



TORREYANA

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Torrey Pines Docent Society

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NEXT DOCENT MEETING: Saturday, January 19, at 9 a.m. in the Lodge

For the January meeting, Ranger Bob Wohl will discuss with us ways in which we as docents can become involved in trail maintenance. He will demonstrate proper techniques and set up a program by which we can work on the trails under ranger supervision. This is an important meeting for all of us, so plan to be there.

There will be refreshments afterward. Call Joan Jollett at 226-0482 if you can contribute some goodies.

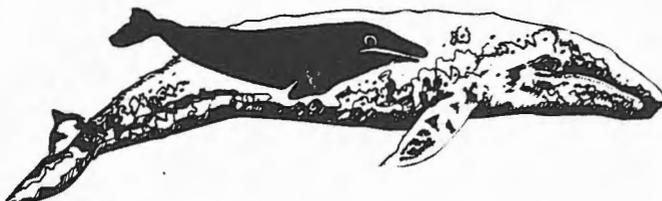
Getting to Know You by Karen Dusek

For a country girl from Massachusetts used to long walks in the woods and along winding back roads where one car an hour was considered rush hour traffic, the California lifestyle takes a little getting used to. That's why it's nice to know Torrey Pines will always be there whenever I need a little breathing room.

Many of you have already met my husband, Jeff, and our daughters, Jessica, 8, and Becky, 6. I hope that through my association with the Torrey Pines docents and other conservation organizations, they will learn to appreciate the many inherent pleasures of our natural environment, as I have.

Torrey Pines holds a special place in my heart, as do all of you. Thank you for giving me the opportunity to be your friend.

The whales are coming!



Secretary's Notes by Betty Andrews

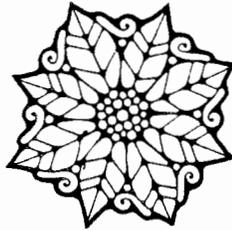
The annual Christmas Party of the Torrey Pines Docent Society was held on December 15, 1984, at the Lodge, with a large attendance.

Many thanks go to Karen Dusek and her committee of new docents for excellent organization and beautiful decorations. The food was delicious and varied.

Before commencing the feast, president Glenn Dunham presented awards to deserving members. "Docent of the Year" award went to June Warburton for her active participation in the Lodge and on walks and her contributions to the Torreyana. Karen Dusek received an award for being the most active new docent; Isabel Buechler for being most helpful to the president and the society; Judy Schulman, Elizabeth Nicoloff, Ruth Cheney, and Janet Humphreys for most hours devoted; Judy Carlstrom for her marvelous program planning and all-around work; and Ranger Bob Wohl for "being the only ranger left on the job."

After an ample repast and much spirited conversation, members were serenaded by Judy and Tom Carlstrom, on hammer dulcimer and guitar, respectively, with folk tunes, Christmas music, and sing-alongs.

The party broke up around eleven o'clock, people reluctant to leave what might have been our best party yet.



REPORT ON THE CHRISTMAS PARTY by Karen Dusek

Poinsettias lined the walkway leading to the Lodge on December 15, welcoming docents and their families and friends to the annual Torrey Pines Christmas party. Thanks to Bob and Hank, a cheerful fire in the fireplace took the chill off the old adobe before the more than 60 people who remembered to set their alarm clocks in time for the breakfast bell arrived, laden with armloads of mouth-watering delicacies.

Before a serving spoon was lifted, however, Glenn had some presentations to make. He first announced that June Warburton's name had been added to the "Docent of the Year" plaque hanging in the slide show room. June has served as a docent for a number of years and has also been a regular contributor to the Torreyana. Glenn then presented certificates to several others (listed in the minutes) for their contributions to the Docent Society.

Everyone was then excused to eat his way through a smorgasbord that included, among other things, two honey-baked hams, quiche, teriyaki chicken, fresh fruit salads, homemade breads, cookies, and, to top it all off, a chocolate cake decorated with--what else?--a Torrey pine (nice touch, Judy). In keeping with the native theme, Peter Elias brought a dish made of prickly pear and Judy Carlstrom brought fennel cookies.

When everyone's plate had been emptied at least once, Judy and Tom Carlstrom set up their hammer dulcimer and guitar on the

Book Report by Judy Schulman



As most of you know, I am a loyal docent willing to take on the challenge of giving anyone a nature walk--EXCEPT CHILDREN. I don't know if it is because of a lack of experience with working with them or if it's because of some deep-rooted instinctual fear (you have to admit that someone with purple hair and spiked jewelry can be a bit intimidating). Well, at any rate, I have recently read a book that may have changed by reluctance to work with children. The book is called Sharing Nature with Children by Joseph Bharat Cornell (Ananda Publications, 1979).

