THE PINE RIDGE ASSOCIATION • HENRY W. COE STATE PARK •

The Ponderosa

The Pine Ridge Association Newsletter
Henry W. Coe State Park

Fall 1999

From under My Brim

by Barry Breckling

Sunsets

Last night I sat outside and watched a beautiful sunset. To the southeast thunderclouds were building up over the mountains east of Hollister. Billowing clouds of various heights rose toward the west, and the sun glowed crimson orange through the smoke of the Santa Lucia fires. It was a lovely sunset, but I gave it only a B- rating compared with all the sunsets I've enjoyed so far during my time on Earth.

We Earth inhabitants are blessed with four very extraordinary visual treats: Wildflowers, rainbows, butterflies, and sunsets. The variety of beauty in these jewels of nature is seemingly endless, but sunsets, unlike wildflowers, rainbows, and butterflies, have no finite design. There must be more uniquely beautiful sunsets than there are grains of sand in the sea.

I like to think of myself as a connoisseur of sunsets. I give them ratings from A+ to C-. There are no Ds or Fs in the realm of sunsets. When you've seen a few spectacularly gorgeous sunsets, you can become a bit jaded, and what other people consider a great sunset, you may rate as a B or B-. Nevertheless, you should try to make sure you never miss even a C- sunset.

So what makes a sunset extraordinary? There is no precise formula. Every sunset is different from every other one. And who knows what unique set of circumstances will create an even more wonderful sunset than the best one you've been lucky enough to witness so far in your life?

The most typical type of special sunset sets up this way. It's October or November and a weak storm front is passing through. Likely it's one of those La Niña years with some fall-time, southern-influence weather building over the mountains behind you to the east and south. The clouds to the west, towards the setting sun, are a combination of two types. First there are the somewhat thick mid-level clouds with a band of clear below them along the horizon toward the sea. Then there's a mix of mare's tails, herringbone clouds, patchy puffs, and other high-level clouds. Ironically, for prime sunset conditions, a moderate amount of smog should be floating above the southern Santa Clara Valley, or maybe remnants of smoke could be blowing through from a distant wildfire.

As the sun sets, a stillness settles in around your outdoor

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Another acquisition for Coe Park

. . . and more!

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theater. The mid-level clouds slowly block out the sun, but the thunderheads to the east begin to glow pink, not true pink, but a pink with a purplish tinge. That's the color you almost always see in the clouds to the south and north as a good sunset progresses.

Finally, the sun peeks under the dark mid-level clouds, and the landscape around you lights up with a golden Maxfield Parrish glow. The glow seems especially designed to enhance the beauty of oak trees. As the sun begins to set, the undersides of the mid-level clouds begin to glow, and the high clouds begin to take on a variety of colors that intensify the intricacies of their forms. Puffs of bright white clouds are bordered with gray shadowy areas that are sometimes almost black. You look over your shoulder and the clouds to the east, all by themselves, are putting on a show that's worthy of a good sunset rating.

Mixed with the myriad reds, oranges, purples, and pinks are small streaks and flecks of burning-phosphorus white, and shooting above the tops of the clouds are wide radiating streaks of faint light, all originating from the same location below the horizon, long parting rays shining directly from the sun.

As the sun progresses toward its destiny of becoming someone else's sunset, the high ice crystal clouds change from brightly colored wisps and patches to pastel washes. Before all the colors are gone, the final gifts of the sunset evolve. As you watch overhead, the clouds and sky become gradually darkening veils of steely grays and cobalt blues. As darkness prevails, your attention is drawn to the few twinkling stars peeking between invisible clouds, and finally you're drawn back to the earth by the sounds of ten thousand crickets.

After you've seen the best sunset you'll ever see, and you know the precise formula required for an A+ sunset, you might be standing at the park entrance one evening and suddenly realize that you're surrounded by clouds moving here and there, falling and rising, swirling all around. Through the breaks in the clouds the sun begins to shine brighter than you've ever seen it shine before. This sunset is not one of colors but one of grays and whites and pure light. Your feet no longer seem to be touching the earth and, in fact, you might as well be in heaven.

Try to find time to watch sunsets, even those that just rate a B- or so. Like peering into wildflower faces, admiring butterflies, and gazing at rainbows, spending time with sunsets can fill you with peace and rejuvenate your spirit.

Bell's Station

by Teddy Goodrich

Long ago, Indians passed through the mountain range on an often used trail to attend dances and ceremonies or to trade with their neighbors. Year after year they made their camp in a favorable spot by a small stream near a conspicuous, rocky peak.

