The **Ponderosa**

The Pine Ridge Association Newsletter
Henry W. Coe State Park

January 1995

From under My Brim

by Barry Breckling

Winter

I've written quite a bit about spring and fall and a little about summer. But for some reason, I haven't written much about winter.

Celestial solid geometry defines when our seasons begin and end. In the Northern Hemisphere, the points in time that mark the beginnings of the seasons are called the autumnal and vernal equinox and the summer and winter solstice. Winter officially begins on the day of the winter solstice, around December 21st, and ends on the day of the vernal equinox, around March 21st.

Winter weather, however, has no official beginning or end. According to rural American tradition, the end of winter weather depends on whether the sun is shining on some kind of rotund rodent somewhere when it crawls out of its burrow on February 2nd. If the rodent in question casts a shadow, we're in for six more weeks of wintery weather.

The Northern Hemisphere begins to cool as the days get shorter and the rays of the sun meet the land at a lower angle. As autumn turns to winter and temperatures fall, the colors of nature fade and the world becomes quieter. People tend to think of winter as a time when everything outside is hibernating or dormant, a time when the only thing that moves is the wind. People who usually like to spend time outdoors often stay indoors during the winter, venturing out simply to get from one indoor place to another.

Although the California mountains become colder in the winter, the Pacific Ocean currents temper the climate in our state, and some of our winter days are milder than some of the cool breezy days we get in April. Sometimes we get a series of balmy winter days that make us wonder if we should put our shorts and sandals back on.

A man from Toronto visited the park on a warm October day a few weeks ago. He told me about a trip he'd taken to San Francisco during the month of February several years back. He'd been amazed by the warmth of our winter weather and recollected that the daytime temperatures in the city had been in the 70s while he was there. He and I talked a bit about how the winter climate can vary in North America. It was about 75 degrees at the park as we spoke, which isn't unusual for a clear day in the middle of October. He speculated that the high in Toronto that day would most

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. . . and more!

likely be somewhere in the 40s. We wondered how cold it might have been in Toronto during the balmy February days he'd spent in San Francisco.

In early winter, when the Santa Clara Valley is shrouded in a dense, chilly fog that keeps the daytime temperatures below 50 degrees, Pine Ridge sits above the fog, basking in temperatures that sometimes reach the low 70s during the day and often stay above 50 degrees during the night. It might seem unusual that Pine Ridge, at its higher elevation, would be warmer than the valley below, but such early winter weather patterns are common in the California mountains.

When I decided to write about winter in the park, I didn't intend to focus on the mild days. I was thinking more of *real* winter weather, and Coe Park definitely gets its share. During the winter, Pine Ridge gets plenty of rain, snow, sleet, and hail. But when it comes to wind, the ridge gets more than its share.

Someone once told me that Henry Coe picked the site for the Pine Ridge ranch house to please his wife, Rhoda, who was said to have loved the wind. If he picked the site for wind, he picked the site well. During the years I've lived in the house, I've felt it vibrate and tremble during several earthquakes and many windstorms. The sensations are similar. I can recall a particularly severe winter windstorm. Within just a few moments the house shook with the intensity of a 4.5 earthquake, followed by a 3.2 shudder, and then a couple of 5.8 jolts. Definitely exciting!

When I think of wonderful winter storms, my mind sometimes returns to my college days and to my botany professor, who always had a wild tale to tell. One day he told us an improbable-sounding story about a winter morning when John Muir climbed to the top of a tree during a fierce windstorm and spent hours up there.

I've never forgotten that story. The mental image of John Muir being whipped about in the top of a tall tree has staying power. But it wasn't until I read Muir's description of the experience in his book, *The Mountains of California,* that the story really came alive for me.

He was exploring one of the tributary valleys of the Yuba River on a December morning in 1874. It was a warm, clear day, one of those days that are not uncommon in the California mountains. Quite uncommon for such balmy weather, however, were the tremendous winds that began to sweep across the ridge tops. He wrote:

> The sky and the ground and the trees had been thoroughly rain-washed and were dry again. The day was intensely pure, one of those incomparable bits of California winter, warm and balmy and full of white sparkling sunshine, redolent of all the purest influences of the spring, and at the same time enlivened with one of the most bracing wind-storms conceivable.

Muir was captivated by the exhilarating sensations of the winds. Instead of trying to find shelter and hide from the storm, as most of us might do, he let himself become a participant in the drama.

> . . . when the storm began to sound, I lost no time in pushing out into the woods to enjoy it. For on such occasions Nature has always something rare to show us, and the danger to life and limb is hardly greater than one would experience crouching deprecatingly beneath a roof.

