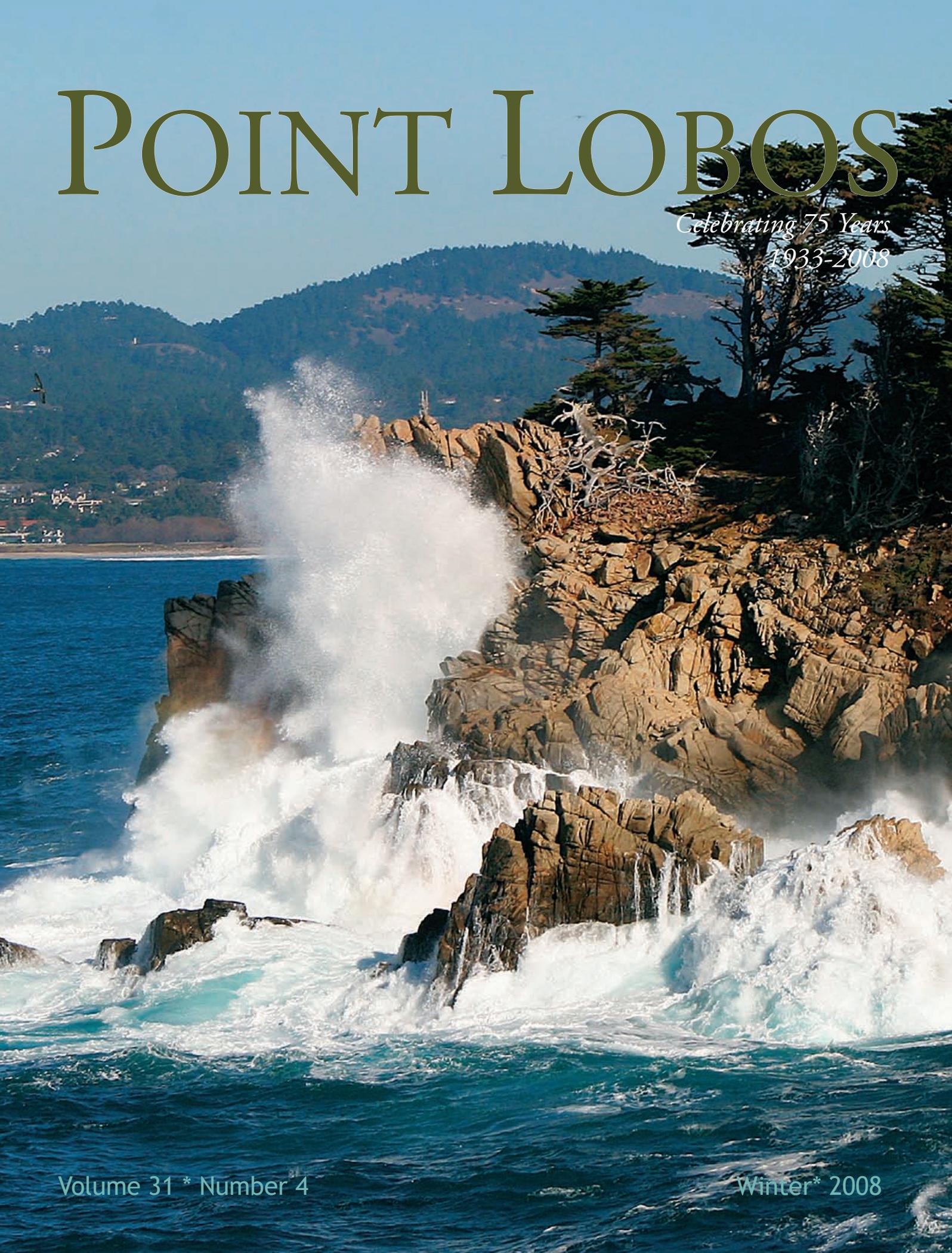


POINT LOBOS



*Celebrating 75 Years
1933-2008*

Volume 31 * Number 4

Winter* 2008

Point Lobos Association

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Cover photo of winter '07 surf at Big Dome by Les Ellis. Big Dome measures approximately 100 ft.high at this point.

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

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Message from the President



Judd Perry

I would like first to personally invite each of our PLA members to attend our 2009 Annual Membership Meeting, to be held on January 10, 2009. Please see page 4 for all the details.

