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# COMMENTS AND REMARKS ON A "CONTRIBUTIONS TO A HISTORY OF THE SUMMIT DISTRICT. RECOLLECTIONS OF THE YEARS 1948-1960"

by Jack L. Reveal

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JAMES L. REVEAL
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Note to Reader:

In the margin of this manuscript by my son, James L. Reveal, I have added a few "comments" where I do not agree with his point of view. But the comments are not corrections. Jim's views and impressions of people and events are valid and real, albeit those of a boy and young man who was between 7 and 18 years old at the time. For example, I thought our family was financially well-off at Pinecrest, but he (and his brother Jon, too) remembers us as "poor", for they measured themselves against their summer and winter companions who came from well-to-do families. By that measure we were poor.

Jack L. Reveal
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24 November, 1985

# COMMENTS AND REMARKS ON A "CONTRIBUTION TO A HISTORY OF THE SUMMIT DISTRICT - RECOLLECTIONS OF THE YEARS 1948-1960" BY JACK L. REVEAL

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Having received the comments of my father, Jack L. Reveal, District Ranger of the Summit District of the Stanislaus National Forest from 1948 to 1960, I have taken leave to comment on his recollections. For the most part the following are expansions, additions or contradictions to that record as I recall them. Being aware that an oral record has been made by my mother, Arlene H. Reveal, and, like my father, aware that she would remember many items more exactly than I, I will essentially comment only on those items raised by my father. In this matter, I may or may not confirm the recollections recorded some four years ago (or so) by her.

I will follow the page format used by my father. His 18 June 1984 "Supplement" was the result of a series of conversations we had while traveling from the Los Angeles area to western Nevada in early June of that year. These conversations were scattered over several days, and often he was not able to take notes. The confusion and misrepresentations I note herein regarding the "Supplement" are largely due to this latter difficulty.

(2) The original Pinecrest ranger station was typical of the Forest Service buildings of the era -- or so I would learn over the years. The wood construction and brown stain with a wood shingle roof was the norm. No matter where I went, at least in Region 5, and to some degree Region 4, the houses and outbuildings were essentially the same. The one major difference was the sizes of the residences. I do not recall the nature of the ranger's house on the Sacramento District, but the one which we lived in was large and spacious with a bright living room, a separate kitchen (and perhaps dining room), at least two bedrooms (maybe three), a fireplace, and a full basement with a ~~coal~~ burning stove. It was at the door of that basement, upon arrival, that we discovered the first dog I remember, "Peanuts." The Pinecrest house, by comparison, had no basement, one bedroom, no dining area, and a small bathroom that was only partially functional. The interior woodwork, however, was excellent -- a thing I will always envy when I see modern attempts in our present-day housing. The Brightman Station residence was exactly the same. In later years, when stationed at Markleeville on the Toiyabe National Forest, I found the house occupied by the fire crew was similar to our first house in Pinecrest but not as well appointed. I was never invited into the ranger house on that district, nor for that matter, the house of the guard stationed at Markleeville. Even the following year, while working for Jessie Palmer, I was never invited into his house at Yerrington. Thus, I am not in a position to comment on the construction.

(3) I visited Pinecrest Lookout on several occasions, and it was always an exciting trip. The road up Herring Creek was "primitive" even in those days, and not one welcomed by any driver. However, to us kids, it was a grand adventure and one we always looked forward to. The lookout itself was on a low "tower" erected on top of a room made of stone and not all that high. It was not like Crandall which was a real lookout! It sat on Pinecrest Peak and overlooked Strawberry Reservoir. From there one could see north and west for a considerable distance. The view east was somewhat limited, but one could see to the crest of the Sierra Nevada. To the south, or into the Emigrant Basin Wilderness Area, the lookout was useless. It always amazed me that the Forest Service built the lookout where it did -- overlooking the timber and resort areas, but ignoring the scenic wilderness area. You can see where my priorities were.

The tower itself was a single room, glassed on all sides, with a map on a sighting device (the name of which escapes me) in the center. A small bunk was in the room along with a stool. Both the bunk and stool were on glass insulators, to protect whoever or whatever might be on that particular object of furniture against errant lightning bolts -- a remarkable thing to a kid. There was a small house to the east of the tower. I do not believe there was water at the lookout so it had to be carried from a nearby spring down the eastern slope below the tower. In the stone portion of the tower there was an screened cooler. It kept things cool but not cold. I do not believe there was ever an icebox.

Osborne fire finder."

The telephone situation in Pinecrest was remarkable, even considering that this was post World War II America. There were more phones, as I remember, on the "party line" than recorded by my father. One in particular I recall. While he reported accurately the number of phones in Pinecrest, there were more on the same line, notably one at Strawberry at the main lodge, and another, I believe, at Old Strawberry along the old highway. At any rate, an additional one was in the home of George Conlin, and my brother and I were rude on the phone one day when Mrs. Conlin was trying to make a call. This caused no end of difficulties for ourselves once discovered. It seems she called our parents to complain! There was also a phone at Cold Springs, but that one was on a different phone line and not on the same party line with Pinecrest and Strawberry.

As for the phone line to Pinecrest Peak, I know that line followed the Herring Creek Road, but am not sure if it left Pinecrest over the hill to the river and below the dam as my father suggests. Also, there was a phone line to the Experiment Station located below Strawberry, but I am not certain on which district this station was located. Likewise, I am not certain if all of these local lines were strictly Forest Service lines. I believe some belonged to the Pacific Gas and Electric Company (PG&E) as I recall PG&E had some lines, most notably one to Spring Gap.

one went up ridge from end of dam. summit PG&E had a line at least to Douglas Flat.

(3-5) To any kid camping is the ultimate state. To be out in the woods, under the stars, and in a sleeping bag during those ~~hot~~ summer nights was the finest thing possible. Every summer, people, as report-

not cool?

ed by my father, surged into Pinecrest setting up their "rag" camps. Even at the other campgrounds, people camped out, their children being allowed, even encouraged, to sleep out, eat camp food, and play. They were the envy of ~~all~~ the local kids, as, no doubt, we were the envy of every city kid who had only a few days of this. Rarely were we ever able to "sleep out", and never did we go camping in the traditional sense of the day. No doubt my parents -- even if allowed to be away in the summer -- would not have tolerated a "rag" camp such as found in Pinecrest, but even a good old "primitive" camp at a place like Niagra would have been fun for us kids!

The local kids ~~really~~ did not get to know many ~~of the~~ summer campers. They were there too short a ~~period of~~ time, and most of us had duties that ~~actually~~ prevented us from ~~getting to~~ see many of them. We ~~did/~~get to know several of the kids who stayed in the summer homes, however, but more about that later.

got/

Swimming was a common activity of all who came to Pinecrest. There were two major beaches (see photo 3). The beach in front of Pinecrest Lodge was ~~considered to be~~ the lodge's beach and ~~thus~~ the summer and permanent residents tended to use this one. This beach is not in photo 3. Associated with the lodge beach was a boatdock that had rental boats. The swimming area was marked off by a log barrier and in theory at least this was to keep swimmers out of the boating area, and boats out of the swimming area. A floating platform (similar to one shown in photo 3) was attached to the outer edge of the log barrier, and one could swim out to this platform and lie in the sun. Various home owners had boatdocks. These were always small, with only a few boats tied to any one of them. I recall two or three of these were located to the east of the lodge beach, and at least one was owned by Col. George Wescott who lived next to the ranger station. A second one was used by the Paul family that lived several houses to the east of us. The Baker family used the Wescott dock. The PG&E (John Sardella) also had a dock that was always locked so it was difficult even to walk out on it.

Pahl/

Several of the home owners tied their boats to buoys along the beach fronts near their homes. To get to their boats they would either carry a row boat to the beach or would swim to their boat. Many a sailboat was so moored. It was fun to swim out to these boats and look at them.

The second major beach (seen in photo 3) was associated with Pinecrest Campground, and here campers tended to go. This beach was not as sandy nor as well cared for. There was a floating platform here as well, and the swimming area was also roped off by the Forest Service to prevent boating accidents. The actual beach extended a considerable degree to the west and south. As one got further around the lake to the south, and out of the "roped-off area" of the public swimming area, home owners living on that side of the lake tended to use the beach and one would find fewer campers. Here, however, swimming was more difficult as there were a number of tree stumps which one might or might not be able to see while swimming. Like the area near the lake beach, sailboats were moored, but there were no boatdocks. One did not find docks in the lake until well around the lake

area/

lake front/

There were many boat docks on the "south shore - nearly every home had one.

to the south where there were no roads and the only means available to reach a cabin was to walk the path around the lake or to take a boat.

In between these two major beaches was a smaller one, more treed and less sandy. It was associated with the picnic area. When the lake was full, it was impossible to use this beach.

Elsewhere on the lake, beaches were few, and none really was developed, even by the home owners. There was a nice beach at the boy scout camp, but we never used it except in the late summer or early fall after the scouts had left.

Two tales about the lodge's boatdock.

A person rented a boat for an hour or so and when he returned to pay his bill, low and behold all he had was a $1000 bill! The boatdock person (it may have been Paul Stetler) took the bill into Pinecrest Lodge, and my mother (who was the bookkeeper then) went through everything she could to make change for this chap. I am not certain who all contributed to the fund, but the guy paid for his boat, and lost his $1000 bill which likely he had been using to bilk other local merchants.

Each morning, especially during the last summer we were at the lake front, our dog, "Tar," would get out of the house as early as possible and take off across the yard, street and beach heading for the boatdock, going in a full run off the end of the dock into the water. He would then swim back to the beach. It was grand sport, and something that came to be expected.

Some additional remarks are appropriate here. Fishing in Pinecrest Lake was reasonably good, and as kids we managed to go from time to time. Only rarely did we go trolling, and then that tended to be with the elder Baker man who lived not too far from us. On one or two occasions Col. Wescott took us along with his grandkids. As he was the best of the local fishermen, this was always a great occasion. About 1956 we discovered catfish in the lake, and that we could spear them. Thus we had many a catfish for a meal, this being a simple and quick way to get a fish. The catfish tended to swim around stumps and so we gained a fairly good knowledge regarding the location of stumps in Pinecrest Lake.

Every winter the lake would be emptied by PG&E so that it might refill during the coming spring. In fact, during the previous summer, the water level had gone down as demand for the water increased in the Central Valley. There was a huge pile of rock in the center of the lake which would be exposed, and this was always a challenge to reach, and then climb on. One had ~~often~~ to wait until the ground froze before trying to reach the rocks as the mud made walking essentially impossible.

There was a great buck deer that lived on the hill behind the house and would occasionally be seen by the locals. He seemed to know when deer season started for he moved down among the cabins for protection. Once he got chased off the hill the first morning of deer

season and went racing in front of Pinecrest Lodge in full sight of several hunters. Those men went crazy. To my knowledge that deer was never taken by a hunter and lived in Pinecrest for several years.

(5-6.1) For the kids growing up in Pinecrest, the two resorts were the center of all social activity in the summer and on winter weekends. Pinecrest Lodge was large and impressive, while Karl's Place was more friendly and warm; it also had a store with a bakery! When we lived at the beach, Karl's Place was the best place to go. I remember it as a large building, but do not recall what all was in the place except that it had a large store. There may also have been rooms.

Pinecrest Lodge was a large, wooden structure that was L-shaped. The shorter segment extended in front of our house and contained the lobby and registration desk plus the offices of the lodge. It was there that my mother worked for several years(?) Next to the lobby, and facing the lake, was the dining room, a large open area. Behind (north) was the kitchen, equally large and impressive to a kid. I do not know how many tables were in the dining room, but the number was likely 30 or so. Facing the lake, and next to the dining room, was a small gift shop. I cannot recall who all ran the gift shop, but there seems to have been a variety of people, including Lynn Wescott and Mary Baker. The next large room in the lodge was the bar. It was nearly the full width of the building. The polished, wooden bar was along the east wall. There were many bar tenders over the years and I do not recall most of them. From time to time Kurt Hizer (who ran the sports shop) tended the bar as did Paul Stetler. The last structure on the lodge (the west end) was the sports shop. Here one could buy worms, fishing gear of all kinds, rent skis in the winter, and find some clothing. On the bulletin board outside the front door of the sports shop were, depending upon the season, a variety of pictures -- strings of fish, a single, large trout caught in the lake, a big buck, or people skiing. Additionally, one could find newspaper clippings, assorted business cards and notices. From time to time Kurt would post a map of where the fishing was good.

?

can't recall this!

For us kids, the upstairs portion of the Pinecrest Lodge was off limits. When Jay Gandy was manager, his son Bill, who was essentially my age, and I would play in his apartment. This was located above the lobby and registration desk, and consisted of two bedrooms, a small kitchen area, and a large living room. There was a set of backstairs that allowed one to get to this upstairs apartment; the stairs were located behind and west of the office portion of the L-shaped lodge. There may or may not have been a chemical toilet in the Gandy's apartment. I do not know how many rental rooms there were in the lodge. They ran the length of the building, with the fancy ones overlooking the lake, and the smaller (and less expensive ones) facing the back of the lodge. There was one toilet area on the second floor and it was wonderful to visit (and likely why the area was forbidden territory) -- it was a two-floor drop!!! Once a girl with polio stayed part of the summer in one of the rooms overlooking the lake, and many of the local kids visited her. I saw her many years later and she had no ill-effects of that summer dread.

As my dad reports (page 7.3), I sorted beer bottles behind the bar each morning, placing each brand of bottle in its own box so they could be returned. At first I got $0.50 an hour, but that eventually went up to $0.60 an hour. Amazingly enough, it nearly always took an hour to sort all the bottles. The bottles were stored in large, 55-gallon metal drums which I could not move so had to climb into to retrive the last few bottles. I never drank beer in my life, and never even tried it then. I suspect the odor of stale beer left to warm in a series of rusting barrels overnight might have been enough to curb my young desires.

Another source of fun at Pinecrest Lodge was our ability to go under the long porch facing the lake and search for coins. The pickings were particularly good in front of the bar. The wooden porch was built so that dirt could be swept through the cracks of the boards thereby making it easy to keep clean. Well, all kinds of coin would fall between the boards as well! There were lounge chairs on the porch and here too was a source of fallen coins. My brother, Bill Gandy and I always managed to find a few cents every few days or so. When Bill Pringle came to Pinecrest, he too joined in the search. The visiting summer kids were never informed by the resident kids of this source of treasure or so it now seems; at least they never were there when we were.

The store associated with Pinecrest Lodge when Karl's Place was operating was small. When Karl's Place burned, probably in 1951, the Pinecrest store was enlarged. It was located adjacent to the post office. I am uncertain of the exact configuration of all this, however. I believe the sequence was that there was a small store with the post office attached to the east end of the building. In the area between the store and post office was a small open-air shop where, for a couple of summers, there was a snakbar with drinks, hotdogs, popcorn and the like. (It was here, much to my tender embarrassment, that Tar, our dog when we lived near the Y, serviced a bitch to the absolute delight of a cheering crowd; I was selling popcorn at the outdoor movie theater then and all the older kids never really let me forget that one!)

Other buildings and structures associated with Pinecrest Lodge were a large, 4-seater, outdoor toilet with all kinds of graffiti, a service building, and a open-air dance floor behind the store. It was on the dance floor that the local kids learned to roller skate -- no doubt to the detriment of the dance floor. Finally, on the extreme western side of the store was an ice house and one or two gaspumps. It was down at Karl's Place that there was a service station in the true sense. This was run by Jack Morrison. When Karl's Place burned, the gas station was not lost, and it stood alone and naked for years after the fire. All the gas pumps then were hand-pumped and the gasoline would rise into a glass section where one could estimate the amount of gas to be delivered. Once that was established, the gasoline ran from the pump by gravity into the vehicle. It was a necessary device as it functioned without electricity and at times that was a blessing.

measured on a scale of 1 to 10

The store at Pinecrest Lodge was run by Robert Pringle and his

wife. They had two sons, one of whom, Bob, I never met. The younger son was William, or Bill. He was older than I, heavy, freckled-faced and red-haired. The Pringles lived over the store in an apartment.

Strawberry + Conlins were on patented land surrounded by N.F. land

The resorts at Strawberry and Old Strawberry were not on the Summit District, nor even a portion of the Stanislaus National Forest. Nonetheless, for the kids, this distinction was minor. Strawberry was still the location of events, and kids. Strawberry Resort, or Carter's Resort as it was also called, overlooked the Middle Fork of the Stanislaus River and was near the bridge where California Highway 108 crossed ~~over it~~. There were cabins associated with the lodge along with rooms. Unlike Pinecrest, the dining room and kitchen were smaller, but the bar area larger and generally more popular. Dick and ~~Sue~~ Mary Carter were the owners, ~~I believe~~, when we arrived, but they sold in the mid 1950s and were replaced by Ken and Judy Sneed. Mary Carter was the sister of George Conlin. There was a large garage and service station associated with Carter's, with an excellent mechanic, Joe Lee, who suffered from cerebral palsy. He later (and does still) cooked at Carter's. The station was owned by J.C. Duffy. My mother worked for as a book-keeper + cost accountant both owners of Strawberry over the years.

Across California Highway 108 from Carter's was a Strawberry store. This I believe was owned by the Conlins, but was acquired in the early 1950s by Mike Sparrow and his wife Jacquline (or Jackie). They called their place "Sparrows." The Sparrows had two children, Mike, who was four or five years older than I, and Susan, a year younger but in the same grade ~~as I~~. They lived above the store in an apartment which I visited infrequently and now can recall only that it had a small kitchen, two bedrooms (I believe), a large livingroom and indoor plumbing! Associated with the store were cabins which they rented. The Sparrows eventually moved into one of the larger cabins. The store was smallish by current standards but was well-stocked. It was slightly less expensive than the Pinecrest store, but neither was really affordable to the locals.

In the late 1950s, Mike, Sr., died of cancer. I believe he was the first man I knowingly witnessed to suffer from this disease and die. He was in the hospital for several weeks, and when he finally came home (his cancer too far advanced for any more treatment), he was nearly unrecognizable. I suspect he died about 1957. Paul and Marcia Stetler divorced around this time, and Paul married Jackie a year or so after Mike died. The Stetler kids and Susan soon left the Sierras, and I finished high school without them in my classes.

hotel

The Conlins owned, and ran, Old Strawberry Inn, an ancient roadside guesthouse built, I would guess, late in the last century or early in the present one. It was located in a large meadow along old Highway 108. It was a stage stop on the Sonora-Bodie road in the 1870s, and I can remember the cattlemen, and even Reno Sardella, telling tales of the happenings at Old Strawberry in the 1920s when the great cattle drives would occur. It was in the barn (long since gone) at Old Strawberry that Reno first kissed his wife-to-be, Gerry! I was never really in Old Strawberry Inn except the lower floor which I do not really recall. I believe Don McCloud's mother, Irene, ran the place in the early 1950s until she married Del Hoogaboom. After

that another woman ran the place. She had a son named Jack Canaday. Jack was younger than I by two years or so, and was a friend of my brother Jon. They came to the mountains in 1956 or 1957. In high school, Jack ran track, and I believe eventually went to Sonora to live. He had a younger brother, Bruce. According to my brother, Jack now works in a garage in Sonora.

(7) It was in 1951 that Reno Sardella came to Pinecrest. For me, it was a major event in my life, and one that has and will continue to play a role in shaping the values and concepts of my existence. We had moved to the new residence down at the Y, and it must have been one weekend in the spring of the year (and just after our move) when my dad asked me to run over to the corrals across the "back road" and ~~tell~~ Reno Sardella to come over to the station's office. "Sardella" was an unknown word to me, and I recall that I made every effort to remember it as I ran over, but I didn't -- a forgetfullness that has plagued me to the present day. I found a group of men near the corrals and went up to them and asked for "Reno Nevada." There were lots of laughs, but one tall, muscular, red-faced man acknowledged my existence and that was my first introduction to a man who would, in a real sense, be my second father for the next several years.

The Pinecrest Stables became ~~a~~ my second home. I lived across the street, and could easily go "to work" each day. At 10 years of age, it was great. Reno had all kinds of horses, and he was willing to teach me, and others, ~~of~~ their use and care. He permitted a small group to gather and become a part of his outfit. As my father notes (page 30.1), my brother, the youngest, was christened with the nickname "Termite" -- the only kid so blessed -- he being then but 7 or 8 when he himself became a fixture at the stables. The most important young man for Reno was Bill ("Billy") King. He was two years older than I, and I believe Bill became a part of the stable gang about 1952 or 1953. Bill's father owned a summer home near Meadowview Campground. The family lived in Watsonville, where he (Robert or "Bob") was in real estate. The oldest son, Bob, eventually lived in Pinecrest with his wife, Carmen, and young daughter, Diane (page 7.2 and see below).

Bill eventually owned his own horse, a fact that caused my brother and I great pain. That we had all the horses we could want each summer somehow was never exactly the same as actually owning one horse. Bill stabled his horse with Reno in the summer, and worked there to off-set the cost, and to learn. In 1956, Reno gave me a horse for my own use. It was a blue mare with a running walk; she was not much more than three years old when she arrived. I named her "Starr" in honor of my "true love" of those early days, Starr Walton. The horse was to be for Reno's wife Gerry, but I am not certain she ever rode the mare. I rode the horse both summers of 1957 and 1958, and she was used by my father and I in 1959. During the winter of 1959-1960 she was killed by a mountain lion while on winter pasture.

There were other "kids" associated with Reno and the Pinecrest Stables. Another summer visitor was Bonnie Benovitch. She was my age or less than a year younger, and came to Pinecrest each summer with her mother and younger brother, David. She had no father, but I am not certain why. They lived in Stockton. Bonnie and I "went" toget-

her from time to time -- mostly as a matter of convenience -- during the years 1955-1957. It was mainly a letter relationship. Bonnie and I rode a great deal in 1955 and particularly 1956. Once we took a string of horses from Pinecrest to Aspen Grove, getting home well after dark. There was hell to pay for that one, from both her mother and Reno. Unfortunately (or fortunately), there was no need for concern for either our safety or our chastity. It was just a moon-~~lite~~ night, and why ride the horses extra hard?

Most of the girls that were a part of the corral scene were older than I by several years, and were attracted to the older fellows. This was particularly true of Nan Davis, Vickie Hoecker, Patti Duffy and Linda Wood. These women were daughters of summer home owners, or their guests, and nearly all were well off in terms of status and position. Nan was in college when she first came to Reno, but the others were still in high school. All in all, they were bright women. This caused the available "summer cowboys" some difficulties. Bright women were often not terribly tolerant of their ways. In 1955 or so, Reno hired a couple of college-age kids himself, including one from Cal Poly named Dave Wilde. Chuck Knowles -- long a professional cowboy and rodeo rider -- eventually went to Cal Poly after his marriage to Ann Waggoner. Chuck had worked for Reno before and returned after serving in the military. Unlike many of his contemporaries, Chuck had been stationed in Germany rather that in Korea.

