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

The Ponderosa

The Pine Ridge Association Newsletter
Henry W. Coe State Park

Autumn 2000

From under My Brim

by Barry Breckling

Leaves of Fall

Light low, days slow, leaves are changing color.
Gray haze, shortened days, the forest's getting duller.
Sap's flow begins to slow as trees begin to slumber.
Sleep deep, deep sleep, near-death shall encumber.
Tree tops, leaves drop, floating to the forest floor.
Trees bare, but prepare, for spring to come once more.

Occasionally someone comes to the park in the winter and asks why so many of the trees are dead. They hadn't realized that the trees might just be sleeping. Often death and sleep are similar. Most of the broad-leafed trees in the park are deciduous; their leaves all drop off in the fall, and new leaves return in the spring, but all winter long the deciduous trees sleep.

The trees have good reasons for losing their leaves. In the tropics, where there's plenty of sun and water, most of the broad-leafed trees are evergreen. They can grow year around in their climate, so they have no need to drop all their leaves. As you go farther north, the winter days become shorter and shorter. At a certain point, trees have difficulty getting enough winter light to photosynthesize. Also, the farther north you go, the colder it gets. In very cold areas, ground water is locked up as ice and is unusable.

In temperate areas like ours, some broad-leafed tree species are able to stay green all year. In sheltered areas where ground water does not freeze, broad-leafed trees can keep their leaves year around, but they must have small, thick leaves that can withstand freezing air temperatures. The leaves stay green, but they aren't able to photosynthesize or grow much during the short days of winter. Their advantage over deciduous trees is that they don't need to expend a great deal of energy growing new leaves when spring arrives. While the leaves of deciduous trees are just budding out, the leaves of evergreens are already busy converting water, carbon dioxide, and the sun's energy into sugar, food for a tree's growth.

Deciduous broad-leafed trees have the advantage of being able to grow larger, more delicate leaves that can produce more abundant food. But first they must expend the energy required to grow such luxurious new leaves each spring.

In the fall, the dwindling daylight causes deciduous trees to

Inside this issue . . .

The joys of running the hills of Coe

Exciting development and staffing plans for the park

Positions open for treasurer and on the PRA board

Join us for Thanksgiving at Coe (Saturday, Nov. 25)

. . . and more!

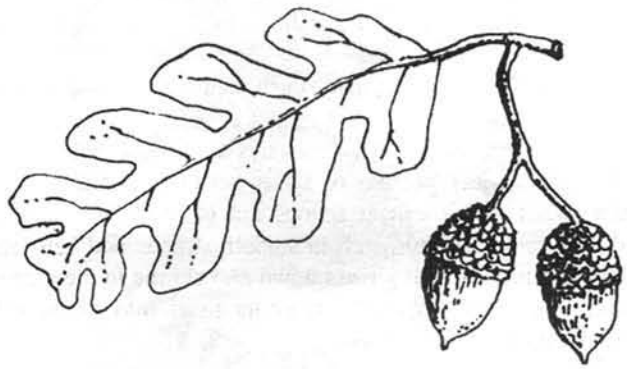
release a hormone that starts the buildup of a corky material between the twigs and the leaves. As this material grows inward, the sap flow to the leaf is eventually cut off, and the leaf dies. Chlorophyll, which reflects a green color, needs constant water to survive. As its moisture is cut off, the chlorophyll dies, and what remains are the red, yellow, and orange pigments that were hidden by the green of the chlorophyll and some purple pigments that are produced in response to the shorter days.

In Coe Park we often have nice fall colors, although not as spectacular or extensive as in the deciduous forests of the Northeast. The arrays of reds, pinks, yellows, and browns in Poison Oak leaves are brilliant. This common shrub is one of the earliest plants to change color and lose its leaves. Of our trees and shrubs, the Buckeye tree is the only one that gives up its leaves earlier than Poison Oak. The Buckeye, with its large bright green leaves, looks like it would be more at home in a tropical forest than on our dry, sunny hills, but Buckeyes have developed clever strategies for living in our climate. Their delicate leaves don't wait around for the days to become short. Most of them fall by the end of August. When the heat of late summer arrives and water is scarce, the Buckeye is no longer searching for water. The beauty of the Buckeye is not in its fall leaves, which simply turn brown, droop, and fall, but in its early bright green leaves and extraordinary late spring flower heads.