In the last issue, I spoke about the geographical diversity of our membership and the importance of your continuing support of the PLA in its ongoing mission “to support interpretive and educational programs that enhance the visitor’s experience and to assist California State Parks in preserving Point Lobos State Reserve.” Since this is the final issue of *Point Lobos* magazine for 2008, I want to briefly describe some of the major goals that your support has helped us achieve this year:

- Early in the year, we completed the renovation of an old storage building at the Reserve. This became the new and comfortable docent center and office that now provides meeting space for docent and PLA gatherings, and houses the docent library and interpretive equipment. For the first time since its inception over 25 years ago, the docent group now has a home of its own.
- Throughout the year we have funded the needs of the docent group as it continues to provide incomparable interpretive and educational services to the public at both the information station and Whalers Cabin Museum, and through guided public walks and countless other activities.
- In May, we funded, and the docent group carried out, a spectacular month-long 75th Anniversary Party for Point Lobos that was enjoyed by hundreds of members and visitors alike.
- Through a \$1.00 increase in the cost of the map brochure sold by the PLA at the Reserve, we committed to contribute the entire increase into a special fund, which is expected to generate about \$60,000 per year for Point Lobos trail maintenance.
- We committed to State Parks to share the costs (up to \$50,000) of an archeological survey for a new easy access trail at Bird Island, which State Parks will fund following completion of the survey.

- We have formed a new board committee to seek financial grants from public and private groups for projects at the Reserve. This committee has already filed one grant proposal for a pilot project to improve and standardize training for docents and for our school programs. And the PLA has committed to fund for two years the major portion of the cost of an individual to administer the programs, once developed.

These are just some of the things that your support of the PLA has enabled during the past year. I want to express my personal gratitude, as well as that of your board of directors, for your past and future support and your dedication to our common cause.

And, one final note: It’s now winter at Point Lobos; that time of year when we experience some of our clearest and most beautiful weather, and when the miraculous migration of gray whales is regularly observable from the shore. Please join us there and take in its grandeur!

Point Lobos Association Annual

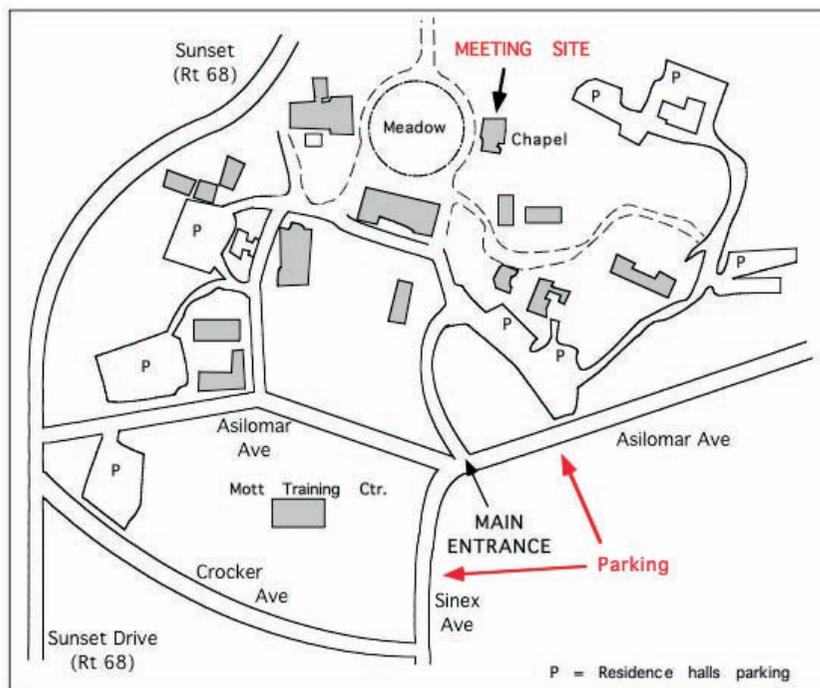
Membership Meeting:

SATURDAY, JAN. 10, 2009

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 2009 Annual Membership Meeting of the Point Lobos Association will be held on Saturday, January 10, 2009, in the Chapel at the Asilomar Conference Center, 800 Asilomar Blvd., Pacific Grove.

Our special guest speaker will be Gena Bentall, research biologist for Sea Otter Research and Conservation (SORAC) at the Monterey Bay Aquarium. She will be speaking on: *"Not just a Pretty Face: Understanding California's Sea Otters."* This promises to be a very interesting and informative presentation, so please don't miss it.

The meeting will begin at 9:00 am with a social period and morning refreshments. The business meeting will begin at 9:30 am, and will include a report on the Association's activities during the past year and the election of directors to the Association's Board of Directors.

UNDER MY BRIM

Ranger Chuck Bancroft

A number of years ago we had two different columns in the *Newsletter* called *The Archivist* and *Reflections of the Past*.

Jim MacKenizej, a former maintenance worker, and Roy Larson, a long-time volunteer, wrote these columns about events that took place at the Reserve in days gone by. I think it's time we revisited the "Unit History" and those columns to share special moments in the history of Point Lobos. The following are excerpts from the Unit History created, researched, and maintained by the ranger staff of Point Lobos.

1602 – Sebastian Viscaïno sees the Point Lobos coastline for the first time. His ships enter Carmel Bay with some of the Spaniards going ashore to camp near the mouth of Rio del Carmelo. Viscaïno gave the name in honor of three Carmelite friars who accompanied him to this area.