All this greatly enhanced the appeal of the stable crowd, and things often got rather exciting around the place. About 1956 Ron Hawkins and Marv Kauffman, two more handsome summer cowboys, came onto the scene to add more heat to the summer competition. Ron Anderson also came onto the scene, but I am not certain now exactly when -- it might have been in 1955. He and Patti Duffy became an item and both seemingly enjoyed the others company.

One women who became a part of the horse scene who was truly amazing was Diane Rogers, an "exotic" dancer in San Francisco. The story is told -- and I have no idea if it is true -- that when Diane discovered she was pregnant, it was impossible to determine if the child would be that of Hart "Cappy" Cook or Walter Castle. The two men, so the story went, played cards for her, and Cappy won. Diane and Cappy Cook had several more children before they finally went their own ways many years later. Another version, according to Joanne DeEds Hankins, was that Roger Monk, Steve MacNamara, possibly Ray Patton, and Cappy Cook (all as skiers rather than cowboys!!) drew straws for her. Walt Castle, the cowboy, was angry to have been shut out of the drawing and took it badly. Somebody walked up to him in the Pinecrest Lodge bar and handed him a "crying towel" as a consolation prize. Whatever the truth is, it was Cappy who married her.

For me, a young and impressionable teenager, Diane's "bathing suits" which she occasionally wore at the stables were something else. She was without doubt the most sexy woman I was aware of, and she certainly had all the possible (and then some) attributes necessary to do justice to what little she would have on. Years later, I saw her when the Cooks were living in Lee Vining with their three sons, and Diane was still remarkably attractive. She was always a flirt, how-

ever, and she enjoyed her ability to impress men of all ages.

Still, I was aware even then that whenever Diane got mad at Cappy, and left him for a period of time, she went to San Francisco where she was a call girl. According to the talk even I heard as a kid, she was doing this before she married. Vickie Hoecker claimed that Diane commanded a fee of at least $50.00 -- no doubt a sizeable fee in those early days.

For me, the most important of the young college age women that came to be associated with Pinecrest Stables was Joanne DeEds. Her parents owned a summer home in Pinecrest, and Joanne was in between her freshman and sophomore year in high school when I first met her in 1952. She worked for Cappy Cook at Strawberry -- the competition! One day Cappy came through the stables at Pinecrest with a long string of horses and told us he had seen a rattlesnake sunning itself on a rock at the junction of the Dodge Ridge road and the road to Belle Meadows. He said that if I would kill the thing and get the skin, he would appreciate it. So I did. It was a huge snake, more than three feet long, and when skinned out and dried (which my father showed me how to do), nearly a foot across. It was an ideal skin for a belt which was its ultimate fate. I took the dried skin to Cappy. As payment I was given a small pinto horse named "Zapata" to ride. It turned out that Zapata was a nasty little horse being trained by Joanne and not being nasty enough myself, I was unable to handle the horse properly. She showed me how, being thoroughly angry at Cappy for allowing this dumb kid to even ride the horse! I concluded Joanne was equally as nasty as the horse and left them to enjoy each other's company. [Joanne has never admitted that jug-headed horse was "nasty" and in fact has even claimed that Zapata was "a gentleman next to a certain neurotic blue mare" which, of course, is simply not true. This is not to say Starr was not neurotic, just that Zapata was hardly a "gentleman."]

1953 was Cappy's last season playing cowboy. A football player for the Stanford Rose Bowl team (he played guard, infrequently), he was a big strong man, and very handsome. I would learn in later years that both Joanne and Ann Waggoner (who was then hanging around Strawberry) had significant crushes on Cappy which -- with Diane around -- were largely ignored.

In 1954, Joanne moved her interests from Strawberry to Pinecrest. Attending Stanford herself, and working with Wallace Stegner in creative writing, she was one of the college crowd that for me, three years younger than she, and four years behind her in school, made her one of the many untouchables due to all the older fellows then working for Reno. She owned a big buckskin horse named "Skeeter." She also bought, from Reno, that nasty pinto I had tried to ride at Cappy's; the horse did not remain long in her stable.

For me, working for Reno was an experience of growing up. I learned to feed horses in both the morning and late afternoon; to curry and comb the horses in the morning; to saddle; and eventually to guide people on hourly tours. Initially, hourly rides cost one dollar per hour, four dollars for a half-day, and eight dollars or so for a full day. Over the years that went up to about two dollars an hour

and $12 or $15 a day. In 1958, when I packed for Reno out of Belle Meadows, it was $21 a day for the packer and his horse.

Each morning the horses would be placed in one of the smaller "catch" corrals, caught, haltered and placed in a specific stall. Each horse had its own stall, with several assigned to the same stall the entire time Reno was in Pinecrest. Once in their stalls, the horses would eat the hay put in their mangers prior to catching the horses. Feed bags were placed on several of the animals for a supplement of oats. The horses were brushed and curried, and then saddled. By 7:30 or so, each morning, all the horses were ready for the day.

During these morning hours, the radio played country music. In the afternoon, starting at 5 pm, Chester Smith came on the radio from station KTRB in Modesto. He played records, including his own. He was a local band leader. Thus I missed most of the early "rock and roll" years.

When horses were rented, the appropriate horses were selected, usually by the "foreman," and then one of the kids helped in getting the horse ready. This usually required bridling the horse and making sure the cinch was properly tightened. The horses were not sent out with halters. We then assisted in getting people on, adjusting stirrups as appropriate, and, when necessary, instructing them in how to rein the horse. The vast majority of people were kind to the riding horses. Only rarely would someone bring in a horse sweating and clearly abused. In such instances, Reno often dealt swiftly and firmly with the person. I rarely saw him outwardly angry, but that would cause it. A hard, and often harsh man himself, he was remarkably sensitive about his horses. I remember once when Starr was on the point of being difficult, Reno took her out and away from the stables, dealt with it, and brought her back. I never had a difficulty with her after that.

Saddling and working with the horses was the "glory" part of our days as Sardella's kiddy corp. However, there were additional duties. The kids were also responsible for seeing that everything was cleaned up after the horses. This chore was never actually bothersome nor was it really objectionable. The duties were shared. Someone would rake, another shovel, and a third handle the wheelbarrow. Admittedly, the latter was the least desirable duty as the wheelbarrow, once filled, had to be rolled to the manure pile behind the corrals. My bother, Jon, sometimes handled the wheelbarrow, and once -- when it was very full -- he dumped the contents. Reno did not get mad at "Termite" but rather at us older boys for having the little kid do the hardest chore. We were constantly being taught.

At the end of the day, the entire corral area was watered and then raked, and I mean the entire area. Reno was particularly fussy about this, and instilled in me a degree of neatness about doing things I have never escaped from. Each rake stroke was so long, each in a long series, with the next series below that continuing exactly where the other one had left off. One raked across the slope. The areas raked were then watered again. When finished, the whole area was a maze of patterns in carefully fashioned and repeatable designs.

Each night the yard would be raked exactly the same way with the same patterns created. You could look at the results and find a high degree of pride in the day's last task. As we kids tended to do this, we would fuss whenever anyone walked over the raked areas. In time, even Reno appreciated the job done and prevented cars from driving through that portion of the stable area until the following morning. Today, I cannot mow a lawn without carefully executing each cut -- each just so wide and so long. The lawn too must be exact.

From time to time Reno would allow ~~the kid~~us to "go for a ride" after hours. This was the reward for getting our tasks done, and looked forward to with relish. For an hour or so we would be allowed to ride. It was always fun. However, I do not recall Reno ever going ~~with the kids~~ on one of these evening rides.

The days were all different alumni association in terms of set rides and schedules. The University of California summer camp had hourly rides every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 10 and 11 in the morning. One day of the week, I think Thursday, was a three hour "lunch" ride. Finally, once a month was a "moon-light" ride for the camp's guests. All of these trips required a guide, with the camp providing one and Reno another. Bill King or one of the older fellows usually handled this duty. It was not until 1956 or so that I was allowed to take the camp rides, and then I got the best one of all -- the lunch ride. It was via this program that I met a number of college ~~kids,~~ students who worked each summer at the camp. Through them I learned about university life, and discovered that girls -- no matter their ages or mine -- liked cowboys!

Reno had one horse named "King" that would eat anything. Leftovers from the lunch ride usually went into that horse.

I worked for Reno each summer I lived at the Y until he left Pinecrest. He would arrive in the mountains about the time school was getting out, usually in mid June, and would remain in Pinecrest until a week or so after Labor Day. He would then move all the horses to Aspen or Belle Meadows for hunting season. The horses were nearly always "herded" to and from the mountains. He would take them through Sonora usually early in the morning before there was heavy traffic and then along the cattle trails to Long Barn, and finally to Pinecrest. I never made this summer or fall trip ~~myself~~, although I always hoped to. It seemed Reno would always make the run on a school day, and he rarely would get us out of school to do things. While he didn't have an education, he always felt it our duty to get ours. One fall, my brother, Bill King and I were holding all the horses in the large meadow between our house and Meadowview Campground above the University of California camp. Things were going well until the horses decided to go to Sonora. ~~themselves~~. The horses passed Bill King in a gallop and we rode immediately to tell Reno. He was not pleased. The men went after the horses finding them at the cattle guard and fence on the edge of the Summit District near Cold Springs. In the spring of 1957, and I think in 1958 as well, I went to Stent, where Reno lived, and helped shoe horses before they came to the mountains. That was on a weekend, however, and I still was unable to ride with the horses to the mountains even then.

alumni back

The corrals at Pinecrest were rebuilt by Reno, who replaced the fencing ~~there~~ when he arrived. I learned to dig postholes ~~then~~, and this must have been one of my first chores. I remember Reno saying to my dad that first day that I ought to come down and ride. It was during the more innocent days of government when such remarks were made in sincerity and were not be considered a bribe.

There were three main corrals, one associated with the stable area where the horses were kept during the day. This was the largest, and included two catch corrals. Adjacent to this corral was a smaller corral that hid the manure pile. Here Reno kept "Bill" (or "Whiskey Bill" as some called him), his big palomino horse. (In later years, LaVerne, Reno's daughter, kept a fancy mare here named "Dipple" which was called "Arabian" by the local cowboys. It was a useless horse but pretty.) The upper corral was on the low hill toward the "back road" -- the road that ran from Pinecrest Lodge to Highway 108 where it joined the old road to Old Strawberry. Associated with the upper corral was a series of stalls. Here people kept private horses. Here also Reno kept the occasional hurt horse or a horse that was causing trouble. There was a small catch corral as well, plus a gate that allowed horses to be moved into one of the catch corrals associated with the main corral. A third corral was located beyond the upper corral. I do not know how this one came into being. It held an assortment of horses and mules, including, from time to time, the Forest Service livestock. Reno used it mainly to hold horses in transit to Aspen.

One of the "bad" horses Reno often kept locked away was a big black mare named "Molly." I once saw her kick another horse clear over a fence! Another mare named "Maud" was equally hard on other horses. In late 1955 she was bred and after that she was remarkably gentle with her fellow kind.

The stable area was all made of stained posts and board fence, with the fencing about five feet high. I believe there were about 45 individual stalls in all, including those in the two catch corrals which we used during the day. In the center of the stable area were two open sheds where the saddles and riding gear were kept. Each saddle, like each horse, had its own place. At night, every saddle had to be put away exactly right, with each set of blankets and pads properly arranged, the bridle tied to the saddle, and the cinch up. As each of us kids tended to unsaddle a series of horses, it was possible for Reno to know exactly who was responsible for a goof-up. To be critized by him was like a death sentence. It was something that hung about you for days, and often was not forgotten for weeks by the other kids. You tended to do things right.

Every other year or so the stable ~~area~~ improvements were painted. It was all done by hand, and often ~~done~~ in the true Tom Sawyer manner. It was a chore no one wanted to miss. The kids did the fences, while the men did the cabin. In time the whole area was stray-painted.

A cabin was moved from the Pinecrest Lodge area a year after Reno came to Pinecrest. I do not remember exactly from where the cabin came, but I seem to think it was a spare cabin associated with the

lodge, perhaps a cabin owned by Karl's Place but taken over by the lodge when Karl's Place burned, or, less likely, something the Forest Service had. It was a one-room affair with a second story of equal size. Reno's men stayed there, but the kids were never permitted to do so.

As far as the Forest Service was concerned, Reno and his outfit were ~~probably~~ not much of a problem. He ran a sharp outfit and tended to have good men working for him. From time to time, especially in the back country, he did odd packing jobs for the Forest Service and the State Fish and Game Deparment. I ~~seem to~~ recall that Clen Whittle kept the Forest Service animals during the winter (including [only?] Smoky and the mule Kunnie used by my father). However, in latter years, they were kept by Reno. When Reno left Pinecrest in 1956, dad built a small corral near the warehouse to house these two animals. The following year (1957), Joanne DeEds and I built a set of three stalls between our house and Pete Wyckoff's new house. The latter were used in 1958 and 1959 by the Forest Service; I do not know about 1960.

I am reminded by Joanne DeEds Hankins that Reno did hide horses now and then "for a bit of r & r at Shearing Camp, etc." She says I "helped & made a point of not telling your father." Apparently Reno told the kids not to mention this, and even today I cannot remember this ever happening. Reno was like that.

I do not remember when I first learned about the Emigrant Basin Wilderness Area. I recall that from time to time my father would go there, and he would always go horseback. I also knew that Elbert Miller would go there in the winter, on skiis, for the snow surveys. I soon understood that the area was special, and even from a distance when looking into this mysterious portion of the Summit District, I knew it was a place I had to go.

When Reno Sardella came to Pinecrest, he also opened Kerrick Corral near Aspen Meadows as his packstation for the Emigrant Basin. As kids working for Reno, it was always a thrill to be allowed to go to "Aspen" or "Kerrick." From time to time one or more of us would be taken to Aspen in the back of an old Model A Ford car with a rumble seat. The rocky, unpaved road guaranteed plenty of dust and dirt for those in the back. Occasionally Reno would actually take us, but more often it was one of the men. In the early years we were only rarely permitted to ride stock to Aspen, but in time, as we became older, we made the trip more and more frequently. It was in this duty that each of us learned to head and tail the horses and mules, and to lead a bunch from horseback. In 1956 I was doing this rather often and so got my own bell to "bell" the last animal. That tinkling is a sound I can still remember in my mind -- it was always a comfort.

The "mountain" was a different world. Here the fences were all barbed wire, the corrals primitive, the conditions rough, and the atmosphere rugged. The men who worked for Reno here were real cowboys -- raw, coarse and haggard. Their hands were roughened, their walk told of assorted broken bones, and their manners were of men who rarely were around women or kids. It was here I first learned that

"kids were to be seen and not heard." It was meant as a commandment. Reno himself was different here; so was my father. It was as if they changed by passing through some magical window of time and tradition. I saw here, in these many men, what the West must have been like in the 1870s and 1880s. The men were nearly all poorly schooled -- even Reno, as I remember, failed to finish grade school -- and many were unable to read or write much beyond their names. They had spent the greater part of their lives around horses, mules and cattle. It was their way of life, and they lived it. All of them drank hard, they used coarse language, and the stories they told were magnificant.

It is hard to imagine such men in this day of mass media and ~~especially~~ the "Marlboro Man." I can recall the occasional escapade some of the men had with women, nearly all from Sonora or the Central Valley. The summer college girls did not visit Aspen; none of the locals did.

It is important to remember the status of women in the mid 1950s. While ~~us~~ we kids were permitted to enter into this magical world of real cowboys and packers, it was nearly always only briefly and then to do some chore that was otherwise undignified. Women were rarely allowed. Women, for these men, came in two forms: wives and mothers. Girlfriends were acknowledged, but no one would bring a real girl to such a place. Wives were tolerated because they could cook, usually were willing to clean and iron the laundry, would generally be tolerant of the conditions, and always understanding -- especially understanding. Mothers, especially Sonora Italian Catholic cowboy mothers, were regarded as saintly. This was particularly true of Reno and the assorted Italian men who worked with him. This meant that mothers of various generations and relationships would be infrequently present on the mountain. At such times the kids were often in tow and the magical window was painted over with a different view. The language of less coarse, the swagger less pronounced, the drinking less obvious, the manners more obvious, and the place cleaner and neater. ~~Us~~ we kids were especially useful in seeing to the cleaner and neater parts.

For these rough Italian Catholic cowboys, another, almost unrecognized, and certainly unacknowledged category was that into which they placed nearly all other women. This was the "bad" category. These women were not really terrible in any real sense, but merely different because for these married and superstitiously religious men to associate with them it meant they had to be "bad." Therefore it followed logically that the women were bad too.

Such women as Joanne DeEds and her fellow, college educated, articulate, horse-knowledgable, practical women who easily saw through the facade were not permitted I feel now because these same men often feared being laughed at. Joanne often lamented ~~then~~, and still does ~~now~~, that all she wished to do was walk through that magical window into the earthy world of the cowboy/packer and be accepted as a knowledgable person with sense and good judgment. She was, and is today, a person capable of surviving in the mountains, of tending horses properly, and seeing the beauty of the mountains those men rarely would ever acknowledge they knew existed (although they certainly did). She wanted in. So did I. I could, but she could not.

Twenty years later much would be written of what I was seeing and trying to understand in the period from 1956 through 1958. My own mother, who like Joanne ~~D~~, was strong and independent, educated far ~~and away~~ above all of those men combined, was exceedingly knowledgable of horses, and was equally excluded by her husband and his male friends alike. I could not understand the rationale for this kind of treatment of women: placed upon a pedestal and yet rejected for having the very attributes these men used to place them there.

At nineteen, pretty, educated, seemingly wealthy insofar as the wallet of any cowboy was concerned, Joanne was also a threat. She challenged the beliefs of these men and was willing to express her views to all who would listen. Those who wished to listen most of all were the daughters of those same Sonora Italian cowboys. But that threat of beauty and talent went beyond mere words. She could ride; she was acknowledged for her ability to handle and train horses. As for most of the summer cowboys, they were not and so did not mind. However, for the old men at Aspen or at Belle Meadows, the real cowboys who did count, they did mind. Upstart and know-it-all is what she seemed to them.

I must report now, although I probably could not have said so at the time, there were other aspects of a person like Joanne that were troubling to many of the hardline cowboys (and infuriating to the summer crowd). This was her stated disinterest in them. Golden blond, tanned and talented, she was also "unattainable" in their parlance. For the old time cowboys this was an affront to their maleness. When she was spoken to she should have jumped! For the summer cowboys, on the other hand, this meant a challenge -- someone to conquer and lay claim too. Again, none of these men could or would accept her as a person equal to themselves in any sense of the word "equal." While it is true that she was "unattainable," it was not for the reasons they assumed. If any had merely offered a degree of friendship, without the usual sexual overtones that to the summer cowboys this represented, she probably would have been interested in them. In defense of these fellows, however, I must also add that the likes of Joanne and her friends (Vicki, Patti, Linda, etc.) were a bunch of flirts and enjoyed immensely tormenting the summer cowboys whenever they could.

But there was an additional threat that slender girl with the short hair, blossoming figure, and soft voice presented -- it was to the wives. That threat was the most serious. A causal remark, an extra long look, a word of infrequent admiration was often (and more likely would be) interpreted as an attempt to seduce her on the spot. My own reflections upon the times today leads me to believe for all their swagger, those old cowboys were afraid -- afraid of their wives, of what their daughters might ~~come to~~ think, and of their own guilt in admitting they saw in a young girl their own desire and fire to excel -- desires, I fear, they and the system all too often strove to kill in their own offspring.

The Diane Rogers of the era were tolerated if not outrightly accepted. The Joanne DeEds of the same era were not. It mattered not whether it was Reno, my father, or any of the others, it was a way of

life for them; it was not a problem they suffered from. Even when Joanne and her like were accepted it was often only as a matter of need or convenience -- she provided understanding, a shoulder, a place to sleep it off, and likely for a few an attraction when otherwise depressed or rejected by the system or their own wives.

I suspect rulings and judgments of the Forest Service of the day can be studied with this view of the female considered -- perhaps that has been done. It was present. I saw the effect it had upon my mother; I saw its impact upon Joanne and others who merely wished to be included.

I can well imagine the life and times of some of the early women who came onto the Stanislaus when women were permitted; I saw the raised eyes when females came into the forestry programs at Utah State University. Substitute a shovel for a bridle, a pickup for a horse, and I suspect the story would be about the same. Maybe the level of education made a difference, but the tradition must have been as difficult to overcome. Dr. Nellie Stark, who worked at the Experiment Station near Strawberry, certainly had to play a careful role to succeed. I remember it was hard for me to tell that she was even female at times. I suspect today this was a means of self preservation. She is still an active scientist, and it would be most interesting to talk with her about the working relationships of the Forest Service she was subjected to in the 1950s.

I do not know if it has changed in isolated communities like Sonora, Pinecrest or even the packstations of the Sierra Nevada, but I suspect it has. No doubt time has changed much in Tuolumne County as it relates to the "battle of the sexes." The continued influx of people into the county, coupled with the growing awareness by the male population of their discriminatory treatment of women (plus all the other types of minorities), probably has brought some degree of comprehension to a few. Still, traditions change slowly. Looking at the atitudes of Tuolumne County males over the last half century might make an interesting study. Certainly, as just noted, it might be appropriate to examine the conduct of Forest Service policy on the Stanislaus relative to the treatment of minorities. However, any study of this type must take into account the environment beyond the confines of the Forest Service, and the county would be an exciting social environment to review.

My first ~~real~~ trip into the Emigrant Basin came in the summer of 1956. John Segal was filming a promotional film for Tuolumne County and Reno was hired to take him into the backcountry. Somehow my dad was asked to go along and Reno let me come as well. Jim Young, who was then working for Reno, was to be the packer. We did not go far and I suspect the trip was only four days long. Nonetheless, the trip from Aspen Meadows to Deer Lake and back through Spring Meadow was a superb adventure. In these situations Reno was always at his best. Because of the filming, the horses and mules were carefully selected, all the gear was the best, and we had everything we could possibly want so that the camp scenes would look warm and inviting. Unfortunately, poor Starr was terribly thin and gaunt but as I had less than 150 pounds on a six foot-three inch frame, we were not unalike.

