

California's First National Park

SEQUOIA BARK

SEQUOIA AND KINGS CANYON NATIONAL PARKS, CALIFORNIA

August 25, 1990

Centennial Reunion

Welcome Home



Tom Ritter
Superintendent

to all of you, the family of Sequoia and Kings Canyon. Welcome back to this family reunion as

we celebrate the centennial of Sequoia, 50 years of Kings Canyon and 74 years of the National Park Service. Equally important we celebrate your work and contributions to the legacy of these two great parks of the Sierra.

This reunion is a time to renew old friendships, to recall and share experiences of our work in these parks, to tell tall tales of the past and to make new friendships. This is also a time to think and dream of the future of Sequoia and Kings Canyon. The heritage of these parks is the foundation of the future.

Thank you for your work and your ideas that have been contributed during the past 100 years. Your pride for Sequoia and Kings Canyon and your dedication to these parks is a strong bond to the past and a solid link to the future. Thank you for coming home for this celebration for the family.

For a man who can work with his hands, the world is his oyster.

Jack Vance discovered that early in his youth in Long Beach, California. His skills won him a job in a dive shop. But just fixing equipment and cleaning up were not enough for Jack, and he enrolled in a dive course. At 13 he was the youngest student.

Jack loved diving in the ocean, and he decided that when he graduated from high school he would go to college and study marine biology. He hadn't counted on the Sierra Nevada getting in his way.

The summer before college, Jack went to work in Three Rivers. When it came time to leave at the end of the summer, the mountains and the ocean each exerted its pull. The mountains won.

At first Jack worked as a laborer on area ranches, but his natural skills surfaced, and soon he was working as a carpenter.



Preservation Specialist Jack Vance working on National Register Property, Hockett Ranger Station, built in 1934 by the Civilian Conservation Corps.

Handing the past to the future

Eventually he had his own construction business renovating old homes.

He was getting to know the Sierra Nevada better, too. He and his friends like to hunt and fish. In 1977 Jack started keeping stock to expedite their trips to the mountains. In the high country Jack found a serenity and quietness that had something in common with the underwater world he used to explore off Long Beach.

In 1983 his life took another turn. Jack had friends that worked in maintenance at Sequoia and Kings Canyon National Parks, and he decided to give it a try.

Jack started out as a maintenance worker for Bill Stroh. In 1985 he went to work for Bob Haile who was restoring historic buildings. It was Jack's kind of work, and when Bob transferred

in 1987, he took over the historic preservation program.

Jack learned some techniques of restoration from Bob and other experienced craftsmen. Other techniques he picked up from extensive reading, finding the Foxfire series of books particularly helpful.

Jack likes the variety restoration work offers him. "All structures are different," he says, "and I like to learn as much about a building as possible before I start."

A particularly rewarding project for Jack was restoration of the Muir Hut, built by the Sierra Club on Muir Pass in 1930. "It had fallen into disrepair," Jack said, "and there was some sentiment to remove it." But Superintendent Jack Davis did not choose that course, and instead obtained a pledge of financial

support from the Sierra Club.

In the summer of 1988 the two Jacks along with Sierra Club volunteers spent ten days working on the hut. Jack Vance and Sal Natoli packed water and concrete to the pass on stock, just as was done originally.

Carefully, Jack and the others repaired the masonry and rock work, installed a fixed window and in a signature of craftsmanship, placed a hand-forged latch on the door. Now weary hikers use that latch to gain entrance to a true shelter from the storm.

Other projects have required different skills. At the Quinn Cabin built by the Cavalry in 1907, Jack set up a power saw mill. He used the yellow pine lumber he obtained to build furniture and shutters for the windows. The cabin can now be used in comfort by backcountry rangers and snowpack surveyors.

Jack is careful to point out that his job would be much more difficult without the able help of his assistants, Sal Natoli and Aaron Wentz.

The type of work the three of them do is not only rewarding to them, but also to the public. "Frequently visitors say how happy they are to have their tax money going for such projects," Jack says, "No visitors have ever complained about the restoration of these buildings."

Jack has one project in mind, though, that is not for the public. He owns land on the North Fork of the Kaweah River, and he is planning to build a home. "I want to get a feel for the property before I decide the type of building," he says, "but it may be an earth structure, adobe." It is important to Jack that his home be energy efficient. He is planning to use a solar energy system with a backup propane-powered generator.

Does this project mean that Jack will never leave the Three Rivers area. "Well," he says, "I've got ten more years of work on his- toric buildings in the parks, but then who knows?"

Jack didn't say it, but there are a lot of national park areas nestled up to one ocean or another. Some even have a few historic buildings, too.

Larry Waldron
Chief Park Interpreter
1987 to present

Dedication

This special Reunion edition of the Sequoia Bark is lovingly dedicated to the memory of Truman James, 1940-1990. Truman worked on the Resources Management tree crew and lost his life doing the work he had been dedicated to for 17 years. His smile and gentle ways are missed each day on the job, and especially at this gathering of so many who knew him and worked with him. His spirit binds us together.

From the Editor

"... Memory has painted this perfect day with colors that never fade..." wrote the poet Carrie Bond.

Those returning to Sequoia and Kings Canyon bring vivid memories of their days working here. Others are currently employed here, some for many years, some newcomers. We represent all divisions, permanents and seasonals, men and women, the changes the Service has seen in 74 years, and steadfast commitment to its original goals.

This special edition of the *Sequoia Bark* seeks to capture the blend of years and disciplines embodied here today.

Naturally we are unable to do individual stories that portray each work group over the years. But we have endeavored to represent a wide cross-section, and we trust each of you will feel rapport with someone else's experience through these stories.

"...And we find at the end of a perfect day the soul of a friend we've made." We hope your perfect day in Sequoia includes many renewals of old friendships and perhaps a few new ones, and that future memories of this day will be painted in colors that never fade.

All around team player

One or two evenings a week during the summer you can find Annie Esperanza playing left field and cheering on her softball team in Three Rivers.

With equal enthusiasm on any given day you might find Annie collecting precipitation samples at Giant Forest for analysis of acid rain, calibrating temperature or wind sensors on a weather station, skiing to Emerald Lake to measure snowpack dynamics, measuring winter mortality of trees in a long term forest plot, measuring the pH or conductivity of stream and precipitation samples, arranging lodging for visiting scientists, producing computer summaries of complex data sets, supervising the schedules of a bevy of seasonal technicians, balancing budgets, providing training to seasonal interpreters, or writing a progress report on any one of several in-house research projects.

On the side she is well known for her efforts to develop a park-wide recycling program, organizing the annual cheesecake contest, and participating in other sports when possible. The "team spirit" she believes in is carried over from the playing field to the research program.

