The Ponderosa

The Pine Ridge Association Newsletter

October 1991

From under My Brim

by Barry Breckling

Raptors

Years ago I watched a golden eagle flying over Miller Field. It was being dived upon repeatedly by a large crow. The eagle paid no attention to the attacks as it flew slowly off. Their size, power, speed, and beauty of flight make eagles truly the most majestic animal in the sky. Their beauty in flight can best be appreciated if you are lucky enough to watch their aerobatic courtship display. Golden eagles feed on small mammals, preferring rabbits, but are not above eating carrion as I witnessed once outside of the park when I saw four eagles feeding on an elk carcass. This habit has gained them a bad reputation with ranchers. When they see eagles feeding on young livestock, such as lambs, they assume the eagle killed it, which may not be the case. Good points to look for in identification are the eagle's uniform dark brown color and its large size (wingspread to 7½ feet; note that the wings are much longer though not much wider than those of a red-tail hawk or a vulture). Immature golden eagles have varying amounts of white at the base of the tail and on the middle of each wing. They gradually lose the white until it is completely gone by age four.

Turkey vultures are the most commonly seen raptor in the area. However, they leave the park each fall, migrating south to the lowlands around October and returning around January or February. Their meals of carrion are often far apart; however, they are well adapted to handle this. They fly effortlessly, expending little energy. They seldom flap their wings and never fight the air currents but use them to their advantage. Unlike other raptors, their muscles are at rest when their wings are extended. This is why vultures are occasionally seen perched with their wings outstretched. Their wingspan is almost that of the eagle's, but they weigh only a quarter of what an eagle weighs. Identification is fairly easy. Vultures have a dark color (black above, black and dark silver underneath), but unlike other soaring raptors, they hold their wings in a noticeable **V** shape. They also can be seen to tilt from side to side as they soar.

The most common hawk seen here is the red-tailed hawk. Their broad wings are an adaptation for soaring. As they glide high on rising air currents, they use their good eyesight to spot small mammals on open ground; their eyesight is equivalent to eight-power binoculars. They go into a dive using their speed to capture the surprised prey. This is the normal method; however, I once saw a red-tail hop off a low limb onto an unsuspecting mouse.

The American kestrel (which used to be called a sparrow hawk but eats more grasshoppers than sparrows) is a true falcon. Their wings are built for speed. They depend less

on their speed for feeding than the larger falcons, but they occasionally can be seen to dive at unbelievable speeds in "play." In feeding they often hover or perch on a high limb before diving. They eat large insects, small rodents, and occasionally small birds. Their rusty-colored back and long tail make identification easy.

The Cooper's hawk and sharp-shinned hawk are usually seen only for a moment as they fly off into the trees. Their short, broad wings are an adaptation for manoeuvering quickly through the trees where they pursue their prey, consisting mostly of birds. I once saw a sharp-shin fly through a dense manzanita forest. It would pull in one wing, extend it then pull in the other wing, then extend it. With this one-wing-at-a-time technique, it would glide through narrow spots without having to pull in both wings. In identification, look for the squared off tail of the dove-sized sharp-shinned hawk and the rounded end of the tail of the crow-sized Cooper's hawk.

The raptor of the night is the great horned owl. Their large yellow eyes are an adaptation for seeing in low-light conditions, but their well-developed hearing plays as much a role in capturing their prey. Great horned owls do not depend on speed, as do many of the raptors; rather they glide silently down on their prey. This silent flight is aided by soft feathers on the wing edge. They prey on medium-sized mammals, mostly jack rabbits but occasionally a skunk or even a badger. They are able to capture these thick-skinned animals because of their sharp, strong talons. A friend once approached what looked like a dazed great horned owl. He was wearing a heavy leather glove. As the owl flew at him, he put up his hand, and one of the owl's claws went through the glove and all the way through the fleshy part of his hand at the base of his index finger and thumb.

If you are interested in raptors and would like to learn more about them, you might peruse the books on birds that are sold by the PRA at the visitor center.

Orestimba Wilderness in Henry W. Coe State Park, April 7–13, 1990[1]

by Al Heckbert

This was one of the finest backpack trips that I have ever experienced. There were two of us, Rich Allsop and myself. Our objective was to explore the Orestimba Wilderness, with special emphasis on Robinson Canyon near the northeast corner of Henry W. Coe State Park. We hiked for seven days.

