

# **Mt Whitney Packers and Friends**

**Lone Pine, California  
September 8, 9 and 10, 1995**



# Welcome

We are gathered this weekend in Lone Pine, California to celebrate with our friends the years of packing for Mount Whitney Pack Trains between 1946 to 1972. For some of us it has been almost 50 years since we tied our first diamonds and headed for the High Sierra.. For others it's barely 25 years, but almost all of us seem to agree that in spite of the long hard days in the saddle, the four a.m. wrangles, the wrecks, sleepless nights and aching muscles those years were some of the most memorable of our lives.

We Did It!

# Mount Whitney Packers & Friends

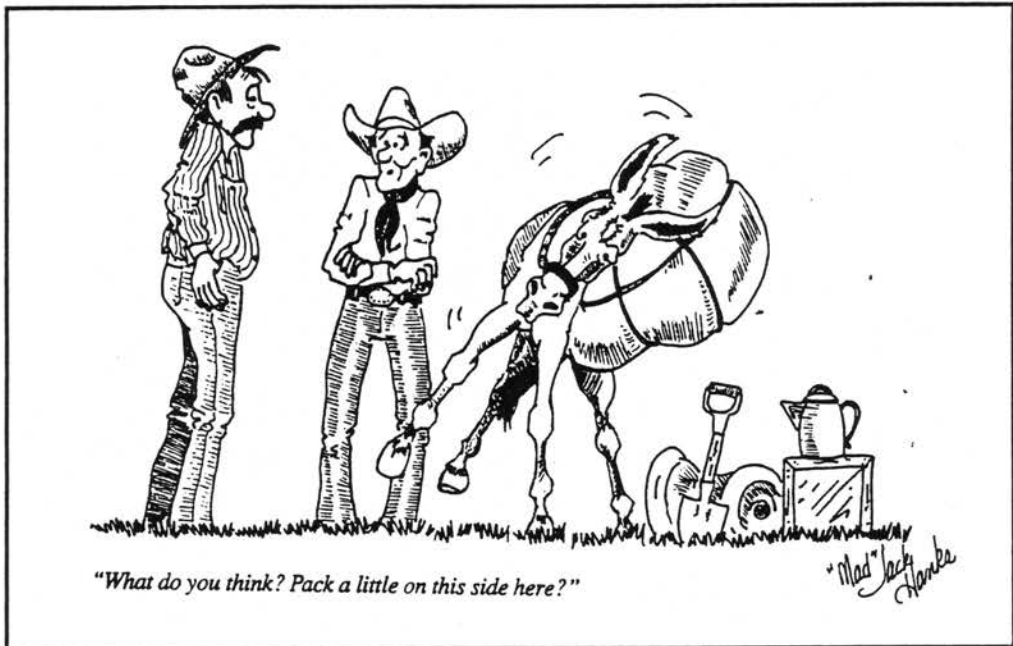
## 1995 Reunion and Rendezvous

Dedicated to the Memory of

Those now packing and camping  
in a place where mules never pull back,  
the trails are smooth and easy,  
loads are light and never slip,  
and there is always plenty of wood, water and feed!

Bruce Morgan	Billy Bishop	Ethyl Olivas
Grace Morgan	Fred Moore	Frank Chrysler
Barbara Jefferson	Ken Hess	Ted Cook
Norman Jefferson	Eddie Bowman	Ed Thistlewait
Bill Smart	Pete Garner	Henry Olivas
Charlie Gilmore	Concepcion Zuniga	Vasie Cline
Smokey Bye	Eddie "Leppy" Diaz	Bob Foreman
Ivan Hanson	Wendel Gill	Lester Bellas
Perry Pratt	Clyde Poncho	Hank Houten

There was a right way and a wrong way,  
There was your way and my way,  
But most important of all  
Was the Mt. Whitney Packer's Way!



Mt. Whitney Packers Reunion Memory Book  
September 8, 9 and 10, 1995  
Lone Pine, California  
Charles Morgan, Editor





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## Packing - as a business

*Charles Morgan*

Horses and mules as beasts of burden are mentioned in earliest recorded history. Pack animals played an important part in the development of all civilization, and continue today to be an important part of the local scene both for recreation and for carrying supplies to cow and forest service camps.

