



TORREYANA

Published for members of the Torrey Pine Docent Society, #65, August, 1981

NEXT DOCENT MEETING: August 15, 9:00 A.M., Lodge



Our August meeting will feature insects of Torrey Pines State Reserve and residential gardens. Our guest speaker will be Dave Faulkner from the Natural History Museum where he has been employed for seven years as Curator of Entomology. Docents are encouraged to bring along insects for identification and discussion following his lecture and slide presentation. A short walk will follow.



Judy's Gentle Conglomerations of Thought

On behalf of the Torrey Pines Docent Society, I want to extend a sincere thanks to Ranger Bill Fait, our new area manager, for attending our museum renovation meeting and for suggesting some guidelines. This is especially appreciated since he attended on his day off from work. We look forward to his joining us from time to time as we do all those from the regional office.

Thanks also to Isabel Buechler who provided the lemonade and cookies, Julie Marine who donated a Zoo Guest Pass as a door prize, and Renee Cathcart who gave me an old photograph of Torrey Pines State Reserve for my historical scrapbook.

Please remember to call Duty Coordinator Ruth Hand. Just as important as telling her when you can work is telling her when you can't (for example, if you are going to be away for the summer or if you can only do 1 duty a month). Not only does this reduce the amount of calling she has to do, but also lets us know how many members we have available for duty.

Think about it...DOCENT it feel good to be a VOLUNTEER at Torrey Pines State Reserve???????



Secretary's Notes by Julie Marine July 18, 1981

President Judy Schulman began our meeting with docents, Park staff and special guest in a history quiz: Name the first Calif. State Park. Bill Brothers' hand up, won a free pass to the San Diego Zoo for his answer- Yosemite (1864) which later became a National Park. The door prize, Desert Journal, went to Bob Hopper. The meeting was then turned over to Bill Brothers, and the subject was how we can work together on improving the displays and exhibits, either by replacing them or updating the museum area.

Ranger Bob Wohl introduced our special guest, Bill Fait, California State Parks Area manager, plus some of the docents who have been very active and concerned about T.P.S.R., and the park staff.

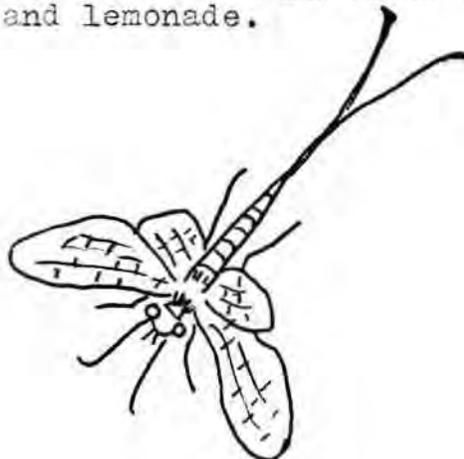
Our new associates introduced to our group were Peggy Crunican, David Hardy, Allan Carson, Betty and Judy Andrews. A warm welcome to all.

Karen Shlom reported that panel type, plexi-glass exhibits using photos blown up from some of the many slides she has taken, can be developed at reasonable cost through State headquarters. It was stated that Regional area Ranger Dick Edwards said he would put a request in for \$5,000, possibly from the directors' fund, towards the restoration materials. It was further stated that district Ranger Dom Goutelli has also requested \$5,000 for the museum update.

Aside from listing general topics such as botany, zoology, geology, etc., suggestions included: animal tracks display (since most Reserve animals are nocturnal), selling our own slides and new T.P. postcards, concise descriptions on all displays, a cozy corner furnished as in the old days where visitors can relax, more use of porches and outside area, push button for bird calls, eye level exhibits for children, items to touch, a careful blending of nature and history, with emphasis on the Torrey Pine; and professional help in planning.

Bill Fait suggested that we talk over each topic at future meetings, get an interpretive perspective on major items brought to the attention of the group, with emphasis on space (how best to utilize this building), time, money, staff and exhibits.

The meeting was adjourned and refreshments followed in the docent lounge. Thanks to Isabel Buechler and Ellen Quick for the delicious cookies and lemonade.





On June third I went back for another visit to the ground bees at the Indian village site. This time the sun was out, the weather was warm, and there was a lot of activity. The bee holes were scattered around in an elliptical group about a foot and a half across and two feet long. Most of them were in the trail, but two were a few inches into the grass. One hole was off by itself six feet from the cluster.