Our main camp, where we spent three nights, was near the junction between Pinto Creek and Robinson Creek. This area is a flat flood plain about one mile long and ⅛ mile wide, dotted with large gray (digger) pines and with the water-course lined by sprawling sycamore trees. It is a beautiful valley. There was no visible running water in the flood plain. (Even in years of normal rainfall, I have never seen running water here during three earlier April visits.) The water seeps through the gravel, being visible only where the major streams reach the plain and again at the outlet where the rock floor of the valley is at the surface. We camped in a grove of giant gray pines near the lowest pool of water in Pinto Creek. I measured one of the gray pines near our camp. The diameter was more than three feet. These were majestic trees with rich reddish-brown bark, being very different from ordinary gray pines. It was an excellent camp site.

Our hike started at Park Headquarters on Saturday morning, April 7. We hiked over Manzanita Point and through the Narrows to a camp on the East Fork of Coyote Creek at the point were the trail goes up to Bear Mountain. After seeing some people in the narrows, we were not to meet any other people for more than five days.

On Sunday we hiked over Bear Mountain, across the Red Creek Canyon, and over the ridge to our main camp at Pinto Creek at 1,200', where we spent three nights.

On Monday, carrying only daypacks, we walked down Robinson Canyon and then up Orestimba Canyon about ½ mile. Here we found a little-used trail up Robinson Mountain. We reached one of the many peaks of Robinson Mountain at 2,280'. After enjoying the view, we retraced our steps to return to camp. On the return trip, we came upon a sow bathing in a mud puddle in the dirt road. After a while, she became aware of our presence and charged off, joining another pig and about a dozen piglets. The hillside was covered with scurrying pigs. After returning to our camp, we had plenty of time for bathing, washing clothes, napping, eating, and reading.

On Tuesday, carrying only daypacks, we hiked two miles up Pinto Creek along an old tractor road. Pinto Canyon is one of the loveliest canyons in Coe Park. There was flowing water all along with deep shade adjacent to the stream and magenta-colored chinese-house flowers decorating the path. At 1,950' the tractor road, which had been following the stream, ended by running into another tractor road that crossed the canyon. With no shade, we climbed south for ½ mile and then west for ½ mile to a peak at 3,120'. I named this chaparral-covered peak Mt. Allsop to honor my hiking companion. We agreed that the view from the peak is the best that we had ever seen in Coe Park, with row after row of hills visible in all directions. There were few signs of the works of man—just an occasional trace of a dirt road and, most noticeably, the cluster of astronomical buildings on Mt. Hamilton, 20 miles to the north. We kept going west and then south by Hat Spring. Eventually we returned to camp by completing a loop of 12 miles. This had been the best day of the trip.

On Wednesday, with regrets, and now carrying full packs, we left our Pinto Creek campsite and headed down Robinson Canyon and then up Orestimba Canyon to the park boundary. Here we detoured around the private property, crossed Lion Canyon, and reached the road leading up to the Rooster Comb. The route, close to the fence around the private property, was easy walking with little interference from vegetation and with a gentle grade. We climbed over the Rooster Comb along the road and descended the south side along an open, very steep ridge to the Orestimba Valley. (To find this route, use USGS 7.5' map *Mustang Peak*. The route begins about ¼ inch below the letter R in the word Rooster and runs down along the obvious ridge aiming in a direction 20° east of south.) There was no visible water in the flood plain of Orestimba Creek. However, as we hiked upstream (south), we saw isolated pools of water, so we stopped worrying about a source of drinking water. We camped in a small side canyon (the next canyon south of Hartman Creek on the west side of Orestimba Creek). The little valley around our camp was carpeted with pink chinese-house flowers. Unfortunately there was no running water. Our drinking water came from a nearby pool of stagnant water, decorated with cow manure, in Orestimba Creek.

On Thursday, we went up the Hartman Trail to Mississippi Lake. (See *The Ponderosa,* October 1988, p. 7, for a description of this trail.) Once again, with encouragement from the Park Ranger, Barry Breckling, I hung orange plastic tapes along the route near both ends and at possible points of confusion along the route. The trail shows considerable signs of usage, so it is much easier to follow than it was two years ago. The level of the surface of Mississippi Lake is lower than I have ever seen it—at least ten feet below the level of the spillway. We continued hiking south and west to Los Cruzeros Camp, where we camped for the night. Here we saw the first people in over five days of hiking. All of this wilderness experience occurred only 30 miles southeast of downtown San Jose. We had completed hiking a large loop through the Orestimba Wilderness.

