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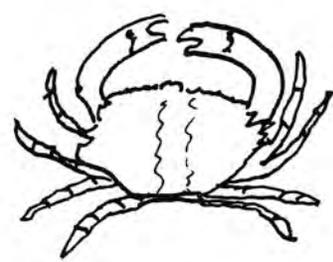
TORREYANA

Published for Members of the Torrey Pines Docent Society, #77, Aug. 1982

AUGUST 21 MEETING, 9 A.M., VISITOR CENTER

Geology of San Diego County and Torrey Pines State Reserve will be the topic presented at the August meeting by Larry Banks. Larry is a Torrey Pines Docent, Natural History Museum Canyoneer, and zoology student at San Diego State University. He will give a talk in the lodge, followed by a tour of the geological wonders in the Reserve.

Before Larry's talk there will be a sharing of the projects investigated at the July picnic and beach walk. Please bring your projects.



DOCENT TIDINGS

Thanks to all those who attended the Beach Party. It was a splashing success! A special note of appreciation goes to Martha Chapin for her informative walk along the beach.

Congratulations to Betty Andrews, who is our latest associate member to attain full docent standing. Her specialty will be giving walks to the physically disabled.

All docents who participated in Martha Chapin's competition for the best questions on her walk should bring those questions to the next docent meeting. A prize will be awarded then.

Judy

Judy's Gentle Conglomerations of Thought

One of the most rewarding aspects of my historical research is the discovery of new facts. The discovery that I am going to write about here occurred when Docent Elizabeth "Magic Pockets" Nicoloff asked me if I was familiar with the contribution landscape architect Ralph Cornell made to Torrey Pines State Reserve. Embarrassed by my lack of knowledge, I eagerly accepted Elizabeth's offer to lend me some reading material that she had on him.

A renowned landscape architect (perhaps best known for designing the grounds of UCLA) and horticultural photographer, Mr. Cornell was retained in 1922 by Miss Ellen B Scripps to develop a long-term master plan for the development of what was then called Torrey Pines Park. Elements of his plan included (1) restrictions against changes that would alter the original landscape, (2) restrictions against the introduction of any feature or plant that was not indigenous, and (3) restrictions against overcultivation of the Torrey pine tree to the exclusion of open spaces. That he was well qualified to make such decisions is substantiated by the following quote that he made in California Southland in March 1922: "Museums are benevolently bestowed, zealously fostered and eagerly visited as places where the arts and industry of antiquity are preserved. It is equally fitting that museums of the great outdoors be established and maintained that the arts and beauties of nature may also be held in sacred trust..."

All this is by way of an introduction to Mr. Cornell's book Conspicuous California Plants, which was republished in 1978 by the Plantin Press of Los Angeles. The book is 232 pages long and contains over 40 black and white photographs. Divided into four subject areas, it contains sections on trees, chaparral, desert, and conservation. Although all sections are very informative, the chapters on trees and chaparral are the most relevant to our interpretive activities at TPSR. The section on trees includes writings about sequoias, the madrono tree, the green bay tree, coast live oaks, sycamores, Fremont's cottonwood, the Monterey cypress and pine, the bristlecone pine, and, of course, the Torrey pine. Included in the section on chaparral are chapters on the wild lilac (ceanothus), rhuses (lemonade-berry, sumac), manzanita, wild buckwheat, yerba santa, and poison oak.

The book is available from Mrs. Ralph D. Cornell. Her address is P.O. Box 27084, Los Feliz Station, Los Angeles, CA 90027. The book is \$27.50 clothbound and \$13.19 paperbound. Both prices include tax and postage.

Judy



Go forth, under the open sky,
and list
To Nature's teachings, while
from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the
depths of air—
Comes a still voice . . .
William Cullen Bryant

One of several projects to which I'm supposed to be putting my intellect is a new slide program. My intellect, such as it is, isn't cooperating. I'm desperately short of inspiration. At least I've gotten around to thinking about what a slide show is, what it's supposed to do, and the problems that go with one.

The strong light shot through slides bleaches out the colors. The reds go first. Old slides go green around the emulsion. The title slide in our present show is a good example. It gets thoroughly cooked when we forget to turn off the projector. It's no great loss. That's why I put it there. Even some of the slides which are projected for only a few seconds a day are losing their complexions.