The bees were carrying great loads of pollen. Some of them had so much that some was scraped off on the rim of the hole. It seemed to me that the tubes which had been sticking out of the ground had grown higher. Two of these pipes had been snapped off. I managed to get one of them back to the office intact. It had stuck out of the ground five eighths of an inch. Its inside diameter was exactly one quarter of an inch at the top and five sixteenths where it entered the ground.

The bees were just a little shorter than honeybees but a lot thicker. Some of them had black and pale green stripes. On some the lighter stripes were yellow. I wondered where all the pollen was coming from. I found the bees working on prickly pear blossoms a few yards away. Some small sweat bees were working the same territory. I saw one ground bee on a barrel cactus blossom 30 yds. to windward. Whether it was from the cluster of holes or from someplace else I have no idea. None of the bees seemed to be paying any attention to the white flowers of the ladyfingers. There was quite a bit of buckwheat in bloom. It was being watched by bee flies and by your standard honey bees. I didn't see any of the ground bees or sweat bees on it.

By June 16th most of the bee holes had disappeared. I counted only six of the original cluster. I couldn't tell if they had been stomped in by people's feet or if the disappearance were natural, but several new holes had appeared a few yards away. A small grasshopper was sitting at the entrance to one hole. It hopped away. Another mystery.

A wrestling match caught my eye. What appeared to be two bees were rolling over and over. The loser hobbled over to a short stalk of grass and climbed to the top. It tried to fly. It crashed. It tried again and again. Every now and then the winner made another attack. Finally the winner settled down on the ground. I could see that it wasn't a bee at all. It was a fly with bee like stripes, but it wasn't one of the familiar bee flies. It was only half the size of the bee, and it didn't have the long needle like snout of a bee fly.

A bee fly did come along, though. It hovered over a bee which was making some home improvements. I thought it might be waiting for the bee to leave. I had read that bee flies lay their eggs at the entrance to a bee's hole. But the bee left, and the bee fly continued its hovering. Then I realized that the book I had read hadn't told the whole story. The bee fly was doing bumps as it hovered. I realized that it was bombing the bee hole with eggs. Some may have gone into the hole, but I saw several land half an inch away. Once the bee set down three quarters of an

inch from the hole and dug its rear into the loose dirt surrounding the hole. I presume it was laying more eggs. The bee fly took off after a few seconds and continued bombing every bee hole in the area for several minutes. If bee fly larvae feed on bee larvae, as the book says, how do the bee fly larvae get from the eggs outside the hole to the bee larvae inside the hole? Somebody will have to tell me.

After the bee fly left, another small fly, which had a passing resemblance to a sweat bee, looked over each hole. Whether or not it was also bombing with eggs I couldn't tell.

The bees were hunting all over but apparently not finding much. They weren't carrying the heavy loads of pollen as they had before. One bladderpod had a few scruffy, yellow blossoms. The cactus blooms were all gone. The buckwheat was a long way off, and it seemed to be visited mostly by honeybees and small blue butterflies.

On the 29th of June I stopped by again. The colony had deteriorated into a shanty town. Most of the holes were caved in. Only four looked in reasonably good shape. Four or five more were barely open. A lone black ant walked into one hole. I saw a fading prickly pear blossom. One bee was collecting pollen. Another had died inside the flower. Those were the only bees I saw.

I haven't really learned any answers, but, at least, I've found some new questions.

Hank

YCC PROGRAM ENDS THIS YEAR

Docents and other friends of the Reserve will be sorry to learn that the Federal gov't. has announced that funding for the YCC will be discontinued next year, making this summer the 11th and final season of the youth program. The YCC is a state grant conservation, education, work experience program employing students 15 to 18 yr's. old. The San Diego Coast Area YCC camp employs 40 youth; 20 female, 20 male, with a Project Coordinator, Camp and Work Coordinator, Instructor & 5 Crew leaders on the staff.

YCC participants have completed a variety of conservation work projects at TPSR, including marine observation platforms, scenic overlooks and self-guided trails. This year's projects include beach stairways, a debris basin, and rerouting of the existing trails.

