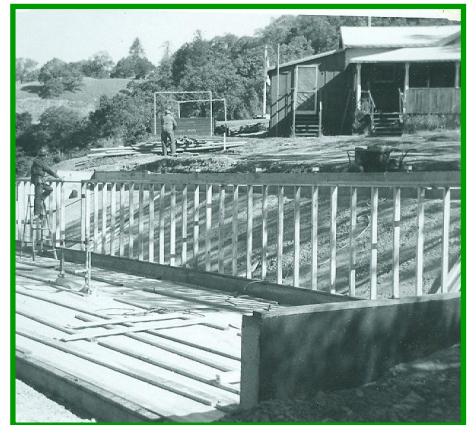
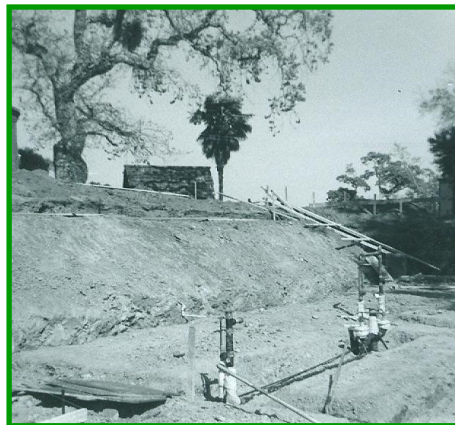




Winter 2018

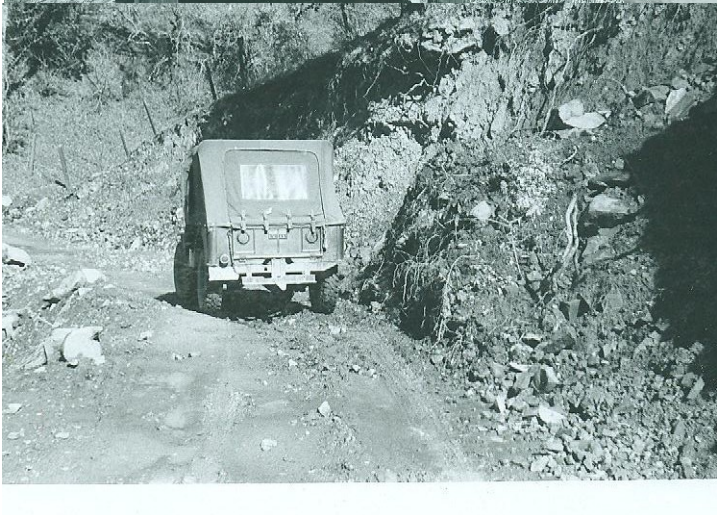
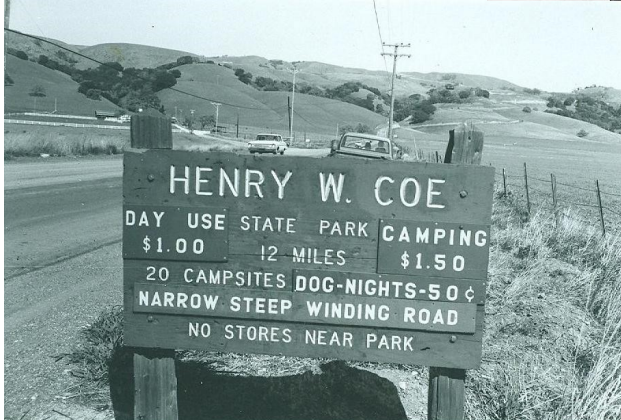
# The Ponderosa



Photos courtesy of unit photo history.



Completed museum on left and luncheon honoring Sada upon its completion at right.

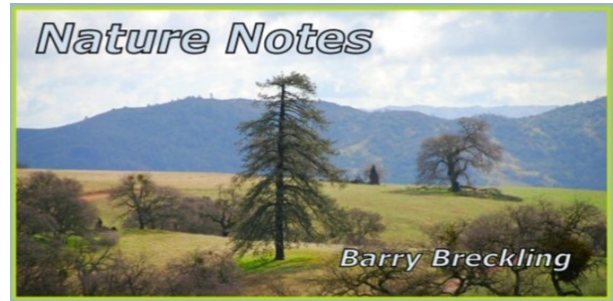


New park beginnings, early snowfall at the ranch house and mudslide on Manzanita Road.

