



POINT LOBOS

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Point Lobos Foundation

Route 1 Box 62
Carmel, CA 93923
831-625-1470
www.PointLobos.org

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Annual Meeting



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Edited by Rick Pettit

Directors

Dick Dalsemer	Stan Dryden
Gael Gallagher	Sharon Hoffman
John Hudson	Jeff Johnson
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Docent Administrator

Stan Dryden

Photo Contributors

California Biota Website	Chuck Davis
Jodi Frediani	Chris Hudson
Rick Pettit	Dida Kutz

Fund Development Coordinator

Lisa Cook

Point Lobos Magazine Editorial Director

Dida Kutz

dida@didakutz.org

Docent Coordinator/School Group Coordinator

Melissa Gobell

Cooperating Association Liaison

Dana M. Jones

Copyeditor

Charles Schrammel

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The mission of the Point Lobos Foundation is to support interpretive and educational programs that enhance the visitor's experience, and to assist California State Parks in preserving Point Lobos State Natural Reserve.

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MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

REASONS FOR OPTIMISM

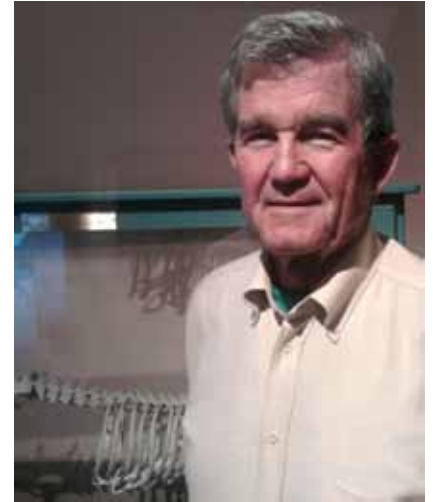
Skip Flohr

Yes, Proposition 21 to fund state parks failed. However, there is no feeling of doom and gloom among the board members of Point Lobos Foundation. Our board of directors remain positive about the future of our Foundation and Point Lobos State Natural Reserve. Sure, the passage of Proposition 21 would have made life a little easier for all of us, but due to you, our generous members, we have been successfully operating in this economy for at least a few years and we can, with your continued support, do so in 2011 and beyond.

Speaking of support, I wish to thank Mr. James C. Cummings for his recent and very generous donation. This gift is for docent training and interpretation; the ongoing sea otter census; stewardship of the Reserve infrastructure, trails, and habitat; plus a large amount to be spent over the next five years for the Reserve's greatest needs. We are indeed fortunate to have donors as generous as Mr. Cummings and the many others who give because of their love for this fantastic place.

We do not plan to continue as usual. You may remember that last year we commissioned the development of a Fund Development Plan. We have taken several large steps this year to implement the recommendations of that plan. They are:

- We are now doing business as the Point Lobos Foundation rather than Point Lobos Association. This was done to make it more apparent that we are a fundraising foundation formed to support interpretive and educational programs, enhance the public's awareness and enjoyment of the unique qualities of Point Lobos State Natural Reserve, and to assist California State Parks in preserving the Reserve. To make this name change official, we will need your vote at our January 15th membership meeting. (Please refer to back page.)
- We have hired our first employee, a fund development coordinator. Our plan led us to the realization that as a group of volunteers, we needed the help of a professional fundraiser to assist us in



meeting our objectives in a very competitive fundraising environment. Lisa Cook was thus hired on a part-time basis in October and has already proved her worth in the development and implementation of the following two projects.

- We have launched a new interactive web site. You can now post your photographs of the Reserve, your art, and your comments, as well as view what other people are posting. The site also makes it easier to join our foundation, renew your membership, and make donations.
- A new membership database. In the past you may have missed an issue of our magazine or a reminder that your membership was due for renewal. The implementation of this new data base will help us eliminate such oversights.

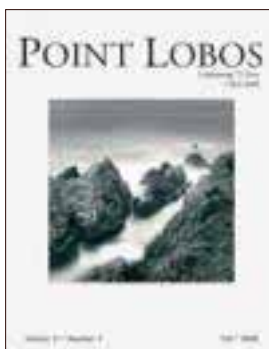
We hope to see you at our annual membership meeting at Asilomar on January 15th. The Point Lobos Foundation Board of Directors wish you very happy holidays and a wonderful 2011.

ANNOUNCEMENTS



If you haven't already, check out our brand new website. Same address, www.PointLobos.org, but with exciting new functionality. This includes the ability to let you upload photos, poetry, fine art images, and comments, all inspired by Point Lobos State Natural Reserve. You can also now follow us on Facebook and Twitter!

