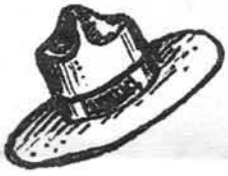
The **Ponderosa**

The Pine Ridge Association Newsletter
Henry W. Coe State Park

Winter 2001

From under My Brim



by Barry Breckling

I Just Call 'em Lions

Bill had been seeing tracks in the dust of the road as he hung out the window, steering with his right hand and pressing the accelerator just enough with the foot of his outstretched right leg to keep him traveling at about five miles an hour. These tracks, however, were from the day before yesterday, too old to be of much interest to him. All of a sudden he pulled to the left side of the road and stopped. There in the deep dust along the edge of the ridgetop road was a fresh set of tracks. Not over two hours old. He parked his dust-covered, dented, rusty-green Ford pickup at the side of the road, got out, walked over to the tracks, and squatted to get a closer look. Something about the tracks seemed familiar, but he couldn't put his finger on it. After about five minutes, he got up and said quietly, "Huh, a 65- to 70-pound female, about average, and must be about ten years old, no cubs." Bill often talked to himself, but then there was seldom anyone else around to talk to, except for his dogs of course.

He opened the door of the wire cage in the back of the truck, and out jumped his five dogs. They ran around the truck with their noses to the ground, knowing it was time to go to work. Bill yelled out, "Over here, Jake," as he pointed to the fresh tracks, and Jake, his oldest and smartest dog, took the cue. With a bark and a wail, the ten-year-old black-and-tan hound headed down the hillside through the oaks and sparse pines with his nose down and his ears flapping. Right behind him was Buck, Jake's four-year old son. Buck's mother was a full-blooded Blue Tick Hound, and Buck was already turning into a good lion dog. The other three, Peaches, Blue Boy, and Wally, were on the other side of the truck, and although they knew the chase was on, it took them several seconds to figure out which way Jake was heading. Bill was always calling those three "just a bunch of possum dogs that never could get too excited over lion scent." He knew, however, that it was the group of five dogs that made him one of the best lion hunters in the state. Each dog had its job. For example, Peaches was always at the back of the pack following the trail very carefully. When the other dogs overran the trail or got tricked by a wise old lion, Peaches would come sauntering by, nose to the ground, and put the pack back on the right trail.

Bill stood next to his truck and listened as the barking hounds worked the scent across the face of the ridge. After about twenty minutes, Bill heard the dogs barking louder and more often, and he knew they were getting close to the lion. He grabbed his Winchester Model 70 and headed in the direction

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. . . and more!

of the dogs. When he got to within a half mile, the dogs were wailing more intensely but less often, and they were barking almost constantly. He knew the dogs had the lion treed.

He pushed his way through a thicket of ceanothus, poison oak, and coffeeberry bushes and found the dogs at the base of a large black oak tree. There, about twenty-five feet up in the tree, was the lion, looking down, bearing her teeth, and hissing at the dogs. Over the years, Bill had heard lions hiss, growl, and scream, and he'd even heard the little whistles they used to keep in contact with each other.

He walked around the tree looking for the best shot, and just as he lifted his rifle to his shoulder, he noticed the deep V notch in the lion's left ear. He lowered his gun, got all five dogs on leashes, and was just ready to tie them to a tree when the lion jumped to the ground and took off. The dogs broke loose from Bill's hand, and the chase was on again, for all except Wally, who ran around in circles trying to find the trail. Bill grabbed Wally's leash. "Well, they'll have 'er treed soon, Wally. You know those cats can outrun you dogs, but they just don't have much endurance."

He grabbed his rifle and slowly made his way back up the hill, listening to the distant sound of baying hounds, Wally in tow. As he thought about the lion, he smiled, remembering his first encounter with her, the several other times he had run into her, and the numerous times he had seen her tracks over the years. He'd seen her with cubs only once, but there were many times when he'd found little sets of lion tracks following her tracks. When he reached his truck, he threw Wally in the back saying, "I'm gettin' too old for this stuff, you know Wally." Bill reached in through the open driver's door window and honked the horn several times. That would usually bring the dogs back, but he knew the pack was probably too far away to hear, and it would be two or three hours before they returned.

