



# The Ponderosa

*The Pine Ridge Association Newsletter*  
*Henry W. Coe State Park*

## Late Spring 2004

kitchen while his mother was washing the lunch dishes. She had picked up the nettle with a bare hand to move it out of her way, the nettle he had used gloves to collect. His nettle experiment was suddenly on hold. Woody assured his mother that all the books said nettle was safe to eat once it was cooked, and that it was supposed to taste like spinach. She finally let him continue his experiment, thinking, "If I can get this kid to like spinach, it might be worth a stinging hand."

One day, while searching through the camping section of the library, he found a chubby book in a plastic jacket with the name *Camping and Woodcraft*, by Horace Kephart. He spent an hour and a half looking through and reading parts of the book and stopped only when the librarian tapped him on the shoulder, said the library had been closed for ten minutes, and told him he had to leave. With a little begging, he talked her into letting him check the book out of the library before he left. When he got home, he looked in the front pages of the book and discovered that it was written in 1917. The book was 47 years old! It was even older than his parents!

Now, at age 40, Woody was surprised that he could remember the names of those old favorites and even the names of the authors. He still recalled Kephart's admonition to "Never step

### From under My Brim

by Barry Breckling



### Wilderness

Woody had backpacked in most of the western National Parks, such as Bryce, Zion (including a trip down the Narrows), the Tetons, Yosemite, Kings Canyon, and even Death Valley. He always felt safe. He could deal with bears, especially now that he had a bear canister for his food, he knew that rattlesnakes had no reason to bite him unless he threatened them, and because he backpacked in the popular National Parks, another backpacker was sure to come along to help if he ever injured himself so badly that he couldn't make it out on his own. He did have an urge, however, to go to someplace really wild, a wilderness where he would see few people, and in the subtle depths of his mind, he wanted to go to a place where he wouldn't have the luxury of feeling totally safe.

Woody had always loved the outdoors, and when he was a kid, he'd read books on camping, woodcraft, and survival. A couple of his favorites had been *Stalking the Wild Asparagus* by Euell Gibbons and *Wilderness Wisdom* by Ellsworth Jaeger. And then there was *How to Stay Alive in the Woods* by Bradford Angier. He had gathered, prepared, and eaten many wild plants, even cooked up a batch of nettle leaves in the

### Inside this issue . . .

Information about high-speed train routes through Coe

Construction and installation projects at the park

Sign up for a nighttime hike—without flashlights!

The financial status of the Pine Ridge Association

. . . and more!



Nonprofit Org.  
 U.S. Postage Paid  
 Morgan Hill, CA  
 Permit No. 160

**Pine Ridge Association**  
 Henry W. Coe State Park  
 9100 East Dunne Avenue  
 Morgan Hill, CA 95037  
 408/779-2728  
<http://www.CoePark.org>

DATED MATERIAL, DO NOT DELAY

**PRA Board of Directors**

Ann Briggs, President  
 Barbara Bessey, Vice President  
 Winslow Briggs, Secretary  
 Dan McCranie, Treasurer  
 Priscilla Campbell, Volunteer Committee Chair  
 Stephanie Charles  
 Kevin Gilmartin  
 Dave Perrin  
 Dennis Pinion

Michael Ferry, Supervising Ranger

**The Ponderosa Staff**

Editors:	Kevin Gilmartin	Barbara Bessey
Assistant Editor:	Barry Breckling	
Mailing & Distribution:	Martie Sinclair Margaret Mary McBride Phyllis Eastman	Heather Ambler Linda Keahey
This Issue's Reporters:	Michael Ferry Bill Gingras	Dan McCranie
This Issue's Illustrators:	Barry Breckling Cynthia Brunner	Lee Dittmann Kathy Paivinen

*The Ponderosa* is a publication of the Pine Ridge Association with approximately five issues per year. The PRA's mission is to enhance and enrich the public's experience at Henry W. Coe State Park through education and interpretation. Articles and artwork relating to the history, natural history, and management of the park are welcome. Please send submissions to the editors at 127 Glenwood Avenue, Woodside, CA 94062-3512; or call 650/851-7813.

on anything you can step over and never step over anything you can step around." Out in the woods, he had stepped on many things he could have easily stepped over or even gone around, but he understood what Kephart was talking about. When you are in the real wilderness, far from help, you should not take chances. One slip and you might not make it out.

Woody started planning for his summer backpacking trip on a rainy Sunday in February. On the web, he checked out some wilderness areas in National Forests in the Rockies that sounded good. He longed to be away from the linear life of work and into the circular life of being out in nature. He needed his job so that he could afford a car and the gas and the insurance to get to work, money to pay for a house, to buy fast food, for cell phone service, to buy a new high-definition TV, to rent videos. All these things seemed like a linear life to him. It was taking and building and adding and consuming without giving back. It was a one-way street with an unknown end. When he was out backpacking, he felt the circular life that he knew many Native Americans had lived, a life where you were part of the whole of nature and not just a user of nature. OK, he had spent lots of money on camping gear, but when he backpacked, there was no TV blaring, no heater or air conditioning to turn up, no smog produced, no taxes to pay, and (his own rule) no cell phones!

