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THREE-GENERATION FAMILY MEMBERSHIP IN TUCSON CACTUS & BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Christina Walker and her second husband, Monte, now deceased, joined TCBS in 1963 under the presidency of David Spring. Monte's daughter, Mrs. Helen Bolton, became a member also, as did Monte's grandson, Craig Bolton. Christina's daughter, Kay Stehulka, also joined. All members of this family have remained steady and active in our organization which considers this three-generation family membership rather unique and outstanding. Christina, the beloved head of her family, spent her early life in her native Germany on a farm, working hard at caring for the animals, cooking, cleaning house, yard, and street in front of her house. She married a baker, Herr Yetter, and in time, they migrated to New Jersey, U.S., where they operated a bakery for 26 years. Her interest in cacti began after her arrival in USA. She bought them from Five-and-Ten stores and greenhouses, to start her plant collection. Many are still in her garden and her sunroom here. Limited space prevents our telling further and interesting facts about Christina Walker. Members, get acquainted with her and enjoy knowing a very interesting cactophile of TCBS.--

-----Reported by Wanda Horst.

Handy Knicknax recommend cake tongs to hold cactus while potting, eyebrow tweezers to remove dead fruits and debris lodged in the spines, and pastry brush to finish the cleaning job neatly.

The cut edge of a leaf taken from Aloe Vera applied to a burn, gives instant relief and takes away the redness. This plant has been used medically for many years. There is now on the market, and available in Tucson a face cream using aloe as an ingredient, Vedra. It has been tested and is recommended in a recent Consumer Bulletin. It is hypoallergenic and non-greasy, and an excellent moisturizer. A very fortunate find for one Cactus Chatter reader.

IN MEMORIUM: Helen Brick died, May 9, 1971. She was our faithful member for seven years who greatly enjoyed cactus gardening with her husband, Joe F. Brick who was our long-term, very efficient treasurer. Helen's frail health for several years restricted her activities. Most pleasant memories of happy and friendly Helen Brick will long remain with those who are her friends in Tucson Cactus & Botanical Society.

IN MEMORIUM: Rosa D. Christensen died August 3, 1971. Our member of long standing seriously studied the cactus clan with her sister, Anne, who is equally interested. Rosa and Anne have greatly enjoyed their serious cactus gardening interests through many years. Rosa served a number of terms as Affiliate Director for Tucson Cactus & Botanical Society. Many members of CSSA and of our Tucson Cactus Club are Rosa's sincere admirers and good friends.

BAJA CALIFORNIA is featured in this issue of Cactus Capital Chatter. Our member, Bill Pluemer, travels there often and feels the lure of Baja always. In this account of his latest trip there, he has attempted to write it more as an adventure story rather than a scientific paper. However, botanical names really have to be used if one is to identify the subject. CHATTER editor, J. Shelby, is indebted to Bill Pluemer for his fine contribution to this issue. Now, let us follow him in his

ADVENTURES IN BAJA

April 7, 1971 found me once again headed west toward the cactophiles' Garden of Eden - Baja! This time my itinerary included a stop in Los Angeles to pick up collecting partner and agave expert, Joe Kellet of the Board of Governors of our National C & S Society. Armed with Gerhard & Gulick and Cliff Cross' Guides to Baja, 25 gallons of water, 38 gallons of gas, 3 cases of canned goods, camping equipment and boxes of used clothes, we left Los Angeles at 5 A.M. on the 9th of April. Our spirits were high as we drove southward on the freeway toward San Diego and Promised Land...

Our objectives were threefold: (1) to collect the "Totem-pole" (*Lophocereus schottii* forma. *monstrosus*) at the type locality near Pozo Aleman; (2) to collect *Cochemiea maritimus* on the Pacific coast near Bahia Rosalillita, and (3) to collect the "Torote" or "Elephant Tree" (*Pachycormis discolor*). Having collected Idrias on previous trips and learning that the squat Torote makes excellent bonzai material, we placed their collection high on our want list. Our only concern was whether the seedling trees would be recognizable as such.

Our first night's campout found us several miles past El Rosario. At first light of dawn, we were scouring the surrounding hillsides, choosing specimens amongst the heavy population of dudleyas, mammillarias and agaves. After breaking camp, we back-tracked to El Rosario for gasoline and a pleasant conversation with Mrs. Anita Espinosa, over cups of her excellent coffee. Senora Espinosa is held in high esteem by all botanists and cactophiles who regularly visit Baja. With her "Vaya con Dios" we finally set off, promising to return in about 10 days.

