The Ponderosa

The Pine Ridge Association Newsletter

July 1992

From under My Brim

by Barry Breckling

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore"

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.

It was a great place to camp. There was no water, but along the top of the steep-sided ridge the view was spectacular, and the heavy breeze was invigorating. The land dropped away so quickly that some might be fearful of falling, but John felt the exhilaration a bird must feel in flight. He hung his food in a black nylon bag from a blue oak tree—the only tree for 200 yards in either direction on the ridge back. He knew there were no bears, but it was habit to hang his food, and, besides, inside the nylon bag was a paper bag with some valuable items for tomorrow's breakfast: three eggs, a half pound of bacon, a large potato, and a half liter of frozen orange juice (sure to thaw to perfection by morning). These items were a luxury on a backpacking trip where, normally, the more something weighs, the less value it has. John, however, considered these items, along with the potato grater and frying pan, to be of the highest value: breakfast was his favorite meal, and a big breakfast in the out-of-doors was very special.

John lay back against a rock with the sun about an hour from setting, and although he was weary from the long hike, he felt very good (especially knowing he would be smelling bacon frying when the sun came up on the other side of the earth). As he was looking through a book on bird lore he had found in a second-hand store, all of a sudden, a large, black bird swooped past him. He knew a little about birds, so, looking at the shape and manner of flight, he first thought it was a falcon. He grabbed his binoculars and could see that the bird was solid black and determined it must be a crow. The bird let out a deep, rattling, hoarse "croak, croak," and John pondered this very strange sound. He knew that crows make a "caw, caw" sound—what in the heck was this bird? As the bird floated almost motionless in the heavy wind, John got a good look at it. Its head and especially its bill were large and seemed out of proportion to the rest of its body. He fumbled through his pack and found his bird identification book. Thumbing quickly through it, he found the jays, the magpies, and finally the related crows—there it was: a common raven. A second look through the binoculars confirmed it was a raven with its wedge-shaped tail unlike the crow's rounded tail. The bird book said that ravens are found in North and Central America, Europe, Asia, and Africa. In his bird lore book, he read a story that illustrated just how curious, resourceful, and intelligent

ravens are. He also learned from the story that females are smaller, and males and females mate for life. As the bird floated nearby, John realized just how large it was—it appeared as large as a red-tailed hawk; could this be possible? Another check of the book confirmed the large size of ravens.

As John lowered his food bag, the dark creature floated nearby. John could tell it was looking at him and checking out his camp—an eerie feeling swept over him along with a shiver as he recalled a once memorized verse,

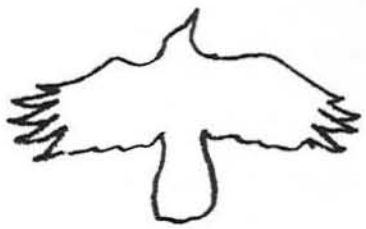
Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore.

John pulled the loose end of the bag's drawstring untying the bow, pulled dinner out, retied the bag, and hauled it back up into the tree well above harm's way. As he prepared dinner, the raven landed a short distance off and slowly strutted boldly nearby. When John would look up, the raven would veer off to one side or the other with an air of watchful indifference, but John knew the smell of dinner and the hope of a handout were what kept the bird near. Dinner (not shared but with only a little guilt) was good, but it could not compare to even the thought of the breakfast to come. Darkness fell and John settled into his sleeping bag; it was a warm evening—no tent needed. Soon he was asleep. He woke with a start from a dream—or more of a nightmare. With his little flashlight he checked his watch—midnight exactly. He aimed his flashlight beam into the darkness, but the tiny beam was absorbed only feet away. The raven could be close by, but it would be as hard to see as a polar bear in a snow storm.

