The Ponderosa

The Pine Ridge Association Newsletter

July 1991

From under My Brim

by Barry Breckling

"If I were to give my grandchildren my patriarchal blessing in the Mormon manner, I would tell them to be as powerless as possible, submit whenever you can, don't try to control the earth beyond the absolute minimum, work with the earth, not against it, for the earth does not belong to you, you belong to the earth." Hearing this Wallace Stegner quote reminded me of the story I told at a Mt. Diablo Interpretive Association meeting last year.

I left my home on the Coyote Creek just as the morning glow to the east made it light enough to see; and the shaman walked with me. As we crested a low set of hills, the beautiful Santa Clara Valley, flooded with a new-morning's sunlight, exploded into view. In the foothills below, still to be traversed, we saw a thousand pronghorn browsing on the low brush. We moved quietly, but they sensed our presence and ran off like the wind. The shaman said, "Someday people will come, and they will kill all the pronghorn, and they will be gone." We walked slowly up the valley enjoying the coolness of the morning tempered by the warm radiance of the sun on our backs. To the east and west we saw large columns of smoke, smoke from fires we knew our tribe and others had started to help the land. The shaman said, "Someday people will come, and they will stop the fires, and the land will become choked with debris, and when the fires finally come, as they always do, there will be great damage to the oaks and pines and to the animals."

We stopped in the shade of some alders along Penitencia Creek and leaned down and drank until we were full and then drank some more: we knew there would not be fresh water until we crossed the pass ahead. The shaman said, "Someday people will come, and they will pollute the water with chemicals, and it will be full of disease, and they will not be able to drink it." We waded knee-deep through the creek and splashed the cool, refreshing water over our bodies. As we climbed the opposite bank, we found ourselves exchanging startled stares with a grizzly bear not twenty yards away. We are a strong and brave people—we ran for the nearest tree, for we are not a stupid people either. The grizzly was right behind us, and it shook the tree with great violence as if trying to dislodge ripe fruit from its limbs. We marveled at the bear's strength and even its beauty as it finally lumbered off. The shaman said, "Someday people will come, and they will kill all the grizzlies, and they will be gone." I thought that maybe this was not so bad, but I knew in my heart that it was the grizzly that made us a strong and brave people.

We finally reached the south end of the bay with its tule-filled marshes. We could see hundreds of elk feeding in the marshes and thousands of ducks and geese, and birds of all kinds dotted the open water and flew about like dark clouds blown by a winter wind. In the water we saw fish, frogs, insects—in, on top of, and flying above the water—and other tiny creatures that we knew were as important as the giant elk. The shaman said, "Someday

people will come, and they will drain and fill in the marshes to build cities, and all these animals will be gone." We turned east and started up over the pass. We did not slow down because it was getting late, and as we crested the ridge, we stopped to catch our breaths and to watch the sun setting into the ocean. Deep breaths of the evening air satisfied our lungs and seemed in rhythm with the turning earth. As we enjoyed the changing colors of the western sky, the shaman said, "Someday people will come, and they will foul the air, and people will not be able to breath without becoming sick, and the sun will set red from the blood of our mother the earth." Continuing down the other side, we watched a full moon rise, silhouetting oak-covered ridges and casting mystical shadows. There were no colors, just shades of creamy moonlight, absolute black, and all the grays between. We walked through chest-high fields of grass and stripped off and chewed the sweet seeds as we went. The shaman said, "Someday people will come, and they will bring their cattle, and they will eat and trample all the native grasses, and their weedy grasses and plants will take over."

The moon was high in the sky when we finally arrived at the Alameda Creek where my brother and his family live. They celebrated our visit with songs and stories and a feast of freshly caught steelhead. The shaman said, "Someday people will come, and they will block the waters, and they will take the water away, and the steelhead will come up the creeks no more." We were up early the next day and continued our journey, wandering through the Livermore Valley and up into the San Ramon Valley. The day was warm, and we rested under a large valley oak with branches hanging to the ground. Before us were beautiful swaying fields of grass dotted with more giant, shiny-leafed oaks. The shaman said, "Someday the people will come, and they will cut down the old trees, and they will cover the valley with houses and roads, and new oaks will not be able to grow."

To the east rose our destination, the very top of Mt. Diablo. We stopped along Walnut Creek and cracked open freshly fallen walnuts and ate the sweet meat. We rested silently at the edge of the creek watching steelhead circle in a gravelly-bottomed pool. A mountain lion cautiously approached the pool on the other side. The lion's reflection in the pool was as clear as the animal itself until it started to lap up the water. The lion quickly lifted his head and looked not at us but up to its left, and we also looked, and there flew a magnificent golden eagle only ten feet above our heads. We could feel the wind from its powerful wings as it cast a shadow over both of us. A tear came to my eye, and I asked the shaman, "Will the lion and the eagle, the two strongest and most wild of animals, also be gone?" He answered, "No. There will be people that will know the value of the wild things, and they will save places where the lion and the eagle can survive, places like the great mountain to our east and our home along the Coyote Creek.

Ancient Forests

The following article by John Quirk and Bill Filsinger was originally published in "Eel River Currents," which is a joint publication of the Seven Parks Natural History Association, the Humboldt Redwoods Interpretative Association, and the Grizzly Creek Association in cooperation with the Eel River District, Department of Parks and Recreation. It is reprinted here with permission of the authors.