One of the first major trails constructed across the Sierra was the Jordon Trail. It was built by John Jordon and his sons in 1861 under license by the Tulare County Board of Supervisors. The trail provided a route of commerce from the rich San Joaquin Valley to the booming Coso mines. It was the affirmed intention of the Supervisors to eventually improve the trail so that wagon traffic could travel trans Sierra from the Visalia area.

Pack trains heavily laden with goods for the mines would depart from Visalia reaching Olancho in the Owens Valley three days later. To meet this schedule the packers had to ride hard and fast and spend at least 12 hours in the saddle.

The wagon road was never finished, partly due to the opening of the Walker Toll Road through the town of Kernville. In 1865 the Visalia Time Delta printed a letter to the editor which stated, "If the Board of Supervisors doesn't get busy and complete the road, Visalia will lose its rank as the seventh largest city in California to Los Angeles."

Recreational packing increased as access was improved to the mountain meadows and steams. Men and Women made long excursions to the high country partly to avoid the summer heat of the valley, and to enjoy the grandeur of the wilderness. Early travelers to the high

country would often employ a rancher in the valley, rent stock at a livery stable, or one of the many that earned a living packing freight or supplies.

John Broder and Ralph Hopping opened a packing business in Three Rivers in 1898<sup>1</sup> providing service into the high country usually through Mineral King or on the Hockett Trail. The Olives Family in Lone Pine had already been in the packing business out of Lone Pine. Charlie Smith and Carl Wilson had a pack station above Springville where the road ended at the Edison Company powerhouses<sup>2</sup>.

In 1899 Broder and Hopping packed the Visalia Board of Trade through Mineral King to summit of Mt. Whitney. In 1903 they also packed the Third Sierra Club High Trip from Mineral King to the Kern River<sup>1</sup>. Phil Davis bought out Broder and Hopping in 1918 was joined by brother Lawrence and Gene, and the Mineral King packing business expanded. Sometime in the mid twenties Phil Buckman joined the Davis' brothers.<sup>2</sup> In the late thirties Norman "Ike" Livermore became a partner in the Mineral King business.

The packing business reached its peak in the Sierra in the thirties. Due to building of roads, and the escalating operation cost the numbers of pack stations in business declined rapidly. However the decline seems to have been arrested by the designation of Wilderness Areas, and has remained fairly stable for the past twenty years. Now packers are facing an escalating battle to retain their right to travel in the very Wilderness that was to preserve the historic means of travel. The battle is with those individuals that see the use of pack and saddle stock as a threat to their enjoyment of the wilderness.

1. Henry Brown, *Mineral King Country*, pg. 13

2. Henry Brown, *The Pack Station*, unpublished, pgs. 2 & 3

## General feeling as to the future of the business?<sup>1</sup> (1935)

*Norman B. Livermore, Jr.*

Of the eighteen different packers to whom this question was propounded, eight gave answers that could be classed definitely as optimistic. Five were doubtful, and five were pessimistic about the future. Of those who did not reply optimistically (ten in all), the feeling of six were directly traceable to the coming of roads - either roads that are already built, or roads contemplated.

This road menace is the most serious problem confronting packers. There is a general feeling that the deadening influence of the general economic depression will soon be removed by an improvement in general business conditions. But for many packers there still persists the fear that their business will be ruined by the building of new roads.

Some packers are fortunate enough to be located in regions where either the Forest or the Park Service has given assurance that wilderness country will not be spoiled by roads. But all packers will hate to see the break up of the present High Sierra region, even if the spoiling roads do not come near their territory.

The present great stretch of country from Tioga to Walker Passes should be preserved forever as it is now, free from roads and luring each year added thousands to its unspoiled mountains, streams, lake and meadows - people who have learned the richness of the pleasures to be derived from a real back country vacation.

At present there are two danger spots in

the High Sierra wilderness. One is the road from Camp Nelson to Lone Pine; the other is the one from Bass Lake to Mammoth P.O. If either of these go through, it will lop off a great deal of fine country from the High Sierra area.

Another road that is cause for protest is the one now under construction into the Kings River Canyon. I am much relieved to find from the Forest Service District Headquarters in San Francisco, however, that they will never allow this road to proceed up Bubbs Creek and over Kearsarge Pass, as a good many packers have been fearing.

