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CONTRIBUTIONS TO
A HISTORY OF THE SUMMIT DISTRICT
Recollections of the Years 1948 - 1960

Jack L. Reveal
District Ranger

San Diego, California
18 April, 1984

- Copy 1- to Stanislaus NF
- 2- This copy
- 3- Jim Reveal
- 4- Jon Reveal

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

These Recollections are just that -- recollections, drawn almost entirely from memory with a little help from my friends. They are biased, but I think that they are accurate.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO

A HISTORY OF THE SUMMIT DISTRICT

Recollections of the Years 1948 - 1960

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Supplement prepared
 18 June, 1984

THE SUMMIT DISTRICT
Stanislaus National Forest
RECOLLECTIONS OF THE YEARS 1948 - 1960
Jack L. Reveal - District Raanger

Preface

Many of us, in our youth, find real or fictional heroes to emulate. Mine were the mountain men of a century before: Kit Carson, James Beckwourth, Jedediah Smith, Jim Bridger. They were long from the western scene, of course, but their place had been taken - or so it seemed - by a new breed not far removed: the forest ranger. Into that role in the early 1920's stepped Ira Latham, our local ranger. Although my youthful impression of him came mostly from overhearing adult conversations, it was enough to convince me that when I grew up I wanted to be a forest ranger.

There was a long and circuitous road ahead. It led from Idaho to Utah, to Nevada, to the Redwood Coast of California and finally to the Sacramento District of the old Shasta National Forest. There, in the spring of 1948, the word finally came: I was, at last, to be a district ranger.

For the past year Arlene and I and our sons Jim, age 7, and Jon, age 4, had been on the Sacramento District where I was an assistant to Pike Boehm. We had a comfortable station residence on the hill above the town swimming pool and the local night-spot where Pike, when official work permitted, was assistant bartender and bouncer. It had been a good year. Pike kept me busy and interested in the job, and I treasure the days I spent with that remarkable outlaw.

In April the transfer came. We packed our belongings and, with our little dog Peanuts, moved to Pinecrest where the winter's snow still lay piled around the station.

The Summit District in 1948Boundaries.

Just before our arrival, the old Summit District had been enlarged to embrace the Pinecrest - Strawberry area, including Dodge Ridge and Belle Meadow. The boundary adjustment was needed to balance work loads, much to the relief of Ranger Bill Spargo ^② who was happy to be free of Pinecrest and the demands it made on his time and patience. Another reason for the change was to create a year-long district that justified a professional position for its ranger.

For some time prior to his retirement in 1947, Pete Kinney had been the district ranger on the original Summit District. His only assistant was Johnny Spicer, a seasonal recreation guard. It was customary for Ranger Kinney to spend most of the summer in the high country with his grazing permittees and trail crew, leaving Spicer to look after the campgrounds and permittees in the Brightman area. The District had its summer quarters at the Brightman station. In the winter months it was headquartered in the Supervisor's Office in Sonora.

Stations

See- Addendum notes - envelope
on back cover.

Pinecrest Ranger Station. Before 1948, the old Pinecrest Station was occupied through the summer by George Weaver. It also provided temporary quarters for official visitors and cooperators. It was situated on a spacious lot behind the east end of Pinecrest Lodge north of the street and consisted of the following improvements: a one-bedroom residence, a small one-room office, a woodshed containing the station's chemical toilet, a 4-bay garage-warehouse and two tent platforms that had metamorphosed into cabins. The residence had a wood-burning range and an oil-burning space heater. The office had a reception desk, a desk, ^① a few chairs, a small table and a wood stove for heat.

Brightman Station where Johnny Spicer was to live during the summer months was at its present location on highway 108. It had a residence and a small office like the ones at Pinecrest and a tent platform. Across the highway, partly hidden behind an outcropping of granodiorite boulders, a 4-stall barn and corral. ^③

Cow Creek Station sat on the south side of old highway 108 at Cow Creek and was occupied in the spring and fall, though not always even then, by Johnny Spicer. It was a charming, old two-storied structure build of sugar pine shakes, poles and rough-sawn boards. Built in the early days of the Forest Service, it had withstood all the elements had to offer in high winds

① No Reception Desk.

② Spargo "cleared out the hole" before he left + exchanged a large amount of historical materials - a dumb thing to do if you're still the way, more the less, a very good old-time ranger. Honest, good natured, never took anything seriously.

③ Also a garage + shop.

and deep snows, remaining as a masterpiece of pioneer architecture and craftsmanship.

Horse Meadow Cabin. An oft-welcome refuge for back country travelers, this spacious log structure stood in the lodgepole pine on the east side of Horse Meadow above Huckleberry Lake. It was used as a line camp for forest officers and trail crews. It was furnished with a wood range, a space heater, iron cots and metal chests for food storage. It was built by the CCC or WPA in the 1930's.

Pinecrest Peak Lookout was manned during the fire season until 1957. I don't recall it being use after then. It was a standard Forest Service lookout and was served by a dirt road from Herring Creek.

Snow Lake Cabin was at Snow Lake near the boundary with Yosemite National Park. It was used by snow survey parties. I am not aware of its ownership or by whom it was built.

Telephone Lines and Radios.

Pinecrest in 1948 had five telephones. Two at Pinecrest Lodge, one a public pay phone; two at the ranger station; a fifth at John Sardella's who worked for the power company. Those five evidently were the capacity of telephone company facility east of Long Barn. *also a telephone at Strawberry Lodge & at Conlin's home.*

Between Pinecrest and Brightman Station there was a metallic line with a trunk to the Douglas Resort.**A grounded line was maintained to Pinecrest Peak Lookout, going directly northwest across river below the dam.

Pinecrest Station had an SPF radio for communication with the back country. Usually it worked well. From as far distant as Horse Meadow we could reach Pinecrest and Sonora.

Water Systems.

Pinecrest Station was furnished water off the Permittees system from pumps in Pinecrest Reservoir. Brightman Station got its water from a fine spring behind the residence. Cow Creek Station I believe had a well, but I'm not sure that it didn't come from the creek.

Public Campgrounds and Picnic Areas.

Although there were a number of small, unimproved campgrounds with little more than a pit toilet and sometimes a few old tables, there were only three that could be considered improved: Pinecrest, Meadowview and Dardanelle. In mid-summer, these three campgrounds

** The line from Brightman to Douglas and Kennedy Resort belonged to Pacific Gas & Electric.

might have as many as 500 camps, with Pinecrest the most crowded, followed by Dardanelle and Meadowview. The attraction at Pinecrest was the lake, the resorts and its nearness to cities. The attraction at Brightman was the fishing and the landscape. There were no time limits. Some camps were set up in Pinecrest before fishing season began and were occupied until school began or the hunting season ended.

To the uninitiated, Pinecrest Campground was a jungle. Nearly all its campers fenced in their piece of ground with screens of everything from costly canvass to burlap bags and worn-out bed sheets. Some of these rag camps were quite spacious; other chosen by the late-comers might be very small, barely enough room for a tent and a campfire. (Modern-day campers and motor homes were unheard of). And in evenings of windless days, the smell of wood-smoke and food being cooked was almost overpowering.

At Meadowview and Dardanelle, campers and their campsites were much more conventional. It was as though they were trying not to be like Pinecrest. Also, there were fewer long-term guests and fewer children and young adults.

Of the less-improved campgrounds, the most popular were along the Middle Fork in the Brightman - Kennedy Meadow areas where fishing was close at hand and resorts not far distant. The least favored places were the campgrounds at Cow, Mill and Niagra Creeks and along the Clark Fork.

In 1948, recreation planners were just beginning to conclude that encouraging people to crowd upon a particular area might not be a good idea after all. Until then, the thought was that campers would destroy an area anyway, so keep the area small and the camps close together. The pendulum was about to swing to the opposite extreme.

Still another change was on the horizon. Campground improvements were not thought to be for the convenience of the camper necessarily, but were put there at public expense to protect the forest from fire (hence stoves), human waste (hence toilets) and damage to trees (hence tables). In a few years, that pendulum, too, began its swing.

All campground care was by District personnel except at Pinecrest where trash pickup was by contract to the permittees association. Toilets were serviced at least daily in the improved camps and others when time allowed. Campers were encouraged (asked, in fact) to clean-up their campsites daily and before departure. But in spite of our best efforts and good intentions, it was impossible to do more than a just-passing job at care and policing.

Karl's Place began as a bakery sometime before 1940 and soon became a general store with soft drinks and ice cream. It was just across the road from the public beach and hence was an attraction for day-use visitors. Its managers were Carl and Sue Stewart who were well-known, active members of the year-long community. They later ran the ski shop at Dodge Ridge.

Karl's Place was justified by the Forest as a necessary competitor to Pinecrest Lodge. A strong sense of competition did exist between the two establishments, but when Karl's Place burned to the ground circa 1950 its special use permit was cancelled on the grounds that the site was needed for parking. My personal view opposed that decision. I believe in the long run I was correct, for without Karl's Place, Pinecrest Lodge began a steady decline in public service that lasted as long as my tenure there.

The Dardanelle Resort at Brightman Flat, like its neighbors -- Douglas Resort and Kennedy Meadow Resort -- was a seasonal operation, opening with the fishing season and closing at the end of deer season. The reason, of course, was that the highway was closed by snow above Cow Creek and sometimes above Strawberry. Its owner-operator was the well-known Oakdale attorney Wade Coffill. Coffill acquired the resort in the mid-1940's when the previous owner lost his special use permit as the result of having beaten-up the local recreation guard.*He ran a tight ship. Doing business with Wade (who became my good friend) was like sitting in a witness chair and being confronted by him in the role of either the attorney for the defense or the prosecution. The good thing about dealing with him was that he left no doubt in your mind as to his position. (Several years after I had left the Summit he paid me one of the best compliments I ever got: he told an acquaintance that I was "the last of the Good Old Boys".)

Dardanelle Resort has changed but little since 1948. It consisted of a number of rental cabins, bar, cafe, general store, post office (?), gas station and a small day-ride corral.

Douglas Resort offered the same services at Dardanelle but was never its equal for some reason. Many years before, the Forest had allowed Douglas to build several rental cabins at the edge of the river. These became a yoke around everyone's neck, for there was continuous pressure to remove them. Ultimately, the resort closed.

The Kennedy Meadow Resort also had rental cabins, a store, a bar, a very good restaurant and a large pack station that operated into the back country. Its owner-operator was Cliff Mitchell, a cattle rancher who ran on the Kennedy Meadow allotment under an "on-off permit. It was a popular resort for fishermen and hunters, but got little drive-in trade because of its location. The resort sat ~~partly on public and partly on power~~ company land but was never a problem to the Forest.

* Johnny Spicer.

Supplement - Resorts. Ex. Jim Reveal

Kirt and Dorothy Hizer ran the Pinecrest Lodge Sport Shop during our tenure on the Summit District and for some time thereafter. They were as well-liked as anyone in the resort business and ran a good operation.

Greyhound ran a bus service to Pinecrest several times a week until about 1955. Cliff Dryer was the driver. He was said to be a drinking companion of Reno Sardella's and worked for Reno as a packer during deer seasons.

Our Clerk, Marcia Stetler, sometimes worked as a fill-in waitress at Pinecrest Lodge dinning room. One night there was a propane explosion in the kitchen. Marcia, at that moment, was standing behind the counter very near the swinging doors to the kitchen. The blast of air that rushed in the direction of the explosion, stripped her skirt and panties to her knees. Her predicament went unnoticed in the confusion that followed.

1. U. of Calif Alumni Assoc - "Lair of the Bear" & "Camp Blue.
2. Stanislaus Co. Farm Bureau - "Camp Aylmer" or "4-77 Camp"
3. Yosemite Council B.S.A. - "Camp Bob McBride"
4. Alameda Council B.S.A. - "Camp Stevens"
5. Northern Baptist Convention - "Camp Chingnapin."
6. - An abandoned Girl Scout Camp(?) - later Twining's
7. At Brightman - a YMCA camp.

Pack Stations.

Besides the three pack stations in the Brightman area, there were two near Pinecrest. By far the best and most active was Pinecrest Stables situated in a shallow depression just north of the modern-day Summit Ranger Station. In 1948, it was owned by Pinecrest Lodge but stocked and operated by the Sanquinettis of Sonora. Ray Sanguinetti ran the outfit. They did a good business, drawing on the campgrounds and organization camps for most of its customers. Guided hour-rides were popular, and many parties of fishermen were packed into the Emigrant Basin via Kerrick Corral and Crabtree.

[Bill Marshall & Earl Candell had stables prior to the Sanguinettis.] after Reno left. They ran "day horses" on private land at Strawberry, Cappy Cook operated a small pack station for several seasons, but he may not have been there as early as 1948. ^{+ Reno built his body country corral on Aspen Mdw. (Summer 1960)}

Organization Camps.

Organization Camps were well established on the Summit District by 1948 -- five at Pinecrest, a sixth in the Brightman area. At Pinecrest were UC Alumni's Camp Gold, Twining's (then a school for children), the 4-H camp and two Boy Scout camps. Near Brightman was the YMCA Camp. All six operated at full capacity during the summer with the possible exception of Twining's. [See p. 7.1]

There was a steady demand for new organization sites, but few applicants could qualify. The Forest had laid out three sites at Arnot Creek on the Clark Fork, but none of these were yet under permit in 1948 as I recall.

Organizations gave us very few problems. They pretty much ran themselves. They would have liked more participation by Forest personnel, but our staffing would not allow it.

The best-run organization camp was Camp Gold under Mike Koll; the worst was Twining's. [See corrected list on left.]

Pinecrest School.

Pinecrest elementary school occupied the second floor of the Permittees Association's fire house until the new school was built at its present location in 1955**There were a dozen or so students in all grades, including our two boys. Their teacher was Marguerite----- ***who resided at Long Barn. She was a dedicated teacher and a credit to her profession. When Dodge Ridge opened, skiing became the school's only sport and one in which all participated with enthusiasm.

** I may be mistaken here. For a while at least, I believe the school was in a Lodge Cabin behind the Firehouse.

*** Her last name was Laurence or Lawrence.

① He wasn't. He was there in the summers of 1952 & 1953. Joanne Hankins worked for Cappy those 2 years, then went to Reno's Pinecrest Stables. His name Hart Cook. He later worked for me at LeeVining R.S.

There were six, not five, organization camps at Pinecrest in 1948. These were:

U. C. Alumni Camp "Lair of the Bear"
Alameda Boy Scouts - Camp Stevens
Stanislaus County Farm Bureau - Camp Sylvester
Twinning's Pinecrest Chalet
Northern Baptist Conventions - Camp Chinguapin
Yosemite Council BSA - Camp Bob McBride.

Twinning's might best be considered a commercial resort rather than an organization camp. Although it began as a school, it became lodge which served organized groups, furnishing bed and board and outdoor recreation opportunities.

Supplement - Pinecrest School. Ex. Jim Reveal

During the 1948-49 school year, Pinecrest grade school students were bussed to Long Barn School. That winter, the school burned; for the rest of the year, classes were held in the barracks at Long Barn Guard Station.

In the winter of 1949-50, Pinecrest School was set up formally in one of the Lodge cabins on Pinecrest Avenue with Marguerite Lawrence as teacher. Her husband was Pat Lawrence, a disabled veteran of WW I. School continued at that location the following year.

In 1951-52, the school moved into a larger Lodge cabin behind the Firehouse. Reno Sardella used the same cabin during the summers when he ran the Pack Station.

The following winter - 1952-53 - school was held at the Pinecrest Fire Station, where it remained until the new two-room school was built for the winter of 1955-56.

Elbert Miller drove the school bus for several years, to be followed by Ernie Schneider.

Pinecrest School students in the early 1950's:

Twining, Sally, Richard and Chuck. Children of Wilbur and Ruth Twining.

Sparrow, Suzan and Mike Jr. Children of Mike and Jackie Sparrow of Strawberry Store.

Conlin, Danny. Son of George and Conlin, owners of old Strawberry Inn and a home on highway 108 above Strawberry Lodge. [See footnote p. 7.3]

Ronk, Jerry Jr. Father was the maintenance man for Pinecrest Lodge. The Ronks had the only TV in town.

King, Dianne. Father was Bob King, head maintenance man for Pinecrest Permittes Association

Counts, Laura. Father, Bert, worked for PP Association under Bob King.

Pringle, Bill. Father ran the store at Pinecrest Lodge.

Schneider, Walt and Alice. Father, Ernie, was caretaker at BSA Camp Chinquapin and drove the school bus after Elbert Miller.

Reveal, Jim and Jon. Sons of Jack and Arlene.

(continued next page)

Stetler, Kathy. Daughter of Paul and Marcia. Marcia was Summit District clerk for two terms. Paul worked for Pinecrest Lodge; ran the boat dock in the summer months.

Gandy, Billie. Father, Jay, managed Pinecrest Lodge for several years before ca. 1952.

Other Notes:

Most young people of the day worked at one thing or another during the summer tourist season. Some worked for their parents, if nothing more than keeping house for working mothers and fathers. Jim Reveal relates that before he worked for Reno Sardella at the Pinecrest Stables, in the summers of 1948 and 1949 sorted beer bottles for Pinecrest Lodge Bar. In 1948 and 1950⁴⁹, he "ran messages" to summer home owners in response to telephone calls made via the Lodge. In 1950, he also had a paper route, delivering the Stockton Record and Sacramento Bee in Pinecrest. Jon Reveal, as mentioned elsewhere, picked up litter at Cal Alumni Camp to earn his first pair of skis.

The Conlin's owned and operated the Strawberry water supply under a license from the State. The water was diverted from the river below Strawberry Lake (or Pinecrest Lake) dam and was chlorinated before delivery. A water-use fee was collected from each user.

Summer Homes

Between 1948 and 1960, summer homes and their improvements, both permitted and un-permitted, changed little if at all. In 1948, there were still one or two lots open at Bumblebee but these were soon under permit. Summer home were then under annual special use permits which home owners called "ninety-nine year leases". Most believed the lots were theirs forever. In 1949 or 1950, when the Forest began converting annual permits to a 20-year term, the facts of tenure and conditions of use became better understood.

It was legendary that the Forest established the summer home tracts along highway 108 to generate public support of the National Forest and to render the land unsuitable for a much-feared northward extension of Yosemite National Park. The greatest expansion of summer home use was said to have taken place during the Roosevelt administration when Interior Secretary Ickes sought to reclaim the part of the Stanislaus once in the Yosemite Reserve. The story was that Lands chief Chet Morris himself came up from San Francisco to help lay out summer home lots. But the facts of the case notwithstanding, the older permittees believed their occupancy of national forest land prevented a takeover by the Ickes crowd and therefore the Forest should stop complaining about summer homes. To their argument one can add the fact that county government urged the Forest to add taxable improvements on public land, and the Forest did just that by encouraging people to build summer homes. These are some of the reason why still today I am sympathetic with summer home permittees and am able to accept most tracts -- but not all -- as valid use.

The political problems that confronted all permittees at Pinecrest were soon to result in the formation the National Forest Permittees Association, an organization that had its roots in Pinecrest. One of its early managers was Chet Morris, then retired.

Pinecrest had a strong, effective permittees association. The association represented the home owners in dealing with the Forest; it operated the water system that served homes, resorts, campgrounds, organizations (except one scout camp) and the ranger station; it financed and maintained a fire station and a volunteer fire crew; it represented the permittees in dealing with local government on such matters as snow removal and police protection. Much of the organization's efficiency came from the ability of its president Dewey Blake, a summer home permittee, and from willingness of the Forest to work with an organization rather than its many parts. (For ten years or so Arlene Reveal was its Secretary.)

One or two other tracts had associations to serve common needs such as water supply, but the Forest did not become involved in their activities.

Winter Sports.

In the mid-1940's at the close of WW II, skiers and snow-bunnies began flocking to the Long Barn area with the first snow of winter. At Little Sweden, a couple of rope tows began running. At Cold Springs, Jasper (Jap) Miley installed a home-made J-bar like one he'd seen in Europe as a Sea Bee. It was said to be the first of its kind in California.

The business people along highway 108 from Jamestown to Long Barn were quickly aware that winter sports could bring a new level of prosperity. The County, in turn, saw hope of increasing the tax base and joined with the business community to encourage the tax to permit a major ski development. By 1948, Dodge Ridge had been chosen for the site; an access road had been roughed-in from Pinecrest; a timber sale had been made to clear the main slope; the County had agreed to improve and surface Dodge Ridge Road and provide snow removal; plans were underway to improve highway 108.

The Forest had even selected a permittee, but by 1948 he had not been able to finance the venture. But it would not be long until Earl Purdy was to appear with not only the financing but the ability to build and operate one of the State's most popular and profitable ski areas. Surprisingly, not one local investor came forward. Purdy went to the farmers he knew around Escalon for funding.