Muir described the power of the storm: "I heard trees falling for hours at the rate of one every two or three minutes . . . ." As he reached the highest ridge in the area, he got a fantastic idea: ". . . it occurred to me that it would be a fine thing to climb one of the trees to obtain a wider outlook and get my ear close to the Aeolian music of its topmost needles."

He chose the tallest tree in a dense group of Douglas firs and quickly climbed a hundred feet to its top, which was ". . . rocking and swirling in wild ecstasy . . . ."

> . . . never before did I enjoy so noble an exhilaration of motion. The slender tops fairly flapped and swished in the passionate torrent, bending and swirling backward and forward, round and round, tracing indescribable combinations of vertical and horizontal curves, while I clung with muscles firm braced, like a bobolink on a reed.
>
> In its widest sweeps my tree-top described an arc of from twenty to thirty degrees, but I felt sure of its elastic temper, having seen others of the same species still more severely tried—bent almost to the ground indeed, in heavy snows—without breaking a fiber. I was therefore safe, and free to take the wind into my pulses and enjoy the excited forest from my superb outlook.

Muir's unique character was formed by such thrilling experiences. And he had such experiences because he chose to wander in the outdoors on wintery days instead of languishing in the comfort and security of the indoors.

The hardness of nature brings beauty to living things. Black-tailed deer are swift and agile because of the stealth and

appetite of the mountain lion. Valley oaks look noble and elegant because of the wind, rain, and ice that prune and twist their boughs. Blankets of shooting stars grace our hillside meadows in the middle of winter because of the pounding winter rains that drench the soil.

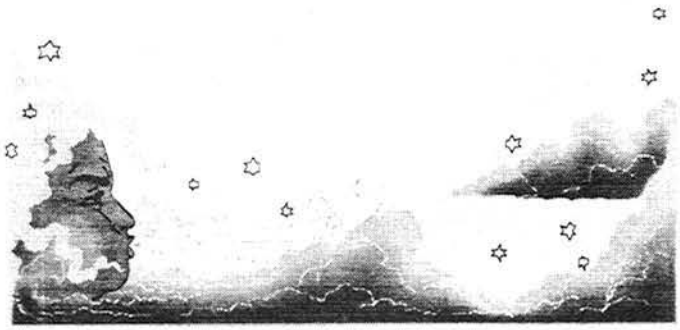
I hope that the days you spend indoors this winter are cozy and comfortable. But I also hope that you'll spend some days outdoors, seeking your own winter adventures. If you do, some of your warmest memories of the year may be of the chilly days you chose to spend outside.

Winter
by Sada Coe

Winter in her cloak of ice
Softly walks across the world,
Wrapt in her lovely mantle of white
From which the glistening snow unfurls.

Softly she stops to kiss the earth
And her breath is the icy wind
Blowing across the slumbering world
When the cold red dawn begins.

Lovely lady! Cold and aloof!
Wrapt in your dazzling cloak of white!
There are very few who smile
As you softly stoop and give a kiss
To the slumbering earth at night.



On the Fire Line
by Bill Mauk

My Experience on the 1993 Coe Park Prescribed Burn

This was a fun time, boring in parts, exciting in others, but the overall experience was a good one. We were about to start a fire in Henry Coe State Park. It began with a brief session on what was going to happen this day: the burn area, our first assignments, and our duties. This fire would burn about a thousand acres of Pine Ridge up one side and down the other near the end of the ridge. The Fire Boss planned to start the fire down in the canyon along a creek and burn towards the top.

Fire is a natural part of the forest life cycle. There had not been one in this area for many years. The fuel material had built up to dangerous levels. This prescribed burn would go a long way towards reestablishing the natural balance.

My first assignment was with the backfire crew. We set fires at the upslope limit of the burn area. This prevents the fire from spreading beyond the predetermined area. There were four of us, two torchers and two McLeod men. The McLeod is a special combination tool (rake and hoe) used in forest firefighting. We moved along a fire road that designated the upper limit of the burn area and spread fire, literally igniting the forest. This fire moved downslope towards the headfire (the main fire), which will burn upwards to meet us from over a mile away. How could we control which way the fire burned? The answer was apparent on the scene; we started right at the edge of the firebreak (the road) and burned from there. The fire had no choice but to burn down the hill as we wanted. This backfire was hard to start. Ground moisture and heavy leaf mulch tended to put it out. It was slow going. Meanwhile the headfire crew was starting fire in much the same way at the bottom of the slope. Here another natural firebreak (the creek) directed the fire upslope. Fire naturally moves upslope anyway, towards more fuel material. Thus we had two fires burning towards each other: one at the top slowly burning downhill, and one coming up fast from the bottom of the slope. When the fires meet, they will have burned off the fuel material and put themselves out. A neat concept that almost worked as planned. These efforts continued throughout the morning.