Holiday Gifts that commemorate the 75th Anniversary of Point Lobos can be purchased online at www.cafepress.com/pointlobos75wc and www.cafepress.com/pointlobos75. The selection includes clothing for men, women, and children, as well as cups, mugs, and caps. (Tote bag \$14.99 at www.cafepress.com/pointlobos75wc) And you can also buy a cozy Point Lobos sweatshirt at the Reserve's Information Station.



Missed an issue of Point Lobos magazine? Or just want to check out what we have archived? Then click the magazine link on our website, www.PointLobos.org, to view our collection of PDF versions of the magazine, all of which can be downloaded.

UNDER MY BRIM:

THE EXHIBIT SHELTER AND IRON RANGER

Ranger Chuck Bancroft

During the past budget year the Point Lobos Foundation has been instrumental in keeping Point Lobos open. With the state budget deficit at over \$20 billion, California's State Park system was looking at major cuts in operation: park closures, reduced services, even the absence of paper towels in restrooms. The Foundation stepped in to lend a BIG helping hand. One dollar from each trail map sold was directed to fund in-part the trail crew who made much needed improvements to our trails. Funds were provided to ensure that the entrance station stayed operational and park aids could continue their work. Funds were provided to make sure a maintenance park aid was here to do housekeeping and keep restrooms fresh and clean.

To help solicit much needed funds, an interpretive shelter and information panel was constructed at the park entrance to let the walk-in public know that the Point Lobos Foundation was hard at work to keep the Reserve operational. Hopefully the walk-ins would help with small donations placed in the Iron Ranger. Talk about success! Not only did walk-ins donate, they donated more than we expected. These generous donations helped keep us operating the way our friends and visitors expected us to.

And the outcome of this project couldn't have been the success it is without the volunteer work of one of the board members, John Hudson. John is the youngest son of Rear Admiral Lester J. Hudson and grandson of Alexander M. Allan, and a remarkable man.

The shelter is built entirely of redwood with some of the timbers salvaged from old ranch projects. The shelter has some unique touches that are not found on any other shelters in the

Reserve. To give it an artistic and custom look, John adzed all the timbers prior to assembly at his shop across the street from the Reserve. That specialized tool was used by his dad, Rear Admiral L.J. Hudson, to adz the oak flooring in the living room of the Hudson House. Mrs. Margaret Allan Hudson, a daughter of A.M. Allan, and her husband built that home as their retirement home after his long career in the U.S. Navy. John helped in the construction in 1948, while going to Carmel High School, and he remembers the floor project well.

John, an industrial engineer, learned blacksmithing in Switzerland. In 1972 he started the Point Lobos Wrought Iron Works in the garage of the Hudson House. Many of the traditional tools used in his shop today were owned by his grandfather, Mr. Allan, and date back to the days of the

abalone cannery, the dairy ranch, and the contracting business his grandfather operated.

John gave the shelter a special touch by forging four brackets for the cross pieces of the roof support, using the "rope twist" design in the bars. He shingled the roof with shakes salvaged from a house in Carmel built in the 1950's. The thick, aged cedar shingles make the shelter look right at home near the kiosk at the entrance station.

When the time came to install the finished project, John suspended the shelter from the bucket on his backhoe and took it for the short ride, down Highway One, to the entrance of the park where he and the park crew bolted it to the concrete foundation.

Thank you John for your dedication and expert work for the Point Lobos Foundation and Point Lobos State Natural Reserve.



Below Point Lobos: Photographs in Our Nation's First Marine Ecological Reserve

The wipers of my F-150 pickup beat rhythmically, clearing the morning mist off the windshield as I begin the commute from my Pacific Grove home on Surf Avenue over to my favorite place in the world to dive and make underwater photographs: Point Lobos State Natural Reserve. Sipping on a cup of black coffee, I chase the morning cobwebs while the hot liquid competes with the dew outside, steaming up the middle of my windshield from the inside. I switch the vent to defrost and turn south onto 17-Mile-Drive and then up Forest Avenue. Sleepy Pacific Grove is just waking up. No traffic. The sun is rising low over Monterey Bay behind me, lifting the morning fog. It's winter on Monterey Bay—mid-December—and it's a bit chilly and damp this morning. My tires slip a bit as I accelerate on the moist pavement after the red light at the top of Forest Avenue, but the treads quickly dig in under the weight of hundreds of pounds of dive gear and underwater cameras stowed in the rear cargo bed.