Whatever the outcome of the present pressure to build more roads into our back country, it is a cinch that the packers of this region have not as yet put forth much concerted effort to stop them. And if no organized protest is made, the road-builders won't find much difficulty in carrying out their aims.

As the class of men who more than any one else is responsible for enabling people to enjoy the back country, it would seem logical for the packers to take at least a substantial part in seeing that the wilderness-loving public has its rights preserved.

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EDITORS NOTE.. Remember these comments were written in 1934-35 during the depression. Ike recognized the importance of horsemen and women as champions of roadless areas. The modern Wilderness system of today guarantees (to a point) that new roads cannot be built into or through them. It is just important today to fight for our roadless areas as they continue to diminish in today's world.

1. Norman B. Livermore's, *The Tourist Packing Business of the High Sierra Region*, 1934, p. 7

## Mt Whitney Pack Trains 1946 to 1971

by Charles Morgan

Ike Livermore



Norman "Ike" Livermore, Jr., aware of the need of the Sierra Club for a large pack outfit with plenty of mules to handle the packing chores for the Sierra High Trips, began putting together an outfit capable of doing the job. In 1946 he and Dina pooled their savings and purchased the Sage Flat outfit of Barney Sears, and the pack outfits of Chrysler and Cook in Lone Pine. The merged pack outfits became Mt. Whitney Pack Trains.

Born in San Francisco on March 27, 1911, Ike spent his childhood playing and working on the family ranch in Napa Country. He spent his high school years at Thacher School in Ojai, California. He attended Harvard Business School, and earned a Masters of Business Administration at Stanford Business School in 1936.

His exposure to the packing business began with work at a Mineral King pack station in 1929 where he shod pack stock, worked as a cook and did chores around the pack station - never once getting into the back country. He made his first high country trip in 1930, and worked the whole season in the mountains.

After the packing season of 1934-about mid September-he made a tour of all pack stations on both sides of the Sierra from Walker Pass in the south to Tuolumne Pass in the north. He learned much about the packing business, as well as compiling information for his paper. *The Tourist Packing Business in the High Sierra Region* which was the basis for his "masters" thesis at Stanford.

In 1935 he organized the High Sierra Packers Association (see minutes page 48) serving as its Secretary for many years. About this time he began an ongoing campaign against excessive road building in the high country (see page 4) which continues to this date. He may be credited with stopping the proposed trans Sierra Minarets Highway between Fresno and Bishop

In 1937 he bought an interest in the Mineral King Pack Station as a partner of Ray and Phil Buchman. During that year he also packed on the Sierra Club trip for Allie Robinson. Additionally he brokered stock from other pack stations to conduct pack trips for his own clientele. (See page 13, *My Worst Pack Trip*)

Prior to the start of the 1938 high trip Sierra Club High Trip Manger, Dick Leonard asked Ike to handle the stock contracts for the High Trips, which he did until the start of World War II. He also continue to broker private trips including the "Pennoyer Trip" It was on this trip that he met his lifelong companion and partner Virginia "Dina" Pennoyer. Dina was born in 1917 in New York. They were wed in 1943 and have five children (Norman, Pauly, Penny, Sam and David) two of which (Norman and Sam) packed many years for Mt. Whitney Pack Trains.

In the early spring of 1946 Ike met with Bruce Morgan of Lone Pine and discussed the formation of a partnership. Ted Cook had recommended Bruce because of his experience managing a recreational business at Tunnel and Monache Meadows. A partnership was created, but more about this later.

Ike was chief packer on the High Trip from 1946 to 1949. He went on to manage his own lumber business, became the Treasurer of Pacific Lumber Company, served as California Director of Natural Resources, and Commissioner for California Fish and Game.



The reins of the packing business were turned over to Bruce in 1950. The partnership in various forms and with various members of the Morgan and Jefferson Family lasted until 1971.

### Bruce Morgan

Robert Bruce Morgan became a minor partner of Ike Livermore in 1946 and effectively managed the pack train under Ike's direction for four years. In 1950 Bruce became general manager of the outfit with increased equity. Bruce managed the pack and saddle stock on the 1949 to 1954 Sierra Club High Trips.