The next day at work, his boss said, "Hey Clark, you might want to take your vacation sometime in the next two months 'cause you won't be able to take time off this summer with the new project coming on line." So much for his plans. There would be too much snow in March or April in the wilderness areas he had been considering. He was griping to a friend at work about his ruined vacation, and the friend told him about a wilderness area in the California Coast Range that was less than a two-hour drive from home. If he was going to backpack this year, this destination might be one of only a few choices. It would be a compromise. "Maybe I wouldn't run into too many people, and that would be good," he

thought, "but it would just be the Coast Range, not the real mountains."

Early on a Friday morning in April, Woody packed, drove to the post office, dropped off his tax forms two days early, and headed south. He'd researched his destination on the internet, and it seemed like it might be an acceptable choice for a backpack trip. At the wilderness park, he registered for a 13-day trip, picked up a map, and was on his way with a pack that felt way too heavy, but after a few days of eating food and getting in better shape, he knew it would be a reasonable weight to carry.

He camped along a gravelly creek the first night. The hike there had been through glowing grassy fields and forests lush with bright new green leaves and wildflowers everywhere. After his tent was up and dinner was done, he relaxed with a cup of hot cocoa. All of a sudden, he realized he'd been so self-absorbed that he hadn't noticed what was going on around him. The sky was pink from a distant sunset, and the glow seemed to overflow into the valley around him. The creek babbled noisily, and frogs croaked so loudly that the sound was almost deafening. This was an attack on his senses as loud as the neighbors' rap music turned all the way up, but all he sensed was peace. He felt a rounding and a smoothness to the evening.

"This trip is going to be good," he thought to himself.

The next morning Woody was up early, skipped breakfast in his excitement to see more of this beautiful place, and headed over the ridge to the east. He took in all that was around him, the group of five deer, the speckles and blotches of flowers on the hillside, the hawk overhead. Or was it an eagle? It was pretty big. Hot and sweaty, he crested the next ridge. All he could see to the north, the east, and the south were more ridges. No houses, no roads, no people. He stood there for ten minutes, his pack still on his back, just trying to take in the immenseness of this wild country. The linear life was fading, and he was slipping into the circle. He headed down a steep trail to the creek below, and since he'd made



better time than he had estimated, and because, for some reason, his pack felt very light, he pushed on, traveling over another ridge and into a beautiful valley that had a special feeling, a good feeling, something he couldn't put into words. He was exhausted but felt good. Woody was about to take his pack off when he looked downstream and saw what looked like a perfect campsite. He pushed on in good spirits as he weaved in and out around boulders and downed trees. Finally, with only a two-foot tall log between him and his campsite, he stepped up on the log to get over it, and—he slipped. He tried to catch himself, but ended up landing on the outside of his left foot and then his left hip. An old admonition flashed through his mind in mid air.

Woody was still for several seconds, anticipating the pain that would spell out the damages done, and yep, there it was in his left ankle and his left hip. He moved his body in a slow, deliberate manner, and then thought that maybe it wasn't as bad as he'd first thought. He unbuckled his waistband and slipped out of his pack. With the aid of the offending log, he shifted all his weight to his right side and slowly stood up. As he experimentally shifted some weight to his left foot, he winced in pain. His hip was sore but didn't seem to be seriously damaged. His ankle was another story. He surmised from the pain that it was either broken or badly sprained. He remembered the first aid course he'd taken in college, and using his pack as a sort of walker, he worked his way to the creek, where he sat down and carefully removed his left shoe. His ankle was already swelling. He soaked the injured foot in the cool water, which felt good and numbed the pain. He remembered that elevating the injured limb and applying a tight wrap would also help keep the swelling down, so after about 20 minutes of soaking, he hobbled back to the spot he had picked for a campsite and dug out the Ace bandage he had carried on every backpack trip but had never used. He wrapped his foot and ankle and propped his leg up on his pack.

