



TORREYANA

Published for Members of the
Torrey Pines Docent Society

No. 107

May 1984

NEXT DOCENT MEETING: Saturday, May 19, 9 a.m., Visitor Center

The monthly meeting on May 19 will feature Richard Carrico, anthropologist and chief investigator for the excavation in Sorrento Valley of the Ipai Indian settlement known as Ystagua. The excavation of Ystagua is significant in that it is the first major prehistoric village site to be documented along the north San Diego coast, disproving a former theory that the late prehistoric Indians of this area did not establish permanent villages along the coast. Mr. Carrico will begin with a discussion of the three phases of prehistoric Indian culture in coastal San Diego County and then concentrate specifically on the Sorrento Valley site and the Indians of Torrey Pines. There will be slides and discussion during what is sure to be a very relevant and enlightening presentation.

TRAINING SESSION (FOR NEW AND OLD DOCENTS)

The training session, which began April 28, will continue with the following programs and speakers:

May 5 Bill Brothers will lecture on the botany of Torrey Pines State Reserve and will lead students on a hike.

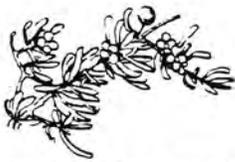
May 12 Judy Schulman will lecture on the history of the Reserve.

May 19 Richard Carrico, anthropologist, will speak on the Indians of Torrey Pines and vicinity for our regular monthly meeting.

June 2 Dick Edwards, Regional Interpretive Specialist, will lecture and demonstrate interpretive techniques.



Although programs are designed for those interested in becoming docents at the Reserve, all of you graduates are encouraged to attend the training session as a brushup or to hear new lecturers. Contact Ranger Bob Wohl at 755-2063 or 452-8732 for further information.



Docent Doings



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE by Glenn Dunham

Another month has slipped by without me writing anything in the way of notes for the Torreyana--so here I am with the deadline looming over me as I write.

First I would like to thank Isabel Buechler and Judy Carlstrom for such a quick response to our training class publicity needs. I know they did a lot of work in a short time and the result has been good coverage in several newspapers and even a few radio spots I am told. Thank you. The program schedule for the training class has been set and all docents are invited to come for a refresher (bring a friend?)

A new position of membership chairperson has been created due to a real need for someone to keep our lists up to date, and we have a volunteer. Pam Van Atta has agreed to help us keep track of current and prospective members, with other duties to be worked out as we go.

For those who have been concerned over Marge Amann's tumble taken at Wilderness Gardens, she is doing fine. In spite of a broken wrist and a few stitches, she was in good spirits when I talked to her, so we can all relax.

In the mail... I received a prescribed burn project plan for Torrey Pines. It is for a small test burn near the 1972 wildfire burn. I have talked to Bob Wohl and he will keep us informed as to how it went (it was scheduled for April 24). The plan is quite comprehensive and will be available at the lodge... The agenda for the San Diego Docent Council annual meeting was in the mail. The May 8th program starts at 9 a.m. and runs until 1 or 2 p.m. It includes guided tours of the Aerospace Museum and restoration areas, discussion groups, and other groups' announcements. Call me if you are interested as I have to let them know how many will attend... The Torrey Pines Interpretive Prospectus has been approved, and a copy of this document will be in the lodge. It is also comprehensive.

REFRESHMENTS FOR TRAINING SESSION

Joan Jollett, Hospitality Chairperson, will be needing your help in providing refreshments for the upcoming meetings. If you can volunteer to bring something, please call Joan at 226-0482.

HELP FOR THE BULLETIN BOARD

Ruth Cheney wants us to help her keep a promise she made to herself: "I shall try to post new items on our bulletin board every month." Whenever you spot an interesting item about natural history, TPSR, or any other pertinent matter, please clip it and drop it in her bulletin board box which is generally sitting just below the bulletin board. Please date your contribution and give the source, and make a note on the back if you want it returned to you. Ruth thanks you for any bits and pieces of paper you can contribute to the cause of keeping our bulletin board interesting.