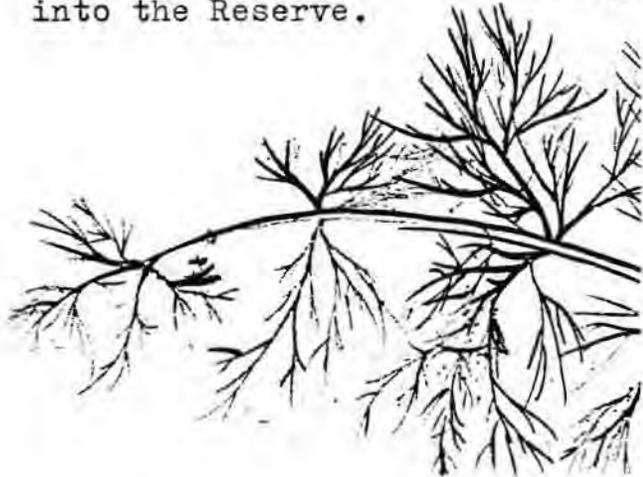
The camp at TPSR will continue until August 21, 1981. The students work 30 hrs. per week and earn \$3.69 per hour. They also participate in 10 hrs. per week of environmental education for which they receive school credit.

Christopher J. Platis, Camp Director

Along Our Bloomin' Trails

Aug 1981

The fennel is now in bloom along both sides of the road leading into the Reserve.



fennel (*Foeniculum vulgare*). This ferny plant is most easily recognized by its conspicuous licorice aroma and bluish-green coloration. The small yellow flowers are grouped in umbels. The base of each stem is flared like the base of a celery stalk.

Emerging stalks can be eaten like celery or added to salads, stews or soups. The seeds, steeped in hot water, make a refreshing licorice-flavored tea.

Book Report



CALIFORNIA INSECTS

By Jerry A. Powell and Charles L. Hogue.
University of California Press, Berkeley,
1979. 388 pages. \$7.95 (soft cover);
\$15.95 (hard cover).

By Larry Eng

This, the 144th of the California Natural History Guide series, is intended as a guide to the natural history and identification of California insects for the general public and beginning entomology students.

The authors are quick to point out

that a true field guide to the 27,000-28,000 recorded insect species in California is impossible in a single portable volume. They have circumvented this dilemma by selecting some 600 species as representatives of the 29 orders.

The species selected for discussion include common and conspicuous species, agricultural and human pests, and endangered species. Both common and scientific names are given.

The text is illustrated by 458 drawings and color plates for identification of many of the commonly encountered insects of California. Each illustrated insect is described and its biology, natural history and distribution are discussed. Other closely-related species, not illustrated, are also discussed.

The use of some technical terms is unavoidable and to assist the reader the authors provide a glossary and a list of abbreviations. For those readers who wish to delve deeper into the fascinating world of insects, references are provided for both the technical and lay literature on insects.

This book is easily read and informative. I'm sure it will prove a valued and useful companion whether in the backwoods or in the back yard. As an introduction to California's diverse insect fauna and as an aid to the identification of the more common and conspicuous of these species, *California Insects* is a valuable addition to the library of anyone interested in the natural history of California. #

Larry Eng is a fishery biologist in the inland fisheries branch at Sacramento DFG headquarters.

From "Outdoor California"
(May-June issue)



News & Notes

Thanks to Jan Applegate, former park intern from San Diego State, for color coordinating the wild flower scrapbooks. This is a great improvement! Later, the scrapbooks will be indexed.

A-a-ah! good litter! There's one kind we can live with- the natural litter on the floor of a forest. Without it there would not long be a forest. Accumulated litter, or duff, saves the topsoil from washing away, it holds moisture, it harbors minute forms of animal life that work it continuously, turning it into fertile topsoil required by trees and other plants for satisfactory growth.

Insects, beetles, grubs, worms, all work through this natural mulch. Their borings allow water to penetrate to the soil. Their droppings and their bodies after death add to the humus content of the soil. Always some of them become prey to shrews, skunks, birds and other animals that like that sort of thing. It's all part of the energy cycle. Each animal uses part of its food for growing and maintaining its own body. After it dies the left over energy is used as food by the organisms of decay and it goes around again.

I sit under an old Jeffrey pine in Cuyamaca State Park. I say old because this tree, well over two feet in diameter, has to be old, perhaps 75 years or more. This year's accumulation of litter lies on top, of course, except where insect-eating animals have dug or where ground squirrels, in digging their burrows, have left mineral soil on the surface, covering some of the leaf litter. Material thus covered will decay more rapidly than if left exposed, so the squirrels are unintentionally helping in the soil building process.