The first chapter of the book is a series of suggestions for good teaching. It is important to keep in mind that these suggestions are just as applicable to adults as they are to children. They are (1) to teach less and share more, (2) to be receptive, (3) to focus attention without delay, (4) to look and experience first, talk later, and (5) to let a sense of joy permeate the experience.

The rest of the book is a collection of nature games. The games are divided into three types: calm-reflective, active-observational, and energetic-playful. Each game has a description that tells you (1) the concepts, attitudes, and qualities it teaches, (2) when and where to play, (3) the number of players needed, (4) the best age range, and (5) special materials that may be needed.

Not all the games are suitable for a place like Torrey Pines, where visitors must stay on the trail and the picking of flowers, cones, etc. is prohibited. But most of the games can be altered to suit our Reserve's special needs. An example of one such game that especially intrigued me is called "Heartbeat of a Tree." The description of the game is as follows: "A tree is a living creature. It eats, rests, breathes and circulates its 'blood' much as we do. The heartbeat of a tree is a wonderful crackling, gurgling flow of life. The best time to hear the forest heartbeat is in the early spring, when the trees send first surges of sap upward to their branches, preparing them for another season of growth. Choose a tree that is at least six inches in diameter and has thin bark. Deciduous trees are generally better for listening to than conifers, and certain individuals of a species may have a louder heartbeat than others. Press a stethoscope firmly against the tree, keeping it motionless so as not to make interfering noises. You may have to try several places on the tree trunk before you find a good listening spot...."

(Continued from page 2)

patio, which, by then, radiated warmth from the brilliant sun overhead. Everyone gathered around to listen to a potpourri of lovely melodies and to sing familiar Christmas carols.

Irene Stiller thanked the board members for their work during the year and their excellent training program and asked each one to take a poinsettia plant as he or she left.

I would like to personally thank all of the new docents who so graciously agreed to take on the responsibility of planning the party and for the time they took to make phone calls, decorate the Lodge, prepare food, and clean up afterward.

All in all, it was a relaxing, enjoyable morning of shared friendship and good will, a perfect way to end an old year and begin a new.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE by Glenn Dunham



It's the start of a new year and I want to thank everyone for their efforts and support in 1985. A special "thank you" goes to our new docents for organizing the Christmas party. It was a tremendous success and, as they say, "A good time was had by all."

The start of the new year is also a reminder that it's time to pay dues again. Send your dues to Elizabeth Nicoloff or put checks with a note in the cash drawer (\$7 for regular members, \$15 for supporting members).

It is time to start selling annual passes again, and there are some changes in the way the pass can be used. This year it is a sticker that must be placed on the driver's side of the windshield. This limits use of the pass to one vehicle and may mean some disgruntled previous pass holders who could use any car last year. However, selling the passes helps our bank balance as well as the state's, so give the public the bad news but point out that it is still worth the price if they consistently use our park or others throughout the state.

Jeanne and I spent part of today walking in the Flintkote Road area of the Reserve. This section is not heavily used and it was an enjoyable walk with some new plants and good bird watching. Spring has sprung--sort of-- since we have had the first good rains in a long time. I recommend we all get out on the trails and see what is growing.

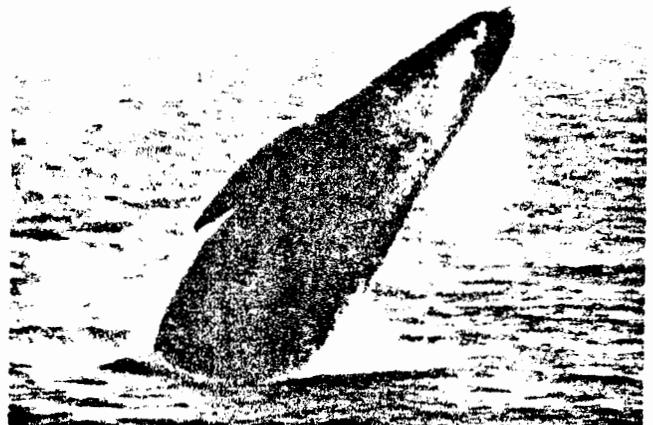
There will be a board meeting following the next regular meeting. Judy Carlstrom will be presiding over both meetings as I have to be away for the day.

