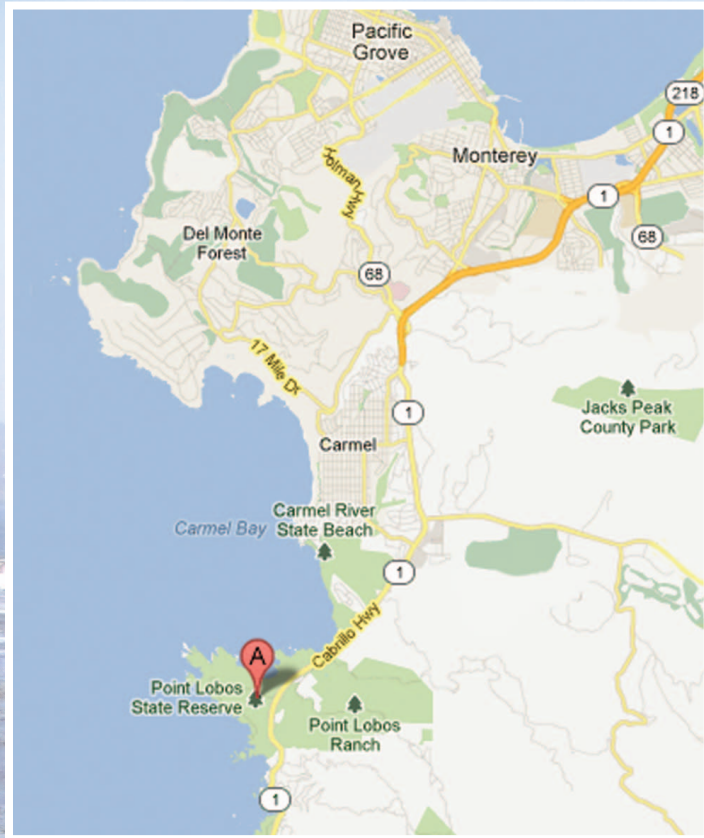


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POINT LOBOS





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Thank you, Tim Neece, for the inside cover redesign.

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

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

Sandy Hale

With continued budget cuts, State Parks is forced to make do with fewer rangers and lifeguards. Increasingly, the face of Point Lobos is not a ranger but a park aide at the entrance kiosk or a volunteer docent. They are the unsung heroes of Point Lobos.

Every visitor to the Reserve is likely to encounter a docent —leading a walk, at the Information Station or Whalers Cabin, or walking a trail. What folks do not realize is how much behind-the-scenes effort docents put in to assure a rewarding visitor experience. Here are a few examples, meant not to cover all docents worthy of mention but to highlight the range of docent support of the Reserve. A few docents such as Paul Reps spend so many hours in extra service at the Reserve—scoping, protecting mothers and pups during seal pupping season, photographing, etc., —that some have been accused of living there. They enthusiastically share their passion for the wonders of Point Lobos with multitudes of visitors every month.

Pat Sinclair and her training team have taken our new-docent training program to ever-higher levels to assure that new docents are prepared to effectively and appropriately interact with visitors.

Carol Bloner and her colleagues have reinvented docent continuing education programs, arranging stimulating speakers for the docents' monthly meetings and discovering educational opportunities throughout the region.

Paul Gallup and his AV team, Ron Lema, and others support the monthly meetings and other events. Fred Brown videotapes monthly presentations and posts them on the docent website, providing accessible knowledge for continued docent improvement.

Barbara Grace and other docents are spearheading a docent effort to provide tours for people with disabilities to let them enjoy our easy access trails.

Mark Fisler, Paul Mason, and others have expanded our school outreach programs, with emphasis on underserved schools. Reid Woodward and other docents are continuing the specialized school programs on birds, geology, and Native Americans that Reid and former Ranger Chuck Bancroft started many years ago.

Lynne McCammon and her team of docents diligently carry out a Reserve-wide monthly otter count, rain or shine.

Eileen Fukunaga and Paula Johnson work to

make the docent library a more useful resource for docent education.

A number of docents are helping bring new technology to bear on interpretation and on the docent program generally. Paula Johnson has taken ownership of several technology challenges faced by the docent organization (e.g., internet access for the docent center). Pauline Troia has helped many non-techno-savvy docents get comfortable using the new docent web site. She even makes house calls!

Rochelle Dolan, Sue Nogare, Carol Marquardt and Spence Meyers, Marty Renault, Sue Miller, Stefani Luman, Audie Housman, and other docents provide a broad range of unseen support, including assuring that all time slots at the Information Station and Whalers Cabin are filled; maintaining supplies, publications and merchandise at those locations; promoting and supporting public walks and trail walks; keeping our binoculars and scopes in good working order; etc.