As the principal support staff to the parks' extensive natural science research program, Annie is responsible for coordinating office, field, and laboratory work. She also provides logistical coordination for the increasing number of outside scientists working in the parks. Trained in resource management at Humboldt State University, Annie reflects the growing emphasis on the need to understand the parks' resources

and the factors influencing them. She is a generalist who can speak equally well to the threats of acid rain, ozone, fire, drought, visitor impacts, or global climate change. The research team leadership she provides is a significant part of SEKI's overall effort to ensure that park resources are preserved for future generations.

Dave Parsons
Park Scientist
1973 to present



Research Team: Monica Stormo, Volunteer Luciana Kohatsu, Annie Esperanza, Jenny Brown, Hansl Hals, and Jim Sickman of UCSB. In July 1990 this team carried all the equipment to set up a new acid deposition monitoring station near Groundhog Meadow in Mineral King. This also involved carrying in the solar panels and battery to power the units.

'We just lost our up'

The call came by telephone from the Kern Canyon Ranger Station to the Chief Ranger's Office. A man was seriously ill, probably suffering from mountain sickness or pulmonary edema, at Wallace Meadow. Normal rescue procedure in July 1958 was by horse or manpower, but this seemed out of the question because of the severity of the victim's condition. However, the helicopters that could routinely operate at altitudes of 10,000-14,000 feet were still in the experimental stage. After much discussion between Chief Ranger Lou Hallock and several military Search and Rescue units, a group stationed in the Bay Area agreed to send a "Flying Banana" to the Visalia airport, pick up an NPS guide, and attempt a rescue.

I do not recall the official designation of this helicopter, but it was developed during and after the Korean conflict as a troop carrier and was dubbed the "Flying Banana" because of its configuration. It had two rotors, but the 12,000 foot elevation of Wallace Meadow was certainly the top of its operational capabilities.

As I was the only one in the Chief Ranger's Office who was familiar with the Kern Canyon, I was designated as guide. The military personnel with the two helicopters that arrived at the Visalia airport were very concerned about getting over the Great Western Divide. To lessen the weight, the helicopter selected for the trip was stripped of anything that didn't affect the operation. The crew chief and crew were left behind, and the pilot — an Army Captain, the co-pilot — an Army First Lieutenant, and I took off late in the afternoon. My skill as a guide was

severely tested a few miles east of Ash Mountain on the Middle Fork of the Kaweah when we encountered dense fog. We crested the Divide without any great problems, and, to my intense relief, there was no fog on the east side. It was a relatively simple task to direct the pilot to the very small meadow at the junction of Wal-

lace Creek and the John Muir Trail. By this time Crabtree Ranger Bill Jones had arrived at the scene, and Bob White, fixed-wing pilot from Lone Pine, was flying cover for the operation.

The pilot chose one of two possible landing sites and very gingerly started to land. As I looked out the side of the bubble I was



1990 is the 30th anniversary of having a contract helicopter in SEKI. In an average year, helicopters are used on about 30 wildland fires and 50-60 medical evacuations, with about a 95% survival rate. Average yearly flight time is 300 hours. Shown here: Hughes 500, in Scaffold Meadow, Kings Canyon, during the Ferguson Fire in July 1977. The lightning-caused blaze involved 10,000 acres and was the largest natural fire in SEKI's history.

startled to see the front rotor clipping fairly good-sized lodgepole pines. Then the helicopter crash-landed very hard, making me the first NPS employee to be involved in a helicopter crash! Since I was standing between the pilot and co-pilot to guide them and was not strapped in, I thought it was fortunate the helicopter did not tip forward, or I might have gone through the bubble.

As the dust settled, the pilot uttered an appropriate epithet and said, "We just lost our up," both of which I considered very fitting. A later, more scientific explanation had something to do with the slope of the ground and wind currents. A quick inspection of the helicopter showed that both rotors were broken, the landing gear was wiped out, and the fuel tank punctured. Obviously the rescue was a complete failure. I reported our dilemma to Bob White, overhead, who passed it on to the Chief Ranger's Office.

Unfortunately, the victim died during the night. Our medical advisor, Dr. Jakes, from Exeter, assured me later that, considering the victim's condition when I arrived on the scene, he felt the patient would not have survived even in a hospital.

The next morning another "Flying Banana" came in and landed and lifted pilot, co-pilot, me, and the victim's body out to the Visalia airport. The army spent the next week ferrying parts and mechanics in to Wallace Creek and flew the helicopter back out with no further problems.

I have never flown in a Flying Banana since!

Wayne R. Howe
Assistant Chief Ranger,
1955-6 and 1958-60

A Gracious Man

Long before he died, Ansel Adams was recognized the world over for his exceptional artistry in the field of black and white photography. Perhaps he had no peer in that realm. He was also a conservationist of no little dedication and renown. But there was something else about him that made Ansel a great human being — a personal attribute that only those of us whose lives he actually touched would know: He was a gracious man.

I met Ansel Adams in the summer of 1936 when he was in his mid-thirties and I was about ten years his junior. I had been alerted by Park Headquarters in Sequoia that a large contingent of the Sierra Club was scheduled for an encampment in my district, and was instructed to make certain that they behaved themselves in line with park rules and regulations while in my area. Thus it was that I rode over to meet them on the appointed day as they spilled over Elizabeth Pass into my district like a swarm of locusts.

I was a young ranger, the staunch and dedicated protector of my wilderness, determined to call to task anyone I caught off base. But nobody gave me reason to pounce until virtually everyone had passed on down the line to camp. Then I spotted this straggler, a man who came jauntily jouncing down the trail swinging a staff of pine which appeared to have been recently cut from a live tree. I accosted him and without preliminaries proceeded to give him a sound lecture on park preservation.

All during my harangue, he stood meekly by with a sort of half smile on his lips, and when I had finished he said, "But Ranger, I took this staff from a down tree on the other side of the Pass." That would be National Forest

land, which is administered under a different policy and was beyond my jurisdiction. Of course, this took the wind out of my sails, but he graciously saw to it that my embarrassment was quickly dissipated and thanked me for my conscientious concern. That night, when he arose to speak to the group at the Club's campfire, I learned that this was Ansel Adams, a man already known to me by repute.

Almost thirty-five years passed before I saw Ansel Adams again. It was on the occasion of a small reception at the Bancroft Library on the campus of the University of California at Berkeley, a function at which my wife and I were guests of Francis and Marjorie Farquhar. Francis, editor of the *Sierra Club Bulletin* for 22 years, twice President of the Sierra Club, former President of the California Historical Society, and an eminent historian of the Sierra Nevada in his own right, was a good friend. Thus it was that Francis and his longtime friend Ansel Adams and I wound up in a threesome comparing a few notes.

