

The

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Cabrillo National Monument
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Myths, Mysteries, and Misconceptions

*by Terry diMattio, Superintendent
Cabrillo National Monument*

The theme for this edition of The Explorer is myths, mystery, and misconceptions. I think you will enjoy reading about some of the myths and mysteries and misconceptions that have attached themselves to Cabrillo national Monument over the years. While others on the staff are writing the fun articles, editor Emily Troxell has asked me to answer the question, "Why is it important to accurately represent stories related to the park?" This is a good and important question. Its answer is at the very heart of what we do.

The American people have entrusted the national Park Service with the stewardship of many of their most important cultural and natural treasures, touchstones of our national heritage. If we are to pass them along unimpaired to the next generation, it seems to me that we need to tell the story, or stories associated with these treasures as honestly, accurately, and inclusively as possible. To know, understand and appreciate the importance of these places, our visitors need to hear the true story for what happened, why it

is significant, and that place's role in this grand American experiment.

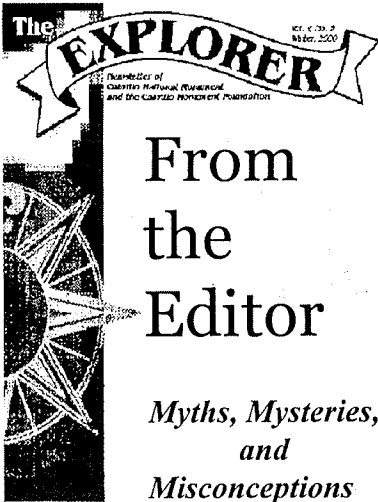
One lesson I learned early in my career is that people who visit us in person, and now in increasing numbers on-line, trust us to tell them truth.

They expect that what we say in our ranger-guided programs, exhibits, site bulletins, audiovisual programs, and informal conversations, is accurate and based on our knowledge of the park and its resources that we have gained through research. I remember being counseled early in my career to say, "I do not know,"

when someone asked me a question and I did not know the answer. I was admonished to never make up something. Not only would I risk personal embarrassment if the visitor knew the answer, but I would undermine the credibility of the National Park Service, which has been carefully established and nurtured by several generations of employees over decades of public service.

This lesson also applies in my position as superintendent. In this ca-

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This issue is devoted to telling stories that may or not be factual. Many local legends have developed over the years. While these stories are fun, much of the information is simply not accurate or maybe only partially true. So read on. You may learn a new story about our park—and then be able to tell only the unvarnished truth! Or not.

It is certain that we have missed some stories that need to be told. If you have one to share, please send it to us, and we will add it to a later edition of the *Explorer*.

Emily Troxell

capacity I deal with a wide range of Navy, City of San Diego, federal and state officials, elected representatives, public and private organizations, and private citizens who have an interest in Cabrillo NM. Being honest and candid with them as we work together on issues of mutual concern is essential if we are to maintain our credibility and respect for one another, and succeed in accomplishing our respective missions.

Another reason to accurately present the park's stories is that it is wrong to do otherwise. It is wrong to embellish. It is wrong to assign greater importance or significance to a human event or natural process of phenomenon than it deserves. Those who visit us, who support us with hard-earned taxes, and those who work with us to protect and preserve national parks deserve to hear and know the truth so they can decide for themselves the real worth of these special places.

These national park areas are the

"true" places of American history and culture. They are not Disneyland or Knott's Berry Farm, created to represent someone's idea of Main Street USA or the California west of the late 19th century. The natural and cultural sites in the National Park System are where presidents lived, struggled with the challenges of their administrations and perhaps died, where mother nature carved the deep canyons through layers of geologic time, and where we find solitude and respite from an increasingly fast-paced world. These places are real, not virtual. They possess an inherent inaccuracies and half-truths.

The myths, mysteries and misconceptions that inevitably spring up and attach themselves to parks are fun to hear about and ponder. But they should not distract us from the real meaning of our parks nor diminish them as we pass them along unimpaired for the next generation to enjoy.

The "Reagan Window"

by Gary Cummins

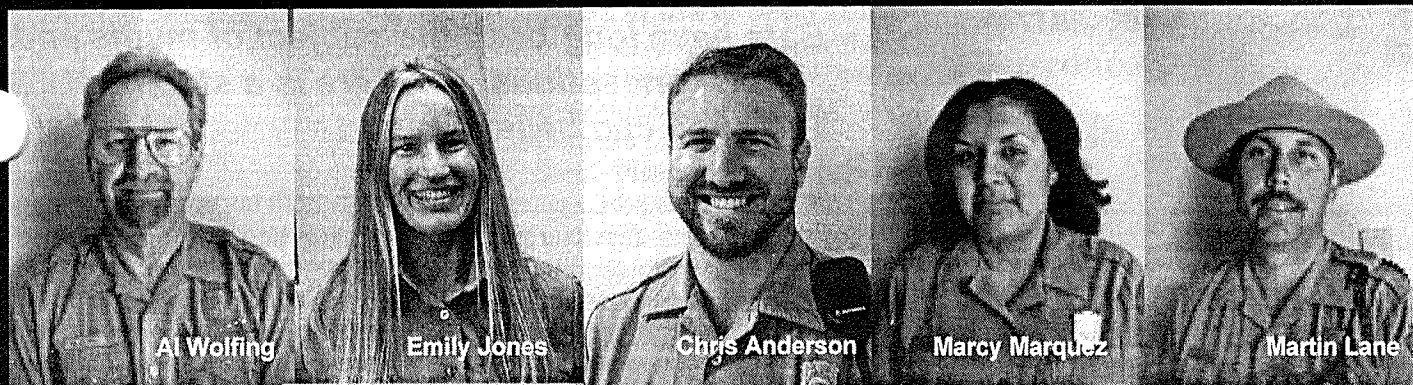
The large window in the superintendent's office has been referred to as "the Reagan Window." We asked former superintendent Gary Cummins if he could explain this.

When I arrived at Cabrillo National Monument in July, 1986, the large window in the superintendent's office at the end of the administrative wing of the visitor center had already been converted into a sliding door. The door was glass and required (as I recall) a step over a portion of the lower wall of the room (about 12 inches, I believe).

It was pointed out that the door had been installed at the insistence of the United States Secret Service. Then-President Ronald Reagan was scheduled to meet with the President of the Republic of Mexico at Cabrillo National Monument. The pair were to tour the park, then retire for discussions in the superintendent's office. At that time the office window was just that—a window. Thus there was a single formal entry/exit to and from the office. The Secret

Service could not allow the president into a structure without an emergency exit (other than throwing a chair through the window). After consulting with the Secret Service the park made the conversion (at park expense), but for reasons that are unknown to me, the two presidents either did not meet or moved their meeting to another location.

The Mexican president in question was either Jose López Portillo (1976-82) or Miguel de la Madrid Hurtado (1982-88). I seem to remember that Reagan and López Portillo had a personal relationship which leads me to think that Reagan was to meet with him. I believe it was sometime between January 1, 1981 and the end of the Mexican presidential term of office in 1982.