On Friday, our last day, we hiked downstream along Coyote Creek through the Narrows and then upstream in Soda Springs Canyon. Finally we trudged up to Manzanita Point and on to the Park Headquarters.

Coe Park was much drier than it usually is in April. This is the fifth consecutive year of drought. We had to plan our use of water rather carefully. However, we never needed to carry more than three pints of water in our packs. The wildflower display was near its peak. We identified more than 60 species of flowers. However, as always, a few species (perhaps a half dozen) defied identification. The first two days were cloudy and cool. The remaining five days were mostly sunny and warm—sometimes too warm while we were climbing treeless ridges. During the second night, our shelters got a frost coating. In addition to the pig encounter already described, we met another pig, a steer, some deer, and countless turkeys. We saw three different kinds of snake—gopher, king, and garter—but surprisingly we saw no rattlesnakes. The living thing that we saw most often seemed to be the filaree.

The trip, according to plan, was less than strenuous. Except for the fourth day, we hiked no more than eight miles per day, reaching camp around 3 pm. Our total hiking mileage during the seven-day trip was about 55 miles. It was a great hike!

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[1] Reprinted with permission from *Living It Up*, the newsletter of the Backpacking Section of the Loma Prieta Chapter of the Sierra Club.

Madrone Soda Springs
by Teddy Goodrich

A large patch of dark soil, the result of hundreds of years of campfires and kitchen waste, is all that remains to tell us that the Indians were the first to use the soda springs. Juan Moreno, a native Californian, rediscovered the springs in 1866, and two years later he and John Luce, an old mountain man, built a log cabin at the springs and kept a few head of cattle.

Gradually news of the beneficial properties of the springs spread, and ownership passed through a number of health seekers. C. S. Adams bought out Moreno and Luce and built four cabins. In 1879, Dr. Clinton Munson of Oakland and Marshall Hunter of Gilroy purchased the springs and added four more cabins. From 1901 to 1911, the springs were owned by J. D. Arnold. By this time, a three-story hotel had been added, which together with the cabins provided accommodations for 100 guests.

The turn of the century was the heyday of the "water cure." During this time, hot springs and mineral water spas enjoyed enormous popularity. Why did people come to them? They came seeking cures for common illnesses such as arthritis, gout, and tuberculosis. Tuberculosis was still the great killer, and though the bacteria that caused it had been discovered by 1882, it was still thought by many to be caused by a combination of factors, and those afflicted believed a change of climate or habit might effect a cure. So, to the springs they came to "take the waters"—the rheumatics, the consumptives, and those who overindulged in food and drink. At Madrone Soda Springs, not only could they purify themselves inside by drinking the mineral water, they could also ride a horse six miles along a bridle path to Gilroy Hot Springs, where a hot pool awaited their aching bodies.

Visitors to the springs who arrived on the train from San Francisco were met at the depot in Madrone by a horse-drawn stagecoach. The tiny community may have dismayed those who were accustomed to more cosmopolitan scenes, but in the early 1900s, Madrone was *the* center of commerce in the area.

The Pinard family owned the Eighteen Mile House, a hotel and restaurant, so named because it was the eighteen-mile stop for the stagecoach traveling from San Jose to Monterey. Monterey Road was unpaved. In summer, though it was sprinkled frequently by a water wagon, the dust churned by hooves and wheels rose to cover travelers and locals alike.

South of Madrone, the stage to the springs turned on to Cochrane Road and passed through neatly kept orchards and vineyards. As it left the valley, the road passed the Mick Hole, a swimming hole popular with the local people. Cochrane Road ended at the Jackson Ranch, which was located in the valley that now holds Anderson Lake. Beyond the Jackson Ranch, the road—now called Steely Road after an early homesteader—wound up increasingly steep ridges. Occasionally the stage would stop to deliver mail and newspapers to ranches along the way.

At last the road turned onto the ridge above Soda Springs Canyon, followed the ridge for a distance, then slowly dropped to the creek where the narrowness of the canyon forced it to cross and recross the stream.

