The Ponderosa

The Pine Ridge Association Newsletter

September 1992

From under My Brim

by Barry Breckling

The Emerald Chain

She was beautiful. Her skin was soft and smooth, her eyes cat-like; her slender shape moved slowly as the summer sun set, casting an orange tint to her moistureless yet shiny skin. In the light of day, that skin showed beautiful patterns in hues of brown and tan but mostly a soft yet earthy green, and right now her colors were most vivid as she had just shed. Despite this great beauty, many people in the world were greatly repulsed by her kind. They did not see her loveliness, seeing only an emissary of death, a poisonous viper hiding in the grass, seeking out human prey. If they only knew her thoughts: no hatred, no anger, only a desire to survive and carry on her kind. Someday she would die, but her life would not be in vain. She lived to a higher purpose, her existence was as perennial as the grass, a link in the emerald chain.

She had spent the last winter by herself in a pile of rocks in the bottom of Kelly Cabin Canyon (relatives in the high mountains joined together in groups in one den). As the April weather warmed the canyon bottom and graced the verdant slopes with flowers, she left her den in search of food and a mate. As she crawled up the hillside leaving the creek, moving slowly through the low green grass, she came upon a male rattlesnake. They met in a quiet courtship, entwining their long bodies for a short time, and departed their separate ways. Fertilization of her eggs would take place later, and it would be many months until the young would be born.

She spent most of her time through the spring looking for food in the warmth of the sun, but in late May, with the ground warming up to over 80°, she started avoiding the heat of the day. To be out in the sun at these times would mean she could quickly overheat and die. On a hot June afternoon, two hikers sat down less than two feet from where she hid from the sun under a low shrub. As they ate their lunch, she was only slightly concerned until one of the persons saw her and leaped up knocking over a plastic bottle of lime drink and spilling a jar of olives. She quickly but quietly moved on.

Now, at the end of summer, on a dark evening, she waited silently. Her only movement was an occasional flick of her tongue, which had told her much earlier that she was at the right place—the edge of a ground squirrel run. The pupils of her eyes, which were only narrow slits during the day, were wide open, and she could see the form of a young ground squirrel as it returned to its den. It was her heat-sensing pits that had first picked up the presence of the squirrel. As the squirrel approached, her heat sensors gave her its distance and direction, and she actually perceived an infrared image of the animal. At just the right time and with just the right quantity of poison, she struck. The squirrel ran off with fear pumping the poison quickly through its body. She slowly followed the scent of the

squirrel using her nose and tongue to track it as surely as a bloodhound. Her slender form allowed her to enter the narrow squirrel hole into which the squirrel had retreated. Even before the squirrel died, parts of the poison had started the digestion process. She moved the squirrel around until she could get its head in her mouth. Unhinging her lower jaw, she started to eat this animal that was larger than her mouth. Teeth that pointed backwards helped this one-way trip, and more than pulling the squirrel into her mouth, she crawled over it. Her belly would bulge for a few days, and she would move little during this time. This meal would be sufficient for more than a week. The young, inexperienced squirrel, which had eaten the green spring grass, would continue in the snake as a link in the emerald chain.

On a fall afternoon, as she was about to shed her skin for the third time this year (which would give her the third new rattle for the year), a group of 15 elk sought the shade of a large oak—the same shade she had found hours earlier. She could feel the vibration of the ground as these enormous animals got near. Under normal circumstances, this would have been frightening enough, but her fright was compounded by the fact that she was going to shed and this made her temporarily blind. She set her rattles to vibrating, and the resulting buzz—certainly not a rattle—sent the elk galloping off. She did not move far from the tree in the next few days. The bulge that she now had in her belly was not from food but from ten 6"-11" babies still encased in their eggs. Unlike many other species of snakes that lay eggs, her eggs broke inside her and the babies were born live. They too were beautiful. Two were colored with pastel browns and tans, but the other eight were like their mother, mostly green. Men had noted the commonness of this species' green color when they gave them their scientific name: *Crotalus viridis*—viridis means green. Their lives would be hard, and just as their mother had done her part to keep nature flowing yet in balance, some of them would give up their lives to the balance. A kingsnake would catch one. The little rattlesnake would inject poison deep into the kingsnake, but because of the kingsnake's total immunity it would have no effect. Two others would become food for red-tailed hawks, another eaten by a scrub jay, and two more would not make it through the winter because they could not find enough food before it was time to hibernate. One would be beaten with a stick and crushed to death with a rock. The three remaining would come out of their dens in April looking for food and mates and continue adding links to the emerald chain.