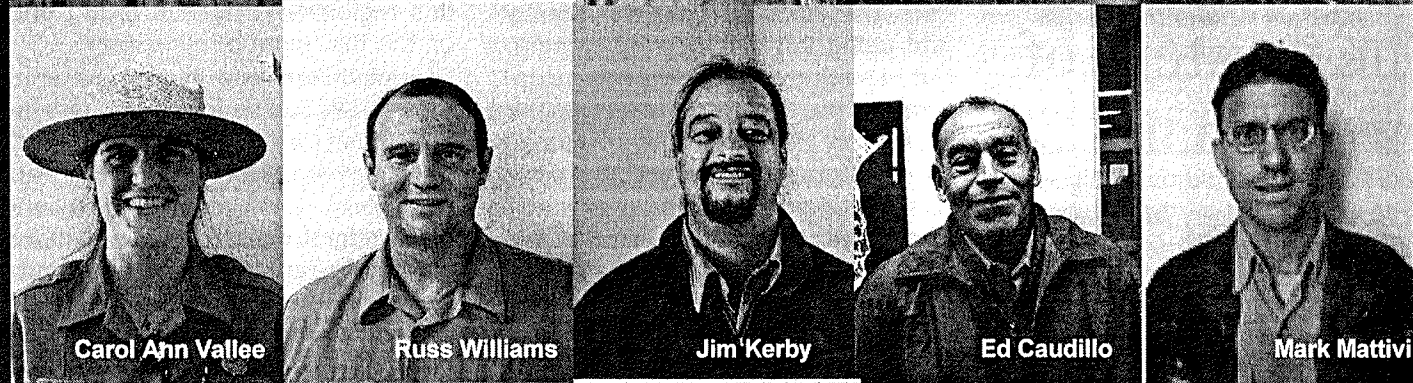
Al Wolfing

Emily Jones

Chris Anderson

Marcy Marquez

Martin Lane



Carol Ann Vallee

Russ Williams

Jim Kerby

Ed Caudillo

Mark Mattivi



Emily Troxell

Joe Wilson

Nello Jefferson

Terry DiMatteo

Carol Knipper



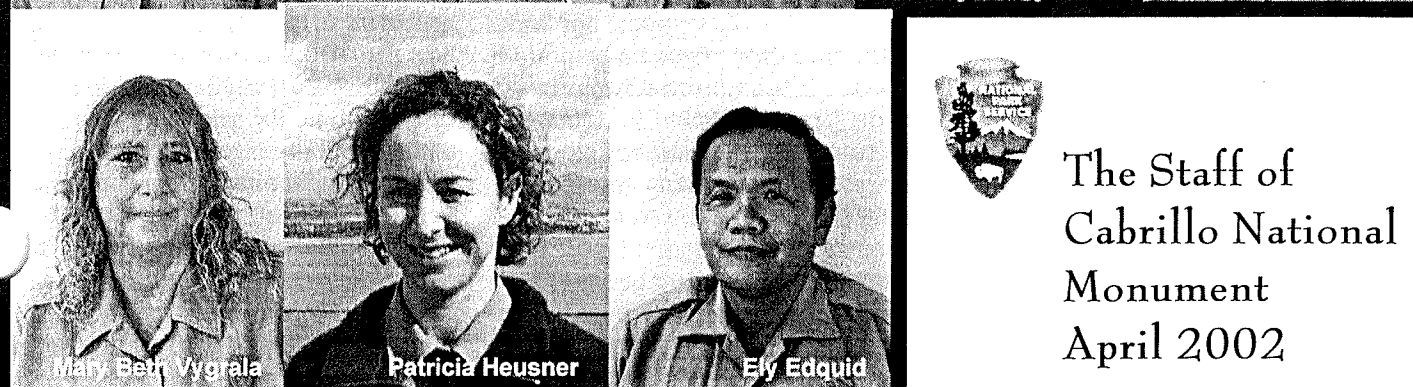
Carol Marsh

Bonnie Becker

Karl Pierce

Anna Stits

Terry Scherkenbach



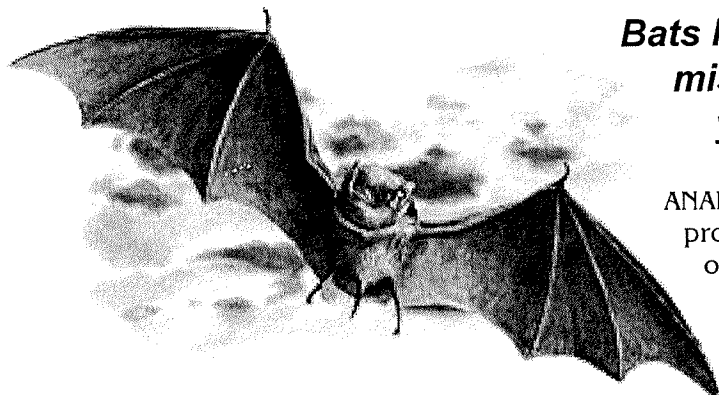
Mary Beth Vygrala

Patricia Heusner

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The Staff of
Cabrillo National
Monument
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Bats have long been the subject of myths and misconceptions. But here is a story that you can believe.

ANABAT is a computer program that is run on a laptop that is connected to a detector of sonic waves. When a bat is nearby

and using its echolocation system, the resulting soundwaves are captured by the detector and sent to the computer. ANABAT then compares the sonogram of the unknown bat with sonograms from many different known bat species. The clicks of the sampled animal are therefore used in its identification. What is strange about Point Loma is that a lot of electronic noise, of unknown origin, is generated here. Although we can't hear the noise, ANABAT can, and it often drowns out any potential signal from bats. Drew is able to look

the critter. Both his eyes and his computer screen had come to the same conclusion—it was a red bat! "Finding the red bat was exciting for a bat biologist," Drew later related. Red bats are not very commonly found in this region, and he had found one on the first night of his survey.

Western red bats (*Lasiurus blossevillei*) can be found from southern British Columbia, along the west coast of the United States, and through to South America. They are highly migratory, and tend to be more active in the summers. Little is known about what they do in the winter, although a similar species has been observed hibernating in leaf litter. They can possibly wake up periodically to feed if needed, since they have been observed feeding in the San Francisco Bay area during the winter. They mate in the late summer or early fall, and females become pregnant in the spring. After 80-90 days, they will give birth to up to five pups. They are solitary animals that roost in trees or shrubs during the day. Commonly they are found in healthy riparian habitat, associated with vegetation that grows near fresh water. In addition, they can be found in trees in open fields, in orchards, or in urban areas. Occasionally, they will be discovered in caves. While roosting, they are often hidden from view of potential predators, which include birds (such as owls and falcons), opossums, and domestic cats.

