

# The Beauvii



A newsletter published by the  
Sarasota Shell Club

Look for us at  
[www.Sarasotashellclub.com](http://www.Sarasotashellclub.com)

We meet on the 2nd Thursday, 7:00 pm  
(September to April)  
at Fire Station #2,  
2070 Waldemere St.,  
Sarasota, FL

September, 2020 Edition

## From the Prez



Hi Everyone!

Well, here we are. All of us wearing masks and social distancing and staying home more. However, the shell season is now upon us. Even though we will not be having a show this year, we can still talk about and learn about shells. I would also like to try having a conference

meeting the second Thursday of this month, Sept 10. I think I may be able to do it through the Zoom. My Frank has said I can try it with his computer. I will send out an email to everyone with instructions by the Sunday before the meeting. This season I would ask that everyone be patient with me. I go blind-sided by my administration when they told me I had to teach 12 classes for four different science courses and all three modalities. I am working 100+ hours a week just to keep my head above water. I could really use help with the short field trips that need to be planned because I don't have the time and I can't go until restrictions are lifted so that school's may return to some type of regular scheduling. Could someone please volunteer to help with the field trips?

On a sad note, I need to announce that our own artisan Keith Ide passed away this summer. Please do not call Jacquie or his family as they are still very upset. Cards and notes would be appreciated however. Jacquie's address is 243 Mango St, Bradenton, 34207. Keith was a talented artisan and did so much for the club, especially during the shell show. He will be sorely missed.

Keep good thoughts, stay safe and see you soon!

Respectfully,

Sally Peppitoni  
President

## Information on 2020-2021 field trips will be forthcoming.

### What's in this Issue:

President's Message	Page	1
2009 Shell Show Flowers	Page	2
Artisans and Historian's Report	Page	3
Sea Dragons - a report	Page	4
Postcard & Cartoon	Page	5
A Poem & Beach Picnic	Page	6
Shelling in Baja	Page	7
Advertisements	Page	13
Club Informaiton	Page	14
2020-2021 Membership Form	Page	15

### Field Trip Coordinator

The club needs a field trip coordinator. Please consider helping with this position. Interested person(s) please contact President Sally.

**Time to renew  
your membership!  
Fill out the form  
on page 15 &  
send it to Donna!  
(address on form)**

**It is Time to Renew Your Membership!**

## The 2009 Shell Show: Crafter's (now "Artisans") Flowers



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## ARTISANS INFORMATION

As this long isolating adventure goes on I'm sure some of you would like to get out and learn something new. If you are a member of the club and have been wanting to try some shell art, I am willing to meet one or two persons at a time who would like to start learning how to work artistically with shells. It can be a 3 hour class or a project that may take a couple visits. Masks and distancing as best we can will be required. Give me a call at home or my cell and we will arrange a time and day. When we get up and running again we hope you will join us on a permanent basis. Give me a call. Donna Bartels 941-922-2588 (leave message)

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### Historian's Report

#### 50 Years Ago

The handwritten minutes of the Sept. 10, 1970 meeting of the Sarasota Shell Club indicate that 25 members were in attendance. Treasurer's report showed a balance of \$1221.08 as of Sept. 1, 1970.

The election of officers followed a pattern of nomination from floor and a unanimous vote of approval (with one glitch when a nominee for "President" (sic) refused to run). The incoming president "asked for and received the promise of full cooperation from the members in endeavoring to improve membership participation in Club activities."

Members voted approval of the purchase of a new book on volutes by Abbott (prepublication price \$38.00, meaning club saved \$17).

No mention of a program.

[At a Sept. 12 Board meeting, a budget of \$1440.00 was approved.]

#### 25 Years Ago

The Sarasota Shell Club meeting of April 14, 1995 was held in the Mote Marine Science Center with 17 members in attendance. Treasurer's report showed balance of \$3811.09.

Other items in the minutes included (a) discussion of ways for the Club to make money, (b) Turtle Watch activities, (c) field trips, and (d) beach clean-up.

Peggy Williams gave a "lively educational talk" entitled "From Two Gills to One" (which focused on the moon snail ("shark eye") *Polinices* (now *Neverita*) *duplicatus*).

Show and tell featured shells and shelling from Abaco (Bahamas), the Philippines, Roatan (Honduras), and Longboat Key.

