



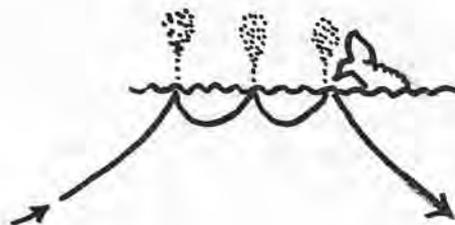
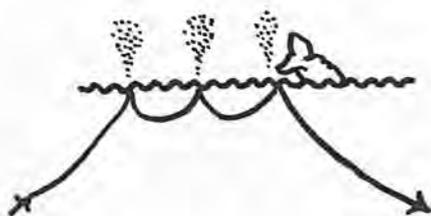
TORREYANA

Published for members of the Torrey Pines Docent Society, #58, Jan., 1981

NEXT DOCENT MEETING: Saturday, Jan. 17, '81; 9:00 A.M. Lodge

Due to the holiday rush and Christmas Day deadline, the identity of our next speaker remains a mystery. However, Frances Parks promises that we will have a WHALE of a program!

The whales are coming! The whales are coming!



3 blows at half minute intervals, then deep dive for 3-5 minutes

Docent Doings

Congratulations to Judy Schulman, "Docent of the Year"!

A warm welcome to Ellen Quick, our newest associate docent!

A tip of the hat to Julie Marine, hostess for our jolly Christmas party. (Elsa Evans has offered to compile a recipe book of delicious docent goodies.) Julie will be Duty Coordinator for the month of January. Phone: 755-5598.

Thanks to Ruth Hand for her tender reading of O'Henry's "Gift of the Magi".

Did you sample Melba Kooyman's seasonal whale cookies?

YOUR DUES ARE DUE! \$3.00 Same bargain as last year!

Report from the Ranger by Bob Wohl

I was out at Cabrillo National Monument recently with the Ranger Trainees to show them how the other half lives--the National Park System. Cabrillo has the largest attendance of any National Monument (not park, Yosemite has more) in the country. Compared to Torrey Pines, large sums of money have gone into development--parking lots, exotic plantings, visitor view centers, multi-media shows, publications and sales, and a large auditorium. Tour buses pull up on the worst of days, disgorging people from all states and nations, who run around for an hour, get back on the bus and go next to La Jolla Cove or the Star of India or Seaport Village. Cabrillo is in all the tour books as a must for the view--and the people come for that reason. In fact, one of Cabrillo's outdoor "talking" displays is devoted to identifying the type of battleship or destroyer passing by in the harbor at the very moment you are there.

I expected great waves of interpretive enthusiasm to pass from the Cabrillo Rangers to our trainee group, but instead the mood was somber and reflective. I had wanted the trainees to see the multiple slide projectors, stereo amplifiers, lap dissolve capabilities, and taped shows--"all the dreams that money can buy". The equipment was all there, lying fallow, while movies were being for the most shown instead in the auditorium.

"What happened to the shows?", I asked.

"Oh, they were getting antiquated and need to be redone."

There had been a change of staff. The park superintendent for the last 18 years was gone, a new boss with very different ideas had taken his place. Now the emphasis was away from the glossy, the new, the technological---emphasis was returning to the "traditional means of interpreting"...one-on-one discussions, guided nature hikes, notes and handouts, authentic historic restoration, dirt walkways over asphalt parking, native plants over exotic nursery types. The pendulum is swinging back to the human element and away from expensive projects. (If you haven't heard why Ronald Reagan was elected, it was to slash the federal budget and thus cool off inflation).

"I'll give a dollar to anyone who can find a labelled native plant here." The Cabrillo Ranger knew we wouldn't, since all the native plants were downslope 100 yards away from the people and the visitor center. The plantings around the buildings resembled anything you would see growing around today's condominiums. The Whale Watch parking lot was being sawed up, the asphalt to be removed, the ground below to be uncovered and allowed to breathe again.

"We want to restore the area to as natural a setting as possible."