The traffic thickens as commuters transit to and from Community Hospital and nearby Pebble Beach Company. I merge onto Route 1 South and in about ten minutes, Monastery Beach emerges on my right where the seas are

glassy smooth. Not much swell at all and clear skies: a harbinger of a great day of diving ahead.

Upon reaching the Reserve's entrance gate I am greeted by a familiar and welcome site: the stern silhouette of the rigid hull inflatable dive boat or "RIB" belonging to my long-time friend and dive partner, Phil Sammet, resting on its trailer behind his truck. The array of red warning lights on the back of the rig is aglow as Phil rests on the brakes while registering at the kiosk. Perfect timing. We pay our entrance fees, and enter our names on today's dive team list—we are the first dive team to arrive today. It is mid-week—Wednesday—and it's relatively quiet at the Reserve. We drive slowly to an empty Whalers Cove parking lot and begin suiting up in our dry suits and transferring hundreds of pounds of dive tanks, weight belts, and cases of underwater photographic gear to Phil's boat. Unknown to most, the greatest amount of physical work expended in underwater photography isn't usually the diving or the photography: it's the lifting and schlepping of so much equipment to and from the dive site, all of which needs to be handled multiple times, and usually all by hand.

After launching the RIB and stowing the trailer up on Rat Hill, we are soon cruising slowly



Why Underwater Biological Reserve

Text and Photographs by Chuck Davis

*Award winning photographer and cinematographer Chuck Davis tells us why Point Lobos remains one of his favorite places to dive in the world. His most recent work includes acting as director of photography for Jean-Michel Cousteau's Ocean Adventures PBS TV series.
www.tidalflatsphoto.com*



seaward in the open channel just west of Middle Reef. The conditions are nearly ideal today; just a gentle swell lapping the magnificent granite spires at Cannery Point, and looking down vertically at the passing giant kelp stalks, we can see some 45 feet below. In the background on shore subtle wisps of lingering morning fog hang over the Reserve's cypress trees. The soft morning light seems to give extra warmth to the granite and conglomerate geology formations before us.

We round Cannery Point, cruise northwest and decide to dive at Bluefish Wall, just seaward of Bluefish Cove. This spot, along with the nearby Outer Bluefish Pinnacle are two of my favorite spots to photograph underwater at the Reserve.

You have to dive to really see all of Point Lobos State Natural Reserve; while the Reserve hosts 550 fully protected land acres, its underwater reserve acreage was recently expanded to 2,349. The latter expansion took place in 2007 with the implementation of the State's Marine Life Protection Act (MLPA), which added 1,574 acres to the existing 775 that were established in 1960 when the area became

the nation's first underwater marine reserve (see the Winter 2007 Point Lobos Magazine). Thus the underwater realm within Point Lobos State Natural Reserve now represents about four times the area you see on land. If you stand on the trail at Cannery Point and gaze seaward, just imagine that same landscape, with all of its dramatic geology and diversity of life, continuing under the sea. That's exactly what lies in store for divers at the Reserve: the dramatic granite spires and softer conglomerate rock form dramatic undersea walls, pinnacles, and undercut ledges, and play host to a diverse assemblage of marine life.

After anchoring in the sand on the outside of the reef, the soft breeze and gentle swell push our boat back toward the edge of the kelp canopy over the reef wall. Perfect positioning. I hang my underwater housings over the side on some camera lines, and Phil and I are soon suited up and roll over the side. We do a surface safety check, grab the housings, and make our descent.

On the swim downward, I can hear Phil howl through his breathing mouthpiece in sheer joy – the water is quite clear and this is