This was ~~probably~~ my first ~~real~~ exposure to ~~what~~ the rigors of packing, and ~~therefore~~ true cowboying ~~(not like the hourly dude rides), were like~~. Also, I was with my father, alone, for the first time in years. The relationship was cautious but not strained. Reno, as usual, was warm, friendly and willing to show me what to do. I had already learned to throw a box hitch, as that was the Sardella standard. ~~then~~. However, my dad knew how to tie a diamond and as that hitch always looks good, he and Reno used it on the mule with the bedrolls. So I tried to learn that and by the end of the trip I could throw it.

John Segal would ride ahead of the party, set up his cameras and take pictures of us riding through the granite, by the lakes, ~~in~~ across the meadows, and whatever else he felt was appropriate.

One morning Jim Young got on his young quarter horse and it set off to bucking. We all watched, but while John and I thought it was a great show, neither Reno, my dad nor Jim said a thing. It was interesting to discover that here, in the Emigrant Basin, none of these men had anything to prove to the other and thus the usual bravado was dispensed with. I was an interesting lesson.

My father had never taken me fishing, but one late afternoon we rode up to a large lake above Deer and went fly fishing. The air was filled with insects and as the reddened sun set over the lake the glowing water moved with millions of ripples caused by jumping fish. It was one of those times all kids try to have with a parent. We didn't catch a thing but it hardly mattered.

Reno was an excellent fisherman when he set his mind to it. We went down below Starvation Lake into Spring Meadow where he showed me how to fish the slow-moving black waters of that area. He showed me how to bend low, working a fly back and forth over the open meadow and just popping it on top the water. One could not go near the water and as the meadow was flat, you had to fish several yards ~~away~~ from the edge of the stream. He caught a few fish and said it was then my turn. I tried but either I ended up hitting the water too hard or with too much line, or not hitting the water at all. The old man remained patient and encouraging, casting his line out with a practiced hand so that fly would just ever so gently alight on the water, and bang, he would have a fish. I continued to try and when I was fortunate enough to get it just right, I suddenly had a fish too. I was immensely proud and pleased with myself, but Reno discounted it and I had to continue until I got it more or less consistently right.

That night my father, who is an excellent cook, took everything we had left among the can goods and made a "Mulligan stew." That night, around the fire, Reno told stories about his early days in the Emigrant Basin. I had made it in, finally, not only into the backcountry, but in a real sense, into that magical circle.

Reno left Pinecrest at the end of the 1956 season. I do not know why. In 1957 he moved his operations to Aspen Meadows and to Douglas Flat; the business that summer did not go very well. During the

summer of 1956, Joanne and I had managed to get along, sort of.

While we had had our difficulties when she was with Cappy Cook, our feelings had slowly modified over the intervening years. Unlike 1954 when all I could afford were ratty tennis shoes held together with tape, and was therefore hardly a true cowboy as I had no cowboy boots, I was not mercilessly teased by her and the rest during the summer of 1955. For my birthday in March of that year my folks gave me a silver belt buckle (which I still have and routinely wear) and that summer I managed to get enough money put together to buy a pair of roughout cowboy boots. Finally, at 14, I began to look a little bit like the part I hoped to play.

The fall of 1956 I went to Stanford, ~~taking the bus to get there~~. No doubt I was a bit of an embarassment I am sure. I stayed overnight in her car, and then we went to her parent's home in San Francisco. The point of all this was to attend the Cow Palace rodeo and horse show. In 1955, Joanne had been rodeo queen of the Cow Palace show, and in 1956 it was Patti Duffy's turn, she being another of the summer Pinecrest crew of high school and college girls. That proved to be successful so over the winter of 1956-1957 we began a rather lengthy correspondence. She was at Stanford and I was in high school in Sonora; we were both sophomores. [I remember seeing a photo of Joanne taken while she was queen that showed me for the first time that here was someone who was cute; it came as a surprise. Stuff like that happens at 15!]

Jointly we conspired to spend the summer of 1957 together ~~via this correspondence~~. It worked and shortly after school was out at Stanford, Joanne came to the mountains in her own 1953 Hudson Jet! ~~I remember~~ she picked me up in Sonora (~~I assume at the high school~~) and we drove to Pinecrest so it must have been just before my own school was out in mid June. She stayed in the downstairs bedroom and we set to work building corrals. The work went well except that I got a blister which became infected, and I got blood poisoning and ended up in the hospital in Sonora. In time I was out and Reno gave me Starr and Joanne got a horse she had been training for him named "Sammy." Later, she added a second horse to our summer stable.

We rode everywhere we could. I had come to appreciate Joanne, but never to really look at her. That summer I did. She was cute, about chin high, and I discovered she was rather attractive to a whole lot of other people, especially summer cowboys. That didn't set too well. Reno had moved out of Pinecrest but assorted summer help managed to come to the station anyway and take her out on dates. I was learning other things this summer besides mere horsemenship.

Coexisting rationally was not alway possible, especially when we discovered that we could have fun together without hurting each other's feelings. I suspect, looking back upon those days now, that our parents were somewhat troubled by what was happening. There was the time I went into her bedroom -- no doubt after she had been out the night before and therefore was late for something -- and to get her up I proceeded to tickle her. That worked exceedingly well except that the bed collapsed. Now that was funny! My dad was not amused nor

could he fully comprehend the combination of me dressed, she not, the bed in a heap, and both of us in tears from laughing. She tried to explain, years later, that all was innocent; I am not certain he believed her even then.

During the course of that summer we finally discovered that there was no reason to continue to hide from each other, and we didn't. No doubt this added to the concerns of our parents; still nothing ever happened and in time all of this was essentially ignored.

We were permitted by our parents to go riding for extended periods of time, but not overnight. Still, we would often be gone from dawn until well after dark. We explored the country down towards Cold Springs and Spring Gap; Herring Creek; the old logging roads west of Dodge Ridge; and the Emigrant Basin country nearest to Pinecrest. The longest part of some of these days was the hours it took to ride from Pinecrest to Birth (or Burst) Rock or to the start of the trails that headed out from Crab Tree or Belle Meadows.

Longer trips were out of the question, especially overnight trips, unless escorted. This Joanne's mother did on one occasion, and my father on another.

1957 The trip my father chaperoned was business: Forest Service business. Joanne told me recently there was an important USFS person with us when we left Aspen Meadows with one of Reno's summer cowboys, Bob McDow. The Forest Service element went over what is now the new Woods Basin trail while Joanne, Bob and I went the usual way through Jewelry and Deer lakes to Cow Meadows where we camped with the trail crew headed up then by Jim Young (see below). From there we went to Horse Meadow with Young, to Huckleberry and the tungsten mine, over to Emigrant Lake, and eventually back out. As I look back upon this trip, I was taken mainly by my impressions of the country itself for I was now seeing that part of the Emigrant Basin that was far back and off the typical trail. I liked geology and was then aware of the formative processes which gave the Emigrant Basin its distinctive rock features. On that trip Joanne and I were accepted as capable people able to handle horses and largely ignored.

Our success with the first trip permitted us to plan for a second. Joanne and I had long hoped to get to Yellowhammer Lake, and its cowcamp located in a small meadow above the lake. Joanne decided Marvin Kauffman, one of Reno's summer packers, was a nice fellow and should somehow or another go on this trip with us. In fact she had gone out with him during the summer so this was all interrelated. That meant Bonnie Benovitch should come too. So with Joanne's mother Emelie, the five of us headed for Yellowhammer.

I suspect for both Joanne and me Yellowhammer has come to represent the penultimate of emotions for our joint existence. The tales of the "Golden Stairs," the slick granite rock trail into the area, had long held our attention whenever mentioned by Reno or one of a handful of people who had ventured into this remote corner of the Emigrant Basin. The glacial polished dome above Yellowhammer where, it was said, a horse could set its feet and slide to the lake below,

was equally an unknown sight we had to see. What we found was this and much more. The old cabin was priceless in its structure and history -- a relict of a past now lost to time. The meadow was of deep grass, the lake, narrow and enclosed by rock, mysterious and with a magic no other place ever gave me. The feelings I had (and still have) for that place even now fill me with an awe from the emotions that still well within me.

How can one describe ~~in mere words~~ the trail of smoke coming from a cabin, whisping across the meadow in the early light of morning; of grazing horses, belled, with heads down, near the lake; of a memory of old man Leighton who ran cattle here; of slick rock, conquered by sure horses; and of a friendship taking form.

? no cattle by Leighton!

It was hard in Yellowhammer to digest all that was happening and what I was seeing and feeling. The climb out and over to Wood Lake was challenging but less exciting. We had seen a place, at a time when few others were able. The threat of destruction in Yellowhammer that was to come was in the future and I have not seen it since those summer days of 1957. I can comprehend the Forest Service's policy and understand the need, but I still question its necessity. It has been nearly thirty years and those quiet days of youth are gone -- the times have changed and the places have changed. Only the emotion remains -- albeit strained by the very changes that have occurred and must occur if time is to continue.

In 1958 Reno sent Jack Cassinetto (see page 30.1) and I to Dorrington to run a small outfit for him. It was a bust financially, and we left there in early July. Although off the Summit, I remember one notable event. The State of California (Forest Service?) had done a road survey to a grove of big trees (Sequoiadendron giganteum) that was being opened to the public, and asked Reno to pack out the soil samples. We rode the horses to the area and picked up the samples at specific places. The horses were largely unimpressed with the day's chores until we got into the grove itself. It was something to see -- all of the horses walking, head and tailed, looking about at those huge trees. In their own way, the horses were "speechless."

Jack and I went from Dorrington to Belle Meadows for the rest of that summer. It was the only year I spent devoted to packing people into the high Sierra Nevada. Charles "Chuck" Knowles was the foreman, with Dave Fraser, Marvin Knowles (Chuck's brother, and a schoolmate from high school), Jack Cassinetto and me were there along with Reno's daughter, LaVerne. Reno was elsewhere, I believe as Douglas Flat for he was not yet at Kennedy Meadows. I do not exactly recall when Reno bought Kennedy Meadows and began to pack out of there; he was there in 1960 and I seem to recall he was there during the summer of 1959 as well.

Joanne was not in Pinecrest the summer of 1958, or at least not all that much. It was then that she was sent east to visit ~~assorted~~ relatives in Michigan, and she ~~truly~~ lamented missing the Sierra Nevada. It was an exceedingly difficult year then for both of us. We had continued to write and I had visited her in Stanford and San Francisco from time to time. I never did know why she was not permit-

ted to come to the Sierra Nevada that year, for it was her last until long after I had left (she returned to Sonora in the fall of 1964 when she accepted a teaching position at Sonora Union High School in English). By the fall of 1958 we were writing little; in the fall of 1959, while a freshman at Utah State, I got a letter from her telling me of her marriage. It came as a surprise.

My summer in the Emigrant Basin was the best of my years with Reno. It was the summer between my junior and senior year in high school, and this year my salary was $125 a month with board and room. Previously, it had been $75 a month, and I was expected to be at home at night! I was given a series of trips into the back country, but all involved tourists, and none directly involved the Forest Service.

I do not recall how many trips I took, but a couple were notable. I was given the task of taking a package of materials to Huckleberry for Dr. George Richardson who, nearly every summer, took his vacation fishing in the backcountry. Normally, items were flown in by plane and dropped to his camp, but, for whatever the reason, something had to be taken. (It was certainly not liquor as that party had enough for a month!) Walt Castle normally packed Dr. Richardson in, but in 1958 Walt was working in Yosemite National Park as a packer, and Dave Fraser packed him in. I rode a horse Jim Young had trained in and out in a single day -- it was about 50 miles round-trip.

My first trip was with a young couple that came into Belle Meadows without a reservation and wanted to be taken to the nearest lake where he could fish. I was assigned the task and off we went. The next day I went by Camp Lake, where they were, and discovered that even my belled string of horses could not distract intensely engaged people out on the rocks in the sun. Either that or they didn't care. At any rate, I was learning about growing up.

For reasons I cannot now remember, Chuck or Marvin Knowles and I took in two long strings of head and tailed horses and mules on a short trip into a nearby lake. I remember I had 18 animals when the thunder and lightening hit the mountains. With the lightening popping nearby we all just kept moving homeward at a medium trot afraid to slow down and give room for an animal to spook.

Another time I was going back to Belle late in the afternoon with an empty string singing, none to quietly, "Ghost Riders in the Sky." Every horse was tired and none was paying any attention to what was happening. Suddenly, one of the packers hired by the Forest Service and working for the trail crew, came around the corner with his string of equally sleepy horses; he too was singing. All hell broke loose when someone finally saw someone else and we had horses and mules scattered everywhere. It was well past dark when I got home and the other packer still had a long ride before he could call it a day.

My last trip was special and one that always has been a delightful memory. A group of executives from IBM in San Jose came to go fishing. They wanted to catch big fish, not just fish, and so I knew where to take them for that purpose. By now, Reno had taught me how to catch big fish in the Emigrant Basin, and I suspect his method was

not entirely legal. At any rate, we went to the upper end of Wood Lake near Deer Lake and set up camp. I put them to fishing. Meanwhile, I did what Reno had taught us and soon had half a dozen fish or so, each of which was several pounds and all in excess of 20 inches or so in length. The men soon wanted to know how this was done, but instead I gave them a big quarter-ounce spoon and a spinning rod. I then took the spoons, now at the end of their lines, and walked around the end of the lake, carrying each line to the far side of the lake. Then, one by one I tossed each in the water. It was a good distance across the lake, far more than anyone could cast, and each of them hooked into one of those big trout. A couple managed to land their fish in about five minutes, but the other three or four had a real battle.

For one day I took them to Cow Meadows so they could fly fish. Each got a limit of German browns. After four days in the Basin, they packed up their fish and headed back -- all happy with themselves and their trip. I got a $50 tip from them; the next day I was heading down the highway to attend my first day of my senior year of high school. My summer youth was at an end. I did not then know it, but I suspect others around me knew or at least suspected.

Among the men who worked for Reno (see also page 31.1) the more interesting were the following:

Walter Castle was a young man of college age, but not with a college education. He grew up in Sonora and was the half-brother of a high school English teacher and coach, Bud Castle. Walt's father worked for PG&E in Sonora, but was often in Pinecrest and the environs. Walt was a talented horseman, skilled in teaching young horses, and took great pride in his packing. I do not know how much education Walt actually had, but I do not think he stayed at it too long. He worked for Reno from about 1953 through 1956. In 1952 Walt worked at Strawberry for Cappy Cook. When he came with Reno after the Army he started out in Pinecrest, but eventually took over the Aspen operations. He was one of the many men who worked for Reno who LaVerne, Reno's daughter, found attractive. I should note that Vickie Hoecker found Walt to be the ideal summer cowboy and suffered greatly. He was far more attracted to Diane Rogers than Vickie and there were assorted college girls at the University of California summer camps that drew his attentions as well. When Walt left Reno he went to Yosemite where Joanne DeEds Hankins tells me Walt is still working as a cowboy.

Gene Hawkes was another of LaVerne's early boyfriends. He was extremely tall, more than six foot six inches, yet it was all legs. I remember LaVerne once remarking that the two of them were exactly the same height from the belt up. Gene, like so many of the young men of the day in Tuolumne County, was not always within the confines of the law. And as was the case with so many of these fellows, Miller Sardella, the county sheriff, eventually appointed him a deputy. He went to Mexico once and picked up a disease which put him in and out of the hospital for several months. I believe Gene was with Reno from about 1952 to 1954.

Charles Knowles, like the above, fell into the general category of LaVerne's boyfriends. All of these men were handsome, especially

Walt and Chuck. Chuck Knowles was a rodeo rider, and suffered from it. I can remember listening to him pop and crack as he put on his shirt. I believe he was hurt in a dragging after being bucked off somewhere in the Valley, and the scars were noticeable. [Joanne DeEds Hankins tells me that Chuck broke his neck at Red Bluff and that "LaVerne once told me it made things pretty awkward in the back seat of a car."] Charles worked for Reno off and on for nearly all the years I worked with Reno.

Today Chuck Knowles is an established local cowboy artist in Tuolumne County. Of all the young men who worked for Reno in those early years I feel Chuck has survived the best in the county.

Vernon (Sam or "Sammy") Castle is Walt's younger brother. He was around Reno's off and on nearly the entire time Walt worked for him. Sam, as I recall, served in Korea, and was not around the first year or two Reno was in Pinecrest. While Walter was handsome and masculine, Sammy was cute and boyish. Walt seemed rugged; Sammy did not. However, Sam was bright and educated; Walt, if he was, would never let it show. Joanne and Sammy dated from time to time more as a matter of convenience than anything else, but she did name a horse for him which she rode when she stayed at our house in 1957. Could it have been her way of getting at me and Starr? I doubt it; neither my horse or me were worth goading that way. Sam worked then, as he did until he retired recently, at the Sonora branch of the Bank of America. Sammy was never a summer cowboy; at most it was a weekend adventure for him which was a change of pace from Sonora.

Elmer Peterson and his wife Maddie worked now and then for Reno, sometimes at Pinecrest, sometimes at Aspen. He often packed for Reno during deer season when all of us kids were in school. Their short marriage was often rocky, and Elmer and Maddie were not the most faithful couple I have known. I do not remember Elmer "Pete" Peterson in 1957, but he might have been around another of Reno's operations. He was older than the above men, and I think he had served in Korea. Before his marriage, Elmer had been dating Betty Lou Bowman (see below) but dropped her because Maddie said she was pregnant (she wasn't nor could ever be). According to Joanne, Maddie left Elmer at the La Grange Rodeo dance in 1957 going home with Walter Castle. She and Walter are still married ~~to this day~~ while Elmer, who remarried, is the father of triplet daughters!

Jim Young was in his 40s I believe when he came to work for Reno. Tall and thin, he had cowboyed his entire life, had been married and had children, and traveled around in a battered pickup truck. As far as the Forest Service is concerned, Jim was probably in charge of the Trail Crew in 1957, but if not, he certainly was in 1958. Young had worked for Reno the previous year (1956), at first in Pinecrest, but then at Aspen. He had worked in Grand Canyon National Park with trail mule parties off the South Rim. He had long been a traveling cowboy, was a skilled horse trainer, and, for me, knew how to teach someone else his skills. I remember him working with a horse named "Ike," teaching the horse to respond to voice commands. It was something else. He was never really accepted by the others who worked for Reno. The young fellows looked up to him, but the older, more established

men (such as Don Salazar, see below) never accepted him. I believed he was determined to settle down to a good job. Working for Reno was steady, but seasonal, and the Forest Service offered him and his wife the good pay and steady job he was searching for. It was a shock when he died (see page 43).

Alex Anderson was an older man who worked for Reno at Aspen when Reno first came to Pinecrest. He lived in the Central Valley with his wife and was a skilled horseman, foreman and teacher. It was through his efforts that Reno's Emigrant Basin business grew and prospered. Of all the older men who Reno hired, he was the best to us kids, yet I do not recall that he had any of his own. [Joanne told me he did have children and that his wife was a teacher. She also stated he was an alcoholic and shared Ethel Downing (see below) with my father.] It was Alex who often took the kids to Aspen and made our infrequent trips to the mountain an adventure.

Don Salazar was one of the older men to work for Reno. Don was the younger brother of Dutch Salazar, and the differences between the two men were staggering. While Dutch was kind, personable and easy going, Don was pure hell. He always seemed to be mad, seemed to hate being in Pinecrest, but most assurdedly disliked kids. While Dutch had always cowboyed until he started to work for the Forest Service, Don worked numerous jobs, many for various lumber companies, and rarely held many for long. Reno was a friend, and often found work for him. I remember Don had a speaking line in a movie, and did a fine job. Everyone commented on his performance, but he always grumbled when it was brought up.

There were a lot of others who worked for Reno whom I cannot recall in any detail. My dad mentions Cliff Dwyer (6.1), and neither of us can recall the name of the man who delivered the mail along the Sonora Pass highway during those early years [for the record, neither can Joanne or my mother]. He was an older man, sang and played a good ~~guitar~~ accordian, and he, my dad, and others often played at night before a bonfire at the Pinecrest Stable to the enjoyment of many. I cannot exactly recall who joined them, but I think it was Walt Castle and Elmer Peterson who also played. Cappy Cook would occasional join the crowd so the stress of competition between the two packstations was not always that great.

Another man in this age group was Bob "Clem" Montgomery. He was a sad case of a young man trying to make it in the rodeo circuit, but lacking talent, failed regularly. There was a famed saddle bronc named "Wobbling Bobr" that Clem seemed to draw with some degree of regularity that constantly pounded his head into the dirt. The horse had only been rode once or twice during its rodeo career, and Clem once rode it the full eight seconds -- still he scored out of the money. I heard it said that the judges felt that if Clem actually managed to stay on the horse, the horse must not have been up to par, and so scored the horse low. Clem's existence was like that. In later life, I am told, he served time for statutory rape.

"Poncho" Leonard McKay worked for Reno on and off. He also ~~worked~~ later for PG&E, and I seem to recall he worked for the Forest Service no

now and then. Poncho worked for PG&E up to the time he dropped a tree over a power line; he simply walked away, saw still running, not waiting to find out if he was going to be fired. I seem to recall Poncho and Louie Bayers, another of Reno's summer cowboys, were in a car crash on the road to Oakdale, and Bayers was seriously hurt. While unconscience someone stole his beltbuckle from him ~~that night~~ -- an act of naked ignorance I have never forgotten. Odie Albertson fell into the same age group and was, like the others, a summer cowboy of little talent and less hope. Marvin Kauffman was, I believe, going to college or at least seemed to be far better off than the others mentioned in this paragraph (including Montgomery). He was a good looking man, and became the center of attraction, as I recall, to Joanne -- much to my distress -- at a time when I could do little or nothing about it. Marv worked for Reno at Belle Meadows in 1957 and would occasionally come to Pinecrest to date Joanne. As for Bob McDow, who was also attracted to Joanne that summer, I discovered, upon returning to high school later that year, that he had also been dating Chris Calvert -- a fellow student. Joanne told me Bob borrowed her car to take Chris out! I was never really certain how all that got sorted out.....

My relationship with Reno, and therefore the cowboy part of my existence, and my relationship with my father, and therefore the ranger part of my existence, was not always a period of straightforward logic. The two men had conflicting duties. Each did his best to out do the other, especially when it came to what was permitted by the Forest Service. My father represented the "establishment" in the 1960s sense of the word; Reno, and for that matter all the cowboys on the Summit District, represented the "people." Reno was no exception to the general rule of trying to get away with whatever he could behind my father's back. Reno used me and my brother, I suspect, to his advantage. I am equally certain my father used my brother and I to his advantage in dealing with Reno. There were conflicts of interests for me because of this. Yet, in those early days, those two men were drinking buddies, and likewise were friends with a horde of others up and down the highway -- Forest Service and its establishment rules not withstanding. There was a trust and faith among these men that may not be possible among the "establishment" and "people" today. If my father said, in the name of the Forest Service, something had to be done, he meant it. At the same time, however, he may have bitched to Reno (or whoever was impacted) about the silliness of the rule. I can remember assorted occasions when such rulings came down from upon high; they had to be carried out, and so the two of them would grit their teeth and do them. Today, that kind of relationship probably is not permitted by regulations. True, such rules protect all parties, and no doubt are much fairer, yet I cannot help but feel that somewhere in all this that element called friendship has been eliminated.