We took a break for lunch, the only real break all day. After lunch another volunteer and I were assigned to patrol downslope along one edge of the burn area and meet up with the headfire crew. This was the perfect time to view the area burned so far. It was an eerie sight: blackened ground with still smoldering points of fire and ash. Almost all the grass and fuel material (downed, dead and rotting wood) were burned away, but the living trees were hardly singed. This fire was a cool one that moved through rather quickly, exactly as planned. Some of the snags (dead trees still standing) were burning internally, plumes of smoke rising from them. These trees would eventually burn through and fall, perhaps days later. Other snags were purposefully left unburned to provide wildlife habitat. This calm was deceptive as I learned later, for conditions are constantly

changing, and areas thought to be out could flare back to life.

Once we completed our patrol, my next assignment was watching for "rollers" crossing the firebreak into unburned territory. "Rollers" are burning objects such as pine cones or logs coming downslope from the upwardly advancing fire. These objects can roll beyond the burn zone and cause the fire to jump its boundaries. This consisted of truly boring standing and waiting punctuated by running and quick action as a roller approached. They must either be stopped or retrieved. Any fire started outside the fire zone was immediately put out, before it could build into an "escape" fire that required a major firefighting effort to put out. Rollers were gingerly placed back into the burn zone. I stood at the edge of the burned zone and watched for flaming rollers, covering my section of firebreak. A hazard of this duty is falling rocks, generally the size of baseballs. The fire loosens this material and sends it charging down the hill, building up speed all the way. By the time it reaches the bottom, it is moving rather fast. Dodging these rocks was a more or less constant activity in certain spots.

After a couple of hours of this duty the fire boss moved me to a position near the headfire. This job was essentially the same duty as watching for rollers only with much more action. The headfire was only a short distance away. Active burning continued in the burn zone just upslope from my position. Flames leaped ten or twenty feet into the air as dry brush ignited upslope. The flaming debris was much more intense in this area. This became a truly bizarre scene as flaming material and hot rocks came barreling down from the fire above. I continued in this position, blocking rollers and dodging rocks, for the rest of the active burn period this day.

Late in the afternoon, the humidity began to rise. This signaled the end of active burning. At this point, about half the crew were released from duty. A general slowdown of activities occurred. Fire lighting stopped, and the headfire burned itself down to smoldering ash. There were hot spots throughout the burn zone that would continue through the night. Some remaining crew stayed as fire watchers to ensure the headfire did not get going again. The rest of us began hiking back up out of the canyon. Then, the unexpected happened.

Along the edge of the burn zone, on a west-facing slope, in an area thought to be essentially out, the fire had flared back to life. It had jumped the firebreak and was actively burning down into a canyon that was out of the burn zone. This called for quick action. The remaining crew had to establish a firebreak around this "escape." Using McLeods, we immediately set about building the containment line. All of us were tired from the day's work, but this had to be done. If we could catch it here and now, we could avert a major fire before it got totally out of control. We started in. An experienced firefighter led off, clearing a narrow containment line down and eventually around the fire. We followed, widening the line enough to stop the fire. We were successful in establishing our line around the escape. At this point we could stop and catch our breath. Now we had to work to secure the fire.

We had to knock this fire down; it couldn't be allowed to burn out by itself because of the danger of another escape. We began this demanding, smoky task. Luckily this escape was only one or two acres in size, and we could get the job done with the available crew. Some of us moved into the fire zone and began the knockdown, while others strengthened the containment line. After about an hour on this fire, I received my final job for the day.

My assignment, along with an experienced firefighter, was to continue the patrol back to the ridge top and staging area looking for more escapes. Luckily, we found none. The rest of the crew remained at the escape to put it out completely. Finally, I made it back to the staging area. Soon the rest of the crew returned. The workday had finally ended.

This was a long and grueling day. However, the learning experience was worth it. Prescribed burns like this are necessary, they help maintain our forest lands in a healthy, natural condition.