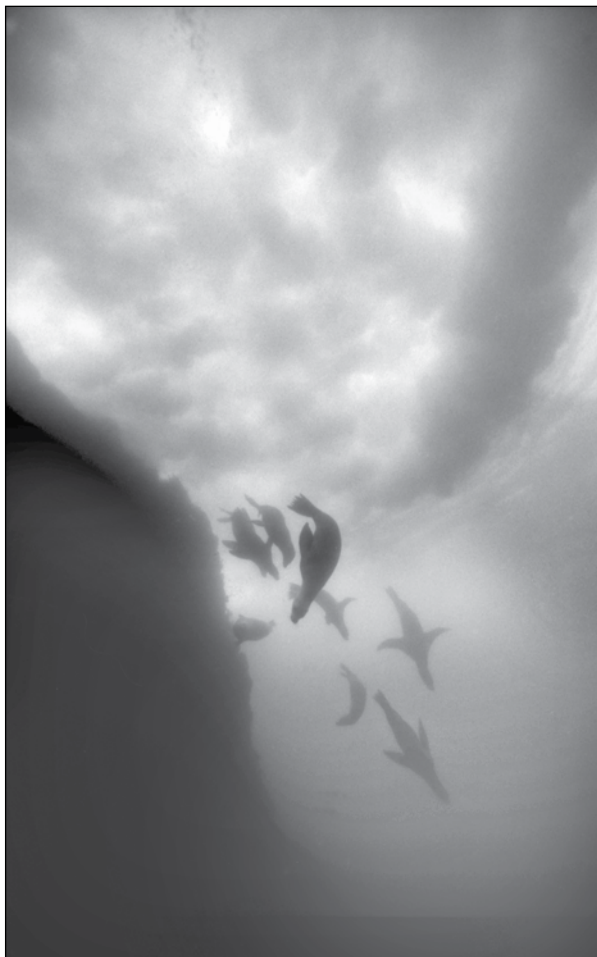
L. to rt.: Sammet during a dive at Point Lobos, bull kelp *Nereocystis luetkeana*, giant kelp, *Macrocystis pyrifera*.

a truly magnificent day underwater. I am diving a mixed gas rebreather today and I can hear the quiet and reassuring whisper of nitrox (a breathing gas composed of an enriched mixture of oxygen with nitrogen) entering the rebreather's "counterlung" or breathing bag as I descend. I reach a depth of 70 feet and hover next to the sheer granite wall; I remain still and thanks to my rebreather, quite silent as well.

Like so many dives I've made at Point Lobos since I first submerged here in the late 70's after moving to the west coast as a college student, I find myself spellbound and choose to hover weightlessly and meditate on the amazing scene before me, rather than constantly swim and "look" for things. I've found it more productive over the years to find an interesting area and just rest quietly to see what the reef will offer, photography-wise. Bluefish Wall is an undersea mountainous mass of granite, completely carpeted with life. The backbone of the reef is the thick giant kelp forest with its stalks towering upward to the surface light. Tightly focused rays of sunlight flicker through the surface canopy and evoke a feeling of peace. Looking skyward from the bottom of kelp forest floor is always a very spiritual and meditative experience for me, and today is no exception.

As peaceful as it feels here, it is clear that before us, a serious competition for space and a saga of life and death is taking place. On the top of the reef wall and between the giant kelp stalks, understory kelps such as Southern sea palms (*Eisenia arborea*) and stalked kelp (*Pterygophora californica*) compete for space on the reef along with ochre stars, sunflower stars, and yellow and black rockfish that seek refuge beneath the kelp blades. Down in the shadows of the reef on the wall, a close look reveals a living carpet of *Corynactis* or "club anemones" and bright red fish-eating *Urticina* anemones with their vibrant red stalks and snowy-white tentacles extended as they feed on current-borne food. Encrusting sponges also cover the wall. Looking upward again, a dance seems to be taking place here; the blades of three kelp species undulate in the gentle swell, responding to the rhythm of today's sea conditions.

I pull out my underwater spot meter and take some light readings as I prepare to expose my film. My assignment work requires me to shoot digitally with some of the most modern camera systems, but when left to my own devices, I prefer in my personal work to shoot with traditional analog black and white film negative. I have friends who are doing outstanding black and white and color



Nereocystis luetkeana

abstract shapes and forms within the living reef that can conjure up all sorts of manifestations in one's mind that might not even be associated with the sea. They are graphic shapes — symbols — made from living cytoplasm, just like ourselves, and perhaps a subtle reminder that our undersea realm is not a disparate world separate from our own, but is actually very much connected to us.

I have long admired, and have been strongly influenced by, the works of the great master photographers Edward Weston, Ansel Adams, and Wynn Bullock, who photographed above water at Point Lobos long before I ever picked up a camera, and in some cases, before I was born. Although I am in no way comparing myself to these icons, the works of these masters have helped me reevaluate how I see things and record them visually underwater; I have also borrowed from some of their techniques. For example, when measuring the range of underwater light prior to exposing my film, I've found that the Zone System of exposure control, which was perfected and popularized by Ansel Adams, has worked well for me underwater. I use a spot meter in a special housing (or sometimes the spot meter built into my camera, which is encased in a housing) so that my exposure is optimized on the black and white negative in my camera and will subsequently translate as "visualized" later in my darkroom when I make prints. I read important highlight areas on the reef and the important shadow areas, and "place" my exposure deep down in the shadows, knowing that as much important detail as possible will be recorded in my underwater scenes. Later I may also do custom development in my

photography with the new digital technologies, but for me, I love the way silver — via silver in film negatives and silver gelatin prints — captures the range of light and reflects or mirrors it back in print form. It is the "feelings" conveyed to me via this method of imaging that I respond to, and it's difficult for me to put into words.