I remember going to my introductory forestry class at Utah State and hearing the dean of the college declare that the new Forest Service and Bureau of Land Management were professional agencies of the Federal establishment, and if any of us had the idea that forestry was a life of riding horses and standing on top of mountains, we had better look elsewhere. I knew he was right, and that hurt. My father had lived those last few days of the Forest Service's frontier, but

1960, like 1890 for the American West, was the end of that frontier. I watched it change as he changed, as his duties changed, as the Summit District changed.

I suppose a ranger today can still ride a horse, check up on trail crews, hire the family kids and neighbors to fight fire, and even get drunk with a group of permittees, but I suspect it does not go over well.

As people inevitably must change so too must institutions. The Forest Service of thirty years ago was different. This is not to say it was better or worse, only different. People still care, of course, and the likes of Reno Sardella can and still exist on the Summit District. And no doubt Reno is still trying to get away with things when he can. Somehow that's the way it should be.

For me I managed to find a field of endeavor that permitted me my occasional horse and mountain top. I went through much of my graduate education collecting plants in the Intermountain West where I was required to climb to the tops of those desert ranges in search of botanical oddities. In a few instances we packed horses, but only rarely did we get riding horses; it is too hard to collect wildflowers from the back of a horse. Still, for a while anyway, I explored a frontier. In time I turned to Mexico in search of that ever shrinking frontier, and now, for me at least, it is gone. True I am still writing of the plants of the American West, but more and more I am now exploring ~~the far~~ distant past of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries in search of collections, letters and writings of the men and women who first explored, and collected natural objects, in what was then a new world.

My world of horses today is largely restricted to plant poisonings, "Potomac fever" and assorted other illnesses. The desire is still there, but the time to be responsible to animals must be restricted largely to an old cat. The forest rangers I see today walk the halls of the U.S. Department of Agriculture building in Washington. I see them, on occasion, as I appear before a session of a congressional subcommittee, or when I serve on an interagency panel dealing with the Endangered Species Act. None of them dare look like an old cowboy. Even when visiting various forest offices such men and women are typically dressed in "suits and ties." The days of the old cowboy sitting on a horse watching the sun set from a mountain top are gone. Yet, I suspect, more than one of those foresters can be found, from time to time, on top that mountain and feeling a pride -- instilled by a long and rich history -- of what they are able to survey.

(7) Organization camps were important to the Forest Service as well as to the local kids. The ball field at the UC Alumni Camp was a place where my brother, I and others could play baseball. I was an avid baseball fan, and wished to play. I was a good catcher and played the position whenever I could. Pinecrest proved to be too far from Sonora for me to play any high school sports, and I was never able to try to see if I actually could. During the summer, the university people played softball at the filed, but the local kids did so there before and after the camp was active in the summer. It was also

possible to swim in the pool at the camp. My brother liked to swim, and every so often my mother would take us there. It was really something to swim in "a pool." No doubt, many a city kid avoided the pool and went to the lake which, for us, was boring. I remember Mike Koll and his lovely wife (who's name I forget); they often took the moonlight rides which Reno held once a month. Unlike most other camps in the area, the UC camp catered to families. Nonetheless, there were numerous college age kids who worked there during the summers. I knew several, but nearly all were the result of my association with Reno.

The 4-H camp and boy scout camps were largely ignored by the local kids. These camps had little or nothing of interest to us, and the kids that came to them were well occupied so we never had an opportunity to interact. Besides, no kid in Pinecrest ever had any desire to be a scout. That stuff was for city kids!

Twining's was more interesting only because the Twinings lived there all year around and had three kids. All the kids were occupied with the camp, and during the summer we never really saw them much.

Off the Summit District, and down by Old Strawberry, was another boy scout camp, Camp Bray (or Judge Bray). This was managed by Ernst and Betsy Schneider who had three children. I do not believe that I was ever at their place when it was occupied with scouts.

(7) Pinecrest School was my second elementary school, and my father (page 7.2) has slightly confused the information on this subject, so I hope I can resolve the differences.

When we first arrived in Pinecrest in the spring of 1948, I went to Long Barn Elementary School some 10 mile from Pinecrest. The school was an old wooden mill house I believe, and consisted of two rooms. Classes were divided into grades one through four and five through eight. I was in the first grade having attended kidergarten in Santa Rosa, and then most of the first grade in Dunsmuir on the old Shasta National Forest. We started the 1948-1949 school year in that same building, but it burned and we finish school at the barracks at the Forest Service compound then in Long Barn. The 1949-1950 school year was also spent in Long Barn. That year we were located in a building which became a bakery after the school was moved. My mother recalls the local ladies made curtains for the building in the hopes of making the place more like a school. This building was located at the east end of Long Barn. Elbert Miller drove the school bus that, and I believe it was the only year we had bus service from Pinecrest. I am uncertain now, but I believe we rode the same bus used by the high school students.

A new school building was eventually built on the flat where my first school was located. It is next to the home of Earl and Mary Purdy.

Kids from Long Barn attended Summerville High School then located in Tuolumne City. [Joanne DeEds Hankins tells me it is now the Mother Lode Christian School and a new high school has been built elsewhere.] At the time, and perhaps even today, it was regardly widely as much

inferior to Sonora Union High School in Sonora. My mother, therefore, was determined that her kids would go to Sonora, not Summerville.

The establishment of a school in Pinecrest was the result of subtle political knowledge and skill. I do not know all the details -- Arlene would and has written a summary of the history of the school which is likely available from her. The school in Pinecrest was regarded as a classroom of Columbia Elementary and not an independent school in and of itself. The reason for this was that Pinecrest was not forced to have the requisite six students in full-time daily attendance as mandated by state law. The reason Pinecrest was associated with Columbia was that that portion of the Sierra Nevada had been included within the voting precincts of Columbia to protect the water-rights the Columbia miners had on the Middle Fork of the Stanislaus River. These boundaries were established in the mid 1800s. My mother soon discovered the school district of Columbia were also drawn so as to include Pinecrest. Upon learning this, she went to Columbia and got them to agree to opening a classroom in Pinecrest in the fall of 1950. However, to have a teacher, the community still had to come up with six kids! Now that was a problem.

The first school was in one of the cabins belonging to Karl's Place (acquired by Pinecrest Lodge the following year) located on the "back road." There were two rows of cabins, and the school cabin was in the back row and in about the middle. There was one room with a space heater, a bathroom, and a small kitchenette. The school started with six boys: Donald McCloud who was in the eighth grade, myself in the fourth grade, Jerry Ronk in the second grade, and my brother Jon in the first grade. This was his first year in school. Billy Gandy was the fifth boy, and he must have been in the fourth grade with me. I cannot account for a sixth boy. It is possible it was J.D. Morrison (see below) who would have been in kindergarden (my brother disagrees but does not know who the sixth might have been). My mother does not remember either, but she had her six bodies. No doubt the early records are still extant and may be examined in Columbia.

The school had a single teacher, Marguerite Lawrence. She was from Illinois (exactly pronounced without the "s") and married to a disabled World World I veteran, Pat Lawrence. She was likely in her late fifties when she began teaching in Pinecrest. They lived near Sugar Pine (in fact, just up the hill from Ted Armstrong's shingle mill below Long Barn), and he drove her to work each day. In the afternoon he would drive up to Pinecrest again and take her home. He was a mustard gas victim. Mrs. Lawrence continued to teach in Pinecrest after I left grade school in 1955. After teaching several more years in Columbia, she joined the Peace Corp and went to Africa. She was a skilled teacher, but it is remarkable that she was able to survive the task as she certainly must have been in her late sixties or early seventies.

Learning in a one-room school was fun. Each year one reheard, and therefor relearned, what had been given in the previous grade the year before. By the same token, what was coming in terms of studies in the next grade could be heard as well. For me, therefore, I repeatedly took all eight grades the last five years of my elementary

education.

The second year (1951-1952) we moved from the smallish one-room cabin we had the first year to a larger, two-room cabin. This cabin was owned by Pinecrest Lodge and located behind what eventually would become the headquarter building of the Pinecrest Permittee Association. It was also the cabin Reno Sardella used during the summer months. Don McCloud graduated the first year and now was attending Sonora Union High School along with Danny Conlin and Mike Sparrow from Strawberry. While they rode a bus, I am uncertain who drove the bus (but I suspect it was Elbert Miller again) or, for that matter, who else might have been attending high school from the Pinecrest and Strawberry area. During the second year, the number of students increased. Susan (not Suzan, see page 7.2) Sparrow came to Pinecrest School that year and joined me in the fifth grade. She was nearly a year younger than I. The Gandys were gone by the fall of 1951, but the Ronks were still working for Pinecrest Lodge (he as a maintenance man, she I believe in the lodge as a waitress or as a maid). J.D. Morrison was in school in 1951. I also believe Durbin Ronk, Jerry's younger brother, likely started kindergarten in 1951 as well.

Don McCloud was a gifted artist and won the county school competition while at Pinecrest. He went on with his education, and today (according to my mother) is an aeronautical engineer.

The winter of 1952 was the year of the big snow, and it closed the Sonora Pass highway. Johnny Sardella and his wife had a new baby (Johnnie) and Johnny had to walk out to Long Barn to get a special milk formula for the youngster. As I recall, the road was closed for about two weeks in January. We had no school. After the storm my father took a picture of the kids in front of the school house with me on snowshoes and all the rest of the kids behind. It was one of those typically faked pictures (I remember I had to pretend to be walking on the shoeshoes with one foot up!) with a wonderful caption about the Pinecrest School kids fighting their way back to school, or some such thing. It was published in the local and valley papers. That picture, if located, would provide a fairly good listing of the students for that year. Arlene may have a copy. I do not recall when the daughters of Elbert Miller first came to Pinecrest School; that picture may show at least Patty, the oldest, for I now seem to remember her in the picture. It is possible even Geraldine Miller was going to school then.

The school year of 1952-1953 brought a major change to the local scene. The Pinecrest Permittee Association built a new firehouse (to replace the old wooden garage between the new building and the gas station associated with Pinecrest Store), bought a new firetruck (to replace an even then ancient classic), and on the top floor of this large, wooden building, they put in a "community center." This would be the school room until a new school was built at its present location near the University of California Alumni Camp in 1956. In addition to this change, the number of students increased dramatically. When school started in September of 1952, there were 22 kids in that one room. I do not recall all of the temporary students, but most were kids of people who worked seasonally along the Sonora Pass high-

way. Schools in California started then, as now, just after Labor Day, and for many, the resorts were open through deer season. Thus, Patsy and Geraldine Miller, the children of Elbert Miller who were then living at Dardanelles, came to Pinecrest to start the school year. Later they moved to Little Sweden for the winter and the girls attended Long Barn. I also seem to remember kids associated with summer homes attending. One girl who lived next to the Paul's cabin came to school that year and she was fantastically good looking. All the boys were depressed when she left.

Patsy Miller had a pronounced stutter in her speech which, in time, was acquired by her younger sister. There had been an older daughter in the family, but the children were playing with matches and the dress of the older girl caught fire. She died as a result of her burns; Patsy witnessed the accident. The girls were always mentally slow and this experience likely did little to help them.

An additional factor this year was that Columbia Elementary School decided to produce a year book (its first), and therein was included the Pinecrest School.

Two pages were devoted to the Pinecrest School. Shown on the first page are two pictures of the second (Reno Sardella's) school building, and a large picture, with all the kids, of the new Permittee's building. The second page shows a scene inside the school room itself. The following are the kids recorded in those pictures taken by my father:

Kaaren Arvold: A kindergarten student, her father was the new manager of Pinecrest Lodge. That family departed the mountains in the summer of 1953. He was replaced by Oscar Oswald. I remember Kaaren as a bright child.

Carol Clifford: She was likely in the fifth or sixth grade, and was at the Pinecrest School for only the one year Her stepfather worked odd jobs, including running rope tows at Dodge Ridge. I do not recall his name. I know he drove log trucks.

Thora Counts: A kindergarten student, her father, Burt, was the maintenance man for the Permittee Association. Thora's mother, Pat, was a housewife. I recall that the family was always a bit strained, and that Thora was not particularly gifted as a student. Burt and his wife eventually were divorced and Burt married Jack Canaday's mother. Thora had a younger sister named Nancy; she did not begin school in Pinecrest until after I left in 1955.

John (J.D.) Morrison: A second grader, J.D. was the second child of Jack Morrison and his wife Olga. Jack Morrison ran the small garage left after Karl's Place burned. He would eventually operate the garage and towing service at Cold Springs. After 1959 he ran the new service station between the ranger station and Dodge Ridge road. Their oldest child, a daughter, was mentally retarded and was institutionalized at Porterville. From time to time she would be brought to Pinecrest. All she was able to do was rock back and forth on the floor. Olga worked in the post office during the day. J.D. was not

the most fortunate kid, and was in and out of trouble for years. He eventually graduated from Pinecrest and went to Sonora Union High School, arriving one year after my brother Jon. I have heard tales of my brother actually taking the blame for some of J.D.'s stunts to keep J.D. out of trouble. The youngest Morrison boy, Norman, entered the first grade in 1958. According to my brother Jon, J.D. (in 1982) was driving an ambulance in one of the valley towns.

Donald Morrison: At this time Don was in the seventh grade, and had been sent to Pinecrest by his parents. Dr. Dee Morrison was a famed San Mateo physican, and a part owner of Dodge Ridge. I believe during the spring or early summer of 1952, Don's brother was killed in a bike accident near their home in the city, and understandably Don had not taken this well. Thus, he was sent to live with his father's half-brother, Jack. Don was an average student, could not sing at all, and was a fairly good skiier. He stayed in Pinecrest only the one school year, returning to San Mateo to graduate from elementary and high school. He continued to have trouble and to be a problem for his family. Today, Don, like his father, is a physican, so apparently the Pinecrest experience and subsequent difficulties were not all bad.

William (Billy) Pringle: In the eighth grade at the time, his parents managed the Pinecrest Store. He attended Pinecrest School only the one year, going to Sonora Union High School the following year. When I started high school, Bill rode our bus, but at this moment I do not recall if he went only a far as Twain Harte or actually went to Pinecrest. Eventually Bill and his parents lived in Twain Harte. Bill graduated from high school in 1953. For two or three years, the Pringles operated the dining room at Dodge Ridge in the winter. Bill played B level football and skiied, but was not terribly good at either. Bill Pringle, Walt Schneider (see below) and I all ditched high school one day (the only day I ever did that), and went down to the Central Valley in a stationwagon belong to Bill's folks. Nothing was accomplished. After high school Bill, like his older brother, joined one of the military services. After his initial years in the service, Bill was a commercial pilot for an international airlines. I was told Bill was shot down over Viet Nam and died, but I am not certain that this is true.

Jon Reveal: Jon would have been in the third grade at this time, having begun school in 1950 when the Pinecrest school first started. He was the first student to attend Pinecrest for all eight of his elementary years. J.D. Morrison, the following year, was the second. Jon, three years younger than I, also attended all the school buildings the school was to have for he graduated from the new building in 1958. Jon and I attended high school together only one year, 1958-1959, his first and my last. Jon, even then, was an excellent skiier, and was most successful in competition. Today he manages Snowmass, a large ski resort at Aspen, Colorado. He is married to a French woman, Marie Chantel, and they have two sons.

Jerry Ronk: A fourth grader in 1952-1953, he was the oldest of two or three children of the Ronk family. His parents worked for Pinecrest Lodge I believe. My father states the father's name was Jerry as well, but I do not recall. The Ronks remained in Pinecrest

for several years, with Jerry going to the school from the first. I do not know if he graduated from Pinecrest, but he did not attend high school in Sonora. He was an average student.

Durbin Ronk: A kindergarten student, 1952-1953 was his first year in school. He was a typical little brother, and little kid.

Susan Sparrow: A fellow sixth grader, her parents ran the store in Strawberry. Her brother, Mike, never attended Pinecrest (contrary to my father's account), but was going to high school at the time. Susan was a bright student, and moved to the San Francisco Bay area in about 1957 or so. She attended one year of high school in Sonora, but completed her schooling elsewhere. She was an accomplished skiier, and did fairly well in competition but was never able to devote full time to it. I saw Susan at a New Year's Eve party in Strawberry in January of 1959, and only once or twice thereafter. I understand she married after high school. I do not know if she attended college or where she is today.

Kathy Stetler: She was the oldest of the two Stetler children of Paul and Marcia Stetler. He worked here and there around Pinecrest, sometimes at the bar, sometimes at Dodge Ridge, and he also ran the boatdock now and then. As my father recounts, Marcia worked for the Forest Service, but she too worked odd jobs. Kathy was not particularly cute, and the boys were not always kind. As a result she was not as easy and outgoing as Carol Clifford, nor favored as much as Susan Sparrow. When Paul and Marcia divorced, the girls went with their mother to Sonora where she worked in the Supervisor's office. I do not know what became of Kathy.

According to the 1953 year book, we were taught a capella singing by a Mrs. Fred Miller. I remember the singing, but do not remember or recall the women. Ming trees were also made, and they were nice. My mother managed to keep hers for several years. The year book also notes that Susan, Bill Pringle, Don Morrison and my brother and I were racing for Dodge Ridge.

The 1953-1954 school year brought a number of new families to the Pinecrest School, the most notable being the Schneider and Twining kids. It is reported in the 1954 year book that "District Ranger Jack Reveal has furnished information and film for Conservation." I am uncertain now exactly what that means, but it may refer to the general practice my dad had in those days of showing movies weekend nights at Pinecrest Lodge during the winter months. These films were nearly always wildlife or conservation films dealing with aspects of the Forest Service, the National Park Service, or similar groups. He used a 16 mm projector that likely belonged to the Forest Service. The movies were generally well attended, they being the only non-drinking activity around. I remember that my brother and I talked my dad into getting a film from Mike Kole on football at the Berkeley campus. My father then (as now) dislikes most sports (baseball, football and basketball being just the beginning) and so he played the film at fast speed! We saw the film highlights of the UC football team alright, but we saw little more than scurring bodies.

The Pinecrest section of the year book consisted of two pages once again. I do not know who took the student's pictures, but it was not my father. He took the "activity" pictures, and they will require some explanation. Winter meant indoor games. We had no facilities in the usual sense and therefore had to invent our own. Everyone learned to play jacks (upper right), and we invented a type of hockey played with sticks and a rolled-up piece of tinfoil (upper left). Making puzzles (upper center) of varying degrees of complexity was another task, but as such puzzles were things like a map of the United States, this served dual purposes. One additional game was chess (lower center). None of us could afford a real board, so we used a small portable set owned by Nick Cann. Eventually my brother and I each obtained a set and they were used throughout my high school years.

The following information is about the new 1953-1954 students as I recall them:

Nicholas "Nick" Cann: Nick was a talented artist and cartoonist, and I still have some of his work that he made the one year he attended school in Pinecrest. His parents were the caretakers for the new Palo Alto Ski Club lodge at Dodge Ridge. He was articulate and seemed bright. He was in the sixth grade.

Martin Gubler: He was in the fourth grade. He had bright red hair and an abundance of freckles. Fortunately, he was equally happy and easy going. I do not recall his parents nor why they were at Pinecrest. My mother believes his family lived in Strawberry.

Diane King: Diane began her elementary years in Pinecrest in 1953 as a first grader. It is likely that it was that year that Bob and Carmen King came to live in Pinecrest. Bob worked for the Permittee Association. Carmen was a small, beautiful woman likely only in her mid twenties. Diane was exceptionally bright and certainly the most gifted of all the students who attended Pinecrest in those early days. When Diane graduated from Pinecrest she was the first student to receive the "Arlene H. Reveal Award" given to the most outstanding student from the school. She was the second student, according to my brother, to have attended all eight grades in Pinecrest (he was the first; he also believes J.D. Morrison started school in the second grade, which I question). Johnnie Sardella started school in Pinecrest in 1956 and she likely also attended all eight grades there. Jon seems to believe Diane King's younger sister, Carol, also went all eight grades through the Pinecrest School. Bob and Carmen eventually divorced and went their own ways. I do not know the ultimate fate of Diane except that Jon says she married in 1964. The Kings second daughter, Carol, was born in 1952. It was the 1953-1954 school year when Carmen came to school to teach the boys how to dance. She was just the right size for the boys, being so short, but I failed in my lessons and to this day have never learned to dance.

Alice Schneider: Alice and her older brother, Walter, and younger brother, Jimmy, came to the Old Strawberry area in 1953. Ernest Schneider was the caretaker of Camp Bray. For some reason I seem to think this camp was on private rather than forest land, but I am uncertain on this point. I do know it was not part of the Summit

District. Alice was in the fifth grade, dark haired, and average as a student. The year book reports that Betsy Schneider helped us with our music that year.

Walter Schneider: A year older and one grade ahead of me, Walt was our only graduate that year. Walt was the third person to graduate from Pinecrest, the first being Don McCloud in 1951, the second being Bill Pringle the year before. Walt went to Sonora Union High School where he joined the band and became an accomplished drummer. He graduated from Sonora, with Alice attending high school, in 1958. However, I believe the Schneiders then left the Sierra Nevada. Ernie was a school bus driver, driving bus for the high school in 1955-1956 and perhaps in 1954-1955. I believe he also drove bus for the grade school during some of that time as well (most likely after the 1955-1956 school year). Walt joined one of the military services immediately after high school, I believe, and served in Viet Nam. I have not heard anything about him since my own high school days.

Richard Twining: When the Twinings came to Pinecrest in 1953, they purchased a former group camp and built a new lodge. Their operations, as my father reports, involved some kind of school. I knew that they had kids there in the summers, and large groups during winter weekends, but actually never understood what was going on. Richard was a quiet, studious boy, and always serious of manner. He was also well off financially as a young man, and thus the envy of all the rest of us. He actually owned stocks! From him we learned a little about the stock market. Richard was in the fifth grade in 1953-1954. Mrs. Lawrence writes that Richard was a "pie maker" but I do not recall the significance of this remark. According to Jon Reveal, Richard, who is gay, lives in San Francisco where he runs a sightseeing bus service and is still making money.