Bigleaf Maples, growing in the canyon bottoms and on shady slopes, have large leaves that turn brilliant yellow as fall progresses. These handsome trees often provide our brightest fall foliage. During some years, the Black Oaks, which grow on north-facing slopes, have leaves mottled with bright red, yellow, and lingering green. In those special years, for just a few weeks, you can hike the ridges and slopes of Coe Park and enjoy colors that many westerners would be surprised to find in the west.

The fall tree that I think is the most brilliantly colorful might surprise some people. It's not a tree that loses all its leaves in the fall. It's an evergreen, and the mix of colors all over the tree are spectacular. The bark is a cool, smooth, reddish tan that is rich and pleasant to the eye. The orange to bright red berries can be so thick some years that large splotches of red decorate the hillsides. A close-up view of the Madrone can be even more rewarding.

Sometimes we are awed by the splendor of distant views, and certainly Coe Park is a great place for views. But, if you look down around your feet, you can find unexpected beauty in something as close by as a single fallen leaf. If you're walking through a Madrone forest this fall, keep an eye out for freshly fallen Madrone leaves. They drop their leaves a few at a time throughout the year, but they lose more in the fall, and some of those leaves are special treats. You can find individual leaves that have a collage of the brightest colors you've ever seen. Sit a while and enjoy such a leaf. It will bring sweetness to your soul.



Share a Prayer from Coe

by Mike Meyer

I leave home thinking of a run up the road from Hunting Hollow to the Coyote Creek entrance then up the Grizzly Gulch trail to the stream crossing and back, about 5 or 6 miles. But driving out of the valley up Roop Road, I keep noticing how the clouds that are all over the sky would rule and punctuate and enhance all the mountain and canyon scenes from up high. By the time I park at Hunting Hollow, I'm ready to begin a climb, despite some doubt about my knees. The thing is, I'd been getting sore knees when I ran hills in the past 7 or 8 months, and the soreness would last for more than just the day. I had decided not to run hills anymore. But last week on a run outside Gilroy I'd jumped the fence on Miller Loop and gone halfway up one of the hills and back down with no problem. Then I did it again a few days ago, going higher with no problem. The second time, I got back the old exhilaration I used to get from running in those hills before all the development nearby. It happened when I jumped the fence back onto the road. A light rain was backlit by sunlight coming into my face from under a heavy gray cloud. The light rain was a million fluttering lights in the foreground to the wooly canyons just off the road, all wet and gleaming green in the light. I felt something that's hard to say anything about. It was the first time this had happened in a couple of years. That's the second reason why at Hunting Hollow the doubt about my knees didn't register much.

I park and check on the bulletin board for the shortest mileage to Willson Peak, then start. I get a foot wet at the first crossing as the creek is still a little higher than the raised stones. I scrambled like a frightened deer the rest of the way across the rocks and up the little bank at the sycamore. But it was no big deal.

These high stepping stones are placed at all the crossings. The Hunting Hollow creek truly meanders up its narrow valley, while the road cuts straight through. The curling creek is almost idyllic with the trees lining the creek being nice oaks and sycamores and bays, with bushes and ferns and mosses and rocks thrown in. The water had cleared to a hard clarity from the muddy wash of a few days earlier. I can see the rocks and the deep pockets of sandy bottom. The clear fluid water twists over rocks, it scoops out of shallow places up and over rocks, and turns all in smooth strands and belts and waves and blankets. It gushes down and churns in the narrow places and froths forward. It pours itself into pools with nearly a singular bass sound.

Also, the wind is blowing in gusts, thus moving the branches and blowing my face, and I shield my eyes with tightened eyelids. (Nice transition there.)

