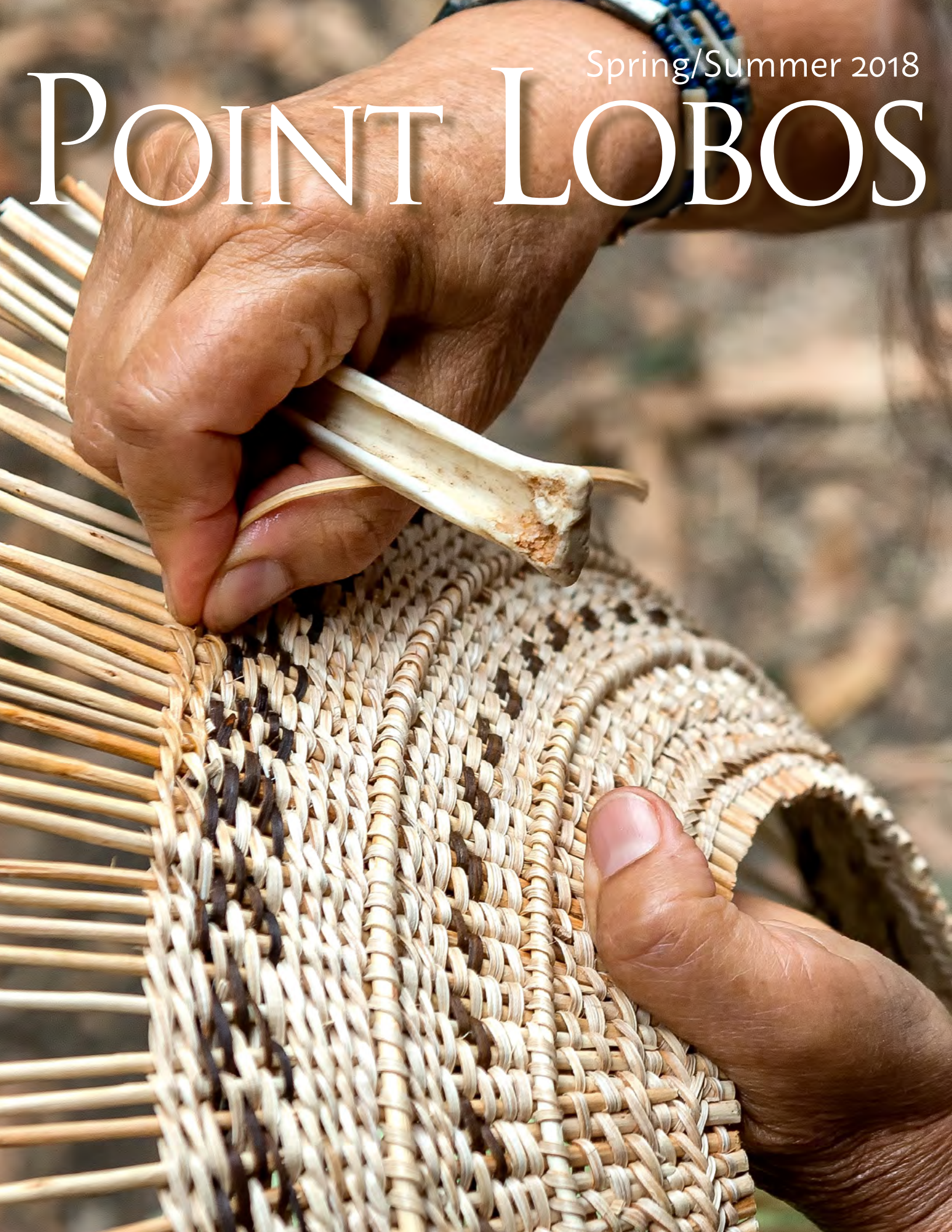


Spring/Summer 2018

POINT LOBOS





A team of State Parks staff, Point Lobos Docents and community volunteers take a much-needed break after restoring coastal bluff habitat along the South Shore.

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Front Cover

Linda Yamane weaves a twined work basket of local native plant materials. This bottomless basket sits on the rim of a shallow stone mortar, most often attached to the rim with tar. Photo: Neil Bennet.

Photo Spread, pages 10-11

Illustration of Rumsen life by Linda Yamane.

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*Our mission is to protect and nurture Point Lobos State Natural Reserve, to educate and inspire visitors to preserve its unique natural and cultural resources, and to strengthen the network of Carmel Area State Parks. **pointlobos.org***
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President's message

by Kit Armstrong

2018 marks the 40th anniversary of the Point Lobos Foundation. Jim Fife and Bob Culbertson, both State Park Rangers at Point Lobos, established the organization — then called the Point Lobos Natural History Association — in 1978.

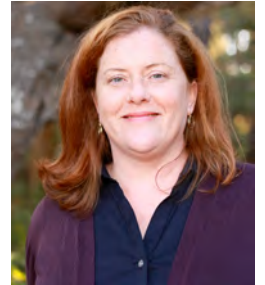
At that time, the board of directors was comprised mostly of rangers and their spouses with a few frequent visitors from the local community. Community members included Pat Hughes and Ferd Ruth, both local teachers who had brought classes to Point Lobos for many years, and Fran Ciesla, who was recognized for her knowledge of natural history and for her artistic drawings of flora and fauna. There was \$2,736.93 in the treasury.

Those funds were used to develop and expand interpretive materials and to form a docent organization. Jud Vandevere, a local teacher, environmentalist and past summer naturalist at Point Lobos, offered the first class for 20 prospective docents in 1981.