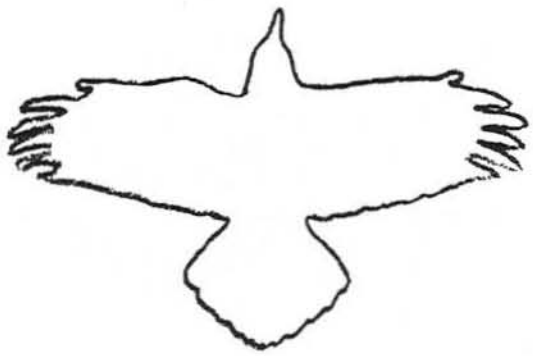
A June morning starts early, and John woke up as the sun rose, but it would be a while before he would get up. Half awake he lay thinking of sizzling bacon. He gazed towards his hanging food bag, and there atop it was the raven tapping at the bow. John smiled and watched with amusement as the raven was deliberately trying to untie the knot. All of a sudden the raven succeeded and the bag fell open. The bird grabbed the top package, the paper bag containing John's whole breakfast. John fought his sleeping bag zipper, finally getting free but too late. The raven flew off with eggs, bacon, potato, and orange juice. Higher and higher he flew, bag in beak, until he hovered 100 feet above a rock outcrop 200 yards away. John grabbed his binoculars and watched the raven deliberately drop the bag. It fell striking the rock splattering breakfast in all directions. The raven spent the next half hour enjoying breakfast.

Oatmeal was sufficient that morning, and John knew he wouldn't die of starvation, but his spirits were down for the rest of the trip. He said to himself, "I should have seen the omen," as he recalled the end of the once memorized verse:

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!



Crow:
small head and bill
round or squared-off tail



Raven:
large head and bill
wedge-shaped tail

Hat Rock and China Hole

by Park Chamberlain

Saturday, May 23, was the day that I finally managed to get to Coe Park early enough to make a hike to Hat Rock practical. I parked my car just after 8 a.m., the temperature promised to be sunny but reasonably cool, and in late May there is plenty of daylight. I put on my boots and slapped sunblock-15 on all exposed skin, then went over to the ranger station to pay my $5 parking fee, filled my water bottles with 3½ quarts at the faucet, drank another 1½ quarts, and hit the trail at 8:18.

Up to the Monument I went, thinking that the short trail up is typical of Coe Park: steep. If you start on that trail you know what to expect later. I stopped by the Monument, still in morning shade, to pay my respects to Henry Coe, then headed down the Northern Heights Route through the gray pines and oaks, picking up the clear sight of Lick Observatory from an angle 90° different from my usual view from San José. Then I heard a noise in the brush that I was sure was a deer, or more than one, until I got a look through the trees and shrubs and saw a couple of wild turkeys. They were the first turkeys I'd seen at Coe in a couple of hikes.

Down the trail to the Little Fork of Coyote Creek, and up to Frog Lake: nobody was there. Then over Middle Ridge and down to Deer Horn camp. Last time at Deer Horn I had seen a big rattlesnake—3 feet long, I think, with 10 rattles—but no snakes were there today. Further down the trail I surprised a doe, who trotted ahead of me until she reached a small buckeye, where she stopped to strip some leaves off the low branches. Looking around I could see that every low branch in sight had been stripped at the same height. When I walked toward her, she went up the hillside, and so I hiked down in the morning sunshine to the Middle Fork of Coyote Creek, meeting a couple of inbound backpackers on the way.

Where the trail crosses the Middle Fork is a natural stop, where you can sit, watch the creek, have a snack, and get your energy for whichever big climb you are planning, outward up the Short Cut Road to Blue Ridge or back up Middle Ridge towards the ranger station. While sitting, I always wonder about Mexican Flat Camp: Is it really there? I've tried to get up the creek twice and been turned back by poison oak both times.

After ten minutes or so, I was passed by five outbound hikers, young people by my standards (I'm 40), who said that they had spent the night at Upper Camp and were day hiking up to Blue Ridge and Black Oak Spring. We hiked together for a while and then I moved a bit ahead—one person will usually hike faster than a group.

The views going up the Short Cut Road are great, and get better and better as you get higher up, but the grade is the toughest I know of in the park, with many steep pitches completely exposed to the sun. You need strong legs. Mine, conditioned by shorter hikes and by umpiring home plate at Little League games, stood the strain, and I got to the top in just 50 minutes. I stopped for a sandwich and then took the trail southeast along the ridge toward Mt. Sizer.