In time, other people used the same trail: Spanish missionaries and soldiers, mountain men, and gold seekers. It became a favored way through the mountains, and in 1856 and 1857, Andrew Firebaugh built a toll road over the pass that followed the same route as the trail. Travelers passing through needed a place to stay, and shortly after the road was completed, William Hollenbeck built a tavern near a small stream on the north side of the road, across from a conspicuous, rocky peak. By this time the pass had a name, Pacheco Pass, named for the owner of a Mexican land grant[1] whose ranch headquarters were located at the base of the mountains on the east side.

In 1859 a telegraph line was built over Pacheco Pass, and Hollenbeck's tavern became a telegraph station. That same year, the Butterfield stage began service between St. Louis and San Francisco and used Hollenbeck's as a stop until 1861 when stage service was discontinued due to the Civil War.

William Brewer, who headed the Whitney survey party, mentions Hollenbeck's in his journal on three separate occasions when his party passed over Pacheco Pass. On the first occasion in August 1861, he refers to it only as Hollenbeck's tavern "in the heart of the chain at the foot of Pacheco Peak." The party spent the day climbing the peak, and in the evening "returned to our tavern, at supper, talked in the barroom on Secession[2] at home, then retired." They retired to their rooms to fight fleas[3] all night. Brewer wrote that he wished he had slept outside.

The tavern was sold to B.T.C. Brandon in 1860. Then in 1863, Lafayette Bell purchased the tavern and most of the interest in the Pacheco Pass Turnpike Company for $4,000. Bell had come to California from New York during the gold rush. He enjoyed rare success in the mines and moved to Santa Clara County in 1853.

A post office was established at Bell's Station in 1873, and he became postmaster. Though Bell sold the station in the mid-1870s, it continued to bear his name.

By 1875, the hotel at Bell's Station had become a popular resort. The Gilroy newspaper advertised "first class hotel accommodations. A healthful and comfortable resort. Good fishing and hunting. Post office at the hotel." George

Hageman was the new owner of Bell's Station, "one of the best appointed hotels in the area. There are commodious stables and extensive corrals."

In 1876, Mr. Hageman purchased Pacheco House, a small hotel that had been located on the San Luis Gonzaga Ranch, and moved it to Bell's Station to increase the size of his accommodations.

The ensuing years were the heyday of Bell's Station. A school was established nearby, and both school and tavern became the center of social life for ranchers who lived in the area. "Bell's Station Items" became a regular feature in Gilroy's weekly newspaper *The Advocate.*

May 12, 1900: "Sunday was the occasion of a most enjoyable day, the event being a picnic given on the banks of the Pacheco near the school house in honor of David Shaeirn, he having attained his 21st birthday on that day. A tempting lunch was served under the oak trees near the sulphur springs, which all seemed to enjoy. All then adjourned to the school house, which was artistically decorated by our popular teacher and her scholars. Here dancing was kept up until late in the afternoon."

"A happy reunion of French people of Gilroy and vicinity assembled at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Guilhamet Saturday eve and remained over until Sunday afternoon. After a good French dinner, the large dining room was cleared for games and dancing . . . . Sunday morning all ventured to ascend the mountain peak called Lover's Leap. They left for home in the afternoon with happy hearts."

Both local people and visitors from the Bay Area came to Bell's Station to hunt, fish, relax, and socialize.

June 2, 1900: "Frank, George, and Charles Dowdy[4] and Frank Rice 'Sundayed' at the hotel."

September 1900: "Summer guests from San Francisco, Oakland, and San Mateo are leaving Bell's Station."

Once a month, Father Hudson from St. Mary's Catholic Church in Gilroy celebrated mass at the Hageman home near Bell's Station. Holiday services required special planning and preparation and were well attended by the largely Irish Catholic population.

Baseball was an especially popular sport among the people who lived near Bell's Station. Perhaps its popularity was responsible for the success of one of its "native sons." Harry Hooper was born at the Elephant Head homestead of his parents, Joseph and Kathleen Hooper, near Bell's Station on August 24, 1887. He graduated from St. Mary's College in civil engineering, but, while playing outfield for a Sacramento baseball team and working part time as a surveyor, he caught the attention of a scout from the Boston Red Sox. He played for Boston from 1909 to 1920 and for the Chicago White Sox from 1921 to 1925 and was elected to the Baseball Hall of Fame in 1971.

