



The Ponderosa

The Pine Ridge Association Newsletter
Henry W. Coe State Park

June 1994

From under My Brim

by Barry Breckling



The Bluebird of Happiness

It was a funny shaped lot at the edge of town. Maybe someday they could afford to build their dream home there. But for now they lived in a fine little house in town, and they could take their son out to the property and enjoy the wildflowers, the single large oak tree, and the iridescent bluebirds.

Mom spread the tablecloth on the green spring grass beneath the large oak, being careful not to put it on any of the brodiaeas, farewell-to-springs, mariposa lilies, or the other wildflowers that were in bloom all around. She reached into the wicker picnic basket and took out the blue enamel plates and plastic silverware, as well as the salt and pepper shakers with little buttons on the top that when pushed released sprinkles out the bottom. They munched on cold chicken and devoured Mom's great potato salad. Mom always brought cut-up celery, carrots, and radishes to nibble on.

As they ate, they watched a beautiful male bluebird land on top of an elderberry bush lush with cream-colored blossoms. It flew off, hovered a moment, dropped to the ground, and picked up some sort of insect. Then it flew off to a small

hole in the large oak. Dad said that if you had bluebirds at the place you called home, you knew that everything was right with the world. They could hear the high-pitched begging of the young in the nest. A scrub jay was making a racket on the other side of the tree, and several acorn woodpeckers were yakking at each other somewhere off in the distance.

A few lady bugs wandered onto the red and white tablecloth. Dad said that they weren't actually bugs but rather beetles and should properly be called ladybird beetles. The tablecloth was pretty good camouflage, but the young boy found the beetles and spent a half hour playing with them, one at a time, until each had flown away.

They finished lunch and put everything back into the wicker basket. Mom and Dad pulled out the blue Bicycle playing cards and played some pinochle. Their son went searching for blue-belly lizards with the noose his father had made from the longest piece of wild oats they could find. All the oats had been stripped off and the very slender tip was tied back on itself with a slip knot. The noose was adjusted to be a little bit bigger than a lizard's head. The boy easily caught a small lizard and played with it for a while, then let

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. . . and more!

it go. He knew his father would make him let it go anyway.

There was a constant peaceful babbling in the background from the creek that flowed on the west side of the property. The whole family took off their shoes and rolled up their pants and waded in the creek. The boy tried to catch the little fish with his hands, but they were too fast. He was able to catch a few polliwogs, and he put them in an empty olive jar they had. Dad told him that he could take the polliwogs home as long as he took care of them and returned them to the creek after they turned into frogs.

Dark, heavy clouds started rolling in, and the family quickly grabbed their things and moved closer to the trunk of the large tree. The day had started out so beautiful that they had decided to leave the car at home and walk the mile to the property. The rain came down hard but only for a short time. The tree provided good shelter, so they only got a little wet, and the sun soon popped back out. The trees and grass were glistening, and the air was filled with that earthy smell that comes with a fresh rain.

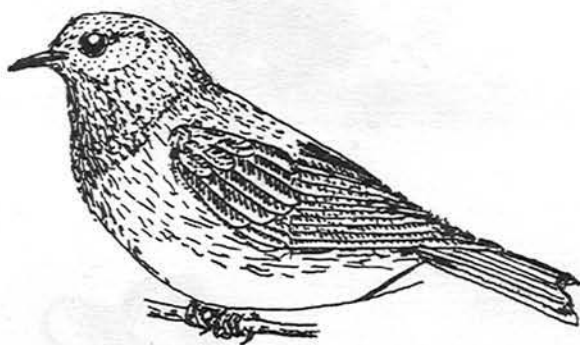
Ten years later the family fell on hard times, and they were forced to sell the funny shaped lot. It wasn't as hard to sell as they'd thought it would be. The town had grown. Now asphalt roads with sidewalks, curbs, and gutters edged the property on two sides, and their funny shaped lot was surrounded by houses. The new owners split the property into four smaller lots and built a large house for themselves on the lot with the large oak. During the construction, dirt was pushed up around the oak and the trunk began to rot. The tree died a few years later, but it did provide good firewood for a couple years.

The year the new owners moved in, the little creek overflowed, and the basement of the new house flooded. But they were lucky because the next summer the County dug out the creek and put in concrete walls and bottom. They also put a chain link fence topped with barbed wire along the edge of the concrete-encased creek to keep kids out. The steep walls were a hazard to children, and the scummy water probably harbored diseases and bad chemicals; after all, you couldn't find fish or frogs there anymore. Something had killed them.