The Geology of Coe Park

by Philip Frame

The sweeping vistas, plant communities, and even wildlife are recognized by nearly every visitor to Coe Park, but the rocks that underlie it all are not quite so conspicuous. This is both a hindrance and advantage to geologists, since poorly exposed rocks are difficult to identify and interpret, but theories based on them are also difficult to refute. Periodically, I hope to present brief articles in *The Ponderosa* describing the geologic history of Coe Park, showing how geology affects the environment and where you can see some of this darned stuff anyway.

By way of introduction, I am one of those scroungy, bearded fellows sometimes seen wandering across the hillsides bent over, kicking and peering at rocks, then writing tiny notes and symbols on maps. My name is Phil Frame, and I am the variety known as an engineering geologist, since most of my paying work relates to something someone wants to build

or has built. But don't be misled, I am not in favor of building anything at Coe other than a few trails.

My first trip to Coe Park was in 1970 during an engineering geology class at San José State where we had a class project of looking at the China Hole area as a potential dam site. Two years later I spent the month of July trekking over hill and dale of the original Coe Ranch portion of the Park doing research on landslides for my master's thesis. Since those days of youthful curiosity (and vigor) I have managed at least a weekend in the park yearly. Recently the trips have become more frequent as my kids now enjoy backpacking and have inherited a fondness for the area also.

So what kind of information might you be reading in these articles? We geologists are a grabby lot and include much more than mere rocks in our studies. Not satisfied with knowing only the kind of rocks present, we also want to know how they got there, where they can be found, and what is in store for them in the future (especially as it relates to us). We will be looking into faulting and seismicity. We will be examining erosion in the Park, so landslides and stream flow will be covered. Ground water is another topic that falls at least partly within the realm of geology.

I promise to make a concerted effort to keep the jargon to a minimum. The terminology of geologists, like that of any other specialty, is very useful among ourselves, since one word will convey a whole definition or concept; but unless the phrase is used repeatedly, it will be lost along with the concept. When I feel compelled to dazzle you with my knowledge of geology, I will include the term in brackets [like so].

Common Rocks

Rocks provide the basis upon which most of the geological sciences are built. Similar rock units are grouped together and are shown as separate units on geologic maps. The pattern of rocks shows relationships between units and allows us to determine their relative age. From this we can assess faulting, predict geologic structure beneath the ground surface, and theorize about how it all came about. We will therefore begin our serious studies with a discussion of the rocks of Coe Park.

Sandstone: As the name implies, sandstone is composed of individual sand grains that have been cemented together to form a rock. At Coe Park, the sand is fine grained and mixed with some silt [graywacke sandstone] as you might get by solidifying the sand offshore of Santa Cruz, for example. Where the rock is actively eroding and fresh, the color is gray or bluish-gray, but where weathered, the rock turns tan in color. The sandstone occurs in beds, often steeply tilted, ranging from a few feet to a few tens of feet in thickness. This rock is relatively resistant to erosion and can be seen flooring Coyote Creek at The Narrows and upstream from Upper Camp, for example.

Shale: If we were to drift offshore from Santa Cruz, we would eventually reach a point where sand is no longer deposited because wave action and currents are too weak to carry the grains. Here silt and clay particles drift to the ocean floor and eventually turn into rocks called (reasonably enough) siltstone and mudstone. When these have been baked and compressed [metamorphosed] they are known as shale. This rock is usually intensely fractured and always weak. Exposures in the western part of the park are mostly restricted to road cuts and stream banks where slopes often appear to be covered by tiny dice. Fresh shale is very dark gray or black and weathers to a brown color.

Chert: Although volume-wise not a top-ranked contender at Coe, chert is a commonly seen rock due to its resistance to weathering and its occurrence on Pine Ridge near the visitor center. Chert is composed of the same elements as glass or obsidian [SiO_2] but is a chemical or organic precipitate rather than a cooled molten rock. To carry our adrift-in-the-Pacific analogy further, chert would be forming way out there, probably near a volcanic center. Chert is generally a reddish-brown color, but green is common, and other colors are possible. Fracturing is closely spaced, so large outcrops are rare, but areas underlain by chert can often be identified by a reddish tint to the soil.

Greenstone: This rock name shows the true perversion of geologists, since the rock is green in color only when fresh, and fresh exposures are rare. Greenstone derives its name from green-colored minerals that develop in altered [metamorphosed] basaltic rocks. The original rock is generally black, contains small angular crystals of whitish minerals, and sometimes contains tiny pockets of volcanic gasses. Weathering of the iron minerals usually turns the rock a reddish-brown. (If botanists can call unripe blackberries green when green blackberries are red in color, I guess we geologists are entitled to this one.) Vaguely rounded structures a foot or two in size, called pillows, indicate many flows cooled beneath water. Hawaii is a good example of where this rock originally formed.