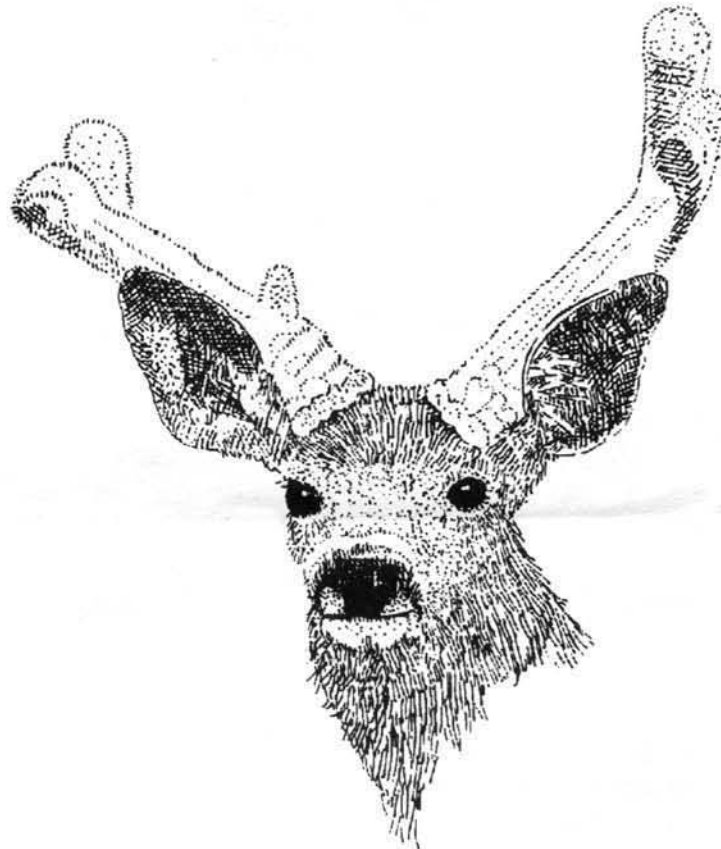
Woody started cursing his stupidity and began to think of what was next. A wave of fright washed over him. No one would miss him for eleven days! He would undoubtedly be stuck out here that long, or maybe he would never even make it out . . . .

He made his mind drop that subject. "Ok, what do I need to do. Take stock and make plans. At least I have plenty of warm clothes and a good tent and sleeping bag, and I have food for over ten days and a stove and fuel to cook with. I'll look through my stuff. Let's see, first aid kit, tent, good old Therm-a-Rest pad, fleece, rain jacket and pants, and warm

socks. OK, now food. My food pack is in here somewhere . . . . My food pack! Where is my food pack? It's not here! Wait a second, that can't be. I pulled food out of it last night." Woody slowly recalled that he had hung his heavy food pack, which included his stove and fuel, from a tree last night. There were no bears in the area, so he hadn't brought his bear canister, but he had hung his food pack in case there might be other hungry animals around. And, no, he did **not** remember retrieving the food pack in the morning when he packed up. Words he'd seldom used at all, he shouted loud and clear, to be heard only by his ears and the ears of the wilderness. He recalled something he had read, maybe it was from *How to Stay Alive in the Woods*. People could survive for weeks without food, but

only days without water (although without food, they'd become weaker and weaker with each passing day). "Great! I have all the water in the world, and I have my water filter. No problem! I'm in great shape!" He buried his head in his bundled sleeping bag and winced as he moved his ankle.

Although Woody had a hollow, sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach, he said to himself, "OK, I've got to make the best of this," and he started setting up his tent. It took a little more time than normal as he hobbled and crawled around the best he could. He re-inventoried his backpack and found



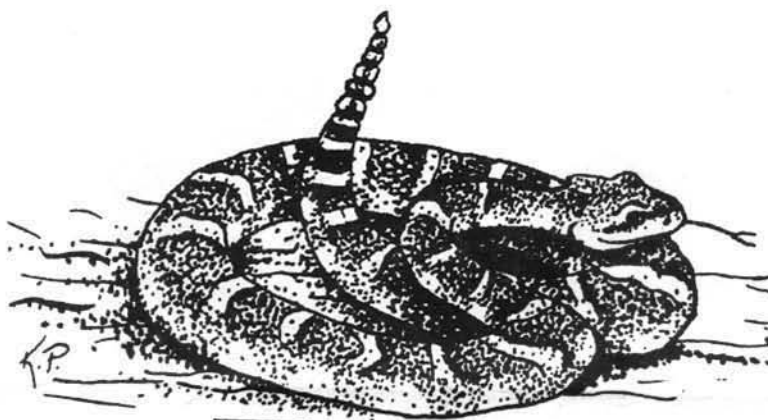
a small bag of very old peanuts (dinner) and some matches. As the sun sank, he again saw a pink glow to the west, but it didn't have the same impact as it had the day before. He climbed into his sleeping bag, and during the night he slept fitfully on and off. In the morning, he awoke to a faint rumble or really more of a subtle roar off in the distance somewhere. He couldn't imagine what it could be, but as quickly as it had come, it went away.

Woody felt a little better in the glow of the morning sun. He took his water bottle and filled his Sierra Cup, which he'd carried on every backpack trip, even though his camping buddies kept reminding him that no one used those old things anymore. He was about to drink the water when he saw some wild blackberry vines. He remembered that blackberry leaves could be used to make tea. Woody built a small fire. When he backpacked he never built fires; he just used his stove. But in his current situation, having a fire could save his life. He set his Sierra Cup right in the flames and added a few blackberry leaves. As the brew was heating, he leaned his pack against the sloping hillside and instantly detected a sweet minty smell. He checked out the plant that he'd laid his pack on and decided, using memories from his college botany class, that the plant was a mint because of its square stems, opposite leaves, and a strong scent. "Probably coyote mint," he thought. And all mints should be fine for making tea. He added a few leaves to his cup. He had made tea from Yerba Buena, another mint, many times when he was younger. Once the water was hot, he stirred the leaves around in the cup for a minute and then enjoyed the sweet brew.