Born in Madera County on June 9 in 1906, Bruce soon moved to and grew up in the Los Angeles Area and worked at various jobs in the area including at one point repairing slot machines. In the late twenties he took all the money he had, bought lumber loaded it on a truck and headed for the "last gold rush boom town in the west". He built two story structure that consisted of a Saloon on the first floor and a "house of ill repute" on the second floor. He no sooner had it fully stocked when the town "busted" and he lost his investment. Shortly after he went to work for the "Salt Works" at Tramway. It wasn't very long after that he met, courted and wed Grace Jackson.

Born November 16, 1909 in South Dakota, Grace Althea Morgan moved as young girl to a wheat farm on the plains of Montana near Lewistown. She attended the University of Montana at Missoula where she captained the Women's Basketball Team. She served mother, wife, secretary, treasurer and telephone operator for the outfit. She and Bruce had five children, Charles, Barbara, Enid, Roberta and Richard in addition she was the surrogate mother for many more. Light on her feet, she taught the entire family to dance and to enjoy it.

Bruce was foreman at the "Salt-Works" at Tramway 1929 to 1933. The company brought pure salt from the lake in Saline Valley via ore cars suspended on a tram to the narrow gauge railway in the Owens Valley. Charles was born there in 1931 and Barbara two years later. The depression hit, and the business was forced to shut down and never reopened.

Bruce moved his young family into Lone Pine where he went to work for Ellis Motors, the area Ford Agency. Bruce was a born salesman! One of his proudest accomplishments was that: He sold a car a day, every day, for thirty days. Remember this was during the depression. He later worked a couple of years as a carpenter for Bill Skinner.

In 1936 Bruce and Grace gathered up all their saving and borrowed whatever they could to purchase Tunnel Air Camp from Ted Cook. The camp was located at Tunnel Meadows at 9,000 feet elevation in Inyo National Forest with a landing strip only 1,600 ft. long. It took a really skilled pilot to safely land and take off. The guests were flown in bi-planes with huge radial engines. Grace prepared meals in the two large tents that served for a kitchen and dining room. Guests slept in sleeping bags on cots in individual tents located around the compound. Pack trips to the Kern and Rocky Basin Lakes were conducted from the camp on a regular basis. After four years of scrimping the fifth year was profitable and it looked like the camp was successful at last.

December 7, 1941 and the coming of World War II changed all that. The camp was closed for the duration and Bruce and Grace went to work as fire guard and telephone operator at the Tunnel Ranger Station. The whole family spent the next two summers at the ranger station with newly born Richard joining his sisters and brother in the mountains.

The following two years Bruce, Charles and Dick Troeger spent the summer managing cattle at Little Whitney for the Anchor Ranch and Russ Spainhower. Grace and the girls grew an enormous "Victory Gardens" at the ranch in Lone Pine.

It was at this ranch that a tall gentleman just out of the Army made a partnership offer to Bruce that was beyond belief and after a very short discussion with his family, he chose to accept. A one page agreement was drawn up and signed. Of course that man was the family's good friend, Ike Livermore.

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Business was good in the early fifties. The outfit not only packed the Sierra Club High Trip but also provided stock and services to the Wampler Trip, The Trail Riders of the Wilderness, two Sierra Club Base Camps and a Sierra Club Saddle Trip. Saddle trips were conducted to the Top of Mt. Whitney out of the Portal. The outfit packed mule loads of supplies to Golden Trout Camp located below Cottonwood Lakes, and also sent many parties into the camp. The outfit also packed large parties from corporations such as Pacific Coast Borax Co. on two week all expense trips.

From 1948 to 1954 the family managed the stable at Furnace Creek Ranch in Death Valley. Most of the stock were wintered in the Valley. Moonlight, breakfast and dinner rides were popular many accompanied by dancing on the dry lakes. With the help of their family Bruce and Grace taught folk dancing four nights a week at the Ranch and Inn. In addition Bruce had the "Grey Line" Tour concession for the valley, and with the help of Barbara, Enid and Charles tours were conducted up and down the valley. Bruce eventually was appointed Recreation Director for the Ranch and the Inn.