After three hot, dusty hours, the hotel came into view. What a welcome sight it must have been to the weary traveler! Guests had their choice of hotel rooms or the tiny private cottages that lined the eastern bank of the creek. Meals were provided, and perishable food was kept in a stone springhouse that still remains on the site. A covered pavilion stood adjacent to the hotel. It was a quiet spot to read or nap. The men gathered here to smoke and play poker.

Most Saturday nights, a dance was held in the pavilion, and the hotel guests were joined by local ranchers and their wives who sought to break the loneliness of their life in the hills. Often the dancing lasted into the small hours of the morning.

The drowsy, hot days of summer passed slowly. The men organized fishing expeditions to Coyote Creek and hunted doves, quail, and deer in season. Croquet wickets were set up in the hotel yard, and the sound of mallets hitting balls could be heard throughout the day.

The setting was definitely rustic, but though a man might leave off his detachable collar and cuffs, a three-piece suit and high-top boots were standard wear for life in the country. From her well-packed trunk, a woman might draw a shirtwaist and a skirt, perhaps a "lady's walking skirt" or "health skirt" as featured in the 1905 Sears and Roebuck catalog. One thing is certain: she would have been wearing the tightly laced corset without which she could not have achieved the popular "Gibson Girl" look.

It was the growing popularity of the automobile that spelled the demise of the springs. Automobiles shortened the journey, and guests no longer had to stay overnight. The hotel and cabins were largely empty, except for the hunters who stayed there in season.

To his annoyance, the hunters trespassed onto Henry Coe's ranch. When the last owner of the Madrone Soda Springs died, Henry Coe bought the establishment and closed it down. During World War II, the buildings were used by Santa Clara County as a prison camp. The prisoners did road work, built fences, and cut wood.

In 1948, after Henry Coe's death, the Coe Ranch was purchased by the Beach Cattle Company. The hotel and cabins were torn down, and the lumber from them was

shipped to Fresno, where it was used in constructing houses. An era had slipped into history.

If you hike to the springs today, you will find only a few remnants of the past. Some, such as the steps that led up to the hotel or the old springhouse, are obvious. Others require a closer look: the blue flowering vinca that grows lush in the canyon's shade, the locust trees, and the bits of broken window glass scattered in the meadow. The springs, victim of a falling water table, no longer flow.

Take time to sit in the now vacant meadow. Close your eyes and allow your imagination to wander. Listen for the sounds of an earlier time—the creaking of the stagecoach and the shouts of the driver; a croquet mallet tapping a wooden ball; a fiddle calling the dancers to the floor.

(The author is indebted to George Thomas of Morgan Hill and Eva Sebben of Madrone for much of the information in this article.)

Night at Madrone Soda Springs
by Walter Blabon

The hunters come home through the passes;
The shadows grow dark in the pines;
There's a stir of wild things in the grasses,
From the cabin the log fire shines.

On Pine Ridge the sentinels hoary
Keep guard all bearded and lone;
The owl hoots the same old story
Above the Springs of Madrone.

The silence is pregnant with voices;
There's a mothering note in the ferns;
There are stealthy steps in the willows
Where the stream 'neath the castle rock turns.

There is infinite rest in these mountains;
There is health, unguessed and unknown;
There is joy around the sparkling fountains
That gush from the Springs of Madrone.

(The Blabons were the last owners to keep the springs open.)

Hawk Watching
by Barbara Bessey and Kevin Gilmartin

Now is the time to look up! Into the skies, that is. Between mid-August and mid-December, hawks and other raptors migrate from as far north as Canada south to Baja California and Central and South America. Large numbers of birds fly along the coastline or along inland ridges; they may modify their course if they encounter large bodies of water or severe weather fronts.

A good place to watch a kettle[2] of hawks and get an up-close-and-personal look at them is at the Golden Gate National Recreational Area near the Marin Headlands. Each fall, staff and volunteers from the Golden Gate Raptor Observatory go up to Hawk Hill in the Golden Gate National Recreation Area to record raptor activity. Allen Fish, Director of the Golden Gate Raptor Observatory, says that from four to six volunteers are on the mountain every day between 9:30 am and 3:30 pm to record the numbers of raptors that enter the study area. On a clear day in September this year, approximately 1,000 raptors were recorded in a six-hour period!—which Fish says may turn out to be this year's record.