Jasper's Sawmill.

At Cold Springs, Jasper Miley had built a small mill that three men could operate. It had a 6-foot circular saw and an edger to turn out rough-sawn boards. While it was a masterpiece of craftsmanship, it produced very little. The reward had come from its being built, not from it being operated.

Public Dumps.

What we call disposal areas today were called dumps in 1948, and that is exactly what they were -- dumps. There were two on the Summit in 1948: one at Pinecrest; another for the Brightman area.

Pinecrest dump was located on the ridge top about three-tenths of a mile west of the Pinecrest Y on the north side of highway 108. Trash was dumped down the north slope or on the ridge top itself. Several times a summer -- when most of the trash was generated -- the County brought in a tractor and cleaned it up by working the material down the north slope which had been cleared of shrubs and trees. The dump was used by everyone from Cold Springs to Niagra Creek.

Supplement - Winter Sports Ex. Jim Reveal

Besides the rope tow that Pinecrest operated on the edge of Pinecrest Lake before Dodge Ridge was built, there was another rope tow at "Karl's Hill" installed and operated by Karl's Place. It was situated on the eastern edge of the summer home tract adjacent to the Dodge Ridge Road. It was short, but steep, and much preferred by young people learning to ski. Karl Stewart was the operator.

The Stockton Ski Club held Memorial Day races at "The Nob", a little over a mile west of Sonora Pass. The event was very popular, but was discontinued after 1952 when Dodge Ridge became the site for local races. Quite a few young people destined to become prominent racers took part. Included among these was Jil Kinmont. Incidentally, Pete Wyckoff, who served two tours on the Summit RD, was the first patrolman to reach Jil when she suffered her crippling injury at Squaw Valley a few years later.

The Brightman dump was also along highway 108 just northeast of the junction with the Clark Fork highway where a clearing had been made in the manzanita. Trash was simply dumped on the flat. Occasionally, the County tractor would bunch it up. Compared to Pinecrest, it got light use.

The dumps were burned from season to season, but they also had a tendency to catch fire at the wrong time in the middle of summer. We'd stand-by and let them burn.

A third dump was established a few years later (circa 1952) to serve the organizations and campgrounds in the Clark Fork. This dump site was a clearing in the chaparral along the old dirt road northwest of the main road near the center of Section 6, T6N, R20E.

Resources.

Timber Sales. There were no on-going timber sales in 1948, the most recent having been the sale to clear the Dodge Ridge ski area. Dead and dying bug trees were taken by a small gypo with a cherry-picker when they could be found along a road. A shake-maker, Ted Armstrong, who lived below Long Barn would take old-growth sugar pine bug-kills.

Grazing Allotments. As best I recall, there were eleven grazing allotments on the Summit in 1948. Those were:

Cow Creek C & H. Airola, with a cow camp at Bumblebee.

Clark Fork C & H. Airola, shared use of Bumblebee (?).

Red Peak S & G. Murphy, with a cow camp on private land at Eureka Valley on highway 108.

Kennedy Meadow C & H. Mitchell with a cow camp at Kennedy Lake. An on-off permit.

Wheats Meadow C & H. -----, with a cow camp on private land at Wheats Meadow.

Eagle Meadow C & H. Joe Martin with a cow camp at Eagle Meadow on private land. An on-off permit.

Niagara Cr. S & G. Pete Ospital. No "cow camp". I may be mistaken about the name of this allotment.

Cooper Meadow C & H. Henry Sanguinetti and Sons. Cow Camp at Cooper Meadow on public land.

Herring Creek C & H. Joe Sanguinetti, with a cow camp on private land at Leland Meadow.

Crabtree C & H. Clen Whittle, with a cow camp at Crabtree.**

Piute C & H. Joe Ghiorso, with a cow camp on public land at Piute Meadow.

Mining Claims were not yet a problem, but prospectors were beginning to search the tertiary volcanics on the Clark Fork and Middle Fork for uranium.

Fishing and Hunting were the principal attractions outside of Pinecrest itself. The Clark Fork and Middle Fork were the most popular streams and Pinecrest Reservoir the most popular lake. All three were stocked by the State in order to meet the need of the fisherman. The South Fork below Pinecrest Dam got moderate to heavy use, too, but water conditions were not the best in the mid-summer months. In the back country, Deer, Long, Buck, Wood, Cow Meadow, Emigrant and Huckleberry lakes were always popular with fisherman who were packed in from Pinecrest and Kennedy Meadow stations. Local fishermen, however, usually went to the little-know places such as Yellowhammer, Big, Leighton, Karl's, Red Can, Wire and Hyatt lakes.

Deer hunting was concentrated in the area around Pinecrest, including Dodge Ridge to Burst Rock, Herring Creek, the Punch Bowl and Belle Meadow. Another concentration was in the Eagle Meadow area. Fewer numbers went to the Clark Fork and Sonora Pass. Those who could afford the time and expense were pack into the back country where chances were improved by a much few number of competirors for the game.

Most hunters and hunting camps stayed close to the roads fortunately. If a hunter left a burning campfire, the chances were good that it would be spotted from a pickup.

Water was probably the Summit's most valuable resorce in terms of dollars and human needs. Runoff from its watersheds not only generated electrical energy, but went on to farms and cities in the valley and beyond.

Two reservoirs had been built by 1948: Pinecrest Reservoir on the South Fork and Relief Reservoir on the Middle Fork. In the Emigrant Wilderness, on the Tuolumne River drainage, a number of check dams had been constructed to conserve spring run-off and regulate stream flow through the broad expanses of glaciated granite in the back country.

Of all the forest resources, the value of its water is the hardest to discern.

** I believe the NF land at Belle Meadow was used under a pasture permit, not a grazing permit.

Fire Control.

The Summit District had no fire prevention or suppression personnel in 1948 other than the volunteer fire department in Pinecrest. The closest fire crew was at Long Barn, some 15 miles distant which appeared to be adequate at the time

Police Protection.

There was virtually no crime in the mountain area, but a deputy sheriff or a highway patrolman was usually nearby to take care of vehicle accidents, lost persons and similar emergencies. Through the summer months, a deputy circulated through Cold Springs, Pinecrest and Strawberry to keep his presence known to drunks and roudies of which there were always a few.

Other services.

Tourist information was most often supplied by resorts and shopkeepers for the simple reason that a visitor seldom would encounter a forest officer. I seem to recall that most resorts issued camp fire permits at the time and that all had maps and literature to give to visitors.

Motions pictures were shown in the Pinecrest amphitheater nightly through the summer by a special use permittee in 1948 and for a few years thereafter. Second and third-run movies were shown beginning at nightfall. The admission fee was quite modest. The shows were well-attended. No problems attached to this use.

Elbert Miller, whose brother Roy owned and operated the Long Barn Market, had a peddlers route that he made several times a week. With an old truck rigged-up with shelves and boxes, he went through the campgrounds from Pinecrest to Brightman selling vegetables, fruit and soft drinks. Always accompanied by a very young daughter, he had become a familiar figure along highway 108. His services were most welcomed by campers but not by store keepers who felt that he took away some of their business. Which indeed he did.

Personnel

I went to the Summit District a GS-9 district ranger and its only full-time employee. The ranger before me had a sub-professional appointment equal to a GS-7. Not until 1957 was the ranger position raised to GS -11.

My only assistants in 1948 were the recreation guards -- Johnny Spicer at Brightman; George Weaver at Pinecrest. Each knew

Supplement - Motion Pictures at Pinecrest Amphitheater Ex. Jim Reveal

Jim Reveal believes the picture shows at the amphitheater needs further mention because of the important role the movies played for young people of the day. In the absence of television, arcades, dances, live music, portable radios and tape decks, the Pinecrest movies were of considerable importance to the teen-agers. Furthermore, few young people had personal cars and there was very little hide-away gatherings to drink and use street drugs. Pinecrest social life came to focus on Pinecrest Amphitheater on show nights for the youths. It was also an activity that almost anyone could afford.

The show nights were Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday. The program consisted of "coming attractions", a comedy or cartoon, and a "G-Rated" feature which the modern-day youngster would probably find exceedingly lifeless. Groups of boys and girls walked home after the picture shows in perfect safety along the dark, narrow roads. Jim recalls one night when bravery deserted him and his brother Jon. After a few opening scenes of "Dracula", they left and hurried the one mile home before the summer dusk turned to black night.

Art Rude was the picture show permittee. His parents had a summer home on Pinecrest Avenue.

Elbert Miller - The Miller's had three daughters. Sometime before we came to Pinecrest, one died of burns as the result of playing with matches. Sometimes when you saw his friendly smile or heard his laugh, you thought of the pain he must have suffered.

his job and did it well. No one was more important. The Public would not miss the district ranger, but it would have missed Johnny and George when the trash cans overflowed into the roads and the toilets went uncleaned.

From June until October, Johnny and George each got a helper. George for a long time had Benny DeBishop, a slender, quite, ex-sailor. We also had a lookout and a two-man trail crew in the back country. And also there were the station wives: Wanda Spicer at Brightman and Arlene Reveal at Pinecrest. It was they who held down the stations, greeted callers, answered the telephone, maintained a rapport with the neighbors, went for the mail and kept the windows washed and the premises neat. For all their valuable assistance they received no pay, little thanks and never enough credit.

The Ranger's Job.

The ranger's job in 1948 bore little resemblance to the ranger's job of today. He was "one man alone" then. He was expected to do everything, or at least try to do do everything, from laying out a campground to shoeing horses, from building a take-down fence to burning slash on a timber sale, from finding lost section corners to drinking whiskey with his grazing permittees.

His line of authority was confined to the day to day activities of the district. He was more a ranch foreman than a ranch manager -- at least that was true of the Summit District where the previous ranger was a "sub-professional" who spent a large part of his time out of reach on his grazing allotments. The Supervisor's staff handled about everything related to fire, timber, special uses and, to a somewhat lesser extent, grazing. The only records I kept were diaries and grazing inspection notes. I had no budget or fund allocation; instead, the administrative officer called up and said when to put people to work and when to let them go. All permittees dealt directly with the SO. Grazing applications were even mailed to permittees by the resource clerk and returned all filed out to the Supervisor.**

In a way, the all-out involvement for the Supervisor's Office was a blessing, for when I arrived on the Summit I was so inexperienced that I would have been lost under any other arrangement. It took me a while to discover how little I knew, but when I did I was more than happy to be the "one man alone" kind of ranger I was expected to be.

**The old-time Supervisor-Ranger relationship is illustrated by the story -- however true -- that Supervisor Jesse Hall called his four rangers from day to day to make certain they were doing the jobs he wanted from them.

Everyone worked a 40-hour week but the district ranger. He was expected to put in whatever time it took to do the job. Through the summer this amounted to 60 or more hours a week with no thought of overtime pay, an unheard-of notion, even on fires. It was a way of life and expected of one who enjoyed his work and who intended to make the ranger's job a career. I was one who did. There were others who didn't. Charlie Wastmoreland, our forest dispatcher for many years, used to say that I put in more hours over a week end than Bob Carlson, who replaced Bill Spargo on the Sonora District, put in all week. An exaggeration, of course, but it did say that Carlson's interests lay elsewhere.

Besides job-interest and the pressure of day to day work, there was another reason for long hours of duty. Forest Inspectors nearly always went through a ranger's diary to determine how he spent his time. They looked at what he did and where he did it and the ratio between office and field time. In the days when we had no district clerks, the ranger had to do some office work whether or not wanting to. But the field work remained to be done as well, and this called for long days and week ends dedicated to its accomplishment. To encourage rangers to get the field work done was the manual requirement that a minimum of 80 percent of one's time must be devoted to field activities. That is four days out of five. Inspectors were quick to call attention to the field time requirement, and I am rather proud of the fact that I never got accused of spending too much time around the office.

At this point it might be of interest to make a list of the jobs a new ranger would have done on the Summit District in 1948.

--- Meet some of the local home owners and resort operators on national forest and private land and begin to form some acquaintances and contacts.

--- Meet the other rangers and the SO staff people.

--- Begin working with SO staff involved in activities on the district in fire control, timber sales, blister rust, range, recreation and special uses.

--- Go over the public campgrounds with John Spicer and George Weaver to learn how they do their work, where they need help, what problems they face in day to day work.

--- Visit each organization camp to get acquainted with leaders and their work.

--- Visit each of the summer home tracts and take opportunities to meet summer home owners.

--- Take advantage of any opportunities to drive roads throughout the district.

--- Select and help train a fire lookout with Sonora District help.

--- Hire a two-man trail crew and get them started on the season work with SO help of Less Cuff.

--- Get a broad view of the grazing allotments and look-over

range management plans, inspection notes and correspondence.

---Contact grazing permittees about opening dates, counting-on and opportunities to ride some or all their allotment. Make a beginning on range readiness and other checks with SO staffman Allan McCready, new on the forest from Colorado.

---When the high country opens, make some trips out with grazing permittees and pack station people to get acquainted with the country, trails, signing, public use and what some of the problems are.

---Ride some of the grazing allotments with McCready and/or permittees.

--- Take supplies to the lookout on Pinecrest Peak; pack supplies to the trail crew and keep in touch with their work.

---Make a few small timber sales of bug trees for sawlogs or split shakes.

---Work with Johnny and George on routine station and camp-ground maintenance.

--- Attend ranger - staff meetings.

--- Begin to get into winter sports activities and affairs relative to ski area development.

--- Participate in special use inspections with Frank Sweeley.

--- Watch for trespasses, especially unlawful christmas tree cutting.

--- Talk with the hundreds of people met in the course of one's work whenever possible to do so, to exchange greetings, thoughts, ideas, give suggestions, get suggestions; to make friends.

Surely the simple listing does not bristle with exciting challenges or portray significant events when viewed in retrospect. But to me, and to Arlene and our children, every day was a challenge, every day was eventful, and all tomorrows promised more of what today had brought to us.

The Years Recalled -- 1948 - 19601948.

In mid-April, 1948, we moved our few belongings into the old residence at Pinecrest. We did so with apologies to George Weaver and his wife, for it had been their summer residence for some period and we felt guilty in having to displace him. They took it graciously, as they did all things, for they were gracious people.

But a different kind of problem attached to John Spicer. He had been, by implication at least, acting district ranger following Pete Kinney's retirement the previous summer. He had hoped to be named as Kinney's successor, and this hope was shared by many of his neighbors in the Brightman Flat area. My appearance, of course, wiped out their dreams and made me an unwelcome intruder. The question that came to their minds was why would the forest bring me to the job when Johnny could have done very well and at considerable less expense. The situation made me rather uncomfortable for a while, but it quietly went away. I simply kept a low profile in the Brightman area and let Johnny play his roll for a year or two until we all felt at ease with one another.

A great amount of time was spent that first summer getting acquainted with roads, trails and landscapes, and with people. Frank Sweeley, who handled recreation and special uses on the SO staff, took me along whenever affairs brought him to the district. From Frank that year and in the several years that followed, I learned most of what I ever would know about the rules and principles of administering recreation activities and special uses. He was one who took his work seriously and never compromised truths. He was aggressive, but gentle in his aggressiveness, and vindictive never. And he had a subtle sense of humor. They used to tell how Frank, in some public place, would pretend to read a Chinese newspaper, chuckling now and then over its contents.

I also spent some pleasant days with Allan McCreedy of the Range/Wildlife staff. We had a lot to learn together because Mac was from Colorado with its continental climate and perennial grass ranges, and I was new to the rules of the grazing game as set forth in the Manual. So we never lacked for something to examine or talk about. But most of all we liked range work better than anything else; and we loved the mountains. We could both pack and take care of our horses, and were probably the only ones among the staff and rangers who could.

Timber and Fire were big business on the Stanislaus, but somehow I managed to escape much involvement in either activity in the beginning years. Their people seemed to get along very well with much help at all by the Summit Ranger.

Our Pincecrest residence was rather crowded with only one bedroom. To solve the problem, George Weaver found some old windows and a door frame at the former CCC Camp at the Strawberry Experiment Station. With John Spicer's help, we bootlegged-in a second bedroom on what had been the front porch. This became the boy's very own room and a very welcome addition.

1949 - 1954**

The winter of 1948-49 was rather uneventful. In early November the Christmas tree cutting season got underway to keep me busy in the field, especially on week ends. Free Use for private citizens had been discontinued a year or two before, partly for legal reasons and partly because the demand far exceeded the supply of both trees and people to supervise the cutting. Free Use to organizations, such as Scouts, 4-H, Service Clubs and the Military continued. This revised system was not without its problems, however, for the trees still had to be marked, and one was then faced with the task of supervising several large groups of over-zealous axe- and sawmen on a Saturday or Sunday. Sometimes it became a circus. But the job got done somehow. After two or three years of it, even Free Use to organizations was abandoned. It took a while for the word to get around. Several times afterwards I came across a Scout Troop busily cutting white fir along the highway east of Cow Creek thinking it was still permissible.

I tried to learn to ski, beginning in the winter of 1948-49 (and every winter thereafter, for that matter). But on skis I was a klutz. Then and forever. I took pride in my horsemanship, but I lacked the physical coordination and grace to get around well afoot. Our two sons began skiing that first winter. They both became good skiers. Both were on the Junior Ski Team at Dodge Ridge; Jim worked several winters on the Ski Patrol; Jon became the youngest person to become a Certified Ski Instructor in the FWSA and is still in winter sports to this day,

Early in 1949, I was away from the district for perhaps two months. I was detailed to help with some investigations related to establishment of a Redwood National Forest - which finally became a National Park. Then it turned out that I was high-man on the State Civil Service register for State Forest Manager with CDF, then under ex-Forest Supervisor DeWitt Nelson. I made a long, miserable tour of the state with the incumbent Forest Manager. But in the end I wasn't chosen, much to my relief. I believe I would have hated the job.

During the winter of 1948-49, the Forest started construc-

**I kept a carbon copy of my diary for many years. But an accident in 1975 resulted in the loss of all copies prior to June, 1960. I therefore greatly hampered in recalling names and dates. This narrative will suffer as a consequence.

tion of a new ranger's residence and District office at the Pinecrest Y. A contract was let for the office and it went well. The residence, though, had a different fate. The Forest Engineer**, anxious for winter work and extended employment for his people, convinced Forest Supervisor Allan Miller to let him build the place. To add to the problem, the Regional Landscape Architect, Earl Bachman, selected a building site on the summit of a granite outcrop -- for a house with a full basement. The combination of solid granite, winter weather, travel time and unskilled workmen resulted in a near-disaster. By early summer, about half the funds were gone and there was only a basement to show for it. I don't know how the remainder of the residence got financed, but it finally got put together somehow, except that Arlene and I got the job of painting the interior and all the trim and the finishing of the hardwood floors. Then we could move in.

During the summer (1949)**the Forest moved the old residence and 4-bay warehouse to the new station area, and the two old tent platform/cabins were also brought down for a place for summer help and visitors. The old office got a different assignment: it was set at a new entrance to Pinecrest Campground, with a small addition at the rear. It became the residence and office for the Permittee who was to operate campground for a daily fee - the first pay-campground in the Region, if not the Nation.

We opened the new Summit District office that summer and hired our first district clerk. She was the daughter of a yearlong permittee. Her name was Mary Baker. She was a good clerk: bright, easy-going, pleasant and helpfull to visitors. She stayed a couple of seasons, then married and finally moved away. For a while she lived in one of the Lodge cabins. She was one of the sloppiest housekeepers I ever knew. She had dirty clothing stored eveywhere, even in the refrigerator.

I believe it was in the winter of 1949 that the Forest began issuing 20-year term permits to replace the original annual permits for summer homes. Fees were also increased. This upset a few of the old-timers who thought they would rather just keep their "99-year"/^{father} trust the government bureaucrats to renew a 20-year term. As all this was being done, about thirteen home owners in the Pinecrest tract were told that they would get only a 10 year term, at the end of which their residences would have to be removed. Some new lots were to be laid out for them on the Dodge Ridge Road. ①

These special use permit changes caused some people great concern, some being convinced that it was the beginning of a campaign to do away with summer homes altogether. People wrote their congressmen. Meetings were held with the Association to discuss the

** Mel Walker ***The old resident may not have been moved until much later - 1957. See p.45.

① Some had 20-year term permits by 1945.

differing points of view. In the spring, Frank Sweeley and I were sent around to contact, at their homes in the Valley, the thirteen whose permits were to be cancelled after 10 years. Most went along, but a few did'nt, refusing to sign the new permits. The reason given for the cancellations, I might add, was to provide additional parking in the vicinity of the beach and picnic areas.

