The **Ponderosa**

The Pine Ridge Association Newsletter
Henry W. Coe State Park

Winter 2003

From under My Brim

by Barry Breckling

Down the Orestimba

Coe Park has lots of special places. If I wanted to talk about just a few special places, how could I choose? Maybe I could just draw an arbitrary line on a map and name some of the areas along the line. How about a line that starts near the little town of Coyote in the Santa Clara Valley and heads in the general direction of Merced in the Central Valley.

The line would go right through the Thomas addition to the park. On the Thomas, along the Middle Fork of the Coyote Creek, I've seen wildflower displays more spectacular than any I've ever seen. The year when El Niño was brewing in the Southern Pacific and brought us boxcars of rain, the flowers on the Thomas were beyond spectacular. Imagine departing from the headquarters ranger station on a beautiful April morning. As you travel east, you're impressed with the wonderful wildflowers sprinkled on the hillsides and flats. You continue down the back side of Blue Ridge and enter the Thomas. You proceed past the old Thomas cabin and its outhouse down slope a bit. As you descend towards the Middle Fork, there are fine wildflower displays here and there. Off to your left you can see the bright pink of the beautiful, uncommon Bitterroot. As you round the bend, you're assaulted by an unbelievable flash of bright colors. The whole area is a solid carpet of Goldfields, Owl's Clover, Butter and Eggs, Tidy Tips, and other bright flower faces. And the streams are lined with yellow and white Meadowfoam flowers.

As you wander along the creek on animal trails, you'll be stepping on more than just deer tracks. The flowers overflow sparsely onto the trails. If you train your eyes carefully on the finer details of the flowered floor, you'll find a myriad of tiny flowers, and you might spot some Purple Mouse Ears, possibly the cutest little flower in existence. On one dark-gray shale talus slope, smaller than most people's living rooms, you'll find Mount Hamilton Jewelflowers. In a good year, you may find several hundred plants, but you'll usually find less than a hundred. Like Purple Mouse Ears, Mount Hamilton Jewelflowers are rarely over two inches tall, and also like mouse ears, their flowers are the biggest part of the plant. The jewelflower has pretty, bright pink to purple blossoms, each with a little feathery topnotch. Unlike Purple Mouse Ears, which are scattered throughout the Coast Ranges and the Sierra Nevada foothills, Mount Hamilton Jewelflowers are reported to grow only on the Thomas Addition and in two other extremely small populations farther north. Truly a rare flower.

Inside this issue . . .

Encounters with mountain lions in Coe Park

Sneak photographs of animals in Coe

Report on the fires in southern California

Contest for best T-shirt design

. . . and more!

As you walk upstream, you'll discover a side canyon to the left and, following it, you'll encounter a somewhat hidden, bowl-shaped canyon, again to the left. When I first discovered the canyon, I found mostly a mix of red gravel and two species of onions with bright pink flowers. Later, when I took Judy Mason to see the area, she scouted around a bit and then started jumping up and down and pointing to a scruffy, straggly little plant. I kept trying to turn her attention to the onions, but she was enthralled with the scruffy plant. It turned out to be Rock Sanicle, another rare plant.

The Thomas Addition has a number of archaeological sites. The most interesting site, hidden in a patch of brush, is a rock, maybe 4 to 5 feet tall and roughly 6 to 8 feet square. At the base of the rock is a pretty big chunk that split off and fell over long ago. The standing rock has several bedrock mortar holes on top, and the fallen chunk also has holes in what used to be its top. Those holes now face sideways, and the severed face of the fallen rock, the side now facing the sky, has fresher mortar holes. The tracks in the rock show that the Indians continued to use the fallen rock chunk after it fell.

The Thomas Addition is an exceptional place, but it touches the park at one tiny point, and it's not accessible to the public. We need to work on making this lovely part of the park open to park visitors.

Well, let's leave the Thomas Addition now and continue east on our imaginary line. Another exceptional place is Robinson Canyon. As you walk up Robinson Canyon from the Orestimba, you might spot native trout in the creek, and in one rather marshy area you can often find Stream Orchids. The only other place I've seen those showy orchids in the park is in the Narrows of the East Fork. Continuing up the creek you'll come to a rock fall in the creek, and at the upper end of the rubble is Robinson Falls. Backtracking a bit, you head up the steep hillside and hit the old road. That's where you'll first see Redbud, a shrub in the pea family with numerous bright pinkish-red flowers. The Robinson Creek drainage is the only place where we've found Redbud, and some of the shrubs up towards Pinto Creek are tree sized. All the books say that Redbud in the Coast Ranges does not grow south of Solano County, so this is a range extension for the plant. And speaking of unusual plants, a little bit to the west in brushy areas, the rare Mount Diablo Phacelia grows. It's one plant I haven't seen yet, but I plan to keep looking for it.

