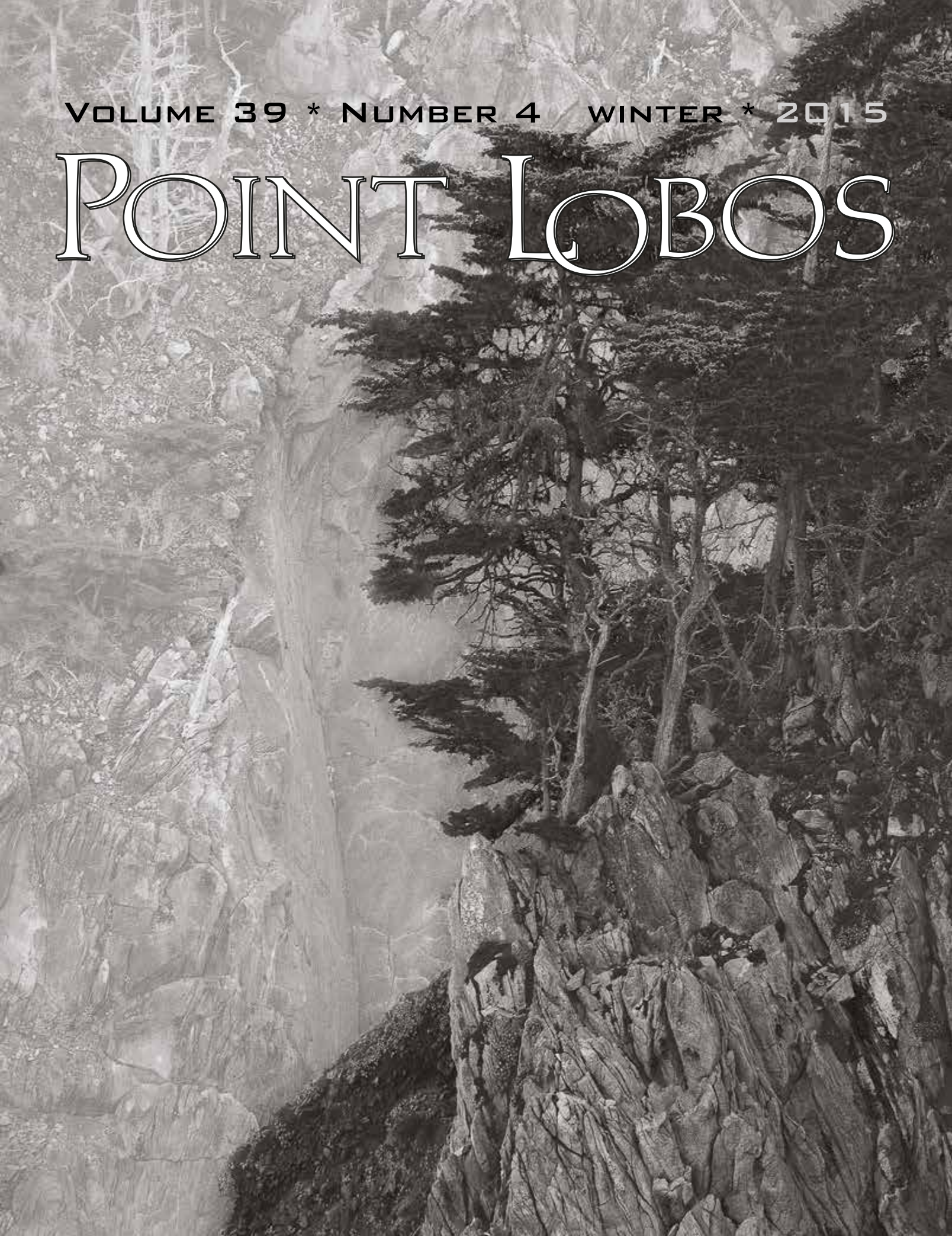


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POINT LOBOS





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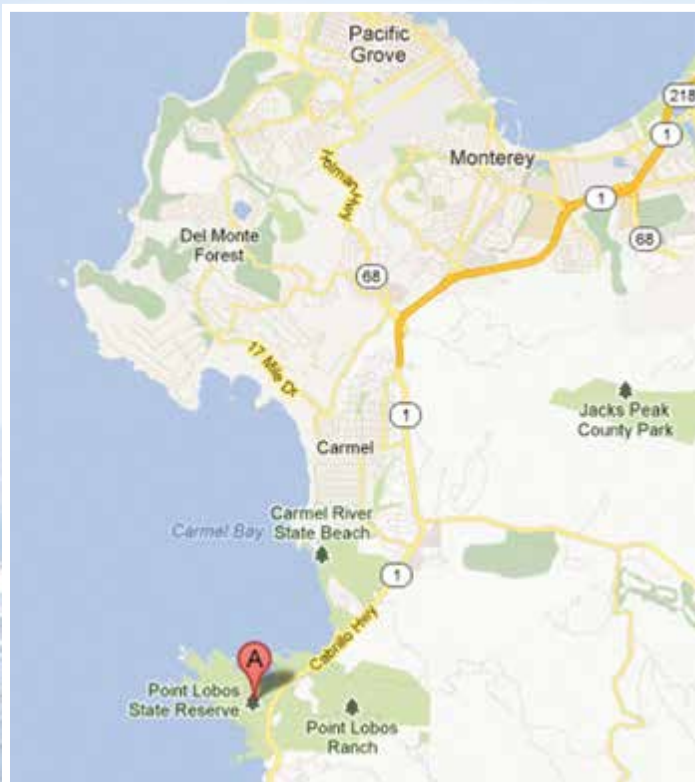
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The Mission Statement of the Point Lobos Foundation is to advance visitors' enjoyment and understanding of Point Lobos State Natural Reserve, to protect its natural environment for future generations, and to strengthen the Monterey County network of coastal California State Parks.

Message from the President

Augie Louis



I want to invite all of our members to our Annual Meeting scheduled for January 9th at Asilomar Conference Center. Steve Palumbi will be our featured speaker. Steve is a marine biologist who studies the way humanity and ocean life interact and intertwine. I hope he will spend a little time introducing us to his book *The Death and Life of Monterey Bay*. This should be a wonderful event and I hope you will join us.

I am now approaching the end of my two year term as President. I want to thank everyone for their warm wishes and support. It has been a great joy to get to know so many of our supporters. I want to continue my efforts to preserve and protect the “Crown Jewel of the State Parks system”; now my efforts will be more behind-the-scenes. I want to find sensible and creative ways to provide access for visitors.

There are many days throughout the year that Point Lobos simply has too many visitors. We need to reduce this number and the impact visitors have on the Reserve. However, we also need visitors to be inspired by Point Lobos. We need people to protect and preserve the area and this will only happen if people are inspired. If we