I Bought a Horse . . . for Seventy-Five Dollars

interview conducted by Teddy Goodrich

Darroll Weddell and his wife, Jeanette, have been friends of mine for over thirty years. I spent a very pleasant evening talking to Darroll about his memories of the Dowdy ranch. I hope his recollections bring you as much enjoyment as they did to me.

Darroll Weddell:

What started it out was I bought a horse from Colletto for seventy-five dollars, which was probably the biggest mistake. I had no place to keep it, so Dutch Brem made me go see George Milias. I had to go downtown, go in the Milias Hotel, and talk to him. Dutch told me I probably could keep it at the Gymkhana grounds. So I went down there, and I talked to George Milias, and I was only fifteen or sixteen then. And scared to death because George was the supreme commander of Gilroy at the time. He had the key ready for me and everything. He said, "Sure you can keep your horse there all you want. There's plenty of feed, water," so this I did.

About four weeks after that, Dutch says to me, "Hey, we're gonna take it up to the ranch." This is the old Brem-Dowdy ranch, actually John Scherrer, Pat Ryan, and the Brem family was involved with it. It was all homesteaded, from what I understand. So anyway, we hauled it up to the ranch in an old '39 flatbed Ford with a cattle rack on it. He was a green horse, so Dutch says anytime you want to come up, you come up, and we'll take care of him, and I'll break him.

So I had my horse up there, and Dutch used to take me up. At that time we didn't have any jeeps yet. Everything was on horseback. There was over eleven thousand acres, eleven fields, eleven dams. Johnny Howarth's dad, Ed Howarth, built all of them from what I understand. We used to stock them with trout from the Uvas Creek. When the Uvas Creek went dry at the Brem gravel pit, we'd take all the fry and put 'em in five-gallon milk cans, put ice in them, and haul 'em up and dump 'em in the dams. So in two years we had fishing—oh, we had fishing!

We'd gather cattle. We'd start out at midnight from the ranch. We'd usually kill a deer the night before, take the liver, fry up the liver, fry up bacon and big hotcakes, and put bacon and liver in between the hotcakes, and shove them in your pocket. That was your breakfast at ten o'clock in the morning, when you were back about ten miles. We usually trailed five to six horses for each person because of the heat. It usually ran 110°-117°. You'd go through a horse every couple of hours or better, depending on what you were doing.

At that time, there was a man called Pat Kosher. He had to be in his late seventies then. He was an old buckaroo from the Gilroy area. He used to ride all the rodeos, all the bucking broncs and everything. His favorite thing was to ride there at Coyote at the rodeo. But old Pat would ride these broncs, and they'd have some wild ones. And he'd bet, "You put five bucks under my boots, and it'll be there when I'm done riding." He never lost.

We used to gather in that back country. The most that ranch ever held was 250 cows. Everything worked into the Pacheco Creek and down towards the old John Somovia ranch. We worked everything in the corrals, dehorn, castrate, everything was done on foot or on horseback until about 1951, when they got their first calf layover table. We used to lose maybe four or five calves during the night because dehorning was very crude. We knocked the horns off and turn 'em out, and they'd be shooting blood. The care wasn't there. But it was done like the old timers did it. There wasn't much value in the cattle in those days.