Wayne Cipperly and others are regularly out with sprayers, combating invasive plants throughout the Reserve. Carol Bloner, Ron Lema, and others help State Parks maintain Whalers Cabin and its collections. Rick Pettit and others help with trail maintenance.

Docents such as Kevin Shabram and Celie Placzek have used their considerable photography skills to take most of the photos for the docent website and, in Celie's case, to document the effectiveness of the prescribed burn at Mound Meadow.

Ann Muto spearheaded formation of a poetry group that has become a model for docent interest groups that enable docents to deepen their knowledge of a particular area of interest, such as photography or Native American culture.

Finally, management of the docent program has been strengthened under Docent Administrator Stan Dryden. Ed Clifton created the model for filling critical positions in the docent organization. He also has taken on editing the docent newsletter and continues to draw multitudes to his talks on geology and other subjects.

This is but a small sampling of the hard work that the docents do, out of the public eye, to help visitors experience and learn from the wonders of Point Lobos. Next time you see a docent, thank them.





Observations

by Sparky Starkweather, State Park Squirrel

Fall has fallen, winter has withered, spring has sprung, summer is almost here, and baby birds are showing up everywhere! Once the Bird Island Trail reopens with the completion

of the all-access remodeling, the views from Pelican Point will be magnificent. For years the Brandt's cormorants have nested on the inner islands as well as the Big Island. Before the use of the pesticide DDT, brown pelicans were the dominant nester at the islands. (We all know the story about the change in populations. Oh why didn't we listen to Rachel Carson?) Hundreds and hundreds of cormorants will cover the islands. Their nests are just far enough apart that they can't steal from each other but close enough that they can offer some protection against the ever-present Western gulls looking for a free meal.

Many years ago at Carmel Point in the eucalyptus trees near Tor House there was a major nesting site for black-crowned night herons. As more homes were built the birds departed looking for a new place to call home. The herons found that new home at Point Lobos. A number of years ago there were eight nesting sites. Recently I've only been able to see five. Some of the nests are on the back-side of the islands so you have to watch the birds in flight and see where they go. The babies look like little dinosaurs but they quickly change into earth-colored juveniles. Working their way back and forth from the tide pools and other exposed pools the adults bring

back fish and regurgitate their catch for the young.

For a number of years now the Canada goose has found great nesting sites around the Reserve. Whalers Cove, the Pit, Moss Cove, and Weston Beach are good places to watch for them. Each morning I can hear the in-bound flight and the honking as they pass overhead. A large number of geese can also be found at Odello West.

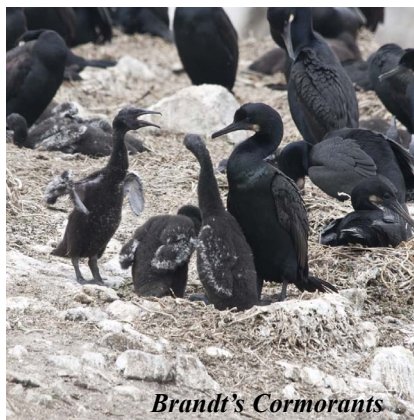
Weston Beach is also a wonderful place to sit and just watch the killdeer and their chicks. The killdeer will use a scrape or depression in the rocks to lay their eggs. The spotted eggs are perfectly camouflaged and well hidden in the rocky beach. Three eggs hatch into long legged runners. They scurry from one place to another with parents watching dutifully. If danger approaches the parent will feign a broken wing and lure you away from the nest of the kids. Keep your distance and use binoculars so you won't disturb them.



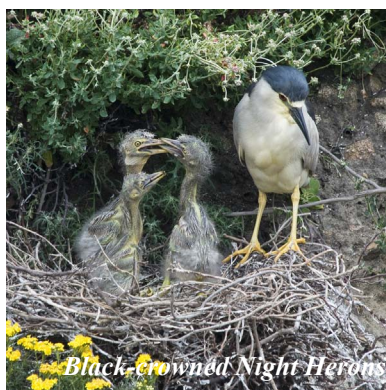
Killdeer Chick

Mallards nest in the cover of vegetation along the waterways at Odello West and near the Carmel River mouth. They can be seen in Whalers Cove and of course at all the water hazards at the nearby golf courses. The young venture out in neat little flotillas following the parents learning to dabble for algae.

One of the more disturbing nesters in our area is the starling. These imported English birds are



Brandt's Cormorants



Black-crowned Night Herons



Killdeer Nest



Mallard with Ducklings



Canadian Goose Goslings

found in huge numbers everywhere. They are cavity nesters using the holes from other nesting birds to raise their young. I've seen trees with woodpeckers, red-winged black birds, and starlings all using the same area. Even though the starling is an invasive bird displacing many of our native birds, the young are still pretty cute sitting in an opening and crying out for food.