As you continue on, Robinson Canyon opens up into a broad valley with rugged forested and brush-covered hills to the north and even steeper slopes to the south. These south slopes are made up of craggy rocks interspersed with forest and brush.

The Robinson also contains a number of archaeological sites, including a wonderful one with numerous house pits. The house pits are depressions that are usually about eight feet across and often one, two, or even three feet deep. They often have a mound encircling the outer edge of the depression. The Native Americans built dome-shaped round houses over the pits. I won't get any more specific about the archaeological sites because some people look for them, steal artifacts, and often damage the sites. When people steal from these places, I think they should be ridden out of town on a rail. Archaeological sites are sacred spaces to be protected for all time.

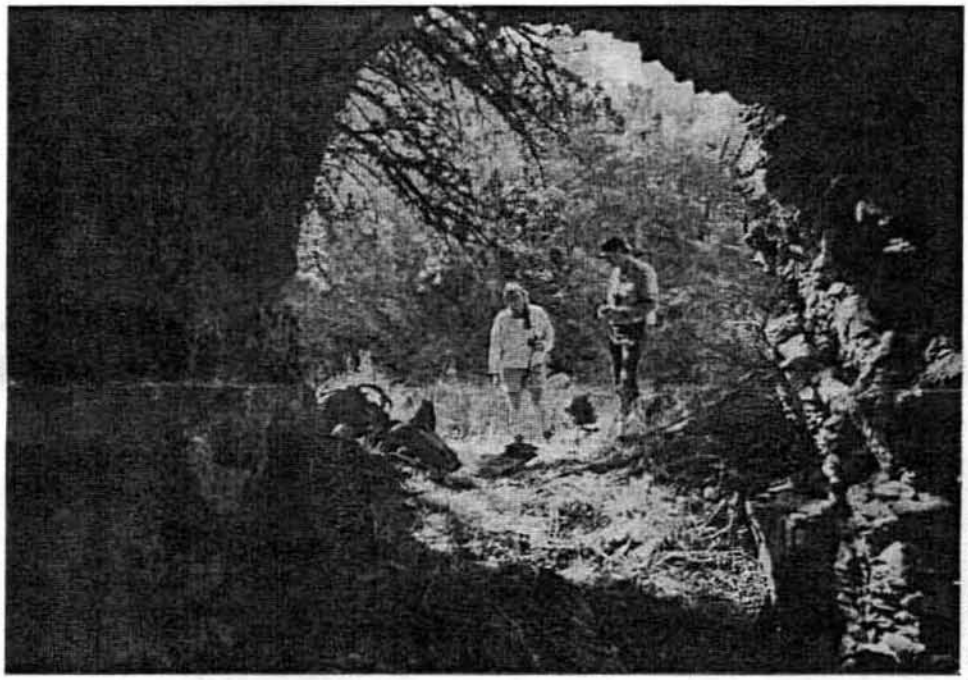
One of my favorite places in the park is about a third of a mile up Pinto Creek, a major side drainage of the Robinson. As you hike up Pinto Creek, the path narrows and you end up hopping rocks. Shortly you'll come to a wonderful pool with a 15-foot waterfall flowing into it. The pool is about six feet deep and maybe 15 feet across and carved out of solid rock. The pool actually goes back a short ways under a rock overhang. This pool has been nicknamed Barry's Bathtub, and I gladly take a bath there, no soap, anytime I'm in the area.

Time to resume our trip east. Now we're in the Orestimba drainage, heading towards the Central Valley. It's not clear where the name Orestimba, often pronounced Orestimbers by the old timers, came from. I've heard a number of stories. One claims that it was the Yokuts word for "We meet here again." Oral tradition says that sometime around 1807 the Spanish entered the lower Orestimba Creek and came upon a very large Yokuts village. They had planned to take the Indians to one of the missions, but the Indians refused to go and appeared to be ready to fight. Being outnumbered, the Spanish left. They returned the next year and again tried to convince the Indians to go, but the Indians again refused. The Spanish devised a plan to come back the next year and bring many soldiers to forcibly take the Indians into the missions. They made it known to the Indians that they would return to the same place the next year. The Indians agreed to the meeting and showed their understanding by pointing to the ground and saying "Oh-rays-teem-bah." When they met the next year, the Indians again refused to go, and a fight ensued. The Spanish killed all the Yokuts adults except for a few who escaped. The children who didn't escape were taken to missions. It is said that 200 Indians were killed. The damage that people can sometimes inflict on others and their lands is beyond comprehension.

Another story involves the word "Ores," which means "bear" in the language of the Mutsun (a group of the Oholone Indians who lived to the west of the Yokuts), and one suggested meaning of Orestimba is "shoot bear." Another source says that Ores was the Yokuts word for prayer and that timba meant sound; perhaps the waters of Orestimba Creek sounded like people praying. I like that one; I've spent priceless time sitting and listening to the wonderful sounds of the Orestimba Creek.

