spun before my eyes. Through them I have peered over expanses of life so broad that neither my own eyes nor those of other men alive could ever hope to reach beyond a mite of their immensity. Through them I have been presented with jewels of craftsmanship so perfect that no goldsmith in Florence ever was able to surpass in the days of Cellini. My own life has been at times so small that I have felt lost, with the confidence that I would be taken care of as fully as are taken care of the blades of grasses of the meadow. My own life, at the very same time, has been made many times richer, for I have been granted leave to stand by Nature, the supreme master of form and color.

A world is concealed within the bosom of each flower, and a mighty means to goad us into thinking is even the smallest of spines. We look at them, foreknowing that they will tell us no tale beyond the one that everything is the same. Yet this tale will be so garlanded with unexpected details that we shall await its unfolding each time with keen, renewed expectation.

Euphorbia co



# THORNY TRAILS OF A CACTOPHILE

(NO AUTHOR  
OWNED UP).

There is one cactophile I know who meets with decided opposition from his better half in his laudable attempts to increase his collection and improve its condition.

Unfortunately, he is badly handicapped for lack of space. During the summer, part of his collection is confined to a corner of the 15x20 foot yard, another part is disposed along the fence on shelves, from which the plants invariably fall when the fence is shaken from the other side. Still another hundred or so enhance the beauty (?) of the wood and coal shed, and to reach them the patient man must ascend a ladder fastened to the side of the shed which he does every morning.

Now there is a very precocious and ingenious youngster in the family who, when his father refuses him anything, immediately declares he will pour water on the cacti—and what's more he does it, too. So now Pa straightway capitulates whenever water is mentioned.

Last summer the collection had grown to such alarming proportions that the question naturally arose where to put it in the winter. So his better half called a halt. She declared that for every new cactus he bought, she would go to the nursery and order a lot of plants, that were really plants, for herself. Very naturally he did not fancy such extravagance as was threatened, so he graciously consented to the arrangement and declared he would purchase no more cacti for his collection. For a week he kept his promise. But he could not resist the tempting offers of the Texas and Mexican dealers, so all unbeknown to his wife he ordered several shipments to his downtown store. His little son was taken into the plot and every night he was waiting at the cellar window, when his father came home. A big mysterious bundle was handed in the window by the father, who then quietly entered the front door, with a serene smile, conscious he had fooled his spouse. Early the next morning he would arise, slip downstairs, undo the package and transfer its contents to waiting pots.

For a month this continued, but his wife growing suspicious, compelled him to adopt other tactics. He began to receive "gifts" of plants from friends with alarming frequency, and many were his wife's comments upon their generosity. "They have no use for cacti themselves, so they give them to you," she often said. Her husband chuckled, but said nothing.

Winter was approaching and the cacti were taken indoors. A vacant room, equipped with shelves all around the walls and even in front of the windows, top and bottom, and with an immense stand in the middle of the room was soon crowded with cacti, large and small. To such an extent was space utilized, that on entering the room one had to walk around the stand to get out again—to turn was an impossibility. Still all the plants were not accommodated and the owner proposed to make use of several other windows of the house. Here his wife again interfered, but finally agreed to rent them to the crank for the consideration of \$5.00 a season. Truly one must have a great deal of patience and perseverance to persist in this hobby and overcome such obstacles as here related.

NOVEMBER, 1943

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(But the cactophile's "patience and perseverance" are as nothing compared to his family's!)