The birds I have the most fun watching are the great blue herons. Four nests are found in the pines at Coal Chute Point. Adults make round trips from the meadows and cliffs to the nest bringing in branches to upgrade the huge nests. Three eggs are well hidden by the nesting material and one of the adults patiently sits and incubates. It doesn't take long for the hatching, and before you know it the young are up and about growing quickly and making the nest look too small for the large birds. The clattering of the young when the adult comes back from foraging can be almost deafening. Food is regurgitated to the open mouths of the young. Feathers fill in nicely, the feathers on their heads look like they have used too much product;

very "punk" like. The kids grow up all too quickly and fly away to begin their new adventures.

Wherever you walk in the Reserve or elsewhere around the peninsula carry your binoculars; look up into the trees and to the rocky cliff faces and meadows. Venture out to the sandy beaches and of course Elkhorn Slough. Keep your ears wide open and listen. You may not see many of them but their songs and calls will be a symphony. Enjoy!



Adult Great Blue Heron with Chick



Starling Chicks



Great Blue Heron Chicks



Western Gull Chicks

COASTAL SCRUB HABITAT: NOT FIT FOR MAN OR BEAST?

by Ruthann Donahue

The Northern California scrub: not nearly as glamorous as the rocky shore tide pools or one of the last stands of native Monterey Cypress. Even the word “scrub” suggests a dirty floor or a stubborn spot. Nevertheless, nearly every visitor to Point Lobos passes through this habitat, but usually, with little notice or appreciation of its position in California ecology. The few steps between the Information Station parking lot and Sea Lion Point may one day be the last native Northern California scrub.

The first documentation of the California scrub habitat likely occurred when Vizcaino explored the California coast in the 17th century. From San Diego to Santa Barbara, he sailed past the Southern Pacific coastal scrub habitat on the coastal bluffs. These shores must have appeared far more welcoming than the steep, rocky cliffs abutting dense redwood forests that he observed as the expedition moved northward. Then, just north of Point Sur, the landscape became somewhat more familiar; Vizcaino had reached the Northern Pacific coastal scrub.

Not until the late 20th century did ecologists precisely define the scrub habitat. Currently, the widely accepted definition of this environment is:

- An arid plant community along the Pacific coast bluffs
- Most plants less than 3 meters (10') tall
- Less than 10" rainfall per year
- Temperatures above freezing year round

Two distinct subtypes of California scrub have been documented. The Southern coastal scrub experiences hot, dry summers and is dominated by sage. Only a remnant of what Vizcaino would have seen remains. Approximately 840 acres of native habitat



is preserved at Point Loma as the Cabrillo National Monument. The remainder of the habi-

tat has been lost to development.

By contrast, native Northern California scrub can be seen from Point Sur to the Oregon coast, and Point Lobos is arguably one of the best examples with easy access. The Northern scrub plants are subject to the moderating effects of coastal fog. As a result, more diversity in the plant population is observed. By definition, the dominant plant species is coyote brush (*Baccharis pilularis*), but poison oak, sage, and *Ceanothus* are common secondary flora. As one hikes through the scrub on the Sea Lion Point trail, the character of this challenging environment becomes evident. At first the plants are nearly 6' tall and considerable diversity is observed. As the path winds toward the ocean, plants become more stunted and less diverse, and as one makes the turn near the trail end, wind and spray of the ocean pick up and plants that are able to survive the challenge become sparse. Seasonal wildflowers add their color and diversity to this trail as well as many other scrub communities in the reserve.

The scrub community moderates bluff erosion as well as serving as a source of protection and food for several animals. Birds find seasonal berries, seeds, and insects within the brush and warm weather brings a near-certain sighting of a lizard or two. However, the coastal scrub is not a desirable habitat for man or beast. The abundance of poison oak and the dense underbrush does not invite picnics, casual exploration, or meditative dreaming among the flora. Man's best appreciation of this habitat is from a well-maintained path! The principal needs of other mammals that wander into this environment are shelter, food, and water. Approximately 23 mammalian species are



found in the Point Lobos Reserve, but few find the scrub a suitable habitat. Bobcat, fox, deer, rabbit, skunk, and raccoon as well as several rodents are scrub visitors, however the coyote and woodrat can serve as excellent examples of the unsuitability of the scrub habitat for many larger mammals.

The dusky-footed woodrat's presence is obvious as their house structures occur within the scrub, the most notable being the iconic stick house near the summit of Granite Point. However, similar to many other reserve mammals, this animal is primarily riparian, because the forest environment provides better food and water access. Woodrats are extremely solitary animals and only one, or very occasionally two, adults, live in each house, and three to six homes are required for a sustainable community. Although these animals are strictly nocturnal, often not even venturing out of their nest during a full moon, evidence of their presence can be observed on wet trails.