Serpentinite: This rock is green and yellowish-green in color, often has smooth, slippery feeling surfaces, and usually has a linear structure to both minerals and fractures. Although it is our State Rock, plants don't much care for it, and serpentinite is often exposed on the ground surface. The rock often forms in small linear patches along fault zones. [Serpentine is a mineral name, serpentinite is a rock composed primarily of serpentine minerals.]

Schist: Metamorphic rocks come in all grades depending on their temperature and pressure history. I use the term "schist" here to describe those high-grade metamorphic rocks characterized by a sparkly, granular surface [often this is mica] with a definite planar orientation of the grains; the rocks often have a bluish [blueschist] or greenish [greenschist] tint to them. At Coe, I have only seen schist as isolated outcrops a few feet to maybe fifty feet in size; Hat Rock is a well-known example. These rocks form beneath the earth's crust and are then brought to the surface by tectonic forces and erosion.

Volcanics: Small patches of igneous (once molten) rock that solidified on or near the ground surface are reported near Burra Burra Peak. I haven't seen these outcrops so cannot offer much of an explanation at this time. The one sample I have seen was a tan-colored, fine-grained rock most closely resembling sandstone but not as heavy and with angular grains rather than rounded ones. The discovery of these rocks must be a recent, since they do not show up on any of my apparently outdated geologic maps. We will discuss volcanics further when I learn more about them.

These rock types cover the majority of those you will see at Coe Park. Of course there are others, and the rocks I have described could be subdivided further, but we will not complicate things until the next installment when I attempt to explain the latest version of how they all got here.

Orestimba Wilderness Freeway Studied

by Philip Frame

What will CalTrans think of next?

I happened across this article while researching information on the mines near Rooster Comb. It is from an article simply called "Stanislaus County" in the *Eleventh Report of the State Mineralogist (First Biennial), Two Years Ending September 15, 1892,* published by the California State Mining Bureau in 1893.

The author, W. L. Watts, begins on p. 464:

> *"Much interest has recently been excited in Stanislaus County with regard to the best route for a new road connecting the San Joaquin and Santa Clara Valleys. Such a road is especially desirable, as there is no road over this portion of the Coast Range for a distance of 80 miles, i. e., from Coral Hollow* [east-southeast of Livermore] *to Pacheco Pass. A description is therefore appended of the route via the Orestimba Creek, from a survey made by Mr. Spurrier, of Modesto, and observations on the Puerta route* [now referred to as Puerto or Del Puerto], *made by the writer, when journeying from the Summit Mine to Westley."*

No maps are included in the article but the description on pp. 466 and 467 gives a good idea of the route and terrain it would cross:

> *"A road has already been made from the Santa Clara Valley eastward to San Antonio Creek, and thence to the Summit Quicksilver Mine at the head of La Puertas. Mr. Spurrier's reconnaissance was undertaken with a view of solving the much vexed question as to the best way to connect with it from the San Joaquin Valley. Mr. Spurrier directed his chief attention to the question whether the better route was up the Orestimba or La Puerta Creek. A start was made at the end of an old road, near where the Orestimba Creek enters the valley of the San Joaquin. The first foothills are covered with good soil for 4 or 5 miles in a westerly direction, and in some places fragments of gypsum were observed. On these hills was a growth of grass and wild oats, but they soon gave place to a rugged formation of sandstone and conglomerate, the general strike of the formation being parallel to the axis of the mountain system. The creek had in most places cut its way nearly at right angles to the strike of the formation, forming precipitous cliffs.*
>
> *The first few miles of foothills were destitute of timber, except along the Orestimba, where there are many*

sycamores, and along its tributary creeks, where a few cottonwood and willow were found. Some 5 or 6 miles from the edge of the plains there is a growth of brush and low, scrubby oak. At a distance of about 10 miles from the valley the cañon narrows, with precipitous sides, which in some places rise at an angle of about 60°. Here the hills are covered with oak trees of greater size, and some juniper trees, which are sought out for fence poles by the farmers of the valley. Along the creek are numerous mineral springs. The Orestimba was left at the mouth of Robinson Cañon, which was ascended in a northwesterly direction. This cañon is heavily timbered, and the mountains at its headwaters were covered with chemise.

The summit of the divide between Stanislaus and Santa Clara Counties was passed between Robinson Cañon and what is known as Red Creek, which is really one of the sources of the Orestimba. It is the opinion of Mr. Spurrier that the country traversed, although affording excellent pasture throughout a great portion of the year, is too rough for agricultural purposes. The return was made down La Puerta Cañon, which has already been described by the writer.