All photos courtesy of unit photo history except mudslide photo taken by Wes King, first park ranger.

# Monument Pine

Recently my son Mike and his wife took my grandson to Coe. They took pictures of William in front of Sada's Pine. It reminded me that it was Mike or his sister Tasha who named the tree, saying they were sure that it was Sada Coe Robinson's favorite tree. Years ago my mother took a very nice photo of Sada's Pine that I used in various ways (Dave Hildebrand's photo became the PRA logo). Four generations of my family have adored that tree. Maybe someday a great-grandchild might look upon Sada's Pine with that same admiration. All this has brought to mind a story I wrote in the *Ponderosa* in a "From Under My Brim" article in 1989. It was about another notable tree, the Monument Pine.



## THE MONUMENT PINE

MARCH 1989

*Soon after I moved to Coe Park, I began to meet particularly interesting trees and to call them by their given names. My kids named Sada's Pine, I named the octopus tree, someone had named the corkscrew tree, everyone agreed on the name of the rattlesnake tree (after personal experiences), and Bob Patrie had named the Monument Pine. The huge tree grew near the monument, but the tree itself was truly monumental. You could see it from any high place in the park and from many places outside the park, including the Santa Clara Valley. It was undoubtedly the largest and oldest Ponderosa Pine living in Coe Park.*

Darkness covered the ridge top. A strong wind blew through the pines as the rain soaked the earth. A ray of light came to a tiny seed buried only inches deep in the duff, and I was born! My roots began to grow by the pull of gravity, and against that power my body rose slowly into the air. Within a few weeks my tiny branches had green needles and I was independent of the nurturing influences of my parents, except for the summer shade and winter wind protection they continued to give me in my early years.

Life was difficult as I grew up. Every spring the deer chewed on my tender young branches. One winter, before I was two feet tall, I was covered with snow for a week. Many of my siblings were consumed by deer and rodents, and others died when they were bent over and broken by the snow. (When I was much older, a particularly hard snow one year broke my top off, but I was mature enough to withstand the damage).

I was almost eight feet tall when a fire swept over the ridge and destroyed all my lower limbs. I survived, but I grew very slowly for a while. Then, during the following winter, the nutrients released by the fire soaked into the earth, and with bright new, shiny-green needles, I began to grow faster than ever before. Another fire came through when I was almost 20 feet tall, and again my lower limbs were burned. But afterwards, even though fires continued to burn across the ridge top every few years, my lowest limbs were out of the reach of the flames, and fire would hurt me no more.

Insects crawled all over me, some even attacked, but I was strong and had many allies. In particular, the birds were great friends. The nuthatches spent the summer months picking insects from under my bark. Their friendly little honking call was one of my favorite sounds. I was grateful when they used me as their home. There were lots of acorn woodpeckers, too. They also helped keep insects down, but they did insist upon drilling holes into my bark and filling them with acorns. Even so, I considered them friends because they did little true damage, and I enjoyed their antics (and their comical looks). I didn't mind the droppings left by the birds. When winter came, I would be washed and blown clean by the storms.

There were years when the rain was light and the cleansing power was weak. During those years, there was little to drink, but I had set deep roots and I survived. Other, even older trees became weak (as any living thing does without water) and the attacking insects eventually killed some of them.

Continued on page xx....



## Monument Pine, continued...

As I grew up, people would come by. For many years they paid little attention to me, although they did collect and eat my seeds, like many other animals did. As I grew very tall, some people would gaze at me for long stretches of time, revering nature's work. That made me feel good. As I became quite old, others came and cut down some of the trees, even some of my own offspring, and used them to build their homes. Then, in 1952, a special woman, one who had often stared up through my branches with reverence, decided as she sat against my trunk, that she would protect this land for all time. No more cattle to eat our offspring, no more bulldozers to dig them up, no more saws to take the strongest in their prime.

My life had been long and full. I knew of none older. On December 15<sup>th</sup>, 1988, a strong wind out of the east snapped me off at my base and I fell to the earth and died. A ray of light shined through my prostrate branches and touched a tiny seed, a ray of light that is part of me.

Farewell to the Monument Pine;  
a guiding point while alive.  
Let us continue to learn from you,  
the lessons we need to survive.