It is nice going up the hollow, and I keep my pace easy. I climb the gate at Braen Canyon and bypass Lyman Willson Trail and follow the more easterly trail that shows bare rock over a high spot then drops east into shade. The little creek coming out of the canyons is rolling down a 5 percent grade over small rocks, and I skirt around a bush hanging over it, then cross on two big rocks. The gray plastic sign post sticks out conspicuously and oddly. Jim Donnelly Trail takes off north up a leg of steeply climbing mountain. I pass Jimmy boy and cross another small stream and head northeast up Middle Steer Ridge that starts from the flat small double V (maybe a W, then) with tight wooly canyons on either side and wooly ridges on the outer flanks of both canyons. It's a flat place there just at the bottom of Middle Steer Ridge, but the ridge ascends immediately once you commit to it through nice small blue oaks plus other oaks and grass. It's mostly blue oaks and grass, and it faces the southwest and gets sun, and the sun gets through the not-sparse-but-not-thick blue oaks to light the grass. I stay off the roughened and somewhat dried trail, preferring the softer grassy, leafy hillside. I notice my ankles extend as if I am stretching my calf at each step, so steep is the climb. Up, up and up and up, on and on, up, up it goes, soon providing views out to the hollow and of the little canyons on either side of Middle Steer Ridge. I twist back looking to the sunnier south side and Lyman Willson Ridge and down the hollow and to the long north-south wooly ridge that bounds the west side of the hollow.

I climb in an S pattern knowing I'll need all the energy I have for this run and so not wanting to expend too much energy on the climb. I keep looking into the grass for the difficult-to-see small, leafless branches of the poison oak that likes to trick you and get you, but there is none. Yes, it is a sunny hillside, that is why. I keep looking into the grassy leafy with exposed dirt hillside for my steps, the brown oak leaves making a nice and softened crunching under my steps, softened by the rains, but not completely soft, only somewhat softer. I find my way up going around this tree and in front of that, touching the soft bark on a very thin trunk, letting the overhanging pointed leaves of the coastal oaks graze my hair, fighting the idea that I will not warm up enough not to be cold from the stiff wind that finds me the higher I go. Up, up, and on and on it goes, turning maybe due north at a chaparral barrier and leveling more at the barbed wire gate. I see the yellow Park Boundary sign that someone (was it me?) had scratched through 20 or 30 times after the Hunting Hollow area had been acquired by the park.

The wind picks up more and is getting under my outer shirt, a thin long-sleeved cotton shirt, and through my under shirt, which is a well-worn and thin old T-shirt, and finally I stop to tuck the outer shirt into my shorts to keep the wind out, and keep on going again and wondering if that makes any difference, since I still feel the fluttering and sneaky wind all under my shirts. After the Bowl Road where it is all grass and just a few trees, the wind is pushing me forward, pushing me really noticeably up the hill or into the hill. I pass a large blue or valley oak, leafless, and the wind tears through the branches noisily, loudly, and completely forcefully. The tree is a good round large tree, and its finger limbs are strong and vibrant, and they all hold on as the wind rips at them with a continual push. Up, up, and up and up and up, this is the longest steep part, past the clump of wind-dwarfed bays and a few boulders, the bays' thick leafy form splintered a thousand changed ways by the wind. On, on, on higher the trail climbs then rounds over the top and descends a short distance and gently through the open grass to Steer Ridge. The sign post at the intersection is askew, and I push it, feeling the mud give, until it's upright and stuff rocks (not round stones but rough rocks) down into the muck and dig more muck with my heel from nearby and fill in the spaces left by the pushed over post. Pigs, who else. Pigs out for a little Saturday night frolic. Pigs. Pigs splashing and luxuriating in the hog wallows that splotch Steer Ridge, pigs nosing each other out of the way, squeezing a place out, rolling over, getting their backs in the muddy water, the best water, ahh that mud, ohh the muddy mud and the wet, yes, yes, yes. Those pigs having their fill of the mud and the wet and ambling like a guy in a seersucker suit with a toothpick in his mouth after a meal at the boarding house out on the street, like that guy, they amble to the sign post and, there being no trees handy, with eyelids

drooping with sleepy pleasure, leaning on the lightweight dinky post, pushing it over. Disgusting humans with their measly posts, each porker concluding after a shot at it and continues down the lane. Pigs, those piggy pigs.