Woodlands are many things to many people. Recently the term "old growth" has become a popular focal point of agreement and controversy. Certainly there is much old growth redwood preserved in our parks, and it is deservedly the focus of our attention and wonder. While giant redwood trees are often quite old, "old growth" describes a variety of complex forests of which little is known or seen beyond the trees.

In the Pacific Northwest, old growth forests are ecosystems dominated by large conifers of an age predating European influence. The dominant trees in coastal redwood forests range from several hundred to over two thousand years of age. Twenty-five species of conifer are found in these forests. Sitka spruce tends to be the dominant tree in southeast Alaska and British Columbia, Douglas-fir in Oregon, Washington, and inland British Columbia, and the coast redwood in northern California.

Old growth is an imprecise term, for these forests are actually "all-aged"—old and young trees growing together. The uppermost branchy layer of the forest, the "canopy," is uneven. Some of the larger trees have wind-damaged tops and few branches. Where older trees have fallen and left a hole in the canopy, younger trees of different species may compete to fill the canopy. This multi-layered canopy efficiently traps moisture during the dry seasons when the fog is thin. The huge trunks of old trees contain thousands of gallons of water protected by thick bark. This feature helps them to survive fires, thus ensuring the canopy and perpetuating the forest.

Other characteristics of an old growth forest are the large erect dead trees, called snags, that may stand for over two hundred years, and the large down trees, that may lie on the forest floor in decay for centuries. In a redwood

forest, only a couple of trees per acre per century need to enter the canopy to sustain the population. Only in old growth forests are young and old, dead and down trees all present at the same time.

These forests are truly ancient. They have looked essentially the way they appear today for millennia. Fossils found across the northern hemisphere show that redwood forests were widespread millions of years ago. Because of ice ages and climatic changes, Sequoia sempervirens (the coast redwood) has taken a last stand in a narrow band stretching from about the Oregon/California border down to Big Sur.

A primeval forest is often visualized as a tropical jungle, as place where vegetation is thick enough to be impenetrable. In fact, the greatest accumulation of plant mass ever recorded on earth is in Humboldt Redwoods State Park, where an acre of stem mass alone has been estimated at 1,541 tons. When branch, leaf, and root mass are added, the estimate increases to about 1,800 tons per acre. The penetrable primeval forest at Humboldt has a density seven times that of the Amazon rain forest!

Like the Amazon, much, if not most, of life in this ancient forest remains undiscovered. There are insects, birds, and small mammals that spend their entire life in the canopy. Woodpeckers and insects open up snags and logs, providing a habitat for many other species that in turn become food for larger predators. While many relationships have been identified in these forests, many more are not fully understood. A myriad of questions remain unanswered.

There exists in these forests a hidden blueprint, a link to the past, a tool for the future. Every acre of an ancient forest is slightly different, reacting to a different set of influences. Until such time as the hidden blueprint is revealed, it would seem prudent to view each portion of these magnificent forests as an irreplaceable landscape, for there is no evidence that an ancient forest, once destroyed, can ever be regrown.

Did You Know?

The name "toadstool" is not used just for poisonous mushrooms. *"Mushroom"* and *"toadstool"* are used generically and interchangeably. Toadstool is generally used to refer to Agaricales fungi (gilled mushrooms). The word "mushroom" is preferred. DPinion

To Win the Indians

by Teddy Goodrich

Though Mission San Juan Bautista is many miles from Henry Coe State Park, it is where many Coe Indians spent their last days. This is a partial account of the shameful process called "missionization."

In 1917, the *Gilroy Advocate* published a series of articles by Father Joseph Triana of Mission San Juan Bautista, which he entitled "Early History of the Old Mission." Father Triana used records kept by the mission fathers from its founding through approximately 1890 as the sources for his information. Though the point of view is biased and information often disorganized, one can sift through his chapters to reconstruct a bit of what mission life was like for the Indians.

Mission San Juan Bautista was founded in 1797. The mission claimed all the land extending north from Salinas to Gilroy and east from Watsonville to Fresno and Visalia, an area that, according to Father Triana, contained forty-two Indian settlements.

Father Francisco Lausen blessed the site of the mission on June 24, 1795. Many Indians were present at this occasion, attracted by the chanting and the strange attire of the priests and soldiers.

The first order of business was to "win the Indians in order to civilize and Christianize them." At first, an Indian from Monterey was used as an interpreter, but he could not understand the large number of different languages that were spoken by the Indians in the area. Food, clothing, and trinkets were given to the Indians to entice them into living at the mission. In return, they were to clear the land and build temporary housing for the priests and soldiers and a temporary chapel.

Indians were given different designations according to their status. A "gentile" was an unconverted Indian, a "catechumen" an Indian being instructed in the faith, and a

"neophyte" a baptized Indian. When baptized, the Indians were given Christian first names but rarely a surname unless a white godfather allowed his name to be used. Sometimes Indians used the surname of their boss.

The Indians built their simple grass or tule homes a few hundred feet from the chapel. When their homes became decayed or flea-infested, they burned them down and built new ones. Eventually, every Indian family had its own adobe home.

Girls eleven years and older, single women, and women whose husbands were absent were locked up at night in a separate building by one of the soldiers. In the morning, the door was unlocked, and they were allowed to join the others. The girls were permitted to visit relatives in the mission but were not to go beyond the boundary of the village alone.

Corrals were built in which oxen, mules, horses, and cows were penned up at night so that "Indians who were opposed to being civilized" would not steal them.