Bruce's twenty mule team was first hitched up for the 1949 Death Valley Centennial Celebration, and the next year appeared in the 1950 California Centennial Pageant conducted at the Hollywood Bowl. The team was a popular attraction at Furnace Creek, and won the sweepstakes trophy three times in the Helderado Days Parade in Las Vegas. It appeared in many movies and was featured in the titles for the popular "Death Valley Days" television series. Bruce is credited by historians as being the last Pacific Coast Borax 20 Mule Team Borax mule skinner. The team was hitch up for the last time in Mojave, California in 1960.

In 1956 Grace succumbed to her long battle with Diabetes and a vacuum was created in the business that was never quite filled. She did so much that no one could ever really walk in her foot steps.

In 1958 Bruce accepted an offer from Joe Bonham to manage the Dow Villa Hotel in Lone Pine. He divided his interest in Mt. Whitney Pack Trains as follows: 30% went to Charles and Mary, 30% went to Barbara & Tommy, and Bruce retained 40% of the business with the idea that someday that would be divided between Enid, Roberta and Richard. Charles and Tommy jointly managed the business with much assistance from their wives.

The new partnership lasted until 1961 when Tommy and Barbara moved to Shafter in order for Tommy to begin a career training horses. Charles and Mary continued to manage the business for the next three years at which time Tommy and Barbara were welcomed back into the outfit. Charles' participation in the management of the outfit ended in 1964. Barbara and Tommy continued on with the outfit until Barbara's untimely death in June of 1970. Tommy and Ike negotiated the sale of the outfit to Tanner and London in 1972.

## HIGH SIERRA PACKERS (1935-36)

(Arranged in Order of Estimated Size)

From Norman B. Livermore, Jr. Paper: *"The Tourist Packing Business in the High Sierra Region"*

Name	Location	No. Head	Name	Location	No. Head
Allie Robinson *	Independence	170	Yosemite Park & CC	Yosemite	150
Chrysler & Cook	Lone Pine	100	Nelson Smith	Camp Nelson	90
Crabtree Brothers	Coolidge Mdws	75	Billy Brown	Jackass Mdws	75
Lloyd Summers	Mammoth	70	Earl McKee	Giant Forest	70
Earl Pasco	Camp Pasco	65	Halliday	Bishop Creek	60
George Parker Independence		60	Archie Dean	Independence	60
Roland Ross	Mineral King	60	Ernest Cecil	Big Meadows	60
V. Cunningham	Huntington Lake	60	Slim Tatum	June Lake	52
R. H. Logan	Big Pine Creek	50	Barney Sears	Olancho	50
Fairview Pack Outfit	Kernville	50	J. Robinsin	Coolidge Mdws	50
Clyde Johnson Crown Valley		50	Phil Buckman	Mineral King	49
McGuffin	Mammoth	45	D.G. McComber	Rock Creek	42
Dick Burns	Olancho	40	Burkhart & Olivas	Olancho	40
Sam Lewis	Haiwee Canyon	40	Cecil Pasco	Kernville	40
Art Griswold	Balch Park	40	Hugh Traweek Hume Lake		40
E.R. Casner	Mono Hot Springs	40	Art Schober	North Lake	35
Poly Kanawyer	Hume Lake	35	Cecil Thorington	McGee Creek	30
Wally Wilson	Lone Pine	30	Jordon Hot Springs	Olancho	30
Ed Snider	California Hot Sprg.	30	Walter Greigg	Quaken Aspen Mdw	30
Kenneth Rutherford	Camp Wishon	30	Ted Anderson	Dinky Creek	30
John Dale	Dinky Creek	30	Burns	Huntington Lake	30
Dan Cook	Olancho	28	Bob Welch	Kernville	25
George Dillon	Balch Park	25	Ord Loverin	Three Rivers	25
Dick Wilson	Gen Grant Park	25	George Brown Pine Creek		20
Thelan	Kennedy Mdws.	20	Phil Davis	Three Rivers	20
Roy Davis	Three Rivers	20	Craig Thorne	Silver City	20
R. T. Coker	Big Meadows	20	Berryhill	Blaney Meadows	20
Gregory	Green Horn	16	W. F. Dillon	Bass Lake	16
N. J. Phillips	Jerseydale	16	Lloyd Phillips	Jerseydale	16
Floyd Branscom	Mariposa	16	Hobbs	Posey (Balance Rock)	15
Durrwood's PO	Kernville	15	Tom Carroll	Three Rivers	15
Vance Brown	Hilton Lakes	10	Fred Dupzyk	Bass Lake	12
Frank Burton	Posey	10	Bill Bash	Coolidge Mdws	10
Milo Lemm	North Fork	10	Tom Jones	Bass Lake	10
George Hamby	Fish Camp	10	Fres Wass	Fish Camp	10
Frank Eggers	Three Rivers	6			