Barry



Monument Pine



William in front of Sada's Pine

# In Memoriam - Rick Leonard

By Jen Naber



Photos by Sue Dekalb.

In November 2017, longtime park volunteer and PRA member Rick Leonard passed away unexpectedly at his home in San Jose. Rick joined the park as a volunteer in January 2006. During his eleven years at the park, he volunteered 2,124 hours—1,151.50 hours of which were in the Visitor Center. In 2013, Rick worked one season as a Visitor Service Park Aide out at Dowdy. Despite the heat and seldom seeing a park visitor, every weekend when I would drive to Dowdy to check on him, Rick was always happy and felt like the luckiest person to be able to call his job. In 2013, Rick was awarded the Golden Bear Award for his years of dedication and support of Henry Coe.

Besides becoming a fixture on the weekends in the Visitor Center, Rick was always willing to lend a hand anywhere we needed him. One of my first memories of Rick is of a time he and I were moving firewood from the White Barn to the Visitor Center. As anyone who has had the pleasure of carrying these 20 lb. bags will tell you, it is not a job most people eagerly volunteer to do. Rick, on the other hand, was more than happy to help. His positive, love of life attitude was infectious. Ranger John and his wife Denice remember Rick helping them move into their park residence, spending hours carrying furniture from the moving truck into their new house. Rick heard they were moving to the park and showed up to help.

Rick was also active with PRA special events. He spent many hours helping plan and run Mother's Day Breakfast and Tarantula Fest. For a handful of years, Rick was the lead coordinator for Tarantula Fest. When I asked Rick's daughter Emily if she had any memories of her dad's time at the park, she recalled:

"For the several years that he was head coordinator for the T-fest, I remember he so wanted things to go well and every year he would get very nervous, especially right before the event, that things were not going to come together. Every year he would tell me repeatedly this was the last time he was going to do the T-fest! And every year, after the event went off (very well!), he would tell me he had signed up to coordinate it again the following year."

"My dad enjoyed being in nature and meeting people from all walks of life, and I think he found his niche at Henry Coe. He took such pride in being part of the team of volunteers there. I think he felt very at home, and that the staff and other volunteers were like family.... It's hard to put into words what the park meant to him - it was one of his favorite places to be."

Rick's passing is not only a loss for the park, but also a personal one for many of us. Rick, like many other volunteers, became a true friend. I am grateful every day to have known him and all the wonderful people who volunteer at Henry Coe.

# Creatures of Coe - Western Fence Lizard

By Joseph Belli



Western fence lizard. Utter the word “lizard,” especially in Northern California, and that’s the species most people will think of. A friend recently emailed me a picture of two young lizards in hand; she wanted to know if one was an alligator lizard (it was). The other, she wrote, didn’t need identification— it was as she described it, “a regular lizard.” In other words, a Western fence Lizard.

I could understand her nonchalance. Western fence lizards are everywhere. Besides alligator lizards, they’re the only kind of lizard you’re likely to find in your backyard.

My first experiences with lizards involved this species, known simply as “blue- bellies” to us kids. They were fast and sleek, and they posed an irresistible challenge to us as we tried to catch them, god knows why. I’d chase them around rocks and wooden railroad ties in the yard and, hard as it may be to believe now, actually catch them by hand. Then again I vaguely remember climbing trees and touching the ground without bending my knees. Once another kid showed me how to “hypnotize” a captured blue-belly: stroke the top of its head several times that would result in the lizard falling asleep. Next turn it over in your palm. That would render it immobile.

Turning them over allowed me to fully appreciate the vivid blue color on the underside. I wasn’t aware of it then, but that was a way to tell the sexes apart. Males have patches of dark blue against an off-white background, while females had light blue patches, almost turquoise color. The blue bands on males also have black borders; those of females do not.

Years later, I learned I wasn’t actually hypnotizing lizards by stroking their heads; they closed their eyes not because they were asleep or in a soothing trance but for practical reasons: to protect them. Likewise their motionless while being held upside down is simply a reaction many creatures display when placed in that awkward, unnaturally prone position. There’s nothing magical or hypnotic about it. Another childhood myth slayed.