The litter under this pine consists mainly of leaves, bark, branches and cones from the tree itself, but since this is a mixed forest, the oak and incense cedar trees next door have contributed a share. Then there are spider webs, bird feathers- a long blue one from the wing of a Steller's jay, and there must be, somewhere, remains of hungry mosquitoes that are trying to consume me. These are the obvious things, but we know there are also molds and other fungi, and the remains of countless tiny insects and even smaller creatures.

Many young pine cones become sources of food for tree squirrels. Dozens of pine cores lie scattered about on top of the accumulated pine needles and bits of bark. Cone cores? Those fluffy-tailed gray squirrels that chatter at dawn have been eating green pine nuts all summer long. The squirrel gnaws through the stalk of the cone, drops it to the ground, then takes it apart, scale by scale. Each cone scale bears two seeds on its upper surface. The squirrel gnaws the scale from its core, then cuts into the shell of each seed, eating the sweet kernel. The empty shells and cone scale litter one day will be decayed organic matter in the topsoil, ready to nourish the trees of that day.



WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG

Sketching all of the insect drawings this month made me think of a favorite poem from Now We Are Six. If you weren't brought up on A. A. Milne's verses, perhaps you aren't familiar with this one, so I will share it with you. Scratch off the 2 and I am still 6 years old!

M. H.



FORGIVEN

I found a little beetle, so that Beetle was his name,
And I called him Alexander and he answered just the same.
I put him in a match-box, and I kept him all the day . . .
And Nanny let my beetle out—



Yes, Nanny let my beetle out—



She went and let my beetle out—



And Beetle ran away.

She said she didn't mean it, and I never said she did,
She said she wanted matches and she just took off the lid,



She said that she was sorry, but it's difficult to catch
An excited sort of beetle you've mistaken for a match.

She said that she was sorry, and I really mustn't mind,
As there's lots and lots of beetles which she's certain
we could find,
If we looked about the garden for the holes where
beetles hid—
And we'd get another match-box and write BEETLE
on the lid.

We went to all the places which a beetle might be near,
And we made the sort of noises which a beetle likes to
hear,
And I saw a kind of something, and I gave a sort of
shout:
"A beetle-house and Alexander Beetle coming out!"

It was Alexander Beetle I'm as certain as can be
And he had a sort of look as if he thought it must
be ME,



And he had a sort of look as if he thought he ought to
say:
"I'm very very sorry that I tried to run away."

And Nanny's very sorry too for you-know-what-she-
did,
And she's writing ALEXANDER very blackly on the
lid.
So Nan and Me are friends, because it's difficult to
catch
An excited Alexander you've mistaken for a match.

-A. A. Milne

TORREY PINES DOCENT SOCIETY
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 Deadline for Torreyana copy
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Poetry Corner

August Is the Shape Of Beaten Gold

The liquid voice of spring, green sap, the
 myriad leaves
 and from the leaves the water-rippling
 notes
 where birds, a hundred thousand thousand
 birds,
 in love with life, with spring, with gentle
 buds,
 sing out their flowing joy, a stream of joy,
 rivulets, running raindrops, sprays of sound
 all cool and dewy; now the turn has come:
 the sap draws back, leaves crack and birds
 are still
 while the dry insects sing continually
 their rasping songs among the sapiess stems
 of stubble hay: this is the hardening hour,
 the hour metallic, dry; not water now
 flows to the mud, but sands blow against
 sands
 and wires are twanged, and bronze taps
 upon bronze
 and August is a shape of beaten gold
 with dry peas rattling in an empty mouth.

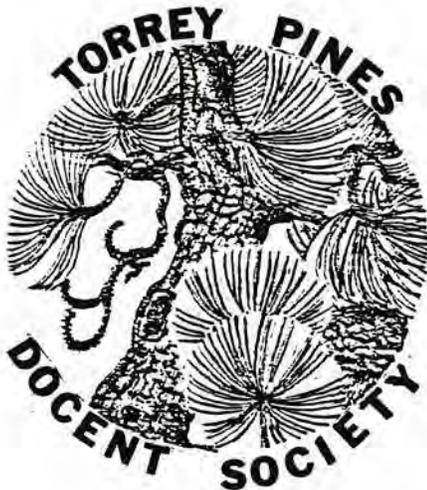
ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

*Some primal termite knocked on wood,
 And tasted it, and found it good.
 And that is why your cousin May
 Fell through the parlor floor today.*

— Ogden Nash



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FOR

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Scrub Jay