Woody found a sturdy dead branch, about five feet long, that was forked at the larger end. He used rocks and his knife to fashion a crutch, and it worked surprisingly well. With more cold soaks, keeping his ankle elevated and wrapped, he found that he could use the crutch to hobble around for short distances with only minor pain. As he hobbled back from the creek to his campsite, he felt hunger pangs in his stomach and began to recall the things he had read many years ago. He sat down to think about what he might find to eat, and, again, he heard and half felt that faint roar in the distance. The day was passing by, it was late afternoon, and he remem-

bered that all grasses were edible. He started picking grass, and he even found a few grasses that were beginning to go to seed. He found some red berries but decided not to pick them because he knew that some berries were poisonous. For dinner, he had a grass salad and grass seed gruel with mint and blackberry leaves. He kept it down, somehow.

The next morning he had tea for breakfast and sat contemplating what he might find to eat this day. He again heard the faint roar and realized that it was coming from the east. It seemed to be coming from the top of the next ridge to the east. But all he saw on the top of the ridge were pine trees, so he figured it must actually be coming from the other side of the ridge. On this day, as he became more attuned to everything around him, he began to faintly hear the roar off and on all day.



Doing a three-legged hobble, Woody wandered downstream. He saw some trout swimming in a large pool. He began to think of a fine trout dinner, but he knew that catching fish would be very difficult. At the creek edge he found an old familiar friend, nettle. Using his knife and some sticks, he harvested just enough for dinner. On the creek bank he found some wild onions and dug up two of the plants. As he was hobbling back to camp, a rattlesnake let out a loud buzz from about five feet away. Woody jumped, let

out a howl when he landed on his bad foot, and then regained his composure. Balancing on his right foot, he raised his crutch and beat the snake with it until it was dead. He had never intentionally killed an animal out in the wild, except for mosquitoes, of course. And he didn't do this killing out of fear or hatred. This was an act of hunger, and the snake might be a decent runner-up to a good trout dinner. He knew it was against the law to harm anything in this wilderness, but he would be glad to sign a citation if only a ranger would show up.

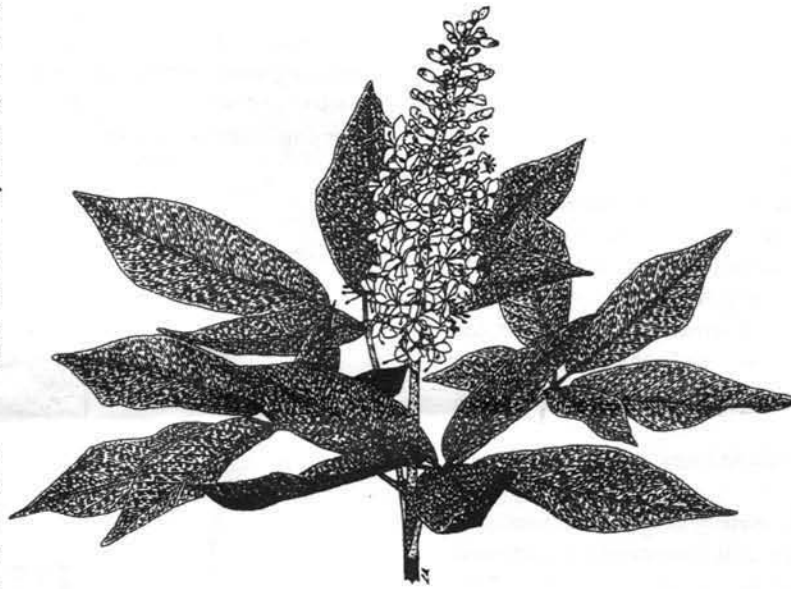
Back at camp, Woody carefully pinched the leaves off the nettle and set the long stalks on a large flat rock to dry. He took a second look at the rock, noticed five round holes, each about four inches across and three inches deep, and realized they were bedrock mortar holes constructed there probably hundreds of years earlier. There was still a pestle in one of

the holes. He was obviously not the first person who had used this beautiful campsite. He cleaned and skinned the snake, and to his surprise, it seemed as if he instinctively knew how to do it.

While Woody was collecting firewood under a buckeye tree near his tent, he found a large hollow limb that had fallen off and had partly broken into pieces. He picked up a piece that was about eight inches wide, twelve inches long, and an inch thick. After spending an hour and a half carving a shallow bowl out of the wood, he decided that it was time to prepare dinner. For lunch, he had chewed on grass, pine needles, clover, and miner's lettuce, and now he was hungry for something more substantial. In his Sierra Cup, he boiled several batches of nettle leaves with onion slices while he roasted pieces of rattlesnake on a stick over the fire. He put the nettle leaves into his new wooden bowl, piled on the snake chunks, and topped the dish off with slices of wild onion leaves and a sprig of clover with the flowers still attached. It looked pretty good, and as you might have guessed, the nettles tasted just like spinach and the snake just like chicken.