*coerulescens*

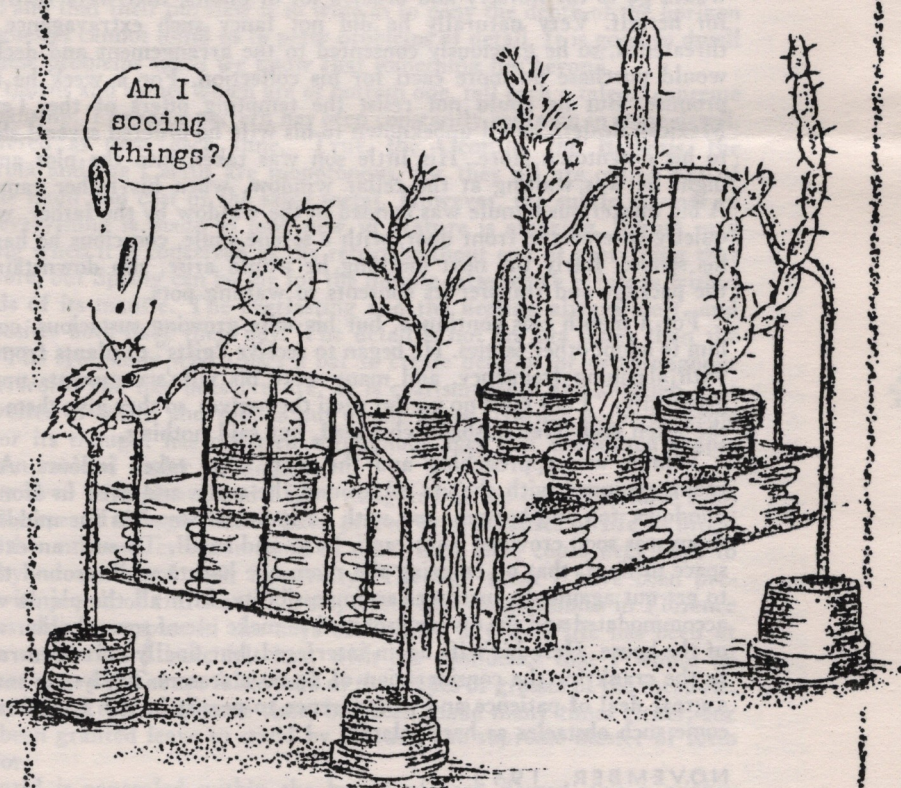


## SOUTH COAST CACTUS GARDEN

Last month everyone received Ed Hancock's and Doug Rawcliffe's Garden Project Report plus a map to help each of us design a plan for replanting existing plants and planting all the new ones to come. Bring these and/or any ideas questions etc. to the 12:30 meeting on Sunday. THE GARDEN PROJECT IS OUR BABY! How that baby grows and how it turns out in, say, 20 years will largely be the result of this year's planning as well as our future nurturing. Will we be proud of the results?

### HOW WILL OUR GARDEN GROW?

ONE OF THE PROPOSED CACTUS BEDS????!!!



Cartoon by  
"WR-SECT"