A lot has changed since then. The docent organization now includes 210 active volunteers on the ground 365 days of the year, adding to the experience for visitors. The number of people visiting Point Lobos has grown exponentially, and with that, a new and complex set of challenges in stewardship of the Reserve. And the Point Lobos Foundation is now contributing hundreds of thousands of dollars each year to preserve and protect Point Lobos, thanks to your commitment and generosity.

This year, the foundation will support California State Parks and the Reserve by providing \$77,000 of funding for trail improvements, \$143,000 for volunteer docent program and school program support, \$207,000 for natural resource protection including habitat restoration and research, \$90,000 for regional work to benefit Point Lobos and \$85,000 for park maintenance and educational programs like Summer Adventures, PORTS, Junior Rangers.

We also made a great leap forward in hiring the foundation's first executive director. Anna Patterson has been with the organization since 2012, raising almost \$2.5 million and overseeing tremendous growth in the breadth of support and services provided to our community. She brings 17 years of experience working within leadership teams for nonprofits and currently serves on the board of the California League of Park Associations.



As we look back on the accomplishments and growth over the past 40 years — a small blip in time, really — it feels important to look back even further: to the unique cultural history and heritage that is embodied in Point Lobos and the surrounding areas. We are just one, incredibly small, part of a much longer story.

This special issue touches on that rich cultural history, and we thank each of the contributing authors. We also thank each of you for your ongoing dedication.

Kit Armstrong



Above left: Kit Armstrong, President of the Point Lobos Foundation and dedicated Point Lobos docent. Above right: Anna Patterson, Executive Director. Left: Restoration Ecologist Julia Fields working with a team of docent and community volunteers to remove invasive french broom from Hudson Meadow..

A woman with long grey hair and glasses is paddling a traditional woven reed boat on a calm body of water. The boat is made of bundled reeds and has a pointed prow and stern. She is wearing a dark long-sleeved shirt and a lanyard with several small white tags. The background shows large, dark, mossy rocks in the water under a bright sky.

In their footsteps

Part of the
Reserve's beauty
dwells in its ancient
human past

by Linda Yamane

It's no secret that Point Lobos is a place of spectacular natural beauty, where land meets sea and plant and animal species abound. But it is also a rich cultural landscape steeped in ancient human history, the evidence embedded in the soil of every inspiring meadow, trail, rocky cliff and hillside.

What was life like for the native peoples of Point Lobos? Who were they? How did they live? These are questions dear to my heart, and I have spent decades researching the answers — for some of these people were my ancestors.

No one knows how long my Rumsen ancestors had been living here when the Spanish began settling the area in 1770. There is evidence of local human activity dating as far back as 10,000 years, but I don't know if those earlier people were genetically related to my Rumsen community (also called Rumsien). The term refers not only to the tribal entity described here but also to the Ohlone (formerly called Costanoan) language spoken by them and some of their neighbors.

One theory suggests that the Esselen, also indigenous to Monterey County, were an earlier wave of people who were later pushed inland and that these older sites are theirs. I don't have

enough evidence to support or reject this theory, but we do know that the Rumsen and Esselen have entirely different linguistic origins. It is the Rumsen people, who controlled the Monterey Peninsula, lower Carmel River valley and Carmel Bay environs in 1770, whose lives I offer some brief insights into on these pages.

It was spring of 1770 when Portolá and his men made their well-known second visit to Monterey and Carmel Bay, this time recognizing the port they had searched for several months earlier. At the mouth of San José Creek, they were greeted by a large group of unarmed native men. About 40 of them came forward, offering baskets of toasted seed meal and some feather-tipped rods. Their leader walked ahead of the others, his body

At left: Linda paddles a tule boat she created for the Monterey Bay Aquarium's "Turning the Tide" summer deck program. Photo by Tim Thomas. At right: Rumsen villages in and around the mouth of Carmel Bay. Illustration by Linda Yamane.



Pronunciation Guide

Achista: AH-chees-tah

Rumsen: ROOM-sen

Tucutnut: TOO-koot-noot

Echilat: ECH-ee-lot

Rumsien: ROOMS-yen

yaayariwx: YAH-yah-reewh

Esselen: ES-seh-len

Shokronta: SHO-krone-tah

Yohenes: YO-hen-es

Ishxenta: EESH-hen-tah

Tatlun: TAT-loon

painted a shiny black. Surely this was the Rumsen captain, Tatlun.

Tatlun was about 45 years old and had likely been *yaayariwx* (tribal leader) for some 20 years or so. A hereditary position, he would have become leader of this multi-village tribal group at the death or disability of his father. He was responsible for the well-being of roughly 500 people, who at various times inhabited five permanent villages and several seasonal work encampments. The five Rumsen villages were Ishxenta, Tucutnut, Achista, Echilat and Shokronta. Each village was more like a broad district than a dense population center, and Point Lobos was part of Ishxenta.

When Tatlun was baptized in 1775, he and his family were living at Ishxenta. But a year earlier, when three of his children were baptized, the family was living at Tucutnut, located near the confluence of Potrero Creek and Carmel River.

As captain, Tatlun would have led his men in battle, been exceptionally skilled with a bow, and supplied certain tools, weapons and ceremonial regalia for his community. He encouraged his people, settled disputes, hosted community events and assured that ample food was stored for emergencies and celebrations. He was highly respected and trusted and at times wore a rabbit fur cloak to distinguish his rank.

Tatlun's wife, Yohenes, had special status as well, but with it came additional responsibility. Throughout the year villagers contributed a portion of their harvests, and Yohenes would likely have overseen the safe storage of this community food bank.