The woodrat track consists of four-digit front leg prints and five-digit rear leg prints. Since these are relatively large rodents, ranging from 10"–19",

the tracks are often mistaken for raccoon prints.

Woodrats require a consistent source of water, as do most mammals. In the laboratory, mortality occurs beginning at four days of dehydration. Some water can be ingested in an herbivore diet, consisting of seasonal berries, poison oak leaves, and forest fungi. The scrub poison oak and berries can be stored for a short time, but during that time, dehydration occurs, so the value of these plants as a source of water is limited. As a source of food and water, the scrub probably is a C- for the woodrat.

Although not as desirable as the forest, the scrub can be a reasonable source of woodrat shelter. The stick houses are usually so dense that major predators such as coyotes and bobcats are dissuaded from attacking them—too much trouble for one meal! However, tree nests, an additional source shelter, cannot be built in the scrub. As a note, after the annual breeding, the male abandons the nest, sometimes in search of oth-

er females and often to return to his own home, which may be in a tree, or on the ground; retreat to a tree house is not a universal behavior.

In contrast to the woodrat, the coyote finds the scrub a poor source of shelter and water, but a useful source of food. The dense, woody flora and cement-like earth of the scrub are not suitable for a coyote den. In addition, like deer, bobcat, and larger mammals, a source of fresh water is essential for coyote survival, making a riparian environment more attractive.



Coyotes flourish in a huge range of habitats largely because they are well adapted to an omnivorous diet; however the coyote brush is not edible, even for its namesake mammal. Coyotes will feed on, and obtain valuable water from, seasonal fruits, vegetables, and berries. However, they easily convert from herbivore to carnivore, or vice versa, to meet caloric demands. The small rodents and rabbits visiting the scrub are valuable additions to the diet. The coyote gains advantage in this hunt since brush rabbits, in particular, freely travel from their forest burrows to the scrub in search of green growth, particularly in the spring.

What good is the scrub? Why not remove the poison oak? How can importance be assigned to a habitat so hostile to many mammals? The constructive lesson that the scrub teaches is that the "value" of a habitat is not centered around resident mammals, or other animals for that matter, but rather lies in the natural selection of flora that the land can support. There is intrinsic value, as well as beauty, in the basic organization of the scrub flora and the contribution of this ecosystem to California's diverse landscape. When you walk to Sea Lion Point, take a moment to slow down and consider that this part of Point Lobos may one day be the only truly accessible path through the Northern California scrub.



A Fond Goodbye and Good Luck to Lisa!



We regretfully announce that Lisa Cook has resigned as Development Director. Lisa's husband Eric unexpectedly was transferred from the Naval Postgraduate School to Germany. Darn that Navy anyway. How could they do this without checking with us first?

Lisa was hired as our first Development Director in the fall of 2010. She inherited a "system" that was only a small step up from keeping member information in a shoebox. We routinely lost member information, forgot to ask them to renew their memberships, etc., etc. We had one member event a year, the Moonlight Walk. We occasionally submitted grant proposals, if someone on the Board was willing to write the proposal.

In the year-and-a-half since Lisa took over, we have installed an excellent member/donor relationship management system. We have largely gotten through the pain of discovering members we didn't know we had until we received a sharp note in the mail. We systematically identify and pursue grant opportunities. We have upgraded the Moonlight Walk and are adding other member events. We have launched two special appeals, one for the Sister Anna Voss Memorial fund and the other for replacement of the roof of the Whalers Cabin museum. Due largely to Lisa's efforts, our membership dues and donations have increased from less than \$45,000 in 2009 to over \$185,000 in 2011.

Lisa has been an absolute delight to work with. She is a cornucopia of ideas but also has the ability, the perseverance, and the good humor to rally others to put those ideas into action.

Fortunately we hired a great assistant to Lisa, Tracy Gillette-Ricci, a couple of months ago. Her "learning curve" is about to steepen. We also intend to hire another Development Director soon.

We will miss Lisa, her husband, and her two daughters Emma and Sofi—all regular visitors to Point Lobos. We wish them success and happiness in Germany. . . but in our hearts we wish they didn't have to go. —*Sandy Hale*