One of the spinoffs of the term permit encounters was unforeseen at the time. This was the creation of a movement that resulted in the formation of the National Forest Permittees Association. This association was spearheaded by the principal owner of Pinecrest Lodge (whose name I can't recall). It developed quickly and one of its first annual meetings was held at Pinecrest Lodge. To head-up the association, the organizers selected for its Executive Secretary none other than Chet Morris, who for many years had headed-up the Division of Recreation and Lands in the Region. They couldn't have made a better choice, for Chet, in his day, had encouraged summer home tracts on National Forests, and had personally selected the location of many in the Region. Further, he was a very sensible, pragmatic man. He was sympathetic to the points of view of both sides of the issues and knew the inner workings of the Forest Service. (I had gone to school in Logan with Chet's son Blain. Arlene and I thus established a lasting friendship with the elder Morrises.)

Pinecrest could boast of only one social organization - except the Pinecrest Bar and Restaurant, of course. This was the Pinecrest Firemen's Association. Most of the yearlong residents, including myself, were members. We had fire drills, parties and once a street dance to raise funds for the department. All the members had bright-red Pendleton wool shirts. Karl Stewart was its head and mainspring. Karl and his wife Sue were the managers of Karl's Place. They were very well liked and respected.

In the summer of 1950 (?) Karl's Place burned to the ground. It was never rebuilt. Instead, the lot it stood on became a parking area. My personal feeling was to the contrary. I thought Pinecrest was busy enough for two public services. I don't know what, if any, pressure Pinecrest Lodge brought forth to convince the Forest otherwise, but some of the argument was that nearby Strawberry was enough competition and that the Lodge did not need any more. I do know that from then on, Pinecrest Lodge went downhill in its capacity to supply the quality of service expected of it.

Karl and Sue, after the loss of Karl's Place, went to work for Earl Purdy operating the Dodge Ridge sports shop. The last I heard of them they were managing a large motel in Winnemucca, Nevada (circa 1962).

In late October or early November, 1949**, I discovered a

**On reflection, this took place in 1948, not 1949.

Christmas tree trespass along the truck trail into Eagle Meadow 4 or 5 miles east of Highway 108. Joe Martin, who owned the Eagle Meadow property at the time, had given one of the Sardellas** permission to cut trees on his land there. The private land boundaries were poorly marked but it was soon apparent that marked boundaries weren't of much concern to the tree cutters, anyway. It had snowed after the trees were cut, but with George Weaver's help over a period of several days, we got a good tree count and several dozen stump sections whose annual rings would positively identify any trees cut from them. The whole while it was cold and stormy and we really earned our pay for those days.

The several hundred red fir and white fir Christmas trees that Sardella cut from "Joe Martin's land" were nicely piled right behind the old ranger station compound at brother Johnny Sardella's home. John was the local power company service man and a good friend of our's and everyone's. In a little while, we sorted out the trees that matched the stump sections, and the tree count close-matched the number of stumps we counted on federal land. We had a case all right, and gave the information to the SO.

The outcome of The Great Christmas Tree Trespass was that the SO let guilty party buy the trees at \$0.10 per linear foot, the standard stumpage price for the trees. Both George and I felt pretty silly for having worked so hard to make a case, only to have the trespasser get a gift of trees. Some years later I met the Sardella boy in Sonora and we had a good laugh about the episode that he won so fair and square, at least from his perspective.

Hardly anyone was better known in Toulumne County than three of the several Sardella brothers: Miller, John and Reno. I will have more to say about them later on in the narrative. But this might be a fitting place to relate how Miller became famous as a man-tracker. Miller was the Sheriff of the County and was often called upon to lead searches for lost persons. Early in his career as a peace officer, he was leading some others on a search. Moving ahead of the group, he happened to see the object of their endeavors sitting along the trail ahead. Without saying a word, Miller bent down and pretended to be inspecting something on the ground. In a minute or so, the other caught up and asked what he was doing. Miller said something like "I just picked up his tracks, fellows. He's just ahead". Of course, no body could see what Miller pretended to see, but all rushed ahead and, sure enough, there was the lost man just as Miller had predicted. From that day on Miller

** I cannot remember the name of this Sardella brother. He was a kind of ne'er-do-well and a drinki'man.

He was known as "Curly" Sardella.

Sardella was known as a Tracker, a reputation that never faded in his long career.

Probably the most important event of 1949[?] was the launching of the Dodge Ridge Ski Area, with Earl Purdy as its principal owner and manager. Nothing was the same on the District after it got going - nor anywhere else in the County, for that matter. In the spring before development began, I accompanied two Washington winter sports "experts" to the top of Dodge Ridge. We walked up and skied down. They afterwards told Supervisor Miller that it was a "two turn hill", which in their judgement didn't qualify as a winter sports area at all. I have forgotten who they were, but one thing is certain: in due time they would discover that their hasty appraisal led them to a very faulty conclusion.

During the summer of 1949[?] the County put a thin coat of asphalt on the Dodge Ridge Road. With the section through the summer homes and campground (Meadowview) freshly graded, the dust was pretty bad unless almost continuous daily watering. When the County was gone over Saturday and Sunday, the Permittees asked the Supervisor to do something about the awful dust. Being a good administrator and a man of action, he did something: he sent up a water truck so I could water the road on weekends.

The initial development at Dodge Ridge consisted of a County-built parking area, a building to house the restaurant and sport shop for sales and rentals, a double-chair lift, a couple of rope-tows, a shed to house the ski school and emergency room, and a small open-fronted shed for ticket sales. Arlene Reveal went to work for DR that winter selling tickets. She continued with Earl, becoming his book-keeper and Girl Friday, through the winter of 1964-65. She and Earl made an excellent management team. The money she earned helped put our sons through university.

In the absence of better help at the time, I became the "snow-ranger" at DR, but I must say that I was hardly suited for the work. I enjoyed being there in the thick of things, but I was not able to ski. Let's say I just did the best I could.

The winter of 19~~49~~⁵⁰ was the Winter of the Big Snow. Trains were snowbound on Donner Summit, and Pinecrest was also snowbound for about a week in January(?). I had a 4WD Jeep ~~station wagon~~^{pick-up} then, and just before we snowed-in, I made an emergency trip to Long Barn with Purdy's sport shop manager who had been seized with a bad case of delirium tremens from a bit too much liquor over the past several days. Shortly after, the new manager of Pinecrest went off the wagon and stayed insanely drunk until the roads opened and the owners came up and fired him. He was such a nice guy. It came as a surprise to everyone that he was a dedicated alcoholic.

**I may be mistaken here. Believe we got the Jeep the following Spring.

The Pinecrest area was without electricity the whole time the roads were closed, and also without telephones. I got out an old SPF radio and a small generator and was able to establish communications with Sonora. Fortunately, there were no accidents or illness that required medical aid. Just a lot of queasy stomachs and hangovers.

Later in the winter, the Forest Service had a ski school at Donner Summit at the Sugar Bowl. About 30 of us attended to get a week of intensive training in skiing and winter sports area administration. We were housed in a large barracks-type building that someone had given the Forest Service -- or rather the government for use by the Forest Service. I had a new pair of skis with the very latest bindings, and a pair of boots made in Canada which looked like a pair of moccasins compared to the modern boot. We all had official FS ski uniforms -- wool pants, green parka and a billed cap plus all the insignia. The entire outfit probably cost less than a pair of bindings today. We were taught stem turns and telemark turns, how to climb slopes and how to get up when you fell. It was an altogether grand session - which is more than I can say about most training sessions - but I came away hardly able to ski any better than when I went. If we'd been graded I would have gotten an "F".

Before going on, I should describe an event that took place in August, 1949. In early August, we had some lightening strikes that set a small fire near the top of the ridge west of the Kennedy Meadow Resort. John Spicer went up to look at it and found nothing more than a very large down fir snag smouldering in the middle of a marshy area. It was perfectly safe, so we decided to let it burn itself out. It was putting up a considerable column that was more steam from the wet snag than smoke, but all the locals knew what it was and could tell anyone who inquired. As it turned out, leaving it to burn was a mistake. The events that followed are explained in an official memo dated September 2, 1949, a copy of which follows as pages 23 and 24.

FOREST SERVICE

FOREST SUPERVISOR - Stanislaus

September 2, 1949

DISTRICT RANGER - Summit

CONFIDENTIAL-PERSONAL

O-OPERATIONS - General

This is in answer to your request for information as to what transpired between our people and Regional Forester Thompson on August 16, 1949.

At Brightman Station: Shortly before noon, a friend of the Spicer's, Dan Troth, noticed someone walking around the Brightman Station buildings. All the Spicers were gone - an unusual circumstance - so Troth went over to see what was doing. Troth said the man inquired as to the whereabouts of station guard, and then proceeded to enter the unlocked back door of the residence. Troth followed him into the front room and asked what he wanted. The man said he was a forest officer and that he wanted a map. Troth said he knew nothing about maps, so the man asked how far it was to the Pass. Troth told him. The man said that was all he wanted to know, and left.

At Douglas Resort: Sometime after noon, a man entered the resort and told Casey Williams he wanted to use the phone to reach the Brightman guard. Williams told him the phone (P.G.&E.) only connected the several resorts, that it seldom worked, but there was a small chance that Spicer might be located at Dardanelles or Kennedy Meadows resorts. The man said there was a fire near Kennedy Meadows. Williams, thinking the man referred to the Haypress fire, said yes, he knew of it and that it had been there since the last lightning storm. The man then went to the phone and for some ten or 15 minutes, tried, without success, to reach someone. Williams said the person's manner and approach was such that he didn't care much whether he helped him or not.

At Pinecrest: Concerning this, my wife records the following.

"About four PM, I was sitting on the back porch talking to Thane Riney of the Deer Study group, when a private car carrying a man and a woman stopped in front of the office. The man got out and came up to the fence between the house and the office. He interrupted our conversation by asking if any forest service men were around. I told him that none of the men were here at the time. He then asked when they were expected back, and I answered that I didn't expect them back until after office hours. (Jack was on the Herring Creek range with Joe Martin and it was George's day off.) The man then asked to use the telephone to call the Forest Supervisor. Up to this point, the man had said nothing to indicate he had an official capacity, but nevertheless I asked him if he was a forest officer. He answered in the affirmative. Then I asked him if he had a forest service key and again he said yes. I told him, then, to go into the office, use the telephone, and record his call on the form beside the telephone.

" During the last of the conversation, Mr. Lloyd Tevis, Jr., of the Deer Study, came up. After the man went into the office to use the telephone, Thane Riney observed that the man's conduct was entirely out of line.

" I later checked and found that the man had not signed the telephone record.

" When Jack returned that evening I told him about the incident. I was quite upset because I had allowed an unknown party use the telephone for an unknown purpose.

" I did not learn until the next day, when George Weaver introduced me to him, that the man was Regional Forester Thompson and that he wanted to report a fire."

Arlene J. Riney

When I got home that evening and heard about the incident from Arlene, I thought I would endeavor to learn who the man was and advise you of his actions. Thane Riney later told me that the man's manner was obnoxious to the extent that he considered throwing him off the place. Riney said he acted like some wealthy person who was used to having his underlings jump at his slightest command. He and Lloyd Tevis both said that they thought Arlene handled the tense situation very nicely and that they were surprised that she did not lose her temper.

It is important to note that at no time did Mr. Thompson identify himself or say that he wanted to report a fire.

We are very sorry that these events occurred on this district.

Jack L. Riney

The September 2 memo mentions two people worthy of note in a history of the Summit District; Thane Riney and Lloyd Trevis. Both were wildlife biologists working for Starker Leopold of UC-Berkeley on the Jawbone Deer Study. They, and Thane's wife Bernice, made their summer headquarters at the Summit Station in the summer of 1949. Thane and Bernice practically lived with the Jawbone herd on its yearly migrations from Jawbone to the Emigrant Basin summer range. We greatly admired the professional skills and dedication of these three people. A few years later, the Rineys moved to Australia where Thane abandoned his wife for an Australian girl biologist, then went to Africa & dropped from sight. Lloyd Trevis later moved to a desert field station near Palm Springs. When the Rineys left Pinecrest, they gave us their dog, a black Australian shepherd we named Tar - Thane's initials. He was a wonderful dog and loved to travel around with George Weaver on his rounds in the campgrounds. Tar died in the spring of 1960 and was lovingly laid to rest in a grave behind a boulder north of our home.

Besides the building of Dodge Ridge, another important event took place in the summer of 1949 (1950?): putting Pinecrest Campground under special use permit to an individual who would operate the campground and charge a reasonable fee for its use. The old-time campers, of course, were at once incensed by such a high-hand invasion of their long-established privileges. A public meeting followed, at which Earl Bachman of the RO appeared to defend the action. I will give him credit for an outstanding job of holding to his convictions. He didn't make any friends among the campers, but he left them knowing they would have to pay a fee if they wanted to stay in the Pinecrest Campground. After a while, the tensions eased and from then on the operation went smoothly. But most credit must go to Mr. and Mrs. Phelps who were still running the campground when I left in 1960. Phelps was a tall, angular man with a firm, business-like manner; Mrs. Phelps was an attractive, pleasant woman. They were a good team. That the charge system worked as well as it did was largely to their credit. Someone else might have brought havoc down on the Forest. Strangely enough, Phelps was a mortician by profession and went back to it during the winter months.

Pinecrest Stables belonged to the Lodge and was run by the Sanguinetti brothers until Reno Sardella got the place circa 1952. Ray Sanguinetti did most of the work, with Marion helping as the need arose. They took trips into the Emigrant Basin, but most of their income came from hour rides, popular with the organization camps. I believe the fee was \$1.00 an hour or \$5.00 per day, and \$15.00 per day for a packer. One day Marion came to me, saying he wanted to show me a possible short-cut route from Grouse Lake to Groundhog Meadow that would cut down the travel time into the heart of the Emigrant Basin. A while later, we rode out to see his short cut. It looked good, so I showed it to Less Cuff, the

Forest's Road and Trail man. In due time, Cuff put his Forest trail crew in Louse Canyon and they built the short-cut, much to the pleasure of the Sanguinettis and people going to the high country. When the Wrights Creek Fire started, I was sent out in a light plane to drop a note to the crew telling them to come out with all haste. They did, and never got back to their camp. Later in the fall, Less Cuff and I and a couple of his men rode out to the abandoned camp to move everything into town. We got to the camp about dusk in an early-fall snow storm, and the next day had the task of taking the camp apart in a foot of wet snow and packing it out to the roadhead at Aspen Meadow.

One of the things I'll always remember about bringing in the trail crew camp is the dinner we had. While Less and his men took care of the stock and started getting things together to pack-up the next day, I made us a dinner of canned corn beef and canned white potatoes, fried nice and brown like hash-brown potatoes. There was enough to feed a CCC camp, but we ate every bit of it. I got into my sleeping bag that night the Champion Cook of Louse Canyon.

Less Cuff - I'll always recall him with great fondness. I never knew a man quite like him. He was always in control of himself and what he was doing, and yet he was gentle and out-going. He instilled confidence in one because he seemed to have confidence in himself. Once, at the trail crew camp mentioned above where I had gone with Less on a previous occasion, I became crippled with a torn knee tendon gotten, unknown at the time, when I jumped off a corral fence earlier in the day. I spent the night in considerable pain, unable to walk, hardly able to stand. Early the next day, Less's men lifted me on my horse and Less slowly led us into the roadhead where Arlene waited in a car. I spent the next week at the hospital in Sonora. And a few years later, I was standing alone on the Clark Fork highway watching a fire race up the mountain to the north, just about ready to start pulling my hair, when Less drives up in a sedan. Just about anyone else would jump out all excited and ready to pull his hair, too. But not Less. He got out causally and leaned against the side of his car and began filling his pipe, saying "Well....that's a pretty nice fire." Things went much better after that.

The giant Wrights Creek fire of 1950 I missed completely because of my damaged knee. I just saw the immense cloud of smoke on the skyline to the southwest. That was the first time since May, 1948, I was completely alone on the district.

In the summer of 1951(?), a State Inmate Camp was established at the old CCC Camp at the Experiment Station below Strawberry. At first, the local people were pretty upset and worried about having "criminals" so near at hand and under minimum security. But in a

short while everyone relaxed. One or two walked away, but there were no incidents that threatened anyone. The inmates were trained as fire crews and in their spare time worked around the station and in the campgrounds. I believe the camp lasted only one season -- maybe two. On one occasion, I bought an inmate some tooling leather out of which he made me a handsome pistol holster and a hunting knife case, things I treasure to this day.

Even though the Pinecrest Campground was under permit to the Phelps, the nightly movies at the amphitheater continued, much to the pleasure of the campers. One night a movie called The Forest Ranger was shown. (Fred McMurray was the "ranger") Later that night someone set a half dozen or so fires around the bases of trees in the picnic area. Those were the only incendiary fires we ever had on the district that we knew about.

One day (circa 1951) when I was in the office, Mike Koll, new manager of the UC Alumni Camp Gold, came in very upset about a lot of cattle in the camp meadow where they played ball and had other sports. He wanted them out at once. I explained to Mike that the cows - Glen Whittle's, and Ghiorso's later - had been stopping at the meadow since the beginning of time and that they had to stop there to let the calves mother-up and rest before moving up to Aspen Meadow. He finally left, not altogether satisfied, and never mentioned the subject again. For when he got back to Camp Gold, he found, to his surprise and pleasure, everyone standing around the meadow admiring the cows and their cute little calves. It was the Show of the Day. Thereafter, seeing the cattle on the meadow became an Event enjoyed by nearly everyone.

The same summer, or a year or two later, Allan West and his new wife Joyce spent a summer at Camp Gold where he was the Nature guide for the camp guests. He later got a Forest Service appointment, and after a long stint with the Experiment Station, came to the Mono Lake District to be my assistant. I gave him the best rating I ever gave anyone because he was the best man I ever had. He went to Ojai as District Ranger - then on from there until today Allan is in the WO as Director of the office of Aviation and Fire Control.

After the district's first clerk, Mary Baker, left, the Forest administrative office decided we should have a man as a clerk. A man, he felt, was more versatile than a woman. So he sent us a man. He lasted about a month, maybe two. When he left, Marcia Stetler came to work for us. She and her husband Paul owned one of the 13 summer homes on tenure. He ran the boat landing for Pinecrest Lodge. Marcia was perhaps our best clerk. About 1958 she moved to the SO, then married again and moved away, dying a few years later of chronic alcoholism. Her ex-husband Paul married the widow of the man*who owned Strawberry Store and so far as I know lived happily everafter.

* Mike Sparrow

Earlier, I mentioned Elbert Miller, brother of Roy Miller, owner of the Long Barn Store, whose huckster wagon (a truck) operated all along Highway 108 selling fresh fruit, vegetables, ice cream, soda, candy and similar items. His cheerful, smiling little daughter was always with him to help as best she could. Elbert became very well known to campers and summer home people along the route and was popular with everyone except the store owners who thought the Forest Service should put a stop to his business. But fortunately, the Forest Service couldn't. By the late 50's he gave up voluntarily, probably tired of the grind, and became a part-time deputy sheriff in the Pinecrest area. He was another cool head and did his job well. Barrel chested, young and agile, he couldn't be bluffed by the occasional roudy. What few people knew, however, was that Elbert was one of the best mountain men modern times ever produced. He was without doubt the most able of the snow surveyors, and did the longest and most demanding courses on the Forest and sometimes elsewhere. I always said that if I were in trouble in the mountains, I'd not worry much if I knew Elbert was looking for me.

For several years our regular deputy sheriff was a retired LAPD policeman and an experienced lawman. His name was Del Hoogboom.* I liked Del and the way he did business. He was nearly as large as two ordinary men and usually got his way when he asked some would-be miscreant to do something like "quiet down, "shut up" or "get the hell out of here." In those days when spray-paint was virtually unknown (or unaffordable) among the young, names and graffiti on roadside boulders was seldom ever seen. But one day some names appeared on the granite between Pinecrest Y and Strawberry. Within 24 hours, Del found the boys and stood over them while they cleaned up the mess they'd made. Few deputies would take the trouble. That's one of the reasons I liked him.

Del lived in a rented house at Strawberry with a woman to whom he was not bound by the holy bonds of matrimony - a situation that caused many a lifted eyebrow in those halycon days. Now, he would have been thought as simply practical.

We got a FS 4WD Jeep pickup in the spring of 19⁵¹~~50~~. To test it out, Arlene and I took it up the Herring Creek road to near the old reservoir where the road was closed by snow. We turned around and started home and had gone only a mile or so when our shiney green truck slipped sideways off a low shoulder and sank up to the frame in pancake batter mud. And there we were, six or seven miles from Strawberry, rather late in the day, with our boys soon to be home from school to wonder where Mom was. We had no choice but to start walking, fretting about our poor kids staring tearfully at four walls, abandoned. At last we reached Strawberry and someone took us the last mile home. We opened to back door and

* Hoogboom (?)

and there in the brightly lit kitchen stood Jim and Jon. And Jim said "Where you been? We've had our dinner." And sure enough they had. After that, we quit worrying about leaving them.