During the course of our conversation I asked Ansel if he remembered the occasion of our first meeting at which I had lectured him on conservation, recounting what had happened. At first he smiled, then joined in a hearty laugh about the incident. To this day I am not entirely sure that Ansel Adams actually recalled the 1936 affair, but the obvious warmth and spontaneity of his reaction to my tale seemed proof that he did. But even if this were not so, you may be sure that Ansel Adams would react in a way he thought would make me comfortable, for he was that kind of a man — one of the most gracious I ever met.

Gordon Wallace

Temporary Ranger, 1935 to 1947



"Now where did Booher park this time?"

An EmBEARassed Ex-ranger Remembers

I was working the night shift in Giant Forest. The warm breeze blew through the open window of my patrol vehicle as I made hourly forays in search of marauding bears. My headlights swept across one such bear atop a sedan, poised to strike. Kel-lite in hand, I pursued the bear into the darkness until satisfied he had fled. As I returned to my car, I noticed movement inside. Someone was in my car! My pace quickened as the large figure settled into the seat. My heart racing, I reached the car. Behind the wheel of the idling patrol vehicle sat the bear.

Thoughts of the car careening through Giant Forest flashed through my mind. There goes my car, there goes my career. What will Robin say? What will Tschohl say? How many times will Stohlgren tell this story at headquarters? Mustering my best command presence, I screamed, "Get outa my car!" No response. I opened the door. Still no response. I coaxed, ordered, begged and pleaded, with no effect.

Portable radio in hand, I called Bear Technician Mike Chin, "R-613, 10-20 Giant Forest Lodge — There's a bear in my patrol unit. He won't come out." Silence. Laughter, I imagined; can't answer the radio when you're laughing. Finally, "10-4, enroute." Several moments and two boxes of Oreos later the bear was gone. I slunk off toward Moro Rock, leaving the smirking bear technicians and my pride in the dust.

An hour later I returned to the parking lot for a drive-through. So had the bear. I chased him from the lot and lost him. Wait a minute — No! Sprinting back to my car I see the bear. He's forepaws through the window and moving. So am I, and the passenger side entrance brings us face to face. It may be his park, but it's my reputation. He snuffles, stares, and departs. I call it a night.

Tschohl called me in the morning.

Curt Booher

Lodgepole Seasonal Ranger, 1976 to 1980

The courage of his conviction



The summer of 1948 Dick Bowyer, (a trained biologist) the only permanent ranger at Lodgepole, answered a request from Giant Forest Lodge to rid them of three spotted skunks (two kittens and their mother) who were residing under the Lodge. Two seasonal rangers, Jim Bates and Bob Sharp, accompanied him.

The three were successful in their trapping efforts; however, Dick went one step further.

He said he'd demonstrate that if a skunk's tail could be held between his legs he wouldn't (or couldn't) "skunk."

This declaration was met with considerable skepticism by his two fellow rangers, so Dick decided to pick up one of the kittens and prove his point.

The photo demonstrates the courage of his conviction, but not necessarily the validity of his research. The fact that he had to bathe and change clothes in the garage before he was allowed into his home raised serious questions on this interesting theory.

Bob Sharp

Lodgepole Seasonal Ranger, 1948

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The Ash Mountain Visitor Center houses the Sequoia Bark office. If you have questions or comments, please write the SNHA at Ash Mountain, Box 10, Three Rivers, CA 93271.

SYLVIA NICHOLS EDITOR
THE SELMA ENTERPRISE PRINTER



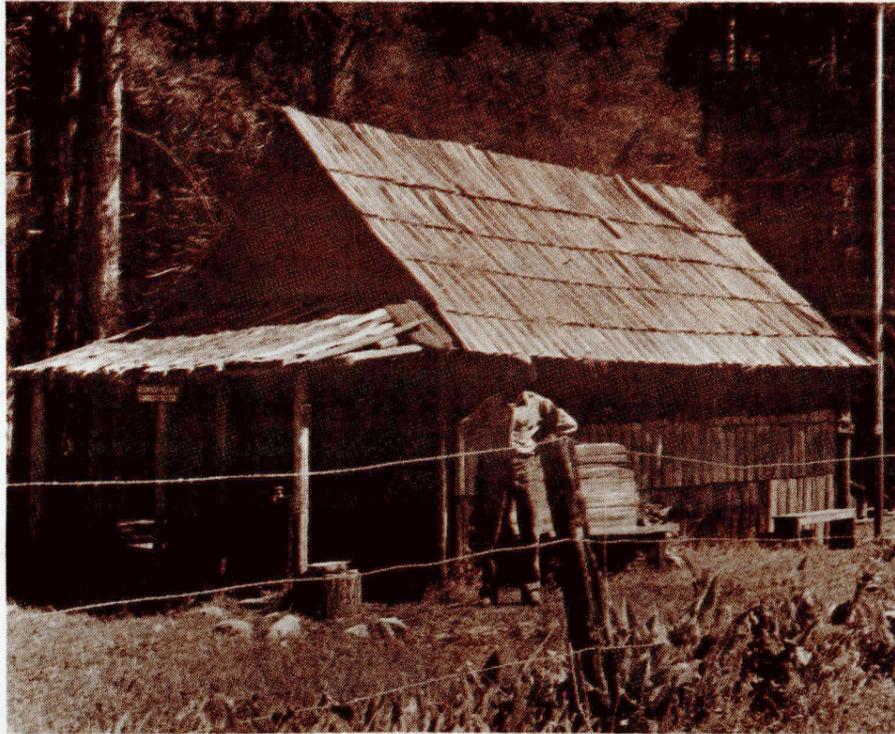
Storm over high Sierra by Ansel Adams, photographer, conservationist, and a very gracious man.

An ill wind that blew some good

It was an ill wind that blew across the land in the 1930s, for borne on its wings was the greatest economic depression that the country has ever known. Millions of Americans were impoverished, and misery among the populace was pervasive. Institutions tottered, and many fell. But despite the devastation it wreaked, this wind blew some good; prominent among the beneficiaries were members of the Civilian Conservation Corps and, as an institution, the National Park Service.

I was among those who benefited. At age 24, penniless, with no job or prospect of one, and having no clothes except those on my back, I enrolled in the CCC. And destiny led me to as fine an area as there is on this beautiful planet: Sequoia National Park and environs. It was mid-August 1934 when I arrived at Salt Creek CCC Camp, which had the mission of constructing a truck trail up Salt Creek from Highway 198 to Case Mountain. I was soon promoted to Leader, and when, a short time later, the Emergency Conservation (ECW) Foreman of my crew resigned and was not replaced, I assumed that burden.

The work was novel and stimulating. I welcomed the responsibility and challenge of taking a crew of 25 to 30 men into the segments allotted to me and converting them from a pristine hillside studded with mountain oak, buckeye, brush, boulders, and



Gordon Wallace at the Redwood Meadow Ranger Station in 1936. CCC crews accomplished maintenance and resource management goals in the area.

granite outcropping into a good, smooth, well graded road capable of carrying truck traffic and fire-fighting equipment. It was a genuine conservation project in which we provided access to many square miles theretofore without protection from grass, brush, and forest fire.