Then it dawned on me! How ironic our endeavors have been at Torrey Pines. We have not changed the landscape very much over the last twenty years. Rangers and visitors have come and gone, each having ideas to "jazz" up the Reserve, "make it more relevant", "bring it into the 20th Century technologically", "build a new multi-media visitor center like they have in the National Park System", "put in more parking", etc.

But instead, we have emphasized the quality of the experience: revising the trail system, Docent led hikes, the rustic Lodge preservation, and selling books for keying animals and plants. We have closed countless roadside parking areas, developed a native plant garden outside the Lodge where a parking area used to be, and kept our name out of the major tour books, thus attracting people who were genuinely interested in the Reserve, and not just shutterbugs. We have tried to do what is best for the Reserve first and primarily. It seems to have been the right thing to do for the people who visit as well. We also seem to be in the vanguard of the "latest" trend in park administration--keep it natural!



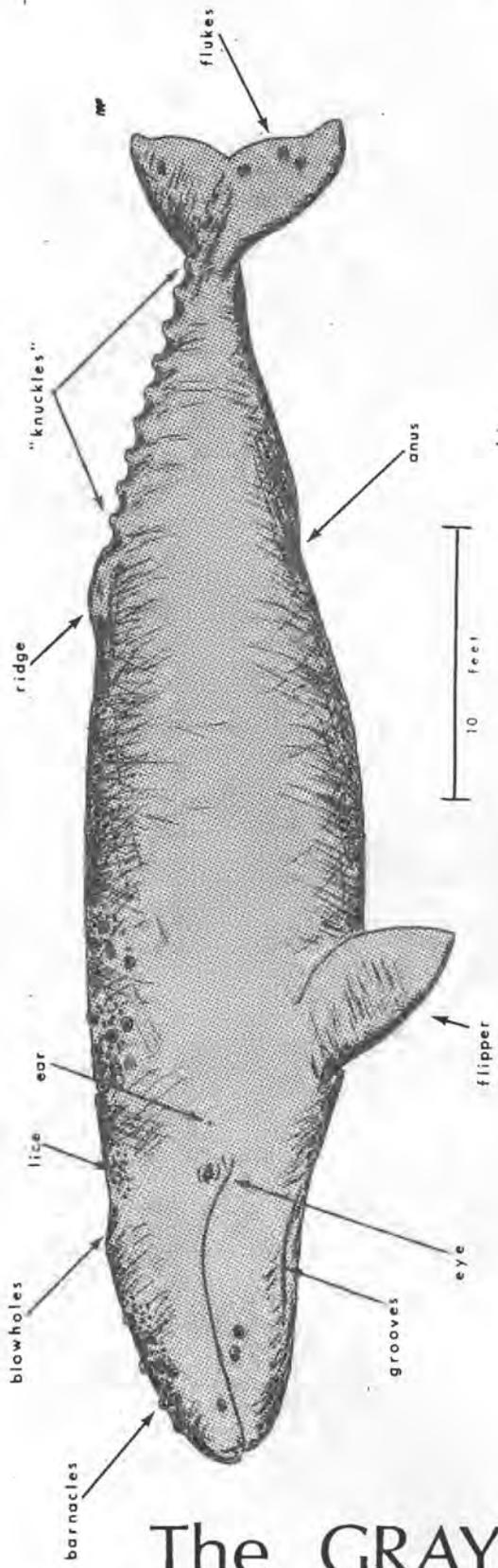
Getting to Know You

"DOCENT OF THE YEAR"