Daily activities were strictly ordered. At sunrise all adults over nine years of age went to the chapel where mass was celebrated. Breakfast followed. For the Indians, it consisted of a dipperful of atole, a gruel of corn or grain, which had been prepared in large iron kettles. Breakfast lasted three-quarters of an hour. The Indians then went to their assigned tasks.

At twelve noon, the Angelus bell announced dinner, which was pozole, a soup of meat with peas, lentils, or garbanzos. Again, the Indians received a dipperful. While the white people used wooden utensils to consume their food, the Indians were given only tortillas to use as utensils. Also, the food for the Indians was prepared without salt or lard. Dinner and the following siesta lasted about two hours, after which everyone again returned to work.

Supper, again of atole, was served at six o'clock, and the work day ended.

The Indians were given clothing by the priests. A list of items given out in 1820 reports the following. In January, all the Indians were given breech cloths. In April, the women were given skirts, and in May, men, women, and children received blankets. Married men received jackets in June, the other men received jackets in July, at which time the women also received blouses.

For amusement, the Indians smoked tobacco in "straight tubes of stone." They gambled and sometimes lost almost all of their clothing in the betting. They held a fiesta almost every Saturday. For these occasions, the women wore their native dress: skirts trimmed with bird feathers and the tails of squirrels and rabbits, and bracelets and necklaces of beads. They used bones as castanets and split rods of wood to keep time for their dances.

The times of the year when the cattle were branded were also times for rodeos, feasting, and general relaxation, all of which were much enjoyed by the Indians.

The Indians received praise from the priests for the illnesses they cured using herbs as "poultices or as a tea."

There is also reference to a tragic occurrence. In 1808, Father Arroyo transported an old organ up into the hills to attract the "wild" Indians by its music. "Escorted by some of the troops, he used to spend months with the Indian tribes. He had to go after them in the mountains and live among them in order to learn their customs and languages and bring them to the mission. Later on he succeeded in drawing to the mission those nations of Indians akin to the ones he conquered escorted by the troops." These words refer to the massacre of a village of Indians who lived in the Orestimba narrows and who refused to accompany the soldiers back to the mission.

We know that the Indian population dwindled rapidly once they entered the mission. The ravages of smallpox "swept off one-half of the Indians in 1828, 1829, and 1838." In just the two months of February and March 1838, 159 Indians were buried in the mission graveyard. In 1838, Father Anzar complained that the stench from the number of bodies that had recently been buried pervaded the entire mission. After 1864, the old cemetery adjoining the mission was closed, as it held 5,000 bodies buried one on top of the other without coffins and could hold no more.

Father Triana's articles end abruptly after Chapter 22, though it promises "to be continued." Was he suddenly transferred to another parish? Or was the space used by his "history" demanded by the increasingly more pressing concerns of the day, the news stories of World War I?

Did You Know?

Spanish moss is not a moss, it is a bromeliad, a relative of the pineapple. The lichen in Henry Coe Park that *looks like* spanish moss is probably Ramalina menziesii. DPinion

The Blue Ridge Loop
by George Van Gordon

Distance	16 miles
Time	6 hours
Vertical Gain	3,700 feet
Rating	Strenuous

I departed from the visitor center at 7:30 a.m. on November 3. Cold, gusty NW wind, visibility excellent. The light and wind edgy and irksome, and I move quickly over the trail to Frog Lake, Middle Ridge, and beyond. Pine Ridge and the road down to Frog Lake are among the special places in the park and worth more than a quick passing. On another hike, I will linger and discourse. Reaching Middle Ridge at 8:15, I look in trepidation across the canyon of the Middle Fork, not the Grand Canyon perhaps, but certainly of unexpected depth for this country. The southwest side is steep, the northeast side steeper, rising from 1,600 feet at the creek to 3,200 feet atop Mt. Sizer. If you were at all distressed by the 500 foot climb onto Middle Ridge, consider carefully the 1,600 feet ahead before proceeding.

The southwest side of the canyon has a more northerly exposure and is heavily wooded. The road eases into still depths of oak and laurel. I do not notice the road that I follow, and so to descent into the canyon is to travel back in time. Not without limit, however, for, though at the sparse pools of the Middle Fork I can imagine grizzlies drinking or the People bathing, I know I will not see sabre-tooth tigers or mastodons. The land that I here imagine is circumscribed by the habitat that has existed here within historical times. It is getting warmer, and I consider a brief euphoric dip in the water. But the pool is ripe with the debris of four years of drought. I move on. Considering the month, it is warm, and the ascent is steep and not to be put off. I put one heavy foot ahead of the other, seeing little and thinking less.

Upon reaching the ridge at 9:45, I slow my pace. I have arrived. I have been here before. I could stay forever. The next three miles are, for me, the finest in the park. Of course, part of the exhilaration of reaching the ridge is knowing the worst is over, part is moving from wind-ruffled, sun-strident slope to golden-green dappled shade, and part is mystery. I have known many beautiful mountain walks in mountains more rough-hewn, soaring and awe-full, but these three miles of Blue Ridge—enveloping rather than challenging, harmonious rather than contrapuntal, serene rather than disquieting—are as fine as any.

The experience I have during these three miles has started long before, is affected as much by expectation as time and place, and will continue long after I leave this enchanted forest. In fact what I experience is part not so much of what happens as what is, the continuity that lurks in the diastoles of pulsing existence; and not really a part at all but rather the that-which-cannot-be-named, more than the whole and reflecting from every part.