\*\*\*\*\*

Western fence lizards are found throughout the Pacific Coast states and east to southern Idaho and western Utah. They’re medium-sized, a bit larger than skinks and side-blotched lizards, but smaller than whiptails and alligator lizards. Their scales are keeled and pointed, giving them a coarser appearance than most other lizards in the region. Their earth-tone color varies from light brown and gray to almost black, and individuals can lighten or darken depending on the weather. On a cool morning, a lizard may become darker to absorb as much light and heat as it can; on a warm afternoon, the same lizard might be light brown to absorb less heat. Unlike whiptails and horned lizards, Western fence lizards don’t enter a long period of inactivity in winter; they can be seen during sunny days in December and January. Being modest-sized, they heat up quicker and at lower temperatures than larger lizards, so they don’t need 80-degree weather to get going.

Continued on page 7...

## Creatures of Coe - Western Fence Lizard, continued...

They thrive in a variety of habitats, from woodland clearings to chaparral to oak savanna, yet they are largely absent from deserts. They are also well-suited for modified habitats, and so are in no danger of disappearing. It's as if they treat wooden fence posts like tree trunks, brick and stucco walls like boulders. For most Californians, Western fence lizards are the most familiar and most frequently encountered reptile. It's not just that they share our yards with us, it's that they're highly visible while doing so. Alligator lizards, after all, also share our space, but they're much more furtive. You're more likely to see an alligator lizard when moving something around in a corner of the garage than out in the open in the garden, and you won't see them scaling the walls outside or perched on a fence post, performing what looks like a series of push-ups.

Push-ups. Observe fence lizards for a while and you're bound to witness this strange behavior. What's that all about? For starters, it's a male thing—females are occasionally observed in push-up mode, but not often, and when they are, it's believed they do so to increase body temperature. Males, on the other hand, do push-ups for two main reasons: to defend their territories from other males and to attract females. They're playing to an audience, if only an audience of one. Push-ups and their blue scales as it turns out, are correlated. Push-ups serve to show off the brilliant blue color on the underside and throat. Maybe that's why lizard species with less colorful markings don't often engage in push-up behavior.

But there's something slightly off-kilter here. I get that push-ups are an attempt to woo females, and I understand that they're also used to send a message to other male lizards. Yet I've watched as lizards began a series of push-ups while staring directly at *me*. That's right, me. No other lizard in sight. I'm pretty sure those lizards' intents weren't amorous. I'm a mammal, for heavens' sake, and an increasingly large one, to boot. Next time I see a fence lizard eyeing me while performing push-ups, I'm going to put on the bluest shirt I can find, drop to the floor, look him in the eye, and do some push-ups of my own. Push-ups—those I can still do. If those lizards ever start doing pull-ups, though, I'll be in deep trouble.

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## New PRA Members

**We are pleased to welcome the new members  
listed below. Thank you for your support.**

We need your help to keep our membership list current and accurate. If you have any questions regarding your membership or to let us know of any change of address, please contact us.

Michael Ellard, San Jose

Michael Ingrassia, San Jose

Michael Toney, Menlo Park

Joe Machado, Morgan Hill

Christos Tikelis, Los Gatos

Email: [membership@coepark.net](mailto:membership@coepark.net)  
U.S. mail: 9100 East Dunne Avenue, Morgan Hill, CA 95037  
<http://coepark.net/pineridgeassociation/join>



# Gulnac - A Peak and a Homestead

By **Teddy Goodrich**

Gulnac Peak is a beautiful, conical peak that lies just outside the park's southern boundary and is visible from Kaiser Aetna Road. There is some uncertainty about the origin of the name, but it was most likely named for William Gulnac, an early California pioneer. Also bordering the park, but in this case its western boundary, was the homestead of Martina Gulnac.

William Gulnac was born in Hudson, New York in 1801. While still a young man he immigrated to Baja California where he married Maria Isabel de Ceseña. In the early 1830s he and his family came to Upper California by way of Honolulu, Hawaii, and settled in San Jose. William became a Mexican citizen in 1834.

Because of his citizenship, he could own land, and Charles Weber, an American, took advantage of this and partnered with Gulnac. Together they built a flour mill in San Francisco and also manufactured shoes, soap, and other items. Gulnac petitioned the Mexican government for land and was granted 48,747 acres near French Camp in the San Joaquin Valley. Almost immediately there were problems: Indian raids, a smallpox epidemic, and difficulty getting supplies from Monterey. Gulnac sold it – all of it – to Charles Weber for \$50.00 and a white horse. William Gulnac died in 1851.