Early in April 1935 I hiked up the highway to Ash Mountain Headquarters one evening after

supper and knocked on the door of Superintendent White's residence. I told him I wanted one of the temporary park ranger positions that I had learned were open for the summer. I got the job, went to work in Giant Forest on May 1, and enjoyed one of the most marvelous periods of my life for the ensuing five months under the Big Trees.

The following two summer

seasons as a temporary park ranger were equally rewarding. Whereas I had had no relationship with the CCC in my Giant Forest assignment, I had several CCC crews of 810 men, each headed by an ECW foreman, at my disposal when I took over as the Middle Fork District Ranger stationed at Redwood Meadow in 1936 and '37. A great deal was accomplished: Campgrounds were cleaned up and improvements constructed; old pasture fences, drift fences, and gates were repaired and new ones installed; foot logs were placed across streams; old trails were maintained and new ones built; cone-flowers were eradicated in pastures; existing water systems were repaired and improved and new ones built; existing water turnouts were maintained and new ones built; and a telephone line was installed.

My own experience in this happy marriage of the CCC and NPS is just one example of the good that emerged during this unique facet of the Great Depression. One need only to multiply it countless times across the USA to understand that the CCC was a godsend to a great many of us as individuals and to the NPS as a caretaker of our great national playgrounds and historic shrines.

Gordon Wallace
Temporary Ranger
1935 to 1947

Phases and stages

In the summer of '73 she was a Park Aide, wearing a brown skirt and white blouse behind the counter at the Lodgepole Visitor Center. Since then, Mary Anne Carlton has gone through the tan polyester dress phase, become a ranger-naturalist, worn the green bell-bottom pantsuit, and eventually graduated to the regular uniform of the National

Park Service ranger.

But what is atypical in her long career as a seasonal is that she became a permanent ranger-naturalist at Lodgepole this year.

Even though she had never seen Sequoia before accepting a late offer when an employee left in August 1973, Lodgepole became her home, and she never consid-

ered going anywhere else for the summer season. When she was offered a permanent job at Golden Gate, after earning eligibility status at USGS in Menlo Park, she turned it down, waiting and hoping for an opening at Lodgepole.

Why Lodgepole? The camaraderie, the excitement of being part of the Parks' largest interpretive staff, and the place itself. "Where else can I go backpacking out my back door and fishing out my front door?" She has hiked most of the trails in the Parks and relaxes after work or on days off by fishing near her home.

Nor has she tired of the work itself. To watch her comfortable, casual style at an evening program now, you would never guess this was the same young woman who was so nervous about exceeding her first evening program in 1977 that she wrote announcements and words of songs on her hands as reminders. But the nervousness resulted in wet palms and a totally illegible, inky mess on her hands.

After 14 years of Congress Trail, Tharps Log and Tokopah Falls nature walks, Mary Anne says she has favorite trees she enjoys seeing over and over, and she still looks forward to the wildflowers on the Tokopah trail.

During some winters she took seasonal jobs in other parks: two seasons at Death Valley, one at Golden Gate, and one at Everglades. Until 1982 when Sequoia Natural History Association took over the operation of Crystal Cave, Lodgepole naturalists also led cave tours. Former Sequoia

District Naturalist Bill Tweed remarked that she had led the big three tours of the West Coast — Scotty's Castle, Alcatraz and Crystal Cave.

Parts of four winters were spent at Lodgepole, when Mary Anne was kept on in intermittent status, volunteered, or worked for Rich Stowell's Naturalists-at-Large program. She doesn't dread working there all winter since the outdoor world of Lodgepole and Giant Forest offers interesting activities.

The Lodgepole Nature Center (in the old market building) is largely Mary Anne's creation. She has designed and built many of the hands-on exhibits. The displays and activities are changed and upgraded frequently, since they are often experimental, and because the Center has many repeat visitors. The latest addition, with artwork by talented campground personnel, is an "Every day is Earth Day" mural.

Typical of her creative and insightful interpretive skills is the timeline display Mary Anne made for the Centennial; it begins with pictures of giant sequoias, shows subsequent events, and concludes with giant sequoias.

Park visitors and fellow employees will benefit if the timeline of Mary Anne's career shows her 17 summers as a Lodgepole naturalist followed by many years as a permanent naturalist — at Lodgepole, of course.

Sylvia Nichols
Secretary/Editorial Assistant
1981 to present



Lodgepole Interpreters a year or two before Mary Anne joined them. Over the years she has worn each type of uniform shown here. One person in this group is still a Lodgepole Interpreter: Dave Thomson, upper right corner.

Pandemonium at Charlotte Lake

A few miles west of Kearsarge Pass lies small, beautiful Charlotte Lake. The surrounding shores are sparsely populated with stunted lodgepole pines and glacial boulders, and the small adjoining meadows are jeweled with shooting stars and lupines. Clark's nutcrackers and Stellar's jays flit through the trees looking for a handout. The cabin lies about one hundred feet from the northeast end of the lake. I always remember Bill Jones sitting in the outhouse uphill from the cabin, singing at the top of his lungs, "I'm going to sit right down and write myself a letter." However, this pastoral scene, complete with soul music, is not the one that keeps Charlotte Lake so vivid in my memory. This legendary fiasco took place in the cabin one night when Bob Thompson decided to get out of bed.

Bob taught English to high school kids in the winter and then taught English to the mules he packed in the summer. I have always hoped and prayed that he did not teach those kids the same kind of English he tried to teach those mules.

When you enter the door of the front left side of the cabin, you notice a metal cookstove in the back right corner. To the left of the stove is a table used for preparing meals, with a five gallon bucket (full of water) on it. Next to the end of the table, placed alongside the left wall was a set of bunk beds, with Bob in the top bed, and I in the bottom. As we look to the right along the inside of the front wall there was another set of bunk beds. Jack Gould was sleeping in the top bed this particular night and Moose Disbro was sleeping in the bottom

bed. George Whitfield was sleeping on the floor in the middle of the room, and Danny Ferris was sleeping by the front door.

Bob had a habit of talking in his sleep (and I would never think of repeating some of the things he said), but once in a while he has been known to walk in his sleep. This infamous night Bob dreamed that he and I were sleeping on the ground at the mouth of a canyon, and that the horses and mules had been kicked up the canyon to hold them for the night. Then in this wretched dream he heard them coming down the canyon and was afraid they would get

away. Thinking he was sleeping on the ground, Bob rolled out of the top bunk. That's when it all started.

On the way down, Bob hit the table, breaking its leg and knocking the water bucket onto me in the bottom bunk. Wet, and not knowing what was happening, I yelled and fought with the water bucket in the confines of the bottom bunk, adding to the clamor of Bob's banging and crashing.