This is a lovely walk, the best I know of in the park. The views up and down Coyote Creek canyon are spectacular, and off to the east you can see endless dry ridges—though on May 23, it was too hazy to even glimpse the outline of the Sierras. Following Winslow Brigg's suggestion, I went down a spur road a bit to take a picture to the east. When I got to Mt. Sizer, the group of five were there ahead of me, so we had lunch together. With only four quarts of water between them, they were counting on finding more at Black Oak Spring.

The next leg was down the road and to the left towards Black Oak Spring through the woods. I found the spring, where a thin thread of water was dripping out of a pipe, and went past it down to the dry bed of Rock House Creek, following a trail flagged with a few red tape markers. At the creek bed I lost the trail, but from there the Hat Rock outcrop is easy to see and I was able to make it to the top by 2 p.m. As I scrambled up the last few feet, with a brisk wind trying to push me off, I thought that it was no time to slip. Someone at the bottom of Hat Rock with a broken ankle could wait a long time for help to come.

The view from Hat Rock is almost as good as from Blue Ridge, and extends 360°. Even with no view of the Sierras, it's worth hiking 9 miles for. You can see the back of the Blue Ridge, from Mt. Sizer southeast, a sight not too many other hikers in Coe see. I signed the peak register (the most recent other signature was dated in March) and sat for a while in the wind and sunshine, but it was too late in the day to stay long.

On the trail down Rock House Ridge, I first noticed something I hadn't seen in Coe Park before: no tracks. No human footprints, no jeep tracks, no mountain bike treads—just the remains of an abandoned fire road. Through the chaparral the road is clear enough, but in the open meadows of wild oats on the lower ridge, it almost disappears. You can only notice it by a patch of sparse vegetation here or a small roadcut there.

Three miles of solitude, broken only by the sight of a buck, brought me to the East Fork of Coyote Creek and back to the Northern Heights Route. There I took off my boots and socks and spent the next 20 minutes picking wild oat seeds out of my four socks (I wear two pairs), cursing the miracle of natural selection that over millions of years developed a seed case perfectly designed to stick into a soft, wooly surface and never come out.

It's an easy hike down the East Fork. I strolled along the creek bed, crossing the creek as seemed best. Does anyone know when the East Fork last filled its bed from side to side? That must have been something to see, if anyone was there to see it. And imagine all that water trying to get through the Narrows![1]

Past Schafer Corral, where the Pacheco Route crosses the creek, I met a backpacker, my first other human since Mt. Sizer. At the last bend before Los Cruzeros, where there are some nice swimming holes, I surprised a young woman swimming without a bathing suit. She said, "I wasn't expecting visitors!" I gave her a friendly, tired smile, told her I wouldn't bother her, and kept going.

Down the last leg to China Hole, through the Narrows, I kept wondering if I should try to make the hike even longer by going home via Madrone Soda Springs. Finally I decided not to: half because I was finally getting pretty tired, half because of Winslow Brigg's warning that those who get poison oak shouldn't walk the Mile Trail wearing shorts. Madrone Soda Springs could wait for another day. So at China Hole I took off my boots, splashed across the creek past a dozen swimmers, put the boots back on, and headed up to Manzanita Point.

Of all the trails in Coe Park, the stretch of the Coit Route from China Hole to Manzanita Point is the one I hate. It's steep, it has patches of poison oak where you have to slide sideways to avoid the deadly leaves, it has a couple of false summits, and it always seems half again as long as it really is. After 45 minutes I staggered to the top and sat down hard at campground number 8, where I drank the last of my water. Five quarts for the day, and I was still thirsty.

The hike back to the Coit Route/Pacheco Route junction was uneventful. There I took the Forest Trail (shorter than the Springs Trail, flatter than the road) and passed the giant madrone. Does this tree have a name? It should. A few hundred yards later, I startled an entire flock of wild turkeys, a mother hen and her chicks. The chicks flew up into the trees, then mamma sidled down the trail to lead me away from them.