In front and behind the house were glistening green lawns. The lawn behind the house was eventually removed because chlorine from the swimming pool kept killing the grass. The owners put in concrete. As years went by, the front lawn did not glisten as much, and it was a lot of work to keep

up. The owners concreted in the whole front yard, but to give it that natural touch they painted the concrete green.

At a fine little house in town, a family tore up the old concrete patio in the backyard and planted some wildflower seeds and a single acorn. They repaired the bird house that a pair of bluebirds had used for the past three years. They felt confident that the bluebirds would be back.



The Wild Turkey by Millicent Kellogg

Plump, crackling skin, cranberries on the side, bread stuffing tumbling out. Warm rooms and warm words and warm hugs. Conversation wanes as appetites peak. The ubiquitous turkey dinner. Now look at it from the turkey's point of view.

Every turkey tale worth telling starts with Benjamin Franklin. He is said to have proposed the turkey as the national bird because, as he was quoted, "the bald eagle was a Bird of bad moral Character," "very lousy," and "a rank coward." That wasn't the reason, actually. He proposed it because the barnyard turkey of his day was dirty, ugly, and stupid, and he being a wag, thought the politicians of the day shared such promise. It was put to a vote and lost in Congress by one vote.

Turkeys were found only in the Americas and had been domesticated somewhat by the Aztecs about 2,000 years ago. Cortés brought those domesticated birds to Europe where they were prized for their large size and gamey flavor. The name is said to derive from the fact that, at the time of their

introduction to England, it was customary to refer to foreign traders as Turks, and turkey meant "a foreign bird." Its scientific name, *Meleagris gallopavo*, means in Latin, "a Guinea fowl, a peacock."

The turkey was brought back to America by the colonists, but it bore little resemblance to its ancestor, the wild turkey. Like the ones found in pens and supermarkets today, the domesticated turkey was a big blocky character, short-legged, heavy-breasted, short-necked, slightly rumped, meaty, and intellectually challenged. Commercial raisers have noted since that the barnyard turkey often has to be taught to eat and drink, and they become easily lost. More recently, the color has been changed to all white, so that in the market any unplucked pin feathers will not be seen by the consumer.

The wild turkey, however, is a distilled embodiment of everything the tame turkey has lost. It is long-legged, powerful in flight, and fleet afoot—a jogging hen has been clocked at an easy 12 miles per hour and could make it 20 if inspired. It is also canny, resourceful, alert, and a survivor. Even the biggest wild turkey needs only a few swift steps before roaring vertically into the air to tower over tall trees and vanish into the canyon with only an occasional power stroke. Having the bird pass you treetop high at 50 miles per hour is intimidating enough; having it launch out of cover a few yards ahead is paralyzing.

In the early 1800s, there was an estimated population of seven to ten million birds in the United States. Turkey became an item of frontier subsistence and later a commercial endeavor. At first, a wild turkey could be bought for 6¢ at an eastern market. By 1880 the price had risen to \$1 per bird, and in 1905 a gobbler could bring \$5. By 1930 there were only an estimated 20,000 birds roaming free. Destruction of the normal habitat contributed to its decline, but the chopped and razed forests actually provided good habitat to this adaptable bird. The gun was more efficient than the axe, and the turkey was overhunted, like the bison and the panther. Diseases from domesticated poultry killed the turkey as well.

Efforts were made to increase the number of turkeys in the wild, including a ploy by the agricultural equivalent of the Army Corp of Engineers to introduce game/farm hybrids bred exclusively for release in the wild. It was a sublime failure. The tame birds' behavior was moderately absurd. They would move to new feeding places by strutting slowly down the yellow stripe on the highway, eat tomatoes from backyard gardens, stand and gaze at humans with guns, defecate copiously on car hoods and roof tops, and attack children and motorcycles. It is estimated that 100% of the game/farm birds died in the wild. Unfortunately the diseases

they brought with them killed many wild birds, too. The diseases are still a problem in the east and southeast.

There are probably three million wild turkeys in the United States now, and there are one and a half million licensed hunters poking about, trying to bag them. The wild turkey is a formidable prey, however. Their eyesight, sense of hearing, and sense of smell are extraordinarily acute, and they more often than not spot the hunter first.