Bill climbed into the cab of the truck and closed the door. Resting his head on the open window, he put his feet up on the dash on the passenger side. He took off his dirty old sweat-soaked ball cap and threw it on the dash on top of an old cigar package, an empty milk carton, and a collection of scribbled notes. The hat landed so Bill could read the words in script across the front. It said "Titleist." Bill had never played golf, but he did know that Titleist was a brand of golf ball. Years earlier when Jake had brought him the hat, it had been brown with white letters, almost new. Now the hat was faded tan with white sweat marks and dirty tan lettering.

Half awake and half asleep, Bill's memories took him back ten years to a canyon several miles to the north. Bill's dogs had gotten too old to chase lions, so he was out on foot. Along with him was his new puppy Jake. Bill had purchased the half-year-old pup a few weeks earlier, and this was the first day Bill had taken him on the trail of a lion. Bill was following fresh tracks of a female lion up a familiar side ridge. Jake was interested in the scent, but trailed behind Bill. They entered a small flat, dotted with oaks. Bill looked ahead to a large object at the base of a tree. As he approached, he realized that the object was the carcass of a large deer with the head missing. Bill became very angry. This wasn't the first time he'd seen this sort of thing. He knew exactly what had happened. A poacher had shot the deer and cut off the head for a trophy. Of course he didn't mind people hunting, but this deer was taken out of season and on property that the hunter didn't have permission to be on. And he'd left the meat of the deer to rot. Bill searched the area and found a small hunting camp the poacher had set up. From all indications, the man had left just a few hours earlier.

Jake ignored the deer carcass and wandered, nose down, to the edge of the flat. All of a sudden, Jake started barking in his little puppy voice. Bill looked over at Jake and saw what looked like another dog tied to a tree. As Bill approached, he realized that the small hissing animal tied to the tree was a baby mountain lion. He became infuriated. How could someone leave an animal tied to a tree to die of slow starvation. Bill took off his jacket and threw it over the little lion and then quickly grabbed the bundle. Jake, with his weight on his hindquarters, ready to retreat at a moment's notice, was sniffing at the bundle. Bill carefully unwrapped the package until he could grab the lion by the scruff of the neck. His anger turned to interest and concern as he carefully checked over the lion. Jake bounded around, thinking he might have a new friend to play with.

Bill found a deep, bloody V-shaped notch cut out of the lion's tawny colored left ear. "Let's see," Bill said, talking to the little lion in a very soft voice, "That's quite a cut in your ear.

I'd guess some poacher has that stuffed in his pocket as a souvenir. It'll probably heal up fine, but you'll be taking that notch with you the rest of your life. Let's see, you guys are born with fur, but your eyes stay closed until you're about ten days old, and your eyes are very wide open. Until you're at least a month old, your mom would be feeding you her milk and not giving you any meat, but it looks by how fat you are that you've definitely been eating meat. Let's see. You still have spots, but you wouldn't lose them until you were five or six months old. You look like you're just old enough to start going out with your mom when she's a-huntin', so I'd guess you must be about two, maybe three, months old."

Now that the cub was tamed down some, Jake began to search the camp and proudly came back to Bill with a brown baseball cap in his mouth. Bill wrestled the cap away from Jake with one hand and put it on his head. "I'll take that. I'd be wearing my good old San Francisco Giants cap if you hadn't torn it up last week." Bill thought to himself, "I sure would like to meet the man who lost this hat."

Bill picked up his rifle in his left hand, and with the cub in his right, he walked with purpose up the hill, Jake close at his heels. At the base of a rocky bank he came to a dense area of brush. As he approached the brush, he heard a deep, meaningful growl from somewhere just inside the thicket. He carefully put the cub down about twenty feet from the brush, picked up Jake, who was hiding behind his legs peering out towards the brush, and backed away. When he was back about fifty feet, out came the mother lion. She quickly grabbed her cub by the scruff of the neck and disappeared back into the brush.

Bill had known about this lion's den, which was actually just a very thick brush patch. He'd even investigated it one year when he knew the mom was out hunting. He'd seen two baby lions, but the cost of seeing them was being painfully scratched up by the brush and berry vines. The poison oak was as thick as he'd ever seen it, but luckily he didn't get rashes from poison oak.