Sally Twining: Richard was the oldest of the Twining children; next was Sally. She was in the fourth grade when she started school in Pinecrest. The youngest child, Charles, would begin school the following year. Sally was a pretty girl, blonde and average as a student. She and Jon were in the same grade and the same age. Their association over the years was rocky. The Twinings were still in Pinecrest when I left the area in 1959. When Sally came to high school my senior year she proved to be a hit. She was a good skiier, but never was truly competitive. Unlike Richard who had good sense, Sally was often in trouble of a minor sort. My brother reports that Sally lives in Sun Valley, Idaho having "married well and divorced better." He also tells me the parent were divorced as well and that Mrs. Twining died of cancer in 1966.

In addition to myself, the following students were also at Pinecrest during the 1953-1954 school year: Thora Counts; J.D. Morrison; Jon Reveal; Durbin Ronk; Jerry Ronk; Susan Sparrow; and, Kathy Stetler.

My last year at the Pinecrest School was the 1954-1955 school year. It proved the end of the small school era as 1955-1956 was when the Tri-Dam project was in full swing. As part of the arrangements, the dam contractor built a new, four-room school on land leased by the

Columbia School District. It opened in the fall of 1955. Mrs. Lawrence taught the first graders that year and served as principal. She remained two more years before going to Columbia where she taught until she retired.

The 1955 "Columbian," as our year book was called, once again devoted two pages to Pinecrest School, and this year my father took all the pictures. A total of 21 different students attended that year.

The new students largely came with the addition of the Wood family to Pinecrest, and assorted siblings of the above students who finally reached the first grade. Among the latter were:

Jimmy Schneider: The younger brother of Alice and Walter. This year Walt was attending high school in Sonora while Alice and Jimmy attended Pinecrest. He was rather bright and seemingly had potential.

~~Marcia~~ ? Stetler: She was the younger sister of Kathy, and like Kathy rather plain and dumpy. I do not know what she was like as a student.

Marcia was the mother's name

Charles (Chuck) Twining: He was the younger brother of Richard and Sally. As a youngster, Chuck was always a rather happy boy and seemed to get along with nearly everyone. The exceptions were his brother and sister. I do not think he was particularly distinguished as a student. My mother says Chuck is still around Pinecrest and Jon Reveal says he is a representative for a wind surfing company.

The largest contingent came in the form of Wood kids. In all there were five in school. The family was not particular well off financially and I seemed to remember their father drove truck (including logging trucks in the summer) and held down several odd jobs. It is possible he was associated with one of the local resorts or even the Permittee Association. I vaguely remember the mother as a waitress. I do not recall the names of the parents, and were it not for the year book, likely would not even recall the Wood children. The youngest was Gordon Wood who was in first grade. In the fourth was Connie as was Daliene who was a year older and had been held back a year in school somewhere along the line. Lester was the same age as Jon and in the fifth grade. I remember him as a rather serious young man who had compassion for his family. Carolyn Wood was in the sixth grade and the oldest. She was mildly pretty, more so than Alice Schneider and Kathy Shetler, but less so than Sally Twining. I remember she liked horses, as did Lester, and at sometime in the history of the family, their father had cowboyed somewhere.

I believe it was the Wood family that lived in a house next to the school building which was among those houses in this area scheduled to be removed. Also, I believe I am right in stating, the roof of that house collapsed under the weight of heavy winter snow and the family had some troubles in getting housing after that. The house was not rebuilt.

Another new student who I vaguely recall was Ann Cathcart, a

first grader with dark hair. I do not otherwise know of her family, but my mother says her father, Frank Cathcart, worked for Pinecrest Lodge.

Attending school that year were such old hands as Durbin Ronk and Thora Counts (second); J.D. Morrison (fourth); Sally Twining and Jon Reveal (fifth); Alice Schneider, Jerry Ronk, Kathy Stetler and Richard Twining (sixth); and, Susan Sparrow and I (eighth).

The year book reports we had new furniture, lighting, books and playground equipment. The former consisted of hand-me-down desks from Columbia, the lights were flourescent (see the lamp in the back of the room in the 1953 year book), and the playground equipment consisted of a kick ball, two bats and two soft balls, and a tether ball. Mostly we played hide and seek and kick ball. We may have gotten a volley ball set. The year book also states the Mother's Club purchased a set of The World Book Encyclopedia which was likely the only "library" item in the place.

Graduation was a major event. In the past it had been rather subdued. I do not recall Don McCloud's graduation at all except that my mother had to force Don's mother to let him attend his own graduation. The graduations for Bill Pringle and Walt Schneider were held in the school room as it had been for Don years before. The one for Susan and me was held in the dining room of Pinecrest Lodge, and it turned out to be the spring social event. I believe even Reno and Gerry Sardella came, as did various people from Dodge Ridge, and even fellow skiiers, namely the Foley family from San Mateo. Eisenhower was president, the country had ended a war in Korea, and the world was relatively quiet. It was a good time to move from the comforts of a single teacher in a single room to a big city high school.

My last year was not entirely without events, however. The principal of Columbia, Morton Murov, discovered that at Pinecrest he had a tall kid who just might be able to play basketball. Now, the fact that I had never played basketball, never had a place to shoot baskets (except at the Alumni Camp), and had little interest (winter was for skiing) seem to make little mind, and thus I was invited to go to Columbia to attend classes. This I did, every so often, literally whenever I could manage a ride to Sonora. This distressed Mrs. Lawrence, and she was not pleased at all when Reno or someone would say come on let's go, and I would not tell her what was happening. I believe there were occasions when I failed to even tell my folks, and suddenly would be in Sonora trying to catch a ride on the high school bus. It was not a good idea, especially when the teachers at Columbia started given me tests and, no doubt, found I was not terribly bright and likely behind academically.

I attended various basketball practices, and actually went to one game, against Sonora Elementary, but never played. It was a wise move.

Of the teachers in Columbia, the only one I really knew was Mrs. Huff. Her husband taught high school in Sonora (auto shop and mechanical drawing). Their son, John, would come to Sonora my sophomore

year. I attended the eighth grade taught by a Mr. Toman who I do not otherwise remember. The best teacher, and certain the kindest was the music teacher, Mrs. Swansea. I later discovered she also taught singing at Sonora High. Murov was the basketball coach.

When one Mrs. Clair Sargent came to Pinecrest from Sonora Union High School to pre-enroll me for high school, my fate was sealed in her official eyes. I was to take a variety of wood working classes, auto mechanics, 4-H and the like. She also suggested mechanical drawing, leather working and even silver working. Out of the lot I selected mechanical drawing. Otherwise I registered for the College prep sequence. I learned a few years later she predicted failure for me, and for at least two years tried to get me into assorted technical courses, all of which I declined to register for. Joanne DeEds Hankins, who taught at Sonora for several years, once told me Clair Sargent was amazed I had made it through college and perplexed that I had actually graduated, in the sciences, with a doctorate. I strongly suspect she and my mother had heated words over my education, and she never got over that.

It is interesting that during the entire time I lived in Pinecrest, we were the only Forest Service kids on the Summit District.

On a specific note in my father's account (page 7.2), Danny Conlin never attended Pinecrest. He either began high school the year Pinecrest started, or was already going to Sonora. He rode the bus with Mike Sparrow (the following year). Mike, too, contrary to the report, did not attend Pinecrest.

(7.3) Summer jobs were not too difficult to come by as kids. They came in a variety of kinds, and the rewards were not always the greatest. During the summer months of 1950 and 1951 my brother and I "ran messages" for the phone company. This was because there were only so many phones in Pinecrest, and getting information to a summer home owner or a camper required either writing their name on a message board, or sending a messanger. We got from $0.25 to $0.50 or so per message, plus whatever tip might be given, if any. Some people really didn't want to be found while others wanted to know about the phone call but did not wish to pay the extra phone charge. The summer of 1950 resulted in a summer total of $100 which I actually held in a single bill. The following summer both my brother and I obtained bikes, and that opened up additional avenues for revenue.

One steady phone message customer was Art Rude who ran the outdoor movie theater. The distributor would call with information on his films and always request a messanger be sent. This Art objected to as he had to pay the bill, not the man asking the message be sent!

As previously noted, my mornings were spent behind the bar. The days were spent running messages, while in the afternoon there were the paper routes. Mostly I sold the Modesto (not Sacramento) Bee and Stockton Record. From time to time I was able to sell the San Francisco Chronicle or the Oakland Tribune, both "good sellers" in the Pinecrest area. The latter were usually sold by the main distributors rather than farmed out to the local kids. As I recall, we got three

cents for each paper sold. At night, from time to time, we sold popcorn at the outdoor theater. The popcorn concession was owned by (or at least associated with) the Pinecrest Store, and we carried the popcorn from the store to the theater. I do not recall how much we made, but it sold for $0.25 a box. Prior to 1952, when I started to work with Reno Sardella, I spent some time in the Sports Shop run by Kurt and Dorothy Hizer. This required my sweeping the store and keeping things orderly, but occasionaly I sold various items in the store, mostly fishing gear. I believe I was given about $0.50 a day or so whenever I was there.

(8) The summer home owners were a vital part of the community during the warm months of the year. Nearly every home was filled with people from Memorial Day through Labor Day. The campgrounds were filled after school was out, almost always in the middle of June. The vast majority of home owners were wealthy, established businessmen, lawyers, doctors, and the like. The local kids were thus exceedingly disadvantaged compared to the majority of summer kids who lived temporarily in Pinecrest. From time to time I would discover the differences, especially with regards to manners and an understanding of kid-adult relationships. Most of the summer kids were not particularly polite to adults, but for me, and especially after starting to work for Reno, adults meant authority and absolute power. Even today I cannot get away from saying "sir" and "madam" when talking to any adult no matter the age.

The vast majority of summer homes had a uniformity of design and appearance -- all due to the influence of the Forest Service. Unlike Strawberry, which was on private land, nearly all the homes in Pinecrest were made of wood, stained rust or brown, the roofs shingled with wooden cedar shakes, and the shutters trimmed in green. From time to time one would see a porch in rust-red. There were only two major exceptions in Pinecrest: The PG&E house of Johnny Sardella and associated outbuildings were painted the corporate yellowish-brown. The second house was owned by Col. George and Lynn Wescott. Their home was a large victorian house painted white with green trim. It was the most elegant house in Pinecrest, and being immediately next to the Forest Service compound (as was the Sardella house), this departure from the Forest Service norm must have been troublesome. A small number of houses were painted green, and Joanne DeEds Hankins has reminded me that at least two were gray (one not being too far from her own summer home).

When I asked my mother about the Wescott house and if she knew any rationale for this departure from the norm, all she said was that "George was a colonel in the Army." Remembering the political climate of the 1950s (which is possible for me only now), that is likely the correct answer. Still, Lynn Wescott was the local real estate agent and would love to know how she explained the difference to her clients.

I remember only one new home being built in Pinecrest, and that was at the end of the "back road" just before the dirt road that went up "on the hill" as we kids called it. This dirt road actually was on the ridge east of Pinecrest itself and served the water tanks. It

also went to the head of the trail that went to the dam. I recall that it took a long time for that house to be built, and I often wondered (a) why the Forest Service allowed the building of a new house, and (b) why it was permitting the area to be so junky while it was being built.

The fact that the homes in Pinecrest were all so nice compared to the variety of kinds and designs in Strawberry with their tin roofs and tar-paper sides resulted in considerable pride among those of us from Pinecrest. This point was not missed by the kids living in Strawberry.

I was actually in only a small number of the summer homes, and then they were mainly those of people who lived in Pinecrest the year around. The Baker's house was near the Wescott house, and a bit further down the road along the lake front was the Paul house. Next to the Pauls (toward the Baker house) was a small cabin that I was in from time to time, but do not recall who owned it. In 1954, when we had that absolutely beautiful girl in our school, she lived on the other side of the Pauls. The Pauls had a nice summer home as I remember, and fairly typical. It was all wood, with real wood paneling throughout. There were at least three bedrooms, an indoor potty, a large living room, and a kitchen. There was an area under the front porch, as I recall, where assorted boating items were kept. Beyond the dam, I once visited the cabin of Mary Long, my high school biology (and geology) teacher. The only way to reach her home was by boat which Joanne and I did to help her open up the house in the early summer of 1957. Her cabin was exceedingly simple, with only about three rooms, and no indoor plumbing or running water. She had a screened porch. As was common of all the cabins around much of the lake, there was no electricity. The cabins across the lake were largely beyond my wanderings. I did visit, as a small kid, the home of a boat builder and racer, Christopher Craft. He had the fastest boat on the lake in the "Gar Wood" and all the kids loved to be taken for a ride. He also owned, I believe, the "Blue Bird" which was also a fast inboard. I do not remember his house specifically but some of the homes across the lake (south shore) were high above the lake's edge and could be reached only by long staircases.

Pahl

Pahls

My brother has reminded me that the Pauls owned a gold mine in the Mother Lode country which we all once visited. Also, they had one of the (if not the) largest sailboats on the lake. We were all occasionally taken out which was always fun.

Pahls

Many of the larger and fancier homes were away from and to the west of the lake. Not necessarily in the fancy category was the cabin of the Bowman's, John and Lucile. As my dad reports (page 49), John was a rodeo champion, first as a calf roper, then as he got older, as a team roper. He lived in Oakdale. I have seen some of his personal trophies and memorabilia at the Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City. Lucile was as small and petit as John was large and heavy. Between them they had one child, Betty Lou, a tall, slender, beautiful girl. She was a favorite of many of the Pinecrest kids. She had access to her folk's "woody," a stationwagon of the by-gone era that even then was neat. Betty Lou was five or six years older than I, and as such

we were safe as far as parents were concerned.

Betty Lou was a good horseman, but I do not recall that she ever brought any of her horses to Pinecrest more than once or twice. She dated, from time to time, some of the fellows who worked for Reno, but nothing seemed to be terribly serious, except for Elmer Peterson. I remember that one afternoon she had a bunch of us kids in the station-wagon and we were up at Twinings when a couple approached us and commented on the cuteness of one of the smaller kids (I do not recall who). Betty Lou claimed all the little kids to be her own, and I her husband and father (at 15) of the lot. This couple was shocked! I do not know if they believed her or not, but they certainly were confused.

The Bowman home was small, with two levels, and consisted of at least two bedrooms, with Betty Lou's being large and spacious and on the first floor under the porch. The house had water, electricty and, I am fairly sure, indoor plumbing. It was heated by a Franklin stove in the living room. After John died of cancer, Lucile spent a great deal of time in Pinecrest. Even today my mother visits her when she can. I remember seeing John in Oakdale after his first round of surgery and hearing him say that the doctors just opened him up, took a look, and told him to go home and die. Betty Lou eventually married a fellow who worked on the Tri-Dam project. The wedding was held at Twinings, and it was a huge event. That was the summer of 1957 coming the year after Elmer Peterson married Maddie. Betty Low had been in a car accident in high school and suffered severe damage in the pelvic area due to the floor gear shift (she used to say that is how she lost her virginity). She was fearful of getting married, and I can remember us talking in her bedroom about it shortly before the wedding. She managed to have one child, Candy. The marriage did not last, and the honeymoon was a miserable time for all, or so she said.

Of importance to me was the DeEds family and their summer home. Dr. Floyd DeEds was with the Department of Agriculture at Albany. Emelie was at the Stanford Hospital in San Francisco. Both were doctors, he a Ph.D., she an M.D. Their daughter, Joanne, was born 14 years after they married. Needless to say, she was an only child. Their summer home was smallish, with a living room, kitchen, 2 bedrooms and bathroom on the ground floor; the upstairs was unfinished. Once again, the house was all wood, well cared for, and comfortable. Here, of course, as elsewhere in the western part of Pinecrest, the house had running water, electrity, an indoor toilet and was fully insulated.

The Pinecrest house was promised to Joanne, but her folks sold it in 1964. Joanne told me that recently three trees fell through the house and it was entirely rebuilt and today it is even more beautiful. I remember that we had all kinds of future plans for that house and it being sold was a blow to Joanne.

Dewey Blakelee (as I recall the name, not Blake as reported by my father) headed the Permittee Association in Pinecrest. He lived in a small house on the main road just east of the Dodge Ridge junction. The home was modern, sunny and nice. I always will remember how clean they kept their house, not realizing, then, the impact of kids upon a

home.

I was in the homes of all the kids who went to school in Pinecrest. Most of these houses were more rigorously constructed and winterized. None of these homes was distinctive. I was routinely in the home of the Foleys during the winter. They lived across from Meadowview Campground, and while they often came briefly to Pinecrest in the summer, they were frequent visitors in the winter as the three Foley boys: Mike (my age), Jim (Jon's age), and Steve (the youngest) all skiied and raced for Dodge Ridge. Their home was large but only because, as I recall, it was a rambler.

A couple of houses further up the Dodge Ridge road was the home of Casey Cummings, a kid of an intermediate age between my brother and I. His folks owned the Mayflower moving company in San Francisco. Their house was large with several bedrooms. The yard was also fairly large.

As noted above, kids who came to Pinecrest in the summer interacted little with the local kids. When we first lived in Pinecrest, we played with the Paul family. As I recall there were two boys and a girl, but do not recall any names although my father still knows the family. Our dog sired a bunch of pups with their dog, and we all witnessed the birthing one early summer day. The Benovitch kids were also part of our group, and they came and stayed with a family who also had kids. Unfortunately, I do not remember any of the other children. There was a girl from San Francisco who came each summer and stayed in a home along the main road into Pinecrest near (next to?) Rogers' Roost where Diane Rogers lived. She was a tall, large-boned girl, and we often went swimming together. I do not recall ever entering her house, however. There were other kids who came and went, and I would briefly visit a home. For the most part, the homes in Pinecrest could be divided into two categories: those used strictly in the summer, and those that were for all seasons. It should be remembered that in the winter only a few roads into the summer home areas were maintained. This was to prevent looting, but it also gave the owner little incentive to winterize the building.

(9) Skiing. It was <u>the</u> event. And it was the only event of the winter months. It is difficult for the present-day reader to recall the simplicity of the early 1950s -- now thirty years and more ago -- and the trying times it was for a kid. Today, kids have all kinds of opportunities to do things. In Pinecrest during those early years, the Ronks were the only family with a television set. It was the first television I ever saw, and they received only one or two San Francisco stations -- badly. In time there was a set in the bar at Starwberry, and one at Dodge Ridge. Only later was there one in the bar at Pinecrest Lodge. To my knowledge, only the Twinings, and that was later, had a set that was not in a public place. During the summer there were motion pictures four or five times each week shown at the outdoor, "under the stars" theater. In the winter there were only the one-reelers shown by my father -- hardly exciting fare. No one had a car, even when I was in high school, among the kids who lived in Pinecrest or Strawberry. Betty Lou Bowman and Joanne DeEds had cars, and were it not for them, I would have had to walk (or ride

a horse) everwhere. Out of desparation, kids learned to ski. It was a tough life!

We began to ski in the fall of 1948 shortly after arriving in Pinecrest. Skiis were rented at first, from Kurt Hizer, and we used the gentle slope on the beach in front of Pinecrest Lodge. There was a single ropetow associated with the operation. As I got older, and learned more about the history of skiing, I realized that many of the people who came to Pinecrest in those early days were truly the "fathers" of the modern era of the sport. The men and women associated with the ski patrol all wore rust-colored parkas; the people who worked for the Forest Service, by 1950, had an official uniform of green pants and parka. Everyone wore pins and patches indicating where they had skiied. It was before the days when one could simply buy such patches at a local store.

By today's standards skiing was primitive. The skiis were wooden, and often without metal edges. The tip was not merely pointed, but had a short extension at the tip as well. The skiis were often wider than those used currently. The bindings were all "beartraps." Safety bindings were yet to make an impact upon the ski slope. The dress was conventional baggy. Clothing was water-proof, but little else. Sweaters were common and of a variety of designs; all were handmade. Ski caps were not racy in any sense of the word, in fact they were simply baseball caps with ski patches! Ski poles were made of bamboo. The baskets, large and made of leathery thong and a metal hoop, made the poles particularly heavy. Most skiis were rather long, their length being determined by by the height a person could reach. Kid-sized skiis were unheard of, and shorten ones, for us, had to be cut from broken skiis.

The technique I first learned was large, rotation ~~off~~ the snowplow and stem christy. The arms were held wide, with full upper body, shoulder and arm rotation in each turn. Parallel turns were not truly used as each turn came as a result of a stem or step movement. In fact, the snowplow was often the critical part of any turn, even at high speed. On the gentle slope at Pinecrest, it was difficult to go fast, and the more advanced, high-speed turns were often impossible to do.

The difference between the hill at Pinecrest Lodge and Karl's Hill was extreme. As gentle as the lake slope was, Karl's Hill was steep. The ropetow at Karl's was long and high speed. Going down that slope required considerable skill, and I really never learned to ski well prior to going to Dodge Ridge because of the pronounced difference in the transition between the two places. There was a good jumping hill at Karl's Hill, and I can remember many people practicing for competition, especially Danny Conlin and Mike Sparrow.

As the years have passed, and I have gotten completely away from skiing, the names of those early people have faded and I can remember only a few. "Pop" Horton was an old man when I first met him at Pinecrest. He had skied for years, and continued for several more years at Dodge Ridge. He was a ski patrolman, and might even have been a certified instructor. It was he who taught me ~~how~~ first to ski. In

fact, he taught both my brother and my father. He had a brother who was also a skiier. An older man from Europe, with a heavy accent, also taught skiing; he was a certified instructor, being one of the first. He introduced the parallel christy to the United States and started a new revolution in skiing. I cannot now remember his name. From him I learned how to ski fast, and with a degree of control.

My brother tells me that Max Dercum established a ski school at Cold Springs when Jasper Miley had his J-bar. Jon is of the opinion, Dercum also taught us to ski. Dercum and his wife live in Keystone, Colorado.