The mating season begins in February and lasts through June. The male does not select a particular hen for a mate. Rather, he claims a small clearing, and early each morning he gobbles and struts his hour upon the stage, hoping to attract the hens to him. He throws caution to the wind, parades with plumage erect, tail fanned, head ornaments swollen, dragging his wings until the tips touch earth, the quills rattling against stones and leaves. Looking like a Volkswagen with the doors open, he fluffs his feathers so the sun's rays reflect their iridescent sheen and gobbles softly to his hopefully swooning hen friend. He is more regal than goofy.

Unlike the testes of mammals, those of birds vary with the seasons. During the mating season, they may be several hundred times larger than during the rest of the year and can account for as much as one-tenth of the male's body weight. The enlargement of the testes is triggered by the amount of light filtered through the skull to the brain—not the amount perceived by the eye. As the days lengthen into spring, hormones are produced that initiate the enlargement of the testes, as well as the ovaries of the female. The greater amounts of hormone also result in brighter skin coloring on the male's neck—into deep shades of red and blue. It is then, all things being in order, the gobbler mounts the hen from the rear, and in a single copulation, leaves sufficient sperm to fertilize eggs laid over a long period of time, up to two months.

The nest is usually concealed in grass or shrubs or a shallow depression lined with dead leaves and grass. The hen lays eight to fifteen buff-colored eggs sprinkled with dots of brown and purple, usually two to two and a half inches long. Incubation is 25 to 28 days, and it may take a day or two to hatch the whole brood. At first they follow the hen, stumbling over rocks and twigs, but at two weeks they are strong enough to fly to low branches, roosting under the body, wings, and tail of their mother.

Their diet is mainly seeds, nuts, especially acorns, fruit, leaves of many plants, insects, grasshoppers, whatever they can swallow. Hard-shelled nuts and acorns are swallowed whole and are rotated in the gizzard two or three times a minute. The gizzard can be extraordinarily effective—objects

that require more than 400 pounds per square inch to crush have been flattened within a day when fed experimentally to a turkey.

Wild turkeys can live to be twelve years old or more, provided they have eluded their natural enemies—fox, cougar, wild pig, coyote, and human with gun. But those that do survive are hardy, clever, and wary. It is difficult to outwit a turkey. They have no wits to speak of, but they are all eyes, ears, long legs, and powerful wings.

In Coe Park they are less suspicious of people than in Virginia or Arkansas, so you can pause and watch them ducking under the wire fences along the road, or when hiking you may see them stalking through the grass, snatching 'hoppers and heads of grain. You might even see them at Bass Pond, drinking and checking the horizon between sips. But mostly, you will just hear them yelp, cluck, purr, gobble, gurgle, and hum through the trees, on top of the fog, and always over the next rise.

Did You Know?

Cone scales are arranged in definite spiral rows. Counting from the left or the right reveals different numbers, but the values are always members of the Fibonacci Series and constant for a given species of conifer. For ponderosa pine the numbers are 5 and 8, for the similar-looking Jeffrey pine 8 and 13.

DPinion

The Mounted Patrol at Coe Park by Phyllis Drake

Browsing through the Henry Coe Park history book during a quiet period at the visitor center, I ran across the entry for June 12, 1981, noting that Ranger Joe White had contacted the San Martin Horseman's Association about starting a volunteer mounted patrol unit at the park.

Barbara and Jim Gregory, Karen and Jim Mansel, and I are the five remaining Ranger White recruits. Four of us were working in the visitor center that day, so it was just natural to begin reminiscing—and doing a lot of laughing, too.

Nearly 13 years have passed, and a lot of water (causing floods and landslides) has gone under the bridge (the

East Dunne Avenue has been damaged at least twice by slides and earthquakes) since Ranger White thought it would be a good idea for the park to have a patrol group similar to the one serving Cuyamaca Rancho State Park in southern California.

The volunteer program was in its infancy, all eight volunteers signed on in 1980, and the park was just beginning to metamorphose from Sada Coe's mountain ranch into the second largest California state park.

Thirty willing souls promised to put a portion of their lives—we signed on for a minimum of 96 hours of patrol work per year and 40 hours of training—into Ranger White's hands. The training ranged from the harrowing—you haven't had a real equestrian experience until you meet "backpacker White" popping out of the underbrush in orange pack filled with rattling cans and dangling mess kits as you and your horse climb a rain-slick Coe slope—to lyrical—Ranger White, a tear occasionally sliding down his cheek, reading Sada's stories while we lolled under the ponderosas on Blue Ridge.