### The Sarasota Shell Club has a NEW Facebook Page (Sarasota Florida Shell Club)

- We need you to go to Facebook and "like" the page. Please go to Facebook and hit this link: <https://www.facebook.com/sarasotafloridashellclub>. Once you are on the page please "like" the page and then click on "follow." Would you please go do this today?
- When you "follow" our club's page you'll be able to see notices about upcoming meetings and events. The more "likes" we have, the more the page will get seen on Facebook. If you know people who would like to know about shelling you can tag them and invite them to also like the page.
- We can post pictures and shell information on this page to share with each other, too.
- Remember, please go to Facebook and "like" and "follow" today. Thank you . . . Sue Painter

### Library Notes

Our Sarasota Shell Club library is located at the Bee Ridge Presbyterian Church in Sarasota. A list of our books is on our website [www.sarasotashellclub.com](http://www.sarasotashellclub.com). For more info on some of our books, go to [www.mdmshell-books.com](http://www.mdmshell-books.com)

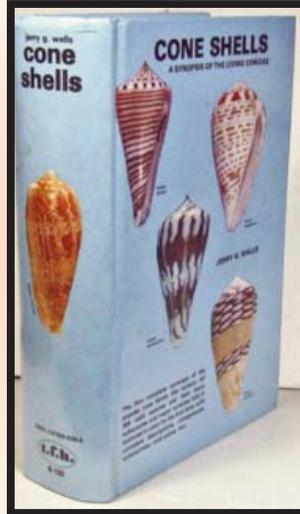
The Sarasota Shell Club library will be closed until further notice due to the pandemic

Please feel free to call me at 941-993-5161 to talk about our exciting shells. I can also direct you to someone who knows more about a particular shell family or they can answer your questions.

There is a whole world of seashells and marine life out there!

Linda Greiner

& Duane Kauffmann



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&  
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Donna!  
(address on**

## Sea dragons: 'Out of this world' and in need of help

BY JULIE WATSON  
*Associated Press*

LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA

At first glance, it looks like a branch of kelp, but then an eye moves among its leafy appendages, and ridges of tiny, translucent fins start to flutter, sending the creature gliding through the water like something from a fairy tale.

A Southern California aquarium has built what is believed to be one of the world's largest habitats for the surreal sea dragons, whose native populations off Australia are threatened by pollution, warming oceans and the illegal pet and alternative medicine trades.

The Birch Aquarium at the Scripps Institution of Oceanography at the University of California San Diego hopes the exhibit, which opened this month, will lead to the leafy sea dragon, the lesser-known

cousin of the seahorse, being bred for the first time in captivity.

"It literally just looked like a piece of kelp," said Steven Kowal, 25, who was visiting San Diego from Greensboro, North Carolina, and took time to see the exhibit. "It was crazy to me that it was, like, actually living and swimming around, so that's cool. I've never seen anything like that."

That's a common reaction.

"They look like something out of this world," said Leslee Matsushige, the aquarium's associate curator, who noted the sea dragons' amazing ability to camouflage themselves. "When people see them move, you hear them say, 'What? That's alive? Wow! That's crazy.'"

Scientists like Matsushige hope the creatures' magnetic power will prompt people to read signs next to the tanks that outline ways to pro-

tect them and what can be done to make oceans healthier, such as picking up trash and stopping pollutants from going down the drain.

Few aquariums have sea dragons. There are only two types of sea dragons, the leafy and the weedy, each representing its own genus. Both are found only in a small area of temperate waters off the southern and western coasts of Australia.

Little is known about them because their populations are so small and in remote areas.

So far, only the weedy sea dragon, a bony fish that resembles seaweed when floating, has been bred in captivity, and only a handful of times.

The Aquarium of the Pacific in Long Beach was the first in the world to breed the weedy sea dragons in 2001. It also is trying to breed leafy sea dragons.

The Birch Aquarium's 18-foot-long tank has

three leafy sea dragons – two males and one female – and 11 weedy sea dragons. The 5,300-gallon tank is a vast space, especially for the smaller leafy sea dragon, which grows to only about 14 inches in length. The tank has grassy plants, a sandy bottom and rocks.

Scientists hope the large space will foster breeding. Sea dragons mirror each other in a courtship dance, spiraling upward before the female deposits her eggs onto a patch on the underside of the male's tail. Like seahorses, the male carries the young and gives birth.

"We're already seeing great courtship behaviors, and so we're hopeful we can get some egg transfers really soon," said Jenn Nero Moffatt, director of animal care at the Birch Aquarium.

The exhibit is the latest effort by the aquarium that is a world leader in seahorse propagation.

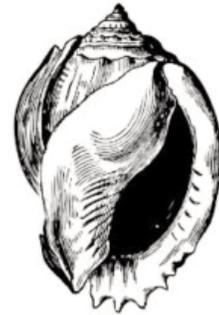
## A Postcard from the Past . . .

A turn-of-the-century postcard revealing a new style of clothing. Is it Art Deco or Art Nouveau or Chic? Whatever it is it would certainly set a fashion statement.