1769 – In March Don Gaspar Portola, while searching for the "...large, safe, and commodious" Monterey Bay, as described by Vizcaïno, camped south of the Carmel River. At this time Portola or some of his men probably set foot upon Point Lobos soil. Sergeant Jose Francisco Ortega, the "Pathfinder" of the Portola expedition, made a careful study of the coastline south of the Carmel River. For a time Portola's men were

camped on the banks of San Jose Creek, and his livestock grazed upon the lush grasses there.

1771 – Mission San Carlos Borromeo was moved from Monterey after many conflicts with Spanish soldiers to the Carmelo River. At this time Padre Junipero Serra, who was a great walker, probably visited Point Lobos many times. Point Lobos was claimed by the mission for its Indians and cattle. With the introduction of cattle the first commercial uses of Point Lobos began. Evidently cattle raising was risky business as old records tell of the Mission herders lassoing bears upon the bank of San Jose Creek, and shooting or chasing wolves was not uncommon.



Don Gaspar Portola

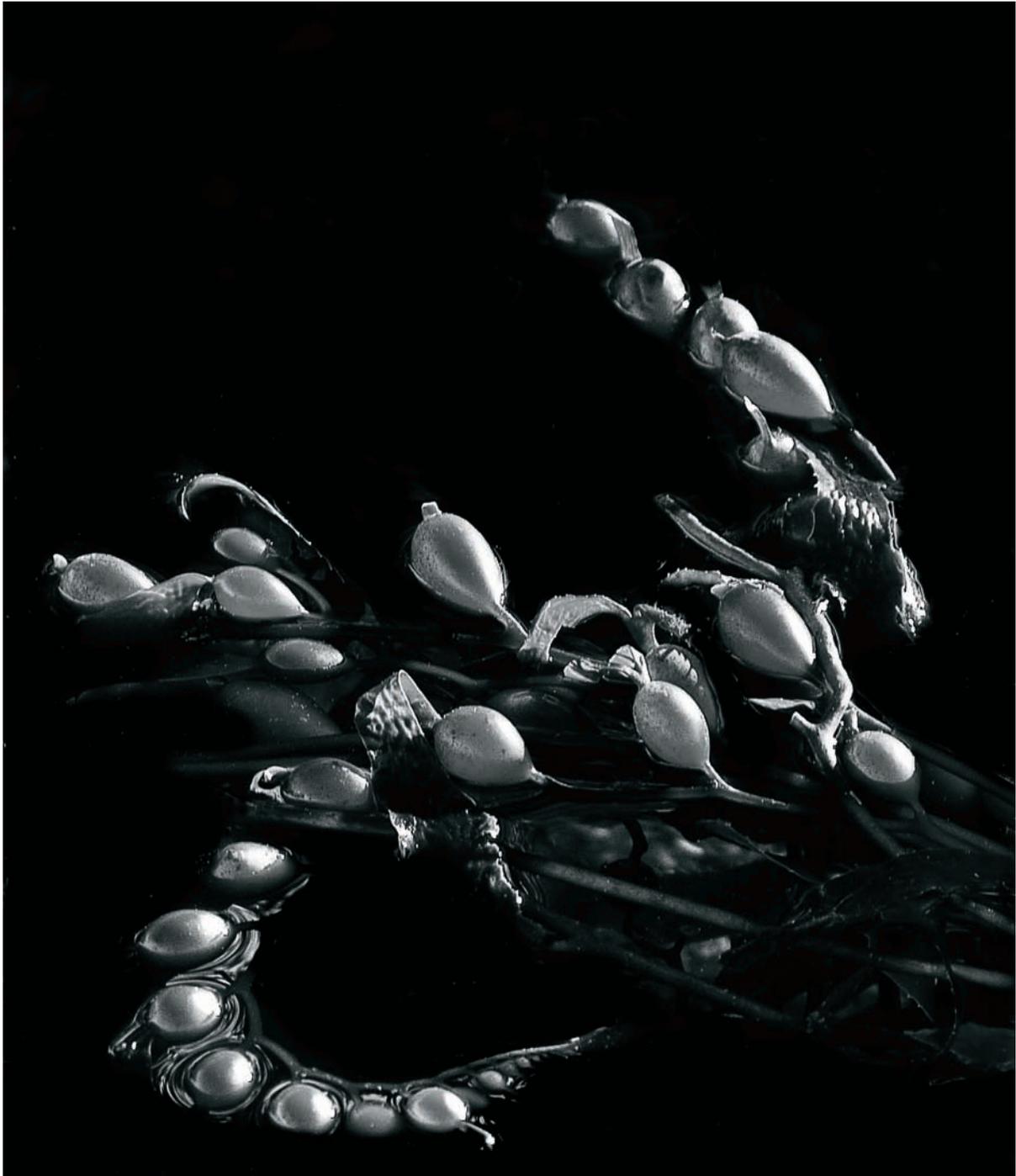
Some-time from this time onward came the naming of the strange animals that barked and howled

and lived in the sea. The Spanish called them Lobos Marinos or "Sea Wolves." Eventually this name was applied to the entire point of land that stretched out to the islands where the Lobos Marinos lived, and this began the name "Punta de los Lobos Marinos" or Point of the Sea Wolves.