Several years ago, Teddy Goodrich, our park historian and archaeologist, got permission for a small group of us to go east out of the park down the Orestimba Creek. Teddy's goal was to explore the reported massacre site about five miles east of the park, just above the Orestimba Narrows. She had gone in the day before. I headed in with volunteer Celia McCormack and her roommate Tina Baine. Everyone would spend the night but me; I had to get back.

It was a beautiful November day in 1990. We parked at the boundary gate and started hiking down the creek. Where we were hiking, the creek was dry, but upstream there is always some water, including a lovely pool where the Robinson Creek flows into the Orestimba. The pool is five or six feet deep and quite long, making it a great swimming hole in the spring and early summer, as long as you don't mind sharing it with several large trout and other fish.



Pretty quickly we came upon an old rock fireplace still in pretty good condition, but the house that had been around it was gone. You could feel the depth of the history at that spot. As we continued down the creek, we started seeing clear flowing water. The canyon was brightened by the intense yellow leaves of the sycamores and willows. Most of the creek was slow traveling as it was full of all kinds of rocks and boulders. We took our time as we didn't want to slip and fall on our cabooses. I had never seen so many different colored, interesting rocks. Some had spider web patterns of white or blue. I had thought that serpentine, our state rock, was always green, but here we saw a lot of red rocks that I later learned were red serpentine. The creek banks were lined with beautiful rock outcrops, and one hillside was almost as white as snow. I never learned what it was made up of.

We came to an old two- or three-story mine building. It had dark wood siding that ran diagonally, and most of its roof was gone. Inside were a table, two stoves, a refrigerator, and other items that indicated that it must have been used recently as a hunting camp. At the rear end of the building was a rather tall mine shaft that didn't go very deep. We found some material that we believed was copper ore. Downstream and on the other side of the creek was another mine shaft. The opening had a rounded top and was rather short. It looked as if a kiddy carnival train might come out of the opening at any time. We turned on our flashlights and headed in. I was hunched over a bit. The mine went quite a ways into the hillside and at one point forked. We went down each of the forks to their ends. Some areas of the ceiling and walls had strings of a bright white mineral substance.

Farther downstream we saw another mine, which we didn't go into, and beyond that was a small batten board cabin with "Keep Out" roughly painted on the door. The door also had a bunch of cattle brands carved into it. Near the cabin were piles of rubbish, including old mining equipment. We continued on, making chew, chewing sounds as we each acquired a little energy boost from some power bars. Finally the canyon opened up into a wide valley, and before long we were in Jackass Flat. We found Teddy's tent, but Teddy was out somewhere investigating the large Native American site. I made it as far as the numerous house pits of the village. The house pits were in general much larger than any I'd seen before. Since it was getting late, I felt that I needed to start back right away. I didn't want to traverse the creek in the dark. I knew that Celia and Tina would find Teddy, so I turned back.

Three landowners happened by in a jeep. They told me that I would save a lot of time if I took the "Miner's Trail" back and offered to drive me to the trailhead. I accepted their offer and got in the jeep. By the time we got to the trail, I had found out (after a little quizzing) that none of them had ever been on the trail and that they had only a vague idea of where it went. I decided to give it a try anyway.

The trail was carved into a very steep hillside. It appeared to have once been a road but was now only the width of a trail—a trail that started off narrow and kept getting narrower. It was hard to imagine who might have been the engineer of such a "road." Even looking over a mere 20-foot drop-off, I

often break into a sweat and get a particular ill feeling deep in my stomach. Just one of the little roller rocks on this trail would send me plummeting thousands of feet to my death (even if the USGS map showed that it was only 800 feet to the creek). I did a sort of half-step shuffle along the trail, always with the same foot in front, chugging along very slowly. I had plans to make it home safely, and I didn't want my plans derailed, so it was a slow trip (darn, I hate the word trip). The trail ended at a spot where I had to crawl over a large berm with a precipitous drop-off below. Beyond that I found a road that took me down to the creek, and I was back to my vehicle a little before dark. As I drove home, I recounted the day. The Miner's Trail had been one of the least pleasurable places I'd ever visited. (The next day, Teddy, Celia, and Tina, following the same advice from the landowners, hiked the trail carrying full backpacks, and Teddy is more acrophobic than I am). The trip down the Orestimba Creek, on the other hand, had taken me through one of the most beautiful areas I have ever seen.

Well, that covers some of the special places that can be found along an arbitrary line through these mountains. It would be a crime if anyone ever damaged these extraordinary places.

On another subject, have you heard about the plans for a high-speed train. The high-speed rail will run from Sacramento to Los Angeles and San Diego, and there will be lines coming out of San Francisco and Oakland that will tie in with the Sacramento-to-Los-Angeles route. One of the proposed routes to connect these two sections would have the trains coming out of San Francisco, meeting the Oakland line, heading south, turning left at the little town of Coyote, and heading directly east in the general direction of Merced.