Maria Martina Antonia Agustina Matea Fernandez was born in San Juan Bautista September 9, 1826 to Antonio Fernandez, a Mexican soldier, and Maria de los Dolores de Jesus, a Mutsun Indian. She was their first daughter and their first child to survive infancy. About 1850 she married Jose Ramon Gulnac, the oldest son of William and Maria. They settled down to farm, first in San Luis Obispo County, then eventually in San Ysidro (Gilroy) in Santa Clara County. There is no death or burial record, but Jose died about 1875. Shortly after Martina, now fifty years old, moved with her surviving children, Juan, Albino, William, Kate, and Ramona, to a homestead claim on Hot Springs Road. Her homestead was a pre-emption claim filed before the federal survey was completed in 1881. Located at the corner of what is now Hot Springs and Cañada Road (in her time it was all Hot Springs Road), the homestead touched what is now the park's south-western boundary.

With the help of her surviving children, Juan and Albino in their twenties, William, Kate, and Ramona in their teens, they worked to establish a productive ranch. The 1880 agricultural census provides the following inventory of their farming operation: two milk cows, twelve cattle, four calves, fifteen sheep, and twenty chickens. They grew fourteen acres of barley, one acre of potatoes, two hundred apple trees, and fifty peach trees. They may have found a market for their farm products: milk, cheese, eggs, potatoes, and fruit at nearby Gilroy Hot Springs.

The 1890 federal census is missing, but the 1890 map of Santa Clara County clearly shows the location of Martina's claim, and she is still there – Mrs. M. Gulnac.

By 1900, Martina was well into her eighth decade. Her homestead was sold to A.F. Morrison, one of Frederick Hyde's cronies. Her children scattered and took up their own lives. Kate and Ramona married. Juan continued to farm in Gilroy, married and had four children. Albino married and moved to Merced County where he also farmed. William worked as a farm laborer. Martina died in 1904 at the home of her daughter, Kate, in Gilroy. She was 78 years old.

Martina was definitely one of the "hearty pioneers" whom Sada Coe Robinson sought to honor when she gave Pine Ridge to the people of California. Part Mexican, part Indian, widowed and middle aged when she claimed her homestead, Martina could neither read nor write nor speak English. Considering the obstacles she had to overcome to provide a living for herself and her family, only one thought comes to mind: she persisted.



# COE Thanksgiving 2017

By Sue Dekalb

I hope all of you who are reading this have come to at least one Coe Thanksgiving in the past. If you have never joined us for Thanksgiving, you have really missed a great event.

Thanksgiving is a time when families get together to enjoy each other's company and have a great meal as well. For many of the volunteers, Coe is part of their family. Working with other volunteers and spending time at Coe is a very big part of my life, as it is for many others, so it is nice to celebrate it with them. The nice thing about Coe Thanksgiving is that there is no pressure at all. We see other volunteers that we seldom get to see. It is always a fun event, so if you haven't joined us before you are really missing out.

Last year Allene Leibenberg joined the event crew and started putting up some great decorations with her husband, Paul. Beautiful flower arrangements and decorative lights really make it nice. Bruce and Rosemary Rideout have always helped set up the lights in the white barn so we can find our way around in the dark. Unfortunately, Rosemary ended up in the hospital this year for Coe Thanksgiving, but that didn't stop Bruce from coming up with a cooked turkey and wine. He still managed to put up the lights for us. Those are some great volunteers! The Verhoeven's even added a pumpkin for the decorations this year.

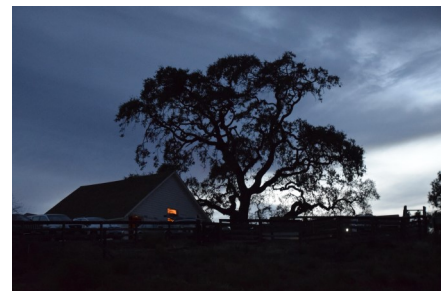
The food was awesome, as it always is. We had appetizers, turkeys, mashed potatoes, cranberries, veggies, dressing, salad, yams, desserts, cider, and plenty of wine. Everything was so delicious.