1822 – Point Lobos and the Mission lands come under the control of the Mexican Government as Mexico and her territories are now independent of Spain.

1833 – Now that California was being ruled by Mexico, the Church had lost a great deal of her strength politically and economically. The Californios, seeing the vast developed ranchos, passed laws to secularize the missions and open these lands to private development. Point Lobos, for the first time since man had come to North America, had come under private control. For the next hundred years Point Lobos would pass from owner to owner, some coming close to ruining this enchanted piece of land, others only seeing this land as a headache to own. In 1933 Point Lobos once again passed from private to public ownership and from that time it has been open for all people of all nations to see and enjoy.

Stayed tuned to the next issue of *Point Lobos Magazine* for more of our unique history.



Macrocyctis pyrifera courtesy Mike Dunn.

A WALK WITH A FRIEND

Jean Gier

One day during this past summer of fire, I went for a walk with my friend, Candida (Dida) Kutz, at Point Lobos. Dida is a diver, naturalist, and editor of the *Point Lobos Magazine*. I figured we'd see more smoke from the then raging Big Sur fire from the park, but because there had been a wind blowing from the northwest, the skies were blue over Monterey and Carmel. The smoke was blown south and visible only as a grey "mist" over Ventana. Among co-workers and friends, there had been a growing feeling of helplessness as we continued to hear the latest news of the fire; the real possibility that local treasures like the Post Ranch, Ventana, Esselen, the Henry Miller Library, Nepenthe, Deetjen's, the Spirit Garden, and Tassajara, could be lost.

So, a stroll at Point Lobos offered some respite. It's hard to describe just how beautiful are the translucent waters, the amber kelp, and the beaches at Point Lobos. You just have to experience it. We walked out past China Cove to Bird Island, and watched a fluffy fledgling gull try its wings. I never would have seen the gull if Dida, with her naturalist's eyes, hadn't pointed it out. We spied cormorants and swifts flitting through

the air above the roiling sea, and inspected patches of jewel-like succulents I had never seen before.

We saw a whale breach in the distance by Whalers Cove, and decided to drive over there and hike up the rocky hill nearby. I hadn't seen the cove in years; the water was black and glassy as obsidian, perfect for diving, the kelp floating across the surface like some fantastic living, breathing embroidery. I asked Dida what it was like to dive in the cove, and, always passionate about that topic, she described swimming among beautiful hydrocorals, playful harbor seals, and through kelp forests, occasionally even biting through kelp (whoa!) where it barred her way. A landlubber myself, I suddenly realized what a one-sided and incomplete perspective I have of the area, for I rarely think about all the marine creatures and landscapes down there under the water. It's great to have a friend who can bring that other world alive for me on my walks.

(Docents—expert naturalists—are always available to help make your visit a richer experience. Or immerse yourself in both the natural and cultural history of Point Lobos by becoming a docent yourself. Call Ranger Matt Buonaguidi at 831-214-9535 or email him at pointlobos@parks.ca.gov for details-DK, Ed.)

Invasives at Point Lobos

Mary K. Paul & Dida Kutz

Walking along the trails at Point Lobos you may notice many areas where habitat restoration efforts are underway. These are areas where State Parks staff and volunteers have worked together in the past to remove invasive plant species in order to help create thriving native ecosystems.

Invasive species contribute to a leading cause of biodiversity loss through habitat destruction and degradation. These species have the benefit of very few predators, and possess traits that allow them to colonize an area quickly because of faster growth rates or higher seed production, or both. With these qualities, invasive species can quickly take over an area and create a monoculture in which many native insects and wildlife are displaced. Invasive species can also drastically alter the soil composition and water quality. With these advantageous growth and reproduction strategies, it's no wonder these species thrive!

Many of these invasives come from similar climates and environments, which help them thrive without the aid of natural predators to keep their population from exploding. Here are a few of the invasive plant species you will find at Point Lobos as you saunter through.



Poison Hemlock (*Conium maculatum*): This tall woody plant is in the carrot or Apiaceae family. It is originally from Europe, North

Africa, and Asia and is said to be the elixir that Socrates swallowed in his final moments. Wide areas of this plant are seen at Point Lobos as well as alongside the roads and trails. Poison hemlock tends to take over in disturbed areas and is able to out-shade many native plants. It readily estab-

lishes itself to form a dense monoculture. Poison hemlock is toxic to wildlife, livestock, and humans.