Leaving El Rosario along Arroyo del Rosario, we passed many small, outlying habitations. One of the last caught our attention as it sported three crests of *Machaerocereus gummosus* in the yard. Here was an excellent place to leave off some of our old clothes! This being done, the crests were ours for the asking, but a quick decision was made to leave them, pending our return. Space would be at a premium and we might perhaps find better specimens! With friendly waves and smiles, we finally drove off to begin our adventure.

The road finally leaves the arroyo and turns south into a fine canyon, continuing its climb for a full 10 miles. The sheer cliffs of El Castillo on the north rim of the arroyo are visible for several miles during the initial ascent. We sampled two likely looking areas on the west side of the canyon, collecting seedling plants of many varieties. Senora Espinosa had informed us that no rain had fallen for a year in this area which brags of a normal annual rainfall of but 4 inches. The plant population, however, lived up to our highest expectations. Here, in the canyon, the first Idrias appear, and it is at this point that I personally feel I have returned to Baja. Thus our first full day of collecting passed, each hill and turning bringing new discoveries and thrills. Late afternoon found us setting up camp amongst the inspiring boulders of the Catavina Plateau.

With the Toyota Landcruiser backed into a rocky cul-de-sac, camp set for nightfall, we scrambled among the rocks. The scene was so beautiful as to be

almost unreal. Had the late Walt Disney ever cartooned it, people would have said it was just another Disney fabrication. Our cameras worked overtime into the sunset. How can anyone resist the sight of such strange plants as idrias, cardons, torotes, red-spined barrel cacti and a parade of smaller plants emerging from solid rock? We found the classic scene nearby the road and photographed the high plateau through a perfect Idria arch. These weird plant forms gradually became etched in black as the afterglow gave way to night. With the darkness came the complete stillness of the desert and a covering of stars so brilliant we wondered aloud if there were some places "at home" where such smog-free simple delights as star-gazing could still be enjoyed.

By the third morning, we had fallen into a routine to last for the rest of the trip. Up at first light (5 A.M.), a quick cup of coffee to ward off the chill and thence an hour's collecting to whet the appetite. After breakfast an hour was devoted to cleaning, marking and packing plants. By doing this on a daily basis, we managed to keep some semblance of order within our cramped quarters.

Coming off the mountain pass into Lake Chapala (a dry lake bed) I made an error in navigation that cost us an hour's time. Entering the lake bed from the North, with its deep dust, chug-holes and lack of reference points, it is literally "every man for himself". The selection of trails is confusing, as each seems to seek its own easy path, failing nobly in the end. Eventually a truck converged on our course, and I recommended to Joe that we follow it. After several dust-chocking miles, it became evident that the truck was not going South, and now we really had no idea of our position. Fortunately, the truck driver noticed a gringo vehicle behind and finally stopped to inform us that he was headed for some remote pasture in the Western foothills and that we should turn around. At this point, I recalled the ranch house on the eastern edge of the lake, and we took a direct compass course in this direction. A cold drink at Rancho Chapala settled our nerves and we were off once again.

The third night's camp was 3 miles North of the Bahia de Los Angeles cutoff in flat, dusty, uninviting desert. My routine vehicle check revealed a loss of brake fluid, and the break was quickly discovered on the right rear wheel line. Oh, the joys of driving the Baja! Over breakfast we decided we would continue to Bahia de Los Angeles sans brakes in hopes of there finding a knowledgeable "mecanico" who could solder steel tubing. The parking brake was still useable, but grossly inadequate in stopping a 2-ton vehicle. We were 50 miles from our destination, confronted with a final 10 miles of steep descents going down to sea level.

In order to overcome an automatic reflex to push down on a now useless brake pedal, Joe was to actually yell (or scream) "NO BRAKES!" at me on each hill, turning or encounter necessitating caution. Although he became slightly hoarse in the next 4 hours, we did develop a smooth-working procedure. Along with deliberately brushing against cardons, rocks, shrubs, idrias, or simply driving off the road in order to slow down or stop, we finally raised the Sea of Cortez and began a thrilling descent to our destination. The spectre of mechanical failure continually looms large in Baja, and we had now had our ration for this trip.

Provided with comfortable quarters, showers and a change of clothes, we went to work on the immediate problem. The local "mecanico" threw up his hands when asked to silver-solder a steel tube. With the help of several friendly San Diego policemen, we stubbed off the rear line, refilled the master cylinder and were once again operational with the front wheel brakes only. Our initial test ride was along the coast south of Bahia de los Angeles, into the massive cardon forest where I had previously found *Maehaerocereus gummosus* crests.