For a total of 71 pack outfits using a total of 2,764 \*\* pack and saddle animals - the average length of ownership was 15 years of those interviewed.

\* Livermore reported that Allie Robinson's outfit was the oldest, having been started by Allie's father in 1872. The firm has been packing commercially since that time, and has been packing tourists since 1901.

\*\* Livermore did not claim that these figures are absolutely accurate, but felt they are substantially so.

## PACKING IN THE SIERRA

Henry M. Brown

I have never packed professionally but I admire those who have. Like most professions it calls for real expertise — in this case with animals and people, along with that, add general sobriety and some financial experience and, according to John Crowley, the ability to deal with, or at least tolerate, unreasonable people.

But I wish to speak of packers (arrieros) who may or may not meet all these requirements but who compensate for them in other ways. This topic is appropriate in Lone Pine where packing reached a peak only equalled in Mineral King. Fortunately Clarence King left us an excellent description of the 1871 visit on his climb of Whitney.

*The American residents of Lone Pine outskirts live in a homeless fashion; sullen, almost arrogant neglect stares out from the open doors. There is no attempt at grace, no memory of comfort, no suggested hope for improvement.*

*Not so the Spanish homes; their low, adobe, wide-roofed cabins neatly enclosed with even fence, and lining hedge of blooming holly hock.*

*We stopped to bow good morning to my friend and stage companion, the donna. She sat in the threshold of her open door, sewing; beyond her stretched a bare floor, clean and white; the few chairs, the table spread with snowy line, everything shone with an air of religious spotlessness. Symmetry reigned in the precise, well-kept garden, arranged in rows of pepper plants crisp heads of vernal lettuce.*

*Under the eaves above her, quite around her, and quite around the house, hung, in triple row, festoons of flaming red peppers, in delicious contrast with the rich adobe grey.*

*It was a study of order and true womanly repose, fitted to cheer us, and a grouping of such splendid color as might tempt a painter to cross the world.*

The Olivas Family came to Alta California in the same manner all early settlers

did - by pack train. The Overland Trail from Sonora or Baja California required good packing technique over an unforgiving desert crossing. From Caborca, Sonora to Temecula was actually the first route of the California Gold Rush. The Sonora Miners were in California before the news reached the East Coast. That was also the route where Joaquin Murietta drove San Joaquin wild horses to Mexico.

Most of these early arrieros were called to other activities in California but there was still the roadless desert which was gaining in importance with the increase in silver mining as it moved from Western Nevada to Owens Valley. People who followed silver mining north from Zacatecas, Mexico. We can also credit Zacatecas for the start of the Rancho System that gradually covered all of the west.

I rode with Pete Olivas across the Alabama Hills (in a car) and he told of his father and grandfather in the packing business. He also told of his experiences in the movies, helping shoot Westerns and he described it in relation to certain landmarks and natural features there.

Pete's own career was mainly as a vaquero and as a mountain packer together with his brother, Henry. They were among the early packers hired by Ike Livermore to pack the Sierra Club during the forties.

I have known and packed with arrieros and vaqueros in their native Mexican Sierra who knew no other way of life — some on mountain ranchos that had never seen a vehicle. In the sixties and seventies they were making the transition from mules to pickups.

Springville, California 1995



## Mule Packers and the Sierra Club

*Charles Morgan*

The format designed by Wm. E Colby for Sierra Club High Trips exposed as many members of the fledgling club to the beauty of the High Sierra and thus gained their support to preserve the Sierra for posterity. The first trip to Yosemite in 1901 by wagon and coach. The second high trip was to Kings Canyon in 1902 where packers with their horse and mules were the primary movers of camps, dunnage and supplies. The members dined on fine food prepared by excellent chefs and their commissary crew. Most members hiked, but the club allowed individuals to rent stock from the packer if they wished.