hope to be good stewards we need people to care for and love the place. We need to introduce more people, especially younger folks, to preservation and protection of the Reserve. My thoughts are not new or original, but I hope to remind us all of these themes. Parks need people and people need parks—this is one of

the most important themes I hope to pass along.

We have some fantastic new members joining our board. We filled four positions by appointment during this year: Sue Addleman, Cynthia Garfield, Jim Westbrook, and Jim Rurka are already working hard as our newest members. We will also be recommending Joe Vargo and Jacolyn Harmer during our Annual Meeting. This will take our board to full strength with 15 members. Please join me in welcoming these fine people as they begin to pick up our program goals and lead us into new and exciting ventures.

Finally, I want to share a favorite experience from this past October. I was invited by The Tor House Foundation to participate in a panel discussion regarding a film titled “Once Upon a Sunday.” This film was made in 1957 by Nick Cominos. It features Point Lobos along with poet Robinson Jeffers and writer Henry Miller. I found the film to be simply fascinating. Here was Point Lobos, filmed in 1957, just as recognizable as it is today. The beautiful images took my breath away. I don’t want to spoil the fun of seeing the film for yourself so I won’t go into too many details. However, I will say that conflict between different groups is just as relevant then as today. I am having discussions with the family of Nick Cominos about how to screen the film for Foundation members. Please wish me success and I hope to see you at an evening screening event for our members soon.