En route we had the opportunity of towing one of the local citizens some distance and were to learn later that this man had been one of Erle Stanley Gardner's Baja guides. More clothes went off at a small rancho to make room for plants, and we quickly found two nice crests and several new mammillarias. Returning through the forest, I suddenly registered on a cardon sporting three monstrous growths. Here was a real oddity! After some discussion, the Toyota was driven under the plant. By standing on the hood, we managed to saw off two specimens. Now, the question is, will these root? Our second and last night at the Diaz' resort was topped off by a delicious broiled lobster dinner. With our mechanical problem behind us, a radio-telephone call was made to the States, informing anxious wives that we were well and continuing the trip as planned.

Our sixth day began with a hearty Diaz breakfast of eggs cooked to order, bacon, toast, jam and pots of excellent coffee. Retracing our route to the Punta Prieta turnoff, we ascended gently into sandy desert of great beauty. Here we found our first crested euphorbia, *Pedilanthus macrocarpus*. Some of these plants were in bloom, with the distinctive slipper-shaped crimson flowers suspended daintily from the stems. We were to later learn from Ed Gay that rooting these particular cuttings is near impossible. He recommended that next time we follow the crest to the ground and attempt to get some root. This, of course, means packing a 2-3 foot specimen. In this area we found a small stand of elephant trees with beautifully swollen trunks and were able to add several rotund seedlings to our growing collection.

Our sixth night was spent in dusty desert about three miles North of El Arco, our southern terminus. The demarcation line separating State from Territory runs through this point, some 410 miles south of Ensenada. The weather was changing rapidly, with fast, low scud cloud being blown in from the Northwest. A decided drop in temperature accompanied this front. About 11 P.M. the first showers came, driven by gusty winds. We quickly moved all the excess gear and plant boxes under the Toyota, threw our sleeping bags inside and scrambled after them. Several hours later we were outside, but the first light brought a dull, overcast, windy day. But this was "The Day of the Totem Poles"-- so who cared? No time for plant cleaning this morning!

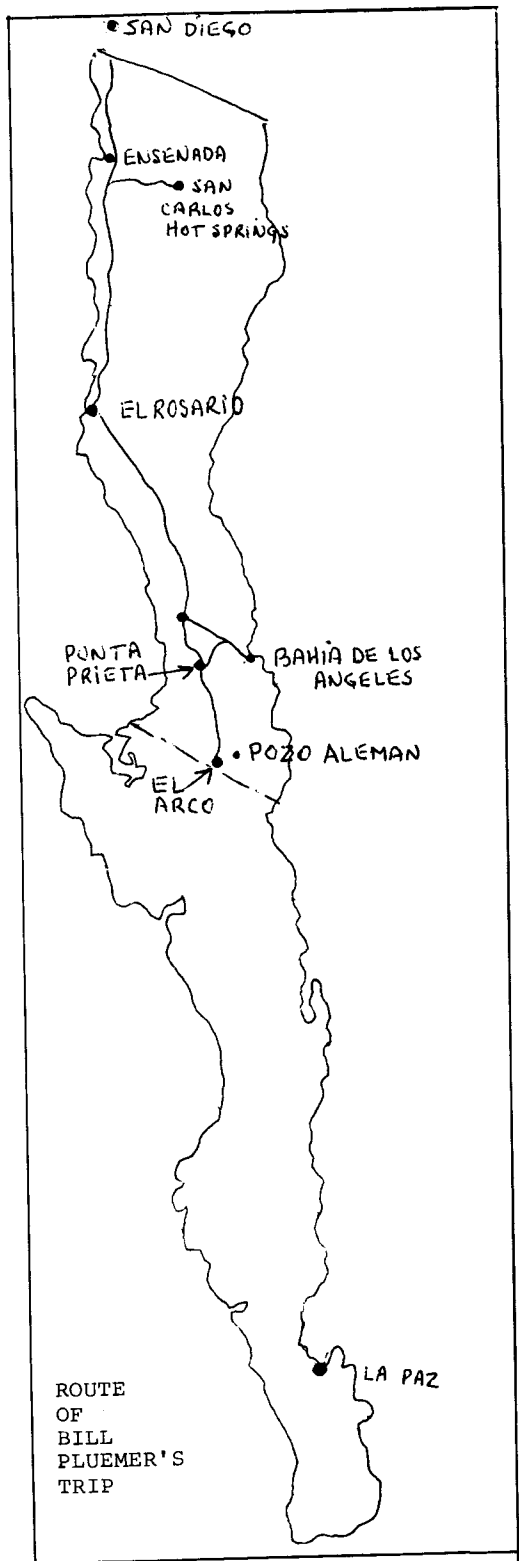
Taking the road from El Arco to Pozo Aleman, we kept a sharp eye for the monstrous plants, but saw none. Pozo Aleman is an all but deserted village, but here we were fortunate in immediately accosting a jovial native making his way toward the road as we approached. With considerable communications difficulties, assisted by my off-hand pencil sketch complete with hand-rubbing exhibition of my shiny pate, the word "garambulo" finally surfaced and we then knew we had gotten the message through to Garcia. The gentleman took us to his yard and pointed with pride to a fine cutting growing there. Joe then went to work in his best Los Angeles Spanish to convey that we wanted to be taken to the location of these plants. At this moment a very handsome woman appeared; there was considerable discussion beyond our ken, and we were asked to wait for a few minutes. As it turned out, the lady wanted to "pretty up" for the visitors! Now following our two guides, who were riding in a very antique truck, we turned back toward El Arco. In less than a mile, very close to the road, they stopped and showed us a fine young specimen. Off we went again, turning up into the hills and in a few minutes we were in the midst of a whole stand of *Lophocereus schotti forma monstrosus*. Since the mature plants are prone to be rather emaciated and spindly in appearance, they blend into the surrounding cover so well we had driven right past them! Our 10-peso note brought a torrent of "gracias" and we found ourselves alone and almost too excited to do much but stare at this scene.

