The dreams and aspirations of Cactus John Haag, to establish a cactus garden within the Tucson area, have been realized, we believe, far beyond his fondest hopes. Knowing John, his friends feel that he must truly have been at the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum in spirit on Friday, May 7th, when the garden created in his memory, was dedicated in an informal but moving ceremony.

As a major contribution to the Museum exhibits, John's garden will be a source of lasting pleasure and education to generations of visitors.

Haag Memorial Cactus Garden
- a fitting tribute.

Inscription reads, "Sponsored by the Tucson Cactus and Botanical Society in honor of its founder, "Cactus John". Dedicated May, 1965"
President's Column

Evening of May 8th, saw many tired but happy people around the Sands, Headquarters for the 11th Biennial Convention of the Cactus and Succulent Society of America; tired after months of preparation and work, happy because our plans were successful beyond our hopes.

Hosting the Convention had seemed at first quite an undertaking for our small club but after getting better acquainted with our members and their various talents, I am sure no task would be too great.

Our Hospitality Room was one of the highlights; the lobby exhibit, table favors, centerpieces and door prizes appropriately native; and the cooperation of our members unbelievable. It was very gratifying to hear such comments from visitors, as "by far the best convention ever" and "you just didn't forget anything did you?" It is impossible to single out every individual and say, "Thanks, you made it possible"; just remember that the enviable reputation we have acquired as a host, is the result of your efforts.

To one person in particular for her many unselfish hours, my personal "Thanks" to our secretary, Isabelle.

One of the finest projects that our club will ever have the honor of accomplishing, I feel, is the "Haag Memorial Cactus Garden". Every member should be especially grateful to the few people who collectively spent over 2,000 hours to make this a reality of which our whole organization can be proud.

I hope all members realize that this garden is not ours. We gave it to the Museum on May 8, 1965, for the enjoyment of all who visit there. This means that any of us as individuals are not to interfere in the workings of the garden. The club as a whole is still very much interested in its future, and will cooperate with the museum staff on its continuance. It made me very proud to be the person selected to present the garden to the Museum for our club.

CONVENTION CHUCKLES

Outside looking at C. & S. Society sign in lobby of Sands—"Is this a convention of the Catholic and Secular Society?"

At the field trip: Hugh—"Yes, help yourself to drinking water in my camper" Convention visitors (many of them) returning after going in camper, "Where is the water?" Hugh—"Just turn the faucet in the sink". Visitors look blank and re-enter camper, while Hugh contains his laughter at their sheepish look.

Harry Bolenski: Don't tell us you just made a mistake in the turn on the Sunday guide trip. We saw that blonde in the white convertible you were following! Sure was dusty in the 12th car following you on the wrong road.

Bill to Isabelle Meyer

10# @ $2.50 per lb. $25.00

Please Remit,

Dr. Take-it-off
MEMORIAL GARDEN

At the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum, on a centrally located one-acre rocky slope, overlooking the desert valley, the Haag Memorial Cactus Garden was created. Our club is indebted to a comparatively few of our members in carving this lovely spot from the uncultivated desert.

From the day the Dave Springs and the Jack Meyers stretched string to mark out paths, to the moment when Hugh Copenhaver and Alice Wanner unveiled the plaque, nearly two years or more have elapsed. During the first year, the "original pick and shovel gang", consisted of the following:

Alan Mollison, Chairman, and a good man with a jack hammer; Joseph F. Brick, whose artistic ability accounts for the sweeping curves of the paths.

Jack Meyer under whose presidency the garden was begun, and who slaved with Joe on the paths;

Alice Wanner, who looks fragile, but Oh my! She worked along with the men right from the beginning, and brought cookies for lunch, besides; and Leo M. Wanner, a mighty man with a 16 lb. pick and a crowbar. The following year Isabelle Meyer joined the gang, and insists she lost ten pounds. This became the regular gang, working from two to four days a week at the Museum. Others who worked were Hugh Copenhaver, Roy Doss, P. G. Nichols (who planted the first mammillaria), Anton Nosek, Harry Bolenski and George and Berneice Rentie. (If we have left out anyone, we are prepared to leave town!)

All the work was done under the direction of our member Paul Shaw, Curator of Plants at the Museum, who ruled the workers with an iron hand. (Tote that wheelbarrow; Lift that rock;) Seriously, part of the reward of hard work has been, for the workers, getting better acquainted with Paul and others of the Museum staff. Paul also directed several expeditions to collect specimens for the garden, under a Museum permit, and the people who accompanied him on these, benefitted greatly from his knowledge of plant life.

While there are cacti growing here and there on the Museum grounds, our garden is the only place where a visitor can see cacti grouped by genera, and so be able to compare the various species. The boxes on stands near each group, contain both the common and botanical names of the species. In accordance with Museum policy, all plants are native to the Arizona-Sonora Desert region. Native cacti from John Haag's own garden are included and given a prominent place in the collection.

The heavy physical labor involved limited participation by more of our members, and excluded those also who are employed during the day.

