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

The Ponderosa

The Pine Ridge Association Newsletter
Henry W. Coe State Park

Summer 1999

From under My Brim

by Barry Breckling

Sierra del Chasco

John sat down beside Pete and said in a low voice, "I can't remember much of anything about that de Anza guy. All I remember is that his men called these mountains Sierra del Chasco, but I can't remember what that means. Can you?" "Nope," said Pete.

Danny turned his head and looked at his friends, but he didn't say anything. He just kept on setting up his tent and wondering why on earth he'd come along on this ridiculous trip. His mind wandered back to the day when he was persuaded to join John's "expedition."

The three boys had been high school buddies and were now freshmen in Monterey Peninsula College, where the only class they had in common was California History 101. The last history class before finals had just ended, and as the students began filing out of the room, John asked Pete and Danny to sit down a minute. John had been planning a backpack trip to Henry W. Coe State Park for Memorial Day weekend, and he was sure he could talk Pete and Danny into going along. He gave them a glowing scenario of the trip, paused a moment, and said, "So, are you guys game?" Pete said "sure" with no hesitation, but Danny was reluctant. He didn't think he should go. He needed to study.

John and Pete joined forces. John argued that it would be a good break from school before finals and promised they'd stay out for just two nights. Pete reminded Danny that he'd have most of the day Monday to cram, but Danny remained unconvinced.

Changing tactics, John said, "Weren't we studying some Spanish guy who went down Coyote Creek, and isn't that in Coe Park?"

"Yeah," said Pete. "It was that de Anza guy, and he must have gone right through Coe Park."

In one breath Danny said, "It was Juan Bautista de Anza, and he went all the way from Monterey up to where San Francisco is now. Then he turned around and came back around the south end of the bay and went past where Oakland is now and

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A moonlight hike around Burra Burra

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. . . and more!

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followed the bay and then the Sacramento River until he was out to the edge of the Central Valley. He thought San Francisco Bay was a big lake!" Danny paused to remember (and to catch his breath) and continued, "He named the creek Arroyo del Coyote when he first saw it in the Santa Clara Valley. I think it was later when he traveled down Coyote Creek in the Diablo Range, heading back to Monterey. I'll check. I've got my handouts right here."

John interrupted, "Wait a minute, Danny! Why don't you just bring your notes and handouts on the trip. We can study while we're backpacking!"

Danny reconsidered for a minute and said, "Well, OK. I'll go. It might be interesting to see where Anza was. It's probably still a lot like it was when Anza went through in 1776. I think it was in April, but I'll check my notes."

"Later, Danny!" John and Pete said in unison. They helped him gather his papers and ushered him out of the classroom.

The following Saturday, the boys left Monterey before the sun was fully up and arrived at Coe Park headquarters early in the morning. They registered to camp at Mississippi Lake on Saturday night and at Los Cruzeros on Sunday night.

The hike to Manzanita Point and down the China Hole Trail was easy. John hadn't planned to stop at China Hole, but the pretty little pool was too hard to pass up, so they stayed a while, soaked their feet in the cool water and ate lunch.

"This hasn't been so tough," said John. "They said we might not even make it to Mississippi Lake in one day. What a joke! The lake's only 12 miles from headquarters, and we're almost halfway there already."

"True," Pete said, "it hasn't been very hard, but we've been going downhill so far. Now we gotta go cross-country through that canyon called the Narrows, and on the map it looks like there's some really steep stuff on the other side." Danny began reading in dramatic fashion, "As soon as we started we found ourselves in the midst of a broken sierra on all sides, and with a narrow and very deep canyon ahead of us."

"What're you reading from?" Pete asked. Danny replied obligingly, "It's a quote from Pedro Font's diary. He was the Franciscan Father who was with Anza's expedition when they went through this area."

John and Pete sighed but said nothing.

Once they had navigated the Narrows, they put their heads down and started to hike in earnest. At about three o'clock, they found themselves at an area of the creek that looked too narrow to get through. John muttered, "We must've gone the wrong way."