The next morning, Woody carved four notches in a foot-long stick. This was the start of day four of his trip. Or outing, or adventure. He wasn't sure what he should call it. He drank mint and blackberry tea and set to work on the nettle stalks he'd accumulated.

First he pounded them with a flat rock to separate the fibrous outer layer from the inner portion. Then he began making twine from the long fibers. His lumberjack uncle had taught him how to make twine when Woody was twelve years old, and he'd always remembered how you twist one strand to the left and then wrap it around the other one to the right. By the time the sun was directly overhead, he had almost 25 feet of strong, narrow twine. Woody unfastened a safety pin that was holding a broken flap on his pack and tied the pin to the end of the twine. He slowly made his way toward the pool where he'd seen the trout, snacking on fresh greens along the way and trying to catch grasshoppers for bait.



After a dozen tries, he finally caught an unwary grasshopper and set his bait. He snuck up on the pool and tossed his line in. A fish that he guessed to be almost a foot long inspected the floating grasshopper, but decided something was not quite right about it. Woody fished for about two hours and caught nothing. He rolled up his twine, which might serve a better purpose some other time, and headed back to camp, not looking forward to a dinner of nothing but greens. He stopped to rest against an old dead pine tree and noticed that the trunk was full of acorns. He knew that birds called acorn woodpeckers had stored the acorns for later use. Woody took out his knife and started prying out the acorns he could reach. Most of the acorns were up too high, but he was able to remove about thirty of them. Back at camp he shelled the acorns and ended up with about twenty good ones, which he carried over to the bedrock mortars to grind. He ground the nuts in a slow, reverent manner. He felt honored and privileged to be using the kitchen of people so long past. Next he placed the acorn meal in a bandana he always carried in his pocket on backpack trips. He placed the bandana in a shallow bowl-shaped depression he had made in a sandy spot near the creek and poured water over the ground acorns until pinches of meal on his tongue no longer tasted bitter. He transferred the meal and water to his Sierra Cup, filling the cup nearly to the rim, and cooked the brew over a fire for about a half hour, adding water to keep it from drying out.

Then, after the brew cooled a bit, he ate a bland but filling dinner.

After dinner, as he settled down under the buckeye tree with a cup of tea, his mind began to wander. If he was still here this fall, there would be lots of acorns, and manzanita berries, and wild cherries, and he could snare small animals, and it would be easy to survive. But, after a bit, he returned to the present and began a more realistic appraisal of his predicament. As he gazed up at another pink evening sky through the mellow green leaves of the buckeye tree, he suddenly sat up and almost jumped to his feet, in excitement. "Buckeye!" he exclaimed. "You can crush buckeye seeds, put them in a

stream, and stupefy fish!" He calmed down when he realized that there wouldn't be any buckeye seeds until late summer at the earliest. Then he got excited again. "I saw soap plant leaves today, and the soap plant bulbs do the same thing as buckeye seeds!" He felt confident he would be having trout for dinner tomorrow evening. He knew that it was normally against the law to use buckeye or soap plant to catch fish, but this was a matter of survival. He leaned back against the tree as a gentle breeze blew over him, and again was aware of the faint roar in the distance.

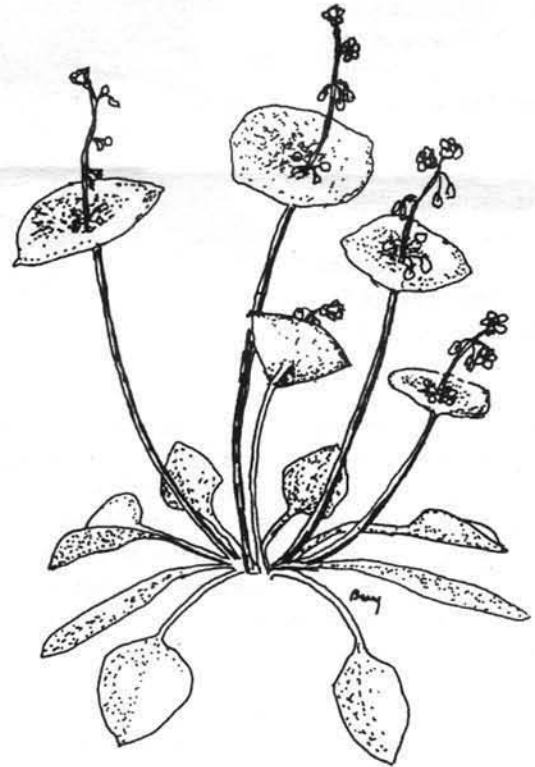
For the next few days, Woody ate fairly well. Several trout, a gopher, lots of greens, acorn mush, grasshoppers, and lots of grass seeds ground up and cooked into mush with wild onions. He had time to sit and watch what was going on around him. He saw a herd of about ten bull elk with their huge antlers, a bobcat sneaking off down a trail, three coyotes that looked as hungry as he was, beautiful butterflies, rocks of many colors, unbelievably marked and colored insects, clouds and stars, and lots more.