From there we'd usually take the herd that we were going to sell, and you had to take 'em straight up about three miles to the main house and into the old hay fields, hold 'em there for about a week, and take 'em out nine miles to Bell Station. And the biggest thrill was getting across Pacheco Pass Road. These cattle had never seen a white line in their lives, or pavement. But of course in those days there wasn't nearly the traffic there is today. We'd get on our horses, and we'd stop the traffic one way, and we'd stop the traffic the other way. In later years, they dug a tunnel so we could go under the road, which was actually as bad as going across the white line, because the cattle didn't want to go into the tunnel. There was always one or two cows that turned around and ran back one or two miles, and you'd wind up chasing them and bringing them back across the road. We usually had lunch then at Bell Station. They'd load up the horses into the truck. We had one pinto that wouldn't load. That horse probably weighed about 900 pounds. I weighed about 240 then. And I could beat the truck back to the ranch with that horse. He was a head tosser—he didn't know anything but go. It was all uphill, and he went.

When I was in the service, they used to leave a jeep for me at Bell Station, and I'd hitchhike up from San Diego, which I did seventy-two times, and then I'd drive on back into the ranch. I think there was thirteen gates we had to open, and at one time we had to drink a beer between each gate, so by the time you got back there, you were feeling pretty good. Anyway, in the middle of the night, here I am at three o'clock in the morning, driving through all this country. They'd be waiting for me, and we'd take off, and on Sunday about two o'clock, I'd come back out and hitchhike back to San Diego again.

I took one of my buddies from the service in with me one time. Dutch, in the middle of the night, got up and made some big tracks in the mud, and we had my buddy believing there was a bigfoot back there. This kid was from Sacramento, and he was green. The next night, Dutch had an old shotgun, and my buddy slept with it, because the tracks went right around his bed.

There were some escapades. Winnie Robinson and I were sleeping in one of the inside rooms in the old Dowdy ranch house, and the rest of them were sleeping outside. They threw water down our sleeping bags, so we filled up Bob Robinson's boots with water. The next morning we moved the cattle out to Bell Station, and it was freezing cold. And all day he was with wet boots.

There was also the time when I was real young and Dutch picked a buckeye off a tree. And he says this is a mountain apple, and if anyone has ever bit into a buckeye![1]

We had finally rigged up a shower in the house. We put a shower downstairs and a five-gallon milk can up above with a pipe going down with a little valve. Put your hot water in the can on top, go down and take your shower. Fine, unless Dutch Brem happened to go over there and fill it up with ice water—which he did. But there was a time when he thought we were gone, and he took his shower, and we got him!

I remember the old spring coming out from underneath the oak tree, and it was off maybe three or four hundred feet to the west of the house in the hayfield. It went into a little tank. That water was so good I used to take it home, and my mother would make coffee with it. It was the best coffee I ever drank. Unbelievable good water!

We were gonna gather up a bunch of deer for the American Legion, so we had a big drive. Dutch and I played bird dog and run the deer out, and they'd shoot 'em and have a big barbecue down at the American Legion in town. So we were down in the bottom of the canyon once, and Dutch was ahead of me, and all of a sudden he's yelling and

cussing, and I could hear banging, but I couldn't see anything. I came around the corner and I said, "What are you doing?" And he said, "Oh, I've only killed thirteen rattlesnakes. There's a few hundred more—don't come in!"

There's a place called the hole in the rock. It's in the Pacheco Creek where the creek comes over the tip of this rock and drops down, and it's about thirty feet to the bottom of this big pool. We used to sneak up there and take out line. The hole was about three feet in diameter, and we'd catch trout about thirteen-fourteen inches. And here they are as you're cranking them up, bouncing against the side of the rock, all trying to get off, and you've got this beautiful fish on. It was quite a thrill.

We used to go shoot a couple of ducks. As Dutch and I rode a horse from one dam to the other, we'd pick the feathers. One time we shot 135 mallards in one afternoon. We traveled nine dams with the jeep. We got 'em home to the ranch, and it was after dark. And we said this is it, we're just going to go sack out, and Dutch says, "Oh no you're not. You shot 'em, you clean 'em." I think it was about two-thirty that morning we went to bed.