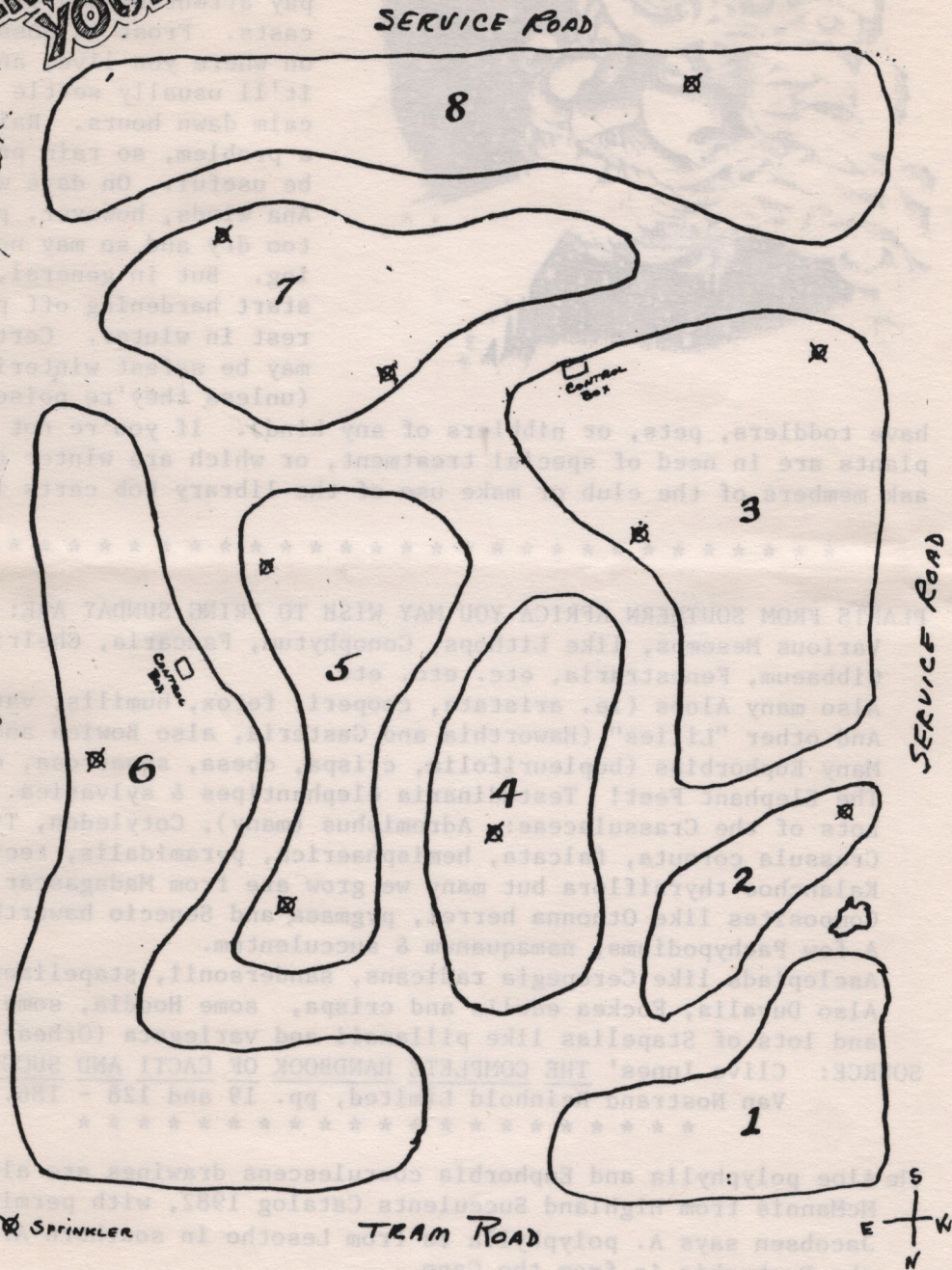
RAISED CACTUS PLANTING



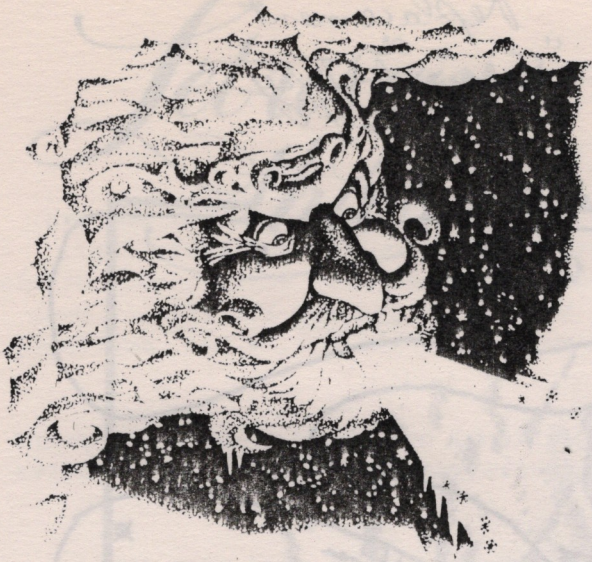
**CHALLENGE YOURSELF!**

Replacement  
or  
"Second-Try"  
Map!

Don't let Ed + Doug down.  
How would you design a cactus  
& succulent garden at a Botanic Garden?







OLD MAN WINTER isn't expected to be as ferocious in California as he is elsewhere, but we do have to pay attention and listen to forecasts. Frost is possible depending on where you live; and if it comes, it'll usually settle in the windless, calm dawn hours. Rain can also be a problem, so rain protection may be useful. On days with dry Santa Ana winds, however, plants can be too dry and so may need some watering. But in general, it's time to start hardening off plants which rest in winter. Certain plants may be safest wintering indoors (unless they're poisonous and you

have toddlers, pets, or nibblers of any kind). If you're not sure which plants are in need of special treatment, or which are winter growers etc., ask members of the club or make use of the library Bob carts in each month!

\* \* \* \* \*

PLANTS FROM SOUTHERN AFRICA YOU MAY WISH TO BRING SUNDAY ARE:

Various Mesembs, like Lithops, Conophytum, Faucaria, Cheiridopsis, Gibbaeum, Fenestraria, etc. etc. etc.

Also many Aloes (ie. aristata, cooperi, ferox, humilis, variegata, And other "Lilies" (Haworthia and Gasteria, also Bowiea and Scilla).

Many Euphorbias (bupleurifolia, crispa, obesa, squarrosa, etc, etc, e The Elephant Feet! Testudinaria elephantipes & sylvatica.

Lots of the Crassulaceae: Adromishus (many), Cotyledon, Tylecodon, Crassula cornuta, falcata, hemisphaerica, pyramidalis, tecta and others, Kalanchoe thyrsiflora but many we grow are from Madagascar.

Composites like Othonna herrei, pygmaea and Senecio haworthii.

A few Pachypodiums, namaquanum & succulentum.