My Encounter with a Mountain Lion

by Dennis Pinion

Actually, I have had two encounters. I will tell you about them in a moment. But first, now that I have your attention, I want to talk about a related subject.

Occasionally when I used to work in the Visitor Center at Coe Park, a visitor would ask if there are mountain lions in the park. To the uninitiated volunteer this sounds like a straightforward "request for information" type question, but it is not. This question is asked most frequently after mountain lions have been in the news for some reason, and the visitor is really inviting you to engage, amuse, and regale him (or her) with mountain lion trivia. Oddly enough though, it is best to respond with a straightforward, "Yes" (with a smile), followed by silence. That is called *"the hook."* Inevitably the visitor will say something like, "What do I do if I see one?" or my favorite, "How can I avoid them."

Well, I used to respond to the former by saying that they should feel privileged to actually see a mountain lion because most visitors never do. For some reason though this is usually not enough information for the visitor, so they sometimes restated their question putting emphasis on the word *avoid*. I then told them that they could wear a bell; that 95% of the time a mountain lion will simply leave the area when it hears the bell, and they will never see it. I followed this statement with another pause, waiting for them to ask, "What about the other 5%?" I then said, "Oh, they interpret it as a dinner bell, in which case you probably will never see the mountain lion either." I would sometimes go on to say that some hikers wear bells to scare off bears, and that I could guarantee that they would not be bothered by bears in the park if they wear a bell.[1]

At this point they often appeared perplexed, so I calmed them down by saying that they really don't need to be concerned, that far more mountain lions are injured by people than the other way around. This is somewhat reassuring to the visitor, but they might then say, "What should I do if I see one?" You can then reassure them by saying that it is *highly unlikely* they will see one because mountain lions usually attack from ambush. Quickly follow that with, the one thing you *never* want to do is interpose yourself between a mother and her cub because she may attack to defend her cub.[2] Also do not run from a mountain lion because that is an invitation to attack. Instead, keep your eyes on the lion and make yourself appear as large as possible to scare the mountain lion away.

At this point the visitor has been sufficiently regaled and is probably eager to get out on the trail. But before they go, ask them how they got to the park and what town they live in. It does not really matter what they say at that point, just say to them, "Oh, you were in far more danger in that town and traveling to the park than you will be while you are in the park."

Ok, I promised that I would tell you about my two encounters, and now I will. I must say that both times I was a bit scared at first and, quite frankly, my immediate reaction was to freeze in my tracks. My first encounter was all too brief, the mountain lion saw me about the same time I saw it and walked briskly away, leaving me to wonder if what I saw walking through the tall grass was really a mountain lion. A moment later, as I continued on my way, I realized that I had, in fact, seen a mountain lion—my reward for walking quietly. Then, as I continued down the trail I realized that I would be returning to this area after dark and hoped that the mountain lion would be elsewhere at that time. This was at Manzanita Point on my way to China Hole.

My second encounter was even better because I encountered *two* mountain lions, again causing me to freeze in my tracks while they both trotted down the trail in front of me. This occurred on the Fish Trail at a point where the trail emerged from behind a hill into grassland, allowing me to catch them without warning, again also because I travel quietly. Apparently they were as surprised to see me as I was to see them and, not trusting me, felt the wise thing to do was to leave.

So, my two encounters were both quite short and uneventful but interesting, and I do feel privileged to have seen them a few feet from me. I still walk quietly.

[1] Of course they will not be bothered by bears if they don't wear a bell either, given that there are no bears in the park.

[2] This is best avoided by not crawling around in the bushes. This also reduces your exposure to poison oak, which is a much greater risk anyway.

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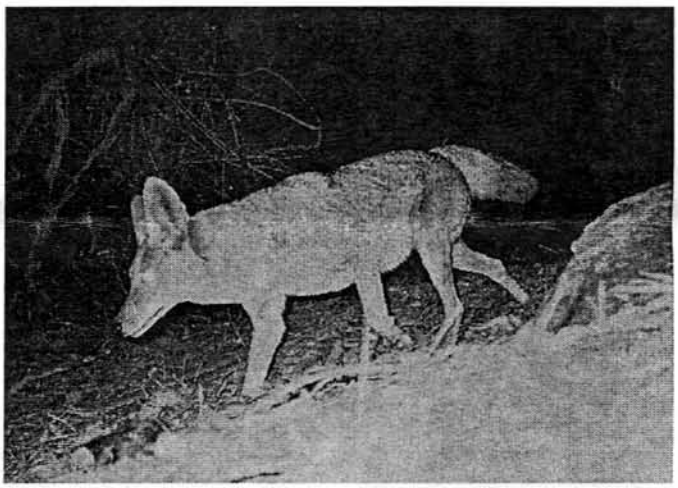


Sneak Photos!

by Scott Harlan, Salinas California

These photos were taken near one of the springs in Henry Coe State Park (close to the eastern end of the Springs Trail). I had placed two motion-sensitive cameras near the spring and captured a picture of this mountain lion with both cameras. This was the better of the two because the lion was facing the camera and was looking fierce. His angry disposition may be a result of being caught in the flash of the other camera. I had numerous pictures of coyotes, two of them with piglets clamped in their jaws. A deer, a gray fox, and herd of wild pigs also crept past my cameras.