And finally I took the Corral Trail and got back to the ranger station and the water faucet, over 18 miles and 10½ hours after starting, very tired but not exhausted after my longest hike in 20 years or so. Feeling pretty pleased with myself, I had a cup of coffee, chatted a bit with Barry Breckling, called my wife to let her know I was safe, and then drove home for dinner.

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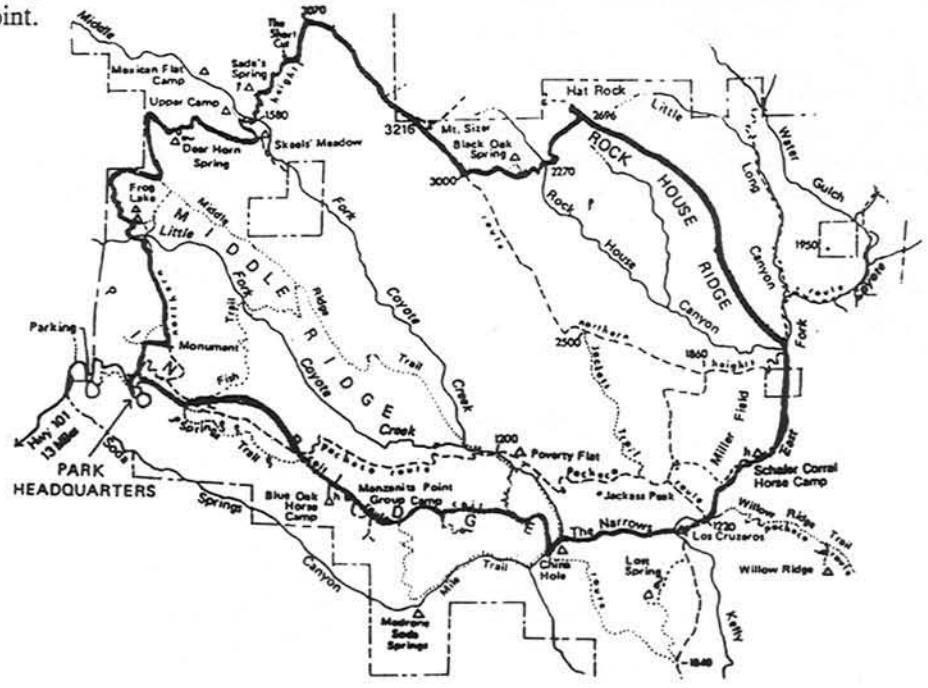
[1] The East Fork may fill to the banks almost every year; about two inches of rain within a two-day period is enough to do it. During such times, it becomes a raging muddy torrent impossible to ford safely, and this happens even in drought years. -Lee Dittmann


PARK HEADQUARTERS
Parking
Monument
Hwy 101
13 Miles
Goals
Blue Oak Horse Camp
Manzanita Point Group Camp
Poverty Flat
Schafer Corral Horse Camp
Jackass Peak
The Narrows
China Hole
Los Cruzeros
Willow Ridge
Willow Ridge Trail
Madrone Soda Springs
Mt. Sizer
Black Oak Spring
Hat Rock
Rock House Ridge
Rock House Canyon
Long Canyon
Water Gulch
Skeels' Meadow
Deer Horn Spring
Upper Camp
Mexican Flat Camp
Middle Fork Little Frog Lake
Middle Fork Ridge
Middle Fork Coyote Creek
Coyote Ridge
Coyote Creek
Coyote Creek Trail
Miller Field
East Fork
Northern Heights Trail
Mile Trail
Lost Spring
Kelly
Canyon
Springs Trail
Pacheco
Laurel
Jackass
Meadow
Saddle
Peak
Spring
Trail
Creek
Fork
Ridge
Canyon
Gulch
Flat
Camp
Horse
Group
Point
Lake
Frog
Little
Middle
Upper
Mexican
Flat
Deer
Horn
Skeels'
Meadow
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House
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Water
Gulch
Miller
Field
East
Schafer
Corral
Horse
Camp
Poverty
Flat
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Peak
Manzanita
Point
Group
Camp
Blue
Oak
Horse
Camp
The
Narrows
China
Hole
Los
Cruzeros
Willow
Ridge
Willow
Ridge
Trail
Madrone
Soda
Springs
Lost
Spring
Mile
Trail
Kelly
Canyon
Springs