Several things can be done to make a slide show last. The film could be mounted in glass. The glass would resist some of the light and most of the heat. Glass slides work a lot slicker too. They almost never jam.

We could save the originals and make the program with duplicates. We save our precious originals, and visitors see a preshrunk show.

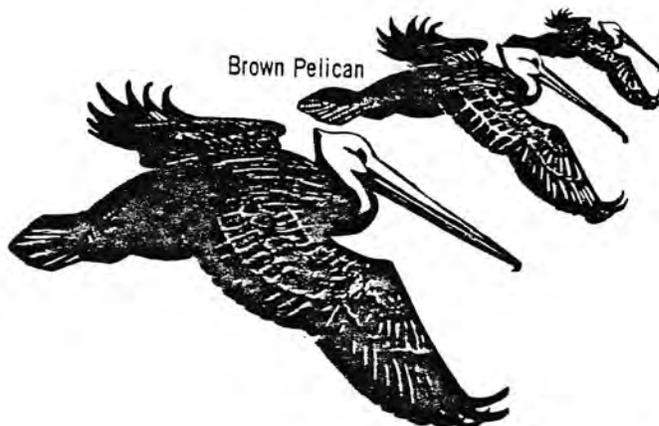
There is still another way. Instead of shooting positive film, Kodachrome or Ektachrome, we can shoot negatives with Kodacolor. Then we just have the negs printed onto film instead of paper and have as many high quality slides as we want. We'll probably make at least some of our slides this way from now on. So if we want to go to the trouble, we can make a program which will last until somebody plants the first Torrey pine on Space Station XR1-B. But why?

Photography, even very good photography, only records what is in front of the camera. A photograph is rarely beautiful enough and creative enough to reach the quality we can call "art." I haven't taken too many photographs that I think deserve to be hung in the Louvre, and I doubt that any slide show, no matter how wonderful and witty, needs to be shown very long. I regard a slide show not as a masterpiece but as a magazine article. A few thousand people see it, enjoy it, and maybe learn something. Then we file it and start over.

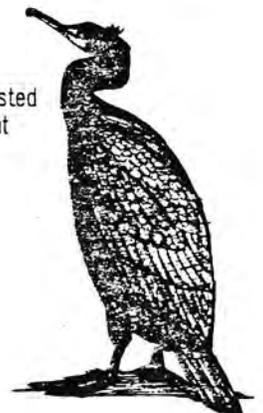
My ideal artist is a street musician. He plays. People listen. After the last note, it's over. It's gone. After our slide show has faded like the sunrise (sunsets don't fade, they get darker), it's gone too. Why try to stretch it? It's not art. It never was.

Now there's a move to drop the whole idea of having a slide program in the Visitor Center. If we can tell our story by other means, I have no objections. It'll be one less thing to strain my poor ol' intellect.

Hank



Double-crested
Cormorant



PICNIC GATHERING by Bill Brothers

For July's nature walk and brunch, we all gathered at the picnic tables overlooking the draining lagoon. Our speaker, Martha Chapin, gave some enthusiastic and stimulating introductory remarks covering the wonderful environment of Torrey Pines and the small hidden beauties awaiting our inquisitive eyes. She suggested the docents should work on a project of investigation while on our walk. Along the beach we explored small corallines growing on kelp blades, shells, sand crabs, dolphins, hydrozoans attached to shells, wave action, and wave types. Hunger for our potluck brunch cut short our investigation of the lagoon, but some dedicated docents enjoyed their salads while investigating their projects with the books brought by Martha. Martha was very refreshing, and I hope we can remember to keep our inquisitive eyes and ears open along the beach and also in the Reserve. Thank you, Martha. Thanks also to all the docents who showed up and brought food for our summer feast.

FLASH!

Congratulations to Docent Millicent Horger for receiving a special award for her weaving entered at the Del Mar Fair. She is one of two people so honored in California and one of 57 in the U.S. Well, Milli, do you like the way I wove this article in around your editorial absence?

Bill

Milli's special award, from Spindle, Shuttle, and Dye Pot publication, was for a vest and skirt that she made from her own hand-woven fabric. Some of the yarn in the fabric was hand spun by Milli using dog hair and sheep wool. In addition to the special award and a blue ribbon for this project, Milli won a blue ribbon for a beautiful tablecloth (white on white pattern with gold metallic trim), and a red ribbon for a baby shawl. Weaving awards are nothing new for Milli--she has won ribbons each year since she has lived in San Diego.