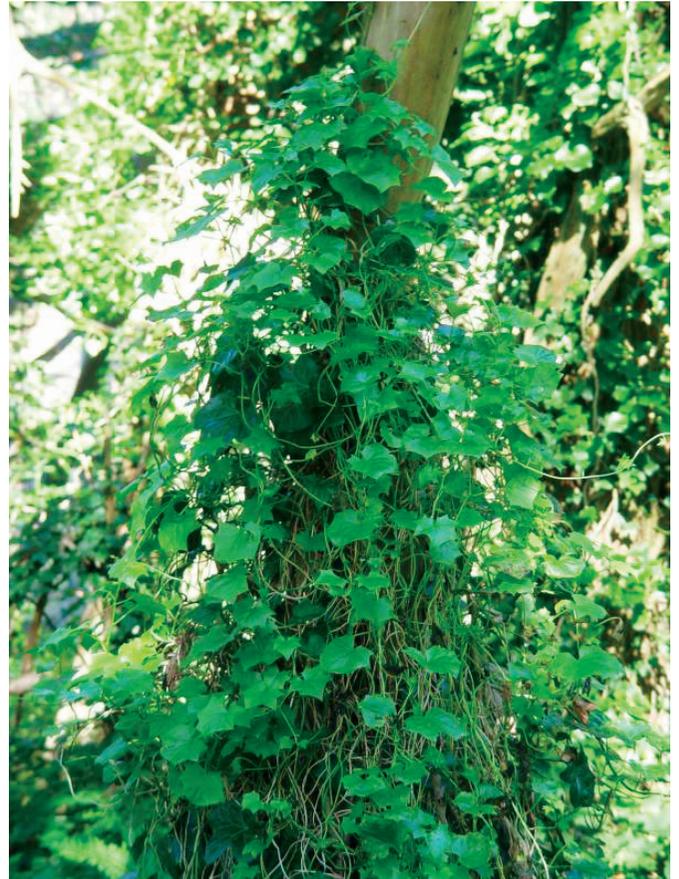
Iceplant (*Carpobrotus edulis*): This well-

known plant that carpets the dunes and many coastal terraces in California is actually native to South Africa. As is evident by its widespread presence on the dunes, iceplant is able to displace many of the native species that are important in dune community processes. With its shallow root structure and dense mat-like growth, iceplant allows much of the sand beneath the surface to flow out into the ocean and gradually diminishes our sensitive dune ecosystems.

French Broom (*Genista monspessulana*): A yellow-flowering shrub known to many and widespread throughout much of the west coast from southern British Columbia to southern California, French broom is listed as a highly invasive species by the CA-Invasive Plant Council (Cal-IPC) and as a *Noxious Weed: List C* by the California Depart-

ment of Food and Agriculture (CDFA). French broom is native to the countries around the Mediterranean, and came into the San Francisco Bay in the mid-1800s as an ornamental. This species' genetic makeup allows it to displace many habitats such as annual grasslands, oak woodlands, coastal scrub, chaparral, conifer, and relatively open mixed evergreen forests. Not surprisingly, French broom is thought to alter fire regimes (i.e., the pattern that a fire follows in a particular ecosystem) and nutrient and water cycles in California.

Cape Ivy (*Delairea odorata*): A shiny-leaved vine that is present through much of coastal California, Cape ivy has the tendency to form dense mats over native vegetation that blocks light and smothers vegetation. It is native to



South Africa, where its range is limited, and was brought here to California in the 1950s.

We are fortunate at Point Lobos to have many areas of native vegetation that are able to spread and move into areas where invasive plants have been removed. However, invasive plant removal at Point Lobos can be hazardous due to treacherous terrain and the ubiquitous presence of poison oak. And it is a task that must be maintained yearlong, as invasives are not restricted to a particular season. The Point Lobos Association and California State Parks are now considering new solutions to maintaining consistent yearlong eradication efforts.

Looking Back at Acorn Time

Marlene Testaguzza

Long ago, the Rumsen Ohlone Indians hunted and gathered the bountiful plants and animals that were found at what is now Point Lobos State Reserve.

In the fall, acorn collection was of particular importance. The bread cakes, mush, and soup made from the acorns were the Rumsen's primary daily food. And the oil rich and flavorful acorns of the coast live oak were a favorite.

They weren't alone. Also foraging among the oak groves were the animals with which they were well acquainted. Among the 37 or so California mammal species that relished acorns were grizzly bears. They would shake the well-stocked oak tree limbs so that the acorns fell to the ground. A sow might send her cubs up a tree to break off small acorn-laden branches and drop them to the ground. In time, there would be a gathering of grizzlies under the oaks, gorging themselves on the irresistible nuts.

After the grizzlies moved on, the black-tailed mule deer might arrive to nibble on the fallen acorns. The nutritious fruits helped them to accumulate a fatty layer for insulation and energy—helpful for the coming winter, and perhaps also helpful in ensuring reproductive success during the following year.

Further on in the oak forest a loud pecking might be heard. Acorn woodpeckers might be drilling holes with their strong, sharp bills into the dead wood or thick bark of tree trunks and branches. Later, they would carefully work

acorns into the holes to assure a good fit.