Ranger John gave his usual talk, and this year we also remembered those volunteers who are no longer with us. Lee Sims was asked if he remembered how many Coe Thanksgivings there had been, and I believe the number was 25 including this year. That is a very long tradition, and I hope there are 25 more to come.

There are always cups, dishes, and silverware to wash and put away afterward, and all the tables and PRA equipment must be put away as well. I would really like to thank all those volunteers who stayed to clean up after the event. I would especially like to thank Art Pon and his crew for putting away all the tables in the dark. That is always a tough chore after a great meal. Those that helped wash the dishes also did a wonderful job.

The weather this year was fantastic. There was a very short period of time (literally ten minutes) when I put on a long sleeved shirt, but I had to remove it eventually. You just never know what it will be like on Thanksgiving weekend at Coe. Last year it was cold and raining, and this year we had folks in short sleeves and shorts. I much preferred the weather this year, and I will be hoping for the same next year.

I think next year we should start the appetizers at 3pm, instead of 3:30. That way people could just start eating when they arrive, and everyone wouldn't be rushed. Dinner will still be at 4pm.



Photos by Pauline Wood.

# News from the Board of the Pine Ridge Association

By Daniel Benefiel, President, PRA Board

The PRA Board held meetings on November 14 and January 9. The agendas covered typical items such as financial reports from Cynthia, Volunteer Committee updates from Manny, GYHS updates from Robert Method, and Monterey District updates from Supervising Ranger Stuart Organo and Ranger David Hermitte. The board also discussed and took action on many other items.

Manny updated the board on the website upgrade and expects it to go live around the time of the Annual Meeting. This upgrade is required to strengthen security and maintain compatibility with host tools.

Manny also updated the board regarding online registration for Backcountry Weekend. It is now live on coepark.net! This new system will simplify work for volunteers, minimize errors, and give registrants immediate feedback on their registration.

The board approved a new, high resolution PRA logo designed by David Price. This new logo works better for printed materials and is available in several file formats suitable for different uses.

Adam reported that Assemblywoman Anna Caballero might be interested in a tour of Coe and offered to work with her office and park staff to coordinate this.

The interpretive "Peaks Panel" has been redesigned to focus more on peaks within the park and less on the Quien Sabe Volcanic Field to the south. The panel has been completed and will be installed at a great viewpoint near the White Barn this year.

The board is still looking for volunteers to help with a service such as Mail Chimp or Constant Contact. Although we have The Ponderosa to keep members informed, there are many non-members that we would like to hold close via regular emails so that we can call on them for future support and membership. Please contact Dan or Manny if you are interested in helping!

David Hermitte reported the results of the election of candidates for the board. Adam Escoto and Peter Verbica both were elected. However, Peter stepped down from the board in order to focus on new business ventures. The board appointed Michael Ingrassia, who had also been on the ballot to fill out Peter's term.

The board is extremely thankful to Peter for 4 years of service on the board. During that time, Peter was very active in all discussions, bringing ideas from his love and knowledge of history, ranching, the Coe family, the financial world, other non-profits, and much more. We wish Peter the best of luck in his new ventures and look forward to seeing him again in the park!

The board selected officers for 2018. Daniel Benefiel remains as President, Adam Escoto was appointed as Vice President, Steve McHenry remains as Secretary, and Cynthia Leeder remains as Treasurer.

The board meets bimonthly. All PRA members are welcome. Recent meetings have been at the homes of board members in Morgan Hill. Please email pra-board@coepark.net if you would like to attend. The next meetings will be March 13 and May 8 at 6:30pm.



## News from the Gilroy Yamato Hot Springs

By Laura Dominguez-Yon

**Please mark your calendars for Saturday May 19** for the next public event at GYHS, "Peace, Health, and HappYness," celebrating GYHS's role for many decades of providing a peaceful setting and health-restoring mineral water. This year we expect a tour bus from San Francisco, San Mateo and San Jose to bring visitors. As such, we will have an outreach booth at the SF Cherry Blossom Festival, April 14-15 & 21-22, and at the San Jose Nikkei Matsuri (spring festival) April 29. Sign-up sheets are ready for the outreach booths at the street fairs and for the event at GYHS. We welcome your help!

### End of Year 2017 report:

Our **income** from donations and tours totaled **\$28,589** with no product sales.