Our ride-along experiences were pretty special, too. Kate Foley, who was a back country ranger at the time, would call one of us before she made a back country patrol, and we would race madly to meet her at Bell Station so we could experience the park in a one-on-one tutorial outing.

Not all of us survived the training. Ranks diminished even more when the mounted patrol group was merged into the volunteer program—some just were not interested in staying off their mounts long enough to work at the visitor center or give interpretive programs, even though the hours requirement was cut almost in half.

It was a good thing the hours requirement was reduced, too, since the park was closed one summer because of fire danger and was cut off from civilization—and prospective visitors—twice thanks to mudslides and earthquakes.

Those of us who stayed to become volunteers came to like all the aspects of volunteering in the park and learned much, much more than we ever expected about the park—its ecology, flora and fauna, history, and visitors.

What has it been like out on the trails? Interesting, always interesting.

When we were novices and riding as a pair, Barbara and I had nervous encounters with a bow hunter (Do we tell him now or wait to radio Barry when we are out of sight? We opted to wait.) and coastal deer season as we hoofed along Blue Ridge to the echoing sound of rifle fire.

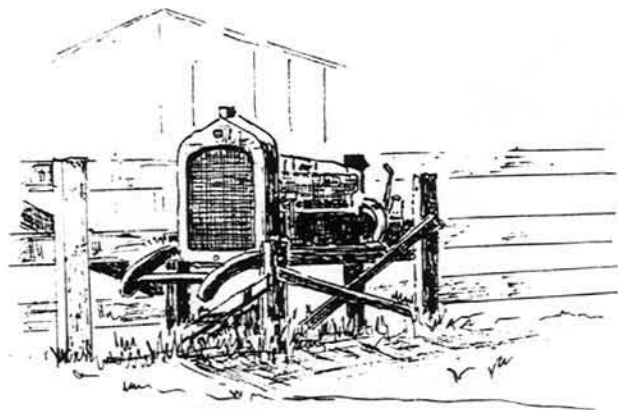
And speaking of fire, we remember returning late in the afternoon from a loop of Blue Ridge and sighting smoke rising from the direction of Mustang Peak. We radioed headquarters, kept up a running report of how the smoke was increasing, and only left the ridge when we saw a helicopter headed for the fire area. Barry and George Gray made a needless and rough trip across the park to discover that the fire was outside the eastern boundary in the Garzas Creek drainage. We felt good, however, because, to this day, it has been our only patrol deed that made the park history book. No one ever records herding cows, pruning trails, handing out water to overheated hikers and bikers, setting cross-country hikers back on the right path, calling for help for overextended explorers, or making little people smile when our horses come on the scene.

Patrolling has its hazards. Jim Gregory—he took a few years' hiatus from the volunteers, but he just had to come back—remembers when he and Jim and Karen Mansel stopped to water their horses at Mahoney Pond. Jim dismounted, Karen reached for his horse's reins, the horse did a 360° turn and tossed Jim into the pond for a dead-of-winter dip. He was really cool on mounted patrols when he returned from that ride!

Karen and the two Jims have gathered the reputation of being the patrol "nightriders" because they try to cover huge chunks of park on each patrol and have to find their horsetrainers in the dark. They have also bounced down more than one steep Coe slope trying to remove downed trees from trails. So far no broken bones, but a few bruises.

Mounted patrol volunteers aren't so different from any other volunteer. We probably just have a few more scratches, poison oak, and tick bites than most. We like what we do for Coe, we just would rather be on the trail when we do it.

Thirteen years have gone by rapidly. The park is still growing. Something new—animal, vegetable, or mineral—is waiting to be discovered over the next ridge. God willing, we are all looking forward to the next thirteen years.



Coe Park News

by Kay S. Robinson



There is so much going on, I'm not sure where to begin. As you have heard, read, or *experienced*, the Orestimba Experience was just that! Of course, it wasn't until after the 300-vehicle limit was reached that the rain started. A truck-and-trailer rig was the first to slither sideways on the road, quickly followed by another horse rig, a van, then a pickup. Through the valiant efforts of park staff Sam Craig, Rick Perez, Rosario Lopez, and Dean Meyer (and Derrick Tischler on Sunday), and after grading three inches of muck off the road, the procession of two hundred day-use vehicles eventually left the park. All were out by 7 p.m. Saturday with the exception of a dysfunctional truck. With the assistance of Dean Meyer and Doug Meyers, the truck was left in place, the trailer was taken to Bell Station, and the horse and owner made it home to Gilroy by about 11:30 p.m. thanks to volunteer Chere Barger and her "horse taxi" service. The rain was continuing unabated, so Sunday's event was canceled. The routine of Saturday worked well so that, after grading the road, all vehicles were able to leave the park by about 4:30 p.m. In spite of adversity, mud, and muck, a great time was had by all, with the bottom line that this will probably be tackled again next year by a PRA-appointed steering committee. Everyone pray for a window of sunshine!