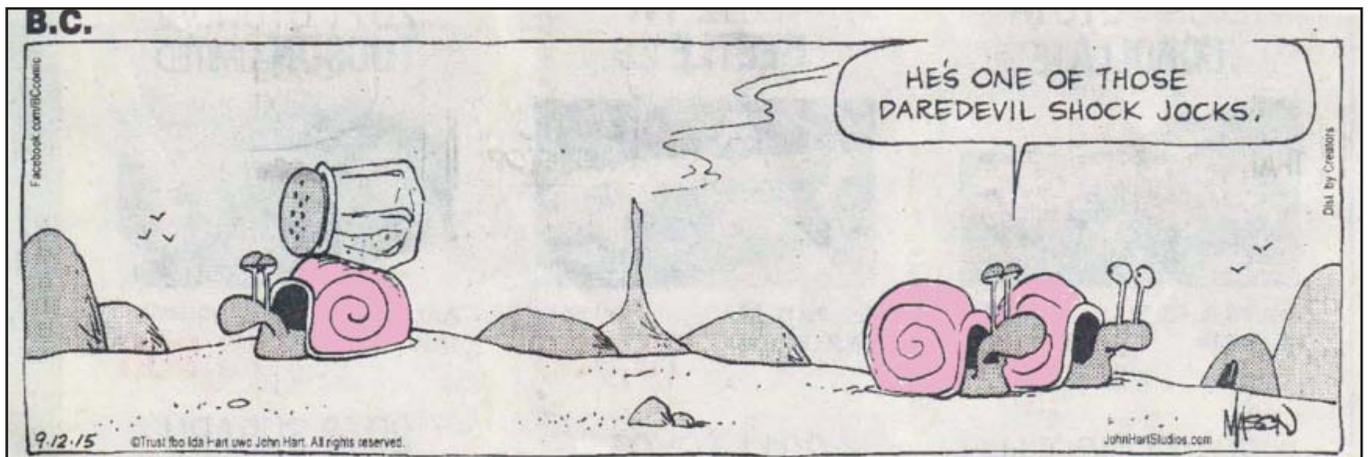


## Editor's Thoughts . . .

Police were summoned to a daycare center where a three-year-old was resisting a rest.



## The September Cartoon . . .





### *A Little Cone Shell*

I am just a little cone shell,  
With a really small story to tell;  
I am equipped with an itty, bitty dart,  
Something that will make you smart!

If you pick me up by the wrong end,  
You may have little time to mend;  
A “stick” by my dart in the wrong place,  
Will make you think you are in outer space.

Now don't get me wrong, I am really pretty,  
And I certainly don't deserve any pity;  
My beautiful shell is quite colorful,  
And that is what makes me wonderful.

A *Conus geographicus* is absolutely the best,  
To make you go to your final resting nest;  
There are other less lethal cones,  
That will do minimal damage to your bones.

So, I tell you this in advance,  
In case you don't want to do the dance;  
'Cause I am a “cigarette” cone by name,  
Just a minute or two before the pain.

That's all I have to say  
On this most beautiful day;  
So beware of this marine snail,  
The most poisonous, holy grail.

*anonymous*

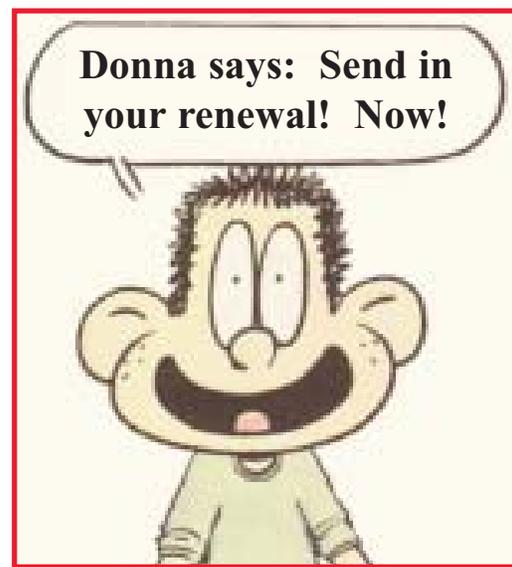
*Mark Your Calendars . . . from Carol Mae . . .*

### BEACH PICNIC

Remember those days when we ended our shelling with a picnic at Coquina Beach? **MARK YOUR CALENDARS!** We have a picnic scheduled for Coquina Beach on Saturday, April 17th. There will be more details to follow as we become closer to the date. And . . .

### VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

I realize the picnic is months away but I adhere to “Murphy's Law” and prefer to accomplish advance planning. The date for our picnic occurs when I will be on a long awaited and planned vacation. I will need two volunteers to set up at Coquina Beach and one or two volunteers to take charge of our food order and collect funds. I have information packets prepared for those who volunteer to make it easier. Please contact Carol Mae by email ([carolmmae@gmail.com](mailto:carolmmae@gmail.com)) or text 608-692-9985. Many thanks.