In the early 1950's, the Forest got a large supply of war-surplus plastic powder, the material used for demolition. It could only be fired with another military explosive, a material that look-like blasting fuse, attached to a conventional blasting cap. The latter was called primacord and came in a roll containing about 100 feet. It was a powerful combination and a bit scary to handle. The plastic powder-primacord-blasting cap, when properly applied, could fall snags, shatter boulders, make steps in dense granite slabs along a trail, and cut windfalls. Hence, it was used extensively, and in great quantities, by the trail crews. For several summers, the back-country's inherent solitude was shattered by the crack! BOOM! of plastic powder explosions. For two or three years, the leader of our district trail crew was an old ex-miner who was pretty good with explosives. But I always felt a little uneasy watching him load a shot. He smoked an ancient drop-stem pipe that was forever dribbling hot ashes, and his old hands trembled from exertion as he put the charge together and hooked up the wires to the blasting machine. But we all lived, so I guess he was not so bad after all. I also was uneasy when I packed powder and food to the trail crew with the plastic powder and primacord on the mule "Cooney", with the caps wrapped in my coat behind the saddle.

When I came to the Summit, we had an old stakeside Ford with a stock-rack that was used to move the horses and mules which were kept at the corral at Brightman Station. Johnny Spicer did the moving which took him from his regular job from time to time. After a couple of seasons, I gave up the old truck and two of Pete Kinney's old mules, keeping a saddle horse and the mare mule "Cooney". For a while, I kept the stock at Pinecrest Stables across the old highway behind the new station. Later, we build a small corral 200 feet or so northeast of the ranger's residence. (After I left, it was taken down because the new people thought it made flies.)

I could make trips to the back country, into Herring Creek and Cooper Meadows, by riding out from Pinecrest. If I had to go elsewhere, such as Brightman and vicinity, the Stables would haul the stock a lot cheaper than we could.

"My mule Cooney" was an outstanding example of a mule-creature. She was a small bay in the middle of life, gentle, collected, dependable, independent and totally her own self. She hated to be lead, preferring the freedom to pick her own route; so when we were alone, she followed loose behind the horse. About 1958, I finally gave her up and she went to a high country district on the Sierra(?) where she would have more to do.

Reno Sardella took over Pinecrest Stables in 1951(?)^①. He was the best known of all the Toulumne County packers and did a lot of work supplying livestock to motion picture companies who came to the locality to shoot film sequences. (Once he introduced Arlene and me to Gary Cooper.) Of course, we were very happy to have Reno as we seemed to have a lot in common. He knew the high-country and all the livestock people and their allotments probably better than any one person. He was a great help to me in lots of ways.

① *Bill Marshall & Earl Caudell had the Stables before ~~Earl~~ the Sanguinetti boys. [? or after Reno left??]*

Our son Jim, about 10 years old at the time, began spending all his spare time with Reno. Along with two or three other boys,* Reno kept him busy with chores around the stables: hauling manure, grooming the stock, helping saddle the horses to be used, sprinkling bare soil and raking the grounds. As a reward for their efforts, they got to ride, and, sometimes, even go with the packers on trips. From June through September, the stables was Jim second home, and Reno another parent. Reno played an important role in shaping Jim into a fine, responsible young man. By the time Jim was 16, he was taking trips into the Emigrant Basin. He was good with stock and a fine horseman. By the time he was ready for college, he'd decided to study range management. But after a year or so, developed a profound interest in plant taxonomy which he followed as a career. Today, Reno's daughter LaVerne runs the pack station at Aspen Meadows. Reno and his wife Gerry are on their ranch near Sonora.

Our son Jon couldn't care less about horses, but was into skiing all the way. To earn his first pair of skis, he went to see Mike Koll at the UC Alumni Camp. Mike told him he would get his skis if he would pick up papers and litter at the camp five days a week. Jon did, and got his skis as Mike promised. *[See Jim's "Remarks"]*

Nineteen fifty-one also brought interest to bear on the Big Juniper near Haypress Meadows. A man by the name of Nathan Bowers contacted us about making some cores and taking some wood samples from the tree to try to get a measure of its age. I went with Bowers and his assistant on the expedition. I have a photograph of him at the base of the remarkable tree and also a small section of limbwood an inch and a half across which has 205 rings per inch. I believe the conclusion was that the tree was not as old as it appeared to be, but just enjoyed a well-watered environment in the swale where it stood. It was called the "Bennett Juniper", but who Bennett was I never knew.^②

At Brightman, Johnny Spicer had invented what he called a "can-box", an ingenious thing, indeed. It was a simple bottom-less crate made of shiplap and two-by-fours. It had a slanting top with an opening about two feet square and a stenciled sign that said "CANS ONLY" to which no one paid any attention. When it was full of trash - cans, paper, peelings, beer bottles, bacon grease,

** And a girl, Joanne DeEds, who became Jim's companion on many trips into the back-country. See Photo 20.

② *Once permitted on the Sheep (cattle?) allot. at Eagle Meadows.*

Supplement - Reno Sardella and the Packing Business. Ex Jim Reveal
and Note about

Persons who worked for Reno at Pinecrest and Elsewhere.

Walt Castle, Chuck Knowles, Don Salazar (a brother of Dutch Salazar's) Dave Cassanetta^① and Marve Kaufman^② were the mainline professionals who stayed with Reno year after year. Also, there was "Poncho" an American Indian youth, who later was a suicide.

In addition to the above, there were several others who worked for Reno during school vacations: Jim Reveal and Joanne DeEds; Nan Davis, whose father George was a prominent San Francisco lawyer and summer home owner; Vickie Hoeker, whose home was in San Francisco and whose parents were summer home owners. Another was Gene Hawks, who later became a deputy sheriff under Miller Sardella.

Joanne DeEds (now Joanne Hankins of Columbia, CA) worked for "Cappy" Hart Cook at his Strawberry pack station ca. 1951-52 before joining Reno's bunch.

Reno had side operations at Belle Meadow (back-country trips) and at Dorington (day rides). These were short term ventures undertaken about 1957. Jim Reveal, Dave Cassanetta, Marve Kaufman and "Poncho" worked awhile at those places.^③

During the hunting season, Reno set up a temporary station at an old wire corral a short distance south of Aspen Meadow near where the Sardella's have a station today.

Although Jon Reveal had little to do with the horse business, he was honored by the only nickname we ever knew Reno to bestow on anyone. Reno called him "Termite" and remembers him by that name even now.

Jim Reveal recalls that Reno left Pinecrest and took over the Kennedy Meadow Pack Station circa 1958 or 1958? Someone from Oakland took the Pinecrest Station for a day-ride operation. I have no recollection of this, but I do recall that the Pinecrest Pack Station was to be phased out and we laid out a lot for Reno at Aspen Meadow in 1960. [See page 47.]

Jim reminds me that my horse was named "Smokey". (How could I forget!)

① Cassinetto

② Stayed only one year. - Kaufman -
also w/ Reno: Ron Hawkins, Alex Anderson & Frank Coleman -
the latter one of the best packers anywhere. Said to have once driven the
Stage up Priest Grade.

③ Poncho's real name: Leonard McKay.
Others w/ Reno Sardella: Dave Frazer, Louie Bagen, Bob Montgomery,
Odie Albutson

Bashford Kennett and Kay Rawlings appeared on the District one day in 1954 or '55. They were doing a long series of television films based on American ballads. "Bash", a guitarist and singer, did the songs and narration; Kay was the producer and photographer. They came to see me, hoping to do something about timber and livestock grazing. I made several expeditions with them to work out some locations and do some filming. They contacted Murphy for some sheep grazing scenes on his Red Peak range. The two or three sequences they did locally, became part of a series of 104 episodes in a series called "Sing Hi, Sing Lo" released through Public Television.

The friendship with Bashford Kennett that began thirty years ago still lasts. She is Bashford York now, lives near Sonora, and has worked for the Summitt District as tour leader.

cast-off clothing, pot-rags and spoiling fish entrails - the device was tipped back onto the ground and the contents shoveled into the bed of a pickup. About the only thing that saved the day for the trash hauler was the conversations with the campers who stood around watching the show. During that interval, the caretaker, usually Johnny, himself, would give the weather forecast, tell where the best fishing was, when and where the State would plant the next load of catchable-size trout, how far it was to Kennedy Meadow Resort, how long he'd worked for the Forest Service, what he did in the winter time, how one could (or couldn't) get a piece of land to put a little cabin on, and how a nephew who lived in Oakland could get a job with "forestry".

Johnny's can-boxes were spotted around the more undeveloped campsites and at roadside locations where people parked to fish. (In "developed" campgrounds, conventional trash cans were used.) They held a large volume of trash, didn't get moved about or stolen, or tipped-over by animals. In spite of their great utility, I don't believe they were used anywhere else on the Forest.

After two or three years, it became apparent that we should contract trash collection in the Brightman area and along highway 108 above Pinecrest. This would free our few employees to clean toilets daily and do other maintenance chores. We finally went to contracting trash pickup, and I believe we continued to do so for as long as I was there. As mentioned earlier, all the Pinecrest trash collection was done under an agreement with the Permittees Association.

Another annual or semi-annual job was pumping-out the pit toilets in the upper country. All the toilets had pits lined with redwood planks. In the fall, the pits could be filled with water and - with no small amount of effort - be cleaned with a septic-tank pump. This was always contracted. At one time, the Forest considered getting its own pump unit for use on all the districts, but wisely decided against it.

Always a source of interest were chemicals that made a campground toilet smell nice and clean so that little children were less likely to run screaming from their mothers when the door was opened. We tried chemicals that gave off scents of everything from a hospital emergency room to a bridal bower. But never could we get a toilet to smell like anything but a toilet.

At Pinecrest Lodge there was a story about a lady guest who came running back to the clerk with a complaint. In inspecting the room just given her, she'd peered into the chemical toilet in the bath and was shocked at what she saw. The clerk replied "With all the lovely scenery in view out your window, why must you look into the toilet?"

With the boys in school, Arlene began working At Strawberry Lodge and for the Pinecrest Permittes Association as their book-keeper and cost accountant. This kept her occupied in the months she wasn't at Dodge Ridge full-time.

We seldom left the district in the summer except on business. To get away, we often took the government pickup with its radio for communication and went for picnics where we could hide away a few miles from Pinecrest. [See photos 10 and 11]

The forest was closed to toboggans. When the snow came, we posted black and yellow signs along the roads saying NO TOBOGGANS. Then came the enforcement, which didn't prove to be such a problem as one might expect. Most of the toboggan uses stayed between Long Barn, where they were rented, and Little Sweden on private land. The reason toboggans were forbidden was the accident rate and the fact that the government could be held accountable if users were "invited" to National Forest land. The first snows of winter generally brought the most toboggan traffic, and Sundays were the worst days. We would make a trip or two to the snow gate at Cow Creek to ask the toboggoners to go elsewhere - and also it gave use a chance to watch for Christmas tree cutting.

Our dear little old resources clerk in the SO was long accustomed to mail grazing application to all district grazing permittees. How that custom came about, I don't know, but I guess it was a carry-over from the days when the SO did all the paper-work. I was quick to change the procedure and take the applications myself because it was a good way to get to know the people better and to talk about the coming season before it got there. I, therefore, visited each of our permittees every-spring. It gave me a chance to meet their families, see what their home ranches looked like and how they took care of things. It gave them an opportunity to talk to me in their own environment and at their leisure. It was a good way to resolve problems as best we could. I am not sure if the other rangers took their applications, or if I was the only one who did.

Henry Sanguinetti and his sons, Ray and Marion, were my respected friends.* They were also my most resolute trespassers. Henry had the Cooper C&H allotment; his brother Joe the Herring Creek C&H, including the private pasture at Leland Meadow. After we'd counted Henry onto the Cooper (July 1), he would dribble extra head of cows and horses onto the Leland Pasture by truck, five or ten head at a time. These late-comers always had some animals who knew the way to Cooper Meadow. Henry would turn them out the next day, and on the following day they'd be on the Cooper range. He also let some animals drift up to Cooper from property away down the highway. As the result of these shenanagans, he'd manage to get another 50 or so cows and 30 or so horses onto Coopers by the first of August. It seemed to be one of those things everyone knew about but the poor ole district ranger.

* See Photos #17 and #18.

After listening to tales of Henry's shrewdness for a season or two, Al McCready and I decided to do something about it. We set out from Pinecrest one day with a big pack on My Mule Cooney and spent the next few days counting cows and horses on Coopers. Henry had no horse permit at all, so all we counted were in trespass. (He got quite a few horses on by "packing in" with a string and riding out with none.) We counted enough cows to know the ole boy had a number quite above his permit.

That got half the job done, the other half had to wait until Henry gathered and drove out about the 15th of September. It's not a common practice to count permittees off an allotment, but this time we did. Mac and I hid-out and waited for the Cooper cows to start drifting into "Spargo's Garden" ** a couple of miles or so east of Long Barn where they would be held for the night. When they arrived, we began counting. After a little while, Henry himself came riding along and when he saw Mac and me and discovered what we were doing, he about went crazy. He whirled around and tried to scatter the cattle, hollering at his several cowboys as he went. An hour or so later when we met-up with him, he wasn't quite his old cool self, but he did know he'd gotten caught with a hand in the cookie jar. We got a good-enough count so we could bill him for trespass and warn him that if it happened again, we would cut his preference by 10 percent. As far as I know, he was pretty careful after that. At least we never caught him another time.

About 1952, the packers contracted with someone (whose name I can't recall) to make a promotion film. They invited some of the local big-shots to go along as guests in order to make up a party of ten or fifteen people. I got to go along, too. With the cameraman and his equipment, we rode out of Kennedy Meadow Resort with Cliff Mitchell and Reno Sardella leading the parade. We stopped here and there for the film to be made in appropriate settings. The weather was perfect; the food outstanding; and the booze plenty-full. We rode into Pinecrest on the third day, or maybe the fourth, after a number of short stops to pass the bottle along the line of jolly riders. When we reached the Lodge, Reno, who was in the lead, rode his horse up the Lodge steps and would have ridden on into the bar, but the doorway wasn't high enough for both him and the horse. The 30-minute film that resulted from this escapade was very good and widely shown in the area. Obviously, the film maker had stayed sober, which couldn't be said of his actors.

** "Spargo's Garden" was a fenced area of a few acres where DR Bill Spargo had done some range grass planting trials some years previous. It got enough attention to earn it name.

(Below Saint's Rest So. of Highway.)

Supplement - Ex. Jim Reveal

Reno Sardella - When the promotion film group reached Pinecrest Lodge, Reno did, in fact, ride his horse into the Lodge Bar-room. Jim says he witnessed the feat, school having just closed for the day. ①

Another Promotion Film. - Jim reminded me of a second promotion film, made in the summer of 1958, probably for the Sonora Pass Vacation Land group. The photographer was John Seagal, then well known in California as a maker of promotion movies. Jim recalls that Reno Sardella led the group which consisted of Seagal, Jim, Joanne DeEds and me. Jim Young, our trail crew foreman, went with us, too, as far as Huckleberry Lake. We rode out from Belle Meadow, going to Bear Lake, Cow Meadows, Huckleberry (past the tungsten mine of the Whittle's), and to Starvation Lake.

① This trip was not filmed except at Pinecrest.
(said Joanne Hawkins)

In the Early 1950's (1952-53?) the Sonora Pass Vacation Land organization was formed to promote travel and tourism. I believe a meeting I went to at a small place near Miwok Village sparked its formation. The principal owner of Pinecrest Lodge and Margerite Silva of Silva' Dairy were instigators, as I recall. I believe it was Mrs. Silva and I who came up with the idea to print local business advertising on the back of the Summit District map for free distribution to visitors. It saved the Forest the expense, since SPVL bought the maps from the SO, and also got some very inexpensive mass advertising for the businesses that participated. The organization remained very active during my stay on the District, with Earl Purdy a long-term and effective chairman. [See page 34.1 following]

Margerite Silva was the only local woman I knew who was active in politics and public affairs. She and Arlene became close friends. She was always going to the Forest Supervisor with an axe to grind. I was seldom in agreement with her views of things, and I don't believe she found much sympathy in Supervisors Miller and McRorey. When Harry Grace came on to replace McRorey, Mrs. Silva was waiting at his door step ready to impose her views upon him - of which I forewarned him - but I wasn't there long enough to learn how she fared.

[Error - see page 34.1 following]

The Baptist Camp was one of the last organizations to build on the Clark Fork organization sites. I was at their camp one day when they were putting up their large barn-like main building. Building plan approval was pretty loose then, and I suppose no one looked at the structural properties of their new building. When I saw it framed-up, I couldn't believe what I saw. It was almost entirely of 2 by 4's. I went to the member who was bossing the job and told him his building would never hold a snow loading. He assured me that it most certainly would, that he was an old barn-builder from Utah and knew all about snow. That ended it. The next spring (1956) I walked up the Clark Fork over the hard snow to look at things. Where the Baptist Camp building had stood there was nothing but a low mound of snow. The structure had flattened-out, each wall had fallen outward and the roof mashed down between them. The next time around, they did it right.

I believe the Baptist building collapsed the same winter *** the big mud slide closed the Clark Fork road at Cloudburst Creek, a name I gave the short drainage, incidently. Arlene and I were among the first to see the damage and were astonished at the size of trees and boulders that were carried onto the road and river bench by the massive flow of mud. (We made some photographs which she will have.) Later in the summer, I climbed up the slope to look at the head of the wash.

Pete Wyckoff arrived on the Summit in the middle of October, 1952, transferring from a scaler job on the Calaveras District. He was our first forester and the third full-time employee.** He took over the timber management work on the district that had

**See excerpt from Pete's letter of 19, February, 1984 - Appendix.
*** Winter of 1955-56.

Addendum

Pinecrest Lodge also supplied Summit District maps to the public. On the back of these maps was printed a map of the Pinecrest community, a small photo of the Lodge, and a block of information: Good manners; What to do when lost; Forest administration. It was printed on the back of the 1952 addition of the District map which was overprinted in red to show the highway, campgrounds, Dodge Ridge Ski Area and road, and the location of the new District Station.

.....

"Baptist Camp" is in error. The church camp at Sand Flat on the Clark Fork was the Brethren Camp belonging to The Church of the Brethren - I believe a Luthern group. It was called "Peaceful Pines".

previously been done by SO staff, and, in addition, helped with special use administration. Before he moved elsewhere, Pete made an inspection of overy one of the 600-odd summer homes on the district. That was probably the first time that each and every one got inspected the same year. It probably never happened again.

In December, 1954, Pete moved on to other things, but he left his mark on the District - and in memories - in several ways. He marked a red fir timber sale for Arnold Nelson on the ridge above the ski area which warned foresters evermore not to try selective cutting in red fir on mountain tops. The winter following the sale, we had a weather front go through bringing wind strong enough to lift and move away several yards the heavy timber platform at the upper terminal of the Dodge Ridge chairlift. The same wind hit the Nelson sale area and took down the "leave trees" and quite a few others as well. The following spring we seed-spotted the area in hope we could regenerate a stand. But from then on it was known as "Pete's Potato Patch".

One fall (1952), Pete captured a baby Bobcat while he was marking timber. He brought it to the trailer where he lived at the time, and nursed it along. He called the the little thing "Jezabel" because of its disposition was that of a bold and dangerous female. After awhile, we made a home for Jezebel on the bank behind our house where she could have a secure and comfortable den and receive food and attention. She was on a long dog-chain and seemed perfectly happy with the arrangement. Many people came to see the cat and admire her - but from a distance. Our son Jon, and sometimes Jim - were the only ones she would allow to handle her.

In the summer, I would shoot ground squirrels for her at the Pinecrest dump. They were her favorite food, especially if they were still a bit alive. When one was laid near her, she would creep up and pounce on it like in the wild, purely instinctive, as she'd never seen it done by her mother for she was too young when Pete caught her. Once an eminent British zoologist whose name was ~~Dar-~~ling, came to see her.

The second fall, Jezabel escaped, or we set her free - I don't recall which. She was on her own, and, of course, we often wondered about her. But one night that winter after a snowstorm, when the snow was drifted high outside our kitchen door, Arlene looked out and saw her in the frame of light. We got a plate of food and opened the door wide. As we stood there watching, she crept into the kichen and ate, then turned and trotted away. After that, we set out food and watched for her, but that was the last we ever saw of Pete's Jezebel.