The western gray squirrel might have been watching. It would be worthwhile, after all, to quickly climb up the tree to retrieve such a desirable nut, then down again and over the ground to her own cache.

With neighbors like these it's no wonder the woodpeckers spent at least a quarter of their time caring for and defending their family-owned granaries (wouldn't have helped though, if a hungry Rumsen had come by).

Another very interested bird was the scrub jay. She would have had her eyes on the future. Collecting acorns and planting them for later use, often on hillsides, was a priority. One jay might bury several thousand in one season. Many of the acorns would not be retrieved; some would sprout—the jay's gift to the forest.

As the rhythms of the day slowed and the sun sank beyond the sea, darkness would seep into the quiet forest. But quiet it would not be for long. For the dusky-footed woodrats would be emerging and their tail-rattling might be heard. Acorns were a staple in the rat's diet and the nimble-footed rodents would scurry along the branches and on the ground searching for the important oak fruits. Once collected and transported to their large bushy (5'x5' was common) dens, most of the harvest would have been stored in a specially designated chamber within. There were always houseguests—insects, mice—which might share in the bounty. But, a bumper crop of acorns meant possible breeding all winter long, and a population increase the following year!





Tucked into a corner of the Whalers Cabin here at the Reserve is a carefully presented collection of Rumsen Ohlone artifacts. Among the items on display are bird wing whistles, abalone pendants, a long shell necklace, a small paint mortar and an antler sharpener stone. There is also a drawing of a tule house and ramada. Arrowheads made of obsidian (volcanic glass) are part of the projectile point collection, the obsidian a result of trade with other tribes, perhaps for acorns or salt.

Placed on the floor below are two large portable stone bowls (mortars), each containing a heavy stone pestle once used by the Rumsen women to pound prepared (hulled and skinned) acorns into a flour.

Out the front door of the cabin and about a mile away, near Ichxenta Point, are stationary mortars, bowl-shaped holes worn into a relatively flat granite rock. The women, perhaps in groups, would have pounded acorns here too.

Alongside the trail between the cabin and the Point, small sections of grey/black earth speckled with shellfish remains of long ago meals reveal themselves. The hidden parts of the refuse mounds might contain bird, land mammal, sea mammal, and fish bones, as well as flint chips, a sign of stones that were pecked to shape for tools.

Before their remains had been discarded, some of these things would have been in evidence as Rumsen families and friends settled down on nearby San Jose Creek Beach to visit, play games, and cook. The Rumsen families might have sat around their fires telling stories, stories about the great flocks of birds flying above them or the many land animals living amongst them.

Eventually, the fires would dim, the people would become quiet, and the smoke would disappear into the darkening sky.

For the ancient ones who had lived this lifestyle for over 2000 years, there would be a long sleep ahead.

THE HILLS, STILL, THE HILLS

Brian Cronwall

The bone-brown coastal hills
mossed with live oak and manzanita
rest
under summer-blue sky,
curvaceous, settled, dry.

Such power:
the comfort of my past,
naggers reminding of dreams,
passions of youth.

The Ohlone knew them well;
padres paused at sunrise,
prayers interrupted
by light
creeping over ridges.

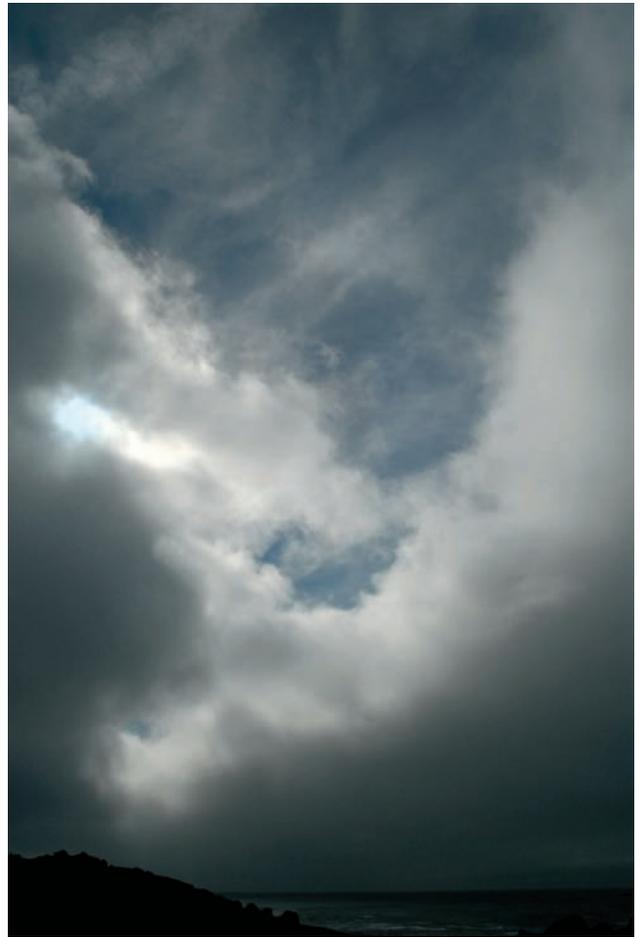
In green winter clothing
or summer's fade,
the hills
continue,
a dead parent's presence.

