



TORREYANA

Published for members of the Torrey Pines Docent Society, #57, Dec., 1980

TORREY PINES DOCENTS' CHRISTMAS PARTY

Come to the Reserve and share the season's good cheer on Saturday, Dec. 20th, 9:00 A.M., Lodge. Please remember to bring a food item which could be your favorite holiday dish. If you need a suggestion call Julie Marine, Hostess, at 755-5598. Tea breads, fruit, etc. There will be no special speaker. We hope you will come prepared to eat and relax. Maybe we could have a walk afterwards.

"Now Dasher! now Dancer! now Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!"



Conn Quest by Martha Conn

Hope everyone had a terrific Thanksgiving. The year is quickly coming to a close and thanks to all dutiful docents it has been a productive year. Again it's time to award "Docent of the Year", the secret to be revealed at the annual Christmas Brunch. The Lodge looks great and Hank's book is underway, soon to be ready for sale on our shelves. The Fleming house may soon accomodate a ranger and his family, and if we're lucky he'll invite us for the opening. How about a Night Walk, A Talk on the Coyote, A Tour of the Extension? This and more to come in the new year. A very Merry Christmas and Glorious New Year to all.

Q — If the buck deer lose their antlers every spring, why isn't the forest floor covered with them?
A — Porcupines eat them. So do rabbits. Mice, too.



Report from the Ranger by Bob Wohl

I was leafing through our park history photos recently when I came upon a picture of Guy Fleming in his backyard, nursing Torrey Pine seedlings under a lattice canopy. The next several photos gave me a start. There was the newly completed Fleming residence sitting on the hill entirely devoid of trees. Another shot revealed the finished Lodge, and again, no trees, just barren plateau! It suddenly dawned on me just how many Torrey Pine trees we now enjoy today which were planted by Guy Fleming, and just how much we owe this one man and his family. His goal was to save the native Torrey Pine groves and to increase their chances of survival, both numerically and genetically. He succeeded well beyond his wildest imagination.

"Guy Fleming had a trail named after him." That would be most peoples' answer to the question: Who is Guy Fleming? In 1916, he was a well-known local naturalist considered "an authority on native trees and shrubs of Southern California," when he and Ralph Sumner did their landmark two day botanical study of the Torrey Pines area for the San Diego Society of Natural History and the San Diego Floral Association. Their findings were alarming!! Fire scars, uncontrolled camping and picnicking, people burning limbs for firewood. The Fleming-Sumner report stimulated a strong movement in San Diego for the preservation of the Torrey Pines.

Miss Scripps owned several areas of the present day reserve. She spearheaded this revival movement, and, taking one of the report's recommendations, appointed a custodian in 1921, none other than Guy Fleming himself. The City Park Commissioners agreed to her choice, renaming the entire area Torrey Pines Preserve. Miss Scripps financed the Lodge construction, and then a few years later financed the custodian's house. Guy Fleming and his wife Margaret designed the residence which Guy largely built with his own hands. (We still have several small tables that he built and designed still in the Ranger Station, using a similar motif that he used in his residence.

The custodian's residence has no indoor stairway between the upper and lower stories. The lower sector was their abode. The upper story was Guy's office. He was to become District Superintendent during the 1930's for the southern district of the rapidly growing California State Park System. From his residence at the Torrey Pines Preserve he conceived and implemented the addition of such famous parks as: Anza-Borrego Desert, Mt. San Jacinto, Mt. Palomar, Silverstrand, Morro Bay, and many other beach parks. He also affected the restoration of La Purisima Mission and the Pio Pico Mansion.



Illustration, courtesy of the artist, Margaret E. Fleming.

In 1950, Guy Fleming got together twenty-one San Diegans and organized the Torrey Pines Association, exactly 100 years after Dr. Parry discovered the Torrey Pine trees, the same year California became a state. One of his goals was to have it declared California's Birthday tree!

He did live to see his and Miss Scripps' mutual goal of the Preserve being turned over to the State of California for proper protection and management, in 1958. Guy Fleming died in 1960, yet the Association that he founded renewed its goals and ultimately succeeded in acquiring nearly 200 acres, presently named the Extension Reserve, in a statewide campaign. But for the Association and the neighboring community, the other groves would have been cut down by developers.

Today the Torrey Pines Association is involved with further land acquisitions for the Reserve. They are presently involved with funding and contracting the restoration of the custodian's house, now affectionately called the Fleming Residence. But for this man and his family, and the members of the Association that he founded, the present size and appearance of the Reserve today would be vastly different than we know it today.

Bob

NOTES FROM THE COSMOLOGIST *by Hank Nicol*

I don't claim to be an expert on any subject. One afternoon the Boss Ranger said, "Hank, you're not a Ranger. You say you're not a botanist, you're not a zoologist, a geologist, or any other kind of ologist. What are you?"

What I am is a philosopher. You know, one of those annoying people who go around asking, "Why?"