NEW TPDS ROSTER

Pam Van Atta is updating the TPDS roster, which will be made available to members as soon as we obtain latest information. If you are a new member, or your address or phone number has changed during the last year, please contact Pam (evenings) at 452-8217.

TORREY PINES STATE RESERVE 25TH ANNIVERSARY PARTY

Judy Schulman, who is coordinating efforts for the party on May 6, reminds us that she still needs help in the following areas: acting as ushers, hosts, and hostesses; helping serve refreshments; and leading special nature walks, i.e., devoted to special interests such as geology, botany, birds, etc. Before the party, volunteers are needed to prepare and decorate the lodge for this special occasion. Call Judy (evenings) at 452-7683 if you can lend a hand.

At present, Judy thanks Isabel Buechler for addressing all of the invitation envelopes; Ranger Yvette de View for taking charge of the project during Ranger Bob Wohl's absence; and Gary and Linda Simon of Postal Instant Press of La Jolla for printing the invitations free of charge.

Because of the limited number of parking spaces, it would be appreciated if docents living in the same area would carpool. We hope y'all come!



Notes from the Naturalist

MY BOOKENDS by Hank Nicol

A group of school kids generally wants to hike to the beach. A group of school kids very rarely remains a group. There is a fast lot that wants to race six abreast through even the two-foot-wide places. The middle bunch plods along and minds its manners. These are the kids adults love. Then there is a small tail-end section WAY back. This usually includes the teacher and any other grownups.

I told the class about B television. There are always two big guys in black suits. They never say anything, but, when the Boss nods, they break somebody's arms. This sixth grade had a couple of boys much bigger than the rest. I picked them to be my strong, silent assistants. I stationed them up front. Francisco was built somewhat along the lines of Louie Kelcher. Fred was a young edition of "Big Hands" Johnson. I told everyone that I was THE LEADER. Nobody goes ahead of the leader! If anybody did I would have Francisco and Fred lean on him. I would have Francisco and Fred EXPLAIN the situation.

I was joking, but Francisco and Fred took the job seriously. They didn't let anyone charge ahead, and, when I stopped to wait for stragglers, they blocked the path to those who wanted to fudge forward. It was the most orderly tour in months.

I don't know if this tactic will work for you. I don't even know if it will work for me again, but I'll be looking for another pair of bookends. And a few years hence, I'll be looking for Francisco and Fred on Sunday afternoons. They'll be stopping up the middle and making life miserable for quarterbacks.

INTERPRETATION defined: "An educational activity which aims to reveal meanings and relationships through the use of original objects, by first-hand experience, and by illustrative media, rather than to simply communicate factual information."

Freeman Tilden

ANIMAL TALK

CALIFORNIA QUAIL

The best times to see the California Quail are early in the morning and early evenings before dark, for these are their primary feeding periods. Quail eat an assortment of seeds produced by various species of broad-leaved annual plants such as Lupine, Lotus, Filaree, Bur Clover and Fiddleneck. They will also eat fruit and berries, both wild and cultivated. Quail are very social birds and live in large compatible groups called coveys. They have ten very distinct vocalizations which they use to communicate with each other. They use one call in particular to tell the others in the covey when a good food source has been discovered.

The coveys disband temporarily during the mating season in March when they pair off to begin raising a family. Their nests are depressions in the ground lined with grass and wood stems. In Southern California, Quail eggs are laid in April and hatch in May. A nest may contain from 6-28 eggs that are an inch long and are a creamy white with light brown spots. Incubation is done by the female, but the male is constantly attentive and protective of his mate, and he plays an important role in the rearing of the chicks. If the nest is destroyed, the pair may re-nest and make a second or even third attempt at raising a family. If the female should die when her chicks are young, the male takes over the role of mother. If both parents die, an unmated male will adopt the orphans.