Even though he was paid by the state to kill lions, and maybe because that was his career, he had developed a great respect for mountain lions. He also believed that if he really wanted to, he could kill all the lions in the range, but then what would he do. As time passed, Bill noticed that he found it harder to shoot lions, although if he knew that a certain lion was eating livestock, he had no problem hunting it down. From time to time he would chase a lion, tree it, and then just watch it for a while. He might let it get away and then follow it for a few days to see what it did. He wanted to learn as much about these beautiful animals as he could.

Bill woke up to the sound of whining dogs. He looked out the window, and there was Jake, looking up at him with big eyes and a sad face. Buck, Peaches, and Blue Boy were lying down close by with their long tongues hanging out. Bill gave them water, then loaded them up and drove about five miles south to his camp along a creek in a little open valley.

He built a small fire in the rock ring he'd used on and off over the years. He pulled some Italian sausage from his cooler, cut it up, and threw it in a pot, and then added a can of beans. He put the pot over the coals he'd pulled to the side of the fire ring. When the beans were hot, he spooned them onto his plate and poured some water into the dirty pot. He put his coffee pot on the hot coals and sat back to enjoy his beans with some leftover biscuits. When he was through eating, he lit his kerosene lantern, washed his dishes, and then poured himself a cup of coffee. One cup after dinner always tasted so good, and it actually seemed to help him sleep.

As he sipped his coffee, he began thinking about the years that had gone by so quickly. He was never sorry he'd become a lion hunter, but he felt it was a little like cheating. People were afraid of lions. He knew that lions had attacked people on some rare occasions, but he knew that the only authenticated California lion attack to date was by a lion that had rabies. The two people who'd died from the attack didn't die from their wounds; they died from rabies.

Ranchers would lose an occasional calf or sheep to a lion, but he knew that much of the missing livestock had not been lion

prey. Trying to kill all the lions didn't make sense to him. Lions were, to his way of thinking, the most beautiful animals in the world. And every day he worked, he got to see them or some sign they'd left—a track, a tail swish mark in the dust, sets of scratches on a tree where a lion had sharpened it claws, a scrape a male made with his hind feet and urinated in to show his territory. And he got to spend every working day out in the woods. What better life could he ask for.

Bill pulled out his old beat-up spiral-bound notebook with the tattered blue cover and started going over its familiar pages. He had read every book written about lions, but he'd found a few things he read to be untrue. In his notebook he'd written information from books, what he called "book learnin' notes," and he left room beside them for his own comments. He started reading the first page.

"The animal with the most common names: Cougar, Panther, Painter, Puma, Deer Tiger, Catamount, Mountain Lion." Note: "Once heard people I hunted with in Arizona call them Pumas because it was the Mexican name for them that came from the Aztec language. Everyone I know calls them lions or mountains lions. I just call them lions."

"Mountain lions are the most widely distributed mammal in the western hemisphere. British Columbia to the southern tip of South America." Note: "Don't know yet, as I haven't even been out of the United States." (He had chased lions only in California and a bit in western Nevada and parts of Arizona.)

"Can jump 30 feet across the ground and 18 feet vertically." Note: "May be true even though some lion hunting people are prone to exaggerations. Measured one jump across a road at about 27 feet and saw a young male leap up over 15 feet onto a limb of a big old oak tree."

"Mostly nocturnal." Note: "Certainly not true here. They seem to be out almost any time, but I see them out and about mostly in the late afternoon and early mornings. That's when the deer are most active."

"Have 1 to 6 young." Note: "May be true as I've seen moms with 1, 2, 3, and 4 young."

"The young stay with their mom for two years." Note: "A number of times I've seen young male lions that were larger than their mom while they were still with her, but best I can tell, they only stay about a year and a half with their moms."

"Catch about one deer every 10 days, and when hunting, they succeed only one out of every three tries." Note: "Seems about right. I don't think some of the young lions catch but one out of about 10 tries."

"Males are 6 feet long plus a 2 to 3 foot tail and weigh 140 to 200 pounds. Females are 90 to 120 pounds." Note: "Seems to be a lot more variation. I've shot a male here in the coast range that was about 150 pounds, and that was big for around here. Got one in Arizona that went over 180 pounds, and a friend said he had shot a 215-pound lion in Colorado, and they say the biggest one was 276 pounds. The adult females around here are only about 60 to 90 pounds."

"Eat mostly deer but will take rabbits, raccoons, and squirrels." Note: "Healthy lions seem to take mostly deer, but I've seen the hair of all those things plus coyotes, skunks, and even mice in lion droppings. Even saw porcupine quills in a lion's nose, but don't know if it was able to eat the prickly thing."