In the early 1920s, Pacheco Pass was paved to accommodate the increasing automobile traffic. Once the automobile became popular, Bell's Station, like so many other resort hotels, went into decline. The pace of life had quickened, and people were no longer content to stay in one place for several weeks and watch the world go by. During prohibition, it became known as a place where illegal liquor could be purchased.

In September 1931, Bell's Station burned to the ground. Oil from a kitchen range had leaked onto the floor and exploded, causing the fire. This was during prohibition, and investigators found an underground cache, a five-gallon crock set into the ground with its top carefully concealed. In it were three quarts of gin and a gallon of whiskey. Several empty flasks were found in a nearby shed. The proprietor, F.R. Tully, was arrested and charged with illegal possession of liquor.

After the fire, Bell's Station was rebuilt as a restaurant and enjoyed a certain popularity for many years, especially among the local cattlemen. Today Bell's Station stands vacant; its empty windows reflecting the traffic speeding by on Pacheco Pass.

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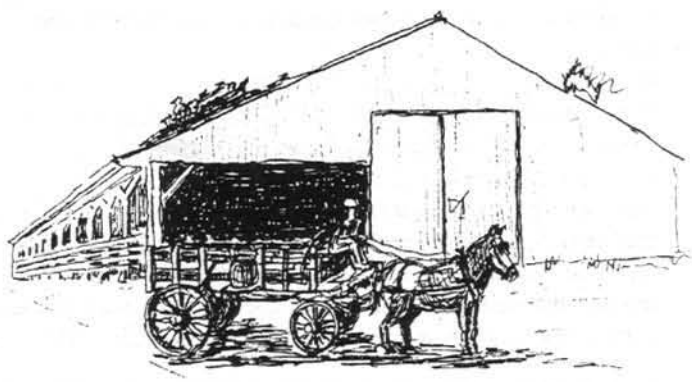
[1] Juan Perez Pacheco and José Maria Mejia were granted Rancho San Luis Gonzaga, an area of 48,821 acres, by Governor Micheltorena on November 4, 1843. Three days later, Mejia conveyed his half interest to Pacheco.

[2] The South had seceded from the Union in April 1861.

[3] Fleas are a frequently mentioned pest in the autobiographical literature of early California.

[4] of the Dowdy Ranch



A Second Reason Found for the Low Rate of Lyme Disease

by Kevin Gilmartin

California has one of the highest incidence of Lyme disease according to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention. But California is a large state with one-tenth the U.S. population, so counts of almost anything tend to be high in California. The **rates** of contracting Lyme disease (that is, correcting for population size) are much higher in the northeastern states—400 times higher in Connecticut than in California!

California has been a puzzle, however. The infection rate in ticks appears to be too low to sustain itself. In 1992, one answer to that puzzle was found, and now an entirely separate second answer has been found.

But first to start at the beginning: Lyme disease is caused by a spirochete, *Borrelia burgdorferi.* Named after Old Lyme, Connecticut, where the disease was first identified in the mid-1970s, the disease is also found in Europe, Asia, and Australia and has been around since at least the nineteenth century, possibly longer. In the northeast, the spirochete thrives in white-footed mice and is picked up by the deer tick, *Ixodes dammini,* when young tick nymphs feed on the blood of the mice. Typically 25 percent to 50 percent of the nymphs become infected. The deer ticks then spread the infection to other animals, including humans. In humans the disease causes a rash and flu-like symptoms and, if untreated, can progress to severe arthritis-like symptoms, heart disease, and major neurological problems including palsies, depression, and memory loss.

In California, a different tick, the western black-legged tick, *Ixodes pacificus,* gives the disease to several hundred people each year. One reason Lyme disease is much less common in California than in the northeast is that only 1 percent to 4 percent of the western black-legged ticks are infected. Biologists have thought for some time that this infection rate is too low to sustain itself in an animal reservoir (like the white-footed mice in the northeast). So the puzzles were (1) Where did the black-legged ticks pick up the disease? And (2) How is that reservoir of infection maintained when so few ticks are infected?

In the June 5, 1992, issue of *Science,* biologists Richard Brown and Robert Lane from the University of California, Berkeley, filled in a big piece of the puzzle. They reported that dusky-footed woodrats—also known as packrats because they collect things to hoard in their nests—are a Lyme disease reservoir. In addition, they found a pattern of disease transmission different from the one in the northeast—a two-cycle pattern that requires not just one tick but **two ticks.** The second tick, *Ixodes neotomae,* is infected about 15 percent of the time—enough to maintain the endemic disease—but it doesn't ever bite humans. Both ticks are required for humans to become infected: *Ixodes neotomae* to keep the woodrats infected and the black-legged tick to pick up the disease from the rats occasionally and to pass it on to humans.