## *A Dream Come True: Shelling in Baja, Mexico* *“Long Hard Drive South”*

**Dave Green**

**President, Houston Conchology Society**

*Author’s Note: This is a story that has never been told or written, even after all these years. It is about a “Dream Come True.” I had always dreamed of going to Baja and collecting shells in the Sea of Cortez, but I figured my chances of actually taking this trip would never happen. Then in 1992, my dream became reality.*

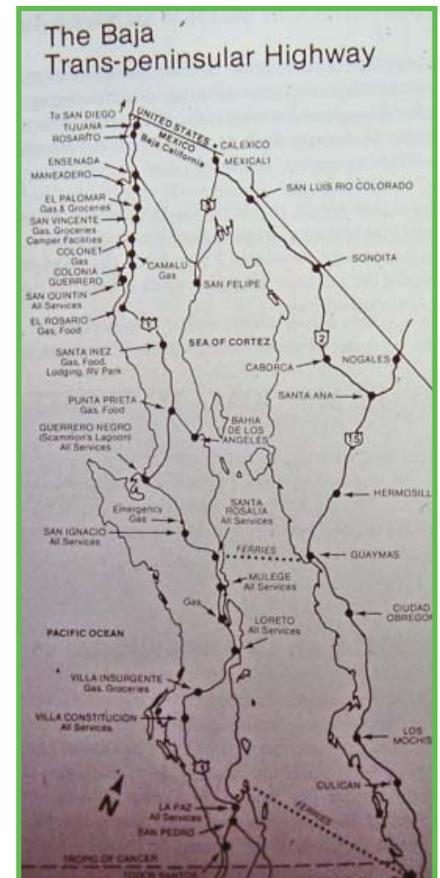
*Part 1 of this four-part article is titled “Long Hard Drive South” (September Issue), to be followed by Part 2 titled “The Blue of the Sea of Cortez”(October Issue); Part 3 entitled “The Treasures of the Sea of Cortez and Baja, Mexico” (November Issue), and finally Part 4 “A Happy Return to Texas” (December Issue).*

In October, 1992, I flew to San Diego to meet Kim & Linda Hutsell for our upcoming trip down the Baja Peninsula into Mexico to collect seashells in various locations in the Gulf of California, or more commonly known as The Sea of Cortez. **Figure 1** Planning and preparing for this adventure had been in the making for several months prior to my arrival. This would be my very first trip into Baja which made me the rookie on the trip, and there was so much I didn’t know about all the things we would deal with from the time we departed San Diego until our return two weeks later. Kim & Linda were wonderful tour guides, and after many phone conversations and internet chats, I finally felt I was ready for the trip. Regardless, time was running out so I didn’t have much choice. I would start learning so many new things from the moment I arrived in San Diego until our return. Both of my partners were kind and extremely understanding in answering the million questions I threw at them about the trip, collecting, what we might find, and traveling in a region I had never been to. I tried to prepare myself by buying several books on Baja California in Houston and spending hours making notes and reading pages of information. Since I was flying to California, space and the weight of things was important to me, plus I knew there would be limited space for a lot of luggage and snorkeling gear. Kim had told me not to worry that we would purchase whatever I needed in San Diego.

After my arrival in San Diego and meeting the Hutsell’s, we picked up my luggage and headed to a dive shop in San Diego that Kim utilized most of the time. Luckily, I had made some wise decisions in Houston regarding the kind and type of equipment I would need for this new adventure. As it turned out, I only needed a few small items, and the cost was minimal. That boosted my level of confidence and helped my pocket book. I had all the basic gear: dive mask, snorkel, weight belt and weights, dive booties, dive skin to protect me from coral burns, flippers, game bags, dive knife, dive watch, and other smaller items. We spent the remainder of the day

preparing Kim’s jeep and getting things loaded, buying food to take with us, exchanging US dollars for pesos, buying insurance for driving in Mexico, purchasing cases of bottled water which turned out to be most critical in that extremely hot climate, and of course, a few cold cervezas to cool down with after a hot day on the water.

After what seemed to be hours, we finally got everything we could think of loaded in their jeep and we pronounced ourselves ready to leave at last. It was about 7:30 p.m. in the evening, so we decided to go out for some good old Mexican cuisine at one of their favorite Hispanic restaurants in Old Town there in north San Diego. After dinner and another million questions, Kim suggested we get back to their house and grab a few hours of sleep before we hit the road south into Mexico. Kim said we were leaving at 2:00 a.m., which surprised the rookie. Naturally, I asked why leave at that time of night. Kim gave me my first lesson in going across the border and driving down into Mexico. It was all about safety and getting through some of the tougher sections of Tijuana and Ensenada before sunrise. These were the two most populous cities



we would encounter in our journey, and sometimes Americans were not welcome or well treated passing through these two large cities. He said that I would understand when we got there and I could see with my own eyes what he was trying to explain. Prior to arriving in San Diego, I asked Kim if I should bring one of my handguns for personal protection, and he said “Only if I was planning to spend several years in a Mexican prison.” That was clear enough for me. So, leaving at 2:00 a.m. in the morning while people were sleeping sounded like a great idea to me. Of course, I tried to sleep until time to leave, but my adrenaline level was running at the top of the chart, and there was no way I was going to sleep.

Just after 2:00 a.m., we were going through check points with US Border Patrol officials and then moving to the Mexican Customs Officers where we presented our passports, itinerary, and proof of insurance to drive in Mexico. Their primary major questions were centered around our destination and our purpose in Baja. When we told them, we were going scuba diving and collecting shells for scientific evaluation, they just smiled and passed us through and said be careful driving on Highway 1. We were off and running at this point, and starting a very long drive that first day into our trip.