Bill had reread only a small part of his notebook, but he was getting sleepy. He put out the fire, climbed into his sleeping bag, and drifted off to sleep.

Two years later, Bill was out looking for a large male lion that was reported to have eaten a calf. Bill's friend David, who was the Fish and Game warden for the area, was riding along with Bill. David had heard every lion story Bill had ever told, several more than once. Jake, who was now given permission to ride in the front, was sitting on David's lap with his head out the passenger window sniffing the air as they traveled. Jake, at the ripe old age of 12, still loved to chase lions, but he was now the dog who brought up the rear. Although David had recently described Bill as being as tough as nails, Bill too had slowed down a bit. He would still hike down into a steep canyon if a lion was involved, but now he did it a little slower and with a little limp from a bad knee that he would never let a doctor look at.

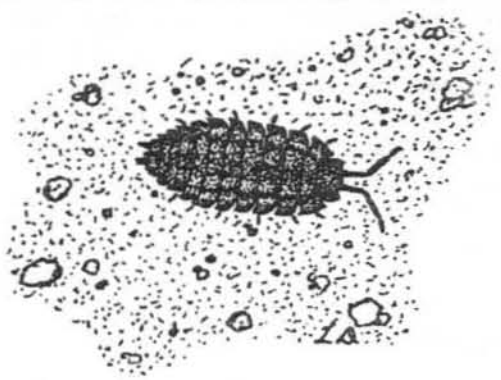
They traveled up a gravelly creekbed, crossing in and out of the creek as they went. When they rounded a bend, Bill noticed something unusual out of the corner of his eye. He backed up his old Ford and more closely inspected an area up on the bank. There, partially hidden by bushes, was a clear-

ing where someone had been camping. Before Bill stopped the vehicle, Jake was out the window and heading up the hillside. Bill and David got out and listened. Jake was barking as if he were on the trail of a lion. The two men grabbed their rifles, and before they got 20 feet from the truck, they heard Jake barking as if he had treed a lion. The men checked out the campsite and found the body of a large buck hanging from a tree with the cutoff head lying against a rock. They headed quickly up the hill, with Bill limping slightly, and about 200 yards from the creek they found Jake at the base of a tree, barking and growling at a man standing on a limb about ten feet up. As Bill and Dave approached, the man in the tree called out, "Is that your stupid dog? Call him off. Your crazy dog tried to bite me." Bill grabbed Jake by the collar and then noticed a mountain lion lying dead near the tree. He went over to the lion and squatted down beside it. He could see a bullet hole in the lion's side. He lifted the lion's head and ran his fingers over the deep V notch in the lion's left ear. Jake lay down quietly and rested his head on the lion's back. Tears came to Bill's eyes, and anger swelled in his heart.

The man climbed down from the tree and said to David, "You know, if you give one of those lions a chance, they'll attack you. There's nothing wrong with shooting varmints like that." David asked the man what he knew about the hunting camp and the man replied, "Well . . ., I saw it, but I don't know whose camp it is." David searched the man and took a Buck knife and keys from his pocket. When Bill came over, David silently showed him the man's key ring.

Bill asked the man, "Do you happen to play golf?" The man answered, "Yeah, I play golf, what's it to you?" Bill took off his hat, threw it in the man's face, and said, "I think this belongs to you."

Bill took the key ring from David and removed the trinket that was hanging from it. It was a little triangular-shaped, tawny-colored piece of animal hide. The man said, "I didn't do anything wrong." David replied, "I believe the judge will think otherwise. And, by the way, did you know that mountain lions became a protected species just last month?"



The Other Coe Park

by Teddy Goodrich

There is another Coe Park; a sister park if you will, but it is almost three thousand miles away in Bangor, Maine. The park is about an acre in size, a large expanse of well-groomed lawn adorned with playground equipment and surrounded by fine, old homes. Eben Smith Coe built his home here at 136 Court Street sometime after 1842 when he became manager of David Pingree's timber lands in western Maine.

The house would be home to several generations of the Coe family until it was given to the city of Bangor in 1930.

For a brief time, it was home to Eben Smith Coe's wife, Mary Upham Barker. She died in childbirth in 1849, and her grieving husband never remarried. He devoted his energies to the management of his timber lands and to the welfare of the school in New Hampshire that was founded by his family, Coe Northwood Academy.