Observations

Some of The Good the Bad and the Deadly by Sparky Starkweather, State Park Squirrel



Is El Niño really going to happen this winter? That's what forecasters say. Rain has finally started coming our way, but not enough as yet. Some early arrival fungi have appeared in our area so it's a good time to talk about the do's and don'ts of collecting mushrooms. Be 100% certain of what you have. Do not eat anything unless its identity is incontrovertible. Don't rely only on a book of images to identify what you have. Contact the Fungus Federation of Santa Cruz if in doubt. They have the experts!

Some of the fungi we will see here are eaten by slugs, snails, rabbits, squirrels, deer, and yes, humans. Gnats and flies can deposit their eggs on some of the fungi and their larvae will feed on the fruiting bodies. Although there are a good number of different fungi appearing in the Reserve, these are a just a few. REMEMBER: COLLECTING IS NOT PERMITTED!



From <http://mykoweb.com>:

Mycena capillaripes is one of the first to appear in the pine needle duff. These little brown mushrooms are ubiquitous. They are readily seen along the entrance road at the edge of the pines in slightly open areas. Due to their very small size, they are not considered edible.



Mycena capillaripes



Chroogomphus vinicolor

Chroogomphus vinicolor (aka pine spike) grows in the duff under our pines. It is recognized by a

mahogany-colored cap, salmon-orange flesh, orange-brown tapering stem, and gills that run down the stem. Although it is said to be edible, it is very mediocre when fresh. Some people dry this mushroom to store and later reconstitute for use in soups and sauces.

Sparassis radicata (aka cauliflower fungus). As its common name suggests,

the densely branched fruiting body of *Sparassis radicata* resembles a cauliflower. Initially creamy-buff in color, the long-lived fruiting bodies (the part that produces spores) gradually darken in age, especially along the branch edges. *Sparassis radicata* is believed to be parasitic on conifers.

Gymnopilus junonius (aka jumbo gym) grows at the base of our pine trees. It is quite distinctive because its yellowish-orange clustered fruitings are often massive in a huge cascade of mushroom caps. The combination of a clustered group on wood, orange cap, well-developed ring, bitter taste, and rusty spores make it easy to identify. This one is fantastic to photograph but can make you very ill. Severe gastrointestinal distress is not something you want to fool around with.



Sparassis radicata



Gymnopilus junonius

Phaeolus schweinitzii (aka Dyer's polypore) grows solitary or plentifully at the base of our pines. Nicely moist when fresh this will dry out and become very woody, persisting throughout the season. It is highly esteemed by dye-makers for coloring yarn. It is thought to be poisonous.

Omphalotus olivascens (aka jack-o-lantern) grows at the base of the live oaks or from buried roots. The fruiting bodies are among a variety of fungi that are luminescent, at least when fresh, though to appreciate this quality requires sitting for many minutes in a completely dark room before the greenish glow becomes visible. The incredibly large cluster of caps is toxic and causes severe gastrointestinal distress. Some people have often mistaken this for the delectable chanterelle.

Amanita muscaria (aka fly agaric) with its bright red, sometimes dinner plate-sized caps, is one of the most striking of all mushrooms. The white warts that adorn the cap, white gills, well-developed ring, and distinctive volva (membranous sacs or cups) of concentric rings separate this from all other red mushrooms. There are several color varieties



Phaeolus schweinitzii



Omphalotus olivascens

ies of *A. muscaria* in the U.S. ranging from red, orange, yellow, and white. Fruitings occur in early winter, and can be spectacular, with large groups or rings brightening the woods.