Now Robert Lane with other colleagues has discovered a second reason for the low rates of infection in California. The black-legged tick can transmit Lyme disease in both its nymphal and adult stages, but the rate of infection is three to four times higher in the nymphs than in the adults. Somehow, during the transition from nymph to adult, the spirochetes are eliminated from the guts of many adult ticks. Nymphal black-legged ticks often feed on western fence lizards, *Sceloporus occidentalis,* but the lizards are never infected. When infected nymphs feed on lizard blood, they become uninfected adults! **Something in the western fence lizard's blood eliminates the spirochete.** More recently they have discovered that the southern alligator lizard, *Elgaria multicarinata,* which is also a host for western black-legged tick nymphs, has a similar protective factor in its blood. Lane is now working to identify the precise factor in the blood that is responsible for preventing infection, which could lead to a new treatment of Lyme disease.

These findings may not be the last word on the subject. Additional animal reservoirs of Lyme disease may be found in California, possibly with some other species of tick infecting them, and other animals that eliminate Lyme disease may be found. Nevertheless the work of Lane and his colleagues has given researchers a start on understanding and controlling Lyme disease in the west.

Off-road Signing
by Mike Meyer

Installing off-road signs usually requires some kind of exploration, so that the sign is put in the right place. There are instructions for where to put the signs, but sometimes the trails are barely visible or nonexistent. Only by walking up and back, down and around a location do you learn where the sign should be. Ninety-nine times out of 100, the brains behind the signs—Kay Robinson, Barry Breckling, Winslow and Anne Briggs—are on the money. Sometimes, though, even they were not exactly sure of the location. With hundreds of locations to imagine (39 off-road), planning the signs for each of those was a monumental job.

When installing off-road signs, exploration can be both perk and burden. You are able to discover nifty places in the park while looking for the right location, but must do it carrying posts, steel bar, sign packets, hammers, glue gun, water, food, etc.

This kind of awkward weight bearing when tramping up and down trails or cross-country has even had strange effects on off-road signers. One volunteer felt, literally, as if he was bearing his own cross over the rocky terrain of the Rooster Comb. Or you can end up in a slightly dazed state joking about how many hours it takes for eight volunteers to install two signs. In regard to two Robinson Creek signs, the answer was that it took ten and a half hours.

For the Robinson Creek signing, we were able to spend the weekend in the Coe wilderness, which was definitely a perk. I had hoped that we eight volunteers would be able to put in seven or eight signs over the Memorial Day weekend. I also expected to have a relatively easy and good time. We were John Prior, Alan Haviland, Mike Pierce, Larry Haimowitz, Don Holmes, Azz Azzarello, Jamie Buxton, and me. We had a fine time, yes. It's just that, well . . . .

The difficulties began as soon as we reached the trail, because we had to figure out where the trail began. It was said to start at the corral on Red Creek, but there was no indication of a trail. The corral was surrounded by dry overgrown grass and chest-high thistles. We located what we figured to be the trail across the small streambed north of the corral and took it. But it was the wrong one. We found this out after walking a mile or so out of the way. It was only on the return trip that we found out that the trail, or at this point more accurately a "route," began at the small pond behind the corral and continued up the canyon.

We walked the distance of the ridge above the perpendicular Red and Robinson Creek drainages. At its end (of sorts), we were confident that we'd located the saddle where the first sign was to be installed. The sign would point northeast to Pinto and Orestimba Creeks and west to Red Creek, with the Orestimba Corral thrown in for good measure. (In the backcountry, all signs point to the Orestimba Corral, just as in the west side of the park, all signs point either to Coe Headquarters or Coyote Creek Entrance.)

The ridge looked right—flat grassy area with oaks on the west side and a bowl-like leg offshooting down the southwest. Like, how many of those can there be . . . right? Slight problem was that we couldn't see the trail we remembered down to Robinson Creek. Most of us had been on the volunteer Robinson Creek hike of a couple of years back and "remembered" the spot where the sign should be.

We left the signs and a post at this location, to be installed on our way back from Pinto Creek. We spread out looking for the Robinson Creek Trail down a rough gully. I found myself with Larry and John on one of those near-vertical hillsides crawling along animal runs under the brush. Across the canyon, Jamie, Don, and Azz worked along an equally vertical hillside around large wedges of rock, chaparral, and poison oak. I watched Jamie carefully negotiate the terrain. He had a six-foot post secured to his backpack frame. Further up the hill, Alan and Mike were working and probing northward.