A common myth regarding bats is that they are all vampires, waiting in the dark to pounce on young maidens to suck their blood. In fact, only 3 of the 1000 known species of bats are vampires that feed on the blood of large animals, such as cows (usually not fatally injuring the animal). Other bats eat small aquatic animals, fruit, or nectar from flowers that bloom at night. The latter type of bat acts as a pollinator, the same way bees do. As they fly from flower to flower collecting nectar, they disseminate pollen that sticks to their bod-

The mystery of the red bat

By Bonnie Becker, Marine Biologist, and Jaime Hicks, CNM Volunteer

The sun was setting over Cabrillo National Monument one cold evening in January, as the visitors were gradually vacating the park and the staff was getting ready to pack up and go home. While most cars were heading north off of Point Loma, one car was heading back south in the dark. Drew Stokes, bat biologist with the US Geological Survey, and his team (including the CNM Natural Resource Science staff) were preparing for a long night of hunting. Most people would rather avoid bats, but this team was charged with finding them.

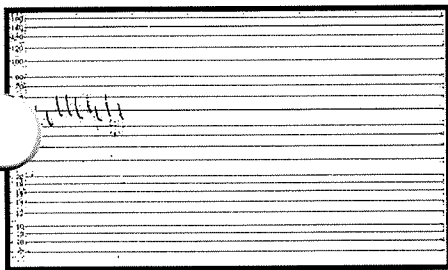
Drew has been hired by Cabrillo NM to inventory the bat population on Point Loma. Determining if we have bats within the park, and if so what species of bat, is the first crucial step to developing a monitoring program or managing their populations. Little to nothing is known about the bats here. Back in the 1930s and 1940s, there are records of bats being found in downtown and on the point. There was a single species of bat, the western mastiff, found on Point Loma during a 1995-1996 survey.

There are two reasons why so little is known about our bats. First, very few people have bothered to look. In addition, the major tool used to identify bats, called ANABAT, does not work in many sites on Point Loma.



for bats despite this problem, by finding places in the park that are in the "shadow" of this electronic interference. He uses a number of other techniques, such as visual surveys of known habitat, to look for bats as well.

On this cold night in January, Drew and his team were down on the Bayside Trail, with their ANABAT ready to go. He had already done a number of daytime surveys of bat-friendly places, like in old dark bunkers, and found no signs of bats. But on this night, they heard the familiar chirping they were seeking. Drew pointed his spotlight at the source of the sound, and caught a glimpse of



This is an image of a typical red bat signal from ANABAT. Go to http://arnica.csustan.edu/esrpp/lab1_call.htm to hear it.

ies. Bats pollinate some familiar (and delicious) plants, such as avocados, cashews, guavas, peaches, bananas, cloves, and mangoes. The majority of bats, 70% or so, eat flying insects, which they capture using their precise echolocation skills (the source of the sound waves captured by the ANABAT). Insect-eating bats can actually act as an effective pest control tool. Our red bats fall into this category, since they eat flies and moths. In fact, since these bats are often found in orchards and feed heavily on moths, they are likely very useful neighbors for orchardists. Rather than being a pest to be feared, bats can help us grow some of our most delicious fruits and keep bugs away while we enjoy them!

Humans are actually more of a threat to bats than they are to us. Bats represent almost a quarter of all mammal species on earth, but more than half are listed as endangered or as candidates for endangered status. Habitat loss, pollution, and direct destruction by humans are causes of their decline. Because red bats tend to be found in riparian habitats, which are one of the most rapidly disappearing systems in the west, their populations are possibly experiencing a decline. Other threats to red bats include pesticide use in orchards, which can both directly harm the animals and reduce the amount of their insect prey. Nothing is known about the status of red bats, since they tend not to roost in groups and are generally difficult to find. That said, it is a species of Special Concern in Arizona, Utah, and here in California. In order to protect this bat, we need to know more about their habitat preferences, distribution, migration, and

responses to use of pesticides. Our discovery of this creature within Cabrillo National Monument seems even more significant when considered in this context.

Since that night, Drew has been out two more nights and has yet to find another bat of any species on Point Loma. So in this case, the mystery of bats is not what it seems. They are not blind, are not rodents, and probably don't live in your belfry. Most of us now know that bats are not mythical monsters to be feared. The question of how many species of bats live in the park is still not known, although Drew's study will continue to confirm the presence or absence of bats here. A greater mystery, perhaps, is the source of the strange electronic interference on Point Loma—and whether that strange sound or some other human activity is the cause of our lack of bats.

Sources:

- Interview with Drew Stokes, Biologist with US Geological Survey
- Bats! Sponsored by the Contra Costa County Office of Education (<http://www.cccoe.k12.ca.us/bats/>)
- Texas wildlife and parks "Nature" website (http://www.tpwd.state.tx.us/nature/wild/mammals/bats/species/west_red.htm)
- Photo of red bat head (<http://www.washington.edu/burkemuseum/mammalogy/lab0.html>)
- Drawing of red bat (<http://www.co.pima.az.us/cmo/sdcp/sdcp2/fsheets/vuln/wrb.html>)
- Image of red bat ANABAT signal (http://arnica.csustan.edu/esrpp/lab1_call.htm)

For more information:

- Bat Conservation International, Inc. (www.batcon.org)
- Bat Conservation and Information (www.jaguarpaw.com/BatsCon.html)
- The Lubee Foundation, Inc. (www.cafl.com/lubee)
- North American Bat Conservation Partnership (www.batcon.org/nabcp/nabcfam.html)
- To hear a red bat ANABAT signal, go to (http://arnica.csustan.edu/esrpp/lab1_call.htm)

Myths, Mysteries, and Misconceptions

by Joe Wilson

THINK! A one-word message that was front and center on my fourth grade classroom wall—right above the chalk board (blackboard in 1940s). Chalkboard? Blackboard? Do two terms for the same item create a misconception? Perhaps. Knowledge of the times—1940s to the 2000s—helps us understand terms.

How do you pronounce Cabrillo? Where did he come from? Questions of this type require specific answers and may lead to misconceptions. Beware: accuracy is important.

Ghosts in the lighthouse? What the ghost does; how it behaves; who tells the story. But the story is heard. It is repeated and we have a myth.

The people working at Cabrillo are ready to help visitors with the Myths and Mysteries and Misconceptions that they (the visitors) bring to the park. Park staff using their knowledge, skills and abilities can answer questions and challenge visitors to THINK

The interpreters at Cabrillo can respond to the ghost story. Resource scientists can explain the zoological and botanical life found in the park. Maintenance workers protect and preserve the habitat, structures and objects for interpretation. We all work together to present a true story.

Stories are told. Questions are asked. A beautiful lighthouse on a high hill overlooking a bay and an ocean provokes questions. Some are about ghosts. I have heard the wind howl as it rushes up the spiral staircase. I have seen the old rooms. I have seen the fog drift around the windows, the light and the tower. Would I like to spend the night alone in the lighthouse? Remembering the sign in my fourth grade classroom, I need to THINK and THINK. The answers must reflect the true story. I think about the ghosts and many other myths. So do visitors. The staff at Cabrillo is ready to guide the visitor's minds helping them to Think, THINK, THINK.