Amanita phalloides (aka death cap) IS DEADLY POISONOUS. Important field characteristics are the smooth, yellowish-green to yellowish-brown cap, sometimes with a thin, appressed (lying flat) white universal veil (a covering over the gills or pores of young mushrooms) patch, usually non-furrowed cap



Amanita phalloides

margin, free, cream-colored gills, normally solid, not hollow stem, and thin, white, membranous, sac-like volva. The death cap is found widely in coastal areas under live oak. Color can vary and can easily be mistaken for other mushrooms.



Amanita muscaria

And yes....I've left off the truly incredible edibles found off the Reserve, because no fungophile would ever tell you which ones are the very best and exactly where to find them. Your best bet is to join the Fungus Federation of Santa Cruz and learn from the experts.

A scenic photograph of a rocky coastline. In the foreground, a steep, rocky cliff with sparse vegetation and a small cave entrance leads down to a small, sheltered cove. The water in the cove is a vibrant turquoise color. In the background, the ocean stretches to the horizon under a clear blue sky. A small, forested headland is visible in the distance.

Old Friends, New Eyes

by Patrice Vecchinione

The first time my best friend Gina and I went to Point Lobos together we were free spirits in our early 20s, hobbled only by the difficult childhoods we wanted to walk out of. We arrived at the park in my old MGB convertible, a perfect car for driving along the coast, as long as it wasn't raining.

Gina and I marveled at China Cove's bluest water. To this day I haven't seen water anywhere that's an iota bluer. She and I swam in the cove even though it was winter, even though we'd left our bathing suits at home. Or, rather, I swam and she paced the beach hoping nobody would come upon me in my all-for-nothing. (Gina has always taken care of me, no matter my degree of foolishness.) I remember lying back on the winter warm sand beside her, dreaming our futures.

It wasn't only youth that convinced us most anything was possible. Our unrestrained ability to dream came from being where we were, resting in the well-protected cove beneath the wide bowl of sky and free to walk whichever trails we chose. We hiked nearly every one that day. Certain things can be said more easily when in motion.

Slow-forward 30-plus years: Gina and I are walking at Point Lobos again. It's early; we've yet to have breakfast, and the crowds have yet to descend on the park. Gina's knee is bad so she walks kind of like an old woman, though she is far from being an old woman, but neither of us is as lithe and limber as we once were. We're slow and steady up the hills; we don't rush past, marveling at even the smallest views. Gina and I still prefer trails to roads.

Though we ogle at China Cove, this time I don't go swimming; this time I don't even consider it, and not because my girth has a little more girth to it than it once did, but because the water is too cold and I don't have a towel.

We round bend after bend, startle at the abundant cormorant population. The wind picks up and pushes the fog away, and we get to see what had moments ago been hidden—waves cresting before falling and foaming at the shore. All those who are out singing today are not human.

Gina knew my mother, and very few people I spend time with these days can say that. She helps me put my present-day life into context because she knows so much of its past. There has never been a thing I couldn't talk to Gina about. No matter

how outlandish an idea might be, she never shoots me down; rather, mostly, she urges me on. On a sad day—and she has witnessed more than her fair share of mine—she doesn't offer me a tissue, she pulls me in so I can cry into her shoulder.

What's mostly different about walking together in nature now that we're in our late 50s is how much more of the outside world we notice. We stop to revel in the details, slow crawling bugs, unfurling leaves. So much more captivates us as it didn't before, when the particularities of our topsy-turvy lives commanded all our attention. Back then we were trying to figure out how to live, how to do life; we were learning what mattered and what didn't. Ah, hell, back then, every little thing mattered and we took all of it personally, each unintended slight that might have coincidentally befallen us. Now we see the forest and the trees.

Gina and I have been best friends since we claimed each other in high school—she was 17 and I was 16. We've loved each other through success and heartbreak, the birth of her daughter that I had the privilege of coaching, the deaths of our parents. We've walked a very lot of places together—the redwood forests above Santa Cruz, too many beaches to count, San Francisco, New York City, and Boston.