An hour later, we met up at Robinson Creek, intact and with a different version of the same story—"there ain't no trail back there." However, the Robinson Creek Trail had been found—to the north of where we had been and leading toward a different place on the ridge than where we'd left the signs. So, we let this mystery go until the return trip and continued to Pinto Creek. This was a flat trek that crisscrossed the dry Robinson Creek. We ate lunch and kicked back on the bank of the Pinto before the return trip. Larry and Alan hadn't had enough fun yet, so they hiked up the creek to a well-known pool that is mysteriously named Barry's Bathtub—an old Native American moniker, I guess.

We installed the Pinto Creek sign in the rocky and sandy soil of the Robinson Creek Trail, barely able to tamp the soil tightly around the post. The location couldn't have been better, directly out from the Pinto Creek opening in the hills, with a vague road or trail leading from the sign. If it could withstand the dual forces of the shifting nature of the creek and of pigs looking for a nice vertical object on which to rub an itch, it would be a fine sign. If . . . .

We headed back to Red Creek. An extra sign was needed to identify the overgrown trail we discovered earlier that climbed to the ridge top. This trail came out on the ridge, ¾ of a mile north of our original. I fetched the sign, and we installed it

where the actual trail began toward Pinto Creek. But a new wrinkle appeared: when we walked left for Red Creek, we discovered that we had pointed hikers straight down a short and steep grassy hillside. Yet, there was no good way to change the arrow without installing a second, coordinating sign, which we did not have. The consolation was that the directions we left did point to Red Creek.

We arrived back at camp that evening—nearly 11 hours later—knowing three things: that one sign was put in the right place but might not last long, that the second sign needed to be altered slightly and that another trail sign was needed to coordinate with it, and that three more trail signs were needed for that obscure section of the trail. (Discussing this with the Trail Committee a few weeks later, it was also thought that cairns might be a better choice out in the wilderness in place of extra signs.)

This was the most extreme example of the perks and burdens of off-road signing. So far. Many more signs, including three Mt. Stakes signs and a few other Robinson Creek signs have not been put in yet.

There have been other interesting experiences.

Last spring, John, Alan, and I were looking for a particular spot that was to point down the Coit Springs Trail toward Coit Springs and Coit Camp, as well as the opposite direction to Kelly Lake. There was a little of everything on this sign. Since none of us was familiar with the Coit Springs Trail, we solicited any tips we could get before starting out. Thus, prepared with a well-intentioned but incorrect direction, we started from Blue Tank Springs just off Coit Road, lugging the post, bar, signs, and the required paraphernalia down the hill.

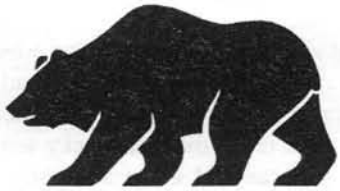
But again, it was not the right location. We determined that the right place would be down the trail to the west, and off we went discussing the validity of our new direction to an intersection that had to be right. But upon further wrangling, wisdom prevailed, and we set out again, this time on a side trail in approximately the opposite direction, that is, south, while saying to each other, "what a nice trail," through grimaces and grunts and great gobs of sweat.

Then we came to a nice, vertical slope in the vicinity of Domino Spring, by now well uphill of where we had started hours and miles before, and at which point I was told some unpleasant things concerning myself and the ugly boar we had seen in the brush earlier. When we found what looked to be the right location and mulled it over among us, each one buying into the spot this time as all the signs in the packet now made sense—that is, from this one spot and only from this exact spot, each sign pointed correctly to its destination—it was from this point that we discovered that we were, ohh, about 75 yards from the road.

Still, we each did appreciate the Coit Springs Trail and area. Some other great places we've stumbled upon were the very mellow area on Pacheco Creek below Rat Springs, the waterfall on Grizzly Gulch (admittedly a side trip), the Cullen Trail terrain and views, and Willow Springs Camp. I know we will see more in the months to come.

More than half of the on-road signs are still to be installed. PRA members wanting to see places in the park that they have not been able to get to yet are welcome to join the fun. If you are interested, contact Kay, Winslow, Anne, or me.

(Just kidding about the boar.)