Henry Brown's book *Mineral King Country* gives a good account of the the 1903 High Trip to the Kern River which was the first trip where pack stock were vital to the success of the trip. Most members came by rail to Visalia, then by stage coach to Mineral King where they began their hike into the large camp at the junction of Coyote Creek and the Kern River. Pack and saddle stock were provided by Broder & Hopping of Three Rivers. After camping for a number of days on the Kern contingents (forty in one group and one-hundred three in another) of the party continued on to climb Mt. Whitney and returned to Giant Forest by way of Kaweah Gap to camp among the Giant Sequoias.

Some of the later trips lasted as long as eight weeks, with over two hundred guests on any one segment. The packers in the pre war years were pretty much segregated from the members and were considered a pretty rough lot to be associating with the guests. They were usually fed separately and before the regular members. My understanding is that they kept pretty much to themselves.

Starting in the twenties the legacy of Packers Charlie Robinson and son, Allie, became the prime movers of the high trips. These trips were enormous by todays standards with many as 50 packers and 250 mules required to move camp and members through the High Sierra. Such numbers of stock required a "Night Hawk" to ride herd over the mules during the nights, and provision was written into the contract for his compensation. Early in the morning the stock would be herded into a rope corral (single strand), the packers would form a circle outside the rope. Allie or Charlie would then lasso the individual animals and hand them off to their individual packers.

In order to have enough animals for such a large trip the Robinsons used many bronc mules to fill out the strings. A story is told about the time while camped at Crabtree Meadows around 1932 the packers decided that they would like to take a ride to the top of Mt. Whitney. Robinson agreed with the stipulation that each packer ride one of his bronc mules. Brave fellows that they were with macho reputations to maintain they agreed. What followed must have been a sight to see. Fifty packers mounted on mules made it to the top fairly easy, however when the mules were turned for home they began to run. The ride turned into a stampede, careening around switchbacks, and scattering rocks everywhere. It is said that all made it home in one piece with their reputation intact.

Ike Livermore relates that a revolt or strike of Robinson and the packers almost occurred in 1937 - mostly in protest of the Outing Committee's decision to conduct out of state trips. In addition the packers had become rather truculent often taking the best campsite in the area for packers camp and leaving the commissary and the guests second rate spots. Ike was asked by the committee to take over manage-

ment of the stock and became a broker between the Robinsons and the Sierra Club. Ike would ride in before the strings of mules arrived and select the campsite for them. He continued in this capacity until entering the service during the Second World War. His duties also included the planning and conducting campfire programs.

During the war Robinson down sized his operation, selling off most of his stock and setting up operation at Kennedy Meadows near Sonora Pass. Lacking any desire to continue packing the High Trip and no longer having the stock necessary for such a large trip Robinson left a void in regards to a packer for the post war High Trips. Livermore recognized the need for an outfit with a lot of mules. After investigating several outfits on the west side he settled on an outfit on the east side of the Sierra. During the late thirties Ike had brokered trips using Chrysler and Cook stock and had developed a relationship with Ted Cook. Fresh out of the Army in late 1945 he approached Ted with an offer to purchase his stock and pack stations. He made a deal with Barney Sears for his Sage Flat pack station which added stock and equipment to the outfit and with the purchase of some Nevada bronc mules Mt. Whitney Pack Trains was born. A contract was signed with the Sierra Club, Bruce Morgan became a managing partner, and by 1946 the stock for the first High Trip was ready for the trail. 130+ mules and horses had been assembled making the outfit the largest in the Sierra.

In 1947 or 1948 a revolt of the Ike's packers was avoided when he had a hind quarter of beef packed into his packer's camp after some rather heated protests over the fare offered by the Sierra Club commissary. Too many garbonzo beans! They said, "Where's the Beef!" There was great feast in packers camp, and emotions cooled and the trip went on without further incident.

The early packers were recruited from ranches and other pack stations, and for the most part were a pretty rough lot. Starting after the war young men and women of high school and college age were used more and more by Mt. Whitney Pack Trains. As a rule they were better educated and socially more amenable. The practice of feeding the packers first was changed to allowing packers to "cut to the front of the line" which itself was also set aside by the mid fifties. The packers, the commissary and the guests socialized extensively. Many friendships developed that have endured over the years. Good memories for all of us!