Secondly, the architectural plans for the expansion of the visitor center are coming along. The Plan Review and Interpretive Display Groups recently met to review Phase Two—the Design Development Phase. Key features of the new building are 1500 square feet of new display, project, and storage space, a gabled roofline, handicap access to the museum rooms level, spacious views to the ridge south of the park, and about 400 square feet dedicated to the interpretation of Native Americans. Now that the building plans are coming together, fundraising will start in earnest. Stay tuned for new developments, or stop by the visitor center to see the plans.

Administratively, the Coe Sector of the Four Rivers District is moving ahead with plans for a sector office in Gilroy. I anticipate that we'll have an "office warming" party by the beginning of fall. Finally the backcountry staff and I will have a place to call home, store our supplies, and park our vehicles rather than in the back pocket of San Juan Bautista State Historic Park. Another new development is the hiring of a Park Maintenance Supervisor. Interviews were held at the end of May, and the new Coe State Park staff member will be on board by the end of June. The supervisor will assume responsibilities in the areas of road and facility

maintenance, budgeting, purchasing, supervision, and trails and springs development. We all look forward to greeting him and showing him the wonders of Coe. How long do you think it will take him to find (and then return from) Shortcut? Rooster Comb? Coe Headquarters???

Congratulations to the PRA for successfully launching the interim opening of the Coyote Creek Entrance. It was well received by the public, and next year's operation will go even more smoothly, I'm sure. Hats off to David Perrin and Harry Council for their persistence and unflagging effort in providing support for that operation. Both the Coyote Creek entrance opening and the Orestimba Experience gained revenue for the Pine Ridge Association, to the tune of about \$2,000.

Projects we have on line in the park in the near future are:

- ☛ Installing sturdier gates at Bell Station and Dowdy Ranch
- ☛ Reroofing the Pacheco Camp main building
- ☛ Building a trail to James Spring
- ☛ Replacing the ramadas at the headquarters campground
- ☛ Re-aligning the gates and fences in the area of Long Ridge
- ☛ Initiating a resource review of the Redfern addition
- ☛ Installing stobbers around parking areas at the headquarters

So stay tuned for more developments, enhanced staff, new sector office space, fundraising, visitor center expansion, next year's Orestimba Experience, and a myriad of facility improvement projects in and about the park. In the meantime, stay dry and muck-free.

Letter to the Editors: Park Service People Did a Tremendous Job!

Between the Coast Ranges and the Sierras, the mountainous areas between Highways 5 and 101 offer a completely unique ecology, the choice parts of which are relatively inaccessible to muddlers like me. Sure, I have driven over Mt. Hamilton a few times (no access there, UC unfriendly), pattered around Pinoche (Mt. Idria is a shameful ecological disaster), and explored Upper Cottonwood Creek off Highway 152 (full of ticks, but beautiful flowers if you are lucky to be there at the right time). There is even a No Parking sign near Sunol that the San Francisco Water Co. had put up for my especial benefit. In all of this range, the Henry W. Coe State Park is the prime target. I have gone in through Dunne Road (out of Morgan Hill) many times and in by

Gilroy Hot Springs, but the road out of Bell Station (off Highway 152) into the Orestimba Wilderness has been closed to me for very practical reasons: I can't hike that far anymore, and the last time I packed in and slept on the ground, it took me over an hour before I could walk the next morning. (The Golden Years are not all they're cracked up to be!)

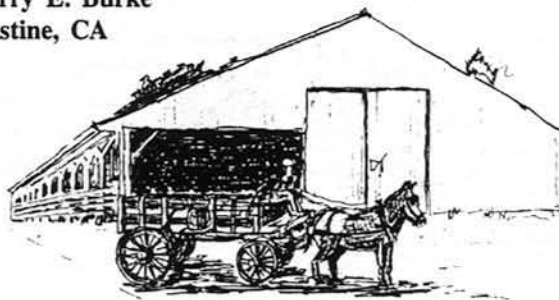
Needless to say, the recent announcement concerning the 300-car exclusive Orestimba Experience was an opportunity I could not resist. There were only about 100 cars ahead of me when I arrived an hour early. The drive in was exciting—just to be there! But it soon became obvious that the space estimate for 300 cars was a bit optimistic. No problem. We found a little off-road layby near a creek. My six-year-old granddaughter promptly hooked six good-sized fish (kind not recognized) in less than a half hour. Already the trip was a success!