The undersea realm where I dive mostly, within the giant kelp forests off the central California coast, is very much a world of shadows with a dramatic range of light from the forest floor to the surface canopy. In an attempt to lend my personal voice in conveying the feelings I experience when photographing these areas, it seems black and white imagery does it best for me. The kelp forest is an amazing and important marine ecosystem, but photographically it is also ripe with metaphors and emotions. The reef has its own spirit. On rough dive days with big waves, bull kelp floats or "pneumatocysts," with their medusa-like blades, can dance like mermaid's heads in rhythm to the sea, sea lions can fly through liquid like gulls, and there are

darkroom, sometimes giving my negatives “plus” development—an additional 20% development time to increase the scene contrast on a deep, dark, and perhaps flatly lit dive. On other occasions—when shooting right into the sun from under the kelp, I may use “minus” development, or less time in the developer to reduce the scene contrast. All of the principles of the Zone system, I’ve found, translate well to underwater photography: you just need to waterproof your equipment.

As I begin photographing the magnificent undersea-scape in front of me, I hear another howl emanating from Phil’s breathing mouthpiece—I turn to my left and he motions with his arm and points to a huge school of blue rockfish that were just out of my peripheral vision seconds earlier; they hover over the reef to my extreme right. The school is huge. It extends from about 70 feet to just below the kelp canopy—nothing but rockfish. My adrenaline starts to pump, but I force myself to move slowly. I shoot very wide at first and then push in closer. It is one of those dreamy dives where I can’t believe what is happening in front of me.

In other parts of the central California coast that I regularly dive, it is hard to find huge schools of rockfish like this. The scene before me is a living testament to how well marine reserves can work when designed, managed, and monitored well. During my filming assignment work in recent years, I’ve also witnessed encouraging results in marine reserves off Southern California’s Channel Islands National Marine Sanctuary and within no-take areas of the Florida Keys National Marine Sanctuary.

In both cases, I was amazed at the wealth of marine life harbored in these areas and how quickly they seemed to be recovering. Scientific monitoring in the Channel Islands reserves has also confirmed a “spillover effect” of marine life into adjacent non-reserve territories, and also a “recruitment” effect into the reserves as well. Marine reserves can work well, and the latter examples seem to be working faster than most would have believed at the onset.

I run out of film and swim back to Phil and we exchange housings. The second camera has



Schooling blue rockfish, Sebastes mystinus

a slightly longer lens and I back away from the school of rockfish. They seem to be hovering, just drifting through the kelp forest on top of the bluefish wall, with their heads all pointed into the current as they gulp current-borne food items. Rockfish are smart critters: why swim around like crazy hunting when the current will bring your food right to your lips? In a metaphorical way, underwater photographers can learn a lot from rockfish. I shoot another series of images of the almost motionless wall of fish and I am soon out of film again. Phil and I ascend, make a precautionary decompression stop, and then pull ourselves back into the RIB. The conditions are so good here today, we decide to make two more dives without moving the boat.

Today’s dives were just three of countless underwater explorations I’ve made at Point Lobos over some thirty-plus years. Although I’ve spent most of this day on and under the water, I emerge energized from the experience. After pulling Phil’s boat back onto its trailer at the ramp, and relocating all of my equipment back into my truck, the ride home leaves me excited in anticipation of the images that will reveal themselves later tonight when I process the negatives in my darkroom. Something tells me I’ve exposed some important images today—images that I could not have captured were it not for the protections offered by the magnificent underwater reserve at Point Lobos. I remain eternally gratefully that this magical spot on planet Earth is just a 20-minute drive from my home.

August Otter Count:
Lynne McCammon

This month there has been a large amount of kelp. You would swear that you have just spotted an otter, but on further observation they are only “kelp otters” (the tops of sea palms). Our count for this month was 25 adults and 2 pups.

August 17: June Banks

Perhaps this wins a prize for Most Amazing Outfit at the Reserve: walking along Cypress Grove Trail, a young woman was in fishnet stockings and black short-shorts, with high-heels! Moreover, the gentleman whose hand she was holding was smiling. Just another day in paradise.

Wow! It was true!
I love this place!