Tonight, shadows
begin to fill arroyos
and my breath
and pulse, rhythmic, slow.

I am enfolded
in their embrace.

We sigh
until the mosquitos
begin their nocturnal maraud.

And the hills, still, the hills.



Rix sky courtesy Chuck Bancroft.

Quotes from the Docent Log

edited by Stan Dryden

August 12: Ed Clifton

While doing the 3–5 information station shift, I was asked by several sets of visitors about some birds at Sea Lion Point that they had not seen before. From their description, and with use of the bird field guide, I surmised that they were probably elegant terns, a bird I had not seen before either. I later trekked down to the Point with camera and binoculars, and sure enough there was a flock of a hundred or so elegant terns sitting on the dark rock and twittering loudly. They had long orange bills and black on top of the head. Many of them looked as if they were having a bad hair day. They are a summer visitor to our area, and I have been told that there has been a huge flock at the Carmel River Lagoon, proving, I suppose, that one good tern deserves another. (*Ugh – Ed.*)

August 19: Rosemary Foster

Off Sea Lion Point, blue whales and humpbacks putting on a show.

August 23: Carol Bloner

Busy weekend afternoon at Point Lobos. Still, Whalers Knoll trail remains off visitor radar. Too bad, as the silence is glorious; too bad, for we were the only observers of four deer, two moms each with one young. The youngsters bounded off the trail into shrubs while the moms ambled be-



hind them, evidently secure in their safety. A flock of pygmy nuthatches chattered from the pines, and Oregon juncos left the trail only when we were a couple of feet away from them.

August 25: Mary Gale

Lots of eager turkey vultures out at Sea Lion Point today, taking turns perching like herons on a floating log to tear at a defunct carcass in the kelp, while the others hunched on the Point and watched. Also lots of visitors from faraway places. One asked hopefully if those birds were “baby condors?” It would have been fun to say “No, adolescents...” but I refrained. Such self control!

Sept. 4: Connie Dallmann

It was a beautiful day, and I was taking two out-of-town friends through Cypress Grove. We reached one of the lookouts, and as we were admiring the view we heard a woman sing-

ing, first in Chinese and then in English, the lovely hymn “How Great Thou Art.”

Sept. 9: Wayne Cipperly

While PLA Board member Carl Voss and I were spraying common ice plant in various areas around the Cypress Grove trail, we watched five, possibly six, humpback whales frolicking about and having a grand time about one mile off shore. We also observed four sea otters in Headland Cove, so it was a great day for us, but a terrible one for iceplant!

Sept. 9: Parker Hornbeck

Another beautiful day today. A wonderful couple were truly interested in the history of whaling available at the cabin and station, including the names of the whalers who were part of the history.

During the conversation the woman showed a picture she

carried. It showed her with a gray whale skeleton. She was the leader of the project for the preservation of the skeleton in a museum located in Kodiak, Alaska. She was kind enough to provide the URL of the project website: www.KodiakGrayWhaleProject.org.

Sept. 27: Stan Dryden

Scoping Sea Lion Point on a foggy day, but visibility was good enough and the visitors plentiful. There was just one otter to be seen, well offshore near the far edge of the kelp bed. I decided to wrap it up and head back about the same time as the info station docents were telling some visitors that I was out there. They stopped me on the trail and asked if I had seen any otters. The plea in the woman's eyes told me it would be a good idea to reverse course and find one for her. As the woman was exulting over the minuscule image in the eyepiece, her husband told the story of their visit to the aquarium two years ago. He said they had planned a quick pass through, but that was before his wife had discovered the sea otters. They ended up spending two full days, with his wife plastered to the window of the otter exhibit the whole time—at least that's his story.

A nice collection of birds on lower Sea Lion Point: both great and snowy egrets, a noisy black oystercatcher, a black turnstone, a pelican or two, gulls (of course), and a spotted sandpiper flying in.

Sept. 28: Chris Stone

Information station—foggy, cold, and windy—but sooo many

people. Such cultural diversity today—Germany, Great Britain, Russia, Poland, Japan. Whalers Cabin was just as busy. Almost every group included locals with their own visitors. At one point I had five different private tours going on, and couldn't get a word in edgewise.

October 3: Spence Myers

I took a group of 12 or 15 visitors from Stockholm on a guided tour of Point Lobos this afternoon. They have been staying in the homes of members of our Rotary Club.