Then it started to rain. A number of attendees decided to leave, including me. Trail hiking not now recommended. The steeper parts of the road soon became impassible. We barely made it out of the layby before it became a bog. We ended up in one long line, strung along the only available space—on the road. Some four-wheeler machos, trying to show the rest of us how it was done, ended up blocking the road. Horse trailers ended up in the ditch. Considering the state of the road and the steepness of the hill facing us, I could see no way out of our predicament. I expected to stay parked in that line for at least two days. (We had enough food and sleeping space in my big van, if it came to that.)

Fortunately for us all, our State Park Service people had more imagination than I. Exercising heroic measures, they brought in a blade and (addressing a mile or so of the steepest parts) scraped the top two or three inches of mud off the surface of the road. We only had to wait in line for four hours. While little girls tend to be impatient, as far as I was concerned it was a miracle. The Park Service people did a tremendous job.

Save a place for me next year.

Harry E. Burke
Gustine, CA



**Project Approval Process
in Henry W. Coe State Park**
by Joe D. Hood, State Historian II
California State Park System

I would like to offer my thanks to all the Pine Ridge Association volunteers. Your work and dedication over the years has provided the staff of Coe State Park the kind of support needed to protect and operate this park.

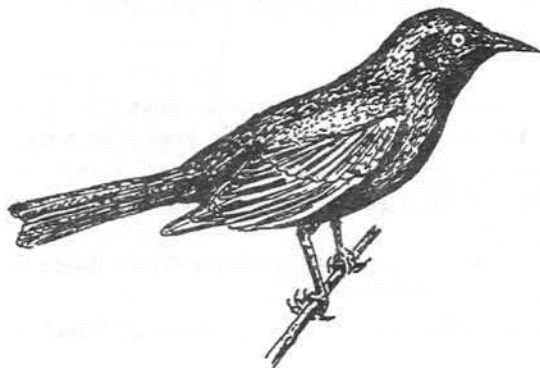
Our state parks need your support in order to protect the resources for which they were established. Some resources are renewable, but many are not, and if they are lost, they are gone.

Park visitors enjoy a variety of different features of the park. This often creates a bit of a quandary in our efforts to protect the resources of the park and at the same time allow people to enjoy the park without damaging or destroying those same resources. And of course if we don't protect those resources, we lose the park.

This is why the state has established policies and procedures for evaluating the impact of any project on the resources, whether natural or cultural. These procedures provide a review process that evaluates each project's usefulness, determines if the resources would be affected, and reviews the alternatives.

It is a very simple process. A staff member or volunteer committee recommends a project. The project lead and the district superintendent review it and begin the CEQA (California Environmental Quality Act) and PRC 5024 review process. Then the project is reviewed and inspected by qualified professionals to assess impacts to natural and cultural resources. No project can be implemented unless this process is followed.

An article that I will supply for an upcoming issue of *The Ponderosa*: Is *Coccidioidomycosis* (Valley Fever) from archeological sites as lethal to horses as it is to humans?



Mother's Day Breakfast

by Lee Sims, Chair

The threat of rain and the threat of fog did not deter 330 hearty and hungry people from enjoying the 10th Annual Mother's Day Breakfast. Because of rain on Friday and Saturday, the breakfast was moved to the headquarters campground from the planned new site, the Ridge View Campsite. The headquarters, with its wide views across southern Santa Clara County to the Gavilan range and beyond Willow Ridge to the far reaches of Coe and beyond, provided a fine backdrop for good music and food.

For you numbers freaks, we parked 95 cars (3.44 people per car), devoured about 1,000 eggs, 1,000 sausages, 500 biscuits, 200 pounds of potatoes, 20 gallons of orange juice, and served about 360 meals in less than 2½ hours.

The whole event would not have been possible without the dedicated energy and experience of the 30 volunteers who did all the work. Also we got great help from **Dom's Restaurant**, **Lucky's Supermarket**, and **Kentucky Fried Chicken** in Morgan Hill and **Daisy Fresh Egg Farm** in San Martin. Patronize these places.