The third memmory Pete left with me was his ability to ski, and I must admit I was a little bit jealous. He'd never skiied

Supplement Ex Jim Reveal

The Bobcat "Jezabel". Jim relates that Jezabel returned to the station two other times after her first visit.

One her second visit, one evening about dusk, Jim was home alone. He opened the kitchen door and set out food. When she entered to eat, he closed the door. Instantly she jumped onto a small table where Arlene had some plants, nearly destroying them in her fright. Seeing his dumb mistake, Jim let her out and then had to explain to his mother what had happened to her plants.

The following summer, Jim says Jezabel returned with kittens while he, Arlene and perhaps Jon were home. They again set food out for her.

I have no recollections of the last two visits, but I will take Jim for his word.

before his first winter on the District, but announced he was going to learn. When the ski season got underway, I was on the chair-lift slope one afternoon standing on a convenient hummock of snow, wondering how I was going to get down the mountain from there. Behind me, I saw a skier come booming down the hill doing nice parallel turns, heading straight toward me. He made a final turn and slid up to me, throwing snow. It was Pete! I couldn't believe he'd learn to ski so well, so quickly. The second winter he was on the district (1953-54) he was our snow ranger, worked on the ski patrol and went on snow surveys. Later in his career, he was on the Sequoia where he headed-up the planning of the Mineral King area. Pete left us in December, 1954, destined to return in October, 1957 as assistant ranger.

I didn't get many "K-PERSONNEL" letters marked PERSONAL, but I got a great one in 1953 written by our new staffman, Joe Elliot, Jr., and signed by Allen F. Miller. It was such a literate and comprehensive piece of writing that I saved it and have placed it in the Appendix for the record.** I don't remember if I got all the jobs done that were contained in the memo, but probably I did. Joe would have seen to that. His father was a Forest Supervisor, one almost as renown as the Stanislaus's Jess Hall; so Joe Jr. had spent a lifetime in the environment. And although I admired him for his abilities, he was much too stern and gloomy for my tastes. I went out of my way to avoid him. I don't believe I ever saw a smile on his face, at least not one I put there.

Our clerk, Marcia Stetler, left us for awhile in 1953, and a woman named Ethel Downing became our clerk. She was a nice person, the kind everyone likes at once. But her thoughts were elsewhere most of the time. I was glad when Marcia came back the next summer (1954). Ethel went to southern California and worked for the Arroyo Seco District when Carl Wilson was District Ranger.

One day in early 1954, I was sitting in my pickup on a side-road near Cold Springs when along came Dutch Salazar and his wife Ruth, horseback and leading a packhorse. That meeting was the beginning of a wonderful friendship that ended only with their deaths, Ruth's in 1958[?] and Dutch's in 1961, both of cancer. We were in need of someone to lead the trail crew in the Emigrant Basin and Dutch took the job. Ruth went along as volunteer cook. Dutch's father was a miner in the Mother Lode near Sonora, but Dutch grew up with a love for horses and became a cowboy and packer. He found a good wife in Ruth, who shared his interests and went where he went as a close-by companion. They owned a home on a small ranch south of Sonora where they spent their winters.

We did not have a FS tent to furnish sleeping quarters for Dutch and Ruth on the trail job, so we loaned them our well-worn pyramid. It did not last them very long, for on their first ten-day trip on the trail job, a black bear, which they discovered

** See Appendix Exhibit 1

in their camp one afternoon, ran through it in making an escape and tore it to shreds, along with some of their clothing and beds.

Nineteen fifty-three and fifty-four brought extensive improvement of the Sonora Pass road from Cow Creek to the Clark Fork junction. This work kept us busy as the right-of-way clearing progressed and timber was sold. We had several exciting nights of slash burning along the route with even Supervisor Miller turning out for the shows. The project went very well except for one escaped fire on a week end when all the workmen were off the job.

Loyal (Smitty) Smith joined us in 1954 as our full-time fire assistant whose main job was prevention. Smitty had a little slip-on tanker mounted in a 3/4 ton pickup along with a box of tools. We felt quite important with all this attention. Smitty and his wife lived in the B-building*which had been our residence at the old station. We had no fire crew, but when the time came one was needed, everyone dropped what he was doing and became a firefighter.

Nineteen forty-four also brought us a wind-fall of money for campground improvements in the Clark Fork - Brightman area. I believe we got about \$12,000, about what the plumbing in a modern campground toilet might cost today. In addition, we got the ready-cut material for tables from the Long Barn Station. Someone else brought us Klamath stove cores.

With that money and materials, we built the Eureka Valley Campground above Brightman and several smaller camps up the Clark Fork. I did layouts, taking advantage of roads already in place, being nothing more than dirt tracks that fishermen and others had worn there by many years of use. I also made the drawings and material list for the pit toilets we were going to build at Pinecrest and haul to the sites. My first plans called for a simple board and batt building 4 by 6 by 8 feet in size, with a simple peaked roof covered with shingles. A one-holer, of course, with a plywood/masonite floor and an Angeles seat. When Supervisor Miller saw the plans, he thought the size was excessive and said to cut them down to 3 foot by 4 foot, which we did. The result was something that looked more like a telephone booth than a toilet, but they worked, and that is all that counted. Besides that, they got a lot of laughs from people who saw them for the first time.

Smitty's father was living in Sonora or nearby. He was a carpenter, and agreed to build the toilets for us at, I believe, \$250.00 apiece. Once the pit was dug, (by hand, of course, the redwood liner was dropped in, the toilet hauled up by pickup, and nailed in place and the job done.

After we got the wooden tables bolted together, they were taken

*See note about Pete Wyckoff and B-Building on page 45.

to the locations where each was anchored in place with a short length of chain to suggest that they were not to be hauled off to a location better preferred by the camper. They worked pretty well, as I recall. We also set up the stove cores with a grate instead of the castiron top and conventional flue, then stacked loose rock around the outside to serve both as a cooking fire and a warming fire. And finally a sign went up that simply said CAMPGROUND, except Eureka Valley where a regulation sign was installed since it was on the highway.

Meadowview Campground at Pinecrest was also improved in 1954(?). I believe the engineering crews did most of the work which consisted mainly of new oiled roads, parking spurs and regulation barriers, new tables and Klamath stoves. It was a welcome improvement. There we got mostly short term campers and not rag-fence long-termers that we had at the Pinecrest Campground.

Our Forest Engineer, Mel Walker, one day got a brainstorm on how to build a toilet that would beat the devil out of the burn-outs at Pinecrest and Meadowview. At a place in Pinecrest CG where another toilet was needed, Mel had his crew build this dream. It was just like the burn-out except that it had no flue or grates and no fire door in the pit. Instead of grates, there was a track where an old-fashioned galvanized-iron wash tub could be arranged beneath each toilet seat. When the tubs got full, each was to be covered with a galvanized iron lid, then hauled away and emptied, hosed-out, sprayed with pineoil and returned into service. It was a perfectly great idea; an engineering masterpiece. But, alas! it failed. Mel forgot to inject two factors into his equation: who could you persuade to handle the wash-tubs? and where could you empty their contents? Answer: no one; no where.

Thus ended the misadventure of the Walker Wash-tub Toilet. We plugged the side opening with concrete blocks and made it into a pump-out—and it lived happily ever after.

Grazing inspections were the best jobs I got to do on the Summit. I usually went with someone, either McCready or the permittee or both. But sometimes it was with a regional or Washington Office inspector. The latter could be enjoyable and informative, or they could be quite the opposite. For sometimes we got inspected by men who had not spent much time in the Sierra Nevada and who knew little about our , soils, geologic history and climate. These people thought everything should look like lush meadows and grasslands of the Colorado Rockies or the plains of Montana. Therefore anything that wasn't an expanse of tall, waving grass, was "overgrazed". They couldn't be convinced that sparse stands of perennial grasses on the deep, decomposed granite soils that got little or no summer rains, was a natural condition. They seemed unable to consider the fact that only an instant ago, in geologic time, the Emigrant Basin was covered by glacial ice. I suppose most of them went away a little apprehensive about the range management capabilities of the Summit Ranger.

In the summer of 1954, the Forest held a several-day training session to teach us how to install the new toe-point transects that were intended to measure trend in range plants. The session was held on the Eagle Meadow road near the Bennett Juniper. All the four rangers were there, together with McCready and a man from the Rigion who did the training. It was a very worthwhile session. In the several years to follow, most of us set out permanent toe-point transects on key areas of our grazing allotments. I wasn't there long enough to re-measure a single transect, and I rather suspect that not a single one got re-measured after I left. But it wasn't a wasted effort so far as I was concerned, for I used what I learned at the 1954 session for the almost 30 years - on the Inyo, the Cleveland and later as a contractor for the Toiyabe National Forest on the Bridgeport RD.

Reconstruction work on Highway 108 reached the Patterson Grade area in 1954. Here, the job required a large amount of blasting, but very little logging and brush burning. Because the new alignment followed along or very close to the old road, traffic had to be stopped to allow shots to be fired and the road cleared of fallen rock. This hazardous work caused the death of Johnny Spicer late one afternoon, and almost that of his wife Wanda. Johnny and his wife had been to Sonora in his FS pickup and were returning to the Brightman Station, when they were stopped, along with a number of other cars, by a flagman to await a large blast. They were on the old road a few hundred feet away from, and below, the new section. In a little while, a heavy blast was fired, not down the road as everyone expected, but directly above the line of waiting cars. A curtain of rocks, large boulders and dust showered down on cars and passengers, many of whom were standing outside of their vehicles. Men yelled; women screamed. A boulder several yards across fell on the sedan ahead of Spicer's truck, smashing its rear end to the ground. Johnny leaned to the right to look up the hill toward the blast, and as he did so, a rock the size of a basket ball tore through the cab roof, striking him on the head and killing him instantly.

By some miracle, no one else in the caravan was hurt. Wanda got out of the truck cab through the door window, through an opening barely wide enough for a child. How she did it, no one knew.

Someone called us at the Station and I hurried to the scene. They had taken Johnny's body from the truck and had wrapped him in a gray army blanket and placed him in the bed of a pickup. The last I saw of him was his feet protruding from the old blanket. He died with his boots on. When my time comes, I hope I can die in mine.

Back at the Station, I phoned the SO. They gave me Joe Elliott. I said "Joe, Johnny's dead." He said "How do you know he's dead?" That was so much like Joe.

A day or two before Johnny was killed, he and Wanda stopped at the Station and signed a paper declining the government insurance that would provide death benefits for a small amount deducted from each pay check. It went into the mail to the SO. After he was killed, I phoned Personnel. They found the document and destroyed it before it got processed.

Another accident on highway 108 a short time later, as best I recall, was a lot funnier than tragic. Pete Wyckoff, who'd been out marking timber, radioed that he was on his way to the scene of an automobile accident toward Niagra Creek in which a man was said to have had an arm torn off at the shoulder. Marcia and I were in the office at the time, rather late in the afternoon. We called for an ambulance and a highway patrolman, then waited anxiously for a message from Pete. But we had to wait for his return before we got the story. A little sports car with the top down, carrying a young man and his girl friend, traveling westbound, failed to negotiate a turn. It ran through some brush and smashed to a stop against a large boulder, throwing the young man and his girl from the vehicle. The man had lost an arm, alright, but it was a prosthetic arm, ripped off when he came down in a patch of chaparral. The girl lost something too - her bikini bathing suit. When Pete found her, she was crawling around on hands and knees crying, as naked as the day she was born, feeling for her glasses, for she was nearsighted and, without them, almost blind. So much so, in fact, she didn't know she'd lost her clothes.

After Johnny's death, Dutch Salazar and Ruth moved to Brightman, where they remained until Dutch's death seven years later. In December, Pete Wyckoff left the District to an assignment elsewhere in the Region.

1955 - 1960

The following year, 1955, the Tri-Dam Project began which resulted in the construction of Beardsley and Donnell Reservoirs on the District. The project brought an immense amount of work to the District. If the Forest learned anything from the project it was that the "One Man Alone" ranger simply could not keep abreast of the work such a project imposed. The only additional help I got was three fire prevention guards to keep an eye on fire-threatening activities under Smitty's supervision. These men the contractor paid for. Today, a ranger would get not less than two project officers and one additional clerk.

Tri-Dam operated on two fronts: one at Beardsley; one at Donnells, connected by a very good graded road running along the south side of the River and connecting with Highway 108 at Bumble Bee and Niagara Creek. Each front had its own camp close by and a family trailer park just north of the highway at Bumble Bee.

Our most direct contact with the project was through through

Charles Goodenough, Chief Engineer of the Oakdale and South San Joaquin Irrigation Districts, who kept an office on the top floor of Strawberry Lodge (Inn?) on 108 at Strawberry. He was a rather fastidious, cranky old boy. He and Supervisor McRorey - who replaced Allen Miller soon after the project started - used to get into arguments about how to do, or not to do, something according to National Forest vs engineering guidelines. Goodenough always sprinkled his discourses with the word "patently", which I had to look up in the dictionary. (Every time I hear the phrase "well, patently", I think of Goodenough.)

Tri-Dam Constructors, a group of several construction companies headed by Utah Construction Co., were the builders. Never before or since have I ^{known} a more skillfully run project. The Superintendent, whose name I wish I could remember, came to the job directly from giant UC project in Egypt. He had such an efficient staff that he spent almost no time in the office, but was nearly always out where the work was going on, where he could see what was happening, where he could make instant changes as need be. He was in complete control of the entire project all the time, leaving nothing to chance going wrong. I greatly admired the man, not only for his professional abilities, but also for his calmness, clarity and precision. I made up my mind that I would strive, as best I could, to emulate him.

The Project went so well that it was completed in two years instead of three, as first scheduled. By finishing ahead, the firms made a very substantial bonus to add to their profits.

Notwithstanding the great amount of slash that had to be burned within the clearing lines of both reservoirs, we had only one small escape - that on the slope just north of Beardsley Dam. The night the Donnell's slash was burned, McRorey went along. To reach the floor of the reservoir, one rode in a boat through the by-pass tunnel that made its way through the granite on the north side of the dam site, exiting above the coffer dam. When the huge piles of slashings were fired, the walls of the canyon lighted up in a pinkish glow that reminded me of etchings in old columns of Dantes Inferno. While Rus and I were there in the midst of that blazing, crackling fairyland, Joe Elliott, radio at ready, watched from Paramount Point, far above on the highway, waiting to sound the alarm should the fire escape its bounds. But it didn't. By midnight the big D-9's began the mop-up, burying the hot ashes in the very pits the slash was placed in. The burn was a success, which was all that it was intended to be.

The winter of 1955-56 brought heavy rains that caused flooding and wash-outs on the Tri-Dam project, taking the life of a workman at Beardsley. The storms also gave Dodge Ridge some weeks of slopes bare of snow.

The Contractor's road up the river from Beardsley to Donnell, opened up an area that seldom was visited by anyone. Because we were both interested in local history, Arlene and I, usually with Jim and Jon, spent many pleasant hours looking for evidence of early-day occupancy by stockmen and miners. Most conspicuous, of course, was the old wooden flume along the south side of the canyon that carried water to the gold mining operations toward Sonora. (I can't now remember where the flume began or ended.) It surprised us that so much of the flume was still to be seen, fallen apart though it was. It was miraculous that most of it was not consumed by wildfires in the century past.

The new Pinecrest School, built by Tri-Dam Constructors and given to the County, opened in the fall of 1955 on schedule, and a second teacher was hired to help with the influx of children whose fathers worked on the dams. Several other events happened about the same time: Pinecrest Lodge built a sewage system in order to modernize their facilities; and UC-Berkeley built a second campground just below the old one, naming it Camp Blue.

But a new schoolhouse and more children were not the only spin-offs of Tri-Dam. Another was the litter along the Sonora Pass highway. Mike Sparrow did a booming business selling beer to the homeward-bound workers, who flung most of the cans and bottles along the right-of way between Cold Springs and Long Barn. Those who brought their booze from home, supplied the roadside litter between camp and Strawberry. You might say the road became a twenty-mile-long billboard for beer and soft drink companies.

About the end of hunting season, 1955, the District suffered through what was, for us, a large fire. It started one morning - a Monday - on the steep slope above Fence Creek and raced toward Dardanelle Cone. Dutch an I, with a radio, fought our way up through the chaparral to the point of origin where a hunter had left a warming fire, then went on up to the head. We were several days getting it out with the help of about 50 men from Tri-Dam Constructors. The SO sent us a helicopter to ferry men to the fire, and we also brought in a pack string to move tools and water. I got my first helicopter ride on that fire. I believe that was the first time a helicopter was used on the Stanislaus - certainly the first time on the District.

About the same year, we had another first: smoke jumpers were brought down from Redding to control a lightning fire at a remote location north of the Middle Fork, I believe in the vicinity of Shoofly Creek, in dense, old-growth Sugar Pine. Never before had smoke jumpers been used on the Stanislaus.

A young man who had worked for the Forest Service in Arizona and had recently moved with his wife and small children to Sonora,

Addendum - A sawmill operated on Donnell Flat in the mining days, a supply of sawlogs coming from the Flat itself. Many old tree-stumps were still to be seen before clearing began in 1955. All that remained of the sawmill was a rather small accumulation of sawdust. They probably cleared the area completely and moved everything away when they ran out of logs.

I seem to recall that an early map (a copy of which I cannot now locate in my files, but which came from Wade Coffill) showed a sawmill at Donnell's.* I believe it also showed a road coming into the Flat from the northeast, suggesting that access to the Mill was from the present-day Wheats Meadow trail in the vicinity of Montgomery Meadow. One afternoon, I did my best to find some trace of the old road but without success. There must be some elements of the road yet extant if a careful search was made.

We assumed that the sawmill cut the planks used in the flume, but would have to be dried well before used in construction. I believe I made some photographs in the Flat to show the stand of second growth and some of the old stumps. If I did, Arlene Reveal should be able to find prints and/or negatives.

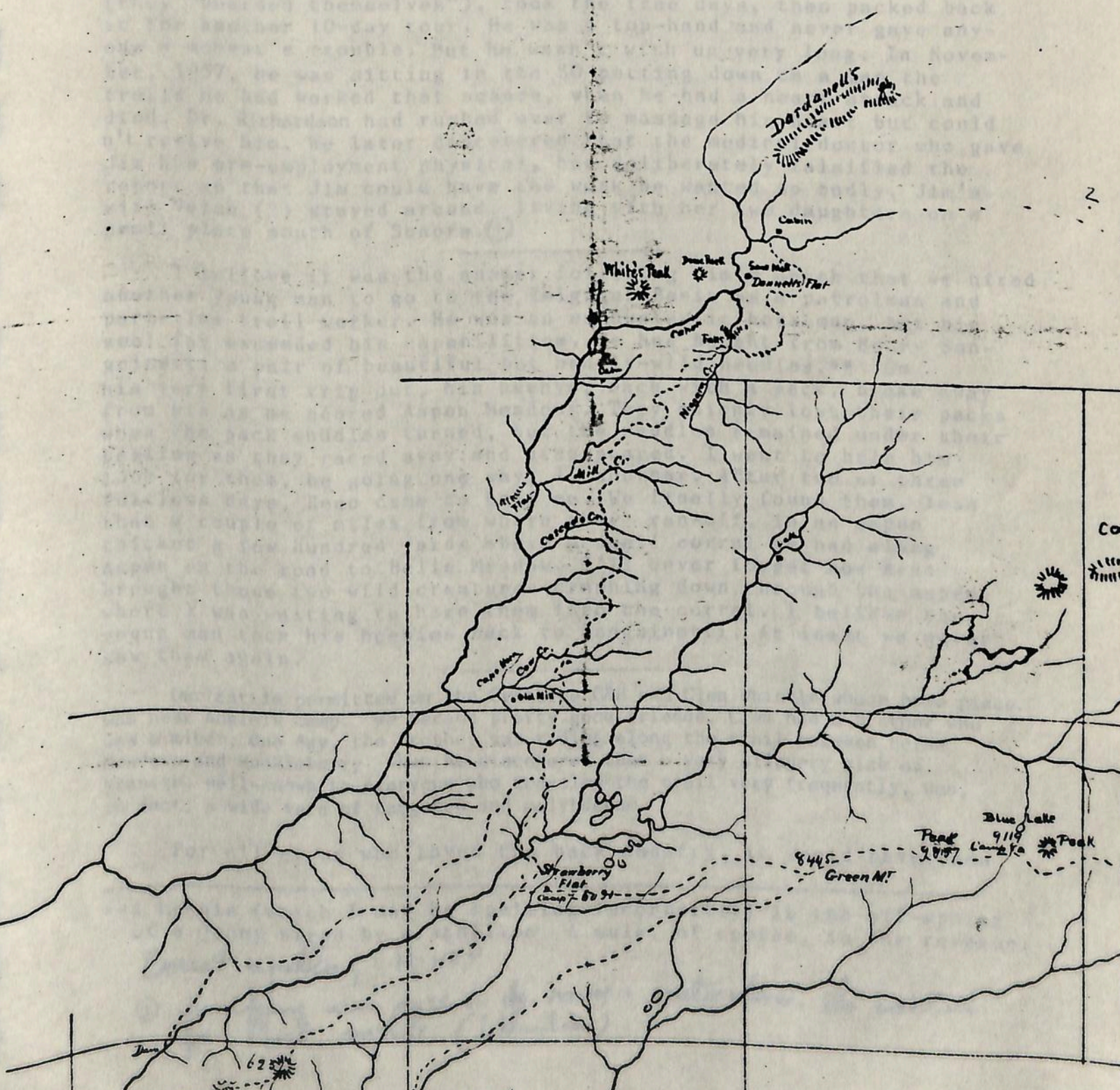
It seems incredible now that the Forest Service and everyone else allowed the historical elements in the Tri-Dam Project to be destroyed without making the slightest effort to record any data concerning them. No one even briefly thought of the impacts the project would have on the historical and archaeological resources.