The myth behind our state's name

"California" and the queen

by Jim Nauman

Modern historians seem to be in agreement that the name "California" comes from a mythical island of that name described in a medieval romance of chivalry, *The Exploits of Esplandián*. The island was ruled by a queen "of majestic proportions, more beautiful than all other women, and in the full flush and vigor of her womanhood." Our sources are divided, however, as to whether that queen's name was "Califia" or "Calafia." Troubled by the discrepancy and ever in search of Truth in History, we set out to find a copy of the original story and resolve this momentous problem once and for all.

All of our references identify the romance as *Las Sergas de Esplandián* by a Spaniard, Garci (or García) Ordóñez de Montalvo. Several years ago, a member of Cabrillo's interpretive staff found in the SDSU library a small volume which identified the *Sergas* as the fifth book of a long chivalric romance, *Amadís of Gaul*, the author's name actually Garci Rodríguez de Montalvo, rather than Ordóñez. Amadís was the quintessential medieval knight: handsome, valiant, chaste, a skillful warrior dedicated to good deeds. He was inspired by the lovely Oriana, princess of England, whom he eventually married; their son, Esplandián, became a knight in the mold of his father.

The actual origin of *Amadís of Gaul* is uncertain; allusions to the work first appeared in print in Seville in 1350, though the tale may have been in existence since the late 13th century. The original language is unknown, some historians claiming it was Portuguese since the Portuguese-Galician school of literature was strong at that time, others believing it was French. Some scholars believe that Rodríguez de Montalvo reworked

early stories into the first three books, but was the original author of the fourth book and the *Sergas*. His is the only version that survives today, written in Castilian and published in Zaragoza, Spain, in 1508. It was immediately recognized as one of the finest prose works in Spanish literature (though some modern critics have called it "forgettable.")

Novels of romantic chivalry such as *Amadís of Gaul* enjoyed immense popularity in Europe during the 15th and 16th centuries, a vast number of them appearing in the earliest days of printing. Imaginative literature was

One can imagine the New World sailors hoping to discover this island, conquering it like the knights in the chivalric romances: the combination of unlimited gold and beautiful, untamed women must have been the ultimate fantasy.

a rarity in those days, and undoubtedly the stories were an inspiration to many young men of the times; it is said that these novels set the standard for gentlemanly behavior in polite society. Over the years, the chivalric novels proliferated but declined in quality, finally outdone by *Don Quixote*, Cervantes's celebrated

parody of *Amadís* which appeared early in the 17th century. Cervantes admired Rodríguez de Montalvo's writing, but apparently had had enough of the genre.

To a generation of young men familiar with the romances, those tales were no more implausible than the stories coming back to Europe from the New World explorers. Maybe there really were dragons to be slain, maidens to rescue, and untold wealth to be garnered in those previously unknown lands. And when those men arrived in the New World they still thought about the novels. The great chronicler of the conquest, Bernal del Díaz Castillo, relates how, when Cortés and his followers caught their first glimpse of the Aztec capital, they "remained astonished and said that it resembled the things of enchantment which they relate in the book of Amadís, by reason of the great towers, temples, and edifices which they had within the water."

But what about the Queen?

We found a copy, in the original Spanish, of the *Sergas* in the UCSD library and an English translation of excerpts in our own library: a little book by Edward Everett Hale, *The Queen of California*. The island in question, California, was said to lie "on the right hand of the Indies, very close to the Terrestrial Paradise." Its inhabitants were a race of strong black women, each and every one a beauty, with a lifestyle very much like that of the Amazons, ruled by a queen called Calafia. A warlike group (they had to make do with armor of pure gold, since that was the only metal on the island), they tamed wild beasts that they rode on forays to other islands. There they captured men who were used for two purposes: 1) as food for their pet griffins, and 2) to perpetuate their race. Only female offspring were kept, the hapless males and their fathers devoured or dropped

Griffin



and smashed on the rocks by the griffins. One can imagine the New World sailors hoping to discover this island, conquering it like the knights in the chivalric romances: the combination of unlimited gold and beautiful, untamed women must have been the ultimate fantasy—even at the risk of becoming griffin chow.

But, like modern women, Calafia wanted more. Why should she and her subjects just stay home all day and feed the griffins as their grandmothers had always done? She had heard of great armies of pagans fighting Christians and wanted to join them "to gain great glory and fame," even though she had no idea what a Christian was. So she convinced the Turks to let her army of stouthearted maidens and their griffins join them in fighting the Christians at Constantinople. All was going well, it seems, until it became apparent that the griffins, while able to distinguish gender, had not grasped the concept of nationality, and started to seize and kill Turks as well as Christians. Calafia was embarrassed by this, and offered to fight one-on-one with the most valiant knight of all, Amadís. But she was dumbfounded by the beauty of Amadís's son, Esplandián, and did not perform well in battle. Subdued by Amadís's sword, she surrendered to the Emperor's daughter, whose beauty and gentility also dazzled her. In the end, she "gets religion"; she and her sister, Liota, marry Christian knights and vow to end the gynecocracy in California. Husbands and sons would henceforth be welcome on the island. The griffins' reaction to that news is not recorded.

Bernal del Díaz Castillo gives Cortés credit for bestowing the name "California" on New World geographic

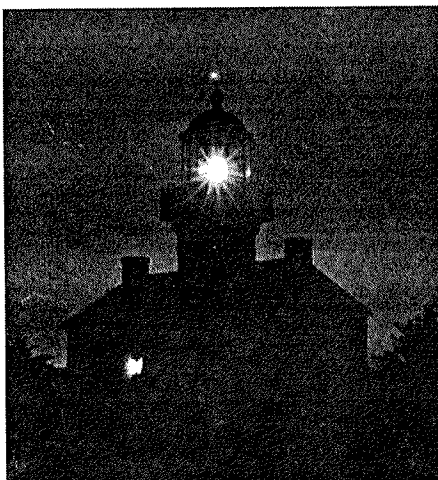
features. On his voyages in the mid-1530s, Cortés gave the name to an anchorage, an island protecting that anchorage, and the peninsula we know as Baja California. The name first appeared in print in the log of the 1539-1540 voyage of Francisco de Ulloa, and was found on maps at the time of Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo's voyage in 1542.

Did Cortés really think he'd found the "Golden Isle with the Amazon Queen?" Probably not—but then the *conquistadores* were nothing if not optimistic, and they had reason to be: After having seen the spectacular cities of Mexico and Perú, who knew what lay just beyond the horizon?



The "Man of Mystery" our interpreters must deal with every day is Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo, our *raison d'être*. There is so much about him that we do not know with certainty: Where and when was he born? When, and in what capacity did he come to the New World? Where did the name "Cabrillo" come from? Where is he buried? We hope that scholars will someday be able to answer these questions.