From where the Short Cut joins the Blue Ridge road, it is about a mile to Mt. Sizer. Mt. Sizer at 3,200 feet, though not the highest point in the park, is the highest that most walkers will ever reach in the park. The summit, though marred by a radio repeater and the network it implies, is wooded and invites repose. Much of the park is visible from here, and as the day is clear I can see the Sierras. I used to seek assiduously such vistas, but they are not without danger—thoughts of there rather than here and asphalt ribbons to facilitate connections. I rest for a few minutes, eat, drink, and catch myself thinking about the deep powder of some high and remote cirque. I call my position into Headquarters on the radio. I am, as are you, part of the net with which we are strangling ourselves and the earth. I move on.

The road descends gently southeast of Mt. Sizer. It is less than a mile to the junction with the trail to Black Oak Spring and Hat Rock. I stay on Blue Ridge and enter the Enchanted Forest. Originally from the Latin *incantare,* the meaning of enchant was to sing (*cantare*) against (*in*); or in other words to pronounce, in a prescribed form, a spell against someone. Over the years, enchanted apparently changed from an adjective applied to a person under a spell to one used to describe a place filled with spiritual power. But, as I walk the road in the shade of Ponderosas and overhanging Black Oaks—dappled gold and green and simmering with red—the original meaning is appropriate, for, though it must come from my surroundings, I hear a song contrapuntal to and sung against my surroundings. And yet I cannot name the instrument, nor will I remember the melody. Wherever I look I see the particular: the Black Oaks, the Yellow Pines, others that I can name and more than I can't. Each is a species unto itself, separate and unique in design and possibility. Each demands a particular soil, climate, and light. The day itself is particular: the declination of the sun, wind direction, reach and color of the sky. But against all these specifics is the song, and, though it partakes of them, of form and color, of movement and light, of species and time, it is not them. Perhaps I am the song played against the forest, but then I am a song that can be played nowhere else. And so I have a sneaky suspicion that the forest is the singer—though the song is antecedent—and that it sings of itself for itself, at best including me as discretionary embellishment.

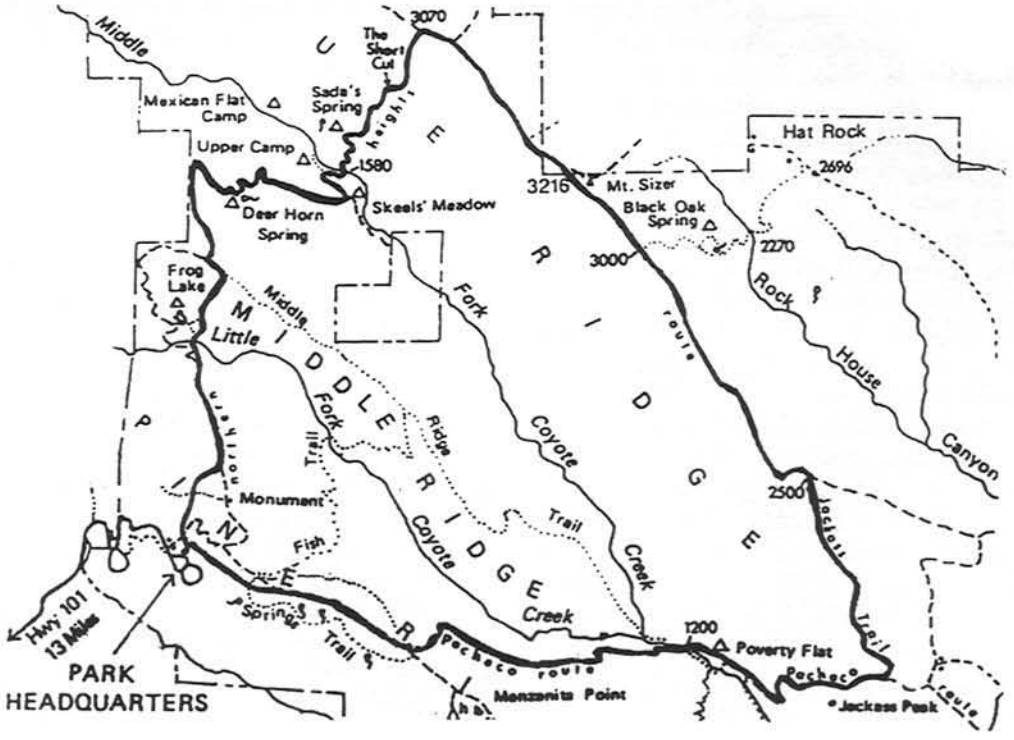
You, who were reading these trail notes to find a walk for an empty day and now are trying to find out what I am talking about, come to this Enchanted Forest and listen. And you, who are thinking how decadent to walk through idyllic forests making elegant distinctions between forest and song when in Ethiopia and Mozambique civil wars rage and children are raped while their dying mothers shriek silently, come also to this ridge. You might think walking here that, if we would back off a little, cut some of the strands of the network, reduce world population and energy consumption, return some of the land to itself, then at least some of the most egregious violence might stop. Still, even here, death and suffering are all around me: a cougar stalks a fawn just weaned, a coyote slowly dies of intestinal parasites, bark beetles kill the Ponderosas. The pain of our humanness is to know this; the analgesic is the song of the forest. No one can sing it for you.