For special feasts and celebrations, she and other women would have filled baskets with foods such as cooked acorn, roasted seeds and seed cakes, bulbs, fresh greens, mussels, and roasted rabbit, squirrel or sea birds. Wild game was slow-cooked in earth ovens. If in season, steelhead were speared by fishermen in the rivers and placed around cooking fires, adding their aroma to the festive atmosphere. These occasions included storytelling, games of chance, song and dance, with dancers dressed in elaborate regalia specialized for each type of dance.

Today, Ishxenta still has massive deposits of dark, ashy soil and rocks from past cooking fires and roasting pits. Acres of this soil glitter with bits of abalone shells, pried from the rocks in huge numbers with whale rib tools. These iridescent abalone shells were valued for their jewel-like beauty. They were patiently shaped and drilled to form pendants, or attached with tar as surface ornamentation.

Through trade, abalone shells made their way throughout California and beyond. Mussel shells, too, are abundant in the soil. Besides containing an important food, the mussels' sturdy shells were carved into crescent shaped fishhooks.

Imagine living at Ishxenta. Here, surrounded by nature's beauty, were marine and fresh water food sources that kept the Rumsen people well-nourished and thriving. In numbers unimaginable today were nesting sea birds, runs of schooling fish, and noisy seals and sea lions. Seaweed was harvested and dried, salt was harvested and the nearby Carmel River lagoon drew additional life to its shores.

For myself, and for others descended from the area's indigenous peoples, these places are more than just pleasing to the eye — they are part of our souls, inspiring us to remember the past but also to carry on for the future. I now dig roots and harvest willow sticks for my baskets, make feathered dancing capes, boats of bundled tules and elaborate feathered ear ornaments, and incorporate Rumsen language and stories into my everyday life. These things keep the beauty of the past alive, nourishing not only our own community, but the world around us.



Linda Yamane, who lives in Seaside, is a tribal historian and artist specializing in basketry, boat-making, ceremonial regalia and other Ohlone traditional arts. Her baskets are in collections of the Oakland Museum of California, San Francisco Presidio Officers Club and Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History.

Shell of ages

The history of Point Lobos
is written in abalone
'pavements'

by Rae Schwaderer

Aulun is the Rumsen word for abalone. A gift from the sea, it has played a vital role in the lives of the Rumsen and their predecessors. Aulun was valuable as a source of food and for its extraordinary shell which served a variety of practical and ceremonial purposes.

People have lived in the Monterey area for at least 10,000 years, maybe longer. Some of the oldest dated settlements lie across Carmel Bay from Point Lobos at Carmel Point. In spite of all that Point Lobos has to offer, it does not appear that people visited the Point in great enough numbers to leave an archaeological signature until about 2,000 or so years ago.

We don't know who these first Point Lobos visitors were or what they called themselves. There is some evidence that they may have been the ancestors of today's Esselen. We do know that at the time of European contact, the people living in the Monterey area were the Rumsen, who were very different ethnically and linguistically from their Essalen neighbors.

From archaeological evidence, we can surmise that early on families and small groups of people would go to Point Lobos to gather shellfish and seaweed, do some fishing and maybe hunt seabirds or a marine mammal. They may have collected seeds there and ground them into meal, and perhaps extracted small cobbles from the Carmelo conglomerate for tool-making. Abalone were taken in small numbers but mussels were clearly preferred.

The abalone would be pried from the intertidal rocks using pry bars made of bone or wood. Black abalone was probably gathered at low tide, but it was necessary to dive for the favored, deeper-dwelling red abalones. Auditory extostosis or "surfer's ear," caused by prolonged exposure to cold water and wind, has been noted in human remains — both male and female — recovered



Abalone pavement at Point Lobos (MNT-217). Photo by Far Western Anthropological Research Group.

from some coastal sites.

On the bluffs above the rocks where the abalone were collected, some of the meat would be roasted or steamed for immediate consumption and the remainder would be removed from the shell and dried to preserve it before carrying it back to the main village. At that time, there were large villages at San Jose Creek, Carmel Point and at several locations along the Monterey Peninsula coastline.

While most of the abalone shells were left at the processing site, a few were probably brought home for general household use. Whole shells were used for shovels, scoops and, after plugging the holes along the edges with asphaltum, as bowls or containers.

Asphaltum, a natural form of asphalt from offshore oil seeps, was collected when it washed up on beaches and rocks. Sometimes mixed with other materials like pine pitch, it was used as an adhesive to fasten fishhooks to line, to haft projectile points to arrow shafts and knife blades to handles, to attach basket hoppers to stone mortars and to apply shell beads and ornaments to various ceremonial objects. There is a natural oil seep

about a mile offshore from Weston Beach and asphaltum may be one of the many products collected at Point Lobos during regular forays to the coast.

The iridescent nacre of the abalone shell was especially valued for making pendants, beads and sequins, which were used as personal adornment and in ceremonial regalia. More than just dazzling pieces of jewelry, abalone shell ornaments served as indicators of wealth and personal status. Even today, the abalone shell serves as an enduring symbol of cultural identity and of sacred ceremony to many Californian Indian people. The brilliant shell of the red abalone was particularly desirable among trading partners throughout the Great Basin, the Southwest and the Pacific Northwest.

Around 700 years ago, a major shift occurred – at Point Lobos and all over the greater Monterey coastal area. The large coastal villages were abandoned and people moved their villages inland to the Carmel Valley. They continued to make frequent trips to the coast, but the central focus of these visits had shifted to abalone.