Woody woke up one morning and carved notch number eight in his stick. He noticed that the wind direction had changed from the prevailing northwest to the south. That could mean rain, which would hamper his ability to forage. He battened down his camp and began hobbling around nearby, quickly gathering what he could in the way of food items. If the weather got really bad, he might have to spend most of his time in his tent. The wind shift also made the distant roaring sound a lot louder. By late morning, it started to rain, and Woody took refuge in his tent. Exhausted from his busy morning, he crawled into his sleeping bag to take a nap.

A short while later he woke up, feeling strangely drowsy. All of a sudden it occurred to him that the roaring sound he'd been hearing all this time could be caused by people. If so, he might actually end up at home, safe and sound, this very day. He grabbed his crutch and headed up the ridge to the east. After what seemed like hours, he crested the ridge and looked down into the next valley. The valley looked like it might have been beautiful sometime in the past, but now ridges and hillsides were leveled and terraced, there were large areas of bare earth, and the main creek was artificially diverted in several places. Some kind of linear, narrow flat area ran for about a mile down one side of the valley. He sat down and anxiously searched the valley for any sign of people. He heard a faint rumble. Then the rumble increased until it became a metallic roar, and as the roar reached a crescendo, a speeding train came tearing out of a tunnel he'd not yet noticed. The train flashed by so fast he couldn't even estimate how many cars it had. It disappeared into another tunnel, and in seconds it was gone, leaving a dwindling rumble in its wake.

Woody sat there in awe and disbelief. How could there be a train in the middle of a wilderness? It was totally unbelievable! It was a nightmare! He'd heard that a high-speed rail was going to be built in California sometime in the future, and he remembered some sort of controversy about one of the proposed routes going through a wilderness. But he'd figured that could never actually happen, so he hadn't given it much thought. "Hey, wait!" he shouted, "They couldn't have put the train in that fast." He turned around in confusion and quickly hobbled down the hillside. He kept gaining speed, started losing control, and suddenly tripped, his crutch flying one way and his body another . . . and he woke up in his sleeping bag.

Woody quickly packed up and started to hobble west. It might take him several days to get out. "Rain or no rain, broken ankle or not, I'm going home," he thought. "I have an important issue to deal with." As he crested the first ridge to the west, and saw a pink glow in the sky, he found the wind blowing much harder on the ridge top than it had been in the valley, and he heard the pleasant, soothing roar of the wind in the pine trees around him.



## California High Speed Rail and Henry W. Coe State Park

As unbelievable as it may sound, the California High-Speed Rail Authority has proposed two potential routes for the high-speed train that would go right through the Orestimba Wilderness of Henry W. Coe State Park. These routes are two of four proposed routes through the Diablo mountain range.

If you would like to make comments, you can contact the Authority at:

California High-Speed Rail Authority  
925 L Street, Suite 1425  
Sacramento, CA 95814  
916/324-1541

You may also want to contact your state legislative representatives. If you have an opinion, let it be known!

The High Speed Rail Authority has scheduled a public meeting on the Draft Environmental Impact Report in San Jose on May 26 from 3:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m., but at this time they have not announced a location, nor does it appear on their website. For more information, go to the website for the **Advocates for Coe Park** at [www.CoeAdvocates.org](http://www.CoeAdvocates.org).



## Park News

Michael Ferry,  
Supervising Ranger

Spring/summer is here. The park is alive! Lots to report!

I first would like to thank all of you for the wonderful warm welcome to Henry W. Coe State Park. I have spent some time with many of you hiking, biking, and riding in the park and have learned much. I look forward to future visits. A special thanks to the Coe staff, San Juan Bautista staff, and all of you who have assisted me in my introduction.

Let's start with the "not so good news" first. State Park use fees will be going up as of July 1 to cover budget shortfalls. This will include Henry Coe State Park. The exact fee schedule for Coe is still being reviewed, but it is estimated that fees will increase by only a few dollars in each of the user group areas.

For the upcoming 2004-05 budget, State Parks must reduce its operating expenses by an additional \$15 million, which is a total reduction of \$35 million over a four-year period. Most of the State Park's budget goes to wages and benefits, so this would mean cutting an additional 250 permanent and 800 seasonal employees and closing more than 100 parks. By raising fees, the department won't have to cut jobs or close parks.

There will be a new restroom/shower facility going in at the campground at the Coe Park headquarters. It will be located at campsite #1. The facility will include three restrooms and three shower rooms. Ground breaking is scheduled for June 1<sup>st</sup>.

The Ranch House renovation is very close to completion. The house received new concrete footing, electrical and plumbing fixtures, and a staircase. The interior also received a new finish. We hope to open it up soon after a few more repairs are completed. Check it out.

We anticipate moving into the new park office at Kickham Ranch on June 1<sup>st</sup>. Cameron Bowers, Randy Neufeld, Jeannine Koshear, and I will all have offices there.