Philosophers used to worry a lot about "stuff" of the universe. Before I became a philosopher I thought "stuff" had something to do with sofas, or else "stuff" was what a pitcher had lost when he was over the hill. Then, again, maybe you would think of Chuck Barris' yelling, "We'll be back in a minute with more STUFF!"

Now "Cosmos" appears on the tube. It has a host who looks like a cleaned up rock star and who sounds like a serious David Steinberg (remember the guy who got Smothers brothers fired?) Carl Sagan is making "stuff" IN again.

Every now and then some physicist or astronomer announces that he has discovered the ultimate "stuff". I think the whole quest is opening boxes with smaller and ever smaller boxes inside, and it will be a long while before anyone finds the last one.

One of the great problems of philosophy is the search for TRUTH. Philosophers like to quote other philosophers, especially those with whom they agree. I like the view of Truth put forward by that great metaphysician, James Hoffa. During a conference on that subject, someone said, "The Truth is somewhere in the middle." Jimmy answered, "The Truth is where it's at!"

Philosophers also like to quote other of their kind with whom they disagree. This allows them to write brilliant refutations. Here is an exalted piece of purple prose by Evelyn Waugh.

"I do not think I shall ever forget the sight of Etna at sunset; the mountain almost invisible in a blur of pastel grey, glowing on the top and then repeating its shape, as though reflected, in a wisp of grey smoke, with the whole horizon behind radiant with pink light, fading gently into a grey pastel sky. Nothing I have seen in Art or Nature was quite so revolting."

For practice, you can refute that yourself, if you like.

Bertrand Russell said that he started out to be a mathematician. When mathematics became too difficult, he became a philosopher. When philosophy got too hard, he went into politics. I respect Russell's opinions, but I learned that I wasn't cut out for mathematics in the second grade. When I was a Boy Scout, I ran for assistant patrol leader and lost, so politics was out. I was stuck with philosophy.

You may think that philosophy is pretty useless. Not so. Every fortune cookie factory and every bumper sticker plant has a resident philosopher. After all, we need a steady supply of aphorisms, maxims, and adages for all occasions to save all of the various special interest protesters and one issue politicians from the trouble of thinking.

Hank

Secretary's Notes by Mary Christenson

TORREY PINES DOCENT SOCIETY
NOVEMBER 15, 1980

The meeting was called to order by our President, Martha Conn.

Murray Nelligan reported sales of \$174.73 for October and a balance on hand of \$1,370.90.

Old Business, none reported

New Business

Our annual Christmas brunch is scheduled for Saturday, December 20th, 9:00 A.M. Food, music and friendship will be shared.

Rowdy gave us a description of several new books on hand. The titles include: Dessert Journal, Introduction to Natural History, Sea Shore Plan, Tide Pools and Nearshore Fishes, Sierra Nev. Natural History, Native Shrubs of So. Ca. & 1000 Ca. Place Names.

REMINDER - Please put note with title and cost of book in the cash drawer when we make sales.

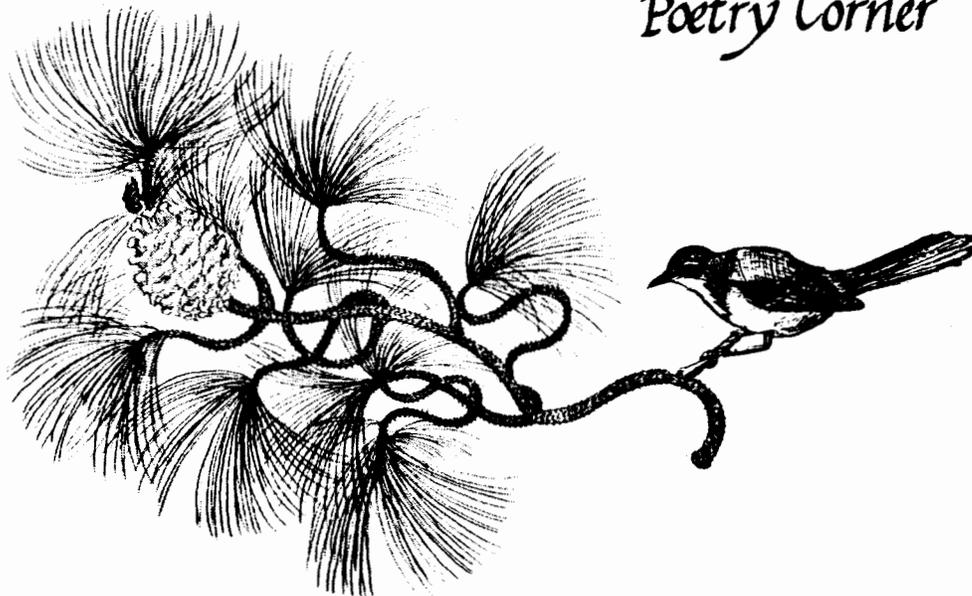
Park pamphlets are now free, the 25¢ charge has been dropped. When giving them out, remind people that there are a few inaccuracies, names of trails and canyons have now been changed. A new trail map was previewed which will include the original names given to the trails by Guy Fleming.