Prior to this time we saw a more generalized economy with more of an emphasis on mussels. At coastal sites dating to the last 700 years we find evidence of collecting and processing abalone and very little else. The intense focus on abalone resulted in massive layers of abalone shells up to 12 inches thick or more, forming what has come to be known as “abalone pavements.”

These abalone-rich gathering/processing sites litter the coastline from Point Lobos to Point Pinos and around the southwest side of the bay to Fisherman’s Wharf and include most of the middens at Point Lobos. Lying just underground, the “pavements” sometimes begin to surface in trails after a rainfall. Unfortunately, they are quickly crushed by foot traffic, leaving only a faint glitter in the rich black midden soil.

Why did people move inland and why the sudden focus on abalone? Researchers have looked at environmental factors, such as a change in the ecological balance of abalone and their main predators or changes in sea surface temperatures that might have caused a sudden profusion of abalone.

They’ve also looked at social factors. Was there an influx of new people utilizing the coast? Did population pressures trigger this sudden emphasis on abalone, or did outside demand for abalone elevate its importance as a trade item? These are questions archaeologists are asking and the sites at Point Lobos may hold some of the answers.



Rae Schwaderer is the associate archaeologist for California State Parks based in Monterey. She holds a master’s degree in cultural resources management from Sonoma State University and has been studying California native people and protecting archaeological resources for more than 40 years. Her email is Rae.Schwaderer@parks.ca.gov.



Incised abalone shell disk, front, from Carmel Highlands. Photo by Linda Yamane.



Same disk, back side, with asphaltum remnants. Photo by Linda Yamane.

‘iim ‘aa ‘ishxenta, makk rukk

Always it is Ishxenta, our home

by Louis Trevino

The boundless beauty of Point Lobos is world-renowned and undeniable. The rocky shores demonstrate the endless possibilities of natural beauty where stone and sea meet; life abounds from the woodlands to the tide pools, and the canyons inland have protected fields of native wildflowers that perfume the air in spring.

Point Lobos is truly a treasure. It draws the admiration of countless visitors each year and inspires a love of nature in many. This is the same Point Lobos that my ancestors called, and that we Rumsen people today call, Ishxenta; the abundance of wildlife must have provided for an abundance of human life and cultural expression at Ishxenta.

The love that I feel for Ishxenta comes from my people who were there and who knew it intimately, and the connection I feel for that place transcends the natural. Our Rumsen community knows Ishxenta as part of our ancestral home, our home forever.

Today, our Rumsen people — estimated to be several thousand — live largely in a diaspora, from Sacramento to Los Angeles and elsewhere, though many families have remained in the Monterey area since the ancient times. This diaspora is a direct result of the colonization of our homeland by the Spanish, Mexican and American occupation of our places. For my family, this has meant our absence from that place for several generations. Other aspects of our culture also underwent decline as a result of that colonization experience, including our language, food and arts, over those several generations.

And yet, within the last generation, reconnection with our homeland and all aspects of our culture has been a relatively quick process. This hasn't happened without much sacrifice and hard work on the part of our people from before and our people today, however. In the early 20th century, when the last members of our community with deep knowledge of our cultural specifics were still living, they spent countless hours being recorded by anthropologists.

The most prevalent of these people was Isabel Meadows, who in the 1930s spent the last five years of her life working closely with linguist

John P. Harrington to record as much as she could remember — of our language, stories, songs, foods, personal histories and more. Today our people listen to song recordings from 1902 recorded by Viviana Soto and Jacinta Gonzalez to learn to sing them. We examine the words of Isabel Meadows and cross-reference them with earlier written recordings to have a thoroughly contextualized understanding of our language and stories. And then, we put these bits of information into practice; added up, these constitute the Rumsen way of life.

This is a long and complex process, and yet my people have undertaken it with great passion. Our words are again spoken, through decades of research by several community members; our utilitarian, ornamental and ceremonial baskets are again woven; our foods are again eaten; our regalia is being made and worn at special times; our old paths are again walked by us and our places are again called by their proper names. I believe the passionate drive to revitalize our Rumsen way of life is rooted in love — our love for our people from before, and for our homeland.

Our Rumsen language has gone unspoken for several generations, though that varies between families. There is just one person I know of in my extended family who heard our language when she was a little girl, and her name is Gloria Castro. She is my great-grandfather's first cousin, and she is in her 80s. It was her mother and grandparents she heard speaking Rumsen.

She herself was not allowed to learn our language, because those older generations were afraid that their Indian identity would mean their extermination by outsiders. For my family, existential fear caused the decline of language and culture. Today





Illustration by Linda Yamane.

Continued from Page 9

we are reversing that loss. Through careful research and practice, we can use language in daily life again.

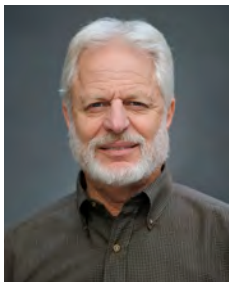
Today I greet Gloria in Rumsen, and she responds in our language, and she always wants to learn more. She has told me that today we have the opportunity and the obligation to learn as much as we can, and to do as much as we can, of those old ways. Because we no longer live with fear, we must do these things for those who did – and so we do.

Our language documentation also teaches us the names of the places within our Rumsen homeland. In the case of Point Lobos, Isabel Meadows

clearly identifies the place name as Ishxenta – the same Ishxenta our people lived at long before the Spanish arrived. And so, with the love we share with our people from before for that place, and the obligation to call our places by their rightful and ancient names, we call Point Lobos by its oldest and truest name – Ishxenta.