"I told you that dirt road going up the hill about a quarter mile back was the Willow Ridge Trail," Pete complained. "Look here on the map."

"That couldn't be Willow Ridge Trail, Pete. It's a road, not a trail," John insisted.

They backtracked down the creek, went past the road a ways looking for a trail, and then returned to the base of the road. John said, "I don't think this is the right way to go, but let's try it anyway. At least we can get to a high spot and maybe figure out where we are."

The sun was low in the sky when they arrived at a saddle just west of a high point on the ridge. Peter took off his pack, sat down in the middle of the road, and declared, "I can't go another step."

"Come on, Pete," John said impatiently. "Let's at least make it to the top of the hill so we can get a view and see where we are."

Danny gave John a meaningful look, took his pack off, and began rearranging his notes. He spotted an interesting passage and read out loud, ". . . it became so narrow that it prevented us from continuing thus. Therefore, it was necessary to climb to the top of the sierra, and so we traveled about a league to the north, east, and south, and in all directions, and every which way, until we reached the summit. Here we halted for a while to seek a way out, and from this height, which was great . . ."

"OK! OK!" John exclaimed. "Enough of de Anza! OK, Danny?"

John surveyed the situation, gave up, and took off his pack. He informed his friends, "It's getting dark. I guess we'll camp here." Danny was already setting up his tent.

John sat down beside Pete and said in a low voice, "I can't remember much of anything about that de Anza guy. All I remember is that his men called these mountains Sierra del Chasco, but I can't remember what that means. Can you?"

"Nope," said Pete.

Danny turned his head and looked at his friends, but he didn't say anything. He just kept on setting up his tent and wondering why on earth he'd come along on this ridiculous trip.

John and Pete were still sitting beside their packs, chewing granola bars, as Danny crawled into his tent. A few minutes later, they could just barely hear him reciting, "All this country which we crossed this day and the next is very broken, and is the haunt of many bears, judging from the tracks which we saw."

Pete perked up and turned to John. "Bears? There aren't any bears around here, are there?"

"I'm not sure," John replied a little nervously, "but I did see a peak called Bear Mountain on the map." They both got up and quickly set up their tents. "I hope we're nowhere near that Bear Mountain," Peter mumbled as he climbed into his sleeping bag.

The morning was cool, clear, and beautiful. John and Pete awoke to Danny's voice. "The night was very cold and it froze a little, doubtless because we found ourselves in the middle of the sierra. Morning dawned very fair and somewhat cold, but the cold did not last long, for we experienced considerable heat later in the course of the day."

The boys had a quick oatmeal breakfast, broke camp, and hiked up the road to the top of the hill. They studied the landscape in every direction, but they couldn't pick out any landmarks that could help them figure out where they were.

"What beautiful views," Peter said. "This is spectacular! Look over there. See that red colored mountain?"

"Yeah, that reddish looking mountain with the white stuff on it," John replied. "I wonder what that white stuff is."

Danny thumbed through his notes and read, "We saw some sierras or hills which attracted the attention of all of us because of their appearance; for while the others are very thickly covered with brush and trees, these have no trees but only a very open, scrubby growth, so that on the ridges and at intervals there are seen some strips and pieces of very white gravel. And that range, along whose base flows an arroyo, not to mention several small ones that run through the valley, is red in color."

"More of Font's diary?" John asked.

Danny nodded, still scanning his notes. "And it might help," he said. "From Font's and Anza's diaries, it sounds like they camped the second night in the mountains around the San Antonio Valley, which should be over there." Danny pointed to a valley west of the red mountain. "From there they went down the East Fork of Coyote Creek. And, you know what? That's probably the creek we were on yesterday. Let's check the map." "Yeah," Danny said excitedly, pointing to a spot on the map. "I bet we're right here, right on the top of Bear Mountain!"