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CALIFORNIA GRAY WHALE

Evolutionary Areas

It should be kept in mind that this whale is regarded as the most primitive of the living baleen-bearing whales, and it seems to represent the stage in the evolutionary sequence from which the two main groups diverge. The California gray whale is the sole survivor of a family of whales which in past eons was represented by many species. It has a smallish head with a limited filtering mechanism. Its dependence on foods that are found only near shore is considered further evidence that it is primitive. Likewise its need for harbors to calve suggests that it has not lost its dependence on the nearshore habitat, even though it could safely cross the wide Pacific.



Breaching

Occasionally the gray whale bursts out of the water at about a 45 degree angle, usually to turn over, falling back with a tremendous splash. This is called breaching, and its significance is not known. It is frequently displayed by solitary migrants. Whales may breach more than once, and in fact, one was observed to jump repeatedly, as many as 25 times within an hour's passing of the Point Loma area.



ANOTHER GUY FLEMING TRAIL

A Los Angeles Times reporter called. He wanted to know about a "Guy Fleming Trail" in La Jolla. I told him the only Guy Fleming Trail I knew about was right here at Torrey Pines. He insisted there was another one, and it had a memorial bench with Fleming's name. I had never heard of it. I made a few inquiries. I found out that there was indeed such a trail. It goes through Sumner Canyon, which was named for Dr. Ralph Sumner. Sumner was a professor of zoology at Scripps Institution of Oceanography. In 1916 he and Guy Fleming had made the studies which started a strong movement to save the Torrey pines.

The trail begins right beside Dr. Thomas Whitaker's house. Dr. Whitaker is a not-altogether-retired plant geneticist and long-time president of the Torrey Pines Association. I called him and wangled an invite to go over and hike the trail.

When I arrived Dr. Whitaker wasn't quite ready to go. He had to get his hiking stick. The stick was only a couple of feet long. I asked if the trail was that steep. He said no, but the short, heavy stick was very effective when hiking past a dog.

The top part of the trail goes through a very heavy stand of lemonadeberry. We came out into an opening. There was the bench. "GUY FLEMING" was neatly carved across the back. Was it a memorial? No, Fleming was the son of a carpenter and good woodworker. He had made the bench himself and planted a Torrey pine beside it. The bench was well made and well preserved, and the tree was doing fine.

Farther along we saw some plants out of place . . . weeds: myoporum, Australian saltbush, pampas grass There was also a tiny composite that I had never seen before. When we got to the beach I found a fleshy leaved sand verbena, abronia maritima, which looks only slightly different from the abronia umbellata we see so much of here.

A week later I borrowed an odometer from district HQ and went back. Dr. Whitaker joined me again. I pushed the wheel, or held it back, along the trail. It clicked away a foot at a time--538 feet to the bench. Past the bench the trail is steeper than state park standard. Mostly it goes where it has to. It had rained since the last trip. The stream of runoff and the trail coincided for the last few, steep feet. I rolled the wheel on down. Then I needed help to get back. Dr. Whitaker had been smarter than to go down that last bit. He was available to give me a tow up the greasy slope.

According to our little survey, the trail is 2,198 feet long. That translates to 733 yards or .42 mile. The trail head is hidden from the public by a gate in a very ordinary looking fence. It's on property which belongs to Scripps Estates Associates. This is a corporation formed by the people who bought the tract, subdivided it, and built homes. Guy and Peggy Fleming were among them. The undeveloped part is zoned as a scenic reserve. Nothing can legally be built on it, so the taxes don't break the homeowners. And it does make a nice backyard.

Re-Discovering Torrey Pines*

Written and Illustrated by
GUY L. FLEMING



We left the Santa Fe station on the 4:08 train. Our equipment consisted of two well-filled knapsacks, flower presses and tickets to Sorrento, and later we learned that we followed the same route taken by D. Parry on his last visit to the pines in 1883.

On arriving at Sorrento we took the El Camino Real, the old highway of the Padres; this we traveled for about two miles, when we left it and headed west across a plain in order to reach the new state highway. And on this plain we were treated to the sight of some of the finest and largest specimens of native shrubs and flowering plants we had ever seen. *Erigonum*, wild buckwheat, five feet high and fifteen feet across; *Isomeris arborea*, bladder pod; *Hosakia*, wild broom, very much above the average. Among the flower heads more than an inch across; *Antirrhinum nuttallianum* (*A. vagans*), snapdragon, with a growth of six feet; *Calycadenia tenella* (*Hemizonia tenella*), one of the tar weeds, had extra large flowers, and the little purple spot on each petal was very pretty against the white.