I built my motion-sensitive cameras a couple of years ago after seeing some pictures on the Internet of the Java Rhino that were taken with a motion-sensitive camera. I thought, "I bet I could build one," and set out for Radio Shack. After a little experimentation, I had cobbled together a motion-sensitive camera using a motion-sensitive doorbell for store entryways and an old Yashika point-and-shoot camera. I put my camera out on some game trails in Fort Ord and quickly had photos of a fox and a bobcat. Gradually I developed strategies for placing the camera in the shade and out of the wind (both sunlight and wind will sometimes falsely trip the motion sensor, resulting in entire rolls of identical pictures of brush). Within months I had pictures of virtually all of the local game including raccoons, opossums, skunks, and coyotes. I was, however, still missing the crown jewel of the local wildlife: the mountain lion. So I built a second camera and broadened my search area to include Arroyo Seco, Kings Canyon, Yosemite, Pinnacles, Forest of Nisene Marks, and some of the other local wilderness areas. Although I obtained numerous bobcat, fox, and coyote pictures, the mountain lion still eluded me. Then at Henry Coe I found the ideal spot for my cameras. I placed them below a spring in a small grove of oaks at the intersection of two game trails. These pictures of a mountain lion, a coyote, and a gray fox are a sample of the results of that placement.

What next? I may try for a few more mountain lion photos at Henry Coe, then head up to the Sierra Nevada to try to get some of the elusive deep woods animals like the wolverine and pacific fisher.

Update on the Fires in Southern California

by Ruth Coleman,
Director of the Department of Parks and Recreation

The following letter was sent to all employees of the Department of Parks and Recreation.

The fires at the end of October have dealt the worst blow in the history of the state park system. Fires have consumed more than 30,000 acres. We have lost priceless historic structures, offices, kiosk entrance stations, whole campgrounds, maintenance and other structures, and the list goes on.

Even more devastating on a personal level has been the effect of the fire on the lives of many members of our State Parks family. At least ten of our staff have lost their homes to the fires. Some did not have fire insurance because they lived in such a high fire danger area that the insurance companies would not provide insurance.

As we grieve, we must get organized to meet the challenges of this catastrophe. Toward that end, I approached the State Park Foundation and asked it to create an account at the Foundation into which State Parks staff could contribute for their colleagues who have lost their homes. I am pleased to announce that not only did the Foundation agree to create and administer such an account, but Foundation Board member Bill Lane and his wife, Jane, generously volunteered to seed this account with a gift of $100,000. This account will be called the "Employee Relief Fund."

Tax deductible donations to the State Parks Employee Relief Fund can be sent to:

California State Parks Foundation
800 College Avenue
P.O. Box 548
Kentfield, CA 94914

I will be adding my own contribution, contacting park commissioners and others and asking them to do the same, and strongly encourage each of you to consider making a contribution. State Parks has a history of reaching out and helping each other and the public in times of need. Today we have the opportunity to do this for members of our own family.

As for rebuilding our parks, we must work as a team to estimate the damage and apply for FEMA funds. Toward this end, I also asked the Foundation to initiate a fund-raising campaign to help privately raise the 25 percent match we will need to leverage the 75 percent funds that the federal government will provide. The Foundation has agreed and will soon begin the process of a campaign. Our Communications Division will assist to spread the word across the state to encourage park lovers to help us rebuild the parks.

State parks will regenerate both its people and its parks. The more we stick together and help each other, the faster we will heal.

Supervising Ranger Position for Henry Coe

by C. L. Price, Superintendent of the Monterey District

Denise Reichenberg is leaving at the end of November, and questions have been asked about her replacement.