Though I'd happily walk anywhere in the world beside Gina, I'm particularly delighted we returned together to Point Lobos and China Cove, where the bluest blue is just as it was those long years ago. And, pretty much, we are too.

Old Friends, New Eyes originally appeared in the Monterey Herald, 11/1/15, and is reprinted here by permission of the author.

Patrice Vecchione is the author of several books, most recently *Step into Nature: Nurturing Imagination & Spirit in Everyday Life*, from Simon & Schuster/Beyond Words/Atria Books. In spring she'll lead a Step into Nature Writing Retreat in the Santa Barbara hills. About her work: patricevecchione.com

On the first of October a tree fell in the Point Lobos forest and it was HEARD, not only by the visitor who was pinned underneath, but also by environmental scientists, State Parks officials, docents, visitors, and so many others who care about our trees in Point Lobos. Thankfully, the visitor was not seriously injured. This incident, along with several assessments by California State Parks environmental scientists, focused attention and started a broader conversation about the health of our trees.

Not long ago, birders could point out birds they spotted by saying, “In the top of that dead tree.” Now the logical question follows: “Which dead tree?” They are everywhere. If you step back and look at the hills in the Reserve, much of what once was an evergreen horizon is now filled with naked, brown limbs of dead and dying trees.

After four years of serious drought, our shallow-rooted Monterey pines, both young and old, are exhibiting signs of pitch canker and wood-boring insect infestation in staggering numbers. Once a Monterey pine becomes stressed due to lack of water, its natural defense mechanisms weaken, making it more susceptible to fungal infections, such as *Fusarium circinatum* (better known as pitch canker), wood-boring beetles, etc. Pitch canker spores typically invade pines through wounds, some of which can be caused by boring beetles. The pitch or sap of a healthy Monterey pine is an abundant deterrent to boring beetles, but drought-stressed trees produce less sap and become easily invaded by beetles and the pitch canker fungus. Once the tree branches are girdled, brown tips develop indicating that water and nutrient circulation are being cut off to that area. Resin (pitch) accumulates at the site of infection and can flow several feet down infected branches or trunks. Beetles can carry the fungus to multiple parts of

the tree, often resulting in the death of that tree.

Point Lobos is home to one of only two remaining native Monterey cypress groves. Although rarer than the Monterey pine, our Monterey cypress has more natural defenses to drought, disease, and other adverse conditions. However, after four years of drought, even the Allan Memorial Grove is experiencing greater numbers of dead and dying trees. Insects are invading the cypress seed cones, reducing even further the likelihood of natural recruitment in an already endangered native population.

As an essential aspect of our Reserve, Point Lobos’ forests are typically managed as a self-sustaining ecosystem with natural decline and regeneration. Fallen trees are left as habitat for wildlife and other organisms. Tree removal is performed only under exceptional circumstances, as in the recent thinning in specific high density areas and for new trail construction. Trees are also removed when necessary to protect roadways and areas where humans linger for extended periods of time, such as parking lots, buildings, and picnic areas.

In keeping with State Parks’ mission to protect and preserve the natural resources of Point Lobos, several tree projects are now in the planning stages. Some will need funding to move forward. Surveys to assess the condition of all of the trees in the Reserve will be underway soon to use as a baseline of scientific data for future projects. Cypress seedlings are growing in the Asilomar greenhouse to supplement the natural reforestation of the endangered old-growth native stand in the Allan Memorial Grove. Healthy, vibrant Monterey pines that are currently thriving in the stressed forests are being identified as resistant specimens whose seeds and genetic material can be used to propagate seedlings for future forest restoration.

As we go forward, many large dead and dying

If a Tree Falls in



trees may pose a greater threat this winter, especially during and after storms with high winds. Expect more tree removals than usual and multiple closures for assessment and clean-up this winter. **GOOD NEWS:** If we get significant rainfall, some remaining trees may begin to regain their health and vigor, and therefore their natural defense mechanisms.