What Color Are the Rattlesnakes in Coe Park—*Really?*

by Lee Dittmann

A usually reliable contributor to *The Ponderosa* has claimed on a number of occasions that the majority of rattlesnakes in Coe State Park are green. As recently as the June 1989 issue, Ranger Breckling asserted, "most of our rattlesnakes are a greenish color." This assertion has been assumed correct by park volunteers and reported to the public as the true situation here. But is it?

Up until two years ago, yours truly had seen only three rattlers during his visits to Coe Park. All three were tan or otherwise light brown. Were these merely exceptions to the general rule of green rattlesnakes? This seemed possible—but since that time, I have had the good fortune of at least six additional sightings, including one dead snake on the Bell Station road. All of these were tan or brown, with one exception: one individual was banded tan and olive drab. That's olive *drab,* mind you, not olive green—the former color as much brownish as greenish. Casual inquiries of other Coe Park explorers revealed that they, too, had seen few, if any, green rattlesnakes. For example, at the fall 1990 volunteer ride-along, Larry Haimowitz revealed that, although he had always heard that most were green, he personally hadn't seen any.

What then, is Ranger Breckling's claim based upon? He tells me that in his fourteen years at Coe Park, he has seen an estimated 70 to 100 rattlers here—and he remembers only two that weren't green. When pressed he states that, "Less than ten per cent, anyway" were some color other than greenish. Does Barry Breckling *see* only green rattlers—and ignore the rest? Have non-green rattlesnakes become more common in the last few years? Do I and a few others have some weird karmic mental block blinding us to that myriad of green vipers that are allegedly the predominant variation among poisonous slitherers at Coe? What's going on here?

Have you seen rattlesnakes in Coe Park? How many, and what color were they? Help me get to the bottom of this mini-mystery. Please take a moment to jot down your past observations, whether from memory, photos, or field notes, and let me know what *your* experience has been. Don't tell me what you've always heard. Tell me what *you* have seen with your own eyes. Any additional data such as where, when, and how big will be welcome, but the main questions of the hour are quantity and color. Mail your observations to me % the Pine Ridge Association, and I will compile them for a future article on the Great Green Rattlesnake Debate.

New County Park to Be Coe's Neighbor to the West

by Bob Kelley

In early May, the *San José Mercury News* announced the impending development of the historic Jackson Ranch into a county park. Overlooking Anderson Reservoir, the 40 acre park will include some cattle grazing to carry on the ranching theme. The 1904 ranch house will be restored to its former elegance. The house was heavily damaged by Morgan Hill's 1984 earthquake. It will contain a park office and a museum featuring photos of early ranch life, one-time employees, and the Jackson "sisters" and relatives.

The ranch was founded in 1869 by Aphelia Cochrane and her dairyman husband, John, when they purchased 5,500 acres of foothill land and moved into an adobe house built in 1832. The adobe lies buried today beneath the waters of Anderson Reservoir.

Aphelia Cochrane outlived her husband by fifty years. She converted her ranch into a fruit orchard following the 1906 earthquake.

Aphelia raised an orphan child, Ruth Lowe, to provide companionship to her granddaughter, Gladys Jackson. The two young women never married. They lived in the white frame ranch house until the 1984 earthquake. Structural damage forced their move into a modern home in the Jackson Meadows subdivision built on a portion of their former lands. The present ranch lands and house are leased to the county for use by the Pioneers of Santa Clara. Once restoration is completed and the park opens, the county will receive permanent ownership.

The Wait-'Til-I'm-Past Rock Group

by Libby Vincent

Founder:	Everett Allen
Associate Members:	Barbara Bessey, Kevin Gilmartin, Don Holmes, Irwin Koff, Michael Lynds, David Perrin, Libby Vincent

"We'll be going cross-country," said Everett, grinning, as he strapped a machete around his waist, "and there's *lots* of poison oak."