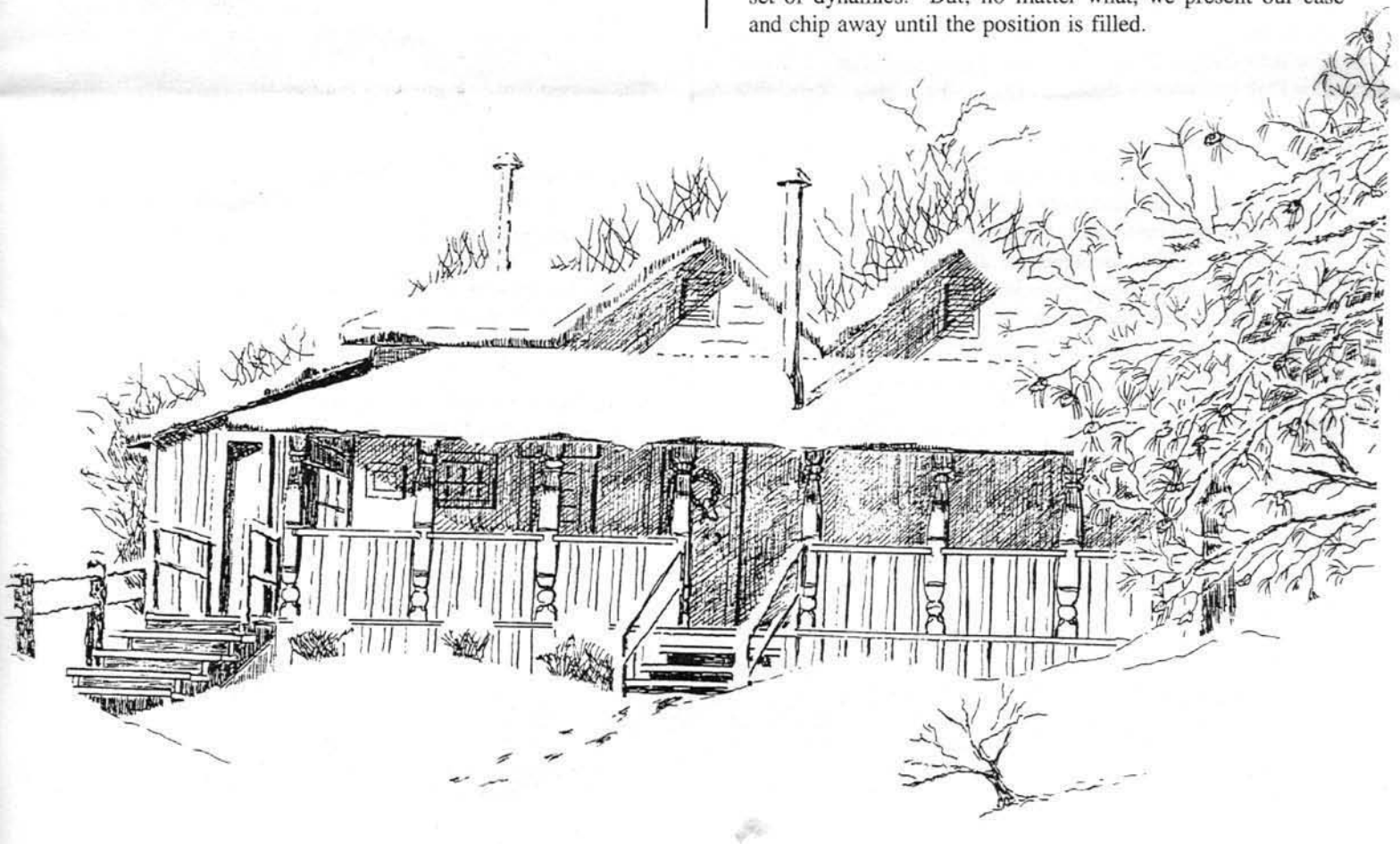
When a position becomes vacant, the District sends an information packet to Sacramento with details that include a position number, duty statement, district organization chart, and an advertisement for the position. It also includes justification as to why the position should be filled right away. This is reviewed by the Division Chiefs and, if luck is on our side, they approve it in a relatively short period of time. But, keep in mind, there are 275 State Parks, and many of them have vacant positions from retirements, transfers, or promotions.

Once the approvals are complete, the advertisement is placed in the weekly Department Opportunity Bulletin. Those interested will apply. In our case, we may have people on the promotional list or someone, with the same classification, wanting to do a lateral transfer from elsewhere in the state.

The advertisement runs for two weeks with all interested parties required to submit an application with a post mark no later than the closing date. Within a couple weeks, Sacramento will send a list of certified applicants. The candidates are contacted (usually three to ten), and interviews are set up. This takes another week

The interview panel consists of three qualified people. When the interviews are completed, the name of the lucky candidate is sent to Sacramento. Before the selection is made public, the other candidates are informed the position has been filled. Common practice is to allow 30 days for the employee to finish up any projects at the current job before transferring to a new assignment.

As you can see, this can be a lengthy process but one which we are required to follow. This process is what happens during normal business operation. If we are placed under hiring restrictions, like a hiring freeze, things take on a whole new set of dynamics. But, no matter what, we present our case and chip away until the position is filled.



Coe ♬

by Barbara Bessey, President, PRA

So much has happened in the past several months. The new Governor, Arnold Schwarzenegger, has taken his place in Sacramento, and as he rolls out his initiatives and programs, we will see what value he places in state parks. Ruth Coleman, the current Director of California State Parks, has served well as an advocate for state parks, but it remains to be seen if she will continue in this position. If you believe that she has done a good job for parks, you might drop the Governor a letter and tell him so.