Along the grade we found about a dozen *Dendromecon rigida* (*rigidum*), the Mexican Poppy Tree. Some were eight or ten feet high, but the majority had been badly marred by the road makers. This last holds true in regard to the pines—those growing close to the road being more or less mutilated.

We expected to find water at the top of the grade, but on arriving found that the pipe had been taken up. We inquired of an auto party if they had seen anything of a wandering water stand, and were told it was about three-quarters of a mile up the road. The sun had set and we were powerfully hungry, and we had planned on a bed of pine needles, but water we had to have, so we hiked on until we found it. We made our camp some distance off the road, built our fire-place on a rocky shelf, and located the softest place we could find in a small clearing for our bed. Then we got supper—as we now had water.

The water is carried out along this road to be used

for sprinkling. There is about seven miles of this pipe, I should judge, and between the city farm and the Torrey Pine Park very little water is used in a day from a four-inch pipe. Our water stand was at the end of the line and the water was very "rich," resembling chocolate in color and texture. After considerable boiling and skimming we got it weak enough for cooking purposes, and by flavoring it with tea found it to be a refreshing drink.

While we are seated about the campfire we might hear the story of these pines. It is an ideal night for such a story, the sky is clear of clouds, nothing to obstruct the light from the low hanging stars, a soft east wind brings us the fragrance of the blue sage; we hear the dull roar of the waves beating against the cliffs and at intervals the heavy "boom-boom" of a large wave climbing higher than its comrades. On a bluff across the canyon a lone pine is outlined against the sky.

And first I might tell you the origin of the pine.

But we are to hear of the rarest of pines, one whose past is as a sealed book. It has some of the characteristics of *Pinus pinea*, one being the tardy maturity and retention of seed. Another is its delight in living in exposed places. In fact it is doubtful if any other pine would survive such buffeting by the sea winds.

In other respects it stands alone among conifers, it bears the largest flowers, has the hardest nuts, and the strongest leaves. No other species is found within fifty miles of it.

But there are only a few of these pines left. Probably not more than 200 in all. The young trees are less in number than the older trees, from which it might be inferred that the species is slowly giving way, and if not protected, will soon become extinct: that is, the original forest. Of course the species will not be lost for seed collectors have sent it to all parts of the globe, and hundreds have been planted in California. But away from their beloved wind swept cliffs they become pyramidal and as stately as any other well ordered pine, and have no resemblance to the grotesque old warriors flaunting their green banner on the bluffs above the sea. It is rather strange that not until a hundred years after San Diego was founded was this peculiar maritime pine truly discovered as a species and given a name.

*As reprinted in the July-August 1984 issue of California Garden magazine.

In the spring of 1850 the attention of Dr. C. C. Parry, who was connected with the Mexican Boundary Survey, was called to a species of pine growing at the mouth of Soledad Valley, By Dr. J. L. LeConte, then staying in San Diego, who asked. "What pine is growing near the ocean beach in that locality?"

I will quote from a paper read by Dr. Parry before the San Diego Society of Natural History, November 2, 1883. "I had been ordered by Major W. H. Emory to make a geological examination of the reported coal deposits on the ocean bluffs above Soledad."

"In making a section of these strata it was necessary to follow up some of the sharp ravines that here debouch on the ocean beach, and here (possibly to the neglect of strict geological duties) my attention was taken up by this singular and unique maritime pine, which with its strong clusters of terminal leaves and its distorted branches were loaded down with ponderous cones within easy reach of botanical clutch. From the notes and collections, both of Dr. LeConte and the writer, there made, a description was drawn up dedicating this well-marked new species to an honored friend and instructor, Dr. John Torrey, of New York, as *Pinus Torreyana*, thus commemorating one of our most honored botanists by association with a tree peculiar to the Pacific coast, in a region which has been so often enriched by his early botanical labors as collaborator. . . . Thirty years after this first discovery, in the fall of 1880, the writer visited this locality for the second time, accompanied by the well known botanist, Dr. George Engelmann, of St. Louis. At that time more complete examinations were made, and sections of a trunk over one foot in diameter were procured and sent to the Forest Commission of the Tenth United States census."

While speaking of pines I might tell you that the next rarest species is also found in San Diego County, and is named botanically *Pinus quadrifolia*, Parry pinon (*Pinus Parryana*), in honor of Dr. Parry, who first discovered it during the survey for the Mexican boundary. The common name is "pinon" or nut pine, and it is sparsely found on the Cuyamaca mountains and south into Lower California.