August 29:
Celie Placzek

As I was walking north on the trail just above Sandhill Cove, I encountered three adults, one of whom was carrying a large zip-loc bag and holding it close to her chest suggesting that it might be heavy. Curious, I asked, “What do you have in the bag?” I thought she replied “rocks.” “Oh, I’m really sorry” I said, “You’re not



Quotes from the Docent Log

Some notable visitors to the Reserve: dolphins, orcas, a condor...and, not least, interesting humans

August 20: Cindy Mattos

Several people coming back from the cypress grove said they had seen a condor. One person even showed us a picture from their camera. We thought, “turkey vulture,” but didn’t say anything, not wanting to offend, and the picture was hard to make out. After my shift, I walked the trail, and lo and behold, a condor passed right over my head, coming from the Pinnacle, heading inland. It had a large orange head, white on the underside of its wings, and an enormous wing span—much larger than a turkey vulture.

allowed to collect anything here at Point Lobos, not even rocks!” The woman nodded and bowed, which I took to be an acknowledgment. Trying to be polite I said, “You’ll need to leave them here, right here along the trail.” “Here?” she asked, a bit confused. “Yes, right here is fine.” Then I watched as dozens and dozens of shiny black California mussels tumbled onto the ground from her bag. I stood slack-jawed and silent. How dare you is what I really wanted to say, but couldn’t find the right words. Her friend looked at my incredulous expression

and said as they walked off, “Oh, we didn’t know.” For what it’s worth, I now carry the yellow piece of paper outlining Point Lobos State Natural Reserve regulations.

September Otter Count:
Lynne McCammon

The weather was overcast, with the sun trying to peek through. This gave the ocean a gray metallic appearance. The most exciting moment for some of our counters was observing orcas in Carmel Bay. I’m sorry to say the otter count for September was only 12 adults and 2 pups.

Going back over our records for the last 10 years it is one of the lowest counts recorded. Maybe they are visiting their relatives in Moss Landing.

September 11: Rick Pettit

Walked around Whalers Cove in the long slanting light of a late summer evening. The tide was quite low, the water almost dead still. The pond illusion was enhanced by floating mats of a brightly-colored algae that has conspicuously colonized

a great blue heron? Above, chipping and chattering in the pines, a mixed flock of chickadees and nuthatches, further enlivened by the yellow flash of an oh-so-welcome-back Townsend's warbler.

September 12: Jeff Johnson

It was almost too foggy to scope at Sea Lion Point. Sea lions could be heard but not seen. So I focused on a harbor seal, one of several snoozing on the big rock below. I invited visitors

my breath and to enjoy the gorgeous view across Carmel Bay. Two compressed spouts caught my eye: I was seeing a couple of humpback whales. I reflected on where I was, and how, 140 years or so earlier, this would have caused much excitement—with flags being run up a staff on the knoll, the crew in Whalers Cove scrambling to their boats. On September 14, 2010, I could smile to myself and say, "Whales, take your time. The ocean is yours today."

September 29: Joe Hendrickson

An impromptu guided walk for a group of Presbyterians from San Jose and Korea was requested this afternoon at Cypress Grove. I was there, so I volunteered. Their minister interpreted most of the walk information into Korean. We had a great time, and they all were very appreciative.

September 30: Anne Mollet

I had about a dozen very interested and enthusiastic visitors for my walk today. At the end of it, one young man approached me to ask how he could become a docent. We began to talk a little more about the process of training, and his queries continued until he learned that there is no stipend with the "volunteer job." Disappointed, he really lost interest when he realized that the position also doesn't come with housing on site at the Reserve!



the cove this year. (The algae was identified by local Fish and Game personnel as belonging to the genus *Enteromorpha*-DK.) Some late-summer flowers persisted along the trail: asters, gum plant. Further along, the trail crew had evidently been working today on extending accessibility out to the Moss Cove overlook—the newly smoothed surface was wet from watering and compacting. Here, amidst the pine duff, was a large gray feather, silky to the touch—from

to look through the scope and see the harbor seal's whiskers. Their response: "Wow! You can see their whiskers!"

You work with what you have.

September 14: Ed Clifton

This was a beautiful day. I was doing a trail watch of the Whalers Knoll Trail. It is a trail I rarely take: very few rocks (ed. note: Ed is a professional geologist). I stopped at the top of Whalers Knoll to catch

October Otter Count:

Lynne McCammon

The kelp beds were not quite as heavy as last month—that made otter spotting easier. This month's count was 17 adults with no pups. Several otters with red noses were among our count, so in 6-8 months we could have a few pups (ed. note: otter mating often leaves the female with a wounded and thus reddened nose). Our resident peregrine falcon was holding court on Bird Island. We are looking forward to next month when we will be able to try out a generous donation:

some large, image-stabilized binoculars.