A.M. Allan Ranch

by Augie Louis

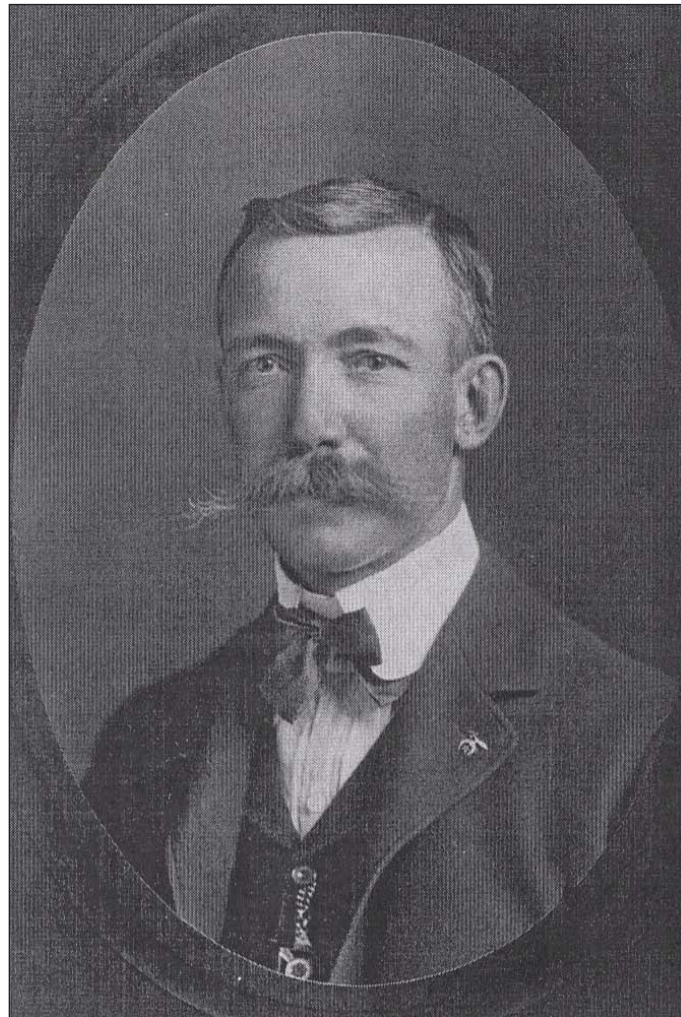
In June of 1993 I attended a press conference announcing the acquisition of 1,320 acres on the east side of Highway 1 from Point Lobos. Donald Murphy, State Parks Director, made a short speech at the event. He challenged those gathered to think about what should be done with the newly acquired land, and particularly, what the name of the new state park should be. We have now begun a general planning process directed by State Parks including this land, Point Lobos State Reserve, Carmel River State Beach, and Hatton Canyon. The name of this new park unit is an important feature of this planning process. Hopefully, we will have a meaningful name that represents the stewardship that we all want to convey.



I joined the Board of Director of Point Lobos Foundation a little over a year ago. When I started we attended a tour of the State Parks facilities, including a stop at the Garden Road headquarters. I was struck at how the maps labeled the east side of Highway 1 as "Point Lobos Ranch." (*Ed.note: See inside cover, for example.*) The name was picked by the developer as a marketing name for a hotel land development that was to go on these scenic parcels. Using this name now does not seem appropriate now that ownership is under State Parks.

My love of Point Lobos and the ranchlands east of Highway 1 began when I fell in love with Holly Hudson. Holly is one of the great grandchildren of

A.M. Allan. We met while we were both attending UC Berkeley. I was invited down to Carmel to meet her parents, David and Sabra, and spend time at Point Lobos and what the family called "the ranch."



Alexander Macmillan Allan
Oct. 23, 1859–Jan. 30, 1930

I scored huge points with Holly's father when, after picking the tiny huckleberries on Huckleberry Hill (not the one in Pebble Beach) I baked a pie for dinner (if you want to start out on the right foot with your future father-in-law I highly recommend baking a pie with handpicked berries). Another favorite spot was Michaels' Hill, named after Judge Michaels who homesteaded the parcel. There are few scenes more precious than the view from Michaels' Hill when the sunset is in the distance and Point Lobos spreads out under your feet. We also frequently hiked up the San Jose Creek Canyon (known simply as "the canyon") crossing the creek three

times and often getting quite wet in the process. The wildflowers, the redwood groves, the oak trees with their thick branches cutting the sun light are all spectacularly beautiful. I married Holly in 1981. The

ranch is still very much a part of our life together.

In 1993, the Hudson family was faced with how to participate with the hotel developer as the family partner, in regards to the parcels on the east side of Highway 1. When the possibility of acquiring the lands with Proposition 117 funds then voiding the hotel development arose, the family supported this turn of events. The effort was successful with the purchase closing escrow in June of that year. "Point Lobos Ranch" was not to be.