Here was the high mark of the trip. Out came the cameras even though the sky was dark and the wind strong. Stuffing extra kleenex tissues in our pockets, we began to explore. Why the kleenex? This tissue will adhere to any thorny plant under any wind condition, making an easy mark for relocating the plant. Within an acre of ground we found a crested gummosus, the crested *Pedilanthus* and, of course, the Monstrous Schotti. Three abnormalities so close together! A bonus developed in the finding of several *Ibervillea sonorae* var. *peninsularis* tubers, almost completely hidden in the red earth. The pictures taken, the cuttings safely wrapped in blankets, we took a last look at these grotesque plants, and, for the first time, turned North toward home. The cool, blustery day did nothing to dispel our high spirits over this adventure. As luck would have it, failing daylight found us within easy reach of the previous night's camp. Unpacking was held to a minimum, and when the first showers came, our move into the Toyota was quick and efficient. Still brimming with excitement, here we sat, dome light on, portable radio bringing music from San Francisco, and Joe's bottle of Mexican brandy on the floorboards between us. As the accumulation of dust, now turned to mud, slowly seeped over our windows, we vowed to return to Pozo Aleman in the Fall.

We had lost several of our torotes the day before, as the incessant bumping worked them loose from their tie-down in the top carrier. Now, returning over the road almost two days later, we were happy to find two of them in the center of the road, untouched, but with wheel tracks leading around them on both sides. It would be interesting to learn if these drivers gave any thought to why two up-rooted torotes were lying so far from home. Somewhere we missed our turnoff to the Pacific coast and after many false starts decided to strike *Cochemiea maritimus* off the list until next time. In our quest for the road we wandered down through some farmlands. As the elevation gradually increased, we came into a gorge containing a clear, flowing stream. Rounding a curve, with the road now far above the stream, we came suddenly upon a display of desert plant life such as we never could imagine. From the black, volcanic rock sprang agaves, idrias, myrtillocacti, mammillarias, echinocereus, torotes, in such profusion one was hard-pressed to focus on any particular plant. It was a photographer's dream. Each plant so artistically and beautifully placed amongst its neighbors that the classic photographic background existed for all, individually and collectively. Here was the ultimate example of the Great Landscaper's art - but we were not sure exactly where it was! This, however, will not dampen our enthusiasm for a return trip in the Fall to our own private Garden of Eden.

Our eighth night camp was in a picturesque, sandy arroyo surrounded by a magnificent display of plants. Since our storage space was now at a premium, we had become much more selective in our collecting. Having eaten our way through a case of canned goods, the empty box was quickly made available for a young, colorful, eight-headed specimen of *Ferocactus gracilis*, which I "just couldn't resist". As always, pleasant surprises awaited as we explored about the campsite. Three crested cardons were there, and this discovery brought to an end another exciting day.