In 1990, reports showed sightings of 17,000 raptors in nineteen species. The most numerous raptors recorded were, in decreasing order, red-tailed hawks, sharp-shinned hawks, turkey vultures, Cooper's hawks, northern harriers, and American kestrels. Several unusual birds also appeared, including Swainson's hawks, merlins, ospreys, black-shouldered kites, golden and bald eagles, ferruginous hawks, rough-legged hawks, and prairie and peregrine falcons. In fact, a compilation of raptor activity by the Golden Gate Raptor Observatory in that year showed that eagles, hawks, and falcons traveled through the Headlands at an average rate of 29 per hour during the day.

The Marin Headlands is a particularly good spot for raptor watching, because it is surrounded by water on three sides, which funnels the birds together. The birds must gain enough altitude to cross the Bay, and, as a result, they can be seen circling above the Headlands waiting for the conditions to be just right before they shoot across the water.

If you would like to visit the Headlands and watch hawks, take the Alexander Avenue exit just north of the Golden Gate Bridge on Highway 101. Head west up to the Golden Gate National Recreation Area and park just *before* the one-way road going down into the recreational area.

[2] A "kettle" refers to hawks soaring together in a thermal to gain altitude—like a slow-motion dust devil composed of a dozen hawks or more!

Mountain Bikes

The following advice is provided to bicyclists who visit Coe State Park. The information is printed on the back of a free park map marked with trail mileages and the trails closed to bicycles.

Mountain bike use has become very popular at Henry W. Coe State Park. The park is here for your use and enjoyment, but because of the nature of bicycles, mountain bikers need to make an extra effort in handling themselves in a responsible manner towards the park's resources and the other park users.

The Laws

The California Code of Regulation section 4354 says that no person shall operate a bicycle negligently or willfully in such a manner as to endanger or injure any person or animal. The Public Resources Code section 5093.36 states that mechanical transport (which includes bicycles) is not allowed in state wildernesses.

Where Can I Ride?

Bikes are allowed on all dirt roads in the park except those within the wilderness. Bikes are not allowed on some of the trails near headquarters; these are marked with "no bike" picture signs. Riding cross country is not allowed. Middle Ridge Trail is closed for 48 hours after rain.

Guidelines for Responsible Use

As you approach hikers and horseback riders, slow down and let them know you are coming—a friendly greeting works well. If the trail is narrow, you should stop and give hikers the right of way. When approaching horses, be even more cautious. In some cases you should stop, get off your bike, and go to the lower side of the road or trail—horses don't like things taller than themselves. Horseback riders will usually tell you what you can safely do around their horses.

Keep your bike under control at all times. Operating your bike at fast speeds can cause injury to yourself or others. Watch your speed around blind corners. Be aware that motor vehicles use some park roads. Most roads also have water bars (raised areas of dirt to drain water), which can be hazardous to bikes.

Bike riding can be damaging to trails. Avoid creating ruts in soft or wet trails by getting off and walking if necessary. Avoid knocking off the outside edge of trails by going slower and getting off if necessary. Be conscious of what your tires are doing.

Be prepared. Your bike should be in good operating condition, and you should be able to repair a damaged tube or repair other minor mechanical problems. Take enough water and food if you are going out for an extended trip. Many bikers over do it and become exhausted by going out too far, not taking enough water and food, or having mechanical problems such that they have to push their bikes. Remember, Coe Park has some steep country (what goes down must come up!), and when it gets hot, it is easy to over do it. Be conservative here.

Board Notes

by Barbara Bessey

The Association's Board of Directors met on July 18 in Woodside. Harry Batlin summarized the proceedings of the June 1 meeting to discuss the revised draft of the Cooperating Associations Task Force recommendations. Dennis Pinion represented the PRA at this meeting. The recommendations, when they are approved, will govern the operations of organizations such as the Pine Ridge Association.

The Board appointed a committee, consisting of Kevin Gilmartin, Winslow Briggs, Jim Mason, Dennis Pinion, and Dave Hildebrand, to study the current set of PRA bylaws to determine if they needed to be modified in light of the recommendations made by the Cooperation Associations Task Force. A more general discussion ensued about whether any other changes needed to be made to made to the bylaws. One possible change that will be considered is to make explicit the fact that payment of dues is required in order to be a PRA member in good standing.