The map I got from Coffill also showed one or two structures along the route of the flume. Arlene and I searched for these but could find nothing in the time we had. We thought the cabins related to the flume operation, perhaps used by the ditch-walkers, but they may have been short-lived homesteads or cow camps.

** Since writing the above, I have located the map I got thru Wade Coffill. It is labeled "Geological Survey Material (3), Tuolumne County. Copy from L.? H. L?odd----. Map of Sonora Pass 1853. This map shows the sawmill at Donnell's Flat, but not a road to the flat. I must be mistaken about seeing a road on a map. However, the 1853 date of the map indicates that the sawmill was in existence as early as that date. A photo-copy of the map is shown on p. 42.2 following. The camps shown are those of the State's geological survey begun just after the gold rush.

(43)

came in one day (June, 1957) looking for work. His name was Jim Young. He was a "working man", and he had a farm, could handle horses and such, and had done trail work. He brought our trail crew to work in the Emigrant Basin. Usually, he had two men with him and was independent of other men. They worked "ten on and three off". Every two weeks he packed his crew out, picked up food (they carried themselves) and took them back. One day, they packed back to the ranch on 10-day trip. He was the top-hand and gave away any extra money to the people. But he was very busy. In November, 1957, he was sitting in the house and he was thinking about the work he had done. He had worked in the Emigrant Basin and he had worked in the Emigrant Basin. He had worked in the Emigrant Basin and he had worked in the Emigrant Basin.



came in one day (June, 1956?) looking for work. His name was Jim Young. He was a "working man", raised on a farm, could handle horses and pack, and had done trail work. He became our trail crew foreman in the Emigrant Basin. Usually, he had two men with him and was independent of other help. They worked "ten on and four off". Every two weeks he packed his crew out, picked up food (they "boarded themselves"), took the free days, then packed back in for another 10-day tour. He was a top-hand and never gave anyone a moment's trouble. But he wasn't with us very long. In November, 1957, he was sitting in the SO putting down on a map the trails he had worked that season, when he had a heart attack and died. Dr. Richardson had rushed over to massage his heart but could n't revive him. We later discovered that the medical doctor who gave Jim his pre-employment physical, had deliberately falsified the report so that Jim could have the work he wanted so badly. Jim's wife Velma (?) stayed around, living with her two daughters on a small place south of Sonora. ①

I believe it was the summer following Jim's death that we hired another young man to go to the Emigrant Basin as a patrolman and part-time trail worker. He was an enthusiastic horseman, but his zeal far exceeded his capabilities. He had bought from Henry Sanguinetti a pair of beautiful but nearly-wild heenies.** On his very first trip out, his heenys, each with a pack, broke away from him as he neared Aspen Meadows. They quickly lost their packs when the pack saddles turned, but the saddles remained under their bellies as they raced away and disappeared. I went to help him look for them, he going one way, I, another. After two or three fruitless days, Reno came to help me. We finally found them, less than a couple of miles from where they ran-off, in an aspen thicket a few hundred yards above a small corral we had along Aspen on the road to Belle Meadow. I'll never forget how Reno brought those two wild creatures crashing down through the aspens where I was waiting to haze them into the corral. I believe the young man took his heenies back to Sanguinetti. At least we never saw them again.

Our cattle permittee on the Crabtree C&H was Clen Whittle whose home place was near Anglels Camp. We became pretty good friends. Clen had a brother who was a miner. One day, the brother was riding along the trail between Horse Meadows and Huckleberry when he discovered that a very slippery slab of granite, well-known to everyone who traveled the trail very frequently, was, in fact, a wide vein of tungsten and molybdenum.

For all of us who loved the back country, it would have been

**A heenie (which I may be spelling incorrectly) is the off-spring of a jenny sired by a stallion. A mule, of course, is the reverse.

Correct spelling: Hiney

① Jim Young was once in the navy & meticulous. He worked for Reno awhile. (J. Hamlin)

much better if Clen's brother had done something else that day. For his discovery led finally to the Whittle Mine above Huckleberry.

Wisdom, common sense and good judgement never kept an old time miner from developing his discovery. The fact that the nearby Dorothy Lake Mine was uneconomic was no deterrent. A simple road was built from the Dorothy Lake Road down to the Whittle Claim, a cabin built, a small mill and other equipment brought in, and the Whittle Mine became a reality in the summer of 1956(?). The following summer, they shipped a small load of concentrate to a mill for a trial run, but that was about the end of it, as I recall.

Campfire permits were required for any campfire in the 1950's. Issuing them was a problem not only for us but for the camper who stopped at the station for his permit at 9 pm. To find a solution, of sorts, for this problem, I designed and built a little desk display that told how to build a safe campfire. It was a kind of cute little thing and did get attention. The Region built a number of them for the Forests and eventually I got an award in the amount of \$50.00, not a bad sum in those times.

On a trip to Arlene's home in Utah, circa 1957, we visited parts of Zion and Cedar Breaks National Parks. There we saw for the first time self-guided nature trails and were intrigued by them and their usefulness as an educational tool. As soon as we returned to Pinecrest, I began laying out a nature trail for the Pinecrest area, choosing a route from near the Pinecrest School toward Twinning's, and marking points of interest. Then Arlene and I, Jim and Jon, built the trail ourselves on evenings and weekends. I wrote the guide notes which the SO got out on the Forest mimeograph. A sign was made, and a box to put the trail guides in. I must say that the trail was a success. It was used extensively by the organization camps as well as visitors. By the time we left, the trail we scratched out was very well-worn. I believe I got an award for it, too. I was in the process of doing another nature trail across the road from Eureka Valley Campground when I was transferred to the Inyo. I believe it fell through the cracks. The new ranger had a different focus, of course.

A new two bedroom residence was built at the station in the summer of 1957. Pete Wyckoff, wife Peggy, and twin babies Carol and Heidi were its first residents. Pete was our assistant DR, doing about everything in all activities, but most importantly, so far as my own talents went, he did the winter sports job on Dodge Ridge. Pete was unbeatable, because he could do, or could quickly learn to do, anything. Furthermore, he was dependable, sensible and a cool-head. A strong friendship developed which lasts to this day. [See Photo #8]

It was Pete who laid out new lots on the Dodge Ridge Road for

use by permittees on tenure permits in Pinecrest where a new parking lot was to be built. About the same time, we built a group campground on the Dodge Ridge Road, the first of its kind on the District.

In the Clark Fork, we also built the Clark Fork Campground, but I do not recall the year. The Forest road crew put in the roads and log barriers. The toilets were probably built under contract. The District, however, put in the water system which I laid-out myself. It was a gravity system, coming from a small, cold stream that tumbled down the mountainside west of the camp. The water was clean and pure, but would have to be chlorinated by today's rules. ①

[Pete Wyckoff's letter, excerpted in the Appendix, says that he and his family lived in the old B-Building at the station for awhile in 1957. When they moved into the new residence, Smitty took the B-Building. This suggests that the latter building was not moved onto the new station until 1957, not in 1950 as I wrote earlier. (page 18) Perhaps Smitty lived in the building while it was yet on the original site. Maybe records yet extant in the SO will provide a correct answer.]
(See Appendix Exhibit 2)

The Outdoor Recreation Review which got our attention circa 1959, was known as ORR. A more fitting acronym would have been G-rrrrr. The task required that we examine, map and classify areas available for recreation uses. I did the job as best I could for the Summit District, knowing all the while that it would be obsolete by the time it made it through the Washington Office processes. For example, we thought tent camping would last forever. There was no way to foresee that in a few years the truck-camper and trailer would replace the tent almost entirely.

In 1958 or 1959, my interest in history resulted in several historical sign to be erected on the Sonora Pass Road. I did the text and the Sign Shop built them. I was very proud of them, but I never knew if anyone ever stopped to read them.

George Weaver retired about 1958, so Benny DeBishop took over his duties at Pinecrest. We hired a fellow recently moved from Los Angeles to help Benny. He showed up for work one day wearing shorts. I sent him home for his pants. (He and his wife lived in the "scalers cabin".) I must have been pretty stuffy.

When Marcia moved to her job in the SO, a lady from Long Barn came to be our district clerk. She was Ruth Clark, a fine lady, past middle-age whose school teacher husband had died recently. She stayed about a year. When she left, Caviil Maze

① Correct. By 1980, the F.S. took up the system & "dried" up the camp. A perfectly stupid act.

became our District Clerk. A few summers before, Cavil came in one day looking for a summer job. He was a business major at Sacramento State College. His father was a medical doctor; the family owned another of the cabins on tenure. (The father gave Frank Sweeley and me a very bad time when we went to see him about the 10-year permit.) Cavil worked for Benny on a campground crew cleaning toilets and doing the other nasty jobs that had to be done. He was reliable, uncomplaining and good natured. He was also very bright.

When Cavil came on as clerk he had gotten a degree and was anxious to get an appointment as a business management trainee, but had the misfortune of upsetting the Forest Administrative Assistant, an old-timer who still kept all the Forest accounts in a ledger, using an old pen and ink and fortified with peanuts which he kept in a desk drawer. The problem had something to do with an interpretation of some of the clauses in summer home permits, which Cavil pointed out to the SO as a mistake on their part. Cavil was therefore put on as a GS-3 and given the impression that was all he'd ever rate. A year or two later, I got Cavil a transfer to the Inyo in the training position he wanted so badly - and as a GS-4. Cavil went on from there, and today is the Budget Officer on the Carson NF at Taos, New Mexico.

In the mid-1950's, amateur and professional prospectors began searching the high country for radium ores. A number of claims were staked in the Red Peak - Bald Peak, Blue Canyon and Eagle Meadow areas. Only one group of claims proved worth investigation. These were the Autenite claims near Eagle Meadows. Some high-grade had been mined and shipped for appraisal before I left, but where things went from there I don't know. Earlier in the decade, the RO fielded mineral examiners to search for hundreds of old mining claims that had been on the records for a long time. Some of these, especially on the Sonora District near Long Barn, had occupancy trespasses. The purpose of the mining claim inventories was to get abandoned properties off the record and clean-up the trespasses. Not very much of this work focused on the Summit RD. But it was very successful, and so well handled on the Stanislaus that Supervisor Miller was transferred to the WO to head-up the program there.

Ruth Salazar's death from cancer (1958?) was a shock to everyone who knew her and Dutch. There was a big funeral for Ruth and she was buried in a small cemetery near their home. A year or so later, Dutch married Jim Young's widow. Nothing finer could have happened to Dutch. He treasured his pretty, new wife and her two small daughters. They were very happy together, and in a year or so, she bore Dutch a daughter - his only child. They named her Arlene, after Arlene Reveal, out of great respect for her as a friend and mother. But to Dutch she was always "Princess" ① It was a double tragedy, then, when Dutch died, also of cancer, a year

① She returned to Sonora briefly in her sophomore year. She + mother were never accepted by the Salazar's - (Joanne A.)

later. The "little Princess" would not remember her father, but if she still lives in the Sonora area, she will find a lot of people who will tell her what a wonderful man he was.

Harry Grace replaced Rus McRorey as Forest Supervisor early in 1960. He was a different kind of man than Rus, more flexible and easier to deal with. One of the things he did that charmed me at once was to buy us three horses to keep at Pinecrest so that he and McCreedy had a horse to ride.

In the spring, Pete left us for an assignment on the Los Padres (Pete blamed Harry Grace for that) and Bob Rice came from the Mono Lake District to fill the ADR position. Bob was a handsome, young go-getter, one of the new-breed of foresters whose greatest talent was attending business men's luncheons. If I have an opposite, it might be him.

But it was Bob Rice who brought me the kind of news I was waiting for: there would soon be a ranger position open on the Inyo on the Mono Lake District. For years I'd been trying to get back to Nevada or the Eastside Sierra. Harry Grace was agreeable. In fact I believe he was glad to see me go so he could get a more timber-oriented forester on board.

About the last thing I did before leaving the district was to help lay out the site for Reno Sardella's new pack station at Aspen Meadows.

Tom Beard was named to follow me on the Summit.

On June 30, 1960, a Thursday, we loaded up and moved to the Lee Vining RS on the Inyo, replacing Paul Case who was retiring. Thus ended twelve wonderful years on the Summit.**

Miscellaneous Incidents - Odds and Ends.

Early 1950's.... a Boy Scout is reported lost in the Emigrant Lake area. A large search operation is organized by the Sheriff. Several days pass without finding the boy. He seems just ahead of the searchers, but then his tracks are lost. Finally, they are aware that he is alluding them. After almost a week he

**See Appendix for a copy of my official diary for June, 1960. Copies of all diaries previous to this were destroyed by accident.

comes out on his own power. He admits to being angry with his companions and running away. To even scores, he pretends to be lost and deliberately avoids contact with the search parties, taking food from fisherman camps.

.....
A deaf-mute is lost in the canyon below Camp Gold. Fortunately he is found in a few hours, but it was a different kind of experience for searchers to look for a person who cannot hear or answer to a shout.

.....
One summer an elderly man, who goes for a walk in Pinecrest, disappears. A search turns up nothing. Finally, it's believed he must have hitched a ride out of the area. The incident was forgotten until, in hunting season, his remains are found several miles away in the Experimental Forest southeast of Pinecrest.

.....
A young lady is reported lost in Arnot Creek. She had not returned from a morning walk. Dutch Salazar takes a horse and starts a search that lasts all night. The next morning she shows up, bright and cheerful. She was not lost after all. She had kept a rendezvous with her lover, hopeful that her parents would not find it out.

.....
A Boy Scout was drowned after falling from a boulder in the river below Pinecrest Dam. His body is found lodged between two boulders in about 10 feet of icy water. Cappy Cook, who has the pack station below Strawberry, goes to the scene. Exhibiting skill and courage, Cappy, after several tries, brings the drowned boy to the surface.**

.....
One afternoon, Deputy Sheriff Del Hoogaboom and I try in vain to revive a man who has committed suicide by using a length of garden hose to fill the car in which he sat with exhaust fumes.

.....
A Rin-tin-tin movie is being filmed at Paramount Piont at the top of Patterson Grade. During a lull in the shooting, about 50 people are sitting around on rocks. Suddenly a large rattlesnake comes from under a rock, slithering between the feet of the person sitting there, coils and begins to rattle. The crowd explodes

.....
**Cappy Cook was a star football player at Stanford but never finished his degree. He was an excellent and daring skier. He worked for me about three years on the Mono Lake District in fire, recreation and winter sports. He resigned when he couldn't be promoted. He's working in the ski business in the Tahoe area today.

Supplement - Further notes. Ex. Jim Reveal

Cappy Cook. In the summer of 1949 or '50^①, a film company came to Pinecrest to shoot footage of the heroine being rescued from a mountain lake. Jim recalls the film was "Silver Whip" starring Rory Calhoun. When the Company discovered they lacked a stunt man for a high-dive from a boulder into the Lake, someone thought of Cappy. He agreed. They dressed him in movie cowboy clothes and he did a handsome dive and rescued the heroine - a real movie star and not an extra - who was most happy to get out of the freezing lake water when Cappy pulled her ashore. ①

Del Hoogaboom. Del married his lady and moved away. The lady was Irene McLeod. Her son Donald graduated from the 8th grade in 1951, the first graduated of Pinecrest School. [See also page 28]

Movie at Paramount Point. This was a Lassie film - not a Rin Tin Tin as I reported.

Mushrooms at Pinecrest.

Each spring, we collected "snow mushrooms" which appeared soon after the snow melted in the forest around the station. We also had a few "coral mushrooms", "puffballs", morels and boletus. Jim Reveal tells me that the boletus was an undescribed species. A few years after we left, John Thiers of the University of San Francisco described the taxa which he collected near the Summit Station.

① This was the film "Silver Whip" - the year - fall 1952. Joanne Hankins said Cappy Cook "donated" her horse "Sheeter" when Reno's went lame. Rory Calhoun rode "Sheeter".

as though a bomb had gone off in their midst.

.....

Lucile Bowman, with friends in a motor boat on Beardsley Lake, decides that she would rather swim than fish. She is put ashore at a nice beach where we planned to build a campground someday. She has her dog with her, and after a little frolic along the remote and secluded shore, she removes her bathing suit, lays it neatly folded on the bank, and goes for a nude swim, as is sometimes her want. After a little while she is surprised by the sound of voices. People coming through the forest some distance away! She swims quickly to the bank, and as she reaches for her bathing suit, her dog, thinking it's play-time once more, grabs it in its mouth and races away. Picture poor Lucile, wet and naked, chasing her dog back and forth along the beach, pleading, calling, whistling, begging for him to "sit!". He finally did, and she made herself decent. But the voices passed her by, and she went unnoticed. [One of the voices was mine. We were taking our first look at the area for possible development. Lucile has told the story of her nude swim a thousand times. Her husband John Bowman was a champion cowboy and famous as a competition roper in the Oakdale area. They owned a summer home at Pinecrest for many years.]

.....

Riding toward Aspen Meadow along the little stream that is one of the headwaters of the Clavey River, I meet a flotilla of paper sacks, balls of wax-paper and napkins. Soon I come upon a group of youngsters in a little clearing, resting after lunch. To the leader I said "Did your group just throw some paper in the creek?" He said brightly, "Oh, yes! I asked the children to do that to wash the trash away since there is no trashcan here." They were from the 4H Camp. After a short lesson on good manners in the woods, they all race shouting and laughing in pursuit of their trash.

.....

Dutch Salazar is parked in his pickup a short distant east of the Clark Fork junction. A sedan pulls to the edge of the road a hundred feet or so ahead of him. A man gets out and walks away, leaving his passenger, an elderly woman, in the vehicle. As Dutch begins to drive away, the sedan ahead of him starts to roll backwards down the rather steep grade, heading for the sharp downslope at the road edge. Dutch sees the passenger is petrified and helpless. He drives his pickup toward the car and lets it crash into the front bumper. A review of his accident report left him blameless.

.....

One summer we were loaned a "mechanical mule" to try out on trail maintenance work. It had been put together in the equipment development center in Stockton. It was a brutal-looking machine,

* She was a good friend of Arlene's.

looking like a hybrid between a large scooter and a motorcycle. We put two men and their equipment on it and sent them up the trail toward Wheats Meadow. In a few days they were back. The mechanical mule was balky, difficult to get around steep switch-backs, and almost impossible to get across rocky stream-crossings. We sent it back to Stockton and never saw it again.

.....

Late one fall (circa 1959) Benny DeBishop set the fires in one of the burn-out toilets in Meadowview Campground. The following spring, as the last of the snow was melting, Pete Wyckoff noticed that one of the Meadowview toilets seemed to be missing. He got in touch with Benny, and pretty soon Benny came to me with his hat in his hand and a very sheepish look on his face. The toilet had burned to the ground. There wasn't enough of the structure left to boil a pot of tea.

.....

Hardly a season when by without someone reporting that ladies in one of the camps appeared to be in the business of "entertaining" men. Although there were a few suspicious circumstances, to my knowledge no hookers ever set up a business in a campground, not even at Pinecrest during the Tri-Dam days. But there was an often-told story going around in the Forest about a happening some years before. According to the story - even by then almost a legend - the ranger phoned Forest Supervisor Jess Hall, saying that he had some undesirable women in a campground and what should he do. Jess was said to reply "Well, get rid of them and get some desirable ones."

.....

A postcard arrived one day with a rather unusual plea from a young lady in San Francisco who, a few days previously, had camped overnight at a certain place near Sonora Pass. Would someone please! go to the camp and retrieve a very expensive bra she had tucked away in a crevice. A few days later, I recovered her precious apparel and it was returned to her. The incident, together with a full quote of her postcard, appeared in the monthly newsletter the Region circulated.