Duty Coordinator for December is Martha Conn. Her new no. is 481-1709. or call Lodge office 755-2063 or 452-8732.

Our speaker for the day was Faye Wilson from the Hubbs Sea World Research Institute. Along with some slides she gave a general outline of their studies in marine sciences. One recent success was the birth of Emperor penguins, the first time this has been accomplished outside the antarctic.



Poetry Corner



TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS by Millicent Horger
(with apologies to the partridge)

On the first day of Christmas my true love gave to me, a scrub jay in a Torrey pine tree.

On the second day of Christmas my true love gave to me, two mourning doves and a scrub jay in a Torrey pine tree.

On the third day of Christmas my true love gave to me, three wrentits, two mourning doves, and a scrub jay in a Torrey Pine tree.

On the fourth day of Christmas my true love gave to me, four calling quail, three wrentits, two mourning doves, and a scrub jay in a Torrey Pine tree.

On the fifth day of Christmas my true love gave to me, five honey bees, four calling quail, three wrentits, two mourning doves, and a scrub jay in a Torrey Pine tree.

On the sixth day of Christmas my true love gave to me, six toyon berries, five honey bees, four calling quail, three wrentits, two mourning doves, and a scrub jay in a Torrey Pine tree.

On the seventh day of Christmas my true love gave to me, seven porpoise swimming, six toyon berries, five honey bees, four calling quail, three wrentits, two mourning doves, and a scrub jay in a Torrey Pine tree.

On the eighth day of Christmas my true love gave to me, eight whales a-blowing, seven porpoise swimming, six toyon berries, five honey bees, four calling quail, three wrentits, two mourning doves, and a scrub jay in a Torrey Pine tree.

On the ninth day of Christmas my true love gave to me, nine docents dancing, eight whales a-blowing, seven porpoise swimming, six toyon berries, five honey bees, four calling quail, three wrentits, two mourning doves, and a scrub jay in a Torrey Pine tree.

On the tenth day of Christmas my true love gave to me, ten lizards leaping, nine docents dancing, eight whales a-blowing, seven porpoise swimming, six toyon berries, five honey bees, four calling quail, three wrentits, two mourning doves, and a scrub jay in a Torrey Pine tree.

On the eleventh day of Christmas my true love gave to me, eleven seagulls piping, ten lizards leaping, nine docents dancing, eight whales a-blowing, seven porpoise swimming, six toyon berries, five honey bees, four calling quail, three wrentits, two mourning doves, and a scrub jay in a Torrey Pine tree.

On the twelfth day of Christmas my true love gave to me, twelve rattlers drumming, eleven seagulls piping, ten lizards leaping, nine docents dancing, eight whales a-blowing, seven porpoise swimming, six toyon berries, five honey bees, four calling quail, three wrentits, two mourning doves, and a scrub jay in a Torrey Pine tree.

Along Our Bloomin' Trails

"Deck the halls" with toyon berry,
Fa la la la la, la la la la!
'Tis the season to be merry,
Fa la la la la, la la la la!



The bright red fruits of the Toyon (*Heteromeles arbutifolia*) also known as Christmas Berry or California Holly, were prized by the Indians who ate them raw or roasted.

At the end of a recent walk, circling the Lodge, Tam Cherin and I were amazed to see a flock of eight or nine robins gorging themselves on the toyon berries. It was quite exciting to watch my old friends, so common back "home" in the midwest, so scarce here in Southern California. Till this day, I had seen only two robins since moving to San Diego.

m. H.



If you play a musical instrument, how about bringing it along to the Christmas party? Some seasonal music would be nice! Call Frances Parks, 454-0285, if you can participate. Who knows? Among us we may have an orchestra?... a band?... a quartette?... a "group"?... one guitar player?... Don't be shy!

It has also been suggested that we bring our best pictures taken in the Reserve to pass around and enjoy. See you on the 20th!

TORREY PINES DOCENT SOCIETY
PRESIDENT- Martha Conn
Deadline for Torreyana copy
the 25th of each month.
Send contributions to:
Millicent Horger, Editor
13130 Carousel Lane
Del Mar, Ca. 92014
Phone: 481-9554

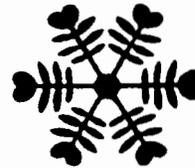
(714) 565-2681



RITE NOW PRINTING
INSTANT AND COMMERCIAL

8280 CLAIREMONT MESA BLVD.
BARBARA GLASGOW KEARNY PARK SUITE 122
GAIR GLASGOW SAN DIEGO, CA 92111

News & Notes



Gilbert A. Voss, Horticulturist at Quail Gardens, will lead
a walk there on Dec. 13 at 10:00 A.M.

Torrey Pines Docent Society
C/o Torrey Pines State Reserve
2680 Carlsbad Blvd.
Carlsbad, Ca. 92008



FOR

File Copy
Keep in Library



Scrub Jay