John studied the map and compared it to the landscape. "I think you're right, Danny. And that means Mississippi Lake should be just a few miles farther down the road."

"It probably is," Danny agreed, "but we were supposed to be there yesterday. Maybe the safest thing to do is just go back the way we came. That way we won't get lost." But he was overruled.

Two hours later they arrived at Mississippi Lake. It was getting pretty hot, and they talked about going for a swim but changed their minds when they checked the time. If they didn't keep moving, it might be dark before they got to Los Cruzeros.

The boys were exhausted by the time they reached the Willow Ridge trailhead, and they descended the steep trail silently with little steps and blank stares. About halfway down, Peter felt something crawling on his arm. It was a tiny black tick. "Hey guys," he yelled, "I just found a tick on me!" They all started checking their clothes for ticks. John found a couple on the front of his shirt, and Danny found one on his sleeve. As John and Pete checked each other's pant legs, Danny flipped through his notes and read, ". . . the ticks, which are small and almost black, had stuck to us, but today they had been worse than ever, so that we were now covered with them. Indeed, in a short time I picked fourteen off myself."

When they reached Los Cruzeros, they shrugged off their packs and collapsed on the ground. Using the sleeping bags strapped to their packs as pillows, they rested for half an hour without saying much of anything. As the daylight faded, they set up their tents. Then they cooked a quick dinner, wolfed it down, and went straight to bed.

When John and Pete crawled out of their tents the next morning, they found Danny already up and, as usual, reading. John stretched. "It's a gorgeous morning," he said, "but it's already hot." Danny began thumbing quickly through his notes, looking for heat-related passages until he noticed the

menacing expressions on his friends' faces. Putting down his notes, Danny said, "You know, Anza named this spot Los Cruzeros, but people disagree about what that means. Some people say it means 'the crossing' because Anza and his men crossed the creek at this spot. But they crossed the creek in lots of other places, too. Other people think it refers to the fact that by the time they crossed at Los Cruzeros, the heat and rough terrain had begun to make them feel as persecuted as cross bearers."

They packed up and began the last leg of their trip, through the Narrows, up Pine Ridge, and back to park headquarters. When they emerged from the Narrows, John paused and got out his map. He had planned to take China Hole Trail back up Pine Ridge, but it looked awfully sunny and hot in that direction. "Let's take Mile Trail up to Madrone Soda Springs," he said. "Looks like it's a canyon, and it might be shady and cool. Then we can take the Madrone Soda Springs Trail back up the ridge."

They passed China Hole and the China Hole Trail and headed for Madrone Soda Springs. Again they put their heads down and began to hike in earnest, and they hiked right by the Mile Trail turnoff.

Almost an hour later, Peter stopped and said, "We can't be going the right way. Would you call this a trail? We've been hopping on boulders to keep out of the water and then slipping and sliding on the steep hillside when we haven't been able to get through on the creek. This is no trail!"

"We didn't see any other way to go," John insisted. "This must be the right way."

Danny, with a grim smile on his face, leaned the weight of his pack on a big rock and read in a loud voice, ". . . the difficulties of the march were even greater, because if we traveled along the bottom there were many stones and much water. When one or the other became impassable, we turned to the slopes, down which we almost slid."

Peter, who wasn't smiling, said, "Just what we need . . . more Font quotes."

"Nope," Danny replied crisply, "that was from Anza's diary."

They hiked for several more hours and, though it was still light, the sun was shining only on the tops of the ridges to the east. They were seriously considering giving up for the day and making camp when they came to a paved road. They had no idea where they were, but they felt renewed energy from this sign of civilization.

They walked about three more miles and stopped at the first building they came to. The sign outside said it was a California Department of Forestry fire station. Peter knocked on the door, and a fireman opened it. He was a friendly guy and said, "Sure thing!" when John asked if he could use their phone to call for a ride. John's dad answered on the third ring, listened to his son's tale of woe, and said, "OK. Where am I supposed to pick you up?"