The fire has burned low as we take a greasewood torch and find our way up to our blankets. We were up in the morning as soon as the birds began to stir and after breakfasting explored some of the canyons leading down toward the ocean. The sides of these canyons are very much broken, almost perpendicular, the floors are quite level and the native growth so rank that in some places we were unable to get through without a brush-hook, so we would turn back to another canyon that looked easy.

We saw so much of interest that we wished for a month in which to explore this park. Nearly every turn opened up a new view; we found several plants unknown to the botanist, and new forms of known ones. Above all, we were impressed with the possibility of this tract as a wild garden. There are two complete associations, the sea-



TORREY
PINE
AGAINST
THE
SKY

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side and mesa and in addition the rarest of pines. And we expressed the hope that the Floral Association could go behind some plan that had to do with the improvement and protection of the Torrey Pines Park as a National Park, and we resolved to do all in our power to interest the members of this matter. . . . (Ed: The Floral Association did lend their support in 1916 and in later years. Torrey Pines is now a State Reserve.)

I will conclude with the last paragraph of Dr. Parry's paper: "Only a short time since, (1883), the writer again visited the locality, aided by the liberality of the California Southern Railroad Co., whose track makes this fine resort easily accessible by barely an hour's travel from San Diego. Here, seeking shelter from the fervid rays of a February sun under the scant shade of a decrepit forest monarch, listening to the sullen dash of the Pacific waves against the bold shores, among other thoughts suggested by the inspiring scene and its past associations, one floats upward like drifting seaweed and finds fitting expression here. Why should not San Diego, within whose corporate limits this straggling remnant of a past age finds a last lingering resting place, secure from extermination this remarkable and unique Pacific coast production so singularly confined within its boundaries; dedicating this spot of ground forever to the cause of scientific instruction and recreation, where wiser generations than ours may sit beneath its ampler shade, and listening to the same musical waves, thank us for 'sparing this tree.'"

Guy L. Fleming (+), naturalist and conservationist, administered Torrey Pines Park from 1921 until his death in 1960. He wrote on many subjects for *California Garden* from 1916 to 1956.

TORREY PINES DOCENT SOCIETY

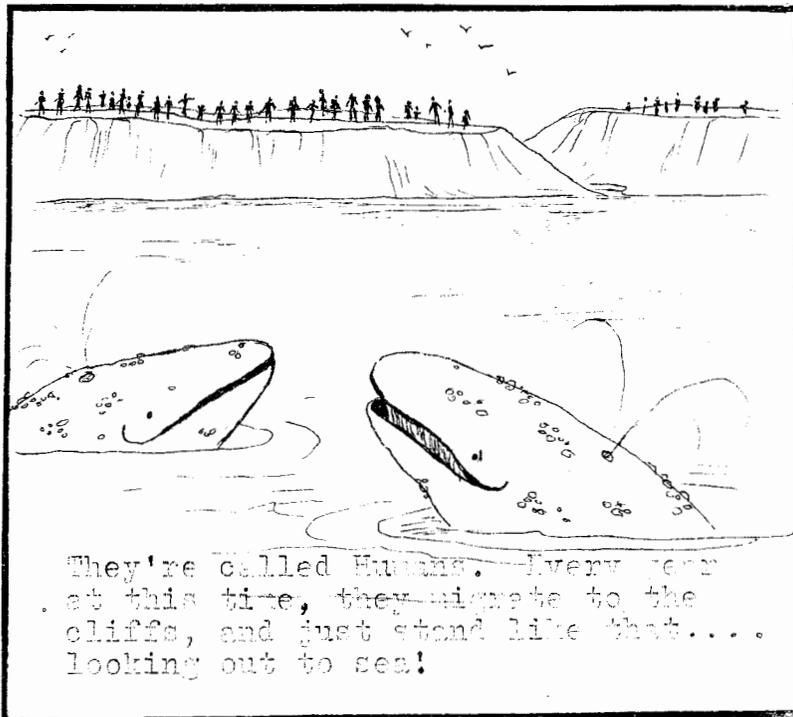
President: Glenn Dunham
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Poetry Corner

The groves were God's first temples.

... Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries...?

William Cullen Bryant
From "A Forest Hymn"



They're called Humans. Every year
at this time, they migrate to the
cliffs, and just stand like that....
looking out to sea!

To the staff, docents, families, and
friends of Torrey Pines State Reserve,
BEST WISHES FOR A HAPPY, HEALTHY 1985!

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FOR