About a mile beyond the Enchanted Forest, I leave the road and take the Jackass Trail, a fine and little-used trail. In just over a mile, it descends through most of the park's habitats: Ponderosa forest, mixed forest of manzanita and Blue Oak, south-facing chaparral and grassland. I reach the Pacheco Route just before noon. I have a strong sense of changing light and wonder if perhaps the sun has just passed the zenith. Whatever the cause, these sudden changes of light are very evocative; but then evocative of what?

The Romans had two words for divine power, Deus and Numen. Deus is usually translated as God and denotes a definite personality, as with the Greek Zeus or the Hebrew Yahweh. Numen, for which we have no acceptable translation, refers to an immanent magical force present in certain phenomena and places. Seneca talks of the numen of a grove of particularly tall, old trees. The song that I heard in the Enchanted Forest was the voice of the numen. Deus is, of course, the totem or *raison d'etre* of a particular cult or tribe or nation. The changing light is evocative of some kind of source, Brahma if you will, behind the particular manifestations of place, time, or tribe. I apologize for such circuity, but I don't know how else to explain the light, nor why I suddenly realize that I am walking through a day as much as a place and can as easily get to where I want to go staying put as moving on.

But then I would never get the radio back in its recharger, and by tomorrow it would be dead. I descend to Poverty Flat. The reds of the leaves across the canyon are worth the day. It is a good time for this walk, though, just as I could make the same journey in one place, I could make it in another month. I walk with myself. I lunch at the Middle Fork. At 1,300 feet, this is the low point on the loop. The climb back to the visitor center will be long, and I will think more of arriving than passing. I arrive at 2:00, tired and, even after over three liters of water, thirsty.

The Blue Ridge loop is indicated on the map below.



Louis Arnold

We were saddened to hear that Lou Arnold recently passed away. Lou had been a longtime friend of the park. His grandfather homesteaded the acres we now call the Arnold Field, and his father ran the Madrone Soda Springs for many years. Lou used to spend much of deer season at his cabin on the East Fork, and every time he was going into or coming out of his property, he would always stop at the visitor center and say hi and swap stories. Many of the pictures in the history album were donated by Lou.

Heat Stroke

Increased heat, humidity, and exercise increase the body's need for water and salts. Excessive exercise, sun, heat, and humidity coupled with insufficient water and salt intake can be fatal.

To sustain life the human body must maintain its temperature within a few degrees of 98.6° Fahrenheit. The body continually produces heat as a by-product of metabolism. Excess heat must be dissipated to maintain normal body temperature.

The body dissipates excess heat by transporting it through the blood stream to the skin, where it is radiated to the relatively cooler air surrounding the body. Cooling is assisted by the evaporation of water from the surface of the skin (large amounts of heat are absorbed when water passes from the liquid to the vapor state).

The brain's hypothalamus regulates body temperature by monitoring blood temperature and controlling the body's cooling systems. When blood temperature increases, it responds first by dilating surface blood vessels. This brings more of the blood to the surface, where heat can be radiated to the surrounding air. This requires a greater volume of blood or the diversion of blood from less important parts of the body. The volume of blood may be increased by ingesting liquids or the absorption of water from other sources within the body. The heart rate is also increased to circulate the blood at a faster rate. Next, evaporative cooling is increased by increasing the diffusion of water through the skin (insensible perspiration).

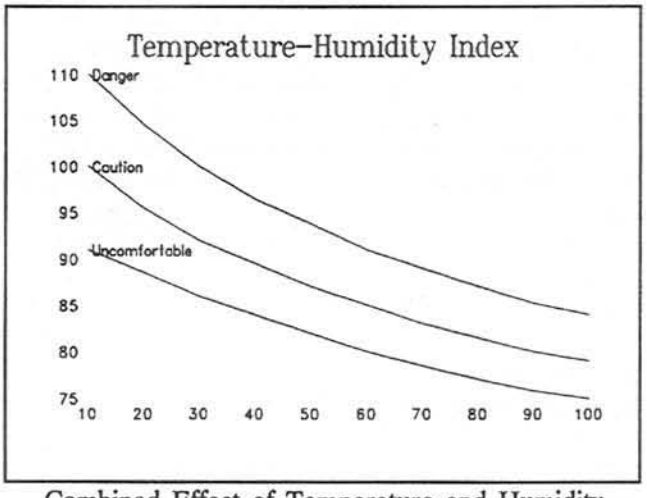
When these measures fail to reduce the blood temperature, the hypothalamus orders the sweat glands to dump large amounts of water (sensible perspiration) on the surface of the skin to increase evaporative cooling. The heart rate is increased even more to transport the necessary water via the blood stream.

Obviously, the body's ability to dissipate heat to the air decreases as the air temperature increases. Less obvious is the fact that the effectiveness of evaporative cooling decreases as humidity increases. The accumulation of sweat on the surface of the skin indicates that evaporation is not occurring fast enough to cool the body. The accompanying graph depicts the combined effect of temperature (the vertical scale in degrees Fahrenheit) and humidity (the horizontal scale in percent of relative humidity).

The body uses salts (sodium and potassium) to help move water through the body. Salt solutions create an osmotic pressure gradient that causes water to diffuse through cell walls. Salt, in addition to water, is expelled in perspiration and lost.

The water and salt expended through perspiration must be replaced. If lost water is not replaced, the blood volume decreases. This, in turn, places an increased load on the heart. If too much salt is lost, the body can not efficiently use water when it is ingested.