October 4: June Banks

I walked today at the Reserve, and was startled once in awhile by a bit of . . . color! A lonely lavender seaside daisy. One yellow blossom

of gum weed. And of course the reddening of poison oak leaves in the fall. But overall, right now the landscape is simply brown and unlovely. I think of September and October as the brown season.

For good reason our visitors are confused about our weather. Why is California cold and foggy

in July? How can it be so warm and sunny in January? And when will the sun break through?

Our unique seasons give Point Lobos some of its magic. After we get sufficient rain in November and December, the grasses appear everywhere, and I think of it as the chartreuse season. Lime-green January! Then the first wildflowers appear late in January or early February. Eventually we'll be surrounded by an abundance of lovely flowers, a different mixture on each trail.

Now however it's a very brown place, and I am yearning for the heavy rains to arrive.

Yearning for that wonderful smell in the air! Refreshing and rejuvenating the landscape, the plants, and me. The natural world influences our moods and our energy, if we are alert and open to it. I eagerly await the rainy season.



October 5: Marty Renault

Busy day at Whalers Cabin. An 8th grade class from All Saints School gleaned information from every corner of the Museum. One of A.M. Allan's grandsons, who grew up in the family home across the highway, stopped in. He was impressed by the new museum displays

and by the trail improvements around the Reserve. Then a report came in of two dolphins in Whalers Cove. Between visitors I eagerly scanned the surface of the cove, and was finally rewarded with a glimpse of a fin flashing through water. By the time my shift was over our marine visitors had left the immediate vicinity, so I pursued the dolphins by way of Granite Point and the Moss Cove trail. Finally caught up with them out at Ichxenta Point, where they frolicked off Monastery Beach.

October 7: Carol Bloner

Finally, a beautiful day! And what better place to be than Point Lobos? The ocean was calm, no wind at the Information Station. A scrub jay in its bright blue coat darted in and out of the cypress and nearby bushes, and lone monarch butterflies glided by, apparently as glad of the warm day as I. A visitor asked about the squirrel with the yellow or milky eye, begging along the trail. Seems this one is quite at home along the nearby North Shore trail.

October 10: Stan Dryden

Marilyn Kodani, granddaughter of Gennosuke Kodani, came by the Whalers Cabin today with her sister, Eugenie. A visitor, having being told that a person with historical roots was there, became very excited. Marilyn came into the museum and proceeded to interpret the exhibits for the visitor, and for me, of course. The docent became the student.

October 12: Ed Clifton

Late in the afternoon, while talking to visitors at the Information Station, I noticed a very small deer entering the parking area. It was quite tentative, and seemed to be searching for something. It wandered just behind the Info Station, and then jumped the wooden fence and coursed back and forth along the other side, making plaintive little bleats unlike anything I had heard from a deer. It worked its way through the scrub over toward the road, where to the relief of all onlookers, and, I am sure, to the fawn, mommy was waiting.

I suddenly recalled a scene from my childhood—being devastated as a 9-year-old during the Disney classic “Bambi,” when the little fawn searched through the falling snow, calling for its slain mother. Then a deeper, older memory: being lost in the huge (to me) Polski’s department store in Akron. I was only separated from my mother for a few minutes at most—but that was an eternity for a scared four-year-old. I still remember the mutual joy and relief when she found me. Some things are universal!

October 21: Connie Dallmann

Not only are the Heermann’s gulls back at Whalers Cove, but the osprey was perched almost directly across from the cabin. There were also cormorants (including at least two double-crested juveniles), egrets, and a blue heron.

October 27: Fred Brown

I took a school group from Sacramento for a guided walk

along the Cypress Grove Trail. Two playful otters were in Cypress Cove and entertained the youngsters for many minutes. As that excitement subsided, I pointed out the large granite cliffs on the other side of the cove, and explained how the 80-million-year-old granodiorite was formed under a vast sea in an area that is now Southern California. Several eager hands went up when I inquired if any of them knew how this large rock formation travelled some 400 miles to its present location. I called on the nine-year-old girl waving her hand and standing on her tippy toes. She exclaimed, “By boat!” with a look of certain

satisfaction, and the boy next to her immediately said, “I was going to say that!” Tectonic plates will be a subject they’ll learn next year, but a brief primer was supplied to give them a head start. They were eager to learn more.