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GRAFTING CAN BE FUN
by Alan Blackburn

Grafting cacti can be fun once you get the knack of it. Grafting is the unit-
ing of two plants of different growing habits.

When a plant is grafted to a stronger plant with a large root system the plant
grafted will develop into a larger plant than normal and sometimes change its
form so that it would not be recognized as the original plant.

We graft for three reasons:

1st. - To save a valuable specimen whose roots have decayed.

2nd. - To obtain large or mature plants quickly.

3rd. - To grow specimens that are difficult to grown on their own roots.
The tools needed: 2, 6" or 8" narrow stainless steel knives (very sharp), rub-
er bands about 2" or 2-1/2" long, round tooth picks and alcohol to sterilize
the knives before any cutting is done.

The purpose in grafting is to unite the vascular bundles of the two plants. When
the plant is cut across the body you will notice a ring in the center of the plant.
This is the vascular bundle which must be placed on the ring of the stock upon
which you are grafting if the graft is to be successful.

Stock to be used to graft upon can be any one of the following
and the best are named first. Trichocereus spachianus, T. pach-
anol, Cereus peruvianus, Harrisia, Jusbertii and Echinopsis,
Opuntia pads can be used also.

Grafting is best done when both plants are growing and full of sap.

To proceed with the graft you select a good healthy stock and for this I will
use Trichocereus spachianus. 1st. The spines are burnt off with a match or
clayd melted in the base and just touching the spines and not the plant. The
spines will burn quickly and after the ashes are brushed off, the plant can then
be handled easily. Next toward the top of the plant where the rounded edges
goes into main stem we cut across the plant, then we trim off the edges as
seen in the drawing. The round toothpicks are cut into two pieces and placed
about 2 or 3 inches down the stem at 12-6-3-9 of the clock as you view the
stock from above. These must be inserted at an angle sloping upward as the
rubber bands are placed over the graft and hooked on to the sticks to hold the
graft on to the stock and exert pressure as the two plants shrink while drying.
Next make an additional thin cut across the top of the stock but leave it on
until you have your graft ready to put on the stock, then quickly slip it off and
the graft on, then place the rubber bands over the graft and hook them on the
toothpicks.

In our Arizona dry air the second thin cut on the stock is necessary as the
juices would tend to dry out before you can get the graft ready. Be sure
your graft is centered so the vascular bundles meet. You now have com-
pleted your graft and you can remove the rubber bands in five days or so,
also remove the toothpicks. The graft should be firmly established by this
time.

Reference - Cactus Culture by Franz Buxbaum. Have fun!

In case your stock is too short and you can't put toothpicks to hold the rub-
ber bands put the bands over the whole pot as shown. Prickly pear graft
with Xmas cacti as shown. Leaf trimmed and inserted into pad after a cut
is made with sterilized sharp knife. A toothpick is stuck through end in-
serted to hold it in the pad.
NATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE CACTUS AND SUCCULENT SOCIETY
OF AMERICA

Our Tucson club was ready for early arrivals from Phoenix. Helen Bolton's cactus exhibit was alert in every spine, our welcome desk was staffed in the Sands' lobby; and by early evening, our Hospitality Room resembled a Navy reception, with Admiral and Flavia Halloran presiding graciously. Later, at poolside, Dr. Jay Dodson, Sec'y, I.S.I., gave an illustrated lecture, "New Succulent Plant Introductions".

Thursday was THE day for conventioners. A field trip on a real ranch! Very early, cars of all types were loaded with those eager to hit the hills of "Quien Sabe"; and at 8:30 A.M. sharp, Harry Bolenski waved our caravan on its way. On arrival at the ranch, and after a briefing by Paul Shaw and Hugh Copenhagen on the local plants, our friends, like so many busy ants, scattered in all directions. Soon they realized that this was a field trip DE LUXE! Copenhagen's camper furnished cold drinking water, and in another strategic location were other accommodations. Dave Spring spent the day helping clean, pack and weigh plants. Such service! Our arrangements were so complete, we received credit for things we didn't do! While we were there, over 50 head of cattle were rounded up and loaded into trucks, and we were thanked for that sight!

Marge Spring broke a track record in getting home, bathed, dressed and back to the Sands with the favors and centerpieces; and she and her committee had everything ready in time - and Marge hadn't a hair out of place!

Hugh Copenhagen introduced the V.I.P.'s at the speaker's table, with appropriate comments, and set the friendly, informal tone which prevailed throughout the convention. Hal Gras, Public Relations Director for the Desert Museum, then presented the small animals and reptiles of his "Desert Ark". His knowledge of wild life, sparked with humor and lively philosophy, held us all spellbound. His wife, Natie, raises orphaned wild animals for the Museum.