Margaret Enns indicated that individuals who join the PRA will now receive welcoming letters and an acknowledgement of their contribution as soon as the new member's dues are processed. In the past, the first information that new members received was the next issue of *The Ponderosa;* and, depending upon when the members joined, there could have been a several-month lag until the next newsletter was produced.

The Board met on September 17 in Morgan Hill. Jim Mason reported that the total assets of the Pine Ridge Association at the end of the second quarter were $36,903. A committee was appointed to work with Jim on preparing the budget for the next fiscal year. Committee members include Barbara Bessey and Celia McCormack. All members of the PRA are encouraged to submit ideas about next year's budget to Jim Mason or to the Coe Park headquarters to Jim's attention.

The timeline for approving any changes to the PRA bylaws was tentatively established. Kevin Gilmartin reported that the bylaws committee will make recommendations for changes at the November Board meeting. The final proposed changes will be published in the December issue of *The Ponderosa,* so that all members will have time to review them. The changes will then be voted on at the annual meeting to be held in February 1992. All members of the PRA are encouraged to submit any suggested changes to the bylaws to Kevin Gilmartin or to the Coe Park headquarters to Kevin's attention.

Margaret Enns reported that, as of September 1991, the PRA had 193 members. Although a change in record-keeping procedures over the past year makes a direct comparison with 1990 membership figures not possible, it appears that the membership has remained stable over the past year.

Roberta Wright mentioned that this year's class of new Coe Park volunteers is the largest ever—30 individuals. In fact, she said that they had to limit the training class to this number, because of the size of the training room at the headquarters.

Winslow Briggs reported on the many activities undertaken by the Trails Committee. The Rooster Comb route is now complete; it is flagged and has been inspected by the state. A number of trails near the Orestimba Corral have also been flagged, including one up to the Mississippi Lake. An amazing accomplishment is the fact that these trails generally have no more than a 10% grade!

A special meeting of the Board will take place on Tuesday, October 29, to discuss the implications for Coe Park of the state's plans to cut costs. The next regularly scheduled meeting of the Board will take place at 7:30 pm on Thursday, November 21, in Morgan Hill. All PRA members are invited to attend these meetings. Please call the Recording Secretary, Barbara Bessey (415/851-7813) for further information, including instructions for locating the meeting places.

Time to Run for the Board

The Pine Ridge Association will hold its annual election for Board of Directors in the next newsletter. The terms of two directors expire at the end of this year. Now is the time to prepare your candidate's statement and send it to the Board's Recording Secretary, Barbara Bessey, 127 Glenwood Avenue, Woodside, CA 94062.

Any association member may run for the Board. A member also may nominate another. To do this, secure the person's permission and send Barbara Bessey a statement explaining why you believe the person would be a good Board member.

The most important qualification for a Board member is a willingness to attend Board meetings and oversee certain tasks for the association. Meetings typically take place every other month on week nights. The term of office is three years. If a Board member is also a Coe Park volunteer, meetings and related activities count toward volunteer hours.

So that the ballots can be prepared for distribution in the next issue of *The Ponderosa,* it is important that all candidate statements be received in a timely manner. Please send your statements to Barbara postmarked on or before **Monday, November 18, 1991.**

1992 Budget Preparation

by Jim Mason

Fiscal year 1992 begins on November 1, 1991, for the Pine Ridge Association. The Board of Directors is putting together the budget to go into effect on that date. Do you have any ideas that you would like to see incorporated in the budget? An interpretative project the association should undertake, a piece of equipment we should buy, an idea for a fund-raising event? All ideas are gratefully solicited and will be considered by the Budget Committee for inclusion in the 1992 budget. Please bring or send any ideas or suggestions to Coe Park headquarters, attention: Jim Mason, Treasurer.

Kudos

Joan and Paul Toth have recently "retired" from the newsletter distribution business. For the past four years, they worked hard to see that *The Ponderosa* was reproduced and distributed. They affixed mailing labels, folded the newsletters, and took them to the post office for mailing. Joan also did a lot of the initial research about procedures for applying for a bulk mailing permit, and the PRA subsequently obtained one. We are most appreciative of all of their efforts on behalf of *The Ponderosa.* Thanks, Joan and Paul!

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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.