The year surprised us with very heavy rains that ultimately collapsed the road in February, closing access and reducing the number of guided tours we could offer. Fortunately, having a staff person living on site raised the priority level for the County Roads repair, and we re-opened in time for My Earth Day Birthday Workday with Park Champions Volunteers in April. However, guided tours didn't resume until July. Our Annual Public event brought in \$745 – a low number because of a last-minute date change and limited advertising. Guided tours for more than 80 people supplied \$780, and the bulk of donations were from the Kitaji Bibles project.

**The Kitaji Bibles campaign raised \$27,044** in direct donations for the acquisition of the Kitaji Bibles. No PRA funds were used. Monterey District scanned both Bibles, which yielded 4,000 images in JPG and TIFF formats. The physical Bibles were donated to the Japanese Diaspora Initiative (or, JDI) at the Hoover Archives, Stanford University. They also received copies of the images and are making them available at the archives for research and study. The Kitaji Family retains intellectual property copyrights. Monterey District is credited for the images, should anybody gain permission to use any of the images in their research reports or publications. The high quality digital images are important to share because the writing in Japanese is very, very small on many pages. Captain Masuo Kitaji added passage cross-references and his own sermon notes and commentary.

The Kitaji Bibles and the Captain bring attention to GYHS, where his cabin still stands. The Captain, as he was known, was the spiritual leader for the GYHS community from 1945 to his death in 1973. In 1945, he and 60 families (about 150 people in total) arrived at this resettlement center from the WWII Relocation Camps--America's concentration camps. This means the Kitaji Bibles are included in the Park Service's Japanese American Confinement Sites Grant "50 Objects/50 Stories," about artifacts from the camps and the people who owned them. The information and images will be delivered via a website, to be launched on Day of Remembrance, February 20<sup>th</sup>.

The Kitaji Family's first choice was to give the Bibles to State Parks, however DPR does not have the facility for temperature-controlled storage or staffing to allow public viewings. By giving them to the JDI at Hoover, academic study will yield more information from the Bibles. The Hoover, and Stanford University as a whole, has a policy of equal access. Anyone with identification issued by a government agency (e.g.: drivers license, school, or passport) can go to the Hoover Archives and ask to see the Bibles, although they might be scanned PDF images. The project curator has already received requests for access from an art history professor at Stanford and a religious studies professor at Santa Clara University, plus inquiries from Japan. The Bibles were featured at a presentation of JDI archived materials following the International JDI workshop in October 2017.

Continued on page 12...



## News from the Gilroy Yamato Hot Springs, continued...

Why such attention to the Bibles? Matt Bischoff, Historian III and Cultural Resources Manager for Monterey District, says they are the most significant artifact associated with GYHS because of the 28 continual years the Captain lived and worked there. His Companion Bible was started in 1953, and he continued to add notations and drawings through the 1970s.

Here are three of my favorite drawings from the Bible (probably because it's colored):



Image courtesy of Laura Dominguez-Yon.

Continued on page 13...



# News from the Gilroy Yamato Hot Springs, continued...

Top left, and bottom Left and Right are Bible verses.


Top center lists statistics regarding Bible distributions

Top Right corner – stamp of Salvation Army logo

Inside outline of head:

- Read the Bible for yourself
- Listen to what others say about the scriptures, but do not blindly follow
- Reflect on what it means for you and your life

 His signature

 The bottom part of his signature. Don't know why it's orange, or separate from the rest of his signature here.

I call it "the dead duck." Yes, totally disrespectful, but that's what it looks like to me.