Louis Trevino is a Rumsen Ohlone community member active in the cultural revitalization efforts of his people. He longs for a full and holistic revitalization of the lifeways of his ancestors, including language, story, song, art, food and every other aspect of traditional Rumsen Ohlone culture. With his partner, Vincent Medina (Chochenyo Ohlone), Louis has co-founded the organization mak-'amham which works to decolonize his people's diet and promote traditional Ohlone foods within their families, as well as to educate the public about Ohlone cuisine and identity. You can learn more about mak-'amham at <https://www.makamham.com> or contact Louis at louis@makamham.com. Photo below by Vincent Medina.





Native plants and their uses

by Chuck Bancroft

When I first came to Point Lobos in January 1981, I was lucky to study with and learn from Sister Anna Voss and Helen Lind. They were two of the new docents in the fledgling volunteer group started by Ranger Rod Parsons.

Sister Anna lived at the House of Prayer next to the Carmel Monastery. A Ph.D. in biology, she taught at Sacred Heart High School in Salinas. Sister Anna and Helen were teaching the new volunteers about all things Point Lobos.

In 1982 Helen and I took the knowledge that we had learned and created a flyer on the medicinal and food uses of native plants that would have been familiar to the original inhabitants of the Reserve. The flyer was revised in 2000 and is likely to be again. With the creation of Art Muto's "Wildflowers of Point Lobos State Reserve", published by the Point Lobos Foundation in 2008, visitors can easily look for the great variety of flowering plants in the Reserve.

So many different plants can't possibly be covered in one brief article. Learning about native plants, or birds or mammals, is a lifetime experience. Enjoy the journey. I'm going to cover a few of the easiest to observe specimens but please remember... do not collect, remove or disturb any natural objects in the Reserve. Take away photographs and good memories only. Leave only your footprints.

Chuck Bancroft spent 31 of his 35-year career as a State Parks Ranger at Point Lobos. These days, photography, nature walks and programs for members of the Point Lobos Foundation keep him busy. All images in this article by Chuck Bancroft.



Mugwort (*Artemisia douglasiana*)

A perennial herb found throughout California that prefers growing in sun or partial shade and likes occasional moisture year round. Teas were made from leaves to get rid of parasitic worms, to treat colds and poison oak, and to make hair healthy. Seeds were ground up and mixed with other ground seeds to make cakes. Leaves were used to repel insects in food storage containers



Common yarrow (*Achillea millefolium*)

After harvesting and drying, a handful of dried material was boiled in water and drunk for run-down conditions and indigestion. The leaves were used as a poultice for rashes. Tea made from the leaves was drunk as a medicine.



Monkey flower (*Diplacus aurantiacus*)

Young stems and leaves were used as salad greens. Crushed leaves were placed on sores and were especially effective on rope burns.



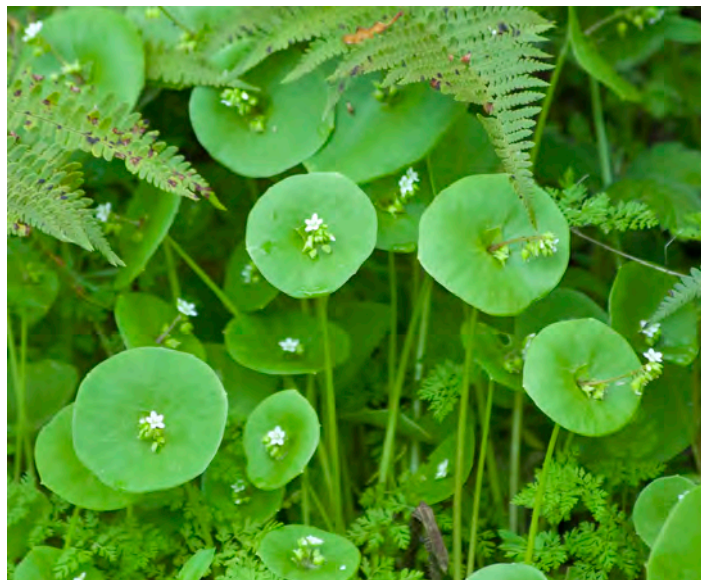
Yerba buena (*Satureja douglasii*)

It has long been used as medicine among many native people up and down the West Coast, and has been used for colds, fever, digestive complaints, relaxation and even as an aphrodisiac! Yerba Buena means good herb in Spanish and until 1847 was the name of San Francisco.



California wood mint (*Stachys bullata*)

An important medicinal plant. Its most common use was as a topical (skin) disinfectant. Leaves and stems were soaked or steeped in hot water to create an infusion; when cool, this could be used to clean skin sores, wounds, cuts and boils. Heated leaves and stems can also be pounded and ground to create a warm poultice applied to boils. A tea can be used as a gargle for sore throat; it was also traditionally drunk to treat stomach aches.



Miner's lettuce (*Claytonia perfoliata*)

The leaves are soft and tender, resembling fresh spinach. It was eaten raw or cooked; a tea made of the leaves was used as a mild laxative or diuretic, or as an "invigorating spring tonic." Like other highly nutritious salad greens, the plant is rich in Vitamin C. During the Gold Rush era, it was an important way for the miners in California to avoid developing scurvy, a serious disease caused by a deficiency of that vitamin.

From the editor

Humor helps docents do their jobs

by Reg Henry

Far Side creator Gary Larson once did a cartoon of a white-bearded and white-robed Almighty wearing a chef's hat in the heavenly kitchen as he seasons the pre-cooked Earth placed like a pudding in a baking pan. The deity is sprinkling the planet with a spice shaker labeled Jerks – doing this, as the cartoon thought balloon declares, “just to make it interesting...”