Lighthouses seem to have an unusually high incidence of ghosts. Howard Overton, former Chief Ranger at Cabrillo, collected a variety of stories concerning the Old Point Loma Lighthouse. Those included here are told in his words. It is always interesting to note that most ghost stories do not have endings—just beginnings. We are still looking for some of the endings.



The Case of the Rocking Chair

Before I came to Cabrillo, a park interpreter, usually a seasonal, would dress in period costume and go to the lighthouse kitchen to do living history demonstrations. Sometimes she would bake bread in the stove. The kitchen door would be left open and a the opening cordoned off to keep visitors in the hallway. This way, the interpreter could talk with visitors.

Janet Faringer (Janet Valen) was one of these interpreters. Early one day, she went into the kitchen. It was a typical bright sunny San Diego day. There were no visitors in the park yet. She opened the door to the kitchen, put up the cordon, and began to make bread for her demonstration. Janet heard a noise. She looked out in the hallway and could see no one. She looked outside the front door—no one there either. She went back in the lighthouse and looked in the parlor. The rocking chair was rocking, rocking, rocking! The parlor door was locked, as usual.

I asked Janet if she had felt an earthquake, because possibly that could cause the chair to rock. She said: "No. There was no earthquake and besides the chair was rocking as if someone was in it." She saw no one in the chair. . . .

The Case of Footsteps on the Stairs

Bob Hayes, a former member of the maintenance staff, told me this

story. This incident took place before I arrived at Cabrillo, maybe around 1970. The lighthouse was cleaned at night so visitors would not be inconvenienced. Bob came in one evening to clean. Then, as now, all visitors had left the park for the night. He opened the front door and turned the lights on. He then went to the basement to get his cleaning equipment. When he was in the basement, he said he heard someone walking up the spiral staircase to the tower.

Now, being a skeptical person, I pointed out to Bob that the front door had been opened. The night air was cool and the tower acted as a lamp chimney drawing air up the stairs. Maybe the cold air caused the metal in the stairs to pop and crack from metal contraction. Bob emphatically said "NO! Someone was walking up the stairs." I asked him what he did then. He said he left his equipment in the basement and walked out of the lighthouse and went home. (The lighthouse did not get cleaned that night.)

Of course, no ghost has actually been *seen* at the lighthouse and we haven't a clue who the ghost might be. Any ideas?

Tiles from Fort Guijarros.

The story goes that the contractor who built the lighthouse used tiles from the old Fort Guijarros in its construction. Supposedly the contractor found tiles on the beach at Bal-

last Point, carried them up the hill and used them. It wasn't known for sure that this actually did occur, and we were curious if this was true or not. When the tower was removed for renovation, many of the tiles were found. I saved all of them. One or two are in the museum collection, but the rest were put in the bottom floor of Brett's Bunker. I wonder sometimes if they are still there.

If you go to the south bedroom of the lighthouse (parents' bedroom) and look at the fireplace chimney, you will see pieces of this Spanish tile used in its construction. There are bricks and pieces of brick, but there are also long slender tile pieces used in the chimney. They are some of those old Spanish tiles.

The Command Post

The lighthouse was a duty station for the Army and Navy forces stationed there from 1941 to 1947. The Navy occupied the South bedroom, the Army the North. The Navy's responsibility was to make contact with a ship entering the harbor. The Army's responsibility was to make contact with the artillery that they had positioned all over Point Loma. The lighthouse was the communications interface between these two groups.

In 1943, a large cruiser entered the harbor. The crew did not identify themselves to the Navy. Navy personnel frantically tried to make a valid identification. Since this was not possible, the Army responded by training every gun on the West side of the peninsula on them, but the vessel entered the harbor without a single shot being fired.

It turned out to be a French cruiser that was badly damaged. I have always been curious about this incident. I had learned that the British sank the French fleet when Hitler's forces overran France. What was this one ship doing here and why was it so badly damaged? Perhaps some day it will be known.

Howard Overton

Another myth of the lighthouse

by Marcy Marquez

It is amazing how much lore and how many myths are mixed with the truth about the Old Point Loma Lighthouse. Do you really believe this incredible part of our history has been influenced by so many people: those we know about for certain and others that we may not remember so well? As the time passes at Cabrillo NM we may only imagine how much history we are making for it today. What will our grandchildren have to say about the mysterious lighthouse that came into existence so long ago?

Let us take a stroll back through time when some of us were not yet around. There has been, and will continue to be, some debate about why the Old Point Loma Lighthouse was once named the "Old Spanish Lighthouse." First, a small history lesson: In 1822 Spanish rule ended in this part of the world, followed by the end of Mexican rule in 1848. With the impact of the gold rush to the western part of what today we call the United States, lighthouses began appearing to safely guide ships into designated harbors. Twenty-nine years after the Mexican period ended, the U.S. Coast Survey chooses Point Loma as one of eight lighthouses that would be built along the Pacific coast.

Back during this time period, life moved at a leisurely pace. The lighthouse was actually not completed until 1855. The United States of America had already been established for some time and California had been declared a state by the time the Old Point Loma Lighthouse was completed. So, if the Spanish and Mexicans had no control over this territory, where did the name "Spanish Lighthouse" make its first appearance?

It seems that the person responsible for the "Spanish" name was a fellow named simply "Old Reuben the Guide." In reality, Reuben could be called the first "ranger" that ever came to be at Cabrillo National Monu-



ment. He dressed in Mexican attire and led tourist groups throughout Tijuana and San Diego (or is it really San Miguel?) Old Reuben the guide would take tourists to visit the abandoned lighthouse. He was known for calling it "Spanish," probably to spice up his interpretation—or maybe just because it sounded romantic and mysterious.

Another possibility for the name "Old Spanish Lighthouse" may be the fact that María Israel, the wife of the last keeper, was of Mexican descent. Sightseers reported that they only heard the Spanish language spoken at the house. I am not quite sure about this, since reports show that Mr. Israel did not like Spanish influence in much of anything at the lighthouse, except maybe a little chile spicing his meals!

One last insight into the name may be due to the materials used to construct the lighthouse. We have been led to understand that some of the Spanish tiles that were recycled from Fort Guijarros were incorporated into the structure. Fort Guijarros was the first "defense station" against unwanted intruders into this natural harbor; the Spanish built it in 1797.

We may never know, but maybe some day the ghosts rumored to inhabit the structure may tell us the truth behind how, why, and by whom it was named the "Old Spanish Lighthouse."



We are entering a very exciting time here in the park. By the time that you receive this issue, the old Cabrillo exhibit in the visitor center museum will be in a state of disarray. Many artifacts will have been stored and new ones in preparation. The exhibit room will be closed until sometime in June, if all goes well. Many staff people have worked for unbelievably long hours to make sure that this new exhibit is historically accurate and of absolutely the best quality. When it is in place, there will be a celebration to show off the result of ten years' worth of planning and hard work. It is hard to believe that this long project is just about to be completed!