HERE'S WHAT YOU CAN DO RIGHT NOW TO HELP:

- **WALK MINDFULLY:** Be aware of your surroundings at all times. Listen for loud cracks as indicators of falling branches and tree failures that may impact your immediate path.
- **STEP LIGHTLY:** Avoid walking on our stressed trees' roots whenever possible.
- **STAY ON TRAILS:** All off-trail areas are protected habitat, sign or no sign. Every human footprint off-trail affects plants, wildlife, and other vital parts of the ecosystem in the Reserve. Don't add yours.
- **STAY ON THE GROUND:** No tree climbing for photo ops or otherwise.
- **DONATE TO THE POINT LOBOS FOUNDATION:** Help us fund research and restoration projects that will protect and preserve the future of the Reserve. An envelope is provided in the magazine for you to do just that. Donation boxes are located in the Reserve near the entrance kiosk, at the Whalers Cabin museum, at the Information Station in the Sea Lion Point parking lot, and at the MINT van. You can also make a donation anytime online at www.pointlobos.org.

SPECIAL THANKS to Steve Bachman, Senior Park & Recreation Specialist and Acting Senior Environmental Scientist at California State Parks, for his valuable input.



Downed tree on North Shore Trail. Photo by Trudy Reeves.



Evergreen? The bare limbs of dead Monterey pines on the tree horizon behind Whalers Cove. Photo by Tom Clifton.

the Forest...

by Trudy Reeves



Tom Clifton

NOTES FROM THE DOCENT LOG

compiled by Ruthann Donahue

Into the Woods
Mary Conway
9/15/2015

A lovely morning to open the Lace Lichen Trail officially! Community supporters and partners, trail crew members, docents and State Parks staff were on hand to celebrate all the physical and organizational labor that went into creating a wonderful path for visitors to walk from the entrance station out to Sea Lion Point. Inspiring!

Lace Lichen

The lichen casts its lacy net
to catch the passing fog,
a simple task well done and yet
it works without applause
—Fred Brown

Lace Lichen Trail

Haunted shadows fall
Strands of lichen densely draped
Dead branches live on
Do we also hang on to
A past that could be let go?
—Ann Muto

Gifts Given, Gifts Received
Celie Placzek
11/12/2015

Each time I pass Weston Beach and see little rock cairns, I think, “Ho-hum...folks doodling with stones again.” Sometimes I even find myself on the edge of feeling slightly irritated. That was until this afternoon when I did an about-face noticing two women on Weston Beach, each standing by her own pile of stones. I sat on the steps leading down to the beach and watched. They stood quietly and after a short while they turned and walked towards me. I asked, “Please tell me what you’ve been doing.” The taller woman offered, “Oh we’ve just been making rock sculptures. We do this in lots of places and after we finish our work, we say a prayer over it and offer it back to nature.” We talked briefly before they continued along the South Shore trail.

Pesky Wabbits
Trudy Reeves
9/25/2015

For safety reasons, we may need to start passing



Dave Evans



Tom Clifton

out bumper stickers in the Reserve that say, "I BRAKE FOR BRUSH RABBITS." They seem to be more and more prevalent these days. My most recent encounter with one was as I drove away from the Information Station the other day. A tiny adult brush rabbit sat at the edge of the new crosswalk leading from Lace Lichen Trail to Sea Lion Point. I knew that if I proceeded into the crosswalk, my car or the truck behind me might hit him, so I stopped and waited. Of course, as brush rabbits tend to do, he froze. Cars formed a line behind me, I stuck my arm out the window and pointed to the bunny, and we all waited. Eventually, Mr. Bunny must have decided that it was too dangerous that day to view the sea lions, so he scampered down Lace Lichen into the poison oak.