The Dowdy Ranch day-use project broke ground April 15. This is both exciting and challenging at the same time. The project will have a resource monitor during the construction phase to ensure that endangered wildlife and archeological sites are not disturbed. The project should continue through the summer and fall (more on the Dowdy in the next issue of



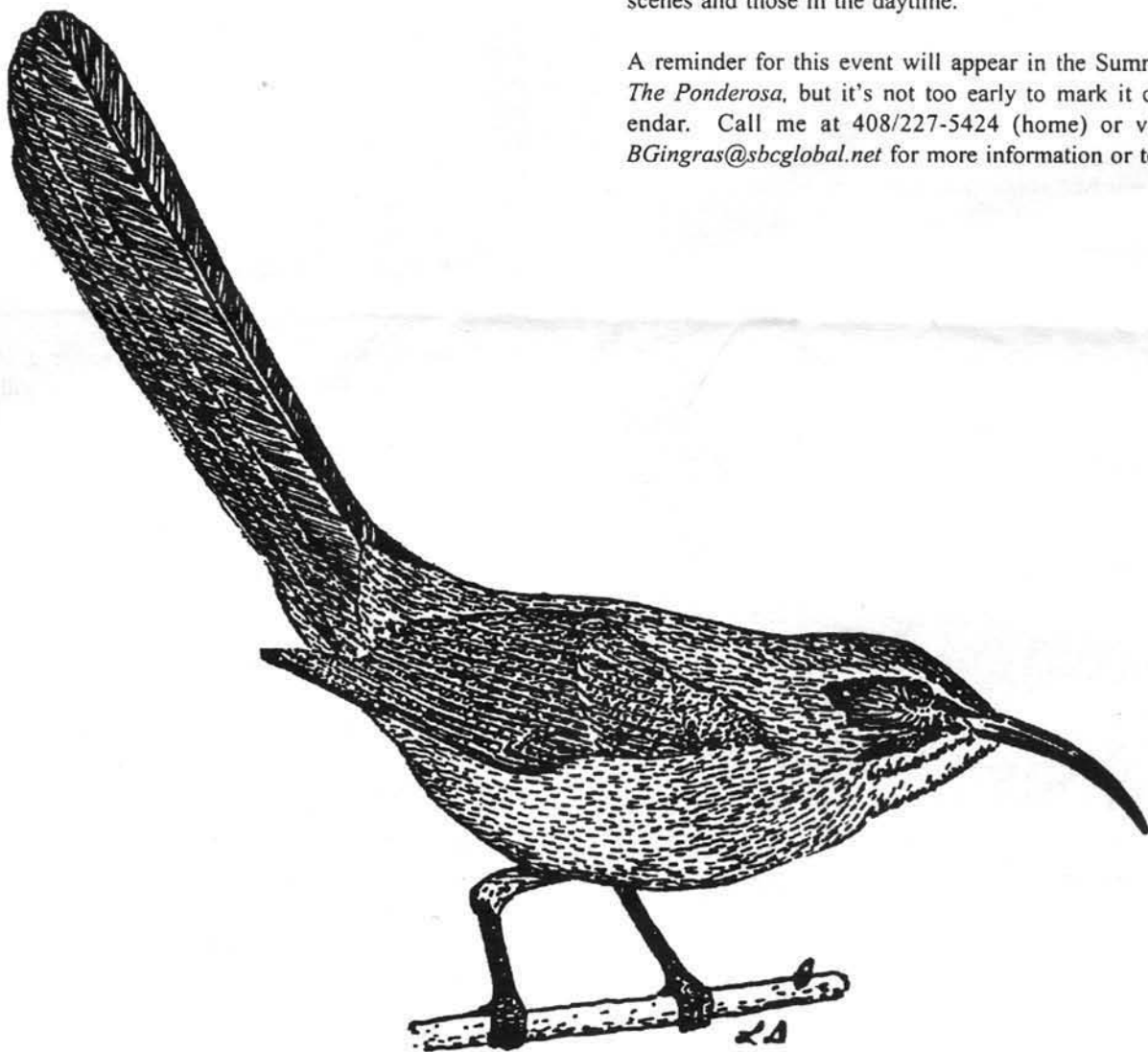


*The Ponderosa*). The Burra Burra hike take place as usual in August with a slight relocation.

Last, I would like to congratulate the Pine Ridge Association, which received the Monterey District "Cooperating Association of the Year" award. This is a wonderful achievement within the Monterey District (tough competition). The award was presented at the Monterey District All Hands Staff meeting on April 14<sup>th</sup> at the Asilomar State Beach Conference Grounds. Anne and Winslow Briggs, Dennis Pinion, and Bob Patrie attended the ceremony to receive the award. They also had the opportunity to meet the director, Ruth Coleman. Good job!

Thanks to all for your hard work this spring. I am proud to be part of this wonderful place called "Coe." Have a happy and safe summer!

© 2004 California State Parks



## **August 28–29: Moonlight-Daylight Hike-Hike by Bill Gingras**

With the spring wildflower season well under way, it's not too early to start thinking about a late summer hike under a full moon in Coe Park.