When Dodge Ridge was first opened in the winter of 1949-1950, my winters changed greatly. I am not certain exactly when I first went to Dodge Ridge, but it most certainly must have been the first winter it operated. I am fairly certain though that I did not start to ski there actively until the winter of 1950-1951. I am uncertain when my mother started to work there, but I suspect the fall of 1950. Once she started in the main office, skiing became possible every weekend. [Again, was this due to her job and skill in the work, or was this a "pay-off" to the spouse and kids of the Forest Service? Then there was no question -- we all made a contribution; today it might be considered differently.]

no pay-off

In the early years, Dodge Ridge had three ropetows and the chair lift up the main face of the mountain. The lodge was smaller with a small dining area and rental shop. The offices were located on the west side of the lodge and consisted of a single room. The manager of the complex was Earl Purdy, a former state highway patrolman, who lived in Long Barn with his wife, Mary, and their two sons, George (two years older than I), and Ralph who was born two days after I was in 1941. I do not exactly recall when Bob Pringle and his wife managed the kitchen, but they were there several winters. Karl and Sue Stewart ran the ski shop for at least two (perhaps three) winter seasons after their store burned in Pinecrest. My mother was responsible for the books. The hill manager was Jasper Miley who had built a J-bar at Cold Springs (see page 9). The chair was run by Lou Gwyn. The Gwyn family lived in Long Barn and had a son, Richard ("Butch"), who was the same age as I and Ralph Purdy only born a few days before us. Neither Ralph nor Richard learned to ski well, and neither skiied competitivly. George Purdy, who was tall and rather uncoordinated, was never able to ski well.

owner - manager

I believe it was around 1953 that the lodge at Dodge Ridge was enlarged and the Palo Alto Ski Club built a fine lodge at the end of the parking lot for its membership. Around 1954 or 1955, a poma-lift was built next to one of the ropetows, and extended the use of the lower slopes significantly. It was an excellent move as it provided a rapid means of moving people up the slope, and put the skiier at the top of a rather steep, yet heavily groomed, slope. About the same time, a new bunny hill was created by expanding to the west the already existing bunny slope and adding another tow. In general, Dodge Ridge catered to the beginner and intermediate skiiers. The hills were not too challenging, yet they were long enough to be rewarding, with some steep areas. In the spring of 1955, my father and I, along

1954 (I was

with Earl Purdy, surveyed the "East Bowl" for a new lift. In addition, my dad and I surveyed the new access loop road for the resort so that traffic could all move in one direction.

I remember this spring activity well as once the road surveying was done, I went back skiing in heavy spring snow, caught a tip at high speed, and broke a leg and dislocated an ankle. It was a neat trick as I never fell, but realized immediately what happened and skiied to the mid-way ramp on the chair lift. What two of us were doing was running the face of Dodge Ridge straight down the mountain! I rode the chair up to the top, and then down to the bottom. The operator on top, Ted Armstrong (see page 10), was concerned and asked a fellow racer, Willie Jacobs, to ride down in the chair with me. Willie had never ridden down the chair before and nearly fainted as we started over the face! My mother took me to Sonora where Dr. George Richardson put the leg back together. I graduated from Pinecrest School in a cast.

The opening of the East Bowl greatly expanded Dodge Ridge. A long ropetow was run from near the chair to a poma-lift. The latter went to the top of the mountain. In time, the lower ropetow was replaced with another poma-lift.

As kids we were given an opportunity to race for Dodge Ridge. Our first coach was a stern Austrian (?) name Augy Meison. We went to a small number of races, but we were generally unprepared. All of us rode in Augy's two-seater coop, with the smaller kids riding in the window behind the back seat. Amazingly enough, we actually won a few medals, my brother getting a second I think, and I a third. I think this was the winter of 1952 although it might have been 1953. Ray Patton arrived soon thereafter and took over the coaching of the ski team. We then started traveling widely and attending several races each year. Also, with the building of the Palo Alto Ski Club lodge, a number of additional kids began to race for Dodge Ridge, and soon we had quite a number. However, for me the broken leg of 1955 brought an end to my active racing, and I did not return to competition until the winter of 1958-1959. During those intervening years I routinely ran in the Gold Nugget race, an event sponsored by Dodge Ridge. From time to time I managed to win a medal so all was not lost.

During that time my brother Jon became an accomplished racer and attended the Junior Nationals in Colorado in the spring of 1958. For my part, I worked on the ski patrol and became rather good at taking still photographs for Dodge Ridge. In this way my skiing was still "free," and the money allowed me to buy my few ski items. I decided to return to racing in 1958-1959 and entered a number of races, earning enough points to qualify as an alternate for the Junior Nationals held that year at White Pass, Washington. I was never particularly good as a racer, but I always managed to do well enough. During this year, as before when I did race, I had head-on competition with Jimmy Huega who eventually won an Olympic medal in slalom. He would win the slalom and I the downhill, but the FIS rules were such that he nearly always won the combined title. I did place at Yosemite, Dodge Ridge and Slide Mountain (Nevada) my last year. This should not be taken as a high degree of accomplishment on my part as Jimmy Huega, by then,

was so good he was running the senior circuit and was not at Slide Mountain. It was there that I placed second in a slalom event!

Another person important to me during this time was Starr Walton, a girl who lived with her parents in Berkeley. She raced for a small resort on Donner Pass. Her father, Stan, was in business, and the family had a summer home at Soda Springs. Although Starr was a year younger than me, she and I began to ski about the same time with her starting to race a year or so before I did. We came to enjoy each others company -- even at 12 or whatever it was -- and took to skiing together. Warren Miller, then as now the noted skiing film maker, used footage of her and I skiing in 1957 and 1958. She broke her leg just before the Nationals in 1959 and did not make the trip, but she made the Olympic team in 1960. She did not do all that well in the games. In later years she skiied for United Air Lines, and every so often, while flying, I would see an article in their magazine about her. Jon Reveal says Starr now lives in Sacramento and heads the special group airfare section for United.

As noted above, I named a blue mare for her. In 1956 she came to the stables and saw her. To be blunt she was not impressed.

I continued to ski through my college days, trying to get Utah State University to start a ski team in 1959. I raced in Utah, and won, surprisingly, in the senior circuit, but that was the last of my competitive skiing. Thereafter I taught for the University and for the county recreation program. Once graduate school started, even that stopped, and now I rarely get on the slope.

Ray Patton became a major influence. He soon headed the ski school at Dodge Ridge, and was eventually to become well known as a teacher and instructor. Eric Johnson, an advertising man, had more or less established the ski school, and handled the publicity for Dodge Ridge. He and Earl Purdy parted company in 1954. Hal Roberts assumed the advertising duties while Ray took over the ski school in the fall of 1954. Ray was patient with us kids, for while he was hot-tempered he easily got over it. Eventually he married (ca. 1956) and he and his wife, Leah, raised her two sons by a previous marriage. Gregg Hoffman (Joanne DeEds Hankins says he graduated from high school as "Gregg Patton") was the oldest while Bobby Patton (he was adopted by Ray) was skiing as soon as the kid could stand up. Cappy Cook was associated with Dodge Ridge in the winter of 1958-1959, and helped Ray with the ski team. He traveled with us to the Nationals at White Pass. By this time, Cappy was the father of two or three boys, and had served in the Army in Germany where he was a ski instructor. My brother told me that Cappy's oldest son Randy is an excellent racer and that his father is now the manager of Incline Village in the Lake Tahoe area. Unfortunately Ray is now dying of cancer.

Susan Sparrow joined my brother and me in racing for Dodge Ridge in the alpine events. Her brother, Mike, competed in the nordic events. In time, kids from the Central Valley and San Francisco Bay area began to ski for Dodge Ridge. Willie Jacobs who was older than I skiied alpine. The Foley kids did as well. Henry "Hank" Hamilton from Long Barn was my brother's age, and he skiied well enough to make

the Junior Nationals. He was crazy! If he survived a course, he would often place; if not, he would crash horrendously. Also from the Long Barn area was Earl Hitch. He was older than I by three or four years. He was a good skiier but never took the time to practice. He liked to jump. His father Bill worked on the tows for Dodge Ridge in the early years and finally went to the chairlift where he worked with Gwyn. Earl might have attended Sonora High, but I think he went to Summerville. His sister, who's name was Linda, did go to Summerville. She was a beautiful young lady. The Hitch family were Dunkards, although Bill was hardly much of a practioner, and young Earl never would even attempt to practice his family's religion. Bill Pringle skiied for Dodge Ridge, but I do not remember that he ever won. So did Don Morrison, but I believe he placed once or twice. Don's younger brother Doug also tried his hand at racing but was unsuccessful. An older fellow named Jerry Wyrick skiied for Dodge Ridge. He was associated with the Palo Alto group.

My years with the ski patrol were good in that the experience provided me with a sense of responsibility. My mother taught first aid, and armed me with some knowledge, I was trained further by others, especially Dr. Dee Morrison and his brother Gordon, also a physician. I hauled my brother off the mountain twice, but he was never seriously hurt.

Forest Service rules required Dodge Ridge to maintain rather exact records of accidents. The accident reports were routinely filled out, and from time to time, I remember summarizing the data for my father in his office. My own experiences were fairly typical. While skiing was dangerous, I never had a problem that we could not handle thanks to the Morrison brothers. I learned how to reset dislocated shoulders, and how to treat most types of broken limbs. Punctures and cuts were often troublesome and more than once these were scarry. The worst accidents I ever treated involved toboggans. The Forest Service prohibited the use of toboggans on National Forest lands but this did not stop people from doing it anyway. As a result there were accidents up and down the Sonora Pass Highway and we were often called to go to treat the injured.

During the years I skiied in California, I met a number of racers who did fairly well in the senior circuit. One heard many a tale of a downhill course -- which was my best event -- and this or that person hitting a chairlift tower. There were assorted characters, like rodeo cowboys, who were bearly ambulatory. The concept of speed as dangerous was foreign, and death on skiis was a matter of foregone conclusion. It was a healthy attitude if one were to be a success at downhill racing, and necessary if one was to be competitive. That these men had this bravado was, I now recognize, no different from the same kind of facade put forth by Reno's cowboys. At the time it was expected of everyone and I, too, did my best to convey this view of life. It did serve it purpose -- for above all, to win, one could not be afraid. Although I did well my last year of competition in the junior circuit, I realized that I was now afraid and therefore could never succeed. There is a fine line in downhill racing between control and out-of-control. As I got bigger and stronger I also got faster. It was fun to go down a hill at speeds in excess of eighty or ninety miles an

hour. To imagine this, drive, at the same speeds in a low-slung sports car so that your relationship to the surface is a matter of a foot or two. Now imagine yourself on the ground, with fall-away turns, hay-baled trees, and trying to estimate where to make a prejump so, at that speed, you cleared the top of the knoll and didn't hit it straight on. Any slight mistake was final. Any hesitation, any check, any introduction of fear would mean someone else would win. The men and women who were good had the ability to erase the fear; in the end I could not.

Gardner Smith was a local hero in those early days. He raced for the Modesto Ski Club and competed in the "Diamond Sun" race at Sun Valley. It was here, when Gardner ran the course, that Dick Buick hit a tower, they said, about a dozen feet about its base at full speed. He lived only to die later when he crashed a plane into Lake Truckee while practicing stalls. Dick Darworth was equally as crazy and lived his life at full speed.

While there was a high degree of competition between summer cowboys and girls, it was nothing compared to what it was when it came to ski bums and girls. The chaos, the shuffling, the switching, and fighting is wonderful to look back upon now. Among those who raced, the competition was particularly keen. By this I do not mean the kids -- that was tame. Among the men of the serior circuit, it was fierce. In addition to the usual "ski bums" (a friendly word), there were several professional football players from the San Francisco 49'ers who also skiied and raced. These fellows also competed for the available female bodies. Some, like Cappy Cook, were a blending of the two and thus particularly formidable.

I do not wish to imply all of this was one sided or involved only the male of the species. It was a joint hunt. Friday and Saturday nights the local bars were jammed. Some of the local motels rented one or two rooms by the hour. The last winner of whatever race was that week's hero.

I will state, however, that most of these comings and goings did not involve many of the local kids. As for a few of the parents, that was occasionally different. Most of those involved in all this excitment came from the valley and coast. The resort areas were merely the place to play.

Sierra snow was never considered comparable to what they get in Utah, and likely that is still the case today. Nonetheless, I did learn to ski powder, especially deep California powder, thanks in part to a pair of specialized skiis designed by Howard Head. From time to time there was a heavy snow that was fun to ski. Too much snow would occasionally hit Dodge Ridge and then things really got interesting. One storm so filled the parking lot that a person with a long pole had to go in front of the rotory plow to find the cars. The tunnel, buildings, and even the towers of the chair lift occasionally had to be dug out. Once, when my folks and brother were on a trip, we had a heavy snow and I was stuck at Dodge Ridge for several days. When I finally got to the station in Pinecrest there was no path to the house and it took me nearly two hours to travel the distance from the office

to the house. Once there the only way to get in the house was through a second story window. The big snow of 1952 was impressive, and I believe we also had deep snow falls in 1957. At any rate, when I finally did get to Utah and skiied their deep powder, it was so easy that I could blast through it with ease. No one from Utah could do that -- they didn't have that California training!

Note: On page 9.1 my father mentions the races at The Nob. Those races were held for several years, with people camping out below Sonora Pass. The race was always held shortly after the road was open, so it could not be scheduled in the normal sense. As noted, Jill Kinmont skiied there, as did her brother Bob. I believe both Jon and I won medals there. Also, I seem to recall those races lasting to about 1954. Jill was hurt at Alta, Utah, not Squaw Valley. That was just before the 1956 Olympics as I recall. Joanne DeEds Hankins tells me these races are being held again. In the early days the race was sponsored by the Stockton Ski Club. There was always a big bonfire and sing-along held the night before the race. Once, the family camped out for the race under a huge overhanging rock. The camp site is still used.

Sonora Union High School was the high school all students from the Summit District attended. It was located in the eastern part of Sonora across, then, from Columbia Way Hospital, on the road toward Columbia. Students who lived in the Long Barn area were supposed to attend Summerville High School. Nonetheless, a large number of students from Long Barn, including several between there and Twain Harte, attended Sonora so that from Long Barn buses from both high schools picked up students. I am not certain why only certain students were able to go to Sonora, while others were not permitted (or didn't). No doubt there was local politics involved in this.

Among the students from Long Barn who went to Sonora, an amazing number of their parents worked at Dodge Ridge. For example, George and Ralph Purdy and Richard Gwyn rode our bus. Ted Armstrong's daughter, Betty, and the Miller boys, Gene and Vernon, were picked up below Long Barn. Even Joyce and Bonnie Ellis went to Sonora from Sugar Pine. One person from Long Barn, Henry Hamilton, did not have the Dodge Ridge connection; his folks ran a resort lodge in Long Barn. I do not recall if Earl Hitch went to Sonora or not, but his sisters did not. I remember that Earl dated a Sonora High senior my freshman year, Rita Howard, so it is possible he was there in 1956 but did not graduate. Still, to my knowledge, they were the only exception. Kids who lived in Cold Springs, just off the Summit District, rather commonly went to Sonora although once again I believe this was not technically a part of Sonora's high school district. Elbert Miller's daughter, Patsy, went to both Sonora and Summerville. Lewis Williams lived in Cold Springs and graduated from Sonora. When he first came, his father was connected with Dodge Ridge. [Joanne writes that at present "students from Cold Springs & above attend SUHS while those living in Twain Harte & on up thru Long Barn attend Summerville -- except for a few interdistrict transfers & some outright lying about addresses." I suspect nothing has changed from the late 1950s.]

I asked my mother about this strange relationship of Dodge Ridge

employees and SUHS. She claims there was no relationship, but I am still suspicious. She was too sharp politically to let any possible advance to go unused.

In the days before "busing" had a political overtone, busing was a part of life for nearly all students at Sonora. I caught the bus at the Y -- the junction of the highway leading to Pinecrest and Strawberry -- at approximately 7:10 in the morning. I was not the first to get on the bus. When Tri-Dam was in operation, the bus left their camp near Bumblebee around 6:40. We arrived at school about 8:15, it taking about an hour to make the run and pick up students. The bus was nearly always filled. School was out about 3:30, and the buses departed about 3:40. I got back to the Y around 5:00 in the afternoon. Before and after the Tri-Dam era, we picked up kids in Twain Harte.

Our bus driver was Eldon Bottemiler, a young man in his late 20s. He lived near Twain Harte and each morning drove from his home to Strawberry where the bus was parked. His day began around 4 each morning and ended after 6 each evening. During the day he was a mechanic in the bus garage at the high school. It was a hellish schedule.

The ride down was never really boring, and "down" is the operative term. School buses, by law, were prohibited from exceeding 50 miles an hour, and in fact the engines were "fixed" so that it was impossible to do much above 55. Going down Eldon could get the bus up to about 55 in places, but in those days the road was full of turns and he had to stop far too often to really get up much speed. However, our last stop (except 1956-1957 and 1957-1958) was at Twain Harte, and from then on he could run flat out. When the Tri-Dam project was going, our last pickup was in Sugar Pine, and it was from there that Eldon drove straight on to Sonora. Going "up" the mountain was a different matter. The bus was hard pressed, especially when full, to climb the old grade below Twain Harte, and even the road above there to Sugar Pine could take a long time. Once we got to Long Barn the road was not as steep and in fact part of the road was down hill (as below Cold Springs and above Pinecrest). It took a much longer time to get home than to go to school.

The Twain Harte grade in the 1950s was full of sharp corners. When we rode with my mother to Sonora, she would often coast down the grade san brakes. This was great sport and widely practiced. From time to time Eldon would do it in the bus to the grand delight of everyone. If he made it without braking the bus would erupt in cheers. In a car the drive from Pinecrest to Sonora took about 45 minutes. My mother could make it in decidedly shorter a time when pressed. It was Reno who drove the distance the fastest I ever heard of, something less than 25 minutes. I believe it was when Del Hoogaboom suffered a heart attack, but I may be wrong in associating this event with Del. For years there was an old man who sat by the road in the summer months at Sugar Pine waving at cars. It was always rewarding when he was out, and while I never knew who he was, became distressed when he died. It was as if a fixture of the Sierra Nevada had be removed.

During the four years I rode the bus, Eldon only threw off one person -- Bill Pringle -- for discipline problems. We did see a number of accidents, none of which involved our bus. In one, below Twain Harte, a person passed us only to hit a patch of ice and flip his car. We stopped and opened his car door. The driver was trying to break out the car window! In another instance, Jim Young's wife drove her pickup off the edge of the road above Long Barn. She was not hurt. Snow was always a problem. The bus was heavy and could go through considerable snow before chains were required. When chains were needed, however, it was a real easy matter. Eldon drove the inside dual wheel onto a block of wood and someone would then put on the chains on the outside dual. All of this would take less than two or three minutes.

High schools were fairly quiet in the late 1950s, and Sonora was no exception. The teaching faculty was fairly skilled, and some were outstanding teachers. Two maiden math teachers, Lorene Smelser and Irene Parli, were excellent. One was called "mouse" and the other "rat" (Smelser and Parli, respectively) as both were short and constantly on the move. I had Parli for three years and she was always a challenge and even, I can say today, a delight. Another excellent (and hated) teacher was Miss Mary Long who taught biology and geology. Sonora was fortunate in that we had two biology teachers: Dale Keyser who taught physiological biology, and Long who taught organismic biology. I had Long for two years, and it was from her I gained an appreciation of systemtic botany and structural geology, both subjects taught then in high school. For history I had Thomas Hollinger, first for world history and then for United States history. It was from him that I discovered history was a fun subject and eventually minored in western American history during my doctoral degree. I took a variety of course work ranging from Spanish (I did terrible) to English (and still cannot spell), two years of mechanical drawing (the first with Kenneth Huff, the second with Lino Borelli), and typing. The latter was one of the courses forced on me by my mother. I could see myself, alone, in a huge class of girls. I did not look forward to that first period class my sophmore year, until I walked in there. Much to my surprise the place was loaded with guys who, like me, had been forced into it by their mothers and had the same dread. Needless to say in this age of computer terminals, that was one of the most valuable high school courses I ever had to take!

As mentioned previously, for most of us living in Pinecrest and above, it was difficult to participate in most high school activities. Ralph Purdy became the marching band's drum major and Walt Schneider played drums. Bill Pringle played trumpet, and football, but by then he lived in Twain Harte. I worked behind the stage on theater productions and during rallies. Politically, in the school, few of us successfully could hold office. Richard Gwyn served on the student council his senior year, and I was president of the ski club, but the latter was easy.

A couple of quick high school stories.

About 1959, Miss Parli bought herself a new car. The guys in the auto shop classes -- taught by Mr. Huff -- asked if they could "work"

pin

on it for her. Now Miss Parli was not a wall-flower by any means, and she said sure. Well those guys "fixed" the car -- they pen-striped it, they lowered it, they put on a slight rake, and they souped the engine. In fact, it was a hot car. Once, when school had just let out, some student sat in his car beside Miss Parli at a stop sign by the high school gunning his engine. She creamed him! That kid was the butt of remarks for days, while students as well as faculty cheered Miss Parli on.

In 1958 we got a new principal, one Harold Stoker. My mother quickly pointed out that she attended Utah State with him and so I looked him up in her year book. There I discovered he was call "Squeeks". Within a matter of a few hours after the first day of school the entire student body knew this -- and he had thought he had left that name behind him long ago!

The impact of the Tri-Dam project on Sonora Union High School was significant. For the better part of my sophomore and junior years, a bus left the Bumblebee camp carrying only Tri-Dam kids. As a result there was little interaction between these students and most of the locals. There were a small number of students attending high school who were associated with the Forest Service via their parents. Those I remember were largely associated with the supervisor's office. Two were Thomas "Tom" McCready, Allan McCready's son who was a year ahead of me, and Maureen McRorey who was in my class. She was the daughter of Russ McRorey the forest supervisor.

(3)

(12) Fire control on the Summit District in the early days was largely a matter of who could you get to do the job. As noted, the nearest fire crew was at Long Barn, where there was a tanker truck and a hot-shot crew. That group was operational, however, only during the summer, and thus, during the late spring and early fall, when there was an occasional fire, my brother and I got "called to duty." My first few experiences were rather tame; local camp fire still burning in the pit or the garbage dump acting up. During 1958, and perhaps early in the spring of 1959, there were a few real fires on or near the district that I did go on. One, at night, was near Cold Springs, and while the fire was dull and ordinary, the night sky was beautiful due to the northern lights. On another occasion, I was on a fire above Beardsley Reservoir where I got caught in a smokey fire burning in poison oak. I ended up rather sick because of that with blisters inside and out. Thereafter Toxicodendron and I have not mixed!

(7)

Police protection was an important, though not a terribly obvious aspect of our existence. As noted above, Miller Sardella tended to rid himself of problems by making them deputy sheriffs. Another institution involved in eliminating problems kids in Tuolumne County was the local draft board. The county had a quota in the late 1950s and early 1960s (after Korea and before Viet Nam) which was routinely filled by troublemakers. Miller, various town cops, and the local judges often deferred punishment if the offender was willing to enlist. I have yet to receive a letter from the draft board in Sonora on any subject.