Mr. Spurrier is of the opinion that the route via La Puerta is the most available, it being shorter and the grade easier; moreover, it is already passable for wheeled vehicles for a distance of about 9 miles."

So next time you are in the Orestimba Wilderness, you might want to thank Mr. Spurrier and Mr. Watts for keeping all that traffic between Santa Clara and San Joaquin valleys running through the next drainage north on Del Puerto Canyon Road.

Park News

by Kay S. Robinson, Cooperating Associations Liaison

The staff of Henry W. Coe State Park and I want to wish you all a very Happy Holidays and a healthy and happy New Year of 1995. So many things have been accomplished this last year. The park grew by 11,250 acres to a total of about 79,500 acres; that's 124 square miles! Stay tuned for an opportunity to become involved in a resource inventory of the Redfern addition. Plans will be unveiled at the PRA Annual Meeting on February 4.

I promised in an earlier article (March 1993) to keep you informed of the reservoir plan of the Santa Clara Valley Water District. There is little new to report—only that the Water District is still looking at many sites county-wide, several of which impact Coe Park. No new action beyond the draft report has been taken to explore such feasibility.

On other park issues, we are coming closer to locating an office for the Coe Sector in Gilroy. The staff is fervently hoping for the move to come this spring. Another exciting development is possible funding coming available for development of the Bell Station and Dowdy Ranch areas of the park. The funds are CalTrans Highway 152 Mitigation/ Enhancement monies. Phased development at Dowdy Ranch will include campsites, day-use picnicking and parking, overnight/trailhead parking, equestrian and group use facilities, and a visitor orientation site.

Mark your calendars now: April 22–23, 1995, for the annual Orestimba event. This year the Backcountry Coe Weekend will have some special elements. Because of the tremendous interest, the event will be on a reservation basis only. The flyers will "hit the streets" in early February; reservation applications must be in by March 15. Random selection of 600 applications (300 each for Saturday and Sunday of the event) will be made, and the lucky applicants will receive their tickets and other information in the mail by early April. Come to the Annual Meeting to get your application. The second change from previous years is the opportunity to park, camp, and day-use at a second trailhead: the Pacheco Creek Crossing (commonly known as the Big Culvert, where the Kaiser-Aetna Road crosses Pacheco Creek). From this site, new backcountry areas of the park can be explored such as Coon Creek, Pacheco Creek, and Burra Burra Peak.

The visitor center renovation is coming along. The Fundraising Committee has recently submitted a proposal for $100,000 for funding of interpretive displays in the Native American room. And we're still working on the horse (as in "cart before the horse"): funds for construction. Our goal of $400,000 will be reached by creative grant writing and generous help from supporters of Coe Park. If you know of any sources of funding (corporate or foundation grant opportunities), please advise the PRA Board of Directors.

Thank you to all members of the Pine Ridge Association. Without your support, both financial and labor, the visitor's experience at Coe Park would be quite different. You enhance that experience. Thank you and, again, have a Happy Holiday and a Happy New Year.

Membership and Contributions

by Lee Dittmann

As of November 30th, the following people had joined our organization, bringing the total number of memberships to 313. Thank you all for your support and welcome to the Pine Ridge Association!

Brian & Kandee Adams, Gilroy
Liz Brinkman & Greg Scott, Mountain View
George Casterguay, San José
Frank Clark, San José
Jeff Frame, Los Altos
Mary Ellen Goodwin, San José
Stefan Ignaczak, Santa Clara
Steven Isaacs, Sunnyvale
William D. Kiel, Hollister
Donna Kline, Gilroy
Betty McMartin, Sunnyvale
Joanne Peronto, Los Gatos
Robert E. Richter, DVM & Gayle Richter, Morgan Hill
Jim & Jeannette Riley, Morgan Hill
Henry Rocha, Jr., Gilroy
Craig Tarr, San Martin
Bev VanderWeide, Morgan Hill
Chris Williams, Hollister
Betty Wong, Santa Nella
Josh Zimmerman, Gilroy

Visitor Center Expansion Fund

Since the September issue of the *Ponderosa* was published, we have received a number of additional contributions for the expansion of our visitor center. We give our thanks to:

Barry Breckling
Nancy Filice
Dr. & Mrs. Eric Raines
Henry Rocha, Jr.
William Webster

Special Contribution

In September we received a generous donation "in appreciation for your fine work" from the **Backpack Section of the Loma Prieta Chapter of the Sierra Club**. "The efforts of your organization in helping to preserve the Park's natural values through awareness of the users are well known to us and greatly appreciated."