CNM Participates in Museum Month

During the month of February, Cabrillo National Monument participated in Museum Month, a month-long promotion of museums and cultural sites throughout San Diego County sponsored by the San Diego Museum Council and Robinsons-May Company. During February, museum-goers could obtain a free "Culture Card" at all San Diego County Robinsons-May stores entitling them to half-off admission to participating sites, including Cabrillo NM. A total of 69 people visited Cabrillo with a Culture Card, enjoying all that the monument has to offer. We are grateful to Robinsons-May for their sponsorship of the San Diego Museum Council's Museum Month.

Karl Pierce

What's in a name?

by Patricia Heusner

Have you been a victim of the identity crisis here at Cabrillo? Visitors ask, "How do you like working for the **Forest Service**?" and they tell us, "We love visiting the **state parks** wherever we go!" Others wonder, "So this is a **National Monument**? How is that different from a **National Park**?"

And I answer, "Well, um, you see, we are a part of the **National Park Service**, but we're called a **National Monument**." Naturally.

The distinctions among the names of the National Park Service areas are complex, even for the employees and volunteers working within the system. The titles used within the National Park Service are shown on this chart taken from *The National Parks Index 1999-2001*. (Additions to the system in 2001-2002 are not included in this chart.)

Classification	Number
National Battlefield, National Battlefield Park, National Battlefield Site, and National Military Park	24
National Historical Park,	115
National Historic Site, and International Historic Site	
National Lakeshore	4
National Memorial	28
National Monument	73
National Park	54
National Parkway	4
National Preserve and National Reserve	18
National Recreation Area	19
National River and National Wild and Scenic River and Riverway	15
National Scenic Trail	3
National Seashore	10
Without Designation (includes White House, National Mall, and other areas)	11
Total	378
(Current total is 385)	



The statue is not the monument

Our "Monument" designation sometimes leads to confusion with the statue.

Whether it is a battlefield, river, trail, or parkway, each of these sites has been established because it has **national** significance. The names are not intended to establish a ranking system among units of the service. Instead, the names serve as descriptors for each area so that the public can easily recognize what is special about that place. If Cabrillo were called a **National Park**, people might expect to come camping here; instead the public expects Cabrillo **National Monument** to have historic significance.

National Parks, and most areas of the National Park System, are created by acts of Congress. Typically, Congress asks the Secretary of the Interior for recommendations for additions to the National Park System. The Secretary seeks advice from the National Park System Advisory Board—composed of private citizens—regarding recommendations for new sites and policies for their management.

According to the Antiquities Act of 1906, the President has authority to create **National Monuments** on lands that are already federally owned. For example, Joshua Tree was once a **National Monument** created by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1936, and it became a **National Park** in 1994 by an act of Congress. Cabrillo **National Monument** was created by President Woodrow Wilson in 1913.

Though there are many names, all units of the National Park Service strive toward the same goal, which is "to conserve the scenery and the natural and historic objects and the wild life therein and to provide for the enjoyment of the same in such manner and by such means as will leave them unimpaired for future enjoyment" (Organic Act, August 25, 1916).



The National Park Service arrowhead is widely recognized for what it symbolizes: preservation and protection of natural and cultural resources, quality recreational experience, and sanctity of intrinsic values such as solitude, reflection, and beauty.

Why "San Diego"?

Al Wolfing

As anyone associated with Cabrillo National Monument knows, the harbor below us was named "San Miguel" by Cabrillo when he landed here in 1542. How, then, did we come to be "San Diego?"

Alta California was described in such frightful terms by the surviving members of Cabrillo's expedition that Spain did not even bother to send another ship up the coast until 1602. At first, Sebastián Vizcaino's expedition fared no better than had Cabrillo's. In fact, the winds were so contrary that it took six months to get from Navidad (Colima) to San Diego, a trip the earlier explorer had made in three months.

The expedition reached our harbor on November 10, 1602, and left on November 20, having declared this excellent port to be the Harbor of San Diego de Alcalá, (in Latin, St. Didacus) whose feast day fell on November 13.

Vizcaino had been instructed not to rename any of the places that Cabrillo had named but, as you might expect of a bold conquistador and explorer, he was predisposed to think "outside the box" and rigorously ignored those instructions in preparing his maps of the coast. His maps were quite detailed and superior to those of the Cabrillo expedition. In fact, Vizcaino's maps were so good that they were used until almost 1800; thus his place names, rather than Cabrillo's, were passed into history.

It is not certain why San Diego de Alcalá was favored over other saints whose feast days fell during Vizcaino's stay here. He had already named his flagship *San Diego*, so I suspect there was more than chance at work. Perhaps the explorer sought to enlist the protection of a patron saint who did not already have a large following of devotees to keep track of.

San Diego de Alcalá had been canonized, i.e. recognized as a saint by the Church, only 14 years before

Vizcaino's voyage. He had been born in a town near Seville and spent his youth as a disciple and apprentice to a holy but reclusive priest who lived alone outside the city. Eventually, he became a lay brother, (not a priest but one sworn to similar vows of poverty, chastity and obedience) with the Observant Friars of Arrizafa and was sent to assist with missionary work in the Canary Islands. Although he was not well educated, he proved to be capable as well as persuasive in winning converts and received the singular honor of being appointed to the post of "chief guardian" there.

He returned to Europe and was in Rome in 1450 when an epidemic broke out among the clergymen gathered for a festival. He worked tirelessly attending to the sick and, as a result of his piety as well as his selfless devotion to his patients, a number of miraculous cures were attributed to him. Diego died in 1463 after a lifetime of distinguished service to the Church and to the sick.

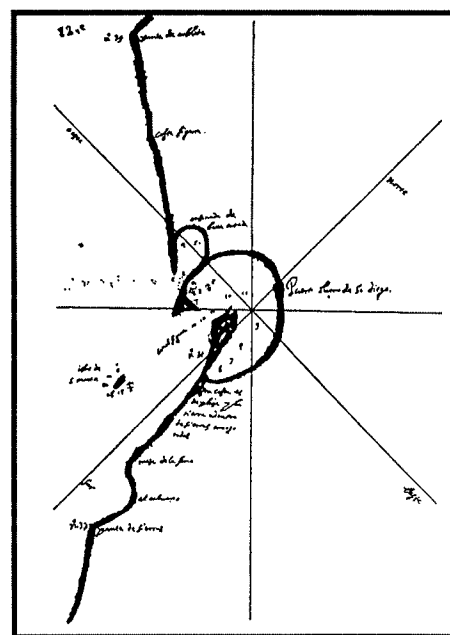
The Church does not recognize even the most remarkable people as saints without extensive proof that they do, in fact, reside in the presence of the Almighty. Such proof is often in the form of miraculous cures resulting from prayers to that prospective saint, asking his or her intercession with God for the purpose at hand. These nominations and miracles are then reviewed by the equivalent of a Vatican court before which the case of the nominee is argued by a clerical lawyer appointed for that purpose. His arguments are then challenged and rebutted by an opposing lawyer, known as the devil's advocate. And even this lengthy process may not begin until fifty years after the death of the individual proposed for sainthood. In the case of San Diego de Alcalá, this was not completed until 1588, despite his having been nominated by King Phillip II, whose son was said to have been cured by San Diego's interces-



San Diego de Alcalá
(Saint Didacus)

sion.