Bob, on his descent to the floor, hit a wooden folding chair, and his left foot broke through the slats of the seat. As can be expected of a folding chair, it then

folded, catching Bob's left big toe between the legs as they came together. With his left foot gripped by the chair, Bob fell backwards on top of George who was sleeping in the middle of the floor.

George shod horses for a living and had the biceps to prove it. With all the noise and yelling coming from me, George was sure that a bear had him. Summoning up all the power he had in his voice and his arms, he started beating and beating on Bob.

Moose, in the other bottom bunk, was a double for Mr. Clean, both in size and hairstyle. Not to be outdone by our shouting, he began roaring like a bull. But at least he was a man of action, and he whipped out a flashlight to find out what was going on.

Moose got up, and I climbed out of a sodden bed. We proceeded to separate Bob and George and to remove the chair from Bob's foot. Bob took one look at his broken toe, now bleeding profusely, and passed out cold on top of Danny, who had been sleeping by the door.

After untangling Bob from Danny, we lit a gasoline lantern and began to assay the damages. It was then we realized no one had heard from Jack in the other top bunk. We held the lantern up to see him better, and there was Jack, up on one elbow with a dazed look and a knot on his forehead you could have hung a hat on. With the first crash and yell, he had come straight up in bed, but was laid down flat again when his head connected with a rafter.

Some days it just doesn't pay to get out of bed.

Bill Huffman

Communications Specialist
1955 to 1962



1956 PHOTO BY DICK BURNS

Charlotte Lake, 10,400', Kings Canyon backcountry. In the 1950s, four rangers lived in SEKI backcountry for the summer. In 1970 this number had reached 12. This summer 16 rangers live in backcountry cabins, an all-time high.

First impressions

I had been working the lower section of the Garfield Grove fire which had started with a lightning strike in late July 1986. Highly experienced personnel had been requested from various regions to assist with fire behavior analysis and ongoing monitoring.

Breakfast of champions

Summer Ranger Kellett and I lived in the old "Infirmary" just above Round Meadow. Colonel White lived up on the hill above us and it was his custom to do a "walk through inspection" of our quarters on the way to his office.

One morning he came through just as Kellett was pouring white syrup on his pancakes...from a Gordon's Gin bottle (which he had picked up along the road). I can still see the Colonel's eyes bug out! We heard him later telling of "His tough rangers who ate GIN ON THEIR PANCAKES!"

Bernarr Bates
1932 to 1939

Eager to learn, I was thrilled with the news of reassignment to higher ground, to form a monitoring pair with Mike Warren, some Southwestern fire god (now Fire Management Officer of Sequoia and Kings Canyon).

As I hiked, thoughts turned from concerns of making a good first impression to realizations that I was a student with a golden opportunity to learn from one of the best. I broke from deep thought at the sudden rumbling sound behind me. In slow motion, the patchy blue skylight looked as if it were being sliced through with the sharp steel of a carving knife. With no other warning, a giant sequoia snag crashed to the ground, leaving me choking in thick smoke and ash. As my life passed before me, I scrambled ahead to save what was left of it. Needless to say, when I finally reached Patagonia Point to meet my mentor, I immediately turned to jelly. Talk about making a great first impression!

At camp later that evening when a fellow monitor asked, "So, did you meet with the 'Big Guy'?" I replied, "Came pretty close, but I guess it wasn't my time."

Meg Heim

Fire Monitor, 1986-1988



CPHOTO BY GERRY REYNOLDS

Sequoia and Kings Canyon began using prescribed fire to achieve Resource Management goals in 1968. Through 1989, 287 prescribed natural fires have totaled 30,671 acres. 126 prescribed burns have totaled 26,733 acres. About 39% of total sequoia grove acreage (3,219 acres) has been prescribed burned.

His legacy and his monument

Since 1913, when Sequoia National Park received its first civilian superintendent, 14 men have held the position. One individual, however, stands out and is likely to continue to do so well into Sequoia's second century. Everyone who knows something of Sequoia's history, has come face to face with John White.

Superintendent John R. White, or "Colonel White" as he was generally known, superintended Sequoia National Park for a full quarter century. He assumed control in July 1920 and finally retired in October 1947. During the intervening 27 years, he spent all but two as Superintendent of Sequoia.

White was not a young man when he arrived. Prior to joining the National Park Service in 1919, he had left his native England to join the Greek Foreign Legion, fought in the Greco-Turkish War, fished for salmon in Alaska, fought with the United States Army in the Philippines, served as an officer in the Philippine Constabulary, and been a part of General Pershing's European headquarters staff during World War I.

When the war ended, White,



Superintendent John R. White, 1920-1947.

now a full Colonel, approached Horace Albright about getting a job with the national parks. Ignoring Albright's response that the agency had nothing appropriate for a Colonel, White talked Albright into appointing him a park ranger at Grand Canyon. A year

later, Albright transferred White to Sequoia to succeed Walter Fry, who was retiring to become the parks' first Federal Magistrate.

White's early years at Sequoia coincided with the NPS's first major efforts to develop the park. During his first decade in the Sierra, White oversaw the construction of the Generals Highway to Giant Forest, the enlargement of the park to include the high Sierra, and the development of facilities such as the Giant Forest Lodge.

By the early 1930s, however, White began to have serious second thoughts about continued

park development. In 1931 he initiated the first serious effort to remove facilities from Giant Forest, an effort that was defeated by the park concessioner after a pitched political battle.

White returned to his beloved Sequoia in 1941 after spending two years in the Washington, D.C., Santa Fe, and San Francisco offices of the NPS. In his last years he faced new challenges, including safeguarding Sequoia during the labor-short wartime years, and merging Kings Canyon National Park into the Sequoia operation in 1943.

During his long years as superintendent of Sequoia, White involved himself in every facet of park development and management. A list of the projects or facilities he directed is almost a history of Sequoia National Park itself: the construction of the Generals Highway; the (Mt. Whitney) enlargement of 1926; Giant Forest Village; Camp Kaweah; the High Sierra Trail; the Civilian Conservation Corps, the development of Lodgepole as an alternative to Giant Forest; the proposed restoration of Giant Forest; the creation of Kings Canyon National Park; and the merger of the two parks.

White left his name on no single feature at Sequoia. There is no "Mt. White," no "Colonel White Tree." Rather, the entire park is his monument. More than four decades after his retirement, Sequoia is still "the Colonel's Park."

William C. Tweed
Interpreter/Management Assistant
1978 to present



Superintendent Hank Schmidt presents 30-year pin to Irma Buchholz, 1973.

In their 77 years of civilian administration, Sequoia and Kings Canyon National Parks have had two superintendents named John Davis. Father and son, the John Davises together account for more than a decade of Sequoia's history.