---Laura---

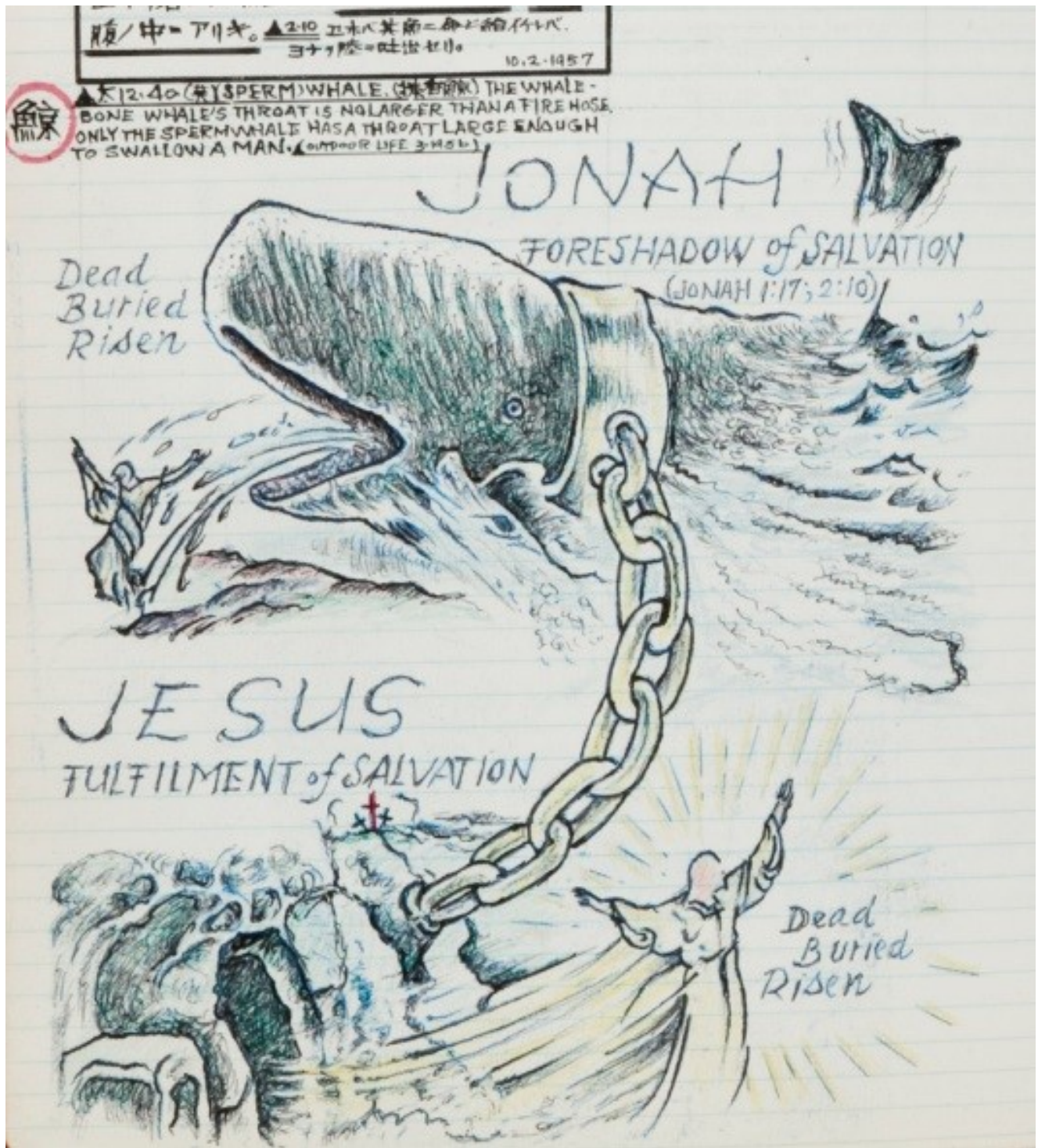


(Image courtesy of Monterey District, California State Parks)

Continued on page 14...



## News from the Gilroy Yamato Hot Springs, continued...



This image might measure 5"x7" and appears on the bottom part of a page. We are able to enlarge it to be able to clearly read the notation from Outdoor Life magazine, March 1956.

(Image courtesy of Monterey District, California State Parks)



**Pine Ridge Association**  
**Henry W. Coe State Park**  
**9100 East Dunne Avenue**  
**Morgan Hill, CA 95037**

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*The Ponderosa* is a quarterly publication of the Pine Ridge Association. The PRA's mission is to enhance and enrich the public's experience at Henry W. Coe State Park through education and interpretation. Articles and artwork relating to the natural history, history, and management of the park are welcome. Also, interested in volunteering? Email Manny Pitta, [mannypitta@gmail.com](mailto:mannypitta@gmail.com). Please send submissions and ideas to the editor at: [PRAnewsletter2@gmail.com](mailto:PRAnewsletter2@gmail.com)

**Deadline for the next issue: April 30, 2017**

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