Trouble in Pinecrest came mainly in the form of minor disturb-

ances during the summer months and winter weekends. The local drunks were often known and cared for; even the few rowdy kids were watched and warned quietly. Getting in trouble with the law -- as both my brother and I learned -- meant the deputy sheriff and parents coming together. Fear was a major factor in the formation of value judgments for the local teenagers of Pinecrest. I remember a scattering of break-ins and looting during the winter months, a few major bar fights (at any time of the year), but nothing really serious.

I cannot remember the state highway patrolman, but it might have been Captain Reynolds who was driving down the Quedaporka grade above Kennedy Meadows when a huge boulder rolled down the slope and hit the passenger side of his car. The patrol car folded neatly around the rock and it and car rolled down the side of the mountain -- ruining the car but not hurting the patrolman. Joanne DeEds and I, and on occasions my brother, would drive the road up to Dodge Ridge in her Hudson Jet. Her car looked remarkably like the local deputy's car, and just by flashing the car lights (or an emergency road lantern), she could empty the lanes of parked automobiles and assorted pickup trucks. Joanne also tells me that Jon was able to make a remarkably realistic siren sound when cued. I do not remember that. She also notes that my father warned her of the "dire consequences that would result from impersonating an officer." No doubt he did; this sounds like my official, Forest Service father. I also imagine he laughed too when he found out.

My father (page 12) mentions Elbert ~~Little~~ Miller and his truck. That truck was a product of years of careful scrounging and molding. Painted bright red, the flat-bed had a series of shelves and boxes all covered by a canvas top. He carried fresh vegetables and fruit, assorted candy bars (in those days such items cost a nickle), blocks of ice, and cold, bottled soft drinks (10 cents). He would drive around honking the horn. And yes, he was resented. His prices were reasonable and affordable, something most local store owners could never, or would never provide. More importantly, his fruits and vegetables were truly farm fresh, something not true of the stores. My mother tells me that Elbert, long a deputy sheriff in Tuolumne County, recently died.

(12.1) Motion Pictures. A minor correction. The movie in question was the "Wizard of Oz," not "Dracula," and the distance home was only from the outdoor theater by Karl's Place to the old station house by Pinecrest Lodge. It didn't matter -- it was covered swiftly. By the way, the cost of going to the movie, for kids at least, was 25 cents. Many a lost quarter found under the porch of Pinecrest Lodge ended up in the pockets of Art Rude.

* * * * * * * * *

I do not remember much of the early years in Pinecrest beyond what I have already recorded, and cannot really comment on the events in the same detail or even time frame my parents can. The following remarks attempt to expand or explain what my father has mentioned, or to give some additional information not mentioned by him for the same period. Many of these items already are augmented in his "Supplement" with my comments.

I can remember the Christmas tree cutting (page 17) times rather vividly for two reasons. The first was that the United States was at war in Korea, and the trees were being cut (in November) to be sent across the Pacific to Korea for Christmas nearly two months later. A dry, lifeless tree was hardly my idea of what a Christmas tree should be like, and yet it was all done with high spirits by the saliors who came to do the work. I remember going to Herring Creek where patches of small, densely situated firs were being cut and helping in the task. I can also recall actually going out with my father to look for suitable places to find trees. He seemed to want areas where the harvesting would be beneficial and yet accessable in snowy weather.

Somewhat off the subject, but in the same time period, were the instructions we received, from the Forest Service at the start of the Korean War in 1950, even as kids, about the airplane watch. Now I have no real detailed knowledge of what this was all about, but we were instructed on the several different types of high flying planes one might see broken into two major groups: ours and theirs. There were printed sheets with the outlines of the plane and one was supposed to mark down when one saw a plane, its type, and the direction it was going. I never did.

The house construction (page 18) was a sick joke the Forest Service played on itself. Why the Forest Service selected a pill-box, two-story house for the ranger's residence is beyond me. The house consisted of two baths, three bedrooms, a living room, kitchen and dining room. At least the full basement was nice. I will say the house was well made, and withstood the ravages of two boys. It was insulated according to the standards of the day, but there were no storm windows (perhaps there are still none), and there was no insulation between the first floor and basement.

As a kid I was impressed, deeply so, by the convict laborers that worked around the new house. I should note that in my opinion the new house was not built until 1950. Construction began in the fall and continued through the winter months of 1951. This was done in the true Forest Service way of doing things -- when it was almost impossible to work out-of-doors due to winter snows. We moved in the spring of 1951. Anyway, a group of men was assigned to make a rock wall around the house during the summer of 1951. One man, a large (to me), heavy-set white man took charge of the project assisted by two blacks who would bring him rocks. With care and exactness these men built the wall. As long as I was around the house not a single stone ever fell (no morter was used) or broke.

The station, in 1951, consisted of the ~~main~~ ranger ~~station~~ (newly built), an office (also newly built), a four-bay garage (moved as noted), and a thin-wood house my brother and I had spent long summer afternoons in at the old station getting extra school lessons from my mother. In addition the old office was moved and this became the "scaler's cabin" for the person(s) who stayed in it. A tent platform was also moved (as noted) and both were placed east of the main residence. The old residence in Pinecrest proper was not moved until 1956 when it was jacked up and transported on a huge truck down the back road to its present location. In the winter of 1956-1957 another residence was built (where Pete Wyckoff and his family eventually lived -- they lived in the moved residence initially) which was located just to the east of the site of the corral Joanne DeEds and I built.

I can remember my mother complaining about the housing design and a person named Frank Sweeley who seemed to have been responsible for all of it. I really do not know if this man was involved or not but her anger seemed justified.

My father mentions Miller Sardella and his ability to "track" which was based not entirely on skill (page 20-21). I recall an incident in which a kid was "lost" in the Emigrant Basin, and the sheriff's department set out to find this teenage boy. It took Miller, Reno, and several others (including Walt Castle who was then working for Cook) a number of days before they finally managed to capture the kid -- he was leading everyone on a merry chase. It made the San Francisco papers at the time (1952).

Tar (page 25) was the family dog. As noted he was owned by Thane Riney and his wife, Bernice. They lived in the tent (on the platform) at the old station in 1949, and it was here that I first met Starker (and some years later, Aldo) Leopold of UC Berkeley. That dog was trained by Riney to catch young deer, mainly fawns, by running up beside the deer, knocking it down, and then standing on it until help arrived. In this way, the animal could be caught and tagged. Although the dog was friendly, I cannot help but wonder the degree of fear a young fawn must have suffered at the combination of dog, people, a painted number, and ear tags.

Dog stories abound.

My mother would ride with my father in the Forest Service truck with the dog between them dressed in dark sun glasses and either an official USFS green billed cap (summer) or a ski cap (winter). The roads were slow, and the looks of people passing the combination were those of bewilderment.

We celebrated birthdays of the dog by fixing a small amount of raw hamburger with a candle on top. Only our dog could inform you exactly how long it takes a candle to burn out.

My mother tells the story of coming downstairs one night to see why the dog was barking so persistently in the kitchen. She found the dog, nose to the window pane, barking furiously at a bear with its

nose to the other side of the glass.

Once Tar came home with the clear evidence he had tangled with a porcupine. As typical of dogs he had attempted to bite it, and thus had quills inside the mouth as well as all around his face. My father and Bennie DeBishop took pliers to the quills and removed them. For the most part the dog simply stood still and let it happen.

Tourists often failed to comprehend that government buildings are not necessarily always public. Once a man came into the kitchen without knocking and my mother heard a noise. She walked into the room to find this person, speechless, with the dog standing on his hind feet and his two front feet of the man's chest looking the chap right in the eyes. The dog never made a sound or moved until told to get down.

Tar was occasionally poisoned, as were many of the dogs in Pinecrest. We never knew the source of the poisoned meat. He would be sick for several days but always managed to recover. At such times he would lie on the cool concrete floor in the doorway outside the basement. He always looked dead from the effects. It was cruel but typical of rural Tuolumne County.

One Christmas we acquired a cat. I do not know how this cat came into our possession, but it did. I think the idea was that my mother was to take care of it while the cat's owners were away for the holiday. A mouse was discovered in the living room where the Christmas tree was placed, and the cat was profoundly unmoved by this small bit of choice cat food. Once Tar caught the mouse -- and I might add none to gently -- the cat proceeded to take the now slowed mouse and do what all cats ultimately do with mice: torment it to death!

1950?

The Wrights Creek fire (page 26) of 1949 was really something. A bunch of us kids went to a party of some kind in Long Barn one evening and coming home at night we could watch it glow in the darkness from Bald Mountain. Ashes from the fire fell in Pinecrest; it was the only fire I ever witnessed in Pinecrest where that happened.

I am a bit puzzled by the statement on page 27 that only a few incendiary fires were ever set on the Summit District. I have no evidence for disagreement except that when I returned to the district in September of 1960 to head up the fire crew (about which I will mention more later), I arrived to a series of arson fires that had been set along Highway 108 from near the Eagle Meadow turnoff to the Donnells overlook. I cannot believe there were not others, but maybe so.

My father tells of his adventures with plastic explosives, and I do recall that -- though you might expect any kid would remember something like that. When large trees were felled near the station, the trunks had to be dug out. From time to time there would be a series of stumps all arranged in the open side by side in the the compound. In this way the trunks would dry and could be burned during the winter. When a particularly large tree was dropped in front of the house, its huge stump was placed in the compound to dry. It was

stumps

so large it became obvious that it would be a long time before it would be ready to burn. Thus, use the explosives!

Armed with this stuff, and blasting caps, my dad wired the stump with the idea that he could break the thing into bits -- bits that would dry faster. I seem to recall he blasted away at the thing two or three times, without much success, but it was grand sport nonetheless. And, in fact, the plan did work as the stump was soon dry and it was successfully burned.

My folks received two small pieces of the Bennett Juniper (see page 30) which my dad kept. It was these samples that introduced me into the concept of time and the slowness of evolutionary events. The cross-section of one limb, with its approximately 200 years per inch, clearly indicated that living objects could attain considerable age without obtaining great size. In grade school we learned about geological processes, being taught correctly about weathering, erosion and glaciation -- all clearly observable in the Sierra Nevada. It was while still in the early years of grade school that I came to the conclusion that time was a major factor in events and that the concepts of religion I was learning clearly failed to take these readily observable facts into consideration. By the time I was half way through grade school I had rejected religion and the concept of some god making all the world function. I could easily see around me, in the Sierra Nevada, that this was not true and no amount of faith would ever make it so.

The promotion movies were discussed by my father in his treatment (pages 33, 33.1), but with some minor inaccuracies. The first movie was made in about 1952 or more likely 1953. It was that movie that my dad describes in some detail on page 33. That film was probably made just after Labor Day although it might have been in August. I do not associate being in school with the time frame, nor do I recall being out of school when the party arrived in Pinecrest. I told my father I witnessed Reno riding his horse "Bill" into the bar in Pinecrest, and I remember I was not supposed to be up in town. I seem to recall that we learned at the stables the men were back when the packer brought in some of the pack horses. I remember it being some scene in front of the lodge with everyone having a good time.

The second film was made in 1956; it too was a promotion film and also made by John Segal (my spelling) who did the filming. Reno caught a series of large fish for the first movie job, the secret of which he passed on to some of us kids after we saw the movie. Segal took numerous rolls of film dealing with Reno and the horses. Not only did he travel into the Emigrant Basin, but he took pictures in Pinecrest as well. This second film ended with a sunset scene of Joanne DeEds and Jim Young riding off into the sunset hand-in-hand.

In addition to summer scenes, John Segal also took motion pictures of the Sierra winters as well. I recall him filming at Dodge Ridge during at least one of the winters, and I recall skiing for him -- as did many others. I do not think I was in the first of those promotion films. In any case, I only saw the two films once or twice.

3.

Margerite Silva (page 343) was a member of the school board as I recall and it was via this function that she and my mother were close associates. The Silva dairy carried excellent products, and we always used their milk. In Pinecrest, at the time, milk was delivered to the house -- sort of. In the summer it was left in a milk box along the road near the office, but in the winter it was stuck in a snow bank in front of our house. When it snowed it was necessary to beat a path from the house to the road. Once there one would try to find any milk that might have been left. From time to time it was lost and not recovered for days (or infrequently weeks), and then it was often frozen or at least terrible to drink. Once, when we had a bunch of spoiled milk, my dad tried to make cottage cheese. I cannot recall the level of success, but I do not remember ever having any home-made cottage cheese.

Pete Wyckoff (pages 34-35) was the first of the assistants on the Summit District who I recall had a solid education and was actually skilled in what he was sent there to do. The first summer (probably 1953) he lived in a trailer set up in the compound. He was a college graduate, educated at Michigan or Michigan State. As noted in my father's remarks, he took over the timber management aspects of the district, working mainly in the Herring Creek area. I remember that for a while the log trucks would come to the "scaler's cabin" on the station to have the loads checked and scaled. Pete moved from the trailer to the scaler's cabin after the first year or so.

Pete had a "sweetheart" of whom he had an elegant oil painting. That painting hung in the cabin -- in stark contrast to his surroundings -- and their relationship came to a sudden end in 1954. When he left the Summit District, the painting remained behind. My folks retained it, and in time it came to me. I kept it for years, not knowing the name of the woman who was -- and likely still is -- remarkably beautiful and regal. In the early 1970s Pete and this woman, now each divorced, rediscovered each other, and I received a letter from him asking for the painting to be returned. He could not be refused, but it was a sore loss.

"Jezabel," the bobcat, was a real addition to the household. She was dangerous, as noted, but made the best of her captivity. She was fed regularly and seemingly retained some survival instincts. She attracted considerable attention from all visitors, but none was willing to make it a close friendship. My father's comments on page 35.1 fail to note that when I got the cat into the kitchen with the notion of feeding her, it was in the dead of winter and the snow drifts outside the kitchen were so great that the cat crawled in under the eaves to get to the door. Once in she ate, and I simply moved the dish farther and farther away from the door, finally closing it. The dog, Tar, who was locked out of the kitchen, was more than aware of what was happening, and as I recall did little to help matters. At any rate, I fed her dog food, which she ate, and once trapped the cat made a mess of the kitchen. My mother told me about the kittens; I did not see them. The cat brought her kittens to the house one summer day and just paraded them about for all to see.

(36) When Ethel Downing came to work for the Forest Service in 1953

Bad!

she caused considerable problems for the family. She was divorced and with a son some two years older than I. His first name was James but he went by Philip, his middle name. Ethel was extremely attractive and therefore garnered the attentions of much of the established gentry along the Sonora Pass Highway. I can recall internal family conflicts over her as well as hearing about those involving others families of the area from their sons and daughters. She eventually (or perhaps always) lived in Twain Harte in a lovely home which I visited once. Philip and I got along well; I do not know how he dealt with the situation.

I must tell my favorite Dutch Salazar tales. There are two:

One day Dutch was at the Brightman Flat Campground picking up trash when an irate lady came up and complained that she was unable to catch any of the fish the Fish and Game people had just put in the river. Dutch thought a moment, turned (so the story goes) to my father and said "They did it again." My father did not say a word as he had no idea what was coming. Dutch continued. "No matter how many times I tell them, those Fish and Game people keep planting city trout rather than mountain trout." Not a word. Dutch continued. "Up here the water is so cold those fish can't stand it, and as soon as they hit that cold water they scamper out of it and climb that far bank and sit in the sun under the shrubs." Now the far side of the river at the campground was steep, brush-covered, and nearly impossible to get to considering the swiftness of the river. "Tell you what you do," Dutch went on, "go get your kids and some big sticks, and go over there and beat those fish back into the water. Then you can catch them." Pleased with this, the lady said she would tell her husband and they would all help get the city fish back in the cold mountain river. According to the story, as I heard it, my father left the scene immediately and urged Dutch to do the same. A couple of days later the lady stopped by the guard station to thank Dutch for his help and showed him all the fish she and the kids had caught.

The second story I heard while working with Reno. I was told, somewhere along the line, that Dutch himself had told this story. It went like this:

Before the Second World War Dutch was working at Kennedy Meadows when a father and son team came to the packstation and asked to be taken into the backcountry. The father was a scientist and came with every meal carefully planned for himself and his son. All their food was concentrated, dehydrated, dried stuff, and it was not until the first dinner that everyone realized no one figured on a packer -- namely Dutch Salazar -- who had to be fed meals. So rationing set in. About three days later the party was at Huckleberry Lake, and Dutch was about fed up with this steady diet of concentrated, dehydrated, dried foodstuffs. Accordingly, he decided to go fishing. He had no pole, line or hooks, but looking along the shore he finally found a shrub on which a fisherman had accidently caught a branch and broke the line. Armed with a short leader and a hook, Dutch proceeded to overturn a few rocks and found a big larva which he attached to the hook. Riding out into the lake on his horse, and using his rope to which he attached the leader, he proceeded to throw the rope out into

the deeper water, unaware that at that very moment a goose was crossing his path. The end of the rope wrapped around the out-stretched goose's neck -- but the goose continued to fly with the baited hook bouncing along in the water. Suddenly one of those huge Huckleberry trout took the bait, jerked the rope taunt, breaking the goose's neck. Dutch slowly worked the giant fish ashore, along with the goose, and once both were in hand set out to find the goose nest. When he found that he took the eggs as well.

That night a fine dinner was served consisting of roasted goose and trout augmented with scrambled eggs. All agreed it was a delightful mountain meal!

This story was always one of my favorites and I think I probably heard it from Reno. It resided in my memory until the late 1960s when I discovered that in 1941, Ira Wiggins, the plant taxonomist at Stanford University, had made a collecting trip into the Emigrant Basin. In the mid 1970s -- I would guess about 1974 or 1975 -- I was staying with Ira, and asked him if he knew Dutch Salazar. The answer was yes, but as Ira owned a summer home at Niagra Creek, I went on and asked if Dutch had packed him into the high country in 1941. Again the answer was yes, and in fact this was the first time the two had met. I then asked about any strange or wonderful meals he might have had, and Ira recounted how he and his son had taken dried food, new in the early 1940s, to the Emigrant Basin, but not enough to feed them all, and that Dutch had somehow caught a large trout and had also found a duck (not a goose) and some eggs. No explanation was offered as to how these items came into camp, as Ira recalled, and he was greatly amused by the tale I had heard. He concluded it was likely true!

Joanne has reminded me of another story Reno would tell in his robust manner.

Mosquitos were rather nasty in the Emigrant Basin due to the abundance of shallow, slow-moving water. According to the story, a large group of mosquitos near Emigrant Lake spotted a herd of cattle and decided to have lunch. In they went, caught a cow and carried her off in the usual fashion. After eating the cow down to bare bones, the mosquitos had the gall to gather up the cow's bell and go back to the herd, ringing the bell hoping the calf would "come to mommy."

I can remember riding through that area with buzzing clouds of mosquitos over each horse -- rider or not. The key to success was "don't stop!"

Dutch, as noted above, was greatly different from his brother Don. When Jim Young's widow married Dutch it was something in both Sonora and on the mountain. And when the old goat had a daughter (he and his first wife Ruth had no children; the daughter was named Arlene) his stock when up even more. Without doubt he was one of the more favored of the Sonora Pass characters.

(39) Johnny Spicer was nearly always associated with Brightman Flat in my memory, and I was only vaguely aware that during the winter months he was elsewhere. When he was killed, as I remember it, he was

riding with his wife Wanda. I saw the truck when it was towed to Pinecrest, the hole in the cab's roof and dried blood covering the seat. Forest Service trucks were painted a dark forest or kelly green in those days, and his truck was not a new one. I may be wrong, but it was after that that the Summit District got a new pickup and I believe it was the first of the light green and gray types to appear.

I knew Wanda after that as she was the cook in the high school cafetaria, and her daughter Shirley was a women's physical education teacher at Sonora Union High School. She was a large, heavy-set woman, and Shirley was nearly as large. Johnny, on the other hand, was thin and not very tall. Shirley dated our bus driver, Eldon Bottomiler. They carried on now and then, and once a bunch of us from Pinecrest were taken water skiing with Eldon and Shirley, which was great fun but I doubt the event did much to improve their relationship or his chances. Kids can be so mean sometimes!

(40-42) The Tri-Dam project was a major happening, and more than anything else I recall, this changed the way the Summit District was run. Suddenly gone were the quiet days, the small schools and the handful of permanent winter residents; the roads were full of people and machinery; the community changed; jobs with good money were available; and, the summer cowboys, loggers and assorted ski bums were in a position to make a good salary. But money in these kinds of pockets was money soon lost. The bars up and down the Sonora Pass highway emptied many a pocket as did the local gambling that went on. Rumor had it that some of the high school girls were making extra cash in assorted ways, and it was not uncommon to discover the loyalties of some of the summer girls -- especially those who came to Strawberry -- shifting from cowboys to dam builders.

I got to visit the projects on the Summit District from time to time. The construction plans were in my dad's office in Pinecrest, and these I studied eagerly since I was taking mechanical drawing in high school. It was fun to watch the power station at Beardsley being built. I had used the plans for the power house for one of my school projects and therefore knew most of the details. I had concentrated particularly on the power crane inside the unit, but never saw it until the project was nearly finished. Yet, I knew each piece of that construction -- even those not seen.

It was not the winter of 1955-1956 that brought the heavy rains (bottom of page 41), but rather the Christmas rains of mid to late December of 1955 that caused the havoc. It was what we called a "pineapple" storm. It came off the Pacific coast and was fed by warm southerly winds. When it rained hard during this time of the year it often flooded in the Central Valley, and Christmas was not complete without stories on the radio of flooded homes in the valley. I was attending high school at the time, and we had actually been skiing at Dodge Ridge a few times before the rains started. It came in buckets the night the new, enlarged, and now full grade school had its Christmas program. It may have been that night or more likely shortly thereafter when (as I recall) three workers at the Beardsley power plant site were swept through the tunnels to the check dam. As I recall a call came to Dodge Ridge for ski patrol people to come and

help search the river below the check dam, but I am not now certain. It is possible we just went. When the bodies were found, the scrapping of the concrete tunnels made them hardly recognizable.

I can remember the trips to Donnell. I can remember also the flume (page 42), but there was little left to give the full flavor of its existence in the past. We found a tree out on a ridge tip that had been hit two or three different times by lightning, and we found signs of old Indian camps. The road was blasted into the side of the canyon, and from time to time parts of it fell into the river.

My father's remarks about "soft drink" companies (page 42) reminds me of the local bottler in Sonora who produced wonderful soft drinks during those innocent days when small bottlers could still exist. It was Terzich Bottling Works in Sonora located on the high school end of town. They firmly believed that disposable bottles were a fad and made no effort to change. They made excellent non-cola drinks -- grape, orange, strawberry, rootbeer, etc. -- but this mattered little to the local businesses. The returnable glass bottles had to be handled by the store, and the customers were charged three to five cents to ensure returns. And then there were the kids (guilty!) who would search the roads and dumps for returnable bottles that had been thrown away. Armed with a load of bottles, it was possible to earn a half dollar or so. Thus, non-returnable bottles were cheaper to make, no trouble for the store, and cost less when purchased. Terzich was doomed, and I believe went out of business in 1957 or so.