As we passed through Tijuana, even at this very early time in the morning, I was made very aware of the large number of people setting on the border fence ready to make a run for freedom in the United States. We passed through Tijuana without any issues in about 20-25 minutes. Highway 1, south of Tijuana, becomes a major four-lane divided highway that allows you to make good time at very normal speeds. Although it was dark, the glow from the city gave me the first view of the Pacific Ocean and the mountain range to our left. It was a bright moonlit night and the moon was shining across the Pacific right into our jeep. We talked about stopping in Tijuana on our return trip and taking in a bullfight, which I had never done previously. Tijuana has a long and interesting history in the establishment of the city and development of the area which I recommend reading.

After just over an hour, we entered the largest city in Baja, the port city of Ensenada, which was some 70 miles south of Tijuana and sits right on the Pacific Ocean. Ensenada is a very large city of over 250,000 people and a huge commercial shipping center for northwest Mexico and the Baja peninsula. When we entered Ensenada, it was still dark but there was sufficient light to see all the ships in the harbor and even at that time of morning, it was very active and the traffic was moderately heavy, especially with large trucks bringing cargo to the port. Being directly on the Pacific Ocean, there was some fog in the area. Kim told me that on previously trips the fog had been so heavy and thick he had to pull over and take a break due to the low visibility.



Figure 2. A view of the vineyards

After leaving Ensenada, Highway 1 goes through several small villages in the rolling country side. It was here that it became light enough to really see the topography of Baja. Wow, it was spectacular and really beautiful. From the rolling mountains on the left side of the highway to the Pacific on our right, it was one of the most impressive sites I have ever seen. We began to enter the coastal mountain range as we started into Santo Tomas, which is a green valley of vineyards. **Figure 2** Wine is the major product of this area. We stopped at a couple of small shops and bought several bottles of white and red wines for our trip. Kim said they grow and manufacture the best wines in all of Mexico. Santo Tomas is located about 50 miles south of Ensenada and is filled with green vineyards as far as the eye can see. It reminds me of portions of northern California up in the Sonoma Valley wine country. We also stopped to have breakfast at a small café and then we hit the wine shops. Apparently, they open very early and are always ready for US dollars. Santo Tomas was one of the prettiest villages on the entire trip. It was very clean, and the people were very friendly and glad to see Americans. I could have stayed there several more hours even though it was only a small village on the main road. The Santo Tomas valley is ideal for growing grapes for wine as the days are hot and nights cool due to the coastal fog, which brings in moisture. The majority of the rain that falls in Baja occurs around Ensenada and Tijuana in the north and around the southern tip around Cabo. The center of the peninsula is very dry most of the year and even turns into high mountain deserts during the really hot months of summer.

After enjoying breakfast and stocking up on wine, we hit the highway going further south. In about 20 minutes we came to the very pretty farming valley of San Vicente and a little further south to Colonet, another large farming area. This is very pretty country and very scenic. The people seem very friendly also. Leaving Colonet, Highway 1 widens but never enough to make it safe as it crosses into a level plateau for farming, and then dips down into Camalu on a coastal plain. Once again, you are close enough to see the Pacific on our right.



Figure 3. An overturned truck which delayed our trip.

By the time we reached San Quintin, it was close to lunch time and we had covered just over 200 miles of our journey down the Baja peninsula. We pulled off at a PEMEX gas station, filled up the jeep, and then made sandwiches and popped a soft drink and had lunch. Needless to say, I once again asked a million questions about what we had covered on the trip up to this point. Kim had made this trip many times and had many stories to tell me and a ton of information. After the short break, we were back on the road headed south. The area around San Quintin and going on down to Catavina is ranching country. The Mexican ranchers do not fence their property and just let their cattle run free, which includes crossing or laying on Highway 1. It is common to be driving along, round a curve and find a herd of cattle all across the road. You just hope you see them in time to apply your brakes and stop in time not to hit them. It will get your attention. This is only one hazard of driving in Baja. The highway is a two-lane road with no shoulders on either side. So, if you have car trouble, you can't just pull off the road and fix things. In many situations, there is a huge drop off right up to the side of the road, or even a drop of several hundred or more feet into the valleys below. It is not uncommon to look down and see several old rusty cars all smashed up hundreds of feet below you. Further past San Quintin, a large Mexican 18-wheel truck had turned over and blocked both lanes with its load of grain. **Figure 3** It was a real mess and forced us to stop completely until a huge wrecker could be called in. We probably lost about two hours just waiting for the highway to be cleared. Kim told me you never drive at night on Highway 1 because the Mexican truckers use it as a race way which makes it extremely dangerous to drive in the dark.