But our favorite trick on our way up to the ranch was to shoot at the ducks on Soap Lake with our twenty-twos and scare 'em off. They'd fly up into the Pacheco country so we always had good duck hunting.

Back in the Orestimba there was great coveys of quail, five-six thousand quail in coveys. They'd jump out in front of you, and you could shoot all day.

We traveled the canyons and the bottom of the creeks. There was areas where it was so steep you grabbed your horse's tail when you were in the saddle, pulled it over your shoulder just to stay in the saddle. The cattle all had trails through the manzanita. There may be ten-twenty acres of manzanita with their trails. So you had to get off your horse and have someone take it over to the other side to catch the cattle coming out, and you'd go in crawling on your hands and knees to get the cattle out.

There was one forty acre parcel of land right in the middle of the ranch that someone else had homesteaded. They had a Model T Ford, and they had the Rock Mountain transmission, and they put a Model A transmission in behind it, so they had ultimate low gears and big Fordson iron-rimmed tires on it. And they could go—mud, anything, nothing stopped them. But they got an injunction against them for tearing up the country. That thing is still back in that place. Right after I got back from Korea, Winnie and I went in and tore the head off that thing, and it was just immaculate inside. The pistons and everything was beautiful, but it was just sitting there, rotting away.

I remember going in when I had my '40 Mercury. Going in, the engine used to get pretty hot. I can remember stopping at a lake on the Sheridan and filling my boot with water to put in the radiator, cause it was so hot.

We hayed probably thirty-forty acres all by horse. Planted it by horse, mowed it by horse, windrowed it by horse, and shocked it by horse. Usually you'd pick up those shocks with two people, and the rattlesnakes would run down your pitchfork handle. We'd pitch into a wagon, haul the wagon into the barn, and pitch it out by hand. One night it was so hot, Winnie, Gary, and I slept on top of the hay. In the morning there was thirteen or fourteen rattlesnakes in the bottom of the wagon. We didn't sleep out there no more!

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[1] Please don't try it—buckeyes are poisonous!

Reorganization of the State Parks
by Kay Robinson

Well, by now, no doubt, you have heard of the changes that are taking place within the Department of Parks and Recreation. A reorganization plan was put into motion in May after the Phoenix Committee, at the direction of Parks Director Don Murphy, studied the effectiveness of the existing organization. Many positive changes will be made during the next few years.

One of the major changes, which affects the staff and volunteers at Coe, is that the regional offices will be closed, and our 52 districts statewide will be consolidated into 23 districts. As a result, the Gavilan District, as we know it, will be dissolved. San Juan Bautista State Historical Park and Fremont Peak State Park will be administered by Monterey District (at the location of the old regional office on Garden Road), and Henry Coe State Park will be administered by Four Rivers District headquartered at San Luis Reservoir.

This, of course, precipitated changes in the "old" Gavilan District core staff. Harry Batlin is assuming the duties of the Park Recreation Specialist in the consolidated Monterey District. His duties will be to work with private, city, county, and other governmental agencies on issues concerning state parks (e.g., real estate, adjacent property development, land use zoning, and political issues). Rich Rojas's and Dottie Abbott's supervisory positions have been abolished. Dottie, however, has retired and is happily on her way to new activities.

Joe Martinez now devotes his attention to the supervision of maintenance at San Juan Bautista and Fremont Peak. I have been assigned leadperson responsibilities for Henry Coe State Park. I will be the direct (i.e., legal) supervisor for the rangers and volunteers and will coordinate the day-to-day activities of the maintenance staff. The PRA volunteers will continue to work with Barry in the operations at Coe headquarters. And I will certainly continue to call upon the expertise of Harry and Joe to make use of the knowledge and skills they have regarding parks management and operations.

In this reorganization, Coe Park has fared well. A full-time staff of six persons—Barry Breckling, Dean Meyer, Doug Meyers, Sam Craig (equipment operator), Rick Perez (parks maintenance worker), and I—plus the devoted work of over 100 Pine Ridge Association volunteers will be responsible for the maintenance, visitor protection, resource management, real estate management, and interpretation for this 68,000+ acre park. The ultimate goal is to assign a State Park Superintendent over this operation. This is the position I am holding in the interim, until control agencies above the Department of Parks and Recreation make final allocations of staff.