Finally a note on Mother's Day Breakfast ticket sales:

There was some question this year as to how the tickets for the Mother's Day Breakfast were sold and distributed. The event has been sold out every year for the past nine years, and unfortunately some people do not get tickets.

This year we only advertised at the park headquarters and in *The Ponderosa*. Tickets went on sale on Friday, April 15. Our policy is that, on the first day, anyone driving to the park for tickets will get them. Then we will fill mail order requests. At the end of Friday the 15th there were still 57 tickets left after fulfilling all mail and over-the-counter requests. We have never sold out on the first day. This year we sold out on Monday, the 18th. All mail requests that arrived before Monday were honored, all walk-ins before Monday were honored, and some mail requests that arrived on Monday were honored. The last tickets went to a request mailed on Saturday the 16th. We also keep a waiting list—several parties on the list got tickets this year.

Until we have too many requests from walk-ins and mail on the first day, we will continue our present policy. We also expect to be able to serve more people next year.

An Invitation to Join the Volunteer Program

Would you like to learn more about Henry W. Coe State Park—its history, interesting animals, beautiful wildflowers, singing birds—and share your knowledge with park visitors? Then consider joining approximately 100 others who donate some of their time to the Volunteer Program of the Pine Ridge Association.

The Volunteer Program adds to the park visitor's knowledge, interest, enjoyment, and safety by assisting regular park employees through interpretation, operation of the visitor center, patrolling the park trails, and by carrying out special projects. Volunteers receive free admission to Coe Park and other state parks within the Four Rivers District, receive discounts on purchases from the PRA, and, more importantly, receive the satisfaction derived from doing a job well and providing a necessary service to the public and to the park. In addition, most volunteers find that the initial training and the continuing workshops and classes offered for volunteers each year are of significant value.

Topics tentatively scheduled for inclusion in the next series of training classes are geology and map reading, plant communities at Coe, ecology and animals of Coe, birds and wildflowers of Coe, history of Coe Park, being a volunteer, interpretive techniques, and first aid. Additional optional training classes will be held throughout spring 1995 on topics such as wildflowers, birds, tracking, and how to plan an interpretive program. Training will be held at the park on weekends from September 24 through January 1995; graduation will be held on 4 February 1995.

Applications are available now at Coe Park headquarters. August 27 is the deadline for receipt of applications. Applicants have their choice of interview dates (either Wednesday, August 31, or Saturday, September 3). If you have any questions, call the park at 408/779-2728.

Moonlight Daylight Burra Burra Hike Hike

by Lee Sims

Afraid of the Bogeyman? Afraid of the dark? Don't let that stop you from seeing the east side of Coe Park under the full August moon.

We will hike **without flashlights** from the Dowdy Ranch buildings around Burra Burra peak on Saturday night, August 20, after dark. The total distance is less than three miles. We will also ascend Burra Burra, a quick side trip, and view all of the Hamilton Range over to the Gavilan Range and beyond towards Big Sur, and also south beyond

Pacheco Pass to the San Carlos range—spectacular under moonlight. The following morning we will repeat the hike and observe the differences between night sounds and scenes and those in the daytime.

The Dowdy Ranch has toilet facilities. For camping—which is recommended—bring your own food, drinking water, camping gear, and a chair. Stoves but not utensils will be available. Plan to arrive after 1 p.m. and no later than 8:30 p.m. on Saturday, August 20.

If you are afraid of your shadow, you might not want to come. The moon will be so bright you will see your own shadow; the mood will be so dramatic you will feel the shadows of people who walked these same trails hundreds of years ago.

Call me at 415/726-4958 or Roberta Wright at 408/683-2219 for more information and to sign up.

1994 Coe Park Barbecue Raffle

by Millicent Kellogg

The raffle at the 1993 Fall Barbecue was a very profitable effort for the visitor center expansion (net \$705!). We want to do it again in 1994, and we need your help. Ideas for selling tickets: what would be a wildly successful method for getting the raffle tickets sold? Would you be willing to commit to selling 10 or 20 tickets? Items to raffle off: do you know of a company or outlet that would donate an item—preferably one connected in some way to hiking, biking, camping, or wildlife. For that matter, do you have any new, unused items at home that could be a raffle prize? So far we have six bird waterers, three bird feeders, a **great** tent, and the very famous bird afghan that Everett Allen resubmitted from last year. If you can help in any of these areas, please call me (408/779-3979) or Martie Sinclair (408/847-1193) and you will receive a warm verbal hug. If you have items you can donate, we will pick them up.