While the cartoon's depiction of creation is perhaps not entirely accurate, a great truth nevertheless lurks in this whimsical cartoon. Jerks are sprinkled everywhere in the human race. And they do make life interesting, not to mention irritating.

My own theory of jerks is that people are divided into a number of categories. Friendly and obliging folks are in the clear majority – maybe 75 percent of the population, with varying degrees of amiability within this group, ranging from the super nice to the quite nice, depending on the situation.

Another 15 percent can be jerks if they are in the mood to be cranky but generally they behave themselves, unless they are involved in politics, an activity much given to jerkdom.

That leaves us with 10 percent. They are the hardcore cohort of jerks, never missing any opportunity to be mean and miserable. You may have your own proportions for these numbers, as subjectivity rules.

But I think we can all agree that, whatever your jerk-incidence estimate, the numbers plummet when we are talking about Point Lobos.

We have wild animals in the Reserve but wild people not so much. In my two years of being a docent, I can count on the fingers of one hand the number of real jerks I have met. I bet they are less than 1 percent of the people who come here. Why is that?

My theory is that a process of self-selection is at work. People don't choose to go to a nature reserve to get into an argument with a seal, squirrel or anybody else. The natural beauty of Point Lobos also acts as a sedative on baser emotions. In fact, far from being jerks, many visitors are not only friendly but also smart.

However, the planet being what it is, the heavenly creation has not sprinkled intelligence evenly. I must tread carefully here, as I do not want to suggest that some visitors are dumb. The charitable view is that a few visitors sometimes have lapses in concentration.

Like the guy I met on a trail watch whom I told to watch out for whales. “You mean ... out in the ocean?” “Yes,” I said, trying not to sound too arch, “the ocean is where they usually are.” And the visitors who asked a docent colleague, “What time do the sea otters come out?” Even now I think of the sea otters looking at their waterproof watches and I smile.

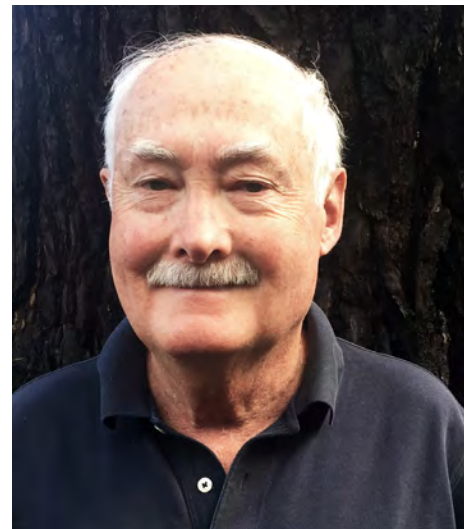
And how about the visitor who drove his car up the trail toward Cypress Grove thinking it was the road? Apparently, where he comes from, the roads are very narrow.

Every docent has a funny story to tell. My favorite happened at the Information Station. Four young people from another country – three guys and a girl, probably in their 20's and college students – wanted to borrow binoculars. They were told that they had to leave their car keys as a surety. They agreed and the swap was made.

But they hadn't gotten out of the parking lot when they had second thoughts. They came back and asked if they could have their car keys back and leave the girl instead (all the while she kept silent). No, we had to explain, in our culture human hostages are frowned upon.

Yes, Point Lobos is largely jerk and idiot free, but all docents must have a sense of humor.

Reg Henry is editor of the Point Lobos Magazine. His e-mail address is regwriter43@gmail.com.





Notes from the docent log

Compiled by Ruthann Donahue

My wild heart finds peace
in this place of
complex design
Jagged stones
disappear into the broad flat plane of the ocean
where pelicans, cormorants and seals
adorn the farthest reaching boulders

Sage and ceanothus heal my lungs
my skin, salty with spray
eyes move from spout to spinnaker
as the pregnant whales
head south
tracing the curve of the
planet as they go

A Bewick's wren darts into my vision
A tiny creature next to
such massive magnificence
Small and yet able to move the scale
to balance this land of extremes
As the pendulum of my perception slows

I drop human pretense and become
a speck in time.
A fossil within my own bones.

Lauren Banner, 2/10/2018

At right: Young native bunch grasses fill in an unofficial trail along the South Shore. With the help of generous donors, California State Parks, Point Lobos Foundation, Rana Creek Restoration, docent and community volunteers, more than 16,000 native plants were reintroduced last winter. As they grow, these plants will help define trail boundaries, reduce erosion and improve habitat along Point Lobos' South Shore. Photo: Point Lobos Foundation.

A year ago when I first heard about restoring the South Shore vegetation, I wondered how this could happen given so many hurdles that this project would inevitably face. Fast forward to last week when I came upon dozens of tiny healthy green plants near Weston Beach. They are alive and well right where dozens of docents had carefully planted them months earlier. I felt overwhelmed. It was like seeing my children growing up and at last out in the world on their own. This project has been a journey led by the most incredibly talented, smart, patient, hardworking people with a vision that started even before volunteers were gathering seeds last fall. Thank you all for your hard work and your vision.

Celie Plazcek, 2/8/2018





Nesting Great Blue Heron. Photo: Dave Evans.

Yesterday, I was leading a guided walk at Whalers Cove when we made it around to the Pit. Just as I was pointing out a blue heron standing on a log floating in the middle of the kelp, the heron snatched a fish out of the water. I don't think any of us, especially the heron, expected quite such a large fish. The heron fell off the log, flapped its wings for 30-60 seconds before regaining its balance, while I tried to both entertain the visitors and also grab my camera while seeing a sight I had never seen before. The fish was quite large and clearly the heron had met a challenge.