So what should the name be then? As part of the Hudson family I have always been very impressed by the stories of A.M. Allan. He started working in a coal mine in Pennsylvania as a child. He lost his father at age seven, when he died in rough-and-ready California as a 49er. He obtained an engineering degree from University of Illinois. He came out to California to work for Adolph Spreckel, Joseph Emery, and Lucky Bald-

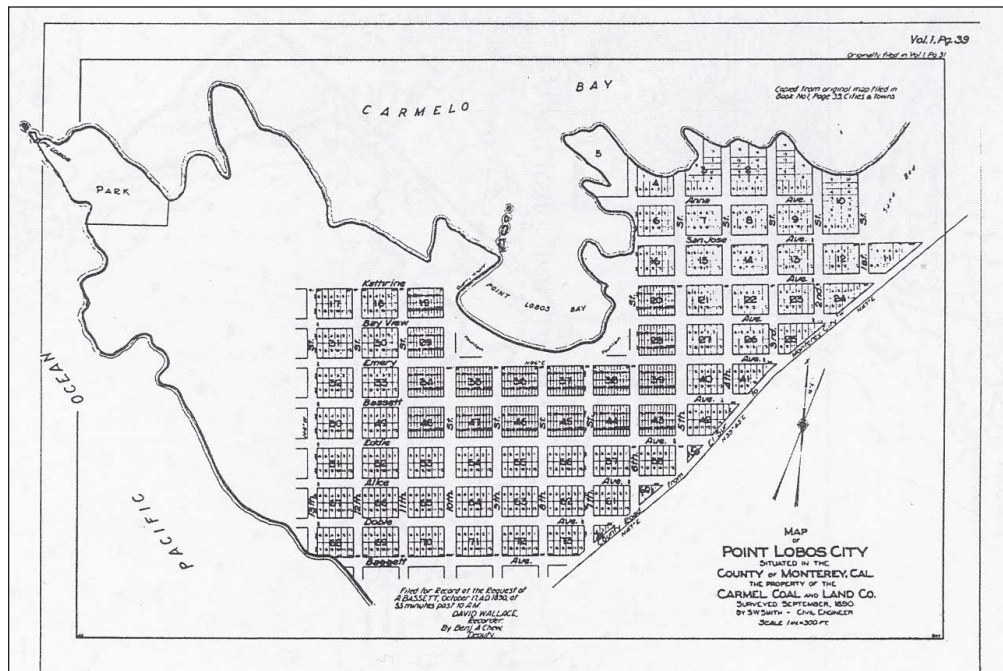
win in building horse race tracks as well as many other structures. He came to Point Lobos at the request of Joseph Emery to shore up his Mal Paso coal mine. When that venture failed he made the first purchase of parcels at Point Lobos in 1898. I think it is safe to say he fell in love with Point Lobos, and his management decisions had profound impact on our lives today.

A.M. Allan had a vision of preservation and stewardship. By the time he came on the scene, there were already competing visions for Point Lobos and the surrounding area. The Carmelito subdivision was in the process of being developed, and about 1,000 home lots were already recorded. He spent

years buying back the lots in order to take them off the public record. Sandy Lydon, history professor at Cabrillo College, pointed out the anomaly of this unusual situation. "At a time when more and more land became subdivided, sold off, and developed, we have a man who bought a subdivision and painstakingly pieced this magnificent land back together so it could be preserved and enjoyed by us all."

He also undertook ranching, a dairy, and started a partnership with Gennosuke Kodani to fish and can abalone. He encouraged picnicking and visits by locals and artists, and when these uses seemed to be

damaging the Point he put up a gate to control the entrance and protect the area. He didn't lock things up. He used the lands wisely, and opened access appropriately. At an important historical crossroad, A.M.



Plans for the Carmelito subdivision, Point Lobos City.

Allan took the road toward stewardship.

There have been many important crossroads in the history of Point Lobos and the surrounding ranch. A.M. Allan acquired the first parcels and began preservation efforts in 1898. State Parks acquired Point Lobos in 1933. Big Sur Land Trust acquired the 1,320 acres on the east side of Highway 1 with Proposition 117 assistance on behalf of State Parks in 1993. The current crossroad is right now as we consider a new name for this park unit and the possible uses. Using the name "A.M. Allan State Park" instead of "Point Lobos Ranch" would recognize this man's important contributions, and continue his solid vision for stewardship into the future.

Quotes from the Docent Log

The Circle of Life: Birds Pairing, Otters and Seals Birthing, and Gray Whales Returning North

January 15 – Ann Muto

On our guided walk my husband Art and I had visitors from Denmark. We encouraged the visitors to scan the waters for whale spouts. Unfortunately we had to move on without spotting a spout. At our last stop overlooking Headland Cove I shared a closing poem, and while I read the Danish couple conversed excitedly in their language. I gave them a “pass”

since poetry in English may not have been too comprehensible to them. When I finished, the husband explained to me that they had spotted a whale spout over my shoulder, and that it had made their day!

February 19 – Fred Brown

I noticed the almost fully intact skeletal remains of a sea otter lying on the beach at Whalers Cove. The low tide was out

at a minus .6, which allowed the bones to be exposed at the shoreline. Inexorably, the circle of life for this marine mammal was rounding toward midnight. The fish in the cove cleaned it down nearly to the bare bones, leaving a few scraps for a Western gull, who was later chased away by four turkey vultures, who dismantled what was left as the tide came in and reclaimed the scattered remains.