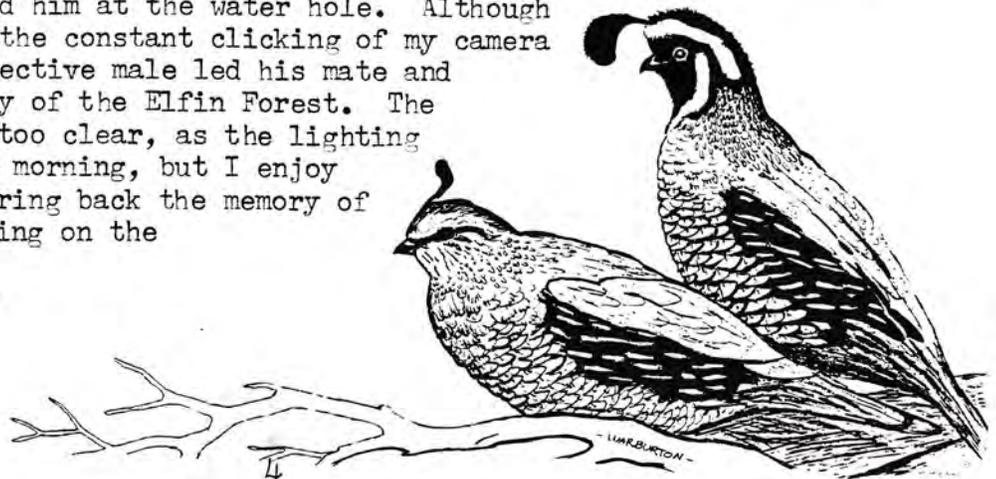
One of the striking social habits of the California Quail is the sentry duty performed by the males throughout the year. If all is well, he utters occasional soft clucks of reassurance, but if a hawk or other danger should appear, the male emits a... "PIT-PIT".... call which causes the covey to immediately dive for cover.

When a nesting pair hatches a brood of chicks, the family tends to keep to themselves, avoiding the company of other quail, but in Autumn, with the chicks almost mature, the families re-group and form large cooperative coveys that average about 50 individuals.

Quail have had to evolve a high rate of productivity to compensate for the heavy losses suffered from predators. Birds of prey, bobcats, coyotes, raccoons, weasels and house cats are their worst enemies, but ground squirrels and skunks take a heavy toll on the eggs which lie in nests on the ground, making them tempting and easily accessible.

Very early one morning, I was sitting on the ground on the Guy Flemming Trail with my camera focused on the bird bath. An interesting assortment of birds took turns getting a drink or taking their morning baths. Of all the birds that morning the Quail were by far the most cautious. Being familiar with their vocalizations, I heard them "talking" a long time before I saw them. After keeping up a non-stop conversation for about eight minutes, the male finally ventured out into the open. He took a nervous drink while still communicating with his family who were hidden in the bushes. He must have finally given them the all clear for all at once they joined him at the water hole. Although I was sitting very still, the constant clicking of my camera gave me away, and the protective male led his mate and chicks back into the safety of the Elfin Forest. The pictures did not turn out too clear, as the lighting was poor that early in the morning, but I enjoy looking at them for they bring back the memory of a beautiful and quiet morning on the Guy Flemming Trail.

- June -



Secretary's Notes

by Pam Van Atta
(substituting for Betty Andrews)

On Saturday, April 21, a group of 23 Torrey Pines Docents and friends met at Wilderness Gardens Preserve in Pala.

A brief business meeting was held in between the edible-plant seminar and the guided nature hike. Vice President Judy Carlstrom announced that the Spring 1984 docent training will begin on Saturday, April 28, with an introductory talk on Torrey Pines. The training sessions will include lectures on botany, archaeology, history, native peoples, and interpretive techniques. Judy also announced that there will be a new position, Membership Coordinator, filled by Pam Van Atta, whose duties will include updating the roster, organizing a phone tree, promoting closer communication among the membership, and recruiting new members.