In November, we bid a sad farewell to Supervising Ranger Denise Reichenberg (the Cooperating Association Liaison for the Pine Ridge Association) who left the Bay Area for personal reasons. She had been eager to learn about Coe Park and about the various programs we offered; but we wish her well in her new position. As C. L. Price notes in his remarks, he is trying to find someone else to fill this position.

In October, I attended the annual conference of the California League of Park Associations (CaLPA), which was held this year in Sonoma. A number of sessions profiled cooperating associations that had developed some innovative methods or had done interesting activities. I had the opportunity to talk about the work carried out by the Pine Ridge Association, the Coe Advocates, and the other organizations that rallied around Coe Park to convince the Santa Clara Valley Water Board that they should not build a reservoir that would impact the park. At the conference banquet, President Jarrell Jackman awarded outgoing CaLPA board member Dennis Pinion a special plaque for all of his hard work in this effort. I was pleased to accept the award on behalf of Dennis. He, together with Coe Advocates and other associations, did an amazing job of researching the water board policies, writing articles about the facts in the matter, and disseminating information to inform the public about the plans that impacted the park. Congratulations, Dennis!

This is your organization. Get involved in something that interests you. Let me know if there is something you would like to participate in but you haven't yet seen an opportunity to do so. You can e-mail me any comments or suggestions (bbessey@air.org).

See you at the park!

Contest for T-Shirt of the Year

by Ann Briggs

Open to all—PRA members, volunteers, and the general public. Proceeds to go to support the programs of the Pine Ridge Association.

Prize: the good feeling that goes with having your picture and name on the T-Shirt of the Year **and** one free T-shirt for you and each member of your immediate family—spouse/partner and children.

Art to be submitted can be a photo taken in Coe at any time of year or a line drawing in either black and white or color that represents something about the park. Include your suggestions as to whether the picture should be horizontal, vertical, oval, with or without frame, and the placement of lettering. Lettering should include Henry W. Coe State Park, 2004.

Submit your art as a JPG attachment to Tim O'Heron at *toheron@charter.net.* Include in your e-mail your name, address, and telephone number. Contributors will retain ownership of their picture, but we will ask you to sign a release giving the PRA permission to use your art for a T-shirt during 2004 and to retain all proceeds from the sale of the T-shirts. A copyright symbol © and your name will appear on the shirt.

The contest will be open until January 10. The winner will be decided by a committee. T-shirts will be available for sale at the visitor's center by March 1, 2004, to coincide with the start of the spring visitor season. The winner will be announced at the PRA annual meeting in February, in the newsletters, and will be notified by phone or e-mail.

Remember that not all beautiful photos are suitable for reproducing on a T-shirt. It depends on the balance of the color and the contrast of light and dark.

If you have any questions, please contact Ann Briggs (650/324-1455) or Tim O'Heron at *toheron@charter.net.*

Photos Sought for Coe Field Guide to *Animals, Birds, and Insects*

by Victor Bubbett

The Pine Ridge Association, Coe Park's cooperating association, is preparing a new field guide for publication this March. It will be similar to *Wildflowers*, except that it will be printed on two sheets about 18" x 24", each with 68 full-color pictures of animals found within the park and a brief text description. Wildlife photographers who would like to have their work featured are invited to submit pictures of the animals listed below.

All photos will be credited to their author, and contributors will be given a receipt for their tax-deductible contribution to Pine Ridge Association. Proceeds will help fund the park's badly needed new Visitor Center. The guide will be a great help to park visitors, who always have many questions about the animals they see.

For more information, contact Victor Bubbett: 408/971-3555, *VBubbett@att.net*, 1575 La Rossa Circle, San Jose, CA 95125, or call the Coe Park office at 408/779-2728.

Sheet One Front

- Audubon Cottontail
- Badger
- Beechey Ground Squirrel
- Blacktail Deer
- Black-Tailed Jackrabbit
- Bobcat
- Brush Rabbit
- California Grizzly Bear
- California Meadow Mouse
- Coyote
- Deer Mouse
- Dusky-Footed Woodrat
- Eastern Fox Squirrel
- Grey Fox
- Little Brown Bat
- Mountain Lion
- Opossum
- Raccoon
- Striped Skunk
- Tule Elk
- Valley Pocket Gopher
- Western Grey Squirrel
- Wild Pig
- Bluegill
- Brown Bullhead Catfish
- California Roach
- Crappie
- Green Sunfish
- Largemouth Bass
- Rainbow Trout
- Sacramento Pike Minnow
- Western Sucker