But it was up to the challenge! The heron originally grabbed the fish by the tail, but by the time I had my camera unpacked from my bag (about a minute I would guess), the heron had regained its balance on the log and had turned the fish around, taking it head-first into its mouth. None of us could quite believe that the heron would be capable of swallowing the large fish, but we were underestimating the power of nature and the heron's ability to adjust. Taking about 5-8 minutes in the process, the heron managed to get the fish oriented and started to try to swallow it -- which it did. Amazing sight. After 15 minutes, we decided the heron was probably going to spend the next 60 minutes or more getting adjusted to its additional body weight.

Outstanding! I love this stuff!

Peter Fletcher, 12/1/2017

Of 11 visitors who approached me on the trail with questions this morning, nine wanted to know if I had seen any whales. Well, yes -- at least their spouting, far out to sea. But for immediacy and charm, isn't it hard to beat birds? A pair of dapper Juncos patiently gleaning the trail; patterned quail whirring by, settling, then clucking; a busy gang of Bushtits working the scrub; and a lovely Hermit Thrush, intently eyeing me in silence. Finally, a Red-shouldered Hawk methodically transforming rodent into yet more bird.

Rick Pettit, 2/14/2018

Today while doing my Information Station shift, two precocious kids approached me questioning the skulls displayed. When I came to the deer skull, their eyes widened when I said it was found in the Reserve by a visitor. I said we were really happy that they found it, told us about it, and we retrieved it. They asked if they found something would they get a reward? Little did I suspect what would happen the next hour! Grandpa "Paul," Dad Steve and Docent Paul, along with my young explorers went out on the Cypress Grove Trail to discover something to recover. Soon they pointed out something 4 inches off trail. I laughed and thought I was going to pick a conglomerate pebble but it was an egg! Looked like a Canada Goose egg!

The kids were so excited to make a find -- and I did say they would get a reward for their find? -- so I allowed them to pick out the postcards they would like to take home.

They left with eyes the size of silver dollars and said that they want to grow up to be an "explorer ranger" like me, but the little lady said, of course, without a mustache. We all laughed until tears came to our eyes. Grandpa dropped a donation into the box and they thanked us all for being at the Reserve and making their experience the best ever!

Paul Reps, 1/15/2018

Acknowledgements

Memorials, tributes and grants

October 21, 2017 - April 20th, 2018

MEMORIALS

In memory of Irma Bombeck
William Bombeck

In memory of Albert Curt Bowman
Barbara Oyama

In memory of Laurel Bixler Fosness
Nancy Gallagher

In memory of Mitzi Francis
Dean Francis

In memory of Jerry Irwin Hoffman
Ann Donaldson
Judith and Samuel Musa

In memory of G. Edward Huenerfauth
Lillian Huenerfauth

In memory of Richard Irmas
Joanne Irmas

In memory of Katie Jahns
Matt Nellans

In memory of H. "Tom" Keyani
Barbara Keyani

In memory of Sheila Lillian Krieger
Robyn Krieger

In memory of Ernest A. Lassen
Edith Lassen

In memory of Dick Lehrberg
Catherine Lehrberg

In memory of Jennifer McNamara
Jacqueline McNamara

In memory of Carrie Mehdi
Carrie Mehdi Foundation

In memory of Lynne Miles
Susan and Jim Greene

In memory of Don Patton
Gari and Sarah Patton

In memory of Kim Pengel
Martha Klein Larsen and Joachim Pengel

In memory of Donna Perkins
Claudine Perkins

In memory of James and Evelyn Phegley
Linda and Patrick Phegley

In memory of Margaret Mary Raeburn
Howard Allen Hadley

In memory of Danny Ramjit
Amanda D. Gossai

In memory of Kerry Landreth Reed
Bill and Jeane Landreth
Diana Gail Searce

In memory of Claire Reordan
Nancy Spear

In memory of Shirley Rosenberg
Saul Rosenberg

In memory of Kathy Balch Simmons
Deborah Herman
Chris and Karen Wagner

In memory of Ruth Taylor Swan
Drs. Stephen and Carolyn Mack

In memory of Louis and Eugenia Van Tyle
Scott Van Tyle

In memory of Sister Anna Voss
Henry Imwalle

In memory of Ruth Vurek
Jerry Vurek

In memory of Harold Wilensky
Mary R. Sharman

In memory of Doug Winans
Catherine Winans

In memory of Carol Fulton Yeates
John William Yeates

TRIBUTES

In celebration of the Chinese Fishing
Village Ancestors
Randy and Geraldine Low-Sabado

In honor of Fernando Elizondo
Tara Clark

In honor of Eliza Garcia
Martha Craig

In honor of Hope and Sandy Hale
Sarah Godfrey

In honor of John and Monica Hudson
Frank Kocher

In honor of Katherine and Caroline Brecken
and Amara Kirkpatrick
Clifton and Diane Kirkpatrick

For the birthday of Gregg Margossian
Stephanie Margossian

In honor of Sharon Markham
Patrick J. Timmons

In honor of Dee Myers
Spencer Myers

In honor of Diana Nichols
Gray Norton

In honor of Vicki Odello
Community Hospital Recovery Center
Alumni

In honor of Celie Placzek and Stella Rabaut
Roger and Jeane Samuelsen

In honor of Jean K. Reilly
Annis and Nick Kukulan

In honor of Walter Russakoff
Cornelius Weinrich

In honor of Louise Stuart
Jan Klinefelter

In honor of May Waldroup
Anna Beck

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.