February 22 – Eileen Fukunaga

It was a beautiful, sunny day to be at the Reserve. I was leading a school walk in the afternoon along Sand Hill Cove. We were looking at a pelagic cormorant's nest when I spied movement on the largest rock in the cove. It turned out to be a sea otter foraging for food. It must have had its fill because soon after, it settled down and looked like it was ready for a nap.

February 23 – Marty Renault

Thirty or so Risso's dolphins cavorted in Carmel Bay today. Monarch butterflies floated on balmy breezes. California poppies bloomed brightly out near Ixchenta Point. Feels like winter is definitely over.

February 28 – Connie Dallmann

The water fountain near the Information Station has a rather steady drip. Some kind soul fashioned a little basin to catch the water, and a white-crowned sparrow was enjoying his bath with great enthusiasm. The resident scrub jay didn't fit, but he satisfied himself by drinking

in the truck to head home. But then: a single blow just beyond the north side of Headland Cove. Grabbing the camera, I hurried to The Pinnacle. And just in time. About halfway

from the top of the stand, to the pleasure of visitors.

March 1 – Dave Evans
Another billowy, blustery Point Lobos day but no whales ... until I got

across Carmel Bay, three whales spouted, and then disappeared. And the whales were not cooperating by giving us the typical 3–5 blows before disappearing for a deep dive. Instead, we were lucky to get a single blow before they were lost to sight beneath the waves, making them hard to spot. But when we did, oh my, even visitors from Washington and Alaska, who frequently see whales, stood transfixed.

March 15 – Fred Brown

When the kids I was leading





on a school walk arrived at the Guillemot Island outlook, one of the boys spotted a sea otter out at the far point of the rock. Then we all heard a very loud whistling sound that echoed around the outcroppings and seemed to be a cry for help. We focused on the otter and determined that that was where the sound was coming from. Then a fainter, similar sound from the other side of the island answered back. In about ten seconds an otter pup came flying around the island point and swam headlong into the arms of his or her mother, knocking her for a loop as they then both tumbled over and over together for a while in the waves. That garnered many ahs, and wow—that-was-really- neat from the kids and chaperones and me.

March 22 – Rick Pettit

A youngster on a school walk told me excitedly, a while after we had visited Weston Beach, that he had seen a “prison bird” down amidst the shoreline rocks. A what? That was a puzzle, until—of course! How apt! It brought to mind the

appearance of the birds that tend to frequent that beach (see photo).

March 30 – Tom Clifton

This is the time to see birds pairing up. The pelagic cormorants are well on their way; as are the great blue herons. On a bird walk on Monday we witnessed a heron fly off, find a branch, bring it back to the nest, hand it off to its mate and then make a display to let the world know that it was the world’s greatest branch picker. Yesterday, it was the thrashers turn, loudly proclaiming that they were the best thrashers on the planet. I witnessed an interesting display between a pair on the ground. With those beaks, that just looks dangerous.

March 27 – Pat Sinclair

A few visitors and I watched a battle for a fish between a Western gull and a cormorant. The cormorant was under water engaged in a tug of war with the gull, which clearly held

the advantageous position! It could pull and breathe at the same time. The gull gave one last mighty yank and flew to the beach to enjoy the feast. Our visitors expressed deep concern that the gull may have drowned the cormorant. I suggested instead that the cormorant had simply let go and swum off.

April 12 – Stan Dryden

A young woman was standing by the side of the road to the Whalers Cove parking lot, reveling in the antics of the harbor seal pups with their moms in the cove. She was touched by the nuzzling of the pairs and amused by the attempts of the pup to catch a ride



on mom’s backand glad to have someone with whom she could share the experience. The woman was in the area for a photo shoot later in the day, but was not brandishing the tools of her trade.





When asked about that, she said she would be experiencing life later through the lens of a camera and just wanted to enjoy Point Lobos unimpeded by the limited field of view of a camera. Can't blame her for that! But I couldn't resist pointing out that there were some otters quite close to shore on the other side of the cove, and told her how to get there. She expressed a great deal of interest, and I suggested that she might find herself disappointed to be at that vantage point without a camera. The next time I saw her she was getting a camera with telephoto lens out of her car. The devil made me do it!

April 14 – Pat Sinclair

A mother harbor seal was rolling around on the sand, with just a hint of a baby poking out. Three visitors, one of whom has been at the Reserve all day just waiting for this occasion, are as raptly intent as we are. A push, and more of the fetus is exposed. But wait, something doesn't look right. Instead of a beautifully wrinkled, round newborn, this mom delivered a stillborn pup. Greenish-yellow, thin, lifeless. We all stand in horror at the sight. Mother harbor seal approached the pup and nosed it; then moved away. Again and again we watched as she attempted to get it to respond.