Frenzy at Weston

Tom Clifton

9/23/2015

Last Friday anchovies came into the shallows along the South Shore. With the anchovies came the birds: pelicans, gulls, cormorants, egrets, and terns. The greatest concentration of birds was in the cove at Weston Beach. There they put on a show. I haven't seen a display of gluttony, hoarding, intimidation, and outright thievery like it in years. The pelicans were scooping up as many fish as they could, while Heermann's gulls bullied their way in to steal as much as they could. The cormorants and egrets were generally avoiding the scrum. All the while, elegant terns wheeled in the air and made head-first dives into the water to get straggling fish. Summary—general mayhem on the water.

The Mouths of Babes
Robert Grace
10/11/2015

Friday's school walk kids were third graders from a public charter school in San Jose. From the minute we started toward the Allen Memorial Grove via the Lace Lichen Trail, I was pummeled with questions and observations. "Is this a National Park? Will we see bears? Will we see rabbits? We have skunks at our school. Are there mountain lions? What's that smell? I've never been in a real forest before. Are there sea gulls? Why do we call them sea gulls? Are you an American? Why can't we walk in front of you? Can we walk beside you? What's that red stuff on the trees? Has ten minutes gone by yet? Did they film 'The Scorch Trials' here? Will we see whales? Do otters hold hands? Do they use poison oak in warfare? Are there sharks? Will we see them?" After an hour and a half of non-stop questions, we returned to Piney Woods. I was worn out, but my students ran to the MINT van to further interrogate another docent. These kids are exactly the reason we like school walks so much, and we have so much to process afterwards!



Dave Evans



Don McDougall



Rain Glorious Rain
Celie Placzek
10/1/2015

As I arrived at the Reserve this morning, it looked like rain. And then, "Oh no," I exclaimed, "it is! It really is raining. It really is!!!" Not a huge deluge, but hey, it was RAINING real drops. My old plastic poncho was in my backpack, but never mind, I decided to leave it there and have a walk in the rain. I knew I wouldn't melt. Oh, it was glorious. The colors were vibrant. Along Cypress Grove trail, the buckwheat were nodding their dry little heads, the lichen were laughing, and the pines and cypress were smiling. What a morning! And I wasn't alone! Folks from Denmark were there at Pinnacle Point with umbrellas, and others as well from

Holland and Japan. They weren't going to melt, either. Instead, we all were there to enjoy a brilliantly beautiful morning at Point Lobos. I wanted to kneel down and kiss the earth. Thank you Mother Nature; thanks so much.

Not Olympics Ready
Deborah Ju
9/20/2015

I was walking the South Shore trail near Weston Beach yesterday and saw a dozen or so common murre in the water. Two came ashore in different places at different times. Their feet are gigantic in proportion to the rest of their body, as you can see from the photo. They waddle like a penguin on land. When they were at the water's edge ready to get back in, both dropped face-first into the water. It's a good thing they spend most of their time in the ocean, as they are very clumsy on land!



Ed Clifton

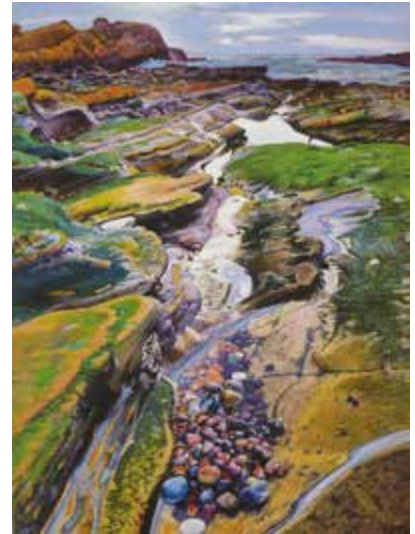
Dancing Lights Discovery
Ed Clifton
9/16/2015