So bear with us during this transition period, expected to last about six months. I will be attending the PRA board meetings and Trail Committee meetings, while Barry will continue to be the liaison with the Volunteer Committee. I look forward enthusiastically to continuing to work with you to provide a high quality experience to the visitors of **Henry W. Coe State Park, the Best State Park in California!**

Volunteers and Friends of Henry Coe State Park

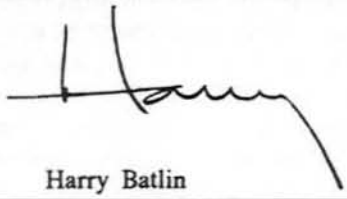
The State Department of Parks and Recreation is being reorganized due to the present fiscal crisis. It is felt that savings can be realized by combining units of the parks system into larger districts for administrative purposes. Henry W. Coe will become part of the Four Rivers District at Los Baños. At this time John Kolb is the superintendent of that district. Because the major constituency of Henry Coe is in the Bay Area in Santa Clara Valley, and because of the ongoing acquisition and development of Henry Coe, it was decided that a resident manager would be put in place. I believe that it is everyone's good fortune that Kay Robinson will fill that position.

I will be working on strategic planning and governmental affairs for the units from Big Sur to the Pajaro River and in San Mateo County. I will be involved in some very interesting projects having to do with the new marine sanctuary in the state seashore, transitional property at Fort Ord west of the highway, and other general plans.

My years in the Gavilan District have been very rich for me. I have come to know and enjoy new landscapes, have met many new people, and have made some very good friends. I have also learned to be in awe of the enormous commitment and dedication of the volunteers at Henry Coe. There would have been so little accomplished without you, and there was so very, very much accomplished because of you.

I want to thank each of you for your generosity to the parks and to me over these years. Even though I will leave for other duties, my head and heart will not be far from Coe.

Sincerely,



Harry Batlin

New and Renewed Roles
by John Kolb

John Kolb is our new district superintendent. His family has been in California for four generations. He is originally from Sonoma County and now lives in Gustine, where he and his wife are raising two teenagers. John graduated from California State University, Sacramento, with a major in park management and environmental resources. He has been a ranger in a number of parks, was a training coordinator at Asilomar, was director of the State Capitol Museum, and has been the superintendent of Four Rivers District for six years. He is a percussion player in the California Army National Guard Band and treasurer of the Los Baños Rotary Club. We welcome John as a member of our extended family at Coe!

With the passage of the state budget on September 2, the Department of Parks and Recreation finally got its marching orders. Reorganization is here. In a previous article in this issue of *The Ponderosa*, Kay Robinson has given you some of the details about the changes and what they mean to all of us.

The old Four Rivers District consisted of San Luis Reservoir, Turlock Lake, Caswell, McConnell, George J. Hatfield, and Great Valley Grasslands State Parks. All of these parks represent typical Central Valley resources and

offer a variety of recreational opportunities. We are delighted to now be associated with Henry W. Coe State Park. It is a jewel in the park system, and so are the people who work and visit there! The addition of Coe strengthens the Four Rivers District in several ways. Many visitors to Central Valley parks come from Santa Clara County, and the district now has a link to those communities that it never had before. District staff and volunteers have the opportunity to work with a broader range of resources and benefit from those experiences. The Four Rivers Natural History Association can learn from the Pine Ridge Association—and perhaps share a few ideas as well.

As roles and responsibilities of permanent employees expand, volunteers will be needed to continue vital public services. This includes all of the traditional activities such as supporting interpretive programs, providing public assistance patrols, constructing and maintaining trails, serving as campground hosts, and raising funds for park projects. But volunteers do more than donate their time to work in the park. They provide a critical link between park administration and the communities the park serves. Volunteers offer continuity and the perspective of many points of view that help shape the management policies for each park. Volunteers comprise one of the strongest support groups available to the department as we continue to compete for diminishing resources. Combined with the professional experience and technical training of the park staff, we make a great team!