Retailers Stocking PRA Publications

by Lee Dittmann

Our thanks to the businesses who stock one or more PRA publications, including the trails book, the park brochure, and/or the trail and camping map. Those which have ordered from us since the beginning of the year are:

The Map Center, 63 Washington Street, Santa Clara

Monterey Street Books, 7499 Monterey Street, Gilroy

REI (Recreational Equipment, Inc.) 20640 Homestead Road, Cupertino (also with stores in San Carlos, Berkeley, and Concord that may stock our products)

Sierra Club Bookstore, 6014 College Avenue, Oakland

Western Mountaineering, 840 Town & Country Village, San Jose

If you know of other businesses or non-profit organizations that might like to carry our books, maps, booklets, or T-shirts, send me their addresses, and I will send them a wholesale catalog.

Membership by Lee Dittmann

As of April 30, the following people had joined our organization. Thank you all for your support and welcome to the Pine Ridge Association!

Larry J. Bernal, Jr., San Jose
Diane M. Blas, Morgan Hill
Theresa Bovey, San Jose
Garold Carlisle family, Morgan Hill
Dale Dyer, Morgan Hill
Brent Eastman, Capitola
Phil Frame, Los Gatos
Darlene Gibaut, Morgan Hill
Fiona Gleeson, San Jose
Barbara Gray, Morgan Hill
Barbara Hunnicutt, San Martin
Lo Lyness, Aptos
Marijane & Dave Maples, Morgan Hill
Joel Naumann, Morgan Hill
Gerry O'Day, Morgan Hill
Samuel G. Parker, Redwood City
Stanley G. Parker, Salinas
Matt Pauly, San Jose
Glenn Ryburn, San Rafael
Bruce & Carol Schlegel, Morgan Hill
Stan Sibley, San Francisco
Felix T. Smith, Palo Alto
Richard P. Van Zuylen, San Jose
Frederick G. Zwicker, Menlo Park



PRA Calendar

Tuesday, June 21: The official beginning of summer, the Summer Solstice, occurs at 7:49 a.m.

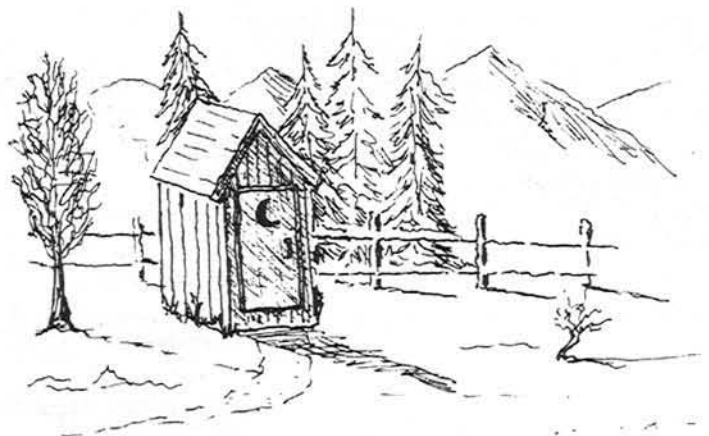
Thursday, July 28: The next regularly scheduled meeting of the PRA Board of Directors will be held at the home of Barbara Bessey and Kevin Gilmartin in Woodside, California. All PRA members are invited to attend. Please contact PRA Chair Dennis Pinion for more information (408/779-3916).

Saturday and Sunday, August 20 & 21: The annual Burra Burra hike. See the article on page 8. This is a wonderful opportunity to see the eastern side of the park near Dowdy Ranch by the light of the moon. Additional information about the weekend can be obtained from Roberta Wright (408/683-2219) or Lee Sims (415/726-4958).

Saturday, August 27: Deadline for submitting an application to become a PRA volunteer in Coe Park. Applications are available now at Coe Park headquarters (408/779-2728).

Wednesday, August 31, & Saturday, September 3: Persons interested in becoming PRA volunteers will be interviewed (see article on page 8 for details).

Sunday, September 25: The annual Fall Barbecue will be held at Coe Park headquarters. A flyer will be distributed to the membership later this summer.





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Henry Coe State Park
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Morgan Hill, CA 95038
(408) 779-2728

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Kay Robinson, Cooperating Associations Liaison
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The Ponderosa is a periodic publication of the Pine Ridge Association. Its 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 care of Henry W. Coe State Park, P.O. Box 846, Morgan Hill, CA 95038; or call 415/851-7813.

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