"Excuse me," John said to the fireman. "Could you tell me where we are?"

"You're on Gilroy Hot Springs Road where Cañada Road turns off."

Danny perked up, "Is this Cañada de los Osos?" he asked hopefully.

"Well, yes," the fireman replied, "I guess the little creek that flows into the Coyote Creek out there is called Cañada de los Osos, or maybe that's the name of the canyon it flows through."

Danny said excitedly, "This is exactly where Anza and his men spent their last night in Sierra del Chasco!"

John dropped the phone to his side, looked intently at Danny, and said, "Sierra del Chasco, again!. Would somebody please tell me what that means?"

"You really don't remember?" Danny said. "Anza and Font thought they'd be able to cross over the low mountains in one day. The mountains didn't look too bad to them. Anza's men wanted to go back the way they came, through the valleys. To them, the mountains were unknown territory. But Anza was the boss, so through the mountains they went. And after three days of the roughest country they'd ever traveled, Anza's men named these mountains Sierra del Chasco, the mountains that played the joke.

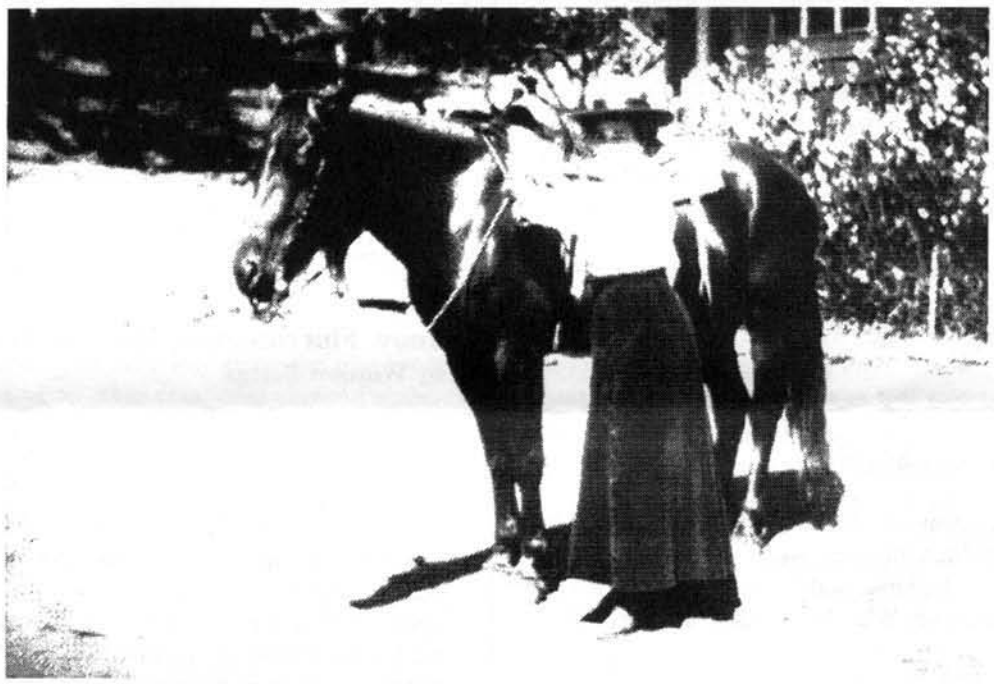
"They played a joke on Anza, and they played a big one on us, and I'll bet you anything we won't be the last people to get fooled by these mountains."

The Widow Hobbs
by Teddy Goodrich

"Well behaved women rarely make history."
Laura Thatcher Ulrich

For almost a year, the Widow Hobbs has led me on a merry chase through census files, city directories, and vital records. As many are, I was fascinated by the persistent fragments of gossip that surround her, and I hoped my research would either confirm or deny the rumors. In the end, I was forced to conclude that public documents can only provide the outline of a life; imagination must fill in the details.