We are grateful to the members of the Backpack Section for their confidence in the work of the Pine Ridge Association.

Fall BBQ Raffle a Success!

Thanks to everyone who participated in our fall fundraising raffle held during the barbecue. This year, eighty-six prizes were donated, and over $2,100 was raised through the sale of raffle tickets. The proceeds of the raffle will benefit the Coe Park visitor center expansion fund. Without the hard work of Millicent Kellogg and Martie Sinclaire, the raffle would not have been as successful.

We were extremely pleased with the generosity of the community in donating many wonderful prizes for the raffle. They were attractively displayed at the barbecue, and many attendees bought last-minute tickets in the hopes of winning a prize. The grand prize, donated by Specialized Bicycle of Morgan Hill, was an eighteen-inch mountain bicycle (Hardrock Ultra), which has twenty-one speeds and a Shimano drive train. Paul Danielson was the lucky winner of the bicycle.

The other winners, and the prizes they won, are:

The lovely handmade afghan made by Millicent Kellogg, which was the grand prize won at last year's raffle by Everett Allen, was donated by Everett for this year's event. Rick Zwicker won the beautifully crafted bird afghan at this year's event. Thomas Tacci won a day with Ranger Barry Breckling, Paul Brown won a day with Ranger Kay Robinson, and Andrea Cassen won a day with Ranger Doug Meyers. Dave Brown won the Half-Moon camping tent donated by Sierra Designs of Gilroy. Dennis Pinion won the camping tent donated by Millicent Kellogg of Morgan Hill. Dave Brown, Debbie Caldwell, Connie Diffin, and Stew Eastman won the gift packs donated by Fast Stop Food Market of Morgan Hill. Karen Davin and Herb Grace won dinner for two at Julio's Mexican Cafe in Morgan Hill. Andy Lott and Owen Melroy each won a gift certificate for $95 on car repairs donated by Made in Japan of Morgan Hill. Phyllis Drake and Elaine Tischler each won the pumpkin farm/train experience (a birthday party for six children) donated by Uesugi Farms of Morgan Hill. Marsha Filice won raspberry wine and C. Von Neumann won plum wine donated by Pedrizzetti Winery of Morgan Hill. Donna Gallagher won a gift basket donated by the Coffee Roasting Club in Morgan Hill. Larry Haimowitz won a vacation at a Tahoe Resort donated by Kay Robinson, District Office-Coe Park Sector. George Van Gorden won a flight over Coe Park donated by Joe Reader of Morgan Hill. John Prior won a guided horseback trip in Coe Park donated by Ruby Domino of Morgan Hill. Steve Raymond won a health massage donated by Tami Koval of Morgan Hill. Dot Renard won two framed prints donated by artist Dave Sellers of Morgan Hill. Ruby Domino won a framed Coe Park