Heat cramps. Muscle pain and spasms (heat cramps) develop when too much salt is lost through perspiration. The pain can be reduced by applying firm pressure to the affected muscles and by massaging them. Unless on a salt restricted diet, salt should be replaced by taking salt tablets, drinking a "performance beverage" (e.g., Power Burst or Gatorade), adding a teaspoon of salt to a glass of water, or eating salty foods, like potato chips.



Combined Effect of Temperature and Humidity

Heat exhaustion. Weakness, fatigue, and collapse are due to excessive stress caused by exercise and the body's efforts to maintain a normal temperature. Additional symptoms are profuse sweating, pale and clammy skin, headache, dizziness, and nausea. Body temperature is still near normal. When heat exhaustion is suspected, immediately have the victim stop physical activity, move to a shady location, and lie down with his or her feet elevated a few inches. The victim should drink water and take salt as discussed under heat cramps unless the victim has vomited, in which case medical attention is advised. Loosen clothing and apply wet cloths to reduce skin temperature.

Heat stroke. If untreated, heat exhaustion may progress to heat stroke, which is a life threatening condition. The symptoms are high body temperature (may be 105° or more); delirium or coma; high blood pressure; skin is hot, red, and dry (in advanced cases becomes ashen or purplish); arm pits and groin are dry. Symptoms of heat exhaustion may also be present. **First aid:** Immediately lower body temperature and summon medical help. Lay the victim down in the shade (take indoors if possible) and sponge the person's body with cold water until the body temperature is down to 103° or a pulse rate below 110 per minute is reached. Do not overchill the victim.

Sunburn. Besides being painful, sunburn seriously reduces the skin's ability to dissipate heat and therefore should be avoided. Do not attempt to reduce body temperature by removing clothing when in the sun.

Avoiding problems

The best strategy is to avoid heat cramps, heat exhaustion, and heat stroke through preparation and knowledge. Wear loose-fitting, lightweight, light-colored (preferably cotton) clothing to protect you from the sun and to reflect heat. Use sunscreen to protect from sunburn. If on a salt-restricted diet, talk to your doctor about maintaining your electrolyte balance. Drink lots of water or "performance beverages" (not alcohol) and consume sufficient salt. If any signs of heat cramps or heat exhaustion start to develop, immediately reduce physical activity and take other corrective actions.

Ed the Deer
by Barry Breckling

As I recall the story of Ed the deer, related to me by Joe White, Ed was a young deer found in a house that the sheriff's department raided for drugs back in the 1970s. Coe seemed like a good place to take and release the baby, but as he grew up he became a handful. He used to steal the maintenance man's cigarettes. Ed wouldn't smoke them, he just ate them pack and all. Because he began butting people, he was hogtied and taken many miles and dropped of at Grizzly Creek—but he was back at the visitor center the next morning. When he began to grow antlers, it was apparent that he would have to go. The final blow came for Ed when he butted and injured a visiting ranger's wife. Stories of Ed, like the one that follows, are still around even though he has been long gone.

Mr. Ed to the Rescue
by Dianne Hunt

As I was driving into the parking lot at Coe park with a friend in July 1973, we were greeted by a very friendly small deer (later known as Ed). While we were sitting in our car putting our boots on, he became so aggressive he jumped into the front seat of the car and chased us onto the top of the car, where we finished getting ready. When Ed had mellowed out a bit, we gathered up our gear, and Ed followed us like a little puppy-dog. As we registered at the visitor center for a night at Manzanita Point, he waited for us outside, and when we started out on the Corral Trail, Ed was leading the way.

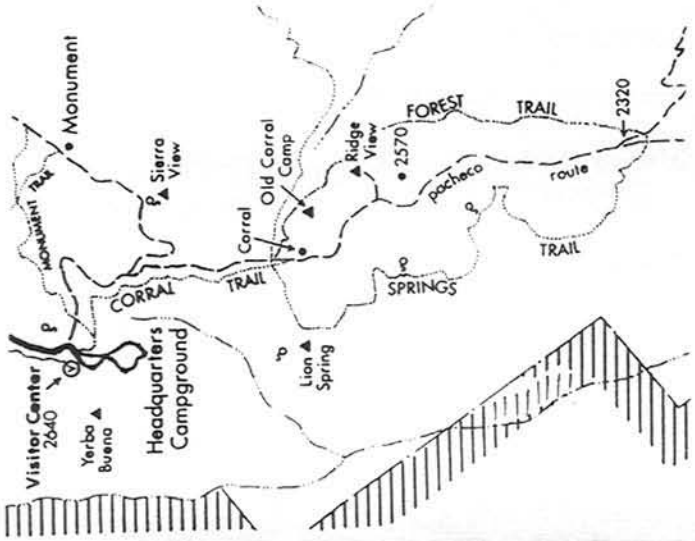
About a quarter mile from the visitor center, as we were coming out of the wooded area into the steep grassland (the beginning of Arnold Field), Ed started acting really strange—he turned around and charged at us with his little antlers and wouldn't let us pass. We finally looked over him and saw that a very large rattlesnake was coiled up on the trail, rattling at us and ready to strike. A man and his son came up on the trail behind us, wondering why we were stopped on the trail blocking their way. We showed them the snake and told our story of what Ed had done. We patiently waited a while until the rattler no longer was alarmed by our presence and relaxed his coil and slithered off in the grass. We all went on to Manzanita Point, and Ed went merrily on his way back to headquarters, perhaps to save another damsel in distress.

Letters and articles from readers are always welcome. What story could you tell about Coe Park? Eds.