The area between San Quintin and Catavina is tough country and much of the interior of this region is just virgin country and probably still looks like it did when the first explorer came to Baja in the early 1600s. The descendants that live in this area are tough people and mostly survive by ranching and farming. At this point in

the trip, we started climbing into mountains and high desert country with many varieties of cactus and the strange Cirio trees. It is a land that time seems to have forgotten, but yet very beautiful and intriguing. Although cacti are numerous all over Baja, the peninsula's reputation as the world's largest cactus garden becomes more apparent from here on. Some 80 of Baja's 110 varieties of cacti grow nowhere else on earth.



Figure 4. The ruggedness of Baja is apparent in this view.

After we passed El Rosario, the highway turns inland and travels down the middle of the peninsula enroute to Catavina. The topography is mostly rocks and large boulders intermixed with clumps of cacti. The true ruggedness of Baja is very apparent at this point. **Figure 4** It is truly a rugged land filled with strange and new plants that I had never seen before. One of these is the Cirio tree, which looks like an upside-down green carrot whose trunk sprouts branches the size of a pencil. It is so strange but only found in Baja. It grows best in areas with little or infrequent rain which is very common in parts of Baja. Most geologists believe Baja California broke away from the mainland of Mexico about 20 million years ago. It is at this time they believe the new and different topography started to develop into what we see today.

It was getting late evening after we departed San Quintin. Kim decided we would pull off the road down a trail leading into some large boulders with loads of cacti all around. The sun was going down and the sky just lit up with red and orange beauty. It was nothing but spectacular. Kim and Linda got their cots out of the jeep and would sleep outside. I decided to sleep upright in the jeep. This would be a very interesting night for sure. About 2:00 or 3:00 a.m., I heard a bunch of cattle. I got my flashlight and looked out to find cattle all around us. The Hutsell's never left their cots. The next morning, we discovered we had parked right in the middle of a cow trail and the cows were going home. It could have been a dangerous situation but we survived to live another day.

After a quick breakfast of fruit and crackers, we headed south towards the dividing point of the Baja peninsula, Guerrero Negro. Since breakfast, we had traveled nearly



Figure 5. The “Monumento Aguila,” the national eagle.

200 miles of high plains with the Pacific on our right side and flat open country to our left. Guerrero Negro sits on the Pacific Ocean and is a major fishing center. For several miles north of Guerrero Negro you could see a strange looking structure that continued to grow larger the closer we got. As we neared the 28th parallel, which is the dividing point of Baja Norte and Baja Sur, we passed the large structure which was the “Monumento Aguila”, a version of Mexico’s national eagle symbol. **Figure 5** It was made of steel and was huge. After we crossed into Baja Sur, we were stopped at a Mexican police check point. There were several police officers with AK-47s around us. They asked us to get out of our vehicle so they could search our vehicle. Kim had put a US \$20.00 bill on the dash board prior to getting out of the jeep. We were out of the vehicle about 5-7 minutes total. They looked at our passports and said we could go. The \$20.00 bill was gone. I was told if you ever get stopped in Mexico, you should leave money on the dashboard.....well, it worked.



Figure 6. A nice example of a *Lyropecten subnodus* (Sowerby, 1835).

Kim wanted to stop in Guerrero Negro to see a fisherman he had bought shells from on many trips down the peninsula. I was all for it, thinking I would get my first shells of the trip. We reached the fisherman’s house and walked around back to see a huge pile of *Lyropecten subnodus* (Sowerby, 1835). **Figure 6 & 7** The guy said



Figure 7. A *Lyropecten subnodus* (Sowerby, 1835) pair.

we could pick out whatever we wanted. They were fresh from the water and very clean and free of barnacles and trash. The majority were bright orange and still in pairs, with few if any broken lips. Naturally, I went nuts and picked out about a dozen pairs that were really terrific. He also had several buckets full of *Argopecten circularis* (Sowerby, 1835). I picked out some 50 pairs that were still attached and fairly clean. **Figure 8**



Figure 8 (above). A nice selection of *Argopecten circularis* (Sowerby, 1835).

Figure 9 (below). Some *Pecten vogdesi* Arnold, 1906 specimens.



You could see the beautiful colors on all the specimens, and they also had no chipped lips or broken wings. I also found a bucket of *Pecten vogdesi* Arnold, 1906, from deep water and picked out a couple of dozen pairs. **Figure 9**



Figure 10. A beautiful *Cypraea tenuis* (Wood, 1828).

The fisherman went inside his house and brought out three gorgeous *Cypraea tenuis* (Wood, 1828). **Figure 10** I told Kim I would like to have all three and he said go for it. I asked the fisherman how much and he said \$8.00 dollars each. I quickly said “sold.” I also got 6 large red and orange *Spondylus princeps* Broderipi, 1833, plus a dozen large *Hexaplex radix* (Gmelin, 1791) in gem condition. I was having a fantastic time but Kim reminded me we still had a long way to go before calling it a day. The fisherman wanted to know when we would be back through Guerrero Negro and we told him in about 14 days. He said he had several boats coming in during that time and we might want to stop back on our way back to San Diego. After we departed, I told Kim I would like to do just that and he agreed. Needless to say, my trip was off to a huge success. I had a smile that went from one ear to the other.