photograph donated by photographer Terry Bullock of Morgan Hill. Dennis Pinion won a matted pencil drawing donated by Terry Mattox of Eugene, Oregon. Bill Hoover won two watercolors of Coe Park donated by artist Rosse Hemeon of San José. M. Brandeau won the oil painting donated by Teddi Vesey of Milpitas. Standish Sibley won a matted photograph of wildflowers donated by Rick Auerbach. Rick Zwicker won the matted photograph of wildflowers donated by George Kalev of Glendale. Leif Larsen won the matted batik on silk donated by Sandra Nelipovich of Anaheim. C. Chiang and Pat Kitamata each won deer T-shirts, and Paul Brown and Marianne Moore each won bird T-shirts donated by Winter Run Suffolks of Morgan Hill. Nedra Martinez won a freezer lamb (cut and wrapped) donated by Winter Run Suffolks of Morgan Hill. Anne Johnson won the handmade robin garden flag donated by Winter Run Suffolks of Morgan Hill. Dean Myer won the California Camping Guide donated by Town Books of Morgan Hill. Sandra Garrett won passes to San Simeon State Park donated by Kay Robinson, District Office-Coe Park Sector. Tami Koval won a $50 gift certificate for Mervyn's donated by Ram Insurances of Morgan Hill. John Shearer won a $25 gift certificate donated by The Print Shop of Morgan Hill. Paul Heaney, Bill Perkins, and Bob Renard each won a $25 gift certificate donated by REI of Cupertino. Ed Yago won a $20 gift certificate donated by Nob Hill of Gilroy. Tami Dean won a $20 gift certificate donated by Longs on First Street in Gilroy. Dennis Pinion won a $20 gift certificate donated by Longs on Chestnut Street in Gilroy. Shannon Smith won a $10 gift certificate donated by Longs on Dunne Avenue in Morgan Hill. Linda Rush won four tickets to the very popular Mother's Day Breakfast donated by the Pine Ridge Association. Mathew Kidd, Dick Stone, Hugh Upton, and Libby Vincent each won fifteen-function Army knives donated by Thomas Tacci of Morgan Hill. Ten participants won handmade birdfeeders donated by Millicent Kellogg: Rick Allsop, Joan Boressa, Paul Brown, Tami Dean, John Garcia, Steven Jung, Janet Pettinotti, Ted Robinson, Rob Sinclaire, and Thomas Tacci. Ten participants won handmade birdbaths donated by Millicent Kellogg: Barry Breckling, Colbarth, Colbarth/Stewart, Bonnie Doran, Barbara Grace, Barbara Hunnicutt, Marcia Maples, Chris McIntosh, Evelyn Newman, and Bill Workman. Bob Berka and Janet Pettinotti each won a set of four hand-woven mug mats donated by Everett Allen of Morgan Hill. Vic Hill won a verdigris birdfeeder donated by Dennis Pinion and Barbara Radd of Morgan Hill. Bob Berka won a sculpted bronze garlic donated by Carl Wagner of Salida, Colorado. Dave Rubcic won a garlic braid donated by Ruby Domino. Dan Keller won the dream catcher Indian jewelry donated by Tami Koval. Bob DeVose won a straw hat wall-hanging and Dennis Pinion won the handmade bear on a mirror donated by J. LaRault of Gilroy. Sharon Lamb won the sunflower sweatshirt donated by Millicent Kellogg. Dawn Domino won Chardonnay wine donated by Ruby Domino. Sal Frame and Jim Mason won flowering plants donated by Mavis Ellis of Prunedale.

Congratulations to the raffle winners! Many thanks to everyone who donated a prize to the raffle!

The PRA Calendar

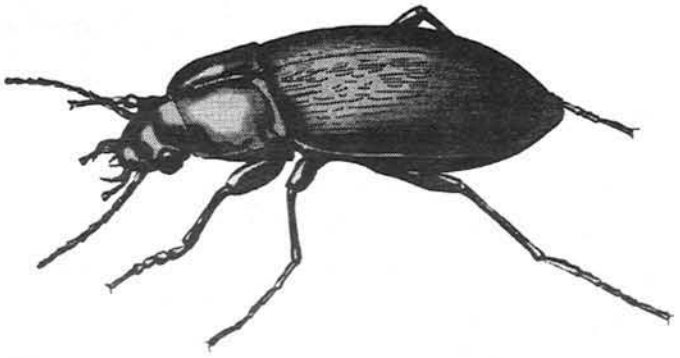
Saturday, February 4: The annual meeting of the Pine Ridge Association. The meeting will begin at 9 a.m. at the Mt. Madonna Senior Center, 17666 Crest Avenue in Morgan Hill. More information about the meeting was mailed separately.

Monday, February 13, through Wednesday, February 15: Shop and Share at Lucky Store days. A percentage of all purchases made at any northern California Lucky Store will be donated to the Pine Ridge Association when members and friends shop during these days. Shop as often as you want; just submit a coupon showing the identification number of the association at checkout. Three coupons are included with this newsletter. More coupons will be available at the visitor center, and additional copies can be made of the enclosed flyer.

Thursday, March 9: Next regularly scheduled meeting of the PRA Board of Directors (call Dennis Pinion for further information or a copy of the agenda). Deadline for receipt of applications for PRA Treasurer (see position announcement mailed with this issue).

Saturday, March 18: The 1995 series of interpretive programs at the park starts on this day. A detailed program schedule will be distributed next month.

Saturday, April 22, and Sunday, April 23: The third annual backcountry Coe weekend. You can access the east side of the park (from Bell Station) for a weekend in the spring. An informational flyer is included with this newsletter. Because of the popularity of this event, advanced reservations must be received by March 15th.



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The Ponderosa is a periodic publication of the Pine Ridge Association. Its mission is to enhance and enrich the public's experience at Henry W. Coe State Park through education and interpretation. Articles and artwork relating to the history, natural history, and management of the park are welcome. Please send submissions to the editors care of Henry W. Coe State Park, P.O. Box 846, Morgan Hill, CA 95038; or call 415/851-7813.

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