Eventually, a mission would be established on the hill overlooking the harbor and it, too, would have San Diego de Alcalá as its patron.



The Vizcaino expedition gave us the first known map of San Diego Bay

Wily Weeds

by Carol Ann Vallee

It is a mystery to many visitors returning to Cabrillo after an absence of several years why the beautiful flowering succulents and shrubs that once graced the landscape are no longer here. Ranger Carol Ann Vallee explains it all for you.

When was the last time you took a stroll through our glorious park? Did you stop to admire the amazing views of the San Diego harbor, savor the sweet song of Wilson's warbler, or—if luck was on your side—catch a rare glimpse of an elusive gray fox? Among the more common sights you may have seen on your stroll are faithful volunteers and staff members tirelessly nurturing newly planted toyon (*Heteromeles arbutifolia*), buckwheat (*Eriogonum fasciculatum*), and laurel sumac (*Rhus laurina*). Every year we spend hundreds of hours caring for our native plants. At the same time, we expend huge amounts of energy expunging invasive non-natives such as the tenacious yellow star thistle (*Centaurea melitensis*), and the hardy succulent ice plant (*Carpobrotus edulis*). But what are the determining factors that make one plant native and worthy of our nurturing and another a despised weed?

The loathsome "weed" has several aliases. It has been known as "exotic," "alien," "invasive" and my personal preference, "non-native." Now that we know what to call it, what exactly is a non-native plant? It's a plant that does not occur in a particular region, ecosystem, or habitat without human intervention. In other words, they are plants that have been introduced to an area by an outside source. The introduction of European people to this continent was the primary source of North America's non-native species—animals as well as plants. Some plants were brought over deliberately as food sources or for medicinal purposes; others were brought by settlers as ornamentals to plant in gardens to remind them of home. Still others were hidden in

bales of hay used as fodder and in bags of crop seed. Aided by roads and railways, the seeds rapidly spread, disturbing indigenous ecosystems across the nation.

In reality, most plant species introduced by Europeans have been non-invasive and some have even been quite useful. However, a small percentage of them has caused an enormous problem for our native ecosystems. These problems stem from the ability of non-native plants to shade out natives or produce abundant seed that can lie dormant for extended periods until conditions are



such that they can successfully germinate and become viable seedlings. They can also develop deep taproots, robbing native plants of precious ground water, alter soil chemistry, and deprive native landscapes of biodiversity. This homogenization of diverse native landscapes reduces the ecosystem's health and diversity while hybridizing with native species, diluting the gene pool. They have no natural enemies here, such as disease or animals, as they do in their homeland, so it is easy for them to outcompete the natives. This deprives native wild animals of both food and shelter.

Due to the adverse effects that non-natives have on native ecosystems, we are left with the daunting

task of eradication. The removal of non-native weeds can take many forms, being quite challenging and costly. It is estimated that in the United States alone, we spend \$3.6 to \$5.4 billion annually battling non-natives. It is important to determine which removal strategy will be the most successful, while maintaining cost efficiency and the integrity of the native ecosystem. Strategies will also depend on the non-native's life cycle, time of year, and size of the infestation. Here at Cabrillo National Monument, we have used three separate techniques in the war on weeds. For

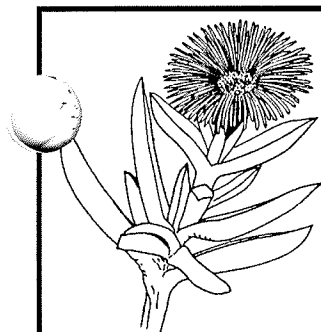
large areas of ice plant, we have used herbicides, such as Roundup. For yellow star thistle, our usual tactic is to hand pull, but we have experimented with weed whipping and are closely watching the area to see if it was successful. Once an area is cleared of non-native weeds, native plants must be reintroduced to the area. If an area is cleared and left bare, there is a good chance that another non-native weed species will move in and the vicious cycle repeated once more.

Over the past few years, we have seen the non-native invasion begin to lose ground. Through the help of dedicated employees and volunteers, we have slowly begun to reclaim the native coastal sage scrub community. One tool that we hope will aid us, is the building of a park greenhouse. After several years in the making and through the cooperative efforts of the Park Service, the Navy, and the Point Loma Ecological Reserve, we have been able to secure permission and land to build the greenhouse. Once the green house is completed, we hope to be able to increase our native plant production.

So the next time, you stroll up to the lighthouse or hike down the bayside trail, stop and take a quiet

The tale of the surfing whale: a mystery solved

by Emily Troxell



We expend huge amounts of energy expunging invasive non-natives such as the hardy succulent iceplant (*Carpobrotus edulis*).

ment to soak up some of nature's most precious gifts. Inhale the familiar pungent scent of the coastal sagebrush (*Artemisia californica*). Allow yourself to be mesmerized by the blazing yellow flower of the sea dahlia (*Coreopsis gigantea*) dancing in the wind. And as the sun dips below the western horizon and the gentle breeze rustles the bladderpod (*Isomeris arborea*), remember to whisper a word of thanks to those dedicated men and women who have worked so hard to preserve the native coastal sage scrub, ensuring its survival for the enjoyment of our children's children.

Several years ago, one of our rangers was in the tidepool parking lot. A visitor approached and asked him if it was common to see a whale close to shore. The ranger answered that Pacific gray whales usually stayed out past the kelp beds and that it was rather hard to see them from the intertidal area. The visitor responded, "Well, look at that whale. He's in the surf."

Sure enough, there was a whale spouting only 200 yards past the breakers. A number of surfers had reached the surfing area by small boats and were concentrating on each and every wave. When a good wave popped up, they surfed it. Then they returned to the impact zone to watch for another wave to form. The whale stayed at the shore side of the kelp beds, moving back and forth watching the surfing activity. He appeared to simply observe.

With the idea of helping visitors understand the natural history of the Pacific gray whale, the ranger postulated that it might be an immature whale doing what immature things do: playing. As the group watched, the whale decided that it needed a closer look at the surfers.

The whale swam between the anchored boats, slowly wheeling around and heading for the surfers. The surfers still had not become aware of its presence. After watching from a closer viewpoint, the whale moved into "position" and when the next wave popped up, the whale flew along its crest—in between the surfers. When the wave collapsed, the whale turned and retreated to deeper water.

It was at about this time that one of the surfers became aware of the whale's presence and went into action. He paddled toward his companion, waving frantically. After a quick exchange, they threw themselves on

their boards and paddled with the greatest speed back toward their boat. There was even a wake to mark their passing. Their quick return to the boat alerted the other surfers to a change in their situation. The rest of the surfers did not find surfing with a whale exciting and beat a hasty retreat to their boats and quickly left the area.