In future issues of *The Ponderosa,* I will discuss some of the exciting volunteer projects now underway in other parks in the district. I will also be telling you of new opportunities for service. Active volunteers holding Pine Ridge Association membership cards will be welcome in other Four Rivers District parks with day-use fees waived. Four Rivers Natural History Association members will receive the same benefits at Coe. Together, let's hike, ride, boat, windsurf, fish, serve the public, and improve the quality of our interpretation and resource management efforts. As Bogart said:

This could be the start of a beautiful friendship!

Volunteer Award Presented to Leif Larsen

by Kay Robinson

Leif Larsen has been a member and volunteer of the Pine Ridge Association for about ten years. Projects and activities that Leif has been involved in include visitor center staffing, trail flagging, the annual Mother's Day Breakfast, the annual Fall Barbecue, volunteer training, and the Trails Committee. By the end of 1991, Leif had contributed over 1,200 hours in staffing the visitor center and patrolling the park. These hours do not include the tremendous amount of time he has dedicated to volunteer training and the trails programs at Coe.

His involvement with the Trails Committee started in 1987, when he and other committee members were working on such projects as

- developing a trail map for sale,
- planning trail routes throughout the park,
- placing trail signs at 87 intersections in the park,
- writing a proposal that resulted in $225,000 set aside in the 1988 bond act for trail development, and
- developing a trails standards manual.

At that time, he assumed the coordination of the annual statewide Trail Days, a job he has held every year since then.

For the last three years, Leif has focused on the coordination and presentation of Trail Days. As a result of his efforts, the new Forest Trail is a reality. It took more than 400 volunteer days to construct this trail over a period of two years. Leif planned it from conception, to flagging, to rough line cut, to the final construction. His organization of Trail Days is outstanding not only for the trails constructed and repaired but also for the amount of community involvement that he has generated.

Leif Larsen has been designated Volunteer of the Year for the Four Rivers District. The award was announced by District Superintendent John Kolb on July 30, and I officially presented the certificate to Leif at the August Trails Committee meeting. Many thanks are owed to Leif for his devotion to preserving the natural resources and making it possible for the public to enjoy and appreciate our state parks.

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 three 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, Kevin Gilmartin, 127 Glenwood Avenue, Woodside, CA 94062.

Any association member may run for the Board. A member may also nominate another PRA member. To do this, send Kevin a short statement explaining why you believe the person would be a good Board member, and he will contact your nominee to ask the person to consider running.

The most important qualification for a Board member is a willingness to attend Board meetings and to participate in carrying out 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 board-related activities count toward volunteer hours. If you would like to attend a Board meeting to see what they are like, the next one will be held on Tuesday, October 20, at the Classic Square Office Building in Morgan Hill starting at 7:30 p.m.

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 Kevin postmarked on or before **Monday, November 16, 1992.** (If you plan to nominate someone else, please do so at least two weeks earlier.) Your statement might be a paragraph or two long and might contain information like how long you have been a PRA member, why you became interested in Coe Park, ways that you have served the park or other volunteer activities in which you have benefitted the public, any special qualifications or experience that you have, and specific plans that you have for improving the park as a Board member.

If you have any questions about what it would be like to be a Board member or if you would like additional guidance on putting together a candidate statement, please call Kevin at 415/851-7813.