New—the Forest Trail
by Barry Breckling

One of the hardest parts of building this new trail was naming it. It seemed that no one could agree until the name Forest Trail came up. Work was started on it during the 1990 Trail Days, but it was not until this year's

Trail Days in April that it was finished. Actually work started well before the first shovel of dirt was moved, and thanks should be given to Leif Larsen for his perseverance along with the many others who helped lay out the new trail. By taking the Springs Trail out toward Manzanita Point and coming back on the Forest Trail, people can now take a gentle loop that is only 3.6 miles long. Besides being gentle, it is also goes through a beautiful area and passes by a magnificent madrone. The location of the **new Forest Trail can be seen on the map below.**



Puzzle

Which states are the farthest north, south, east, and west? (Answer: Our two newest states, Alaska and Hawaii. Alaska is farthest north and Hawaii is farthest south, but how can they be farthest east and west? Can you figure out the reason?)

Board Notes
by Barbara Bessey

The Association's Board of Directors met on May 23 in Morgan Hill. With the new computer and printer installed at the headquarters, the board addressed the question of what to do with the old computer system. After considering various options, the decision was made to donate the system to the San Juan Bautista Historical Association.

District Superintendent Harry Batlin gave an update on the progress being made to develop a district-wide logo that will bring together prominent features of the three state parks in the district. Artist Dave Sellers, a PRA member, is preparing the design.

A revised version of the Cooperating Association Task Force recommendations was distributed for review. The final guidelines may affect the operations at Coe Park. Barbara Bessey will collect and synthesize comments about the document, and Dennis Pinion will attend a meeting at the district office to discuss the draft.

The next regularly scheduled meeting of the Board will take place on Thursday, July 18, at 7:00 pm, at the home of Barbara Bessey and Kevin Gilmartin, 127 Glenwood Avenue, Woodside. All PRA members are invited to attend. Please call the Recording Secretary, Barbara Bessey (415/851-7813) for further information (including directions to the meeting).

Join the Moonlight Daylight Burra Burra Hike
by Lee Sims

It may be hot in Coe in July, but you will not want to miss this trip—a repeat from last year. All Pine Ridge members and their families are invited to an interpretative outing at the Dowdy Ranch at the eastern edge of the park on Saturday, July 27. The Dowdy Ranch is reached along a six-mile dirt road from Bell Station on Pacheco Pass. Arrive at the Dowdy by 4 pm. Bring dinner for the barbecue, drinking water, and whatever you need to camp overnight. The Dowdy has running water (not drinkable) and toilets but no electricity. Hot water and coffee will be provided Sunday morning.

At about sunset, we will begin a two- to three-hour moonlight walk around Burra Burra on the old roads. The total distance is about 2.5 miles. There are short distances of steep up and down—easier though than hiking to the Monument from the visitor center. The moon will be a day past full, so we hope to have a flashlightless walk. The next morning we will repeat the hike in full daylight before it gets too hot.

The vistas are spectacular! From Burra Burra, you can see Pine Ridge and Headquarters, Blue Ridge, Bolinger Ridge, the Lick Observatory, Red Mountain, Mt. Stakes, Bear Mountain and Bear Mountain Peak, Snod and Grass Peaks, Mustang Peak, Pacheco Falls, and more. And the views south and west are equally as magnificent. This trip is a tremendous opportunity to get a better understanding of the geography and scope of the park.

And, as those that went last year know, the silence is also spectacular. Hear the sounds of night, screech owls and great horned owls, coyotes, and your own introspections.

Please wear the best hiking shoes you have. Binoculars would also be helpful, as would a flashlight at camp. However, we will try to do the whole walk without the aid of artificial light. The night hike is not recommended for small children.

Call Roberta Wright (408/683-2219) or me (209/722-7467) if you wish to attend. You will need to get the combination to the gates, as it has been changed since the last hike.

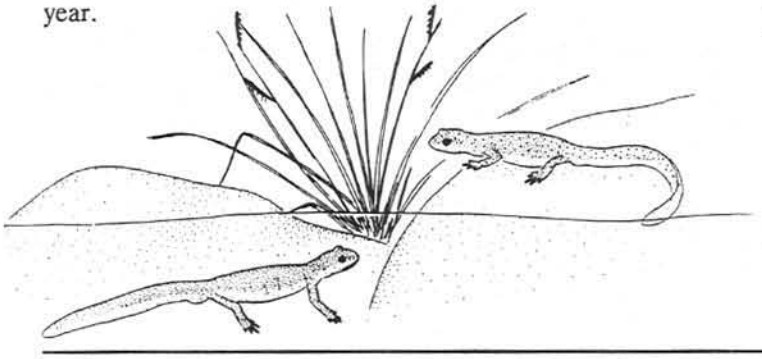
An Invitation to Join the Volunteer Program

by Roberta Wright

Are you interested in learning more about Henry W. Coe State Park—its history, interesting animals, beautiful wildflowers and plants? Would you be willing to share your knowledge with park visitors? Then you may wish to consider donating some of your time as a member of 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, and special projects. Volunteers receive free admission to the park for themselves and their families on days they work, 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.

Applications are available at Coe headquarters (you can write for an application or pick one up), and interviews will be scheduled for applicants. September 1 is the deadline for applications. Training will be at the park on weekends. To the right is the tentative schedule for this year.