JB



Quiz

QUESTION: All crabs are completely covered by a hard shell. True or false?

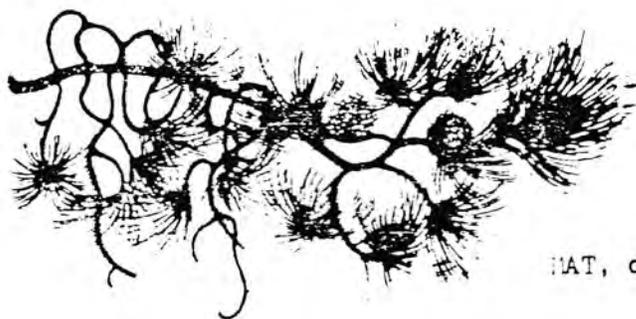
Torreyana

3-76 to 7-77

Sunny Rankin Editor

torreyana

8-77 to 2-78 Sunny Rankin Editor



3-78 to 2-80

Judy Schulman Editor

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torreyana

Our newsletter, the Torreyana, is a vital link in communicating present and future activities of our society and its members. The old Torreyanas are also very useful in gathering information on docent history and the natural history of the Reserve and surrounding areas. I was amazed by the additional knowledge I gained while reviewing the old issues. Past Torreyanas are located in the library in two volumes, along with a recently compiled book containing natural history articles written for the Torreyana throughout the years. This book includes articles covering rare pines, ecology, spittlebugs, hummingbirds, whales, etc. I hope it is useful for all docents.

The first Torreyana was printed in December 1975 and received its official name after a vote in February 1976. The different headings of the Torreyanas shown above reflect the growth and change in our society and in the Torreyana's editors. The current heading has been used since March 1980 when our present editor, Millificent Horger, took office. The Docent Society has had three major editors who deserve praise in creating an excellent Torreyana. Congratulations!

Bluebirds and Blue Birds

by Helen Chamlee



There are bluebirds and blue birds. Simply having blue feathers doesn't make a bird a bluebird. The name bluebird, in one word, refers to only one particular kind of bird. There are eastern bluebirds, western bluebirds, and mountain bluebirds. Some other kinds of birds are blue, but they are not bluebirds. A flash of bright blue wings seen in the San Diego area is most likely to be a blue jay in flight. We have jays in the city, in the foothills, and in the mountains- two kinds of jays.

The frequent visitor to city feeding trays is the scrub jay; the most frequent visitor to picnic parties in the mountains is the Steller's jay. Their ranges overlap, so you might find both attending a picnic in Julian or Cuyamaca. If I seem to stress food, it is because these are big hungry birds, ever on the search for things to eat and not shy about showing their interest in edibles of all kinds. They are omnivorous feeders- acorns, fruits, seeds, grain, beetles, small lizards and mice, other birds' eggs or nestlings being among their natural foods. Potato chips, sandwiches, and hot dogs also have their appeal, and picnickers are not at all surprised to have jays flying from tree to tree overhead, uttering cries of "Quesh, quessh", and flying down to pick up bits of food within a few feet of the table.

The one with the big black crested head is the Steller's jay. Its head and throat are black, breast is gray, and wings, back and tail are bright blue. That fine upstanding crest is unmistakable.

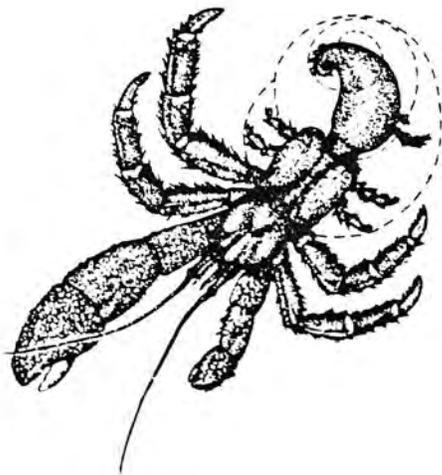
The scrub jay has a streamlined head, flattened on top- no sign of a crest. Its head, wings and tail are brilliant blue, back is brownish, underparts are light gray and throat is speckled. Scrub jays have adapted well to urbanization and are seen frequently in city parks, canyons and gardens, as well as in the back country chaparral. They are big birds, easy to see and hear. By big, I don't mean big like an eagle, but much bigger than mockingbirds, sparrows or housefinches. As they fly from here to there, each flight ends in a long upward glide.