Then she moved off, strained a bit, and the afterbirth emerged. Within minutes a convoy of gulls began circling, one of which snagged it and defended its prize. Emotions surged among all of us as we observed nature in the raw. I don't believe we will ever again regard a healthy newborn pup as less than a wondrous occasion to be celebrated.

April 16 – Pat Sinclair

Happily, we often DO get what we wish for. Last night another mom successfully gave birth to a very large, healthy looking pup to the delight of us docents and a group of delighted visitors.

April 20 – Larry Rychener

Last Thursday my wife Carol and I were scoping along the Sea Lion Point Trail when I noticed a movement on the conglomerate outcrop northwest of the small beach at the head of Headland Cove. Training my binoculars on same, I discovered a sea otter hauled out on a mussel bed and grazing on the tasty bivalves. From time to time the otter would be washed off the rocks by a wave, but would return to continue grazing until eventually it was defeated by the rising tide covering the mussels.

April 25 – Dave Evans

While pointing out what we like to call the Sand Hill Cove otter, the one that likes to haul out with the seals on "their" rock, I suggested to some visitors that they keep their eyes on the ocean along South Shore Trail for whales. On cue, a mother and her calf swam by just outside the cove. We all hustled up the hill along Sand Hill Trail and down

to the lower portion of Sea Lion Point Trail. There we watched them make their progress into the Devil's Cauldron. It took them a few tries, but they finally decided to swim through the channel between the largest Sea Lion Point rocks and the ones furthest away. They've always seemed impressively huge from the trail overlook, but hearing their blows and seeing their immense size from so close was truly breathtaking.

May 8 – Rick Pettit

A full moon has brought deep minus tides in its wake, and the teeming world beneath the waters of Weston Cove is revealed. Two other docents, Dave and Gretchen Evans, are far out into the low-tide zone, picking their way through the algae-draped rocks, peering into this usually hidden world. I kneel down, and see scuttling crabs, a tiny chiton, two skulking sculpins, a multitude of shell fragment-bedecked anemones, and a spotted nudibranch. A safe distance from all human intruders, a killdeer forages among the exposed rocks. Then a black-crowned night heron appears, and silently wheels over the cove. Gretchen comes over and shows me her prize: an abalone shell, an iridescent cornucopia of sealife. Several sorts of algae have attached themselves, tiny tube worm dwellings abound, and look: there are two miniscule sea stars tucked under the curved edge. Then sharp cries grab our attention—we look up and see a pair of Western gulls, intently focused at keeping the cycle going.



MEMORIAL AND TRIBUTE GIFTS



February 15 through May 15, 2012



MEMORIAL & TRIBUTE GIFTS

Memorial gifts provide a way for people to express their sympathy when words just don't seem adequate. Such gifts also play an important role in enhancing the programs at Point Lobos. Your contribution to The Point Lobos Foundation is sincerely appreciated.

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- Phyllis Charlton in memory of Nancy Swan
- Barbara Fopp in memory of Nancy Swan
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- Lindsay and Becky Hanna in memory of Point Lobos docent Pete Thatcher
- Patrick Driskel in memory of Eugene Kodani
- John and Eugenie Childress in memory of Eugene Kodani
- Joyce Esaki in memory of Roberta Bender

TRIBUTE GIFTS

Tribute gifts honor friends and loved ones on their birthdays, anniversaries, or other special occasions. These gifts help keep Point Lobos a vibrant place.

- Steven Dennis in honor of Sandy Hale's Birthday
- Rolando Vieta in honor of Matt Vieta

Point Lobos Foundation

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Monthly Guardian supporters are a group of individuals who elect to give to the Point Lobos Foundation through monthly payments. These tax-deductible monthly gifts provide the Point Lobos Foundation with a consistent and reliable income stream, allowing us to focus more resources on our mission of maintaining the high standards the public expects at Point Lobos.

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SISTER ANNA VOSS MEMORIAL FUND

The Sister Anna Voss Fund was created by Carl and Carol Voss, and Caroline and David Applling to honor Sister Anna Voss, the first Director of Docent Training at Point Lobos. Sister Anna developed many of the materials that are still in use today at Point Lobos. Use of donations made to the Sister Anna Voss Memorial Fund, and the income generated by it, is restricted to the following purposes:

- (a) Point Lobos Docent Group education and direct support.
- (b) School education outreach programs relating to Point Lobos State Natural Reserve.

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SAVE THE DATE! The annual members-only *Moonlight Walk and Picnic* will be *September 29*. Watch for details in the members' email newsletter or on facebook.com/pointlobos