Volunteer Required Training for 1991–92
(tentative schedule)

Saturday, Sept. 7: Interviews at Coe Park (downstairs in the interpretative room)

OR

Wednesday, Sept. 11: Alternate interviews in Morgan Hill (location to be determined)

Saturday, Sept. 28: Orientation to the Volunteer Program

Saturday, Oct. 5: Being a Volunteer

Sunday, Oct. 6: Geology and Map Reading

Saturday/Sunday, Oct. 19/20: Backcountry Tour and Campout

Saturday, Nov. 2: Plant Communities of Coe

Saturday, Nov. 16: Ecology and Animals of Coe

Saturday, Dec. 7: History

Saturday, Jan. 11: Interpretative Techniques

Saturday or Sunday of your choice in January: Individual on-the-job training at the visitor center

Saturday, Feb. 8: PRA Mandatory Meeting and Graduation

Optional Training (dates and times to be determined)

First aid (all volunteers must be certified in first aid)
First aid on the trail
CPR
Wildflowers
Birds
Planning a program
How to set up a slide show
Review of visitor center duties
Orienteering
Discovery hike
Ecology
Tracking

A New Addition on the Pine Ridge

On May 8th, an 8 pound 8¾ ounce baby was born to Dean and Cheryl. Initially called Cody Dean, the name had to be changed to Caitlin Jo when Dean and the nurse discovered the midwife's mistaken announcement of "Its a boy" (probably seeing part of the umbilical cord as something else). Dean had been with the baby since it was born and knew that the baby had not been switched, but he did double-check all of the other babies' name bands and made sure that the doctor had not done an over zealous circumcision. Best wishes to Caitlin and her family.

Terror in the Woods
by Dennis Pinion

Powered by energy derived from its latest victim, the organism produced tentacles that started reaching out, searching for new prey. Once the prey was located, the tentacles began to branch and encircle it. The tentacles then produced a thin creamy-white leathery sheet over its unsuspecting victim. As the sheet was formed, it emitted chemicals that literally digested the victim's tissue. The new victim fought back valiantly but to no avail. The invading organism was growing stronger, and he was growing weaker. The struggle produced an eerie iridescent glow that could be seen by those brave enough to venture out into the woods on a moonless night. Eventually, the hapless victim was conquered. His now decomposing body, reduced to a mushy heap on the forest floor, became a sanctuary for the invading organism and a base for its future conquests.

Science fiction? Organisms from outer space? No, Armillaria mellea, also known as shoestring fungi, honey agarics, and honey mushrooms. It is common in forests (and once forested areas) throughout the world with the exception of the Arctic and hot lowland areas in the tropics. Armillaria mellea[1] is both a saprophyte and a virulent root parasite on many hardwoods, conifers, and herbaceous plants.

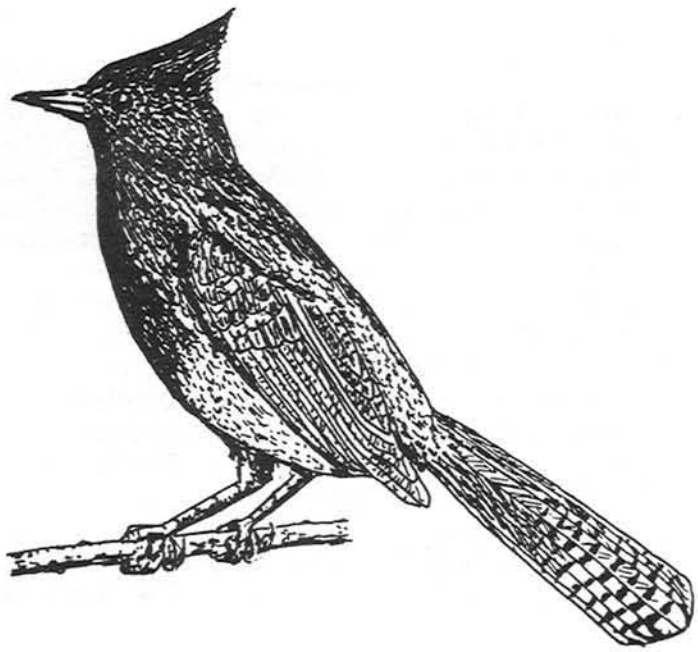
The *tentacles,* which are root-like structures called rhizomorphs (thick strands of hyphae) can extend long distances through the soil, duff, and litter (and even climb tree trunks) to infect new hosts. The *thin creamy-white leathery sheet,* called mycelial fans, grow in the cambial area, between the bark and sapwood. In addition to rhizomorphs, infection can also spread directly from one host to another through root contact. The spores produced by the fruiting bodies[2] are believed to be incapable of infecting living hosts but do establish new saprophytic colonies that may later become parasitic. The *chemicals* produced by the mycelia to digest the host's tissue are enzymes. The *eerie iridescent glow* is actually a phosphorescence produced by the actively growing mycelium and is commonly called "foxfire."

A. mellea is very common in oaks, which, although infected, can survive in a weakened condition for decades. Eventually they may be blown over due to weakened roots or die due to other factors such as drought and insects.

For additional information on this subject, see: *Mushrooms Demystified* by David Arora, Ten Speed Press, and *Diseases of Trees and Shrubs* by Wayne A. Sinclair, Cornell University Press.

[1] More accurately, the Armillariella mellea group (complex). Seven or more members of the complex occur in western forests.

[2] The mushrooms are edible and considered choice. However, some mushrooms are deadly poisonous so never eat a mushroom unless you are absolutely sure of its identity.



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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.