Seven of us set out to explore what had been the McAllister property, led by Everett, who had been scouting around up there. He had volunteered to take us on

a possible route for a new trail that might one day ease access to Mississippi Lake. Emerging, yawning, from under the ramada at the Arnold Cabin, we scrambled into the truck at about 9 a.m., bounced up the east fork of the Coyote Creek, and ground to a halt in the gravel riverbed right where the road rears uphill, headed for Bear Mountain.

Disdaining the road, we headed for the adjacent creekbed and began scrambling up and over rocks, through thickets of undergrowth and an increasing proliferation of poison oak, and began to work our way upward. After about half a mile, Everett turned uphill on a steep north-facing slope and began slashing his way through the undergrowth in an approximate switchback, heading for the top of the ridge. The rest of us struggled and fought and battled our way upward, too, trying to keep Everett's bright yellow T-shirt in sight. At least it was cool. As we grunted and groaned over the crest, dusting off the poison oak, grit, and sweat, there was Everett quietly puffing on a cigarette, looking rested and cool. "How does he *do* it?" we wondered aloud. "I smoke to keep my lungs clean," replied Everett sententiously.

With that ridge behind us, things looked a little easier. We were apparently going to cut across a draw, head for a large pile of rocks, and work our way around to the pond on what used to be the McAllister property. But it had been a while since Everett had come this way, and we cut either too high or too low across an exposed and sunstruck hillside, still struggling to keep Everett in sight as he flailed his way across the landscape. We suddenly ended up at a particularly steep and exposed slope that was not going to be easy to get across. Everett, of course, had already made it and was resting quietly in the shade, puffing on another cigarette, encouraging us on. We began our dusty, perilous scramble, looking hard for toe and handholds, teetering, bounding, and finally sliding the last fifteen feet downslope straight into a particularly luscious stand of poison oak. As members of the group make it, we turned back to help the others on, but each one across made the slope less stable for the ones to follow. Barbara had the most exciting passage, saved only by Dave's grabbing her by the britches so that she didn't go catapulting down the slope after her well-thumbed volume of the National Geographic *Field Guide to the Birds of North America.*

Whew! We paused for a slightly longer breather this time, to drink some water, mop up some of the damage, and recover our cool. But the worst really was over, even if we still couldn't keep Everett in sight. We worked our way across a thoroughly pleasant and safe hillside, skirting aromatic buckeye, admiring the view to the north and east, beginning to feel relaxed. Everett stopped us in the shade of a beautiful rock outcrop; we hardly noticed that he was only thirty feet ahead of us at this point. "This," he said proudly, "is what I call Wait-'Til-I'm-Past Rock, and when you get over here where I am, you'll see why." Groans were heard from the group as we hot-footed it over to where he had been. Looking back was truly a delight. Those of us who have done it encourage any of you who are interested to find your way in our footsteps to this very rock on this very hillside and check it out. Wait-'Til-I'm-Past Rock is worth the journey.

McAllister pond wasn't too far away, and we rested beside it in the shade for about an hour, eating lunch, washing off poison oak, admiring the multicolored dragonflies, counting turtles and garter snakes, and soaking up the reflection of Bear Mountain Peak, a golden hillside, and a stand of oaks. Midway through lunch, Everett, unable to sit still any longer, asked if anyone wanted to go on a side trip. From among the supine bodies, only Dave was up and away to keep our fearless leader company. Even Michael, who has more energy and finesse than ten of the NBA's finest, was content to relax and watch the activity out on the water.

We came back by a slightly different route, uphill from the pond to a high shoulder of Bear Mountain Peak with gorgeous views—Mount Hamilton to the northwest, Pacheco Peak hazy in the heat and distance to the south, and Blue Ridge and Rock House Ridge to the west. We managed to keep Everett in sight on the way back down the ridge only because the ground was more open. And we found a better way down the poison-oak-infested hillside and creekbed back to our truck, which was resting in the full heat of the day like a sizzling chestnut on hot coals. But just to be sure we clobbered the poison oak, we stopped the truck near a beautiful pool in Coyote Creek right below Little Long Canyon. I've never seen so many bodies head for the water more quickly—boxer shorts billowing in the breeze, knobby knees flashing in the afternoon sun—to sink in the cool depths, gorged with delight.