Easterners and midwesterners will think that there is something missing from the color pattern of our jays. These people are used to seeing blue jays (and that is their official name- blue jay in two words, and it doesn't belong to our jays even though they too are blue, bluer than blue jays, actually). Blue jays have conspicuous bright white markings on wings and tail. If you are used to it that seems right; that's the way jays look. My reaction as a westerner, when I first encountered blue jays, was that those birds were all cluttered up with white feathers, and they didn't look right to me; jays don't have all that white, I thought, ours don't. So remember, don't call our bright blue jays blue jays, even though they are blue.

Now back to those bluebirds (one word). When the real bluebird stands up he is a little bird with hunched posture and blue head, wings and tail. Both eastern and western bluebirds have the chestnut breast of the stylized greeting card

bird that might be called the emblem of happiness, luck, and other good things. Any bluebird you might see within a hundred miles of San Diego would probably be a western bluebird. They are quite common in our mountains. They're little birds, no more than half the size of jays, and they don't haunt picnics. Their principal food is grasshoppers, followed by beetles, caterpillars, berries and seeds. Bluebirds used to visit my childhood home in Bonita to pick the blue berries from the Virginia creeper that covered two walls of our house. I haven't seen any since moving to the city. I would like to, they're such pretty little birds.

HERMIT CRAB (*Pagurus samuelis*). This is the most common hermit in upper tide pools. It is often found in turban snail shells. Females carry eggs near the abdomen, well inside the shell for protection. They fight among themselves for food and shells. They are found in the mid to high tide zone, from British Columbia to Mexico.



ANSWER TO QUIZ: False. The hermit crab has no protection for his soft internal organs and protects them by living in a discarded shell. As he grows, he trades up to larger and larger borrowed shells.

Hermit crabs are not true crabs.

TORREY PINES DOCENT SOCIETY

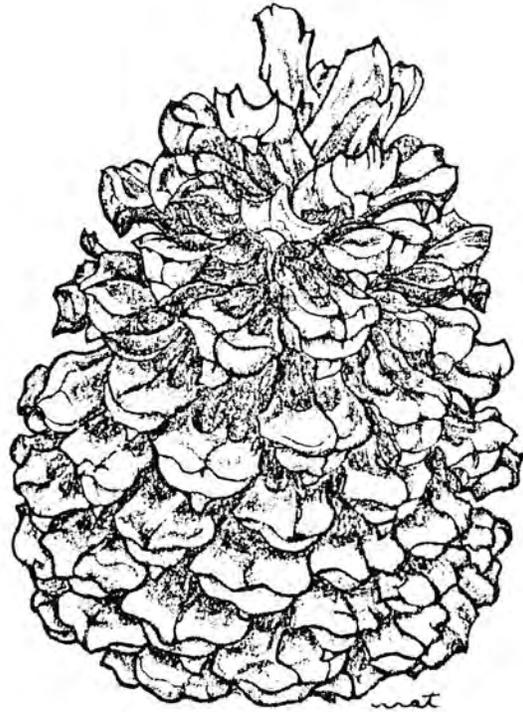
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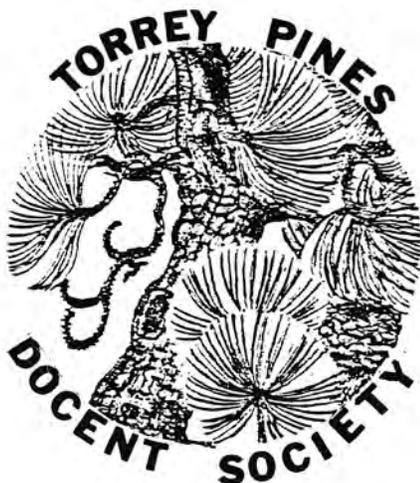
SILVER

Slowly, silently, now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon;
This way, and that, she peers, and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees;
One by one the casements catch
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;
Couched in his kennel, like a log,
With paws of silver sleeps the dog;
From their shadowy cote the white breasts peep
Of doves in a silver-feathered sleep;
A harvest mouse goes scampering by,
With silver claws, and silver eye;
And moveless fish in the water gleam,
By silver reeds in a silver stream.

WALTER DE LA MARE



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