The Moonlight-Daylight Hike-Hike has been a PRA tradition for many years. This year, the event will take place on the weekend of August 28<sup>th</sup> and 29<sup>th</sup>.

Arrive when you want on Saturday and spend the afternoon hiking or just relaxing. After we have finished eating our dinners together and when the sun exits the scene and the moon rises, we set out on a hike (no flashlights!) to a destination where we can listen to the night sounds and view what the Coe landscape looks like to the night creatures. It is a wonderful experience. The following morning, we repeat the hike and observe the differences between the night sounds and scenes and those in the daytime.

A reminder for this event will appear in the Summer issue of *The Ponderosa*, but it's not too early to mark it on your calendar. Call me at 408/227-5424 (home) or via email at [BGingras@sbcglobal.net](mailto:BGingras@sbcglobal.net) for more information or to sign up.

## PRA Financial Highlights—2003

by Dan McCranie, Treasurer

The Pine Ridge Association grew in net assets in FY-2003, but at a substantially slower rate than in FY-2002. We continued to increase our net assets through donations and fundraising events, but we had several elements that contributed to lower asset gain. These elements were:

- Visitor Center sales that were lower by 9%, resulting in \$3,000 lower profits for the year.
- Management expenses that were about 12% higher, due primarily to printing costs.
- A negative inventory adjustment of \$4,000 due to (hopefully, a temporary) misplacement of six cartons of Coe maps.
- Donations were down about \$6,000.
- Depreciation expense of our new Xerox copier of about \$1,400.

These elements combined to deliver an equity increase of about \$13,000 in FY-2003 as opposed to an increase of \$33,000 in FY-2002. The summary balance sheet is shown below:

	<u>Year 2003</u>	<u>Year 2002</u>	<u>Change</u>
<b>ASSETS</b>			
Cash/Cash Equivalents	\$237,609	\$228,869	\$8,740
Investments	\$60,323	\$56,964	\$3,359
Inventory	\$55,951	\$53,445	\$2,506
Equipment	\$8,687	\$10,859	(\$2,172)
<b>Total Assets</b>	<b>\$362,570</b>	<b>\$350,137</b>	<b>\$12,433</b>
<b>LIABILITIES</b>			
Accounts Payable	\$0	\$609	(\$609)
Sales Tax Payable	\$714	\$925	(\$211)
<b>Total Liabilities</b>	<b>\$714</b>	<b>\$1,534</b>	<b>(\$820)</b>
<b>NET EQUITY</b>	<b>\$361,856</b>	<b>\$348,603</b>	<b>\$13,253</b>

## PRA Calendar

*Saturday to Monday, May 29–31: Memorial Day Weekend Activities at Coe Park.* Starting at 10 a.m. on Saturday is a moderately strenuous hike on the Middle Ridge/Fish Trail loop (starting from the Coe Park Visitor Center). Also on Saturday at 10 a.m. is a discovery hike to the waterfall in Coon Hunter's Gulch (starting from the Hunting Hollow Entrance). Starting at 10 a.m. on Sunday (at the Hunting Hollow Entrance) there will be a moderately strenuous hike to Willson Ridge. On Saturday and Sunday evenings at 8 p.m. are interpretive programs at the Coe Park Visitor Center. On Sunday and Monday, wildflower walks will be held at 11 a.m. and 2 p.m. starting from the Visitor Center. For more information, please check out the Coe website at [www.coepark.org/programs.html](http://www.coepark.org/programs.html) or call the Coe Park Visitor Center (408/779-2728) for more information.

*Saturday, June 12: Sixth Annual Hunting Hollow 10K Run/5K Walk.* Join us for a day of fun and great exercise! If you haven't had a chance to explore the Hunting Hollow area, this is a great opportunity to do so. For more information about the event and to receive an application form (or to get inspired by seeing pictures from last year's race), please check out this link on the Coe website: <http://www.coepark.org/hh-10k.html>. Proceeds benefit the Coe Park Visitor Center Expansion project.

*Saturday, June 19: A Summer Barn Dance.* Come dance to the music of the Tarantulas Jug Band, have a country supper, and enjoy other entertainment. See the enclosed flyer or call Rosemary Rideout (408/847-5729) for more information or to purchase tickets.

*Saturday, August 14: Deadline to submit applications to become a Uniformed Volunteer.* More information about the Uniformed Volunteer Program will be provided in the next issue. In the meantime, for more information about what a Uniformed Volunteer does, please check out this link on the Coe website: <http://www.coepark.org/volprogram.html>.

*Saturday, August 28 & Sunday, August 29: Burra Burra Moonlight/Daylight Hike weekend.* See article on page 8 for more information and to sign up for the weekend.

*Saturday, October 2: Sixth Annual Fall TarantulaFest and Barbecue.* Save the date on your calendar for this very enjoyable event. More details will be provided later. In the meantime, check out the Coe website at [www.coepark.org/ffest.html](http://www.coepark.org/ffest.html) or contact the Coe Park Visitor Center (408/779-2728) for more information.