CALIFORNIA STATE PARKS

Park News

by Kay Robinson
Park Superintendent

By the time you read this article, the public hearing for the acquisition of Lakeview Meadows property will have been completed (to be held on September 30th in Gilroy). Earlier this year, the Nature Conservancy completed the purchase of 6,100 acres comprising all or parts of the Palassou, Cardoza, Nesbitt, and Fitzgerald Ridges to the west of Henry W. Coe State Park. Concurrently, Santa Clara County Open Space Authority purchased 3,000 acres of all or part of Palassou, Sheep, and Timber Ridges. The 6,100 acres of Nature Conservancy land in the north is separated from the 3,000 acres of Open Space property in the south by a privately owned 4,000 acre parcel. It is anticipated that the Open Space property will be operated under a memorandum of understanding (MOU) by Santa Clara County Parks and Recreation Department. The Nature Conservancy property at the north was the subject of the public hearing. Pending securing of funds, this property will pass from the Nature Conservancy to the State of California as an addition to Coe State Park. So far, $1 million has been authorized for expenditure this year, which will go toward the purchase of part of the 6,100 acres.

As needed funds become available, the remainder of these parcels will be transferred.

As the land becomes incorporated with Coe, it is anticipated that public access by foot, horse, and bicycle will eventually be allowed. However, at this time, the only access will be from existing trails within Coe, namely across Madrone Soda Springs Creek and Coyote Creek. Several fine broad dirt roads exist on the ridges of the new property and down into the canyon of Coyote Creek. However, connector routes have yet to be firmly identified, since the current status of such pathways (either off-limits to bikes and horses or old jeep trails lost in the vegetation) severely limits bike and horse access. There was a six-mile bridle path that connected Madrone Soda Springs and Gilroy Hot Springs Resorts during their heyday. The hunt for this route will continue with the hope that it can be revived. Pending the status of the intervening property and the development of the MOU, there should also be a good connection between the County and State Parks.

Pending the outcome of the public hearing and the period of public input, California State Parks hopes to make progress with the acquisition of the Lakeview Meadows property. The Nature Conservancy, as part of their Mount Diablo Range Project, has taken unprecedented action to purchase wildlands and secure from development precious habitat, which will only grow more valuable with time.

Time to Run for the PRA Board

The Pine Ridge Association will hold its annual election for Board of Directors in December. The terms of two directors expire at the end of this year. Now is the time to prepare your candidacy statement and send it to the Board's Secretary, Winslow Briggs, 480 Hale St., Palo Alto 94301.

Any association member may run for the Board. A member may also nominate another PRA member. To do this, send Winslow 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.

We use the special nonprofit bulk-rate mailing permit for sending out association-related materials. However, this means that some members may not receive their newsletters or other materials for several weeks after they are mailed. So that the ballots can be distributed (and received by all members) in a timely fashion, it is important that all candidacy statements be postmarked on or before **Friday, November 12.** Please send your statements to Winslow at the address above. (If you plan to nominate someone else, please do so at least two weeks earlier.) Your statement might be a few paragraphs 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 benefited 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 candidacy statement, please call Board Chair Dave Perrin at 408/683-0415.

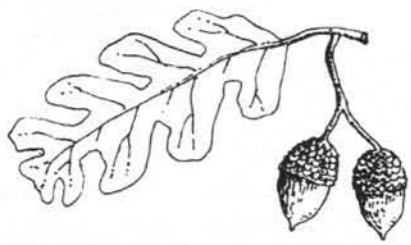
PRA Calendar

Saturday & Sunday, October 16–17: **Barbed Wire Cleanup Day.** Join other PRA members in a day of helping to remove barbed wire from the park. Please call Ranger Doug Meyers to sign up or to obtain more information (408/848-4006).

Saturday, November 6: **Trails Day at Coe Park.** Join in the fun of improving and extending the trails at Coe. No experience necessary! Please call Ranger Doug Meyers to sign up or to obtain more information (408/848-4006).

Saturday, November 27: **PRA Thanksgiving at Coe.** All PRA members are invited to attend a potluck barbecue at Coe headquarters. Bring a favorite dish to share, and enjoy the camaraderie of other individuals who also enjoy the park. Please call the park headquarters to sign up or to obtain more information (408/779-2728).

Saturday, February 5: **PRA Annual Meeting.** All PRA members are invited to attend. Notices will be mailed to PRA members in early January.



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The Ponderosa is a publication of the Pine Ridge Association with approximately five issues per year. The PRA's 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 at 127 Glenwood Avenue, Woodside, CA 94062; or call 650/851-7813.

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