Ed Gay, V.P. of the National Society, then gave a talk on Baja, California, illustrated with his own colored slides. He and his wife, Betty, former Tuc- sonians, have logged more than 90,000 miles taking pictures and studying plants. Friday morning, chartered buses took conventioners to the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum, where they had time to visit the exhibits, prior to the garden dedication. This was the event for which our own club members had been waiting. William H. Woodin, Director of the Museum, served as Master of Ceremonies and Dennis Weaver represented the County Board of Supervisors. Hugh Copenhagen presented the garden to the Museum, and its President, John D. Jameson, accepted in its name. The ceremony was brief but beautiful, and
the 300 persons present, many of whom had known John Haag, found it deeply impressive.

After lunch at the Museum, the bus tour continued through the lovely "back country" in Tucson Mountain Park, with three stops for viewing plant life. Our "guides", well briefed by Paul Shaw to help our visitors identify cacti and other plants, were hard put to it to keep up with them. The first ones off the buses took off like mountain goats, and were halfway up the slopes before the last passengers had disembarked.

At Friday night's banquet, we presented our own Alan Mollison, with his wonderful time-lapse movies, and our conventioneers "Oh'd and Ah'd" over them just as we do. For the rattlesnake sequence, Alan had to collect and take home with him, the snakes he found on the Andrada Ranch, because he had not brought his camera with him that day. Then next day, with his camera, he returned the rattlers to their den and took his pictures.

Doyle Noel, of the Plant Quarantine Inspection Bureau at Nogales then gave his talk on "The Collection and Importation of Cacti from Mexico", which some of our club members were fortunate enough to hear last year, when we met at the Desert Museum.

Thanks to Alice and "Piney" Wanner, assisted by Craig Bolton, we had drawings for about 60 door prizes both Thursday and Friday evenings. They had collected and bagged native cacti for this event, and our guests were delighted if they turned up with a lucky number. On Friday night, the beautiful cacti centerpieces were included in the drawing. Wouldn't you know that the very largest one went to a gal from New Orleans, who vowed she would carry it in her arms all the way home?

Saturday found delegates on chartered buses, on a tour to Saguaro National Monument, with a stop at Sabino Canyon on the way back to the Sands, where they had lunch and then a free afternoon in which to rest for the evening's festivities. Saturday night, beside the Sands' pool, a Chuckwagon dinner was served, and later, a Convention King and Queen was elected. Unfortunately, it turned very cool that night, and many left early, but those who stayed were treated to an exhibition of Square Dancing, and some of our members kept warm by joining in with some vigorous dancing of their own. (Alan Blackburn, how about you and Betty giving us some lessons?)

After a late night, Dave Spring was on hand early Sunday morning to accompany about twenty-eight of our guests to Nogales, Mexico. Twenty others, who had remained over Sunday, visited some of our members' gardens.
CACTI or ROCKS

On our field trip Sunday May 23rd, it would have been hard to tell if we belonged to a cactus club or were rock hounds. The day began bright and cool as we met at the old R.R. depot in Patagonia, and from there the caravan of about 35 cars proceeded on South, past the ghost towns of Marshaw and Mowry City. It was beautiful in the Patagonia Mountains, the large old stately Oaks and Junipers and even a couple of white-tail deer bounded across the road. Carl Sandberg, our host and new club member, who was kind enough to give the club permission for the field trip, with his son Carl Jr. joined us at the old mining town of Washington Camp where we stopped momentarily. A few miles further on we came to the ghost town of Duquesne, which is almost within shouting distance of the Mexican border. At their peak in about 1900, Duquesne and Washington Camp had a population of about 2,000.

After the instructions of "stay away from the mine shafts, don’t pick up any dynamite caps and etc." the group scattered, the majority of them heading for the rock piles, and Carl was heard to say "That you said this was a Cactus Club".

One of our visitors on the trip was Peter Sharp of London, England who had been here for the National Convention and had most of us looking for Mammillaria Wrightii, of which about five or six plants were found that day. Peter belongs to the Mammillaria Society also and has quite a large collection of his own. He also has been kind enough to say, he would write an article for the "Chatter" in the near future, of which we will be looking forward to.

Cowboy coffee (cooked over a camp fire) was served all day, (good too) by our short order cook and pretty waitress, Anna Marie Mollison.

Because of the amount of rocks in some of the cars, we wouldn’t have been surprised to find a few of them strolled along the way as their rear-ends were really dragging. The rocks were beautiful and so many different kinds were found: Copper ore, peacock, quartz, crystals, jasper, pyrites (fools gold), garnite, barite and others too numerous to mention.

Our thanks to Carl and am sure a good time was had by all.

Memorial Garden—cont’d.

Heavy labor it was, but not without its humorous side, as Joe Brick relates in the following:

"As we retirees, all aged over sixty, were clearing the virgin desert area with pick, shovel, wheelbarrow and crowbar, thoroughly enjoying our job, but sweating under our bright, South-western sun, a couple stopped to watch our labors, the woman with a pitying look. Then turning to her companion, she said, "Aren’t you glad, dear, that you don’t have to work so hard for a living anymore?" Well, even if not for a living, we appreciate the hard work done by these dedicated members, and hope their satisfaction in a job well-done will soothe their aching muscles."