Finished propping up the sign post, I give the last real push uphill the 300 yards up Steer Ridge toward the peak, spotting all the downed branches on the north side of the peaky part of the peak below which the road passes, the grass littered with blue oak and valley oak limbs and old trunks. This wind is truly trimming the trees, and it is this idea that fascinates me as I pass, seeing the trimming take place and the signs of the trimming that took place probably not very long ago. I pass over the peak without breaking stride but looking north now across the park's ridges and peaks, spotting Pine Ridge and Blue Ridge and Bear Mountain and Red Mountain way in the distance and the observatory and to the east some peak that could be Mustang Peak. And past the serpentine outcrop no poppies even hinting yet, down the rock road, my legs a little tighter and stiffer, as if the muscle has lost a bit of elasticity, but I'm good, and the wind is blowing on me, and I cut into its force heading southeast now down Steer Ridge toward Willson Camp and Pacheco Pass and the peaks across the Pass that stand above Hollister. And at the turnoff down to Lyman Willson, I come around to the southwest, and there is the Bay cut sharply into the distant land with the peninsula a dagger out into the open ocean, all gray and gleaming greenish blue framed by the mountains near Gilroy on the north side and the mountains southwest of Salinas on the south with Fremont Peak and its ranges nearer and almost in front of the Bay, though 20 or so miles from the Bay, and Hunting Hollow down below and the long north-south ridge, Osos Ridge, a green dark wooly line and other close ridges beyond it all framing this shiny dark bay with the peninsula coming to a point in it. (These are long sentences.)

I'm having a fine time, and I do S's down the steep dropdown road toward the intersection of Lyman Willson and Bowl road, cutting across the grassy steepness from side to side. Past the Bowl Road signs, looking east to the muddy pond a hundred yards out and down toward the Coon Hunters Gulch on a flat to see 4 or 5 pigs eating. So I'm kinda celebrating and want to share it, so I holler "Hi pigs!" three of four times, and they look up, first the big one, then the others hearing my voice over the howling wind, and they scamper a retreat even though they couldn't see me being blind from more than around 50 feet I'm pretty sure.

Down, down, down it goes, down, down, down. I skirt back and forth across the road trying to protect my knees as much as possible for I now feel my left knee. I stay on the softer grassy hillsides going down as I did going up, the grass being low and not bad to find my way through, though there are the pock holes made by the cow hooves to contend with. I'm seeing down the hollow and down into the gulch, which is almost at my feet as if I'm looking straight down and is nearly straight down 700 or 800 feet, and then scanning down the length of the hollow and past the hollow where the green, green grassy valley opens up on some ranch then across the ridges to the peaks of Hollister, and it all comes together, and my arms are raised, and who's to say I'm not the happy recipient of something, a gift maybe?

Down, down, down, down it goes, I round a knoll and pass a hiker with ski poles rhythmically walking up the Lyman Willson trail. "Hi." "Hi." We pass as sociable as two sign posts, and I go down, down, and into the corral at the bottom and climb over the iron gate, not jumping down but lowering myself gingerly to the ground.

It is nice to be on flat ground. Nice, secure footing is nice, rewarding, and I'm grateful and glad. I step on the rocks across the crossings, not worried whether I step into the water, out, out I go, down through the hollow to the gravel-covered meadow where we park.

Park News

by Kay Robinson
Park Superintendent

There is action on several different fronts at Henry W. Coe State Park. Governor Gray Davis's budget this fiscal year has provided many upgrades to the operation and appearance of Coe. A Budget Change Proposal (BCP) was approved that adds one field ranger, a ¾-time office assistant, and about 1.4 person-years (PY) of park aid time to our existing staff of 7 full-timers and 1.3 PY of seasonal help. I expect that these positions will be filled by January. This boon will greatly increase our productivity and our ability to serve the public. On the employee front, also, are the imminent hiring of the Park Maintenance Worker I and State Park Ranger positions, which have been vacant since Dean Meyer's departure and Doug Meyers's retirement, respectively.

The Major Capital Outlay project for development of day-use facilities at Dowdy Ranch was also approved for commencement this July. Already a contract for conceptual plans has been let by General Services, and a plan for the completion of the environmental review has been drafted, the elements of Phase I/Year 1. Phase II/Year 2 will see the completion of plans and specifications. Phase III/Year 3 is slated for construction—which means development of the contract with actual construction to begin in spring 2003. A grand opening for May 2004 is conceivable—at long last!