And interestingly, despite the nearly twenty-year gap between their terms, both were assisted by the same secretary, Irma Buchholz. Irma, in fact has served every SEKI superintendent beginning with John R. White back in 1943. As the parks' senior employee she remains an amazing source of park history and management common sense.

Mauger and Hays — concessioners

Concessioners have operated in Sequoia National Park longer than there has been a National Park Service. Since 1899, when the pack train partnership of Broder and Hopping opened the first tent camp in Giant Forest, there have always been visitor accommodations in the park.

In 1926, with the encouragement of Director Stephen Mather, Howard Hays created the Sequoia and General Grant National Parks Company, the first direct ancestor of the current concessioner company. To manage the "S&GGNCo.," Hays hired his brother-in-law, a young man named George Mauger.

For nearly forty years, first as General Manager, and ultimately as majority owner, George Mauger ran Sequoia's lodges and markets.

Outlasting long-time Superintendent John White, Mauger worked with and occasionally bested Superintendents Scoyen, Allen, and Davis. Eventually, through perseverance, Mauger became a major Sequoia personality, influencing many facets of park development and management.

In 1966, after four decades in Giant Forest, Mauger sold his company to the Fred Harvey Restaurant and Hotel Chain. Six years later, the Harvey interests sold the facilities again, this time to a public-benefit company called GSI. Since 1972, GSI (Guest Services Incorporated) has been the primary concessioner in Sequoia National Park.

SNHA — A half century of service

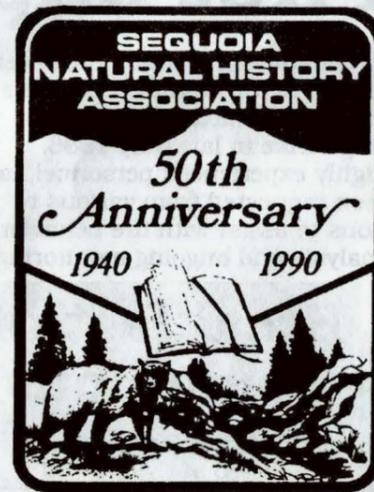
In April 1940 a small group of people founded the Sequoia Natural History Association. Their goal was to make visits to Sequoia and Kings Canyon National Parks as enjoyable and educational as possible, while using profits from the sale of literature to aid the parks in the fulfillment of their goals.

Congress officially recognized cooperating associations in 1946 and gave them authority to use government facilities and claim tax-exempt status. Today, 64 associations are joined to more than 350 areas in the National Park system.

During World War II lack of personnel and visitors caused the new Association to close up shop. In 1946 with visitors flocking back to the parks, the SNHA once again opened for business. The first of a number of booklets, Crystal Cave, was published. It enjoyed immediate success and SNHA was off and running. It has never looked back.

In 1984 SNHA began signing up members and in 1988 held the first annual membership meeting and picnic at Wolverton.

Gross annual sales in 1969 were around \$25,000. In their fiftieth anniversary year income is expected to surpass \$600,000, an all time high. The Association also forecasts that total aid to the NPS in 1990 will exceed \$65,000, bringing total aid to the NPS over

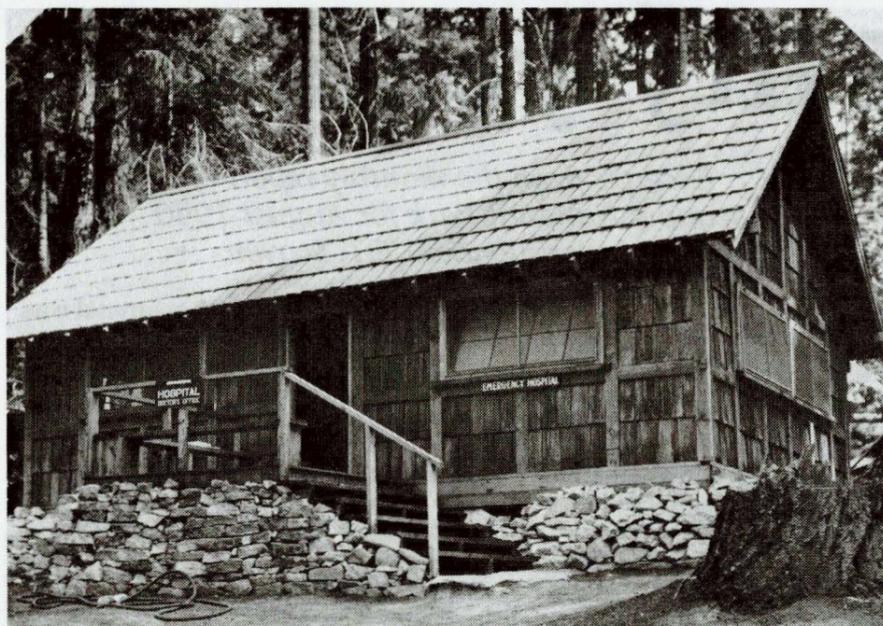


Sequoia Natural History Association logo reflects 50 years of service to Sequoia and Kings Canyon National Parks.

the years to more than one-half million dollars.

Another close tie between SNHA and the NPS is in staffing. John Palmer was SEKI Chief Park Interpreter from 1969 to 1987, when he retired from the NPS and took on the new duties of Executive Director of SNHA. Denelle Stroh, who worked in park administration from 1946 to 1949, became the backbone of SNHA as Business Manager from 1973 until retirement this spring.

May the cooperation between our two organizations continue throughout the next century, with great benefit to park visitors.



The Giant Forest Hospital stood behind the present cafeteria from 1927 to 1940 when it was replaced by a hospital in Lodgepole.

Life and love among the Giants

I first saw Giant Forest in 1924, having arrived via the North Fork road under "control"—certain hours allotted for uphill travel, other hours for down. My mother was Colonel White's secretary, Phoebe B. Wells (at that time). It was a special year because she met Homer Hardin that summer. The next year they — Phoebe and Homer — were married and I got the best stepdad anyone could have.

He worked for the Park Service in Sequoia for 30 years, and it was during that period, in June 1928, that David Hardin was born.

"We have a baby brother!" That is the joyous announcement my little sister and I were making to all the campers. "Little Sister," at 1-1/2 years of age wasn't talking much; I, at 10 years, was probably talking too much, but what big grins we both had. We lived in a little, gray cottage near a campground for government employees called "The Highland."

The Giant Forest hospital had been completed in 1927 in the area called "the top of the hill" near the Sentinel Tree; the nearest other hospital was 50 miles away. Little Sister and I were anxious to get a peek at our new baby brother, so that evening we went to visit Mother and David in the hospital with a proud and happy Dad.