The seminar on wild edibles was presented by Evelyn Kodama, a county parks volunteer who has been experimenting with native plant cookery for the last two years. Evelyn gave a brief rundown on the potential culinary and medicinal uses of the plants she had on display (all of which were gathered in the Preserve), and she also demonstrated her method of simultaneously grinding and leaching acorns using a blender. The most exciting part of the seminar was feasting on Evelyn's delightful hors d'oeuvres! There were acorn cheese balls (similar to fried meatballs), salad of filaree and mustard greens topped with yellow mustard flowers, cattail stalks raw and pickled, horehound candy, black sage buckwheat bread, punch made of manzanita berries and prickly pear fruit (with a great deal of sugar added!), frittered elderberry blossoms, and fresh yucca flowers.

Ranger Tory Lystra led an informative nature hike through the poison oak forest to the peaceful upper meadows from where we could see all of Wilderness Gardens and Pala Peak. Pala Peak was the Indians' sanctum sanctorum, and their pictographs consecrate the boulders at the summit. The native people were of Aztec descent; they were the sole inhabitants of the area until the Spanish appropriated the land. Pala Rancho was one of the original Mexican land grants of the 1850's. The Butterfield Stage route passed through the canyon until the end of the Civil War in 1861, at which time it was moved farther inland. The area's first commercial grist mill was built in the canyon in 1880 with timber from Palomar Mountain, ironworks from San Francisco, and millstones from France; the Indians were in awe of the millers, whom they considered to be "the genies of the waters."

The property changed hands several times during the following decades. In the 1950's it was purchased by Manchester Bodie, a newspaper editor from Los Angeles who planned to spend his retirement in the country. Bodie grew thousands of camellias and other exotic plants, and he dug the five ponds which still exist today. Tory told us that the current residents of the park include the great horned and barn owls, the hawk, coyote, gray fox, bobcat, opossum, skunk, mule deer, and--believe it or not--mountain lion (he sighted one once).

The pleasant weather and good company made the trip enjoyable, and we gave a heartfelt "thank you" to Evelyn and Tory, our knowledgeable and amiable guides who made our visit a memorable occasion.

The final hit of the day came when we were given a close-up look at Cataract Jack, an almost blind great horned owl being cared for at the Preserve. *LB*





THE WHITE WITCH OF TORREY PINES

Dedicated to all my good friends at Torrey Pines.

We sat in front of a crackling fire in the lodge. The night was dark except for a beautiful full moon rising through the Torrey pines. Wind blew the trees, rustling the pine needles. What a perfect night for a ghost story.

I never can resist a dark night, a warm fire, and my friends on the park staff, so I told the ghost story of Torrey Pines. This was told to me by Jeff Price supervising ranger. The original experience dates back to Jim Richardson, the first state ranger in the park. Jeff himself had never seen her, this ethereal woman dressed in white with long gray hair. No, and neither have I, but strange things have happened throughout the years: mysterious deaths, bodies found at the base of cliffs, odd lights in the sky. Some people say she's the ghost of an old woman who lived in the park long ago. Some people say she lures people to their deaths over the edges of cliffs. I don't know. I only know she's the White Witch of Torrey Pines.

Many years ago in the park, when Fat Man's Misery was still open, when people picnicked behind the lodge, and when there were no wooden overlooks on any of the trails, there was a ranger who stayed on duty late into the night. He'd sit in the ranger's office doing paperwork long after all the park visitors had gone home.

On one particular night he was sitting in the office when he heard a scratching sound on the lodge roof. He looked out the window. Maybe there was a wind coming up. Some of the lower branches of the pines might be scraping the roof. No. There didn't seem to be even the slightest breeze. Nothing was moving. He went back to his work. The scratching sound on the roof began again, this time right over his head. Going into the back room he got a flashlight. Leaving the lodge by the back door, he shined the light up to the roof. Not only was there no wind, but no pine branches close enough to the lodge to cause the noise. He looked around. A large round moon looked back. Pine trees were silhouetted against the sky. Everything was quiet.

The ranger turned to go inside. Suddenly something in the corner of his eye caught his attention. Turning back quickly, he flashed his light on a figure standing under a Torrey pine about thirty feet away. It was a lady. She had long gray hair, and was wearing white. He was surprised. Why would someone be there so late? Everyone had left the park hours before. As he was about to ask her if she needed some help, his flashlight went out. He knocked it against the ground a few times trying to get it going. No luck. Faulty state equipment again! Looking up, he opened his mouth to speak to her. She was gone.