Sheet One Back

- Acorn Woodpecker
- American Coot
- American Crow
- American Kestrel
- Anna's Hummingbird
- Ash-Throated Flycatcher
- Band-Tailed Pigeon
- Black Phoebe
- Black-Headed Grosbeak
- Bullock's Oriole
- California Quail
- California Thrasher
- California Towhee
- Common Raven
- Dark-Eyed Junco
- Golden Eagle
- Golden-Crowned Sparrow
- Great Horned Owl
- House Finch
- House Wren
- Lesser Goldfinch
- Mourning Dove
- Northern Flicker
- Nuttall's Woodpecker
- Oak Titmouse
- Red-Tailed Hawk
- Red-Winged Blackbird
- Steller's Jay
- Turkey Vulture
- Violet-Green Swallow
- Western Bluebird
- Western Meadowlark
- Western Screech-Owl
- Western Scrub-Jay
- White-Breasted Nuthatch
- Wild Turkey

Sheet Two Front

- Arboreal Salamander
- Bullfrog
- California Newt
- California Slender Salamander
- Ensatina (newt)
- Foothill Yellow-Legged Frog
- Pacific Treefrog
- Red-Legged Frog
- Rough-Skinned Newt
- Tiger Salamander
- Western Toad
- California Legless Lizard

California Mountain Kingsnake
Coast Horned Lizard
Common Garter Snake
Common Kingsnake
Gopher Snake
Night Snake
Rubber Boa
Sharp-Tailed Snake
Southern Alligator Lizard
Striped Racer
Western Aquatic Garter Snake
Western Black-Headed Snake
Western Fence Lizard
Western Pond Turtle
Western Rattlesnake
Western Ringneck Snake
Western Skink
Western Terrestrial Garter Snake
Western Whiptail
Yellow-Bellied Racer

Sheet Two Back

Bee Fly
Black-Legged Tick
Buckeye Butterfly
Bumblebee
California Oak Gall Wasp
California Sister
Camel Cricket
Common Checkerspot
Common Soldier Beetle
Convergent Ladybird
Damselfly
Deer Tick
Dragonfly
Flower Fly
Funnelweb Spider
Garden Spider
Giant Cranefly
Giant Waterbug
Grasshopper
Harvester Ant
Honeybee
Katydid
Louse Fly
Mantis
Monarch Butterfly
Mosquito
Mourning Cloak
Pacific Tent Caterpillar
Potato Bug
Snakefly
Stinkbug
Swallowtail
Tarantula
Tarantula Hawk
Water Strider
Yellowjacket

New Members through October

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!

David Bott, San Jose
Marie Haytor, San Jose
J. Edward Hollender, Gilroy
Mer Mehling, Cupertino
Kay Morshead, Gilroy
Susan Norman, Cupertino
Mary M. Palmer, Gilroy
Francis A. Perry, Vancouver, WA
Felipe Portales, San Jose
Doug Turk, Gilroy
Jim Wright, Morgan Hill

We need your help to keep our membership list current and accurate. If you are a paid member, your *Ponderosa* mailing label includes an expiration date. (No expiration date for life members and organizations.) If you have any questions regarding your membership or if you would like to update your address, please contact us.

E-mail: PRA@CoePark.org
Mail: 9100 East Dunne Avenue, Morgan Hill, CA 95037
Fax: 408/778-5749
Phone: 408/779-2728

PRA Calendar

Saturday, January 10, 2004: **Deadline for submission of photos for T-Shirt Contest**. See article on page 8 for more information.

Saturday, February 7: **The PRA Annual Meeting.** Save the date for a fun-filled day at the annual meeting of the Pine Ridge Association and the Coe Park Volunteers. Information will be mailed in early January.

Saturday, March 6: **Barbed Wire Fest.** Join in the fun of helping to remove barbed wire from the park. Please call the Coe Park Visitor Center for more information (408/779-2728).

Saturday, March 20: **The Spring Programs begin.** Hikes, wildflower walks, and Saturday evening programs will begin.

Saturday and Sunday, March 27 & 28: **The Rock House Ridge PRA Outing.** Join Ranger Barry Breckling on this outing to Rock House Ridge. Please call the Coe Park Visitor Center (408/779-2728) for more information and to sign up.

Saturday, April 10: **Spring Trail Day.** Help maintain the trails at Coe Park. No previous experience necessary. For more information and to sign up contact the Trail Day coordinator Ranger Cameron Bowers at CBowe@parks.ca.gov. The Coe website describes what a typical trail day is like: http://www.coepark.org/trailwork.html.

Saturday and Sunday, April 24 & 25: **Coe Backcountry Weekend.** Save the dates and hope for a sunny weekend! Information on how to sign up for this very popular event will be sent out in early spring 2004; it will also be included on the Coe Park website.

Don't forget that Coe Park and the PRA now have a street address:

Contact Coe Park at its new street address:
9000 East Dunne Avenue
Morgan Hill, CA 95037

Contact the PRA at its new street address:
9100 East Dunne Avenue
Morgan Hill, CA 95037

We wish you and your family
a very merry holiday season and a
happy and healthy 2004!

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Pine Ridge Association
Henry W. Coe State Park
9100 East Dunne Avenue
Morgan Hill, CA 95037
408/779-2728
http://www.CoePark.org

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	Scott Harlan	Kathy Paivinen

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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