.....

Aspen trees along trails and in campgrounds often displayed the names and dates of travelers, and sometimes hearts pierced with arrows, Roman crosses and other graffiti. But most startling of all was an aspen on the trail east of Belle Meadow on which someone had carved ---- ---. The very naughty and forbidden words seemed to jump out at you and almost no one rode the trail without noticing them. One afternoon I was riding along the trail with the young daughter of a Pinecrest permittee, praying that she would not see the words when we went by the tree. But she saw them, and said aloud "Oh! "Fuck you!" I almost fell off my horse, for I'd never before heard the words from a lady. Innocence was still in flower in the years before the Berkeley Protests. But she belonged to the new generation.

Not very long before leaving the District, we got Advance sheets for the USGS quad of the Clark Fork area. This provided an opportunity to enter some place names missing from earlier editions. Some were of my own making: Cloudburst Creek; Little Teton Creek; Airola Peak; Lightning Mountain.

.....

The Clark Fork highway was a surprising anomaly - a fine road that went nowhere, and one much better than the Sonora Pass road before reconstruction of the latter. The Clark Fork Highway was built in the early days of World War II with the intention of providing another route over the Sierra Nevada in the event other routes were closed by the enemy. It was to have continued up Disaster Creek to Ebbetts Pass or go down Wolf Creek(?). When the threat dimmed, the project was abandoned. One used to find the old survey stakes up Disaster Creek.

.....

It was my good fortune and honor to take Major Evan Kelly on a fishing trip in the Emigrant Basin. He was the guest of Norman Farrell, then chief of the Division of Fire Control in the RO. Major Kelly, then retired and living in Santa Barbara, had for many years been the Regional Forester of Region 1. Few people generated more legends than he. As a cavalry officer in World War I, he had developed a great respect for horses and mules and their ability to perform work. One of the first things he did as Regional Forester was establish a Remount Station where animals were raised and trained. These were used to form the finest packing operation in the West. Region 1 pack trains operated on a schedule not much different than railroads and truck lines. They were the pride of the Forest Service.

I took Major Kelly and Norm Farrell to Bucks Lake where the SO trail construction crew had a camp with wall tents and a kitchen. They fished and I looked around the country side. In the evenings we listened as Major Kelly told stories of the early days of the Service. Once I asked him if he wouldn't write his memoirs. He put the idea firmly to rest as though there was nothing to be said about his contributions. It is a shame that he didn't.

Major Kelly liked My Mule Cooney. He proudly did the packing going out and coming back, putting a respectable diamond hitch on the load. It was my last Trip to Bucks Lake. It was Major Kelly's, too. (See photo)

.....

One of our young men sends word that he has the flu. and must take the day off. At noon I walk to the scaler's cabin where he is living to see how he is getting along. I tap lightly on the door. No answer. I tap again. Then a feminine voice: "Just a min-n-n-it..." Muffled footsteps across the board floor. In a narrow opening below the drawn window shade - a flash of bare skin and a girl's hands pulling up slacks, buttoning at the waist. The door opens, framing a young girl.

"Hi-i-i-i!" The young man on the bed, blanket drawn to his eyes.

"How is he?"

"Oh, much better! I just came by to see if there was something I might do for him."

Evidently he thought of something, but I didn't ask what.

.....

Back-country cabins, such as the one at Copper Meadow, had to be strongly barricaded to keep roving bears from breaking in through doors or windows. Dutch Salazar once went to Coopers with Joe and Henry Sanguinetti to open the cow camp in the early summer and became the only man in the County to ride a bear. As Dutch tells it, he took down the door barricade and opened the door. As he stepped in, a bear stepped out, with Dutch astraddle of its neck. The bear whirled and bounded away, leaving Dutch behind in the dirt, much relieved. They found that the visitor had come in through a back window a short time before their arrival and had done little damage to the interior. [This event happened in the 1940's.]

One morning I was taking supplies to the trail crew and encountered a young bear at Crabtree cow camp. He was looking things over around the cabin, and when he saw me, loped away across the the trail and right into a pole corral, a device he'd never before experienced. It was obviously too high to jump over, so the tried crawling between the poles, kicking and wiggling, first one place, then another. After a minute of two, good sense prevailed: he scaled up the poles and over the top and disappeared into the forest.

.....

Old Joe Sanguinetti was one of the dearest persons I knew. On our rides together, at lunch, I'd get out my two peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, and Joe would bring out red wine, Italian salami and a big red onion. To mount, Joe had to find a rock or a log to stand on. I used to watch him do that, never thinking that the day would come when I would have to do the same.

.....

In the last half of the 1950's, Murphy went to his sheep camp on the Red Peak Allotment and found his herder dead of a gunshot. It was evidently a suicide.

.....

Ted Armstrong was well known as a maker of sugar pine shakes, and later made routed signs after the fashion of the Forest Service.

When anyone had a very difficult tree falling job to do, they called on Zeke Goodwin. He was the champion when the task required dropping an old growth tree in a very narrow space along roads and among the summer homes at Pinecrest. He nearly always drew a crowd. [Ex. Jim Reveal]

.....

Dick and Mary Carter owned and operated Strawberry Resort until the mid-1950's. The only garage with a mechanic was at their place.

.....

At Camp Blue (U.C. Alumni's Lair of the Golden Bear) one of their new buildings collapsed under a snow loading the first winter after construction. [Ex. Jim Reveal]

.....

Wanda Spicer ran the cafeteria at Sonora Highschool. Daughter, Shirley Spicer, was the girl's P.E. instructor. [Ex. Jim Reveal]

.....

Radio Station KTRB in Modesto was the station that broadcast Pinecrest weather each day. The owner-operator, Bill Bates, listened in on our weather transmissions to the Sonora Dispatcher to get our weather.

.....

At Sonora Warehouse, Warehouseman Hope kept several dogs. They were apt to lay around in the shade of parked vehicles. One day Allan McCready backed up his car and ran over something. He drove ahead to see what it was, running over it again. It was one of Hope's dogs.

THE DRINKING MAN'S RANGER

or

Reflections of an Alcoholic Forester

On the 15th of May, 1954, I asked Arlene to drive me to town to see our family doctor, George Richardson MD. We found him at the hospital. He took us into a vacant room to talk. I asked him if he help me quit drinking. He said that he would, but one time only. No second chances.

I said I'd be back in a few days to start treatments. He shook his head. "You're staying right now; you're not leaving this hospital."

It was one week after my 42nd birthday. I got into a hospital bed in a private room. Arlene went to town and bought me a razor, a toothbrush, a pair of pajamas and a supply of cigarettes. Then a nurse came with shots and more shots, pills and more pills.

I was there two weeks. The only people I saw were Arlene, the nurses and Dr. Richardson. Supervisor Miller came one day but they sent him away. I got three big meals a day with lots of steak and potatoes and vegetables. I smoked several thousand cigarettes and read more than I had in years.

That was thirty years ago, lacking a month. I have never had a drink since. But of course I'm still an alcoholic. Nothing changed that.

.....

Drinking was a way of life for so many of us in the Forest Service. It sort of went along with the job. It was accepted, fostered, at times urged. Those who could handle liquor were unharmed; those who were alcoholic by nature, suffered.

Arlene never touched alcohol and many of my associates didn't, either. But many others did and I elected to be one of them. We drank as part of the job and as part of social activities.

My honored friend and associate District Ranger Pike Boehm,** was a drinking man's drinking man: always in control, but always with a bottle in hand. Every time I went with Pike, there was a fifth under the seat or in the saddle-bag. We'd stop at his friend's homes for a couple of short ones; we'd have meetings in the local bar. I loved every minute of it, too.

Arlene and I went to a Forest banquet where the Forest Super-

** Pike died of a stroke after rescuing his grandson from Donner Lake circa 1965.

visor walked the length of a 30-foot table kicking off the plates, the serving bowls and pots of flowers. I have seen a Regional Forester and a Director of the Forest Experiment Station so drunk they could barely stand and walk. I dropped my membership in the Society of American Foresters because the meetings were such that I didn't want to see important people sloppy drunk at happy-hours. I was ashamed of my own drinking and I didn't want to find out that many of them were sots like me.

In small places like Pinecrest, the local bar and restaurant becomes the center of social life in the community. To people like me - and there were many like me - liquor was more important than food on a social evening. But brawls were rare. Most everyone were quite, patient and steady with their drinking. My clerk Marcia Stetler was a good example. She went home each evening, fed her children, then joined her husband at the Lodge bar. By 11 pm, her head was down on the bartop and someone took her home. By 8 o'clock the next morning she was alert and cheerfull and ready for a days work. How she managed it no one knew. *[Marcia died some 10 yrs. later of a liver ailment. The booze got her, of course.]*

Permittees were another source. They were on vacation, of course, and anyone who came around was offered a beer or a cocktail. Other of our permittees - Earl Purdy, for example - might be drinking this month and stone sober the next. If you saw Earl when he was off the wagon, the liquor flowed freely. Once when we were laying out the East Bowl, we drank a whole fifth of his whiskey. A few of our cattle permittees, too, were drinking men. A grazing inspection with one of them was always something to remember.

By 1950 or 1951, I was drinking from when I woke up in the morning until I went to sleep at night. It was usually fortified wine because it was cheap and available everywhere. I went nowhere without a bottle and I cached supplies around so I had a reserve in case I needed it - an earmark of a true drunk. The empties I hid-out so they didn't accumulate around the house.

My best drinking pardner was Reno Sardella, a drinking man of outstanding ability and remarkable talent. An 18 carat alcoholic. Alcohol made Reno jovial, helpful, ambitious, cooperative, eager to please - all the good things. But it was getting to him. A few months after I quit, I found Reno one afternoon in his pickup, passed out, with slobber running down the front of his shirt. At least he knew enough to pull off the road before he killed himself. Very shortly after that, he went to see Dr. Richardson as he knew I had done. He dried out and his drinkin' days were over.

To Forest Supervisor ^{Allen Miller} I owe eternal gratitude. Anyone else might have sacked me for good. He demonstrated patience and understanding to the end. After I quit the booze, if I were uncommonly pleasant or good natured, he'd sometimes come up to me and whisper: "Have you been drinking, Jack?"

No, Al, I haven't.

A Tribute To Forest Service Women

"I have very strong feelings about the importance of wives in the Forest Service family. In my opinion, they are more than 50% of the Forest Service employee!"

Those words are attributed to Dr. Richard McArdle, Chief of the Forest Service in the 1950's and former Dean of the University of Idaho's School of Forestry when I was a student.**

I agree completely with Chief McArdle. Without Arlene I could not have functioned. She not only kept our home - she was my back-up as well, and she helped create the image most people had of me. People often judged me only through the impressions they got of Arlene. Had it not been for her, that image would have suffered. She also worked with my district clerks, every one of whom got their basic training from her and further help as they needed it. She was invaluable.

But I believe McArdle could have taken his statement about Forest Service wives one step further: he should have included the District Clerks as well. Next to Arlene, the most valuable person on the District was the Clerk. Her's was the last position I would give up because her's was the most needed. She did the paper work; she kept track of everything that was going on; she met the public that came to the office; she kept the office neat and business-like. More often than not, a visitor's first impression of the Forest Service was formed by his impression of the Clerk, the way she handled business and the environment she maintained around herself.

Her importance to the District notwithstanding, the District Clerk was always the lowest paid of all employees. This was something that always caused me great concern. It was also something about which I could do nothing. Then, at least, the District Clerk was slotted into a menial position and there seemed no way to break away from the concept.

To Mary Baker, Ethel Downing, Ruth Clark, and especially to Marcia Stetler, I will always be indebted and bound in gratitude.

** A Brief Tribute to Chief McArdle. Carl Wilson. FSX Club News Vol. 38, No 1. Feb. 1984.

Office Memorandum • UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

TO : DISTRICT FOREST RANGER, Summit R. D.

DATE: August 11, 1953

FROM : FOREST SUPERVISOR, Stanislaus

Exhibit A

SUBJECT: 1 - USE - General - Stanislaus
2 - PERSONNEL - Reveal, Jack L.

PERSONAL

Wholly it has come to the attention of this office that there is a need to coordinate our understanding of special use permits.

APPENDIX

It is noted that it should be recognized that special use permits are issued in order that the Forest Service can maintain proper control of the lands for which it is responsible for administering (comparable permits are maintained on timber sale areas or grazing allotments through timber sale contracts, grazing permits, etc.) One of the primary reasons for requiring a permit for any use of National Forest lands is to insure that the permittee understands in advance what he may be able to do, and how it can be done within the latitude of the regulations, in such a way that any resulting damage will be within allowable limits. A special use permit or other similar permit will not be issued unless the applicant has agreed to accept the conditions under which the permit will be issued, such as, etc.

It is noted that it is the policy of the Forest Service to authorize the use of National Forest lands without providing that it be done in accordance with the regulations, timber sale contracts, grazing permits, etc. Special use permits, timber sale contracts, grazing permits, etc. are issued in order that the permittee understands in advance what he may be able to do, and how it can be done within the latitude of the regulations, in such a way that any resulting damage will be within allowable limits. A special use permit or other similar permit will not be issued unless the applicant has agreed to accept the conditions under which the permit will be issued, such as, etc.

Office Memorandum • UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

TO : DISTRICT FOREST RANGER, Summit R. D.

DATE: August 11, 1953

FROM : FOREST SUPERVISOR, Stanislaus

Exhibit 1

SUBJECT: U - USES - General - Stanislaus
K - PERSONNEL - Reveal, Jack L.

PERSONAL

Recently it has come to the attention of this office that there is a need to coordinate our understanding of special use permits.

At the outset it should be recognized that special use permits are issued in order that the Forest Service can maintain proper control of the lands for which it is responsible for administering (comparable controls are maintained on timber sale areas or grazing allotments through timber sale contracts, grazing permits, etc.) One of the principal purposes for requiring a permit for any use of National Forest land is to insure that the permittee understands in advance what he can do, where he can do it, and how it can be done within the latitude of our regulations, in such a way that any resulting damage will be held within allowable limits. A special use permit or other permit also sets forth how permission to use an area will be continued on a maintenance basis, under what conditions it may be revoked, the length or period of use, etc.

The second key point is that no Forest Officer has the authority to permit the use of National Forest lands without providing that it be done by permit -- special use permit, timber sale contract, grazing permit, Memorandum of Understanding, etc. On rare occasions resulting from emergencies over which the prospective permittee has no control, use might be permitted for short periods without special use permit, if the land, timber, etc., will not be disturbed or damaged unduly, and it is understood by the permittee that such use is for a definite period only. Normally these cases should be set forth in writing to the permittee in the form of Memorandum of Understanding, as a minimum to the end that the permittee will have a clear understanding of what he is being allowed to do; either for a definite period or until a special use permit is issued. This might be done, for instance, in the middle of winter as an emergency measure providing there would be no resulting damage to National Forest areas, or that it would not otherwise violate any of the administrative rules of occupancy. This procedure, however, should not be taken when ample time is available to handle the problem in the accepted manner. It should never be done without the approval of the Forest Supervisor.

2 - U - USES - General; K-PERSONNEL - Reveal, Jack L. August 11, 1953

Thirdly, there is a sharp distinction between approving a special use and operating under a special use permit. For example, this office approved in principal the building of a telephone line from the Dodge Ridge Ski Area to the Pinecrest Resort. This was not meant to imply that the permittee could build the line without going through proper procedure, or that the District Ranger was no longer responsible for the administration of the use. Such approval was given only to indicate to the permittee the action he could expect upon making formal application for the use. In his case, as well as in other applications made for the use of National Forest land, it is important that the special use permit be issued and in his hands before any use or occupancy occurs, if we are to maintain any respect for our administrative authority.

At the first knowledge of any use being made of National Forest lands for which a special use permit has not been obtained, it is the responsibility of the District Ranger to take necessary steps to hold up the work pending determination as to whether trespass action will be taken, whether the nuisance will be removed without trespass action, whether a special use permit will be issued, etc. We do not, however, as a general practice issue special use permits afterwards just to make the activity underway legal. In ninety-nine per cent of cases the permittee should have the permit as a prerequisite for the use of National Forest lands. One per cent should apply to cases where the permittee is operating in ignorance of requirements, rather than the Forest personnel to be operating in ignorance of regulations.

In some cases we may have what approaches emergency situations, but in the majority of cases, if we are alert to our responsibilities, we can anticipate the individual needs and where it is likely that the proposed action will involve a permit, the information should be made known to the prospective permittee at an early date as possible, and help should be given him to comply in this respect. He should have an appreciation of the fact that it may require anywhere from two weeks to three months to process the use before it can be made available to him. Therefore, it is highly important that he anticipate his needs far enough in advance to allow this processing to go on under reasonable preparation, in lieu of finding himself subject to a waiting period at the time he wishes to proceed, or putting the Forest Service in an unreasonable position.

In other words our objective should be never to fall behind, but in the few cases where this does occur, we should double our efforts to get our responsibilities back on a current basis. There is no justification for postponement except for the duration of an emergency such as a fire, serious sickness or accident, or threats of damage to property.

3 - U-USES-General; K-PERSONNEL-Reveal, Jack L.

August 11, 1953

At present the following are not covered by Special Use Permits. You may be aware of others.

1. Extension of telephone line to California Alumni Camp.
2. Dodge Ridge-Pinecrest Telephone Line.
3. Pinecrest new Strawberry Line (part of which is within the 200 foot set-back line of Highway 108, use or occupancy of an area 200 feet on each side of center line of this highway subject to approval of Regional Forester).
4. Highway contractors' camp.
5. Jones Logging Transfer Landing.
6. Extension of Dodge Ridge Ski Area -- Bunny Tow Area.

Please do the necessary field work to bring these permits up to date by September 1, 1953.

We would also like a report on the same date of your findings concerning the request of the Boy Scouts at Camp Bob McBride to install a trap shoot area. Newspaper articles indicate that this use is now operating without our prior approval.

In the event there is any further back-log of special use cases that are not now current and up to date, these should be complete by December 31, 1953.

A work list will be developed jointly with you in the near future by members of this office. Most of this memo has referred to special use permits. The same principals apply to all our activities. Therefore, any deficiencies in any other fields of administration should be given equal emphasis.

Allen F. Kull

Exhibit 2 - Letter of 19 February, 1984. Pete Wyckoff to J. Reveal

I started on the Stanislaus in May 1951 scaling logs on the Calaveras District and doing some timber management work thru that summer. My personnel jacket shows differing dates for my first Summit tour; but I think the dates of 10/17/52 to 12/5/54 are about right. I was your only forester, did mostly timber management and special use work and went to Forest and off-forest fires. I lived in that little one-room scalers cabin down that dirt road from your house. Remember having Jezebel, the wildcat that Jim and Jon could handle but I couldn't do much with. Also remember living in a small trailer during one winter in the compound yard but would spend most of my evenings in the office 'cause it was warmer. It was during that tour that I created "Wyckoff's Potatoe Patch" in that pure red fir stand above Dodge Ridge. Earl Thomas had instructed ~~x~~ me to mark everything that showed signs of rot, which was nearly every tree, and Arnold Nelson logged it accordingly but really bitched (and rightly so) for handling so many small logs. During those two years you had me inspect every one of the 600 summer homes on the district - the first time that had been done. Prior to that Johnny Spicer had done it on a hit-and-miss basis. You taught me horsemanship at that time, and I have a picture taken on a pinto in the Emigrant Basin with you and McCready in the background. You and the permittee had me drive about 50 head of cattle from one meadow to another thru the trees - I'll never forget that - I got off the horse and threw rocks at the damn cows to keep them on the trail. You, Marsha Stetler, and I were the only personnel in winter then. I learned to ski at Dodge Ridge during those years and started becoming a snow ranger, snow surveyor, and national ski patrolman. Took leave-without-pay and made the City of San Francisco snow surveys with Don Paulsen (who is still doing it - by helicopter now).

My second tour with you at the Summit came when I was working for the Experiment Station at the Donner Snow Lab and you had a new ADR position at Pinecrest; 10/57 to 4/60, ~~when then~~ I moved from Pinecrest to the Los Padres for more fire experience (Harry GraCE brought that on). I was married ~~then with~~ ^{and had} the twins, and Jeff was born in Sonora in 1958. We first lived in the B house, and when they finished that new house between the B and yours we were the first to move into that - heavenly. Loyall Smith moved into the B house. I supervised a one-man timber crew, Smitty did the fire, and Benny DeBisschop worked the campgrounds with Dutch in the upcountry. Maybe Marsha was your clerk then and that nice little lady from Twain Harte was the ^{just} other clerk. I remember finding one of the burnout toilets at Meadowview Cgd. burned to the ground one spring from the burnout operation the previous fall by Benny. The Pinecrest parking was expanding and I laid out those extra lots off the Dodge Ridge Road. I did your snow rangersing and occasionally incurred Earl Purdy's wrath, mostly from ski patrolling and marking hazards. *That was a pleasant tour Jack. We had the creek clear & I remember one Easter*

you all took off & it snowed so hard I stuck the plow & had to get Sonora help shovelling roofs. That's why I didn't retire in snow country.