We had a nice picnic at Bird Island, then went out around the Bird Island trail and found



some California poppies still blooming, so that I could show them the state flower. Next we did the Sea Lion Point loop, where they all went down the stairs to get closer to the sea lions. On the way back I noticed that there was a tremendous gathering of pelicans just sitting on the surface of Headland Cove, along with many gulls; another docent said that they had been there all day. Perhaps a lot of sardines or something else on the food chain?



October 3: Jean Grace

A wildly popular time this afternoon at Whalers Cabin. For at least two hours there were six or more Risso's dolphins porpoising and sometimes breaching in the middle of the cove. Great excitement and good timing for a group of 35–40 kids with their home-school parents, as well as other visitors. Perhaps the dolphins had been scared into the cove by orcas offshore, but they didn't act scared—they seemed to be enjoying themselves.

October 13: Sharon Hoffman

Glorious day with many visitors. One family from Israel stopped by. They had flown into Monterey and came directly from the airport to Point Lobos to walk the trails. The daughter said they were here because of her—it was her Bat Mitzvah that brought her here.

October 14: Lynne McCammon

What a beautiful morning for our otter count. We all showed up in our usual garb of mufflers, gloves, and earmuffs, but it wasn't too long before many layers were shed. The weather was perfect. The count for this month was a whopping 26, which was a sizable increase from our previous month's

count. So many western fence lizards were sunning themselves you had to walk over them. Last couple of days there has been a feeding frenzy by the birds at the Point. Sardines or anchovies must be swimming by. One group of docents was able to observe 12 Risso's dolphins frolicking at the north end of the Reserve. That was a sight to be seen. We are so blessed to be able to observe the many spectacles the Reserve has to offer.

October 14: June Banks

I had a nice chat at the information station with a couple who are long-time experienced birders. They told me about being on Gibson Beach on Oct. 13 (the only people) and seeing more than a dozen snowy plovers. The birds were in small depressions in the sand. We looked at Sibley's field guide together and I'm pretty sure their description was correct. (I see snowy plovers close-up as an aquarium guide.)

(According to our birding mentor, Brian Weed, snowy plovers

are not regular visitors to Point Lobos. But this is the time of year when they come to the coast for the winter, and a flock of 20 or so have been roosting at nearby Carmel River State Beach. – Ed.)

October 10: Brandi Katz

A first for me at Whalers Cabin today! I am used to the flutter of bat wings and the patter of little mouse feet, but the sudden clatter across the roof had me wondering if we had flying reindeer landing! It turns out that two energetic and enterprising lads had climbed the adjacent cypress tree and taken off across the roof. They were called down and reprimanded by their very embarrassed mom. I was just relieved that we weren't seeing the arrival of a new, giant arboreal species. *(Hopefully a last for you, too, Brandi – Ed.)*

October 21: Jeff Johnson

I was having a terrific time scoping at Sea Lion point. One of my pleasant interactions was with a young couple who then



headed down the Sea Lion Point Trail. Later I noticed them sitting together at the top of the large rock on the right of the trail, a hundred feet or so down the trail. When they returned and passed me walking south, I asked them how they liked the view from the top of that rock. The woman showed me her hand, newly adorned with a ring, and told me she had just become engaged!

Nov. 1: Ann Muto

The day was windy and wet. The info station had to close down. We had a public walk scheduled for 1:30 pm, so we hung out in our car wondering if any visitors would be hardy enough to venture out onto Cypress Grove trail. We found out that when one comes from Trinidad on vacation, and Saturday is Point Lobos day, weather is no deterrent. Art and I began our walk behind the shelter of the info station as the wind continued to howl. By the time I finished reading my introductory poem, we had six visitors eager to walk with us. Point Lobos did not disappoint; they loved viewing Cypress Cove and the Pinnacle. They were charmed by two different groups of black-tailed deer less





Great blue heron courtesy Lawrence Wallace.

than twenty feet off the trail—munching coyote brush blossoms and grooming each other. Despite the wind and showers, all eight of us were glad to have left the shelter of our cars.

Nov. 11: Martha Dennis

A peregrine falcon was perched—feathers fluffed, ap-

parently sunning—facing Gibson Beach in a dead pine tree. The day was surprisingly warm. The falcon often had its beak open—for cooling? Many visitors enjoyed the view through my binoculars. Some said, “Oooh, he’s so big!” and others, “How did you find him?”

Point Lobos Association

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Nov. 15: Brandi Katz

Everyone who was anyone was out and about in the Reserve on this lovely summer—er, late fall—day. A hairy woodpecker in a pine along the Carmelo Meadow trail. A lone sea otter happily foraging in Whalers Cove while a great blue heron fished nearby from the kelp. Western fence lizards and a little pocket gopher scurrying about.

Interesting visitors in Whalers Cabin. Roy Hatori’s grandson was looking for pictures or tools used in his grandfather’s abalone diving days of long ago. A gentleman from England, after seeing the abalone mother-of-pearl, described a fireplace in his boyhood home made entirely of small tiles of it. Can you imagine seeing firelight flickering in such a creation?

So much going on in such a silent place!

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