Our Deferred Maintenance program (a $157 million program for repair and upgrade of worn out facilities) has seen the placement of new signs at the Coe Ranch and Hunting Hollow entrances. Our Trails Crew has done a smashing job this year and last in brushing and grooming the roads and trails in the park. Ten new Romtec toilets have replaced worn out pit toilets in the "frontcountry," and 12 new CXT concrete pre-fab toilets are in place in the backcountry in an effort to improve the health and safety issue of sanitation by backcountry users. New ADA-compliant tables will soon be popping up around the park. All in all, the park is looking better with this much attention.

The Bond Act of March 2000 has provided $12 million for acquisitions in and around Coe. The first parcel we have acquired is the eastern half of the Nature Conservancy's holdings on Cordoza Ridge (aka "the Palassou"). The western half has been approved by the Public Works Board (required for purchases over $500,000) and will enter escrow this year. Although this 5,500-acre parcel is contiguous with Coe, it may be a while before public access is allowed because of private and other public property issues. A third parcel in the works is the 4,000-acre Stevenson property to the south of the Redfern. There is on-going negotiation between the Department of Fish and Game and the Department of Parks and Recreation regarding who will own and operate this property.

One downside of the boon of Prop. 12 is that, while $12 million is available for acquisition, no funds are available for the visitor center rehabilitation project. I am exploring other options for the completion of this worthy project. One avenue may be the securing of up to $500,000 from the Deferred Maintenance funds because of the disrepair of the visitor center and lack of compliance with the American with Disabilities Act (ADA). A second option may be through our Minor Capital Outlay program, again a maximum of $500,000, but not available until FY 2003/2004. A review of the plans for ADA compliance is being undertaken by our department, and the architectural firm of Ferris Johnson continues to develop and refine the plans and specifications.

The last few years have been very productive, and the future holds promise of being even more active and exciting. In the next issue I will be introducing our new staff members to you.

Membership through September

by Margaret Mary McBride

We are pleased to welcome the **new members** listed below. Thank you for your support, and welcome to the Pine Ridge Association!

Heather Ambler, Morgan Hill
Einar E. Anderson, Morgan Hill
Stan Azevedo, Gustine
Priscilla Campbell, Gilroy
Rod Cryer, San Jose
Pat Dallam, Palo Alto
Mike Harper, Palo Alto
Nancy Hildebrandt, San Jose
Clorinda P. Hite, Santa Clara
Diana Maloney, San Jose
Brendan Mangan, San Carlos
Dan McCranie, Gilroy
Robert C. Sass, Morgan Hill
Susan Secor, San Martin
Linda & Roger Stewart, Morgan Hill
Geri & Ben Stough, Alameda
Susan & Martin Trieb, San Jose
Scott Unger, Morgan Hill
Mrs. Andrea van Cuylenburg, Milpitas

Nominations Sought for the Annual PRA Award

Each year at the PRA annual meeting held on the first Saturday in February, an award is presented to someone whose volunteer efforts have preserved and enriched Henry W. Coe State Park. It is not necessary that the recipient be a member of the Pine Ridge Association or be a uniformed volunteer in the park. Occasionally the award has been given to two people who had worked closely together to benefit the park. The recipient receives an engraved plaque, and the person's name is added to the large plaque that is displayed at the visitor center.

Two unofficial sets of criteria for selecting the recipient from among the nominees have been proposed:

- Leadership: scope, motivation, and initiative
- Involvement: scope, altruism, and time contribution
- Asset growth: recruiting, fund-raising, personal contribution
- Ideas/Projects: creative, innovative, follow-through with personal implementation
- Performance: past, sustained, future expectations
- Measurable accomplishments: visible results

- Has had a beneficial effect on the park's resources and activities
- Has sought out responsibility and has acted as a leader
- Has leveraged efforts into multiplicative effects by organizing the activities of others

We are now asking PRA members to supply us with nominations for this award by the end of October. If there is someone you would like to nominate, please write a short paragraph of reasons why that person should be considered and send it to the PRA Secretary, Winslow Briggs, 480 Hale St., Palo Alto 94301 or Briggs@Andrew2.Stanford.edu. A committee of the PRA board of directors will collect additional information about the activities of your nominee and will make a selection this fall.