The house on Court Street was also home to Eben Smith Coe's father, also named Eben Coe, his father's second wife, and their children, Thomas and Hetty. Hetty died when she was only four years of age. Thomas grew up in Bangor, attended Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Maine, and Jefferson Medical School in Philadelphia. He furthered his medical studies in Paris and returned to Bangor to practice medicine. In 1867 he married Sada Harthorn, and they made their home in the house on Court Street. The couple's only child, a son, died of pneumonia when he was ten.

In his later years, Thomas turned his attention toward his business interests: timber lands in western Maine and commercial property in Bangor. He was also extremely active in civic affairs; he was a member of the Bangor School Board, a trustee of the Bangor Public Library, and president of the Bangor Opera House Association. An avid historian, he was also a member of the Bangor Historical Society and the Maine Historical Society.

Thomas's half brother, Henry Willard, did not achieve success in his business enterprises in the east. In 1847 he immigrated to Oregon and established a homestead near Portland. When gold was discovered at Sutter's Mill in 1849, he joined the rush to California and worked at mining with varied success for several years. In 1858 he married Hannah Huntington Smith. The couple settled on a ranch in Willow Glen where Henry raised hops. Once again, financial success eluded him, and he sold his hop ranch and purchased a cattle ranch in the Evergreen district of San Jose. The couple's sons, Charles and Henry Jr., popularly known as Harry, grew up here.

Dr. Thomas Upham Coe died in 1920. His wife, Sada, died in 1926. Thomas's half brother, Eben Smith Coe, had left no heir. Thomas's sister, Hetty, died when only a child. Thomas and Sada's only son was dead. The only heirs were Thomas's half brother's sons, Charles and Harry. Thus the wealth that flowed from the forests of Maine came west to ensure the success of a cattle empire being built by Harry Coe.

And what of the house at 136 Court Street? In 1930, Harry Coe gave the family home to the city of Bangor. It was used as a middle school until it was torn down in the 1940s. The other homes that were built by the Coe family still stand on Ohio Street, bordering the park. One, from the style of its construction, was probably servants' quarters. The house is divided in half with nine rooms on each side, all with outside doors. The other house still carries a sign over its front door, "The King's Daughters." It was built as a boarding house for young women who came to Bangor seeking work.

I am indebted to Jack Donovan, Coe Property Manager, of Bangor, Maine, for this article. In addition to his service to the Coe family, he has accumulated a wealth of knowledge about their family history. He was also a very gracious host and an excellent guide to the city of Bangor.

Park News

by Kay Robinson
Park Superintendent

Renewal usually comes in the springtime, but this year autumn has seen a growth spurt in the Coe State Park staff. We are lucky in being able to fill quickly the recent vacancy created by the retirement of State Park Ranger Doug Meyers. New to our staff is Ranger Nedra Martinez, transferring from San Juan Bautista State Historic Park. Nedra is familiar with Coe, having been at San Juan when Coe, Fremont, and San Juan Bautista were joined as the old Gavilan District. She has spent the last five weeks getting familiar with such places as Long Ridge (watch the drop off!), East Fork (watch the big truck-eating hole in the Coyote Creek!), and Rock Tower (awe-some!), as well as becoming familiar with our routine operations at Coe Headquarters and Hunting Hollow. She handled well simultaneously incoming reports of a plane wreck and an RV-barn mishap in the campground one Sunday afternoon in November. Welcome to Coe!

Our other sorely needed new staff member is Ken Parrish, recently of Santa Clara County Parks, who began in early November. He backfills the position of Park Maintenance Worker I, which has been vacant for four years. He is enthusiastic and energetic as well has having a full complement of talents such as carpentry and electrical skills. If you haven't been to the park recently, take a look at the shop and nearby areas the next time you are up. He has done an excellent job of maintaining those areas in tiptop shape. Barry agrees that he's a top-notch worker and we're lucky to have him on staff. I know that one of his projects this winter will be working with several volunteers to create a more functional recycling station in the metal barn. He'll put those construction skills to work on that and many other projects. He's gaining knowledge of the backcountry of the park—such as discovering "Ben's Hole"—as he goes on orientation tours with Barry, Ric, Rick, Phil, and Nedra.