The ninth day we devoted mainly to driving. By late afternoon, we were camped in the canyon south of El Rosario, within sight of the El Castillo massif. Here on the following morning we busied ourselves, photographing large specimens of *Dudleya pulverulenta*, whose powder-blue rosettes lit up the dark hillside in the early morning sun. I was amazed to learn that a white powder can be shaken from these plants, but what purpose it serves remains a mystery.



It was shortly after 9 A.M. on a windy morning that we once again pulled to a stop in front of Senora Espinosa's place. Fresh coffee and relief from the wind were enjoyable as we talked of many things related to plant-hunting, ammonite digging and Baja in general. Joe eventually stered the conversation around to a photograph on the wall depicting the rare *Pachycereus orcuttii*, a natural hybridization of *Pachycereus pringlei* (cardon) and *Bergerocactus emoryi*. (see C & S J1's May-June 1969, July-Aug. 1950 and B & R Vol. II p.70). Much to our surprise, Senora Espinosa offered to provide a guide if we would like to make a side-trip to the type locality. What cactophile could refuse such an offer? All other plans were immediately dropped, the Toyota gassed in a sudden rain shower, and we bounced off with Emilio Espinosa jammed between us in the front seat. After considerable discussion, we estimated the trip to be about 2-1/2 hours, for a distance of 25 miles. How slowly my watch ran! Ascending through a second and last canyon, with nothing but sky over the hood, Emilio cautioned me to stop. Creeping forward, the answer was obvious - nothing in front but a sheer cliff, with the "road" making an unseen hairpin turn to the right, hugging the face of the cliff as it descended. What price guide? Another 15 minutes found us parked on a wind-swept mesa, which I thought was an unlikely place if I ever saw one. Very few cardons appeared in the overall scenery.

Emilio led off at a quick pace, Joe and I following with collecting bags and marking our trail with kleenex, should we want to return for the cameras. The first arroyo did not give up our plant and Emilio seemed a little confused. He then told us it had been 21 years since he had brought three men to this plant. We followed him over an intervening hill into a second deep arroyo, and after some wandering, I saw him look very hard and instinctively knew he had found the quarry. Senora Espinosa's color print showed a fine, golden spined cereus, and this was the image I had carried with me. Instead we found an emaciated, mutilated remains of this once beautiful plant. Obviously, the plant had given up

many cuttings through the years, and because of its poor condition, we gave no thought to photography. Emilio busied himself looking for a second specimen which he remembered nearby without luck. But we had been successful, and each had a cutting from this rare plant taken at the type location - one of the great thrills for any cactophile. On the long ride back to El Rosario we could talk of nothing else. We now had in our collection specimens that even the most sophisticated of the cacti cognoscente could appreciate. Our late afternoon return to the Espinosas was accompanied by light showers and gusty winds. Exhausted by our unplanned adventure, we decided to avail ourselves of one of the new rooms there where we found the beds warm and comfortable. Supper came by kerosene lantern - a true gourmet dish in the form of a fresh lobster omelette.

Over a fine breakfast the following morning, we promised to send Senora Espinosa some back issues of the National Geographic for the local school. With the Toyota crammed with our plants, we started North, planning on a hot shower in Ensenada that night. The San Quintin area boasts of the most horrendous, arm-twisting back wrenching stretch of road, and we plugged along, chuckhole to chuckhole. A side trip into San Carlos Hot Springs for *Echinocereus pacificus* was our final stop of the trip. Here we found huge clusters of this plant together with magnificent specimens of *Ferocactus viridescens*. A lot of cliff climbing and patience was required to locate small clumps of the former. By 5 P.M. we were checking into the Ensenada Travelodge. It had been 7 days since our last shower, shave, and change of clothes. For a moment, I thought we were going to be turned away at the desk because of our appearance. The *E. pacificus* had clods of sticky gumbo attached to them, and as a last resort, we took them into the shower with us, so that they also would pass inspection the next morning.

The Department of Agriculture people in San Diego were most accomodating, and by 3:30 P.M. we were back in Los Angeles. Still jubilant over the trip, and faced with unpacking and sorting so many boxes and bags still clogged with Baja dust, we began planning for the Fall trip - such is the great lure of "The Baja"...

.....William A. Pluemer.