Phoebe McGowan
Sacramento, California

No doubt many later park employees would have been grateful for a hospital in Giant Forest under similar circumstances. After climbing Moro Rock on the afternoon of July 4, 1969, Jim (Grant Grove District Naturalist) and Jan Warner made an urgent trip to the Exeter hospital in the wee hours of the next morning, only to be sent home when it turned out to be a false alarm. "Christine" arrived on the 7th, but surprised them by being "Christopher" instead. Many recall Ginny Rousseau and Dennis Burnett (both rangers and EMTs 1982-1984) pulling over at Amphitheater Point for the delivery of their second child in 1983. And in '88 Doug (Sequoia District Naturalist) and Laurie Wilson did make it to Visalia — in 80 minutes from

Lodgepole in the early morning hours for Christa's birth.

Another aspect of Phoebe and Homer's story has been re-enacted with even more frequency — couples meeting at SEKI and marrying. We began doing casual research on this subject with the idea of listing the couples but gave up after only three conversations tallied over 30 park twosomes! The list included a few employees who wed park visitors, such as George San Miguel (Grant Grove Interpreter) who was introduced to Melody in the Ash Mountain Visitor Center in 1984. A few other park employees met grad students doing research in the Parks. Paul and Sue Schwartz (both currently in Ash Mountain Maintenance) also met in '84 when she was a Lodgepole Ranger and he was a researcher from UCSB.

The majority of park marriages came about when both individuals were employed in the Parks, like Phoebe and Homer. In 1946 Bill Stroh was discharged from the Armed Forces and came to settle in Three Rivers. He took a job in Maintenance in Sequoia where he met Denelle Perce in the Payroll department; they married in 1948.

Vera (currently Resource Management's secretary) and Larry Brochini (retired from Ash Mountain Maintenance) were married in 1970. The latest of these events was the wedding of Bruce Edmonston (Cedar Grove Ranger) and Lee Taylor-Edmonston (currently Lodgepole Interpreter) in April 1990.

And the tradition lives on: It appears likely that Christopher Warner (see above for his arrival on the scene) and Adrian McGraw (daughter of former Grant Grove seasonal interpreter Don McGraw) will represent another category — children of employees meeting in the Parks and marrying.

One hundred years of park life in these beautiful mountains has probably kindled more of these marriages than we will ever discover. Since there are so many of us (yes, editor included) perhaps we should all gather at a particular time and place during the reunion. Check the bulletin board for an announcement, and come prepared to swap stories of initial encounters and love at first sight.

The woman who couldn't quit

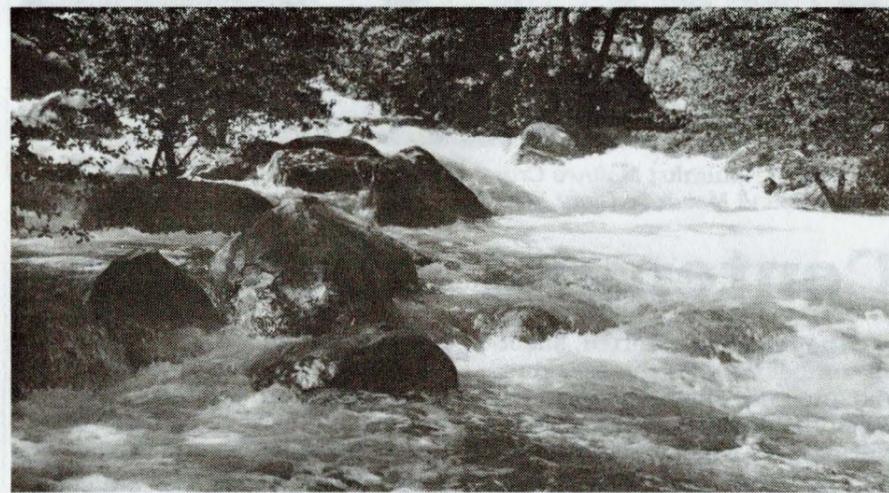
Anyone who worked in SEKI in the '70s knew Jean Weatherhead as the pillar of the Accounting Office and the guarantor that the payroll would get done, travel papers corrected, uniforms ordered, bills sent, and laundry money collected. Jean also became known for her kindness to three special groups — confused young clerks (who dubbed her "Mama Jean"), coffee drinkers (she maintained all the coffee break supplies and accounts for 14 years — and she doesn't drink coffee or take coffee breaks!), and candy eaters (Jean's candy dish was famous — former seasonals who are now superintendents still occasionally wander into the Accounting Office looking for The Candy Dish. Jean also makes Christmas candy so delicious that people were known to schedule their holiday leave around the day she brought in the candy plate!)

Jean has a long history of versatility beginning in 1955 with seasonal appointments with the Forest Service as a clerk and fire lookout (living in a lookout tower with three small children for 2-1/2 months must have been interesting). She began her Park Service career in 1959 in the Ash Mountain Finance Office. Even after the Field Finance Office was moved to the Regional Office in San Francisco in 1965, Jean con-

tinued working at Ash Mountain as the major finance clerk and contact for her former colleagues who had gone to the Bay Area. Jean returned to Ash Mountain in 1969 after two years of housewifing in Big Creek where her husband had been transferred by Southern California Edison. When the Weatherheads transferred back to Three Rivers, Jean got a new job as the clerk-typist for the Administrative Officer and Management Assistant. She was back in Accounting by 1970, where she stayed until retiring in 1984.

But Jean couldn't stay away long and became the seasonal Lodgepole Ranger Clerk in 1985. She and her husband, George, who works seasonally for Maintenance, have returned to Lodgepole every summer since, except 1987 when they indulged their penchant for travel with three trips, including a seven-week jaunt clear around the United States. They have three children, eight grandchildren, two dogs, and two grandcats and are valued members of the Park family. Jean says she works at Lodgepole in the summer just to get out of the summer heat, but it seems that she has a soft spot for the Parks, and the feeling is mutual.

Anne Shepherd
Mail and Files Clerk
1973 to present



1973 PHOTO BY BILL JONES

The Canyon of the South Fork of the Kings River, summer domain of Bob Forbes in the '70s and Carolyn Forbes-Lucas since the early '80s.

Twenty-four summers

Bob Forbes' career began in 1959, six years before the last of the three evolutionary events being celebrated in Kings Canyon National Park in 1990. (General Grant National Park, 100 years; Kings Canyon National Park, 50 years; addition of South and Middle Fork of the Kings River canyons, 25 years.)

Ranger Robert C. Forbes, now retired, began his 24 summers in the Sierra as a young man of 24. Like many other rangers of that era, he spent his winters in the classroom, teaching high school biology in Visalia.

He spent his first twelve years as a fireguard with the Forest Service, sometimes bringing his young family along to stay at the Big Meadows Station in the Hume Lake Ranger District.