While this was happening, the whale had decided that riding the waves was something that needed to be practiced. It would return to the impact zone, and as a swell grew, launch itself into its crest and follow it to its completion. For almost half an hour, the whale played in the waves. Then, he turned and swam west into the sunset.

The ranger, excited and curious about why a whale would exhibit such a behavior, returned to the administration building to check this behavior against other observed behaviors. There were no local references to this type of behavior. We knew that there were resident researchers in the calving areas in Scammon's and San Ignacio Lagoons on the central Baja California coast. This area is administered by El Vizcaino Biosphere Reserve. These researchers were asked to supply any information related to surfing habits of gray whales. A few days later, the answer was in our ranger's hand. Pacific grays often practice this surfing behavior when they enter the lagoons at very low tide. This is the only way in or out during the very low tide period. This whale, playing off our coast, was simply reminded that this type of water play was fun! And play he did!

This lone whale was simply doing what whales do when water is shallow and they want to move into another area. In this instance, the surfers simply served as a reminder of a natural activity.

The skinny on the dirt of the Caves of Point Loma

by *Sandy Beaches (AKA Mary Northrop)*



Now I suppose you all heard the talk 'bout the smugglin' o' furs, and o' the pirates that hid in the caves on the Point and islands round here. They would swoop down on the rip tide ships comin' from the gold fields up north, like a pelkin a-pluckin' up a makral. Maybe that there's what give rise to the tellin' of smugglin' likker along the cliffs. Some swear to the truth of it; t'others dismiss it as one o' those fishin' tales. You ask the ol' timers who live along the cliffs and they'll sit back an' git a faraway look in their eyes. A smile tugs at the corner of their mouth. They begin to recollect: nothin' fer sure—just rumor, mind you. See, no one wants to go to the Pen cuz they spilled the beans; you hear only the old saw, "finders keepers."

Wal, it so happens that just t'other day, I was jawin' with a local man who had quite a bit to say 'bout them there caves; seems he's explored

them hisself. Some say them caves has been connected to by tunnels dug down deep from the bungalows perched along the cliffs. Others say there were no tunnels, they are only myths that was told. But when you run up against a cemented-off section in a cave, you begin to wonder if there's a grain of truth in that old tale.

Perhaps the truth lies in the seaman's knowledge of tides. A boat can come in on high tide at night under the moonlight when the water is calm, slip inside a cave and when the tide drops in the morning, the boat is on dry land and hidden from view for unloading. It can then slip back to sea the next night with the revenooers none the wiser. The timing of the tide has to be just right, 'cause you can git caught in a cave or on a ledge, and have a heckuva time swimmin' to the beach, 'specially if you're way out on a rocky point at the foot of a steep cliff.

Some sez them caves was used

to deliver hooch from south of the border durin' the '20s and '30s. Early spring and summer was prime 'cuz you'd have fog and tides at night with the calm seas. Not much is told about the exact location of them thar caves. Some old timers can take you to one and they'll tell you the myth, maybe convincin' you it's true.

Tales of smugglin' never fade away, and you never know when the tide will wash up a real treasure, but the only refrain is the same old saw, "finders, keepers." As a matter of fact—and this ain't no myth—one old beachcomber found a big ole whale-bone jest t'other day. It was fresh and juicy, satchuated in ambergris and weighin' in at over four hundred pounds. It's prob'ly a vertbra from a humpback whale. He drug it ho and put it under the wisteria tree in his honey's garden, much to her ... never mind—that's another story.

Cabrillo People

by *Chris Anderson*

Spring has finally found its way to San Diego and, as with the seasons, change has found a home at Cabrillo National Monument. We have had several staffing changes, which include welcoming back a familiar face, a divisional change, and saying goodbye to three employees.

Cabrillo National Monument and the Cabrillo National Monument Foundation welcome **Ted Washington** back to the CNMF bookstore. During Ted's hiatus, he filled his time with art, work, and traveling. We are glad to have Ted back and wish him continued success at CNMF and with his art career.

Over the past several months, you

may have become accustomed to seeing **Carol Martin** working out in the entrance station or planting and watering native plants. But now you will see her working at the visitor center desk or out and about in the park giving programs. After working several months with the Resource Management and Visitor Protection division, she has crossed over and accepted a position in Interpretation.

The park would like to say thank you and good luck to **Becky and Tim Clark**, **James Carey**, and **Jamie Lyon**. Biological Technician Becky Clark recently left Cabrillo, following her heart and her husband to Big Sandy, Tennessee. Tim, who volunteered for the Resource Science Division, ac-

cepted a biological technician position with the US Department of Agriculture's Wildlife Services and will be working on animal damage control in and around Paris, Tennessee. Interpretative Ranger James Carey also said goodbye to sunny San Diego and has returned to the East Coast. James accepted a biological technician position at Antietam National Battlefield in Sharpsburg, Maryland. Jamie Lyon, who worked for CNMF accepted a full time position with Frazee Paint and Wallcoverir here in San Diego. We wish Becky, Tim, James, and Jamie all the best with their new positions.



Cabrillo National Monument Foundation

A heartfelt "Thank you" to all the members and guests who attended the member/new member acquisition event that took place on April 11, 2002. We increased our membership by 3% and had several renewals. The guests who became members on that evening, as well as the members who brought them, received an Old Point Loma Lighthouse magnet and a raffle ticket. Joyce Boyer was the lucky member who took home the beautiful counted cross-stitch tote bag. As Joyce was responsible for bringing three of the new members, it's fitting that she should take home the prize!

The Cabrillo National Monument Foundation Board of Trustees has created a Development Committee to pursue

charitable gifts to support CNM. Interested persons can contribute to the CNM Endowment Fund that has been established with the San Diego Foundation, as well as to their Pooled Income Fund. Gifts can be accepted during the donor's lifetime by will or other estate planning documents, insurance policy, retirement plan, cash, securities or real property directly to the Cabrillo National Monument Foundation, located at Cabrillo National Monument. Your support benefits your National Park for not only your enjoyment but for the enjoyment of generations to come. For further information, you can contact us at (619) 222-4747. We thank you for your continued interest and support.

Karen Eccles,
Executive Director

CALENDAR

August 25, 2002
Annual Membership Meeting
and
Celebration of NPS Anniversary

Watch for details in Summer Explorer.

New Members

The Foundation welcomes the following new members joining between January 23 and April 17, 2002. We greatly appreciate your support:

William Browning
Dr. Thomas Démeré
Alan and Ann Goddard
Mr. & Mrs. Alan Holmes
Helen Labruzzo
Mr. Pat McCardle
Les Pendarvis
Lynn Robinette
Sabrina Robinette
Susan Robinett
Nina Sharp
Brian Towle
Ronald Verhoorn
Rusty Wake
Jess & Ann Walker
Edward & Julia Wesley
Jimmy Woodworth



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