 ADDENDA TO 1971 TCBS MEMBERSHIP DIRECTORY. Mr. & Mrs. Bernard W. Ethington, 3490 N. Iroquois Ave., 85705, Phone 887-4507. Miss Irma Johnston, Box 344, Green Valley, Az., 85614, Phone 625-3105. Mrs. G. A. Lash, 2550 Grannen Road, 85705, Phone 792-0587. Gretchen Kunze, 5674 Lazy Heart St., 85713, Phone 889-1338. Mrs. Loleta C. Schacht, 9525 Beverly Place, Wauwatosa, Wis. 53226. Rilla Stonechek, 5757 Lazy Heart St., 85713. C. O. Horsts' new phone number: 883-1325. Mr. and Mrs. Werner Nase's new address: 2540 E. Ross Place, 85716. Bernice R. Byron's new address: 5356 W., Box 5, Tucson Estates, 85713, Phone 889-1267. Halloran, Rear Admiral E.R., U.S.N. (Ret.).Halloran, Flavia, P.O.Box 12581, 85711, Phone 296-5888. Robbins, J. A. & J. D., Box 1, Vista, Az. 85637.

Sierra Vista, AZ
85635

TCBS MEMBERS WIN AWARDS FOR RARE PLANTS. Cactus Expo 71 was the 6th Annual show sponsored by CSSA in Arcadia, California, and was held July 3-5, 1971. Our members, Carl and Wanda Horst, entered this show. They won 2nd place in the Rare Plants Division for their *Gymno. ragonese*; 3rd place in the same Division for their *Eseobaria organinsis*. TCBS heartily congratulates them for their fine achievement.

CACTICON -- C.S.S.A. BIENNIAL EL PASO, TEXAS, MAY 10-14, 1971. Members of TCBS attending: Col. and Mrs. W. H. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Benton, Harrison Yocum, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Blackburn, Anne Christensen, Nancy Clarke. TCBS furnished table decorations and door prizes on May 13. Bill Pluemer donated fine cacti for door prizes. Bentons fashioned clever centerpieces from devil's claw and feathers, into birds; also, insects from yucca pods -- used on the tables. Also used thus were attractive cholla wood planters containing cacti seedlings donated by our friend, Archie Deutschman. These were made by Kay Brown and her assistants. Highlights of the meeting were field trips offering collecting of cacti. The Sierra Blanca, Texas trip offered: *Echinocactus horizontalonius*, and *Fendleri*; *Echinocereus chloranthus*, *coccineus*, *dasyacanthus*, *stramineus*, *polyacanthus* var. *rosei*; *Ferocactus uncinatus*; *Coryphantha Muehlenfordtii*; and *Escobaria tuberculosa*. The Oro Grande, N. M. trip offered: *Echinocactus horizontalonius*; *Echinocereus stramineus*, *rosei*, *Roetteri dasyacanthus* and *Fendleri*; *Echinomastus intertextus*; *Mammillaria microcarpa*, *meiacantha*, *Heyderi* and *lasiacantha*.

.....condensed from a report by Anne Christensen, TCBS.

HAAG MEMORIAL GARDEN -- JAMES ROBBINS' GIFT -- PAUL HENSHAW

Paul and Christine Henshaw came to Tucson in September 1969. Although both were born in midwestern states, Oklahoma and Nebraska, respectively, they have lived and worked mainly in eastern localities -- New York Washington, and Philadelphia. Both have done special work in biology and only recently have come to have a special feeling about cacti and other succulents of the Southwest. Dr. Henshaw is associated with the University of Arizona, managing that part of the Biology 1-A course having to do with The Evolution of Man.

In March 1971, Dr. Henshaw agreed to help redevelop the Haag Garden Committee of Tucson Cactus & Botanical Society. The membership of this organization appreciates his interest in leading the latest effort to restore Haag Memorial Garden at Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum. This is a real task, involving long hours of planning, physical effort, plenty of patience and perseverance.

James A. Robbins, our member who lately moved to Sierra Vista, Arizona, gave to the Desert Museum 240 individual native plants of the Sonoran Desert, evaluated at \$400.00. Briefly, they include: *Agaves*, *Ferocactus*, *Echinocactus*, *Echinocereus*, *Lophocereus schottii*, *Carnegiea gigantea*, *Mammillaria*, *Echinomastus*, *Coryphantha recurvata*, *Peniocereus greggii*, *Opuntia*, *Lamprocereus thurberi*, and *Erythrina flabelliformis*. For more detailed information about Jim Robbins' donation of these plants, please refer to the Scrapbook History of T.C.B.S. All of the Robbins' plants were planted in the Haag Memorial Garden at Desert Museum and they look nice in that setting. The Garden is so large, though, that many more plants are needed to complete the plantings there where they are seen. studied and enjoyed daily by many of the thousands of visitors to Desert Museum.