October 29: Rick Pettit

The cove below Coal Chute Point is thick with late-season kelp, and this afternoon 5 hungry snowy egrets were taking advantage by standing on it, peering into the water, and then stalking along to a new vantage point. Bright yellow feet appeared and disappeared with each step—they seemed to walk on the water. I felt a bit envious. But I suppose I



too could be out there if I only had webbed feet. Well, and weighed about 400 grams.

Meanwhile, over at Whalers Cove, the crabs were out on the rip-rap, wielding their gargantuan claws to pick miniscule bits of algae off the rocks and then, slowly, in rhythmic alternation—left pincer, right pincer, left,

right—convey this apparent delicacy to their mouths. Such dainty eaters. Like Victorian matrons decorously eating cucumber

sandwiches—no crusts of course!—in a PBS costume drama.

October 31: Fred Brown

Halloween was not spooky, but rather spectacular! It was a warm Indian Summer day, and many visitors were at the Reserve. Paul Reps pointed out that in the ocean just beyond Headland Cove were between 50 and 100 Pacific white-sided dolphins cavorting. A little further out, several large spouts, most likely from blue whales, were spotted. Out to Sea Lion Point Trail went the visitors with binoculars and high hopes.



Point Lobos Foundation

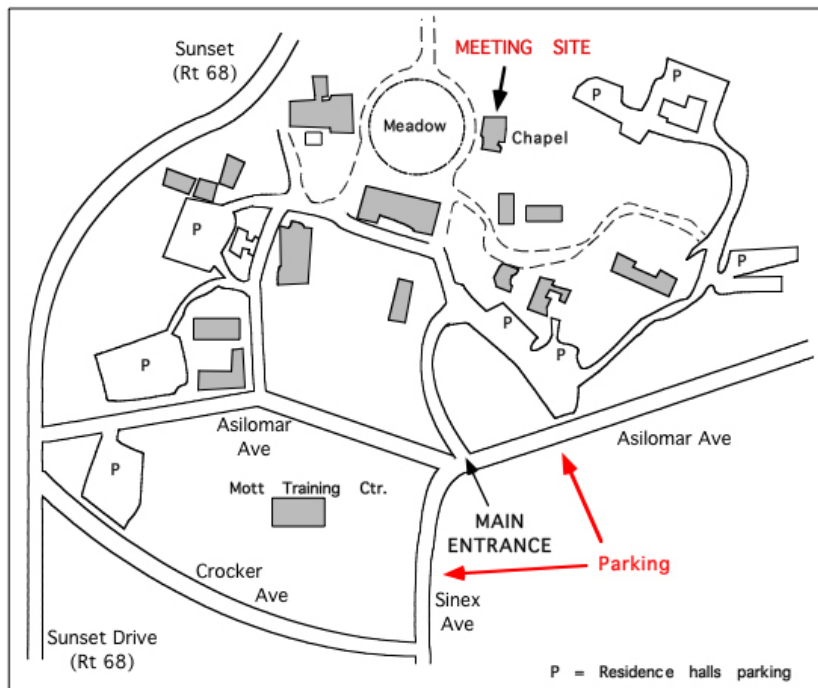


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Point Lobos Foundation Annual Membership Meeting with Speaker Kip Evans:

Saturday, Jan. 15, 2011 at 9 am
Asilomar Conference Center Chapel



Asilomar Conference Grounds, Pacific Grove
Location of the Chapel, meeting site for the Annual Point Lobos Association Members Meeting

The annual meeting of the Point Lobos Association (now doing business as the Point Lobos Foundation) will be held on, Saturday, January 15th in the Chapel in Asilomar (800 Asilomar Boulevard, Pacific Grove, CA). There will be time for a social at 9:00 a.m. with the meeting to start at 9:30 a.m. All members of the association are invited and encouraged to attend.

After a short business meeting we will introduce our speaker, award winning photographer, Kip Evans of **Mountain and Sea Photography** and **Kip Evans Photography**. Kip recently won an award for his *Isla Holbox* at the 2010 BLUE Ocean Film Festival. Among his other productions are *A Wave of Change*, which highlights the need for marine protected areas along the California coast, and *Meso American Reef*, a beautiful look at the second largest barrier reef in the world.

Kip contributed an article to the Spring 2008 issue of Point Lobos Magazine (available online), and his photo of Weston Beach was featured on the cover.

See www.mountainseagallery.com for more about Kip and his work.