I am always amazed when, after 50 years of prowling its shores and climbing over its rocks, I see something at the Reserve I had never seen before. Recently, I was watching the shore rocks at the north end of Weston Beach. The tide was in so there was not a lot of exposure in which to search for new trace fossils, etc. The waves were rushing up onto the rocks where I walked, splashing and leaving a myriad of tiny pools and little rivulets as the water returned to the sea. I suddenly became aware that these little pools and rivulets were glittering with a brilliant intense blue. It looked like the rocks were covered with little brilliant sapphires. When I removed my polarized sunglasses, the blue disappeared; the color was clearly an artifact of the polarization. A visitor passed by wearing sunglasses, and I asked her if they were polarized. She said, "Yes," so I told her to look at the water on the rocks after the next wave splashed up and she was able to share in the spectacular show. The accompanying photo taken by holding my sun glasses over the camera lens (talk about a poor man's polarizing filter!) gives a hint of what I saw, but doesn't match that incredible intense blue that lit up the rocks.



Give a gift that matters.

Make a difference by giving your loved ones a gift membership. All gift recipients of \$50 or more will receive a package of ten fine art note cards, along with a personalized gift card, invitations to special events, and a subscription to the quarterly Point Lobos magazine. Cards are printed on recycled paper with vegetable-based inks. Proceeds benefit Point Lobos State Natural Reserve. Personalize your gift for the holidays with your choice of a red, blue, or ivory ribbon. Order today at pointlobos.org.



Artists: Top row from left: Coraly Hanson, Mark Farina, Reid Woodward. Center row: top left, Judy Miller; bottom left, Miguel Dominguez; middle left, Bonnie Joy Sedlak; middle, Carolyn Lord; right, Jan Frank. Lower row from left: James McGrew; Laura Lindem. Complete artist information may be found online at pointlobos.org.

Memorials, Tributes, and Grants | August 1, 2015 – October 31, 2015

MEMORIALS

In memory of Kaptein Carl August
Albert and Lilli Miller

In memory of Wynn and Edna Bullock
Gene and Barbara Bullock-Wilson

In memory of Ed Huenerfauth
Cliff Sorensen
Kenny Fern and Kristin Sorensen

In memory of H. "Tom" Keyani
Edith Lassen
The Marjorie Luke Theater
Ann M. Peak
Fletcher S. Pratt
St. Clare Seifert
Dale Tetelman

In memory of Judd Perry
Judith and Bruce Cowan
Mary Lea Horton
Mark and Tata Levine

In memory of Leon "Jack" Pingel
Helen Pingel

In memory of Claire Reordan
Nancy Spear

In memory of Mary A. Williams
Dr. Ralph Williams, Jr.

In memory of Richard and Ruth Zirker
Daniel Zirker

GRANTS

Nancy Buck Ransom Foundation
for communications improvements

TRIBUTES

In honor of Mr. and Mrs. M.J. Hood
Suporn S. Hood

In celebration of Richard "Dick" Lehrberg
Elisabeth Greenberg

In honor of Mildred Riker
Cammy Torgrenrud

In honor of the anniversary of Marilyn and
Victor Wykoff
Cameron and Fran W. Wolfe, Jr.

SISTER ANNA VOSS FUND

Donations made to the Sister Anna Voss Memorial Fund, and the income generated by it, is restricted to the education and direct support of the Point Lobos Docent Program and the school education outreach programs.

Mary Lea Horton
Mark and Tata Levine
Stella Rabaut and Donald Williamson
Carl and Carol Voss





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Elizabeth Murray

**THE POINT LOBOS
FOUNDATION
ANNUAL MEMBERS MEETING**

Saturday, Jan. 9

Merrill Hall at Asilomar
Conference Grounds,
Pacific Grove, CA.

Social hour begins at 9 am
Program starts at 9:30 am.

Our special speaker this year will be Steve Palumbi, Director of Hopkins Marine Station, and most recently, co-author with his son Anthony of *The Extreme Life of the Sea*.

Attention Members: Please send your RSVP to tracy@pointlobos.org

UNDERWATER PARKS DAY

Saturday, Jan. 17, 11 am-2 pm

Whalers Cove, Point Lobos State
Natural Reserve

Learn about our Marine Protected Areas, visit with local coastal conservation groups, and get close-up-and-personal with marine invertebrates. Great for families!