I joined the Docent Society in May of 1977. My reason for joining was based on the sad awareness that all I knew how to do after almost 5 years of college (U.C.S.D.-psychology) was how to study. When I came to my first meeting, I was taken by the friendliness of the members and the fact that they didn't seem to mind that my knowledge of plant identification was limited to "... there are green ones, and there are red ones, and there are yellow ones...". There was hope for me though. Based on the name of the Reserve, I was able to figure out which type of pine was growing in the area in such abundance. The Docent training program that I went through was a good one and was so motivating that I finished my check-off list in 2 months because I spent almost every weekend at the Reserve. This was not greatly appreciated by the college professor for whom I was supposed to have been doing library research. Now, some 3 years later, I'm still spending a lot of time here. The reason why is a purely selfish one ... being involved with the Reserve and the Docent Society makes me happy. Not only have I met a lot of wonderful people, but both my knowledge and appreciation of nature have been greatly increased. I emphasize appreciation because there is something about walking through the pine groves and the chapparal that has always been very soothing to me. A lot of chaotic thoughts about graduating from college, broken relationships, unemployment, and over-employment have been settled out here. I have come to the realization that compared to those Torrey Pine trees that cling so tenaciously to those unforgiving cliffs, my lot in life is very good and that when the going gets a bit rough I too can "hang-in" (pun intended) one more day. Having now been a computer programmer in a marketing research company for two years, the more I know about the business world and computers, the more I love the Torrey Pine and what it has come to symbolize to me. Again, thank you everyone!

By Judy Schulman

ANNUAL MIGRATION ROUTE



The GRAY WHALE

by AL PENTIS

© 1973

THE CALIFORNIA GRAY WHALE by Piper Lindsay

Every winter the California Gray Whales pass by Torrey Pines State Reserve on their annual migration route to the lagoons and bays along the coast of Baja. The trails along the bluffs in the Reserve provide excellent viewpoints for watching the whales as they swim south.

On a clear day, in December and January, you may see the whales spouting just off shore. Watch closely, for they blow about four times a minute before they submerge for three to five minutes. As a whale dives you may be able to see him arch his back, and briefly expose his tail and ten foot long flukes in the air. As he surfaces, watch for warm breath condensing into puffs of vapor, rising 10 to 15 feet in the air.

A large adult may reach a length of 50 feet and can weigh up to 40 tons! Gray whales can be recognized by their mottled gray color and lack of dorsal fins. Their grayish coloration comes from large colonies of barnacles and cyamid lice located on the head and back.

Gray whales have no teeth. In place of teeth, they have about 400 plates of baleen hanging from the roofs of their mouths. The bristly edges of the baleen strain crustaceans, small fish, and other tiny sea creatures from the water.

CHILLY ARCTIC WATERS

As fall approaches, the waters of the whale's arctic feeding grounds become cold and icy, making it difficult for the gray whale to continue feeding. This begins their annual migration, the longest of any living mammal. The gray whales will travel 10 to 14 thousand miles to the Pacific coast of Mexico, not so much to find food, but to bear their young. The warm waters help insure protection for the newborn calves.

Toward the end of November, the first group of gray whales may be sighted along the San Diego coast. Pregnant females are usually the "leaders", traveling about four knots and surfacing frequently. Their destination is Scammon's Lagoon and other bays located on Baja California's western coast. A small number round the tip of Cabo San Lucas into the bays of the Gulf.

Courting females and males follow, traveling at a slower rate of speed. These whales are usually observed in groups or "pods" of three to five, consisting of one female and two or more males. If you watch closely, you may see some of the amorous activities of the courting whales. The males will often jostle each other to attract the attention of the females.

Immature whales and yearlings are last to migrate south. They usually travel close to shore, occasionally in the surf line!

(To be continued next month)

More Notes From The Cosmologist

Sometimes I get flashes of inspiration that don't go anywhere. Here are some beginnings without ends, ends without beginnings, and middles with neither.

* * * * *

When John Lennon said that Andres Segovia is "daddy to us all," "us" being guitar pickers, Segovia asked, "Who's John Lennon?" When I say that Aldo Leopold is daddy to us all, "us" being naturalists, I don't feel much safer even though Leopold died in 1948. He had a heart attack while fighting a brush fire in Wisconsin. At the time I was a buck private hiking down a dusty road in Texas with a pack on my back and an M-1 rifle on my shoulder. I had never heard of Aldo Leopold. I've heard a lot of him since. If you want to read the wisdom of a real naturalist, get into his book, Sand County Almanac.

* * * * *

We have some strange critters around here. Some of them wear green pants, tan shirts, and funny looking hats shaped like lemon squeezers. A couple of these started a graveyard behind the building. The idea was to bury various animals that had been killed on the road or washed up dead on the beach. After a year or so the bacteria and the bugs would eat away the soft parts, and they could dig up a nice, clean skeleton. These two went off to greener parks in Northern California. Its been almost a year since the last body was interred.