(43-44) The road to Whittle Mine was a wonderous thing. That road began at Leavitt Lake on the east side of the crest just south of Sonora Pass and worked its way back toward Dorothy Lake and on to Huckleberry. My father once drove his jeep pickup with the whole family back to the mine. The road was barely more than a cat track, steep, rocky and without doubt dangerous. This was the only time I ever saw my mother get out of the car because of the dangers a road presented.

* * * * * * * * *

I left Pinecrest in the late spring of 1959 to begin work at Markleeville on the Toiyabe National Forest. It was totally different and at the time I knew little of the relationship between regions 4 and 5. In time I would discover Region 4 was the region for outcasts and questionables, or so it seemed, whereas Region 5 was only for the better rangers. I was assigned to a fire crew, and in general it was a good outfit. Our crew chief was a fellow named Kennth Ewing who, as I recall, was raised in Stockton. He was attending college, but I am not certain where. The crew consisted of some five fellows -- all were college kids; I was going to go to Utah State in the fall.

Our district ranger was Lloyd Smith who had previously been on the Summit, but he was replaced within two weeks of my arrival by a fresh out-of-school and newly anointed district ranger who was probably only in his late twenties and looked like a teenager.

In those days of job hunting with the Forest Service, who you

knew made all the difference in the world in getting a job -- times have changed since then. I did not want to work on any forest in Region 5 for obvious reasons, and heading to Logan to enter the College of Forestry at Utah State made the Toiyabe a reasonable place to get a job. I am certain my father arranged it for me. I remember Harry Grace's son -- who I soon saw at Logan -- also had a Forest Service job which came about in the same manner.

I don't believe so.

One of my first tasks was to pack horses into a fire just below the crest of the Sierra Nevada not all that far from the Summit District. I worked two days straight in the saddle before it was decided to get an airplane drop on the fire -- the first ever for the Toiyabe National Forest. I arranged with the same pilot at Columbia who flew on the Stanislaus, packed various SO people in to watch it, and talked with the pilot about where to do the drop. It seemed no one had even had this experience! Smith was transfered to Reno as the fire control officer and knowing that I was going to Logan to study fire control, saw to it that I saw lots of time on the fire line.

He went to study RM & thought.

In 1960, I went to the Wheeler Guard Station near Sonora Junction where California Highway 108 meets U.S. Highway 395. I was alone there, did not do all that well in the eyes of Jessie Palmer, the ranger, and was sent to Topaz Lake where I lived with a couple of other fellows. Ken Ewing also left Markleeville that year, and went to Pinecrest to head the fire crew there. Shortly after he arrived, my father left for the Inyo. It was while working for Jessie Palmer that I discovered an aspect of the Forest Service that was new to me -- military regimentation with strict orders always blindly followed. In conversations with fellow students at Logan I found this rather common and by spring semester of 1961 knew I could not stand working for any outfit that had this kind of life style. Jessie was a firm master, likely very good, and probably a sound manager. For me he was the opposite of anything I had experienced. I was used to freedom and independence. Discussion and argument were fine; blind following of the established faith was not my style! I was in the wrong, of course. Still, to this day I thank Jessie Palmer for showing me a real world for he helped me move from forestry to botany, and that move I have never regreted.

Fed out!

A few days before Labor Day, 1960, Kew Ewing wrote or called saying he was scheduled to return to school, and could I come over to the Summit Distict until I had to go to school in late September. I said sure and went to Jessie asking to be let go. He refused and wrote on my papers I had quit -- a black mark at Utah State. Thus it was that I returned to the Summit for one last stay.

My mother drove me to Pinecrest where I arrived in the late afternoon on what was probably a Friday or Saturday. The district had three man-caused arson fires going along the Sonora Pass Highway above Donnell Reservoir. Ken was flying in on a helicopter, but I never saw him as I immediately left for the larger of the arson fires that had just been reported. I was on that fire for a day or two, but no sooner was I back in Pinecrest than we immediately had another fire, this one a lightning strike above Niagra Creek. As I was leaving, Tom Beard, the ranger, asked me to take his assistant ranger who, I gath-

er, was named Bob Rice, with me as my assistant! This was rather strange, but there was no time to question the orders and we left. The fire was not too bad or large, and by morning it was knocked down and I decided to send the "hot-shot" crew out knowing full well we were in for more fires. Bob Rice said he would take them out and left. That afternoon I too left the fire, taking the majority of the district people with me as none of us had had much sleep for several days. Upon getting back to Pinecrest I was asked where is Rice?

Rice was lost with a 10 to 15 man crew. The helicopter was sent up with Ken Ewing (who I had still not seen) aboard and he found them wandering along Niagra Creek a short distance from the highway. Rice had gone the wrong way! Anyway, by the time Ken got back to the station with the copter, I was off again on another fire so we actually never saw each other. I read of his marriage some time later in one of the Central Valley papers, but have never seen him since our days together in Markleeville.

For some twenty days that September I was on fires. One was near Relief Reservoir and I went to Kennedy Meadows where I saw Reno, got a couple of horses and rode in to knock down a burning snag. Someone flew the helicopter in -- I do not remember who now -- but when the fellow arrived he was pale-white as a result of the flight, a combination of strong winds and high elevation. It was at such times I realized the value of horses and mules. About the second week on the Summit I got to Pinecrest to sign my papers of employment. In all the chaos I had never signed a thing, and the question was what to do now. It was finally decided by someone that I would be paid as a "pick-up" fireboss at a huge salary which, with the overtime and double overtime, nearly equalled what I had made the previous months on the Toiyabe. About ready to head to school, I never questioned the decision, signed the papers put in front of me, and went back to another fire.

I was at the station only briefly, and never once slept there during the month I was working. I remember walking over to the house where I had lived for several years, but was not invited in by the Beards. I did see where my folks had buried the dog Tar.

It was a strange return. I made a lot of money which helped with school costs, but I was weaned of Pinecrest. It was now a strange place, filled with new people and faces; it was good to leave and do something else.

Several years later, in the 1970s, I visited Pinecrest while doing some field work in the area. I was invited by that ranger to walk around and see the place, which I did. Buildings had been moved, the old "backroad" closed, the stables closed, and additions made here and there to the expanded station complex. The lodge and store were still there, but seemingly the movies were no more in the summer [Joanne told me recently the outdoor theater had moved nearer the lake], a new gas station which sat by the road just before the Dodge Ridge turnoff was run by Jack Morrison, and the rows of houses near the old school/firehouse were gone and replaced by parking lots. Progress is expected and anticipated. Still, it always takes one back

to realize the full extent of the changes that have occurred over time. Now, I am told, more houses have been built between the Y and theDodge Ridge turnoff, and a new school building is proposed for the community.

As I write this, it is now approaching thirty years since I and Susan Sparrow graduated from the eighth grade at Pinecrest Elementary and headed off to Sonora for high school. This past summer my twenty-fifth high school reunion was held in Sonora. Time moves rapidly. Memories dim and are altered by time and perceptions. This review has been fun and troubling. It is a good exercise -- all should struggle with it.

(52-53) For the kids of "the drinking man's ranger," life was equally protected and difficult. While my father was strict and firmly (and forcefully) believed in the switch, sober or drunk, he was never knowingly mean to my brother or I. Cheap wine was his forte. Bottles were everywhere. He carried them in the truck, they were in boxes and cabinets in the garages, in brown paper bags in the office, and wherever else they could be hidden. Never did my father display his bottles to anyone or were they left out unattended. He rarely drank in public that I saw except occasionally at one of the local bars, and then always after official hours. That he drank was never in question, but it is critical to recall that for my brother and I, drunks were the norm for our father was only one of the three important men in our lives who drank.

Besides my father, Reno Sardella and Earl Purdy were drinkers. Reno and my dad were taken in rapid succession to Sonora by Dr. George Richardson who dried them out. Neither ever spoke of it. Whatever happened it worked. I remember Reno taking one drink after a particularly hard day when he was working the sleigh during the winter in Pinecrest. He was cold. Within minutes he was sick, and embarassed. He went to bed without dinner and I went home. Nothing was ever said of that either. As for Earl he never seemed to have been as bad a drinker, but did do dumb things when drinking -- things which often cost him money. I remember Gerry Sardella talking to me once about the lot of them. There were others who joined in -- Carl Williams is a name I recall -- and Reno often brought several friends along. Anyway, Gerry said my father was a quiet drunk as he would fall asleep. Some of the others, it seemed, got mean or loud.

LaVerne, Reno's daughter, once told me she fixed a Christmas cake, and, not thinking, put liquor in it. She said she nearly killed her dad.

All three of these men were important and significant to my brother and me. All had kids, Earl and my dad two sons each, and Reno a daughter -- the oldest of the lot. Things changed when the drinking ended. Times were less difficult for the families, and we kids -- the Purdys and the Reveals that is -- found that our fathers were a bit more reasonable. Mothers too changed. A great pressure had been removed. For all of us, however, our fathers did not change markedly in any one fashion. While the sons became a more wanted part of any excercise, it is difficult to judge if this was due to a lack of drink

or (as I suspect) the boys were just finally growing up and were more useful.

* * * * * * * * *

Much of this is probably not useful insofar as a formal history of the Summit District is concerned. Unlike most people who will contribute rather sterile efforts to this historical review, I decided to add my feelings and emotions. In many ways it was not easy growing up in the 1950s in a Forest Service family. One aspect that few people may ever wish to express is that salaries were exceedingly poor, and costs in a resort community were then, as they are now, exceedingly high. It was absolutely necessary that my mother work; what my father earned simply could not keep the family in food and clothing given the local costs. Starting with the summer of 1956, when Reno actually paid me a salary, I began to buy my own clothes. As my father noted, my brother Jon earned money to buy skiis by working for Mike Kole at the UC camps. I bought a saddle, hand-made by Olsen-Nolte of San Francisco, paying for it out of my summer earnings.

There was a small fee taken out of my father's salary to pay the rent for the house. Without question, had we lived in Sonora and had to buy our own house, we would never have survived financially. I can remember many a bleak Christmas, and while certainly some of those times were during my father's drinking years, not all of them fell into that period of my existence in Pinecrest.

The one major advantage of my not racing and working on the ski patrol at Dodge Ridge was that I got paid. In this fashion I was able to keep myself in ski boots and skiis. Again, in those days, it was possible, and it did happen, that equipment manufacturers would give my father, as well as my brother and me, ski equipment "for evaluation." The original owner of Head skiis, Howard Head, gave my dad a pair of skiis which I still have, and to me, he gave another pair which I returned in exchange for a pair of experimental "powder boards" which were fantastic skiis. By taking pictures, which Dodge Ridge bought, I earned money, learned a bit about photography, and was pleased to see my work in newspapers and in advertisements.

I never knew, as a kid, what my father made. All I knew was that it was not enough to provide many of the basic needs (as I regarded them) of a teenager. I never smoked (couldn't afford it), never had a car (out of the question so never even learned to drive until required to do so in high school, and then never had a permit until I had to have a license to work for the Forest Service at Markleeville), and rarely dated. I wore to high school what I wore to work -- cowboy boots, western shirts, and Wrangler jeans. It was what I needed and could afford. A store-bought hair cut was a treat, and those came about on those rare occasions when we were taken to Sonora by my father who would take us to a barber shop near the old supervisor's office.

Dating in high school was different for me as I regarded my relationship with Joanne DeEds as permanent, and therefore really

didn't go though the usual chaos. I was invited to two high school proms; and yes, it was unusual for a guy to be asked by a girl, especially then and particularly in Sonora. I went to both anyway even though I could not dance. I had one real date, after a play rehersal, with a fellow student, Janet Collins. That went real well and as I had just gotten my class ring, it seemed appropriate to offer it. It and I were rejected. Years later I learned that Joanne was furious that I never offered it to her (which was true -- as I believed, in my own mind at least, that a college girl would never accept such a thing). Just this year I learned from Janet that she was petrified at the offer and was afraid of seeming to "go" with anyone.

At least I had no great expenses associated with girlfriends. Joanne had a car and would do the driving; dates with her involved fireplaces or horses in the mountains. They were not expensive, and we always had fun.

The long distance from Pinecrest to Sonora prevented my joining into most high school activities as already mentioned. My parents did make an effort to correct this, however. We had a superb short-wave radio so that I learned a great deal about other countries from listening to the news on the short-wave bands. I wrote to Radio Moscow asking about skiing in the Soviet Union and was answered on the radio. For years I received letters from Radio Moscow with broadcast information. This was in the 1950s and no doubt was probably dangerous. If my folks were concerned, they did not mention it. My mother read to my brother and me at nights, often in front of the fireplace. In this way I heard most of the great children's literature. We played cards and "Scrabble" as a family. I do not ever recall going to more than two or three movies with my parents. We never had a television set. I remember going to see "The Old Man and the Sea" with Spencer Tracy in Sonora, alone, as I had read Hemingway's short novel and wanted to see the film. I do recall my folks taking my brother and me to one locally made western and to a Walt Disney movie in Sonora, but again, these cost money, and therefore were beyond our means.

One event which my folks did take us to was the annual Forest Service Christmas party held in the supervisor's office in Sonora. I am certain all of my trips to these parties were during my father's drinking days, but do not now know if liquor was served at these gatherings. At any rate it was about the only time I ever had any kind of group experiece with "other" kids. Mac MacCready played Santa Claus, I do remember that, but if it was more than once I can not say.

My decision to go to college was made long before I went to high school, and it was from my grade school days that I knew I wanted to be a geologist. From Mary Long I learned that the University of Nevada at Reno was the place to go for geology, and so I set my goals. During my senior year I discovered that the Nevada program had a language requirement, and having done poorly in Spanish, I gave up my desire to be a geologist. Thus, I went to Utah State where there was no language requirement -- at least for forestry. Little did I know that for my botany degrees, I would have to take both German and French. I am terrible in both!

At Logan I entered the College of Forestry and specifically its forestry program with a range option so I could get the necessary course work in fire management. The costs of going to college were borne, the first quarter, by my mother who paid my tuition fees, but all the rest came from the money I made during the summers.

While my parents had considerable costs associated with raising a family, I, at least, had few major expenses in college and therefore my summer earnings managed to carry me through the school year. This was true even when married. That first year I lived in the dorm, ate dining hall meals, and generally survived. No car and a letter romance with a girl I had met in Markleeville and eventually married, meant few extra costs were necessary. Even my costs of skiing were paid by teaching.

I do not believe, however, the lack of a reasonable salary, and thus family income, was necessarily an evil during my Pinecrest years. It would have been nice to have had some additional material things; it would have been great to have had opportunities to travel and see other parts of the world. Remember my concept of the ideal family was established by what I saw when visiting with those kids that came to Pinecrest. That those people could somehow afford two houses, that their kids had all kinds of neat things, and their fathers got to go to the mountains on vacations were ideals foreign to my family. Vacations were rare, nearly always being confined to a one or two day trip somewhere. The family traveled to Yellowstone National Park as my father was recovering from his sessions at the hands of George Richardson; that he managed to stay off liquor while putting up with kids in the car for a couple of weeks must have meant he could survive anything. The one other trip my parent took was at a time I could not go. The summers were out and the winters impossible because of school.

The pressures of the district ranger's job were further strained by the health and activities of the family. I can remember long periods of time of family stress due to the long hours and the problems of just coping with the conflicting duties of the job. My mother had cancer and was operated on in the winter of 1952; my brother had assorted ailments mostly relating to accidents incurred while skiing or riding bikes. No doubt all of these caused additional pressures upon the family.

I got sick coming home from Sonora one evening during my sophomore year and Dr. Richardson discovered a nasty appendix. He asked if I was going to work for Reno in the back country. I said "yes" and at that he told me he was taking the appendix out. I said fine, called my mother and suggested she come down to Sonora. All went well except that when coming out from under the effects of anesthesia I kicked a student nurse. Unfortunately she had been the same fellow high school student that that damn Richardson had sent in to "shave" me to the considerable distress to both of us. She showed me the bruise late one night which was in a most interesting place. If you will, it was a bit of an exchange ... I've seen you, now you've seen me.

My parent's marriage was stressed because of the profound differ-

ences between them in terms of drive and energy. My father worked long, hard hours; so did my mother. But in those days, the idea of shared family duties was not all that pronounced. That caused problems. That my mother worked caused my father problems, especially in the "a wife's place is in the kitchen" parlance that prevailed then in Tuolumne County. Additionally, my mother had, and still has, incredible energy and stamina; far more than my father or for that matter anyone else. Certainly the varied and assorted women that came and went (real and imagined) in my father's life didn't help. Family stress was ignored by the Forest Service. That family life is now a concern is a result of the long years of neglect the government (and industry) gave to its employees. Likely the kinds of difficulties suffered in my family were hardly different from those witnessed by numerous families elsewhere. Still, I did not really know that then, and the stresses were real.

To be sure the pressures of being poor, in a pressure-cooker job, and isolated in a small resort community all combined to make life difficult for all who lived in Pinecrest. My father has noted this in his account. For me, therefore, parental problems could be somewhat resolved by ignoring them and by concentrating upon my horses and skis, and the men who dominated those facets of my life. In this way I never came to resent my parents. There were outlets for my energy. My fellow Pinecrest friends suffered from many of the same difficulties, and therefore we could share our experiences. My relationship with Joanne helped greatly for I saw my difficulties were minor compared to those she and many of her city friends had.

The things Pinecrest produced in me were a strong independence of will, an appreciation of the natural world, a desire to work long hours (in part inherited from my mother), and an understanding of my limitations of ability. While I am still a person of essentially average intelligence, I am keenly aware of what I can and cannot do, and therefore strive to do well those things I am capable of doing. These things I learned early in Pinecrest, and they have served me well.

Perhaps the history of the Forest Service on the Summit District is a bit similar. The men and women who have served there soon discovered they had to have an ability to make quick, sound and independent decisions regarding any aspect of their job. They had to learned to respect the natural world they were in charge of, and to balance the demands of government and man against the competing demands of nature. To do the job there were no hours. They might put down eight hours on the time sheet, but an examination of any diary would show the fallacy of such numbers. To be a success these men and women had to recognize the extent of their ability. There were times when they could be like Reno and tell the most outragous tales; there were also times when, like Reno, they had to make decisions. I saw his face once when he took his gun and went to kill "Old Smokey," the best kid's horse in the world. A decision had to be made. It had to be done. He had to do it.

The history of the Summit District tells of the lives of men and women who have, and have not, been able to cope. All in all, I trust,

the majority of it has been a positive story.

SUMMIT DISTRICT HISTORY - MISCEL. NOTES & REMARKS
Mostly furnished by Jim Reveal and
Joanne Hankins...

Reno Sardella - took Pinecrest Stables 1951. Rebuilt the corrals and stayed until 1957 when he moved to Douglas in 1958.
Ray and Henery, Jr. Sanguinetti ran the corrals before Reno.
Jay Martin worked as a Constable.
Fred Leighton was resposible for building the check dams in the back-country; he also built the famous cabin and barn at Yellowhammer. I rode out there with Fred circa 1953 and he showed me a lot of the area which he knew probably better than anyone.
The Bennett juniper was named for a man of the same name who was a permittee on the local range.
Poncho's real name was Leonard McKay. I liked Poncho. Here was a part-Indian part-Mexican boy who could not find himself a place in this world. So one day he killed himself. Like the Hess boy in Lee Vining a few years later.
Dick and Mary Carter sold Strawberry Inn to Ken and Judy Sneed. Arlene kept books for the Carters and also for the Sneeds until the winter of 1955-56. [should have said Lodge, not Inn.]
J. C. Duffy ran the garage and service station at Strawberry Lodge.
Bob King's wife was Carmen King. After we left Pinecrest she ran off and left him for which no one could blame her.
Cappy (Hart) Cook had the Strawberry Lodge stables in 1952-53. Joanne DeEds Hankins worked for him those two years, then she went to Reno's. Cappy was a football player at Stanford and lacked only a few hours to get a degree -- be never finished. He worked for me a couple of years at LeeVining [ca. 1961-63]. When his wife ran off to the Bay Area, leaving him with 2 (?) boys, he went to June Mtn. to work then to the Lake Tahoe area where he has remained. Cappy was a great guy, but he never could get himself put together and become a dependable person.
Jim Young worked for Reno before he went to work for us as our trail-crew foreman.

John Segal's movie was made in 1956. "Appearing" were Jim Young, Jim Reveal, Joanne DeEds, Reno, etc. Arlene and I went to Bishop with John and were filmed having dinner at the restaurant. Joanne was with us the summer of 1957. "Cookie" Fellers came to be with us the summer of 1960 - the summer we moved to Lee Vining. Bill Marshall and Earl Caudell took over Pinecrest Stables when Reno left. They ran a day-horse operation. Reno, who had gone to Douglas, later, in the summer of 1960, built a back-country corral at Aspen Meadow. [Which he and his family still have.]

Jim Reveal ~~and Joanne DeEds~~ worked as back-country packers for Reno out of Belle Meadow ub the summer of 1958. Jim went to Utah SU at Logan for his freshman year - 1959-60.Thereafter, worked for BLM or USFS.

Dutch Salazar began ut us as trail crew foreman in 1954. When John Spicer was killed in the follwoing summer (1955) Dutch and Ruth went to Brightman Station. Ruth died of cancer while they were there and Dutch continued until he, too, died of cancer ca. 1961.

Jim Young took over the trail job when Dutch and Ruth moved to Brightman G.S.

Canp Judge Bray was a boy scout camp on private land at Strawberry. Ernie and betsy Schneider ran the camp and were well know, year-lpng residents of the area.

Dodge Ridge first opened in the winter of 1949-50; Lodge was enlarged ca. 1954. By 1955 Palo Alto Ski Club Lodge had been built, the Pomo lift installed and the Loop Road constructed.

Dell Hoogoboom's girl-friend was Irene McCloud

Bob Pringle ran the kitchen at Dodge Ridge.

Max Dercumtaught skiing at Cold Springs. (I believe he later moved to Dillon, CO and lived close to Keystone where Jon worked, and I believe I met him there with Jon one day.)

Jim and Joanne went with us when we laid out the new Woods Basin trail. They remember the night thunder storm that scattered our horses from our night camp.

Jack L. Reveal - transcribed from old notes 22 July, 1987 at Northridge, CA.....