As we lunched back up by the pond, we had noticed all the junk tossed over the dam and down the hill by McAllister and friends—old blankets, a pile of whiskey bottles (empty), rubble, rubbish, and mounds of the detritus of life. A real midden on that otherwise pristine hillside. Any volunteers for a cleanup of the McAllister property? Those of us who are proud to be members of the Wait-'Til-I'm-Past Rock Group would be happy to show you the way!

An Invitation to Join the Volunteer Program

by Tina Greco, Coe Park Volunteer Training Coordinator

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 me and approximately 100 others who donate some of our 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 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 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. Training will be held at the park on weekends from September to January; graduation will be held in February.

Applications are available now at Coe Park headquarters. September 1 is the deadline for receipt of applications. Applicants have their choice of interview dates (either September 5 or 9).

The PRA Calendar

Thursday, August 13: The PRA Board of Directors will meet at 6 p.m. at the home of Barbara Bessey and Kevin Gilmartin, 127 Glenwood Avenue, Woodside. All PRA members are invited to attend. If you would like to attend, or if you would like to receive a copy of the meeting's agenda in advance, please contact Barbara Bessey (415/851-7813).

Saturday, August 15–Sunday, August 16: The third annual moonlight daylight Burra Burra Hike Hike—an opportunity to explore the eastern side of Coe Park. Meet at the Dowdy by 4 p.m. Saturday. After sunset there will be a several-hours walk (without flashlights) around Burra Burra on old roads; the walk will be repeated the next morning in full daylight. The silence is spectacular, but you can also hear the night sounds of owls and coyotes. For further information, call Lee Sims at work (209/722-7467) or at home (209/383-7848), or call Roberta Wright (408/683-2219).

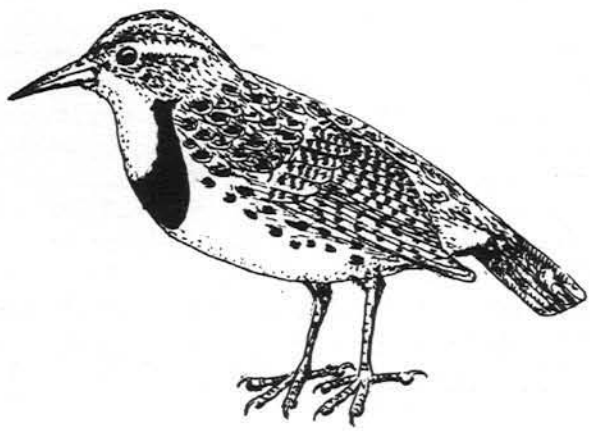
Saturday, September 5, and Wednesday, September 9: Interviews will be conducted of individuals who are interested in becoming members of the Coe Park Volunteer Program. For more information about the Volunteer Program, call Tina Greco (408/842-3441). Contact the Coe Park headquarters for an application (408/779-2728).

Sunday, September 27: The tenth annual Fall Barbecue will be held at Coe Park from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. In addition to the all-you-can eat fare, there will be a number of planned activities, including nature walks, demonstrations, and activities for children. More information about the BBQ will be included in the next issue of *The Ponderosa.*

Ooops!

The Editors

From time to time, we make mistakes; and, when we discover them, we will pass along the corrections to you. In this instance, we printed an article written by Al Heckbert (*Orestimba Wilderness in Henry W. Coe State Park, April 7-13, 1990,* which appeared in the October 1991 issue of *The Ponderosa*) in which he indicated that the astronomical observatories on Mt. Hamilton are to the west. We changed the direction to north, right? Wrong! Al and his party were north of Robinson Mountain at the time, and from there Lick Observatory is more west than north. If you can find a map that shows both Coe Park and Mt. Hamilton, take a look. Or better yet, hike up Red Creek and then around to the back side of Robinson Mountain and take your own sightings. Sorry, Al!



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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.