It has been almost ninety years since Estelle Hobbs received the patent to a 72-acre homestead at Deer Horn springs on the east side of Middle Ridge. All the people who knew her then are gone, but the stories they told about her persist even to the second and third generations. Henry Sutcliffe Coe recalled that she always kept beer for the men who worked on his ranch. Her fondness for expensive jewelry caused some to call her "the diamond widow." Another remembered that the cowboys on the neighboring McDermott Ranch "beat quite a path to her door." Yet another said she was "quite a gal."



Estelle Hobbs was no barefoot homestead woman in a calico gown. The only existing photo of her in the park files shows a smiling, well-dressed woman about to mount an equally well-groomed horse. A close examination of the picture reveals she is wearing a suede riding skirt, a white shirtwaist, leather riding gloves, and on her head, a small, stylish Panama hat.

Her history is difficult to trace, perhaps by her own design. She is known to have used a number of different last names. Her mother, Hannah Calkins, who lived with her for a while, also seems to have used several names. Both she and her mother were pretty vague about how old they were; various records yield different ages for each of them.

On August 15, 1904, Estelle married Louis Hobbs in a civil ceremony in San Jose. Hobbs was the proprietor of two saloons in San Jose, the New Louvre and the Index. He was well known in sporting circles and had toured the world as the manager of Dan Mcleod, a famous wrestler, several years before his marriage to Estelle. They set up house keeping at 284 North Washington Street in San Jose. In April 1909, Louis died suddenly at the age of 48. For a while, Estelle and her mother continued to live in the home she had shared with Louis; then on February 4, 1910, she filed a homestead claim for lots 15 and 16 of section 21and lots 2 and 3 of section 28, township 8 south, range 4 east.

Preston Thomas hauled in the materials for her cabin, and in June 1910, she took up residence on her claim. When the time arrived for her to "prove up," her neighbors, Will Smith and Preston Thomas, testified that she had been living on the land as required except from December 3, 1910, to August 5, 1911, and again from October 29, 1911, to April 1, 1912. Estelle explained her first absence was "when I was engaged in rebuilding a store which belongs to me, in Milpitas, which had been partially destroyed by fire." Her second absence was described as due to her mother's illness.

As to the required improvements necessary to obtain her claim, both witnesses indicated she had cultivated and fenced one acre of land and planted fruit trees and vines and a vegetable garden. She also used the land to graze two horses and a cow and a calf that belonged to her and estimated the value of her improvements, including her cabin, at $700. On December 2, 1913, Estelle received the patent to her homestead.

Deer Horn springs is a lovely spot with views of Blue Ridge to the east and the canyon of the Middle Fork of Coyote Creek below, but the sun goes down early on the east side of Middle Ridge. Estelle's cabin must have been dark inside by mid-afternoon, especially in winter.

In 1913 her cabin was also very isolated. The nearest community was Madrone, and it consisted only of a small hotel and a train depot. It was also four hours away by wagon or horseback.

Simply providing for the necessities of life was difficult. Water for drinking and bathing had to be taken from the spring. There was no indoor plumbing. Wood had to be cut and split for the fireplace and stove. With no refrigeration, food consisted primarily of staples that would not spoil. Beans, rice, and flour provided the basis for most meals. In season, fruit and vegetables came from the garden.

This was not an easy way of life, and Estelle was used to a comfortable, cosmopolitan lifestyle. At her home in San Jose, she had electricity, a telephone, and a live-in gardener. The question is a persistent one: Why did she choose to live here?

One of the reasons may have been for her mother's health. Hannah suffered from asthma, and the drier climate may have brought her some relief. Perhaps Estelle visited Madrone Soda Springs or Gilroy Hot Springs with her mother or with her ailing husband and decided this was a healthy place for Hannah to live.

In January 1917, Hannah died of bronchial pneumonia in San Francisco. She was buried in Oak Hill Cemetery in San Jose. Sometime in the 1920s, Estelle sold the homestead to the Coe family, who used her cabin as a line camp. Later the cabin fell prey to scavengers and to hunters and campers who used the remaining wood for their campfires. The road was rerouted in the 1940s to pass in front of the place where the cabin once stood. A close look at the terrain nearby reveals the original road just north of the cabin site.