Asclepiads like Ceropegia radicans, sandersonii, stapeliaeformis, woodii.

Also Duvalia, Fockea edulis and crispa, some Hoodia, some Huernia, and lots of Stapelias like pillansii and variegata (Orbea).

SOURCE: Clive Innes' THE COMPLETE HANDBOOK OF CACTI AND SUCCULENTS, L(&&, Van Nostrand Reinhold Limited, pp. 19 and 128 - 186.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Aloe polyphylla and Euphorbia coerulescens drawings are also by Mr. McMannis from Highland Succulents Catalog 1982, with permission. Jacobsen says A. polyphylla is from Lesotho in southern Africa, and the Euphorbia is from the Cape.



Be a cosmopolitan Cactophile!

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MEMBERSHIP

**CACTUS & SUCCULENT JOURNAL**  
**ABBEY GARDEN PRESS**

P. O. BOX 3010, SANTA BARBARA, CA 93105

1985



- I wish to subscribe to the Cactus & Succulent Journal
- One year—\$20.00 United States, Canada and Mexico
  - One year—\$21.00 Other Foreign

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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Detach here

**SUBSCRIBE TO**  
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WHY?

- The Journal is the finest magazine dealing with cacti and succulents published.
- The Journal will come to you every other month, loaded with articles appealing to the amateur, the collector, and the botanist.
- The articles by world-renowned contributors cover such subjects as conservation, culture, identification of plants and descriptions of new species.
- Special services to the cactus and succulent enthusiasts are advertised.
- Only Journal subscribers are eligible for membership in the C.S.S.A!

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WHY?

- It's the finest association of cactus and succulent enthusiasts in the world.
- Only Active members vote for Officers and Directors.
- Only Active members receive the CSSA Newsletter.
- Only Active members receive substantial discounts at the bi-annual Conventions.
- Only Active members help promote CSSA educational and research programs.
- Memberships are on a calendar year (Jan. 1 to Dec. 31) basis. And all applications received after July 1 pay half the dues.
- C.S.S.A. is a non-profit, tax exempt organization.

*edited by Eleanor Barker!*  
*Coming next summer to San Diego!*

Detach here

**CACTUS & SUCCULENT SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC.**  
3589 VIA ZARA, FALLBROOK, CA 92028

1985

I am a subscriber to the Cactus & Succulent Journal and wish to become an active member of the Cactus & Succulent Society of America, Inc.

- One year—\$6.00 United States, Canada and Mexico
- One year—\$7.00 Other Foreign
- Associate member (Spouse)—\$1.00 Name \_\_\_\_\_
- Life member—\$490.00
- New Member of  Renewal—Membership number \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Phone (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_

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ACTIVE  
MEMBERSHIP

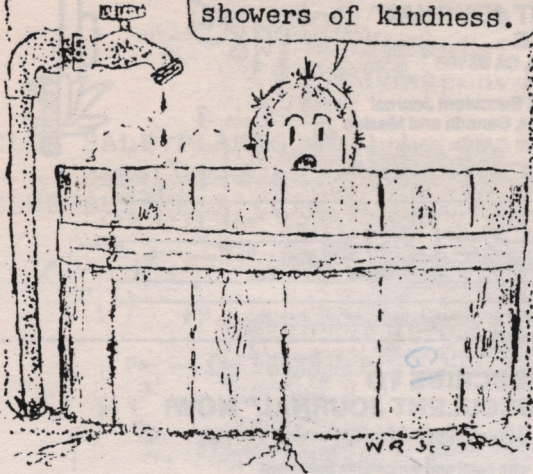
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Go National!



TLC

It was just my luck  
to be selected by a  
generous hearted per-  
son who believes in  
showers of kindness.



SOAKERS

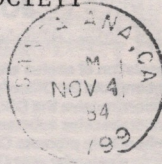
The hose they draw out with great fuss  
As every day they sprinkle us,  
They never bend a lazy back  
To give the pests a needed whack,  
Or stir the soil. They think that all our needs  
Are filled with water like the weeds?

H.R.B.

The above poem is from the  
June 1946 DESERT PLANT LIFE.

The cartoons this month are  
from ESPINAS Y FLORES,  
publication of the San Diego  
Cactus & Succulent Society,  
1968 and 1970, and were drawn  
by "Walter R. Scott."

SOUTH COAST CACTUS AND SUCCULENT SOCIETY  
NEWSLETTER



FIRST CLASS MAIL



Norma Holley



Happy  
Thanksgiving