Robert Almassy
Linda Bell
Maryann Capriola
Diane Diggins
John Thomas Drum



In 2018, the Point Lobos Foundation is funding the continuation of a study of the reproductive success of the Black Oystercatcher within Point Lobos. The project is coordinated by Audubon California in partnership with the US Fish and Wildlife Service and in conjunction with the US Bureau of Land Management's California Coastal National Monument (CCNM). The project includes collaboration with CA State Parks and the Pacific Grove Museum of Natural History. Photo, Don McDougall.

Sister Anna Voss Fund, continued

Fernando Robert Elizondo

Kim Fraser

Gael Gallagher

Priscilla Gilbertson

Terry Kosaka

Gregg Margossian

Sharon Perry

Celie Placzek

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Peggy and Charles Winston

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In memory of Martha Imwalle

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In memory of Lillian McKenzie

Carl and Carol Voss

In honor of Sharon Russell

Phillip Butler and Barbara Baldock

In honor of Jeff Johnson and Sharyn Siebert

Gordana Stjepanovic and Michael Phelps

GRANTS

Marcia F. DeVoe Fund of the Community

Foundation for Monterey County

for habitat restoration

Jesse Thompson and Alice Glasser

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Leo and Maud von Graffenried

for habitat restoration

Richard Grand Foundation

for continued natural resources research, trails and habitat restoration

William and Jeanne Landreth

for habitat restoration

Terry Layne Fund of the Community

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Philanthropy Funds

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Monterey Peninsula Foundation

for habitat restoration

Neidel Family Fund of the Community

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for trail maintenance and improvements

Rand Sparling and Adrienne Maisel

to support natural resources work

Evelyn Torres Fund of the Community

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Across

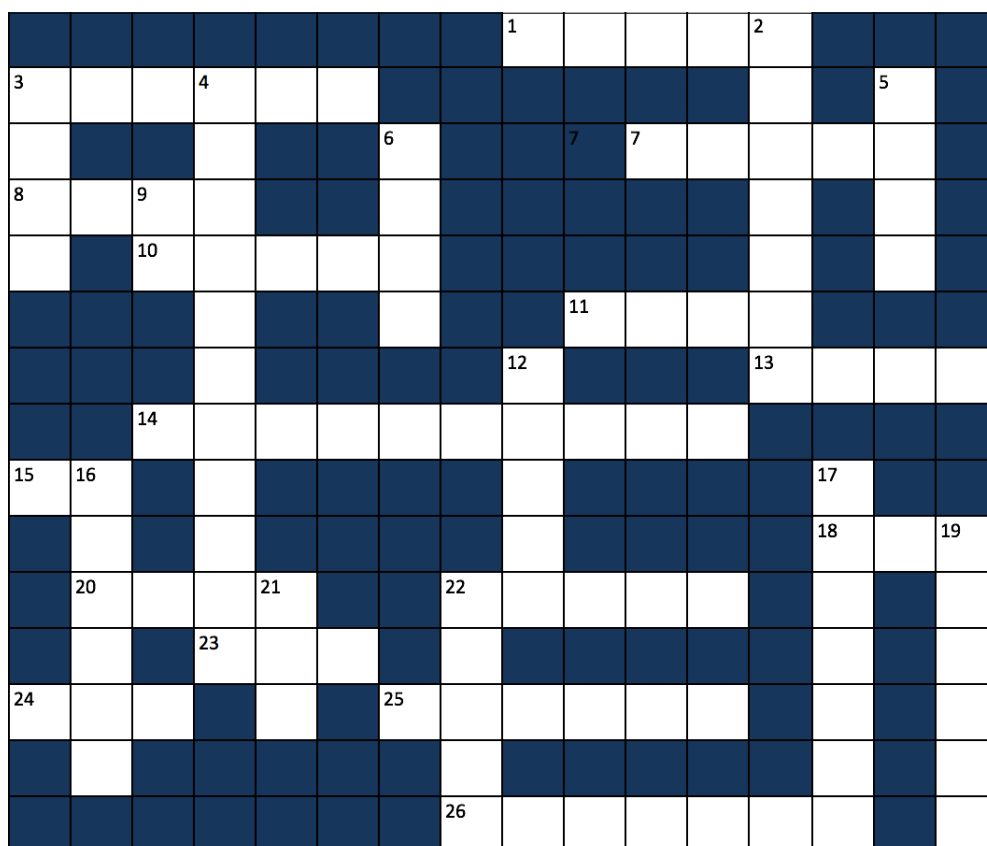
- 1 What we hike on
- 3 Seahawk
- 7 What we all are
- 8 Extinction
- 10 Furriest of mammals
- 11 What bobcats leave behind
- 13 What was collected #4 down
- 14 Food processing displayed at Whalers Cabin
- 15 Where birders frequently look
- 18 Thin, slithery fish
- 20 Black Oystercatcher abbr.
- 22 PL has two _____ trails
- 23 Not old
- 24 Our favorite Foundation
- 25 A seal found at PL
- 26 Small, colorful hawk

Down

- 2 Dish shaped aquatic snails
- 3 Nocturnal hunters
- 4 Project for Plant Patrol
- 5 Standing dead tree
- 6 Plant without flowers or seeds
- 9 And _____ it goes
- 12 Pebbly, Hidden or Weston
- 16 Beach not on PL map
- 17 Most common of the raptors
- 19 Made of algae & fungus
- 21 Positive answer
- 22 PL's leopard

Puzzle

By Ann Pendleton



Answers at www.pointlobos.org/crossword.