Only a careful observer can tell that someone once lived there. The clues are few: the fragmentary remains of a fireplace and a few rusty tin cans scattered in the brush. An apricot tree still thrives near the place where the cabin's front door stood.

We don't know what happened to Estelle once she left Deer Horn Springs. Perhaps it is just as well. If we did know, the mystery that surrounds her now would disappear. She remains an enigma; a woman we know only as "quite a gal."

Snow Flurries along the Flat Frog Trail

by Winslow Briggs

The temperature wasn't much above freezing, and the heavens were distinctly menacing. A few small patches of brilliant blue sky punctured an otherwise darkish and threatening mass of clouds, and there was no trace of sunshine. In the face of these dubious meteorological conditions, a party of four set out to climb up the Monument Trail. Their intention was to descend to the Little Fork of Coyote Creek and head back to the Visitor Center via the Flat Frog and Corral Trails—a relatively modest undertaking.

Not far from the top of Pine Ridge, close by the monument, the onset of fine particles of sleet falling on dry leaves produced a gentle high-pitched rustling sound. The ground was sufficiently warm that the particles melted almost immediately. Likewise those particles that landed directly on somebody's inadequately protected head melted almost immediately. Jackets were another matter, and the sleet bounced right off without tarrying even for a fraction of a second. This minor indignity persisted as our small party descended toward the Little Fork. Although there was not one single piece of rain gear amongst the four participants, the possibility of retreating to the warmth of the Visitor Center never came up. Silent stoicism in the face of the impending storm didn't permit even mentioning that possibility.

Within ten minutes the appearance of the clouds to the north changed. Whitish gray veils descended gradually from their bases, soon obscuring the distant ridges near Mt. Hamilton. These veils approached slowly but inexorably into the park, and the relatively harmless sleet metamorphosed into larger and larger snowflakes. Not all of these intruders bounced off of the jackets, and some had the temerity to melt (as did those impacting the inadequately protected heads, following the lead established by the sleet). There was still no thought of turning back, nor was there even a discussion of the possibility.

This sort of not terribly intelligent stoicism can have its own special rewards (careful—not always!), and on this occasion the party experienced two such unsolicited gifts. First, the ground appeared to sprout the ghosts of giant white morning glory flowers, scattered amongst the blue oaks, black oaks, and the occasional manzanita. As the snowfall intensified, the ghosts acquired more and more substance, and their faint and misty images became solid white objects in startling contrast to the darkness of the forest floor. The tunnel spiders couldn't possibly have been aware of the remarkable and changing images their funnel-shaped webs were producing. Unlike the snow that reached the ground, the snow flakes trapped by their webs didn't melt immediately, and it did not take long for the webs to be completely covered, presenting the wandering party with their brilliant outlines.

The four hikers had continued their way along the Flat Frog Trail for perhaps half an hour when conditions changed again. The clouds shedding their burden of snow gradually moved away, and the morning glories began very gradually to vanish. However, one large cloud continued to discharge a light snowfall, quite localized, that almost swallowed up the image of Middle Ridge. The dark outline marking the ridge-top could only faintly be discerned. Behind it, however, the clouds had parted. Somewhere between Middle Ridge and Blue Ridge was a sharp transition: Blue Ridge was now illuminated by brilliant sunshine. The contrast between these two ridges, one barely visible as a dark and gloomy mass in the foreground against the other glowing intensely behind it, presented a magnificent and ethereal picture. It would have been unwise to attempt to paint this impressionistic panorama: an artist who did so would immediately be accused of gross and unrealistic exaggeration.

Moral number one: Don't hesitate to go out into threatening weather. You just might encounter some wonderful surprises. Moral number two: Take along warm clothes and adequate rain gear.