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 10.** 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 Barbara Bessey at 650/851-7813.

Coe ♬

by Barbara Bessey, PRA Chair

Our Homecoming 2000 celebration weekend (September 23–24) was a huge success! More than 80 people helped us celebrate the 25th anniversary of our Pine Ridge Association and the 20th anniversary of our Uniformed Coe Park Volunteer Program. It was very enjoyable to see individuals who were active in the association in the early years as well as individuals who are just becoming involved with the current group of trainees in the Uniformed Volunteer Program. At the Saturday evening program, special recognition was paid to those people whom we consider to be the founding members of the Association: Ranger **Joe White,** first PRA Chair **Dave Hildebrand,** and long-time PRA Board member **Bob Patrie.** Without their vision and dedication to create and sustain the association during the first decade, this anniversary event would not have been possible. Special tributes were also given to Ranger **Barry Breckling,** whose idea it was to form a group of volunteers to assist with the interpretive activities in the park, and **Lee Sims**, a long-time PRA member and a member of the Uniformed Volunteers, who has worked unselfishly for over two decades to plan events and activities that bring the public and the volunteers closer to Coe Park.

I just learned that our current treasurer, Dennis Pinion, is thinking of retiring from this position in spring 2001. If any of you are interested in finances, budgeting, and have a knowledge of accounting procedures, this job could be for you! A more detailed description of this position will be included in the next issue of the newsletter. Ideally, we would like to select a successor early enough so that he or she could work along side of Dennis for several months to learn the intricacies of this important position. In the meantime, please let us know if you are interested.

As our thoughts now begin to turn to fall, it is not too soon to make plans to attend our annual Thanksgiving at Coe, which is held on the Saturday after Thanksgiving. Last year, many turkeys were cooked either in an oven or on a grill (and each one was delicious but different from the others), and there were lots of delicious dishes contributed by the attendees. It is a great way to meet other supporters who love the park, so why don't you join us this year?

As always, let us know if you have some suggestions for additional activities that we can provide or if you would like to help us organize them! See you at the park!

Thanks to all the volunteers who worked to make the PRA Rummage Sale a great success. Special thanks to Sam Azar and South Side Market, 16715 Monterey Rd., Morgan Hill. Our event could not have happened without a place to have it.

PRA Calendar

Saturday, October 14: **The last interpretive program of 2000.** Join Laura Welch and Sandy Voechting for an old-time Farm Day. They will demonstrate what farmers and ranchers did for work and fun in bygone days. Meet at noon at the Visitor Center.

Saturday, November 4: **Trail Day at Coe Park.** Join other interested volunteers and help work on trails in the park. If you would like to see what a typical work day might look like, check out our website at *www.coepark.parks.ca.gov/trailwork.html.* If you are interested and would like more information or to sign up, please call the Trail Day Coordinator at the Coe Sector Office (408/848-4006).

Saturday, November 25: **PRA Thanksgiving at Coe.** All PRA members are invited to attend a potluck dinner at Coe headquarters. Bring a favorite seasonal dish to share, and enjoy the camaraderie of other individuals who also enjoy the park. Appetizers will start at 3 p.m; we will plan to eat around 4 p.m. Sunset that evening will be at 4:50 p.m. Please call the park headquarters to sign up or to obtain more information (408/779-2728). We always need some individuals who are willing to cook turkeys for this event.

Saturday, February 3, 2001: **The Annual Meeting of the PRA and the Uniformed Volunteers.** Invitations will be sent to all PRA members in January.

Saturday & Sunday, April 28 & 29: **The Backcountry Weekend at Coe Park.** Put this weekend on your calendars now, since tickets are limited, and, in past years, more people requested tickets than we were able to accommodate. A reservation request form will be available on the Coe Park website in February, and a notice will be sent to all PRA members.

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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 94062-3512; or call 650/851-7813.

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