After a wonderful and exciting stop in Guerrero Negro, we turned east across the Baja peninsula towards the Sea of Cortez. The topography of this part of the



Figure 11. The San Ignacio Mission.

peninsula turns into the Vizcaino Desert for some 150 miles. The highway sits on the crests of mountain ridges with drop offs of hundreds of feet almost vertically into deep canyons. Driving through this region is an awesome experience but somewhat scary at times. We drove nearly two hours and never saw another car or human being. It was extremely hot and windy in this area. The landscape was filled with sand, cacti, sage brush and other plants I did not know what they were called. It had its own beauty but you had to look hard to find it. About 20 miles from San Ignacio, the highway starts to drop down into a green oasis valley with the small town of San Ignacio and a very historic mission, The San Ignacio Mission, founded in about 1703. **Figure 11**



Figure 12. A date palm tree.

The little town of San Ignacio and the mission are surrounded by thousands of date palm trees planted as early as the 1730s, when the United States was still a colony of Great Britain. **Figure 12** These date palms were brought in by Dominican priest on the backs of burros and planted around a small fresh water lake. The church we visited was finished in 1786 to replace the original church. The history of the missions and Spanish development of Baja is so very interesting and a complete mystery to most Americans. With thousands of date palm trees, of course, their major source of income comes from the dates provided by these trees. It is very apparent that this oasis out in the middle of a high desert probably has changed very little in over several hundred years. The church was beautiful on the exterior and even more so in its interior. I have to say that walking into this church was like reliving history some 275 years ago. I wondered who had walked these floors or prayed at the alter all these years. I am sure this “House of God” could tell so many stories about events, people, and the religious development of the region. Since there was a fresh water lake fed by underground springs, there were many grape vineyards in the area. We didn’t find any wines available for purchase. While standing outside the mission, I asked an elderly man who spoke English well, about how many date palms were in the area. He told me about 90,000.



Figure 13. The first view of the Sea of Cortez.

After leaving San Ignacio, the highway winds through some low hills until you approach the volcanic peaks of Las Tres Virgenes, or known as The Three Virgins. They were majestic and you could see them for miles. These peaks are about 5,000 ft high and covered with yucca and cordon cacti in the lava rocks. From this point, the highway descends down several switchbacks for about seven miles through a very eroded countryside. Then, you round a bend and there it is, the Gulf of California, or as many say the “Sea of Cortez”. **Figure 13** This was my very first view of this beautiful body of water that stretches over a 1,000 miles. The blue of the water with the sun at our backs dazzled my mind. It was as blue as I had dreamed and as pretty as Kim told me it was. It was getting to be late evening, so we decided to stop in Santa Rosalia and spend the night, then move on tomorrow to our final destination of Liguui, a very small fishing village below Loreto and the Bahia de Concepcion, both of which you will get to know in further readings. We were tired, hot, dirty and hungry. A good night’s rest was just what the doctor ordered at this point. We wanted to have dinner and get an early start to Liguui in the morning.

(To be continued in the October issue of *The Beauii*)

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**Time to  
renew your membership!  
Fill out the form &  
send it to Donna!**

**Classified Ads**

Classified advertising rates (per issue): \$10.00 per ad (non-Sarasota Shell Club member, \$20 per ad). Ads will be no more than 35 words per ad, the first few words in **bold print** (see example below). Ads shall be limited to shell or shell-related material.

All classified ad material plus payment (a check made out to Sarasota Shell Club) should be mailed two weeks before the upcoming issue (to be sure it is included in that issue) to the Editor at 2608 67th St. W, Bradenton, FL 34209.

**Wanted:** Your ad!

**For Sale:** Your ad!

**Business Card Advertisements**

Business cards (shell-related) may be used as advertising at a rate of \$25.00 per club year (up to nine issues). If you wish your business card to appear in each issue of *The Beauii*, please send it, along with a check (for \$25.00), made out to the Sarasota Shell Club, to the Editor, 2608 67th St. W, Bradenton, FL 34209.

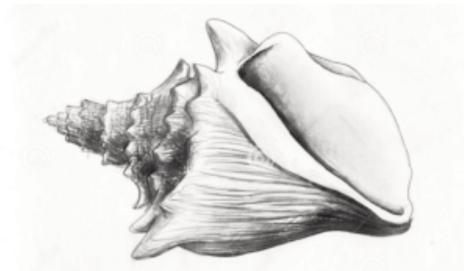
To clarify, the \$25.00 pays for your card to appear in each issue of the 2020-2021 *The Beauii*.

**WANTED!**

Any activity, show-and-tell, or anything else you would like to share for members. Since we can't get together in person, perhaps we can do it via "The Beauii," your favorite club newsletter.

Send in your stories, photos or what-have-you to the Editor at rbopp1@tampabay.rr.com.

We look forward to your submission!