CALIFORNIA STATE PARKS

Park News

by Kay Robinson
Park Superintendent

The times they are a-changin'. And for the good, I might add. The "changin'" began in the early 1990s. Although California was fairly well into its recession and the State Park's share of the General Fund was decreasing, the administration of new Parks Director Donald Murphy began to set a new course: one of advocacy and proactive management. It began with a name change to "California State Parks" and internal reorganization. Of more import, however, was the approach with the Legislature. Recognized early on was the need for generating political and governmental support for California State Parks (CSP). This translated to securing a stable funding base of which there have always been three primary sources: revenue from user fees (camping, day use, boating), concession and special event monies, and General Fund monies (taxpayer dollars). As one of four pilot State departments, a contract is now established annually with the Legislature based on the performance or output of the department. We agree to maintain or increase our production (say, number of people served at visitor centers or number of acres enhanced by prescribed burn or number of buildings retrofitted within budget). In return, our share of the General Fund will be maintained or increased. This pilot has worked well and has improved our stature and, hence, the funding for the department.

The picture has changed also because of the economic turnaround in California. Last year, CSP received $30 million extra to begin the arrest of the decaying infrastructure of our facilities. This coming year, if signed by the Governor as presented by the Legislature, the budget contains $137 million for maintenance of facilities. Coe's share last year (FY 98–99) funded replacement of ten outhouses, ranch house repairs, and commodities for the Visitor Center Expansion. Next year's funds will continue repairs on the ranch house, replace Coe entrance signs, and acquire for us a trailered chemical toilet for maintenance or trail crew workdays. Other major projects under construction are the day-use area at Bell Station and the placement of ten vault toilets at critical use areas in the backcountry.

An exciting possibility is development at Dowdy Ranch. Phase 1 of a Major Capital Outlay Project is scheduled for the 2000/2001 fiscal year: $134,000 for the planning stage of conceptual drawings and environmental review. If accepted by the Legislature and funded by a bond act, Phase 2 (working drawings) and Phase 3 (construction) would occur the following two years. This location opens up wonderful opportunities for visitors from the Central Valley. Many elements of support are behind us: the focus of the Nature Conservancy to protect the Diablo Range from development and make it available for public use, the pro-environment Gray Davis administration, the fact that our new Parks Director, Rusty Areias, is from Los Baños and an advocate of progressive management of the Four Rivers District, and a growing level of support from the public for acquisition and development of parklands. If you have an opportunity, I hope you will share your love of Coe with others and encourage friends, voters, colleagues, political aides, and legislators to support this needed facility at Henry W. Coe State Park.

August 21: Moonlight Daylight Burra Burra Hike Hike

by Lee Sims

The August moon and Coe Park—experience the pristine land and a mystical experience on Saturday, August 21, with the approach of the full moon.

We will hike without flashlights from the Dowdy Ranch buildings around Burra Burra Peak on Saturday night after dark. The total distance is less than three miles, the time about 90 minutes. We also will ascend Burra Burra, a quick side trip, and view most of the Hamilton Range, over to the Gabilan Range and beyond towards Big Sur, and also south beyond Pacheco Pass in the San Carlos range: spectacular under moonlight!

The following morning we will repeat the hike and observe the differences between night sounds and scenes and those in the daytime.

The Dowdy Ranch has a chemical toilet. For camping (which is recommended), bring your own food, drinking water, camping gear, and a chair. Stoves but not utensils will be available. Plan to arrive after 1 p.m. and no later than 8:30 p.m. on Saturday, August 21.

If you are afraid of your shadow, you might not want to come. The moon is so bright, you will see your own shadow; the mood is so dramatic, you will feel the shadows of people who walked these same trails hundreds of years ago.

A wonderful summer evening in Coe Park. Call me at 650/726-4958 (work) or 650/726-7547 (home) for more information and to sign up.