For the second twelve years of his career, Bob worked for the National Park Service in both Grant

Grove and Cedar Grove. This allowed him to fish more, since his new job did not require his being constantly on call as a fire fighter. These years were special because fishing is very close to his heart. He became highly renowned as a fishing expert, teaching other park employees and visitors how to fish.

Perhaps the greatest reward for any ranger is realizing you have influenced someone to pursue a career in conservation. In Bob's case this success must be exceedingly satisfying: His youngest daughter, Carolyn, returned to Hume Lake in 1977 as a Forest Service employee, moved on to Redwood National Park, and has been a ranger-naturalist in Kings Canyon since 1982.

Based on an interview by
Carolyn Forbes-Lucas
Cedar Grove Interpreter
1982 to present



Sub-district Naturalist Malinee Crapsey talks to visitors on the Trail for All People, Round Meadow, Giant Forest.

Centennial milestones

The rainclouds parted, shooting sunbeams onto the speakers and audience as if in benediction. When the dedication and ribbon-cutting were concluded, visitors, park staff, and news people toured Sequoia's Trail for All People.

The accessible trail circles Round Meadow and features beautiful new porcelain enamel exhibits. Much of the labor was done by volunteers from the Valley and the Tulare County CCC, and materials were purchased by donated funds through the Campaign for Giants. The dedication marked Sequoia's 99th birthday and the beginning of the Centennial celebration.

On September 25, 1990, another dedication will take place, putting another lasting mark on the map of Sequoia and Kings Canyon. Centennial Peak, 13,228 feet, on the Great Western Divide, 1 mile northeast of Colby Pass and .6 mile southwest of Milestone Mountain, will officially be named to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the creation of Sequoia. It will be a symbolic gesture calling attention to the recreational, scientific and inspirational values of the Sequoia and Kings Canyon wilderness and the need for preserving it throughout the second century.

as early as 1890 to park records from 1906 to present. One of the most exciting recent donations was the original certificates given to Walter Fry by the Secretary of the Interior as he became the first Superintendent of Sequoia and General Grant National Parks. The certificates were a gracious gift from the granddaughters of Walter Fry, Jessie Bequette and Edith Perry of Three Rivers. The biological collections contain a representative sample of some of the diverse species that live in the parks. Most recently

Preserved for the second century

Located at Ash Mountain is a room that sits quietly on the eastern lower level of headquarters. Only two years ago the room was the home of Sequoia Natural History Association.

Now the remodeled room is the home of the Sequoia and Kings Canyon National Parks study and museum collections. These collections consist of archives, photographs, biological and geological specimens, prehistoric and historic artifacts.

The archives contain written records generated by the military

the Geographic Information System has been adding to our baseline inventory of species for the parks; any specimen collected for identification purposes is added to the museum collection. The prehistoric and historic collections contain artifacts from the parks' past. Artifacts range from the projectile points, pottery, baskets made by the Native Americans that once ranged these mountains to logging and utilitarian artifacts, to tools and items used by past park employees. The collections were used extensively in the celebration of the Centennial this year. It is reassuring that the collection will be preserved and used for research and interpretation for the next 100 years.

Remember that it is written records and objects collected and donated from past and current employees, like yourselves, that make the collection a viable resource.

Fifty years ago

Excerpts from the monthly report of
Sequoia National Park for August 1940
by Superintendent E.T. Scoyen

General:

The outstanding feature for August was the almost complete freedom from fires, thus permitting full effort of CCC crews on work projects.

Travel showed a substantial increase over August of last year, with 63,248 visitors being recorded, or a 12.7% gain. Campgrounds were filled to capacity most of the month. . . .

Administrative:

(Superintendent) Mr. Scoyen spent most of the month on local inspections of the park, participating in the naturalist program twice each week with lectures.

Maintenance:

The road from the Generals Highway to Wolverton Lake snow area is being located with winter sports in view.

Yucca Creek (CCC) Camp completed 1/10 miles of West Boundary Truck Trail despite lack of adequate equipment.

Despite the lack of equipment, the Crystal Cave road job made the best progress this season. . . .

Pear Lake Ski Hut was started with rock masonry work well underway. The foundation has been completed and the walls are being carried up.

The Park Operator (Concessioner):

August 1, saw the completion of the community building on Beetle Rock, and the Public Operator opened the dance hall with a party for Park Service and Operator's employees. Music is furnished by a public address system. . . . The Operator has a collection of very fine records.

Interpretation:

From 3 to 5 well-attended field trips were conducted daily, and a total of 218 parties (4,127 people) were guided through Crystal Cave.

The \$.40 cave fee was inaugurated August 10, and it is evident that this feature will be a substantial revenue producer, as we have taken in \$1,200 in less than a month. When the cave becomes more easily accessible it is anticipated that the revenue will be greatly increased.

Research and Observation:

Mr. Geo. W. Premo, of Bakersfield, an old-timer in the mountains, described an animal he saw at South Fork crossing near Tuohy Creek, and according

to the description this animal was a wolverine. Mr. Premo has been travelling in these mountains for many years, but he had never seen this animal before.

Browse reconnaissance was continued and studies this far indicate that our major wildlife problem is the California Mule Deer. . . .

Protection:

Four bears were trapped in the camp areas and removed to places remote. Two bears should have been shot, but inasmuch as Mr. Dixon was expected in the first part of September to study the bear problem, we refrained from doing so. We decided to leave conditions as "natural" as possible for his observations.

Control of bears this season to date: 2 killed (July); 23 trapped and released 12 miles away; 2 found dead from natural causes. Total number of animals controlled, 27.

There were 3 fires within the park during the month, and 77 men from Yucca Creek Camp assisted the Station division of Forestry on the Badger fire outside the park.

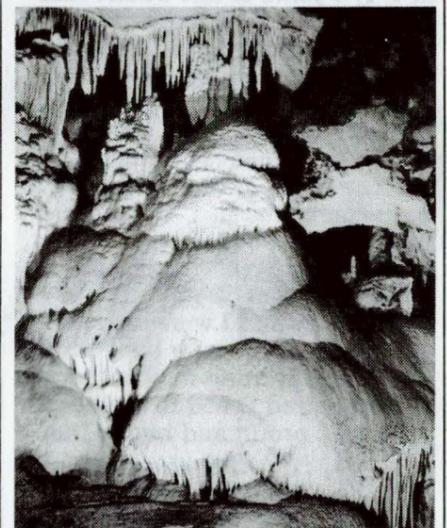
Miscellaneous:

Sequoia employees met on two occasions with the National Park Committee of the Visalia Chamber of Commerce in connection with the program for the proposed 50th Anniversary celebration of Sequoia National Park.

Compiled by

Wm. C. Tweed

Interpreter/Management Assistant
1978 to present



In August 1940, 4,127 people toured Crystal Cave. In August 1989, 22,917 went through the Cave.

Ellen C. Seeley

Cultural Resources Manager
1988 to present