Other projects throughout the park are proceeding as scheduled. The development at Dowdy Ranch is progressing through this environmental/cultural review year, with contracts let for conceptual drawings, topographical survey, and historical site evaluation. The Stevenson property has been acquired by The Nature Conservancy (4,400 acres at the south end of the park), and the State Parks and Fish and Game Departments are still discussing the future joint ownership, operation, and management of the land. The first part of the Palassou property (2,675 acres) closed escrow on September 20, and the next portion (2,770 acres) will be going into escrow soon. The rehabilitation of the Ranch House (structural, foundation, electrical, weatherproofing, and plumbing) is planned to be contracted out next year to the Direct Construction Unit (DCU) of General Services. Using DCU allows for more flexibility in the rehabilitation process to take into consideration any unplanned problems that we may run into.

Always something exciting happening at Coe State Park! Next issue, I'll be introducing one more new ranger on the staff.

Coe ♬

by Barbara Bessey, PRA Chair

This fall the Pine Ridge Association received a very special honor from the California League of Park Associations (CALPA). The PRA is a member of this association, along with many other associations that are affiliated with specific state parks in California. The League's mission is to provide an information flow to and from the Department of Parks and Recreation; promote the cause of California's state parks; provide workshops, conferences, and training materials; and recognize excellence within the associations. Beginning this year, the League decided to select one or more cooperating associations to honor for special recognition at their annual conference in October.

We submitted a proposal describing a number of activities that the PRA, with support and cooperation from our state representatives, has carried out over the years. Some of the activities that were described include: the joint efforts of the PRA and the state to expand the Visitor Center; sponsoring students from around the country who were part of the Landmark Program last summer and spent two weeks in Coe Park working on a number of labor-intensive projects and learning about camping and the natural environment; and the annual events we put on such as the Fall TarantulaFest and Mother's Day breakfast. In addition, and perhaps of most interest to the League, is the Coe Connections program, which is a very popular school program for students in grades 3 through 6. Initially conceived of by Marlene Testaguzza, this program gives students a lot of hands-on learning activities at the park, including walks and hikes provided by volunteers. The program is now being expanded to students in grades 1 through 12.

We were extremely pleased that our proposal struck a resonant chord with the League, as we were selected to receive one of the awards given out at the League's annual meeting in San Diego in October. PRA Treasurer Dennis Pinion flew down to San Diego to accept the award on behalf of the association. The plaque, which is on display at the Visitor Center, reads:

The California League of Park Associations Honors
The Pine Ridge Association
Henry Coe State Park
Cooperating Association of the Year
For the Excellence and Variety of Their Third to Sixth Grade Programs
And their many other programs and Events

Awarded this 14th day of October, 2000
(and signed:) *Pat Greenstein, League President*

Next year, we will co-sponsor the annual CALPA conference, and we hope to show the attendees what a great park Coe Park is; you will hear more about this event as we move forward into the new year. Congratulations to the PRA and to all of you for providing support to these various projects. 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!

From all of us to all of you, have a very happy holiday season and a wonderful new year!
See you at the park!

Membership through November 2000
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!

Alison Chaiken, Fremont
Gfair Clough, Santa Clara
Diane, Rich, Jennifer, & Jeff Cristina, San Jose
Saisamorn & Daniel Lewis, Gilroy
James Makous, San Mateo
Paul Nam & Chris Voci-Nam, Cupertino
Scott C. Patterson, Santa Clara
Frederic N. Ruunds, Sunnyvale
Toni Thompson, Foster City
Judy Warren, San Jose

When renewing your membership, you will notice some changes to the PRA Membership Application and Renewal form. These changes are intended to simplify the process both for the applicant and for clerical purposes.

We would also like to remind you to let us know of any change of address so that your *Ponderosa* will follow you.

PRA Calendar

Saturday, February 3, 2001: **The Annual Meeting of the PRA and the Uniformed Volunteers.** This is a great opportunity to meet other association members, get inspired by the special speaker, and learn about a number of the events that will be put on during the next year. Invitations will be sent to all PRA members in January.

Saturday & Sunday, March 24 & 25: **Mustang Peak Hike weekend.** Save this weekend for an exploration around Mustang Peak; more details will be provided in the next issue of the newsletter.

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.

Spring programs begin on Saturday, March 10. Join us for walks, hikes, slide programs, and other interpretive activities at the park!

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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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