An Invitation to Join the Volunteer Program

Would you like to learn more about Henry W. Coe State Park—its history, interesting animals, beautiful wildflowers, singing birds—and share your knowledge with park visitors? Then consider joining approximately 130 others who donate some of their time as uniformed volunteers of Coe Park.

The Volunteer Program adds to the park visitor's knowledge, interest, enjoyment, and safety by assisting regular park employees through interpretation, operation of the visitor center, patrolling the park trails, and by carrying out special projects. Uniformed volunteers receive free admission to Coe Park and the other parks in the Four Rivers District and, more importantly, receive the satisfaction derived from doing a job well and providing a necessary service to the public and to the park. In addition, most volunteers find that the initial training and the continuing workshops and classes offered for uniformed volunteers each year are of significant value.

Topics tentatively scheduled for inclusion in the next series of training classes are geology, map reading, plant communities, ecology and animals, birds and wildflowers, history of Coe Park, being a volunteer, interpretive techniques, and first aid. Additional optional training classes will be held throughout spring 2000 on topics such as wildflowers, bird identification, tracking, and how to plan an interpretive program. Training will be held at the park on a number of weekends from September 11 through December 4, plus one weekend day in January. Graduation will be held on February 5, 2000.

Applications are available now at Coe Park headquarters. **August 14 is the deadline for receipt of applications.** Applicants have their choice of interview dates (August 19, 21, or 22). Interviews will be held at Coe Park, but other arrangements could be made for you. If you have any questions or if you would like to obtain an application, call the park at 408/779-2728, or visit our web site at *www.coepark.parks.ca.gov.*

Membership & Contributions

by Lee Dittmann

We are pleased to welcome the new members listed below, who joined before July 10. Thank you for your support! Welcome to the Pine Ridge Association. The membership total has now risen to a record high of 412.

Tina Baine, Aromas
Steve Barba, Menlo Park
Olive Bavins, San Francisco
Connie Becker & Brenda Barbour, Gilroy
Jane Bishop, Los Gatos
Mr. & Mrs. William & Candace Brooks, Saratoga
David Ellis, Los Altos
Robert Gausman, Modesto
Sy Gelman, San Jose
Maggi Georgi, San Jose
Lorrie Gonzalez, Morgan Hill
Roger Hall, San Jose
Linda Jordan, Soquel
Lesley A. McDermott, Gilroy
Thomas W. McDermott, Gilroy
Steen Nielsen, Morgan Hill
Paul Norton, Campbell
Eric & Cathryn Parsons, Morgan Hill
Dean Silvers, Santa Cruz
Debra Stone, San Juan Bautista
Becky Swanson, Gilroy
Glen Taylor, San Francisco
Ann Watters, San Francisco
Stella Yang, San Jose

New Contributors to Visitor Center Expansion Fund

Tina Baine
David Ellis
Paul Nielsen & Denise Gavello
Maggi Georgi
Lesley A. McDermott
Thomas W. McDermott
Becky Swanson

PRA Calendar

Saturday & Sunday, July 31–August 1: **The Fourth Annual Coe Garage Sale.** Proceeds benefit the Visitor Center Expansion Project. The garage sale will be held at Morgan Hill School from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. each day. Please call the park headquarters for more information (408/779-2728).

Saturday, August 14: **Deadline for receipt of applications to become a uniformed volunteer.** See article on page 8 for more details.

Saturday & Sunday, August 21–22: **The Moonlight Daylight Burra Burra Hike Hike.** Experience the mystery of Burra Burra at night with the approach of the full moon. This outing is especially popular. See the article on page 8 for more details.

Friday to Sunday, September 24–26: **Full Moon Backpacking Trip.** Join volunteers Irwin and Janet Koff on this excursion to the Kelly Lake/Kelly Cabin Canyon area. Please call them to sign up or to obtain more information (408/293-8194).

Saturday, October 2: **The Third Annual Coe Park TarantulaFest and Barbecue.** Tickets go on sale on August 15. **See the flyer inserted in this newsletter for more information.**

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 dinner 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).

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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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