*Best regards,
Pete*

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

EXPENSES

Speedometer readings { End Miles
privately owned car { Start
Other (itemize)

MAJOR FUNCTIONS	N.F.	F.J.	Total
<i>Cajon</i>			

Hour

JUNE 1960

Jack L REVEAL
Dist. Ranger
Summit - Stanislaus

Note: All my diaries
prior to June 11 1960
were destroyed at
San Diego - in
storage, they were
thrown out by
employees ca. 1978

874-2B
Oct. 1955

16-17463-5

(OVER)

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

EXPENSES

Speedometer readings { End Miles
privately owned car { Start
Other (itemize)

MAJOR FUNCTIONS	N.F.	F.J.	Total
070	6	1	7
020	3		3

Hour

8-9 Routine work - ~~...~~
9-5 worked with Culham on
CR2 to try to finish habitat
out (budget 11.3-12 to check on
had person report (Carrick -
Carrick) + to count hedge Bldg
5-7 office called Henry on general
business; received work being done
by Wayne Brown; instructions +
turning etc with B. Rice + Skip
called Bill Bate about timber, talked
to Kuehl + Smith, about reservation
- timberlands, etc

Date: June 1 1960
Form 874-2B
(Revised Oct. 1955)

16-17463-5

(OVER)

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

EXPENSES

Speedometer readings } End Miles
privately owned car } Start
Other (itemize)

MAJOR FUNCTIONS	N.F.	F.J.	Total
061		3	3
020	2	3	5
070	4		4

Hour
8-17 Office. Went to the correspondences and prepared outgoing correspondence.
10-12 Prepared "Statement" about revenue, some construction in the morning, report for distribution by the office.
12-11 Home. Called to check B. He is asked to go to Geneva next, on T.M. arrangement.
1-4 With Audin Lee, P.T. to examine proposed r. of w. for table. Line cover to Brightman.
4-6 worked in office. H.G. called about pencils, transfer; w/Smithy on work plan.
7-1011-2 went to Geneva for day for stock.

Date Thurs - June 2 1960 (OVER)

FORM 874-2B (Revised Oct. 1955)

16-17463-5

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

EXPENSES

Speedometer readings } End Miles
privately owned car } Start
Other (itemize)

MAJOR FUNCTIONS	N.F.	F.J.	Total
020	3		3
070	3		3
061	2		2
031	1		1

Hour
8-2 Work plan + 1st list review with Smithy, 9-12; 1 to 6 - office. Prepared corresp, went thru mail; talked to quite a few callers - permittees. Prepared work plan for June. Assisted Carol, Shop + Bill. Called Henry about my transfer; talked to Henry on various jobs; arrange to put together the M&V signs; called Kennedy about Gen. Station; talked to engineers about trail roads. Miscel. odd jobs + callers.

Date Fri June 3 1960 (OVER)

FORM 874-2B (Revised Oct. 1955)

16-17463-5

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE
EXPENSES

Speedometer readings { End Miles
privately owned car { Start
Other (itemize)

MAJOR FUNCTIONS	N.F.	F.J.	Total
101-	8		8

Hour Station - vicinity on
standing by all day. Tom
Beard a wife up to look over
house. E. Peterson brought
in the 3 horses we were
chased. I fed with
them most of p.m. + in
evening, went walking in
area.

Date Sat - June 4 1960 (OVER)
Form 874-2B (Revised Oct. 1955) 16-17463-5

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE
EXPENSES

Speedometer readings { End Miles
privately owned car { Start
Other (itemize)

MAJOR FUNCTIONS	N.F.	F.J.	Total
101	8	8	8

Hour Standing by all day.
At home worked on
packing our stuff
preparatory to moving
later this month.

Date Sun - June 5 1960 (OVER)
Form 874-2B (Revised Oct. 1955) 16-17463-5

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

EXPENSES

Speedometer readings { End _____ Miles
privately owned car { Start _____
Other (itemize) _____

MAJOR FUNCTIONS	N.F.	F.J.	Total
5.22	2		2
0.61		3	3
0.70	2	1	3
G.L.			1

Hour
8:12
 Open Concept, meal, sp. use
 permits + reports. Called Charles
 Council at home, then to Bureau. Spent
 PM w/ Mitchell (meeting) on sp. use
 business + talking to D. Chapman. Did
 lunch could deliver milk at
 present G. had only 1 sheep. I
 took 1 hr G.L. (2.30-3.30) to take
 seen him for driving license. Went to
 + saw H. case about "encroachment"
 of M&U super on State Hwy. In some
 5:30 + return to Sta. Dined in
 personal vehicle.

Date Monday - June 6 1960
FORM 874-2B (OVER)
(Revised Oct. 1955) 16-17463-5

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

EXPENSES

Speedometer readings { End _____ Miles
privately owned car { Start _____
Other (itemize) _____

MAJOR FUNCTIONS	N.F.	F.J.	Total
0.51	6		6
0.22		1	1
0.70			
0.61		2	2

Hour
8:02
 Office. 1 hr routine office
 work; 9:30 and 5 to 6 PM: working
 on emergency action sheets +
 preparing correspondence on
 grazing matters. Reviewed my
 plans + checked for those to be
 re-written 3-5 PM. With Stewart
 + Kennedy, went over survey of
 present grazing station; inspected
 what they proposed to do with
 cut, fall + paving. Talked to f.
 Holmes 1 hr during lunch on
 housing matters. 5-6. Grazing.

Date Tues June 7 1960
FORM 874-2B (OVER)
(Revised Oct. 1955) 16-17463-5

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

EXPENSES

Speedometer readings { End _____ Miles
privately owned car { Start _____
Other (itemize) _____

MAJOR FUNCTIONS	N.F.	F.J.	Total
020		12	12

Hour
7-7-TP - went to Lawrenceville
talked to Paul Coan about parking
transfer. Took son Jim &
dropped him off at his station
at Wheeler. G.S. Longenecker
got from Paul some information
on when we could move in,
plans to spend a few days
w/ him to get briefed on
district work.
Travel in personal car
no mileage claimed

Date Wash - June 5 1960
Form 874-2B (Revised Oct. 1955) (OVER)
16-17463-5

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

EXPENSES

Speedometer readings { End _____ Miles
privately owned car { Start _____
Other (itemize) _____

MAJOR FUNCTIONS	N.F.	F.J.	Total
051		5	5
051		2	2
020	2		2

Hour
8-5 Office - routine work - checking
9-11 Ingepuk digging + use in
lowered C. Ad + talked to Phelps.
Things seem to be going okay
11-22 Took car camp + went to
Kingsman Co then up Clark Fork to
make range seediness checks.
+ camp camp. Contacted C. Antennite
people briefly. Took photo; set
stakes for N.W. Sign on Potlatch
Junction 5-6 PM - office, went to
mail, signed car camp, etc.

Date June 9 1960
Form 874-2B (Revised Oct. 1955) (OVER)
16-17463-5

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

EXPENSES

Speedometer readings { End Miles
privately owned car { Start
Other (itemize)

MAJOR FUNCTIONS	N. F.	F. J.	Total
020	4	1	5
051		5	5

Hour
8-12 Office work - office calls, travel reports, census phone calls, work phones etc.
12-1 lunch 1-2 lunch to Supervisor to discuss lunch to discuss matters between themselves (at 4:00-4:30) talked to H. Jones, Mitchell until 5:30. Stayed in town. Home since 1 P. return via 7 PM.

Date Mon - June 13 1960
Form 874-2B (OVER)
(Revised Oct. 1955) 16-17463-5

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

EXPENSES

Speedometer readings { End Miles
privately owned car { Start
Other (itemize)

MAJOR FUNCTIONS	N. F.	F. J.	Total
020	4		
070	3		
061	1		
031	1		

Hour
8-1 Office work plans 1 hr. then with Tom Bond discussing jobs ahead, status of work, problems, etc. office calls on agency business, have Hudson on to get GRE data for T.M. planning in late pm, prepared correspondence + memos, talked to Smith + Bob about work.

Date Tue - June 14 1960
Form 874-2B (OVER)
Revised Oct. 1955) 16-17463-5

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

EXPENSES

Speedometer readings { End _____ Miles
privately owned car { Start _____
Other (itemize) _____

MAJOR FUNCTIONS	N.F.	F.J.	Total
LSI-		10	10
LOT		1	1

Hour
7A Travel to Capital Bross. 12. in
order to discuss problem of
range use covering them & JW
Martin. Business made not to
go on to fore even if he withdrew
his waiver. 1-3 to Murphy Ranch
to discuss payment & horses for
1954 - L. Oatdale, checked on generator
at Stamps place - could not find;
Ret. to Sumner 5 - contacted Guess &
McHardy re: Martin - Capital
6P-7P Travel to Summit Site

Date June 15 - Wed - 1960 (OVER)
Form 874-2B Revised Oct. 1955 16-17468-5

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

EXPENSES

Speedometer readings { End _____ Miles
privately owned car { Start _____
Other (itemize) _____

MAJOR FUNCTIONS	N.F.	F.J.	Total
020	1	2	3
070		4	4
061		2	2

Hour
8-9A Course, results, routine work.
9-6 field w/ Guess & Brand, Get RR.
Contacted Purdy & removed on ground
has long range show (9-11) 11-11
Inspected near date for fence
subing 12-1 ranch at bridge. 1-6 trip
Hwy to Clark fork & up Herring
Cr. Rd to Herring Cr. in general
Inspection, work discussion,
etc.

Date June 16 - 1960 (OVER)
Form 874-2B Revised Oct. 1955 16-17468-5

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE
EXPENSES

Speedometer readings { End ----- Miles
privately owned car { Start -----
Other (itemize) -----

MAJOR FUNCTIONS	N. F.	F. J.	Total
020	2	1	3
051		6	6

Hour
 8-11 Office - prepared reports
 went to the field, talked over plans
 + assignments 10-12 to Spruce - cones
 on routine work the h. J. Martin
 12-11 at hunting discussion, was qualified
 a year ago for N. F. survey on Niagara
 + work. He refused. only would settle
 for my Valley. would not have more
 11-6 12th to S. C. - discussed problem w/
 M. S. Gandy. from then return to
 Summit 125 about 6:30

Date Friday June 17 1960
Form 874-2B (OVER)
Revised Oct. 1955 16-17463-5

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE
EXPENSES

Speedometer readings { End ----- Miles
privately owned car { Start -----
Other (itemize) -----

MAJOR FUNCTIONS	N. F.	F. J.	Total
051	2		2
101	8		8
101	8		8

Hour
 Station + vicinity -
 mostly getting prepared
 things ready to move
 but some other work +
 prepared letter to Joe Martin
 - finished by two

Date Sat - Sun - June 18-19-1960
Form 874-2B (OVER)
Revised Oct. 1955 16-17463-5

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

EXPENSES

Speedometer readings { End ----- Miles
privately owned car { Start -----
Other (itemize) -----

MAJOR FUNCTIONS	N.F.	F.J.	Total
031	2	3	5
070	1		1
020	2		2

Hour
8-9 Routine office work - phone +
assessments, time reports
9-10 Travel to Source - 10-12
1-12 to 2-12 (about 4 hrs) problem
related to sheep then sheep then
with hand 12-1 lunch 1-3 S.O with H.
Guest + staff on various jobs
3-14 return to Station
4-6 Office - corresp, memos, etc
calls

Date Mon - June 20 1960 (OVER)
Form 874-2B Revised Oct. 1955 16-17463-5

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

EXPENSES

Speedometer readings { End ----- Miles
privately owned car { Start -----
Other (itemize) -----

MAJOR FUNCTIONS	N.F.	F.J.	Total
070	3		3
061	2		2
020	3		3
031	1		1

Hour
8-6 Office at day. Worked on
of use permit, correspondence,
+ interview with Sullivan on about
sale + to Sp. Secy. reports, etc.
Calls on Sp. Secy, etc. Ined
to catch up on back load of
paper work. High School
was "stripped" in Ind. with
most everyone coming to preschool.
Standing in evening.

Date Tue - June 21 1960 (OVER)
Form 874-2B Revised Oct. 1955 16-17463-5

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE
EXPENSES

Speedometer readings { End _____ Miles
privately owned car { Start _____
Other (itemize) _____

MAJOR FUNCTIONS	N.F.	N.F.	F.J.	Total
061		4	1	5
070	3			3
070		3	2	5
031		2	1	3
051		0	2	2

Hour
8-11 office work, no assignment to
standby for crew. office called
10-11 to check ink; checked Mrs. Madson
carry bag for letter, maps, outlooks;
11-12 report on map; make rough
sketches check at written work
1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12
checked out field at 12:00
about 1:00 letter, - then perkins
checked bulletin + inspected
road building, etc. Counted Cooper C.
5-6 Routine work in office.

Date Wednesday, June 22 1960
Form 874-2B (OVER)
Revised Oct. 1955 16-17463-5

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE
EXPENSES

Speedometer readings { End _____ Miles
privately owned car { Start _____
Other (itemize) _____

MAJOR FUNCTIONS	N.F.	F.J.	Total
020	2		2
051	7		7

Hour
8-6 initial all day in
office with various inter-
ruptions - in getting
notebooks + getting case
folders to leave them
in some order for Bush.
finished getting instructions
P.M. - in my - standby
+ to perkins

Date Thursday, June 23 1960
Form 874-2B (OVER)
Revised Oct. 1955 16-17463-5

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

EXPENSES

Speedometer readings { End _____ Miles
privately owned car { Start _____
Other (itemize) _____

MAJOR FUNCTIONS	N. F.	F. J.	Total
070	3	1	4
031	1		1
020	3		3
061	1		1

Hour
8-6 Office + Power + ...
reports + ...
Plodgers on ...
over - a phone ...
Open ...
with preparation to ...
Several ...
w/ P. Rice, ...
with Vermillion on ...

Date June 27 1960
Form 874-2B (OVER)
Revised Oct. 1955 16-17463-5

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

EXPENSES

Speedometer readings { End _____ Miles
privately owned car { Start _____
Other (itemize) _____

MAJOR FUNCTIONS	N. F.	F. J.	Total
S.L.			2
020		7	7

Hour
8- To ...
business + to ...
(in part car 9:30-11:30 AM) and
to ...
2:30-3:30 P.M. - ...
+ ...
preference + prepared ...
discussion, ...
...
Sta - 6 PM

Date June 28 1960
Form 874-2B (OVER)
Revised Oct. 1955 16-17463-5

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

EXPENSES

Speedometer readings { End _____ Miles
privately owned car { Start _____
Other (itemize) _____

MAJOR FUNCTIONS	N.F.	F.J.	Total
061		4	4
070		3	3
020	2		2

Hour
8-9 Office - mail, express, etc.
9-12 With Exton + Beard, reviewed
last account for timber lot, road
location, etc. 12-1 lunch 1-5 with
Exton, Beard, Buckley, W. Myers +
family on B1D-16W1D area inspection
+ to select lot for winter equip.
storage, etc.
5-6 Office - routine work.

Date Wed. June 29 1960
FORM 874-2B (OVER)
Revised Oct. 1955 16-17463-5

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

EXPENSES

Speedometer readings { End _____ Miles
privately owned car { Start _____
Other (itemize) _____

MAJOR FUNCTIONS	N.F.	F.J.	Total
020-		12	12

Hour
Spent day looking out
+ moving furniture family to
Lee Vining R.S. - Inyo N.F.
Ryeon looking 7 AM - to
Pomona 2 PM in personal vehicle
- arrived Lee Vining R.S. - 5:30
PM. Was unloaded by
8:30 PM.

Last day on the Summit
District.

Date June 30 - Thurs. 1960
FORM 874-2B (OVER)
Revised Oct. 1955 16-17463-5



Photo 1.
Jack Reveal and son Jon.
On path between office
and house at the old
Station. Winter - 1948-49.

Photo 2.
Arlene Reveal and Jon, at
the back entrance to the
residence. Winter of
1848-49





Photo 7.
Dutch Salazar, ca. 1958, stands by a table
in a Clark Fork campground. He has just cut the top
out of a windfall that fell near a camper.



Photo 8.
Pete and Peg Wyckoff and their family - Carol,
Heidi (the twins) and Jeff. Circa 1958



Photo 3.

Pinecrest Beach and Strawberry Lake, Ca. 1950. Karl's Place was to the right, and Pinecrest Lodge to the left out of view. The sign mentions boat permits of which I have no recollection.

Photo 4.
 Winter snow along Highway 108 near Strawberry. Fresh snow always brought crowds of skiers to Dodge Ridge.





Photo 5.
Dodge Ridge Ski Area, Feb. 1958. Earl Purdy with
Pete Wyckoff (with Ski Patrol Emblem) appear
below Red Cross sign on First Sid Room.



Photo 6.
Arlene and Tar on the
Clark Fork below the
mudslide - spring,
1956. Note chain-hoist
for use if we get
stuck.



Photo 9.

Arlene at our weather station behind the new Pinecrest Station residence. Nearly every day Bill Bates at a Modesto radio station broadcast our weather, copied from our radio transmissions to the Dispatcher in Sonora.

Photo 10.

Arlene, Jim and Jon in Columbia on one of our occasional days away from the station. Summer, 1949.

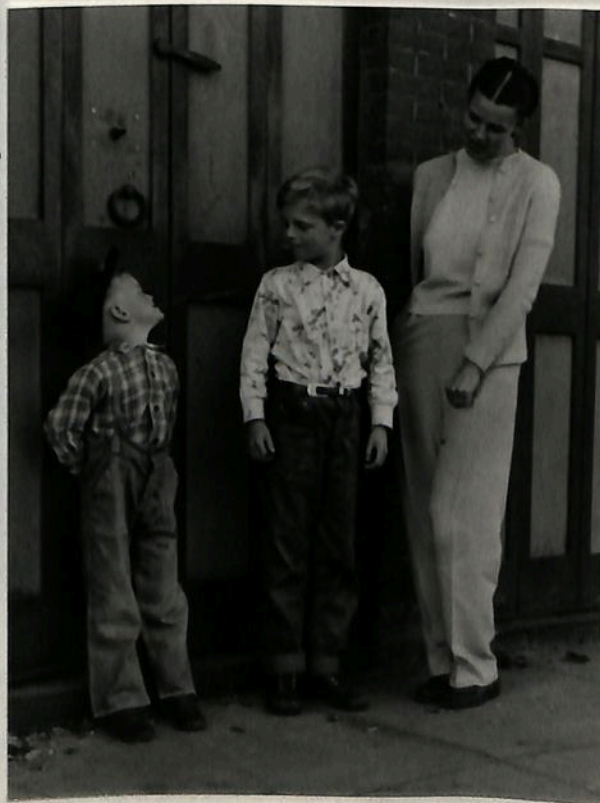




Photo 11.
A Sunday picnic. Arlene, Jon, Jim and
"Tar". Circa 19~~51~~49



Photo 12.
Beardsley Dam site; excavation almost
complete. View is up-stream from above the east
abuttment. Jim, Jon and Arlene. 1955.



Photo 13.
The Mitchell cattle loading-out at the
corrals in Eureka Valley. Fall, 1959.



Photo 14.
Bill Airola, permittee on the Iceberg C.
& H. allotment. Ca. 1955.



Photo 15. Allen McCready ("Mac") on a range inspection trip on the Cooper Meadow C. & H. allotment. Ca. 1953.



Photo 16. "Mac" McCready and Bill Airola checking utilization on a meadow in Disaster Creek. Ca. 1955.



Photo 17.
Henry Sanguinetti on the Cooper Meadow
C. & H. Castle Rock in the distance, Ca. 1957.



Photo 18.
Cooper Meadow cow camp cabin and (right) the
old barn which dates from 1870's. Ray Sanguinetti
leads his horse; Henry appears at right.



Photo 19.
Jim Reveal at Long Lake in the Emigrant Basin. Ca. 1958.



Photo 20.
Joanne DeEds, a fine rider and horse trainer, and Jim Reveal, loading-up one morning near Long Lake in the Emigrant Basin. Ca. 1958.



Photo 21.

Evan Kelly and Norman Farrell packing My Mule Cooney at Buck Lake on the last day of a fishing trip. Circa 1958. [See text p. 51]



Photo 22.

A family photo to go out with Christmas Cards. Arlene and I with Jim and Jon in front of the ranger's residence. Circa 1958.