He began hunting for her near the lodge. She could have had car problems along the highway and wandered into the park seeking help. He went to the wall in back of the lodge and looked down the road. There she was. A dim white figure rounding the bend by High Point. He began running. By the time he'd reached High Point he just caught sight of her rounding the next bend in the road. He ran faster, passing the sandstone wall just in

time to see her leave the road and start onto the Guy Fleming Trail. She passed the Lion's Den. He ran along the trail, tripped over a root and fell. Getting up, he found she was no longer in sight. He walked on passing the birdbath, wishing his flashlight would work. She was nowhere in sight.

Suddenly, way down the trail, she appeared again. She was moving around the bend towards the North Overlook. The ranger became worried. This woman was alone on an unfamiliar trail. It was late at night. She was walking straight toward an overlook at the edge of a cliff. There were no protective railings there. No barricades to warn her of the drop-off. There was only himself, if he could reach her in time.

He began to run as fast as he could. He could hardly see where he was going. He raced along the trail stumbling over rocks and roots, and scratching his arms on the chaparral. If she'd only stop for a second. Couldn't she hear him? Why wouldn't she wait?

As he came around the last bend he saw her. She stood at the very edge of the overlook. She had turned and was facing him. Standing serenely, she had a slight smile on her face. Running toward her at full speed, the ranger shouted. She didn't move. She just stood and smiled. All of a sudden he felt himself slipping. The ground was giving way beneath his feet. He was falling... falling off the edge of the cliff! Still she stood there, faintly amused, and he could see that she was not standing on the edge of the overlook after all. She was standing past the edge. Standing... on nothing.

He dug his feet into the sandstone to try to stop his fall. Clinging to the edge of the cliff, he could feel the cool sand slipping through his fingers. He grabbed for bushes growing on the cliff face, feeling them slow him down, then break off in his hands. He was falling to his death. His foot slid over something. He grabbed onto it with his right hand. Suddenly he was brought to a jarring halt. He'd grabbed something that held his weight. A Torrey pine root, long and gnarled, had grown over the edge of the cliff in its relentless search for water. Saved by a Torrey pine. One of the trees he'd spent his career protecting.

Slowly, carefully, he pulled himself up, lying at last exhausted on the sand at the top. He realized he had dropped his flashlight in the fall. It was lying somewhere at the bottom of the cliff. The lady in white was gone.

The ranger worked his way back along the trail in the dark. With the help of the full moon he made it to the end. Where had the lady gone? She was nowhere along the trail. Had she fallen off the cliff and onto the beach below? He headed down the park road to the base of the hill. Once on the beach, the sound of the waves was refreshing. A cool breeze had begun to blow, and as he walked along the sand he began to wonder if he'd dreamed the whole thing. Moonlight sparkled on the waves as he walked to the base of the cliff under the North Overlook. There lying on the damp sand was his flashlight. Nothing else. He turned it on. A bright beam shot out illuminating the beach. No. Nothing there. Well, he thought to himself, you just never can tell about these things. Sometimes a flashlight will work, and sometimes it won't.

Karen Schlom

TORREY PINES DOCENT SOCIETY
 President: Glenn Dunham
 Deadline for Torreyana copy
 is the 25th of each month.
 Send contributions to:
 Isabel Buechler, Editor
 3702 Oleander Drive
 San Diego, CA 92106
 Phone: 222-7016

NOTE: Your editor will be on vacation in May. Please send articles for the June Torreyana to Millicent Horger, 13130 Carousel Lane, Del Mar, CA 92014. And thanks, Milli, for taking back your old job for a month.

VOTE YES ON PROPOSITION 18

Everyone's help is needed to pass this Bond Act for California Park and Recreational Facilities. Write a letter to the editor of your local newspaper, and ask a friend to do the same. Explain the Bond Act to friends, relatives, and coworkers, and urge them to vote for it. Seek the support of other organizations in your community. VOTE YES ON 18.



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