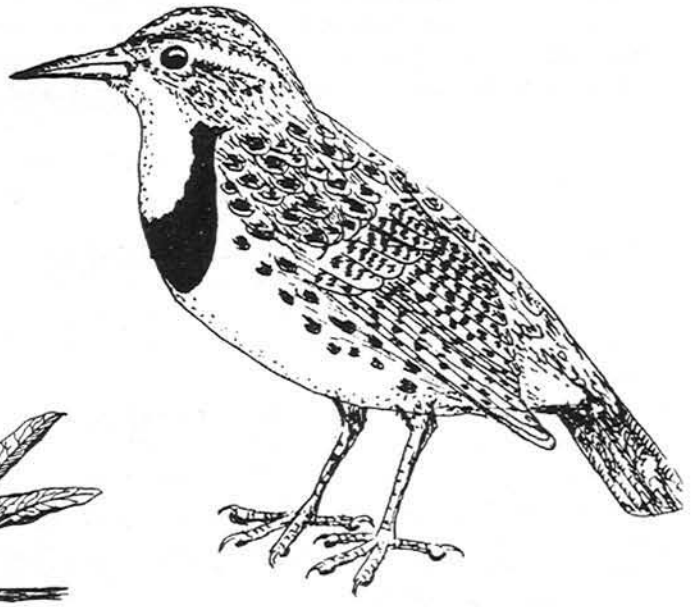
The PRA Calendar

Saturday, October 10: Join Coe Park Volunteer Larry Haimowitz as he stalks tarantulas starting at 1:00 p.m. at the visitor center. He has lots of interesting information to share about the life of a tarantula. For further information about the walk, contact Larry (408/778-6088) or the park headquarters (408/779-2728).

Tuesday, October 20: The PRA Board of Directors will meet at 7:30 p.m. at the Classic Square Office Building, 16275 Monterey Road, Morgan Hill. 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 call Barbara Bessey (415/851-7813).

Saturday, November 14: Everyone who is interested in working on a park trail is invited to participate in Fall Trail Day. Bring gloves, sturdy boots, and drinking water, and meet at 9:00 a.m. behind the ranger's house at the Coe Park headquarters. For further information, contact Leif Larsen (408/779-7785).

Saturday, November 14: Gallery Morgan Hill and the Pine Ridge Association are co-sponsoring an art show. The focus of the show will be works of art related to the flora, fauna, and features of Coe Park. A special reception that is open to the public will be held on November 14 from 3 p.m. to 7 p.m. at the Gallery, 17490 S. Monterey Street, in Morgan Hill. The show opens on November 13 and runs through January 4, 1993. For further information, contact Gillian Altieri of the Gallery Morgan Hill (408/226-2450) or Barbara Bessey of the PRA (415/851-7813).



GALLERY MORGAN HILL

17490 S. Monterey St., Morgan Hill, CA 95037 (408) 776-7990

For further information, contact:
Gillian Altieri, Gallery Morgan Hill Publicity
408-226-2450
or
Barbara Bessey, Pine Ridge Association Chair
(415-851-7813)

THE COE SHOW: The Artist's Eye in Henry Coe Park

Gallery Morgan Hill and the Pine Ridge Association will co- sponsor an Art Show and Benefit Reception featuring art works by Gallery Morgan Hill artists along with select guest artists. As in previous Coe Shows organized by the Pine Ridge Association, the focus of this year's show will be works of art related to the flora, fauna and features of Coe Park.

A percentage of all sales of Gallery art made during the reception, and of all Coe art sold through December 14, will go directly to benefit the Pine Ridge Association, a non- profit organization authorized by the State of California to provide interpretative services for Henry W. Coe State Park. Henry Coe Park contains about 68000 acres in the Mount Hamilton Range and is the second largest California State Park. Park headquarters are located approximately 13 miles east of Morgan Hill.

Benefit Artist's Reception: November 14, 1992, Saturday 3-7pm

Guest Artists: Talented guest artists will be exhibiting their wildlife art the night of the Benefit Reception only. As of this writing the guest artists include: Dave Sellers, Diane Wallace, Kathy Paivinen, Barbara Conley

Dates: The Coe Show exhibit will be on display from November 13, 1992 through January 4, 1993.

Gallery Hours: 10am-6pm Monday through Saturday. Open some Sundays 12-4.

Pine Ridge Association
Henry Coe State Park
P. O. Box 846
Morgan Hill, CA 95038
(408) 779-2728

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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.