Some of the critters that wear fur pants and no hats are getting hungry. Someone came in wanting to know who was digging holes out back. I went to look. Something had dug up the very, very ripe carcass of a sea lion and had a meal. I didn't want to touch it, so I left it right there. The next morning I looked again. Everything was gone but the stink.

* * * * *

I was pleased to learn that there was, and is, a philosophy called Naturalism. It was first thought up around 300 B.C. along the Chinese coast, and its symbol can be seen today in the center of the South Korean flag. Naturalism is a dualism of yin and yang. It is totally different from Western dualisms which feature eternal combat between good and evil. Yin and Yang are not at odds. They are complementary. Yin is female, dark, cold, negative. Yang is male, light, hot, positive. Both are necessary in the universal balance: night and day, summer and winter. The greater yang grows the sooner it gives way to yin. The sun at noon, at its brightest, is beginning to give way to night. There are are some other things to Naturalism that don't make as much sense and which developed into a system of Pseudo science. I like pseudo science. Its absolutely useless, but it can be fun.

Once I saw a sign on a desk which said, "Anybody can make mistakes. I made a mistake once." I make mistakes all the time. I've used the back spacer and the whiteout all over this paper. The biggest mistake I ever made was when I decided to be an executive. I spent the next four and a half years trying to get back into the real world. While I was executing I had an office mate who was into biorhythms, astrology, and like that. One day he constructed a pyramid. This pyramid had no

walls. It was only a frame, but it was built to the approved dimensions. He didn't believe (at least I don't think he did) that pyramids can cure cancer and sharpen razor blades. He wanted a scientific test. He wanted me to grow a plant under it. What the hell? I made six grape ivy cuttings as identical as I could. I put three of them in a glass of water under the pyramid. I put the other three in another glass right beside them. In about three weeks the cuttings under the pyramid had roots half an inch long. The roots on the "control" cuttings were twice as long. Oh well, might as well keep going. I potted them all up and put the pyramid cuttings back under the pyramid. In six more weeks the cuttings under the pyramid had made fairly good growth. The ones outside the pyramid were trying to take over the desk. Pyramids may have some wonderful properties. Increasing the growth of plants isn't one of them.

* * * * *

Some people believe that dreams predict the future, or that they can tell you all about your psyche. I don't believe that dreams have any significance whatsoever. However, in case you disagree I've had a couple you can interpret.

I was walking down the beach trail just below Yucca Point. I saw three men in forbidden territory trying to get a 25 foot cabin cruiser back on the trail. Of course I went right over to investigate. When I got up close I saw that Ranger John Magee was already there. He was wearing an oversized, chrome plated name plate with inch high letters that announced, "GLOSSARY COACH!"

Years ago I had a dream in which I was taking a civil service examination. The one question I still remember vividly was, "Karma minus two equals...?" Try that one on, Dr. Freud.

* * * * *

People like to make lists. There are lists of the most decisive battles, the greatest quarterbacks, the fastest horses. Somebody even put out a Book of Lists. Philosophers like to make lists of the people who are most gifted. These lists usually run artists, musicians, philosophers, or poets, dancers, philosophers, or mathematicians, mystics, philosophers. Somehow I think that if the lists were compiled by hog farmers they might look different.

* * * * *

Philosophers are fond of wondering if there is a purpose in life, and, if so, what is that purpose. I believe I have found one purpose. I can't support my belief with the logic of Aristotle, or of Whitehead and Russell, or by an appeal to scriptures, but I believe that one main purpose in this life is to learn everything possible about the physical universe. I don't have the intellect of a Newton, or a Darwin. I can't be an astronomer, a physicist, or even a second rate botanist. I can use what little I have to learn something about Torrey Pines. I can try to pass on that little to other people. If, sometimes, I pass on some gross piece of misinformation, well, them's the breaks. I try.

Hank



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FOR



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Poetry Corner

I must go down to the sea again to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a
whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

"Sea-Fever" John Masefield