## Officers & Board Members

President	Sally Peppitoni
Vice-President	Duane Kauffmann
Treasurer	Karen Huether
Recording Secretary	Jeanne Dimmick
Corresponding Secretary	Marilyn Parker

Board Members: Ron Bopp (3), Nancy Cadieux (3), Donna Cassin (2), Carol Mae(2), Donna Krusenoski (1), and Rich Cirrantano (1).

## Committee Chairmen

Artisans	Open
<i>The Beauii</i>	Ron Bopp
Historian	Duane Kauffmann
Field Trips	Sally Peppitoni
Librarian	Linda Greiner
Membership	Donna Krusenoski
Shell Show	Board
Sunshine	Frankie Grover
Webmaster	Bruce Paulsen

Contact the Editor - email Ron Bopp at rbopp1@tampabay.rr.com or call at 918-527-0589 if you have something to include in *The Beauii*.

## Calendar

Club ZOOM Meeting	Sept. 10, 2020
Club Picnic	April 17, 2021
COA Convention (2021)	June 16-20, 2021
Texas Shellers Jamboree	Oct. 15-17, 2021
COA Convention (2022)	June, 2022

**Meetings** are held on the second Thursday of September through April at 7:00 pm at Waldemere Fire Station, 2070 Waldemere St. in Sarasota. Park in the small lot on the right or in the nursing home lot across the street.

**Dues** are \$21.00 for new single members and \$33.00 for family members (at the same address). **Renewals** are \$15.00 for single and \$20.00 for family.

If you want *The Beauii* printed and mailed it is an extra \$15.00 to your dues.

**The 2020-2021  
Membership Application  
is Attached  
PLEASE SEND IT**

## Past Presidents of the Sarasota Shell Club

Jack Oberle: 1963-1965, 1968-1968, 1972-1974	Vi Hertweck: 1982-1984	Cathy Hollar: 1999-2001
Louise Danforth: 1965-1967	Richard Forbush: 1984-1985	Joanne Chmielewski: 2007-2010
Franck Rinck: 1967-1968	June Bailey: 1985-1987, 1995-1997, 2002-2003	Ron Bopp: 2010-2012
Thomas Robertson: 1969-1970	Bob Hansen: 1987-1988	Dennis Sargent: 2012-2014
Evelyn Bradley: 1970-1972	Beverly Chouinard: 1989-1991	Sally Peppitoni: 2014-2021
Charles Hertweck: 1974-1979	Bonnie Christophel: 1990-1992	
Peggy Williams: 1980-1982, 1988-1989, 1992-1994, 2001-2002, 2005-2007	Pat Amsel: 1994-1995	
	Debra Ingrao: 1997-1998	
	Cathy Aschliman: 1998-1999	

# Sarasota Shell Club Renewal/New Application Membership

Note: Dues include newsletters (*The Beautii*) via email, September through April. If no email address is available, add \$15 to your yearly dues if you want to receive the newsletters by mail.

**Initial Dues:** include cost of membership name tag:

\$21.50 single and \$33 family (living at the same address)

**If no email address,** add \$15 to your yearly dues

**Renewal Dues:** \$15 single and \$20 family (living at the same address).

If no email address add \$15 to your yearly dues.

To join, send checks only (no cash) made out to SSC to

**Donna Krusenoski, Membership Chairman**

**3250 Ringwood Mdw**

**Sarasota, FL 34235**

Please print legibly to help us correctly spell your name:

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Name(s): \_\_\_\_\_

Local Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City, State, Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

Cell: \_\_\_\_\_

Email address(s): \_\_\_\_\_

Other address & phone: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Emergency contact & phone: \_\_\_\_\_

Birth day & month: \_\_\_\_\_

We offer field trips to our membership and would like you to attend. Times and places will be announced at meetings or in our newsletter.

Are you interested in field trips? \_\_\_\_\_

Do you know of any good field trip location(s)? \_\_\_\_\_

If so, they are: \_\_\_\_\_

## Our Insurance Requires This: Liability Release

*I agree that I am individually responsible for my safety and my personal property. I will not hold the Sarasota Shell Club, its officers, field trip leader(s), or property owner liable for any damage or injury to me or my property that should occur.*

Signature required for each member joining:

1. \_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_

3. \_\_\_\_\_

4. \_\_\_\_\_

The SSC publishes a roster with names, address and emails for our member use only. Please check one:

\_\_\_\_\_ it is **OK** to publish my information in the roster

\_\_\_\_\_ it is **Not OK** to publish my information in the roster

You will be sent monthly newsletters starting in September through April informing you of the date and time of the next meeting held the 2nd Thursday of each month at the Waldemere Fire Station off US 41 (behind Wendy's near Sarasota Memorial Hospital). Name badges can be picked up approximately 4 weeks after they are ordered.

To be filled in by the Membership Committee

Renewal \_\_\_\_\_ New Member \_\_\_\_\_

Amount paid & date \_\_\_\_\_ / \_\_\_\_\_