### Quotes Worth Remembering

#### **Chief Seattle - in the late 19th century**

*Teach your children that the earth is rich with the lives of our kin. Teach your children what we have taught our children; that the earth is our mother. Whatever befalls the earth befalls the sons of the earth."*

#### **George Catlin — stated in the 1830's**

*...if future generations were to enjoy this rich heritage, it was necessary to conserve, not squander and destroy, our natural treasures.*

The Bill introduced by Senator **John Conness** of California, granting the State a tract of land including Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa Big Tree Grove and signed by President Lincoln on June 29, 1864 contained the unique language, *upon the express conditions that the premises should be held for public use, resort and recreation and shall be held inalienable for all times..*

# Tales of Mount Whitney Packers and the High Sierra

**EDITORS NOTE:** The following pages contain stories, comments, remembrances, poems, mostly true to the best recollection of the authors. Time plays strange tricks on your memory so at times the account of an incident may vary widely from author to author. Everyone notified of the event was asked to submit their best memory of the years they spent associated with Mt. Whitney Pack Trains. Many did and their account is printed. For those not responding I have taken the liberty to write about an event I remembered -- you will find them in a special box throughout the following pages. For those of you that no event is mentioned or seems to be omitted, my only excuse is that you were so perfect in your work there was nothing to write about

## Sharon Remembers

*Sharon Crary Griffin*

I have so many happy memories of my summers spent on High Trips - it is difficult to single out one particular.

Perhaps the most fun I had was participating in the late evening campfires with all the packers. I loved listening to Tommy Jefferson sing and play his guitar. "Under the Double Eagle" and "That Fat Gal of Mine" come to mind now. I recall spending a lot of time in the Blister Doctor's tent — when Don Scanlon & Bill McIver were participating.

It is easy to remember our skinny dips in the cold, clear mountain lakes and streams. I'll never forget how often I finished my "Sierra Club" lunch by 10:00 a.m. and the hunger pains until dinner time. How can I forget the Cocktail Hour in the high Sierra and David Brower's campfire talks. I recall the happy times hiking with my Dad and sister. It made my father extremely happy when some fellow campers thought he was our older brother. Naturally I'll always remember the beauty of the High Sierra and all of the marvelous, long lasting friendship I made during those incredible trips.

## A Letter From Judy

*Judy MacFarland*

Dear Mt. Whitney Packers,

Sorry I can't be there I miss the Sierra - though the mountains here in New Mexico are good too, but just not the as all that high above timberline granite.

I was Lester Bellas listed in "Wranglers couldn't find" list. Someone at the 1988 reunion at the Dunlaps place told he died of pneumonia. Hope it wasn't true!

Too many memories to single out any, but a 3 day water fight at Bench Lake stands out in my mind and that was the same place they had to leave a foundered horse, which I found out at the 1988 reunion had recovered OK. Also remember Tommy Jefferson learning the Boch Bourée for guitar which I've now forgotten most of but I'll bet he hasn't.

Greetings

Judy Mac



## Do you remember when:

Dick Troeger planned a "Starlight Ride" in Death Valley? Bruce and Grace were gone and Dick, always the enterpriser, determined that a way to raise a little extra revenue would be to promote a "moonlight ride" unfortunately there was no moon. Not easily deterred Dick called it a "Starlight Ride" and the notices were posted at Furnace Creek Inn and Ranch.

He also threw in a folk dancing session

on one of the dry lakes. The ride was a sell out! The riders left the stable at the ranch in pitch blackness accompanied by a four up stagecoach jammed full of brave tourists. At the reins was Harold Gill one of the last of the "wild bunch" driving through the darkness on the gravel desert roads (most of the time) at a full gallop. The passengers on the coach were screaming and the riders, hooping and hollering, did their best to keep up. Miraculously no one took a fall or was hurt. When it was all over there is little doubt that all enjoyed the Troeger promotion!



## Let Me Ride One More Time With You!

Ed Turner



Just one more time is all I ask  
To take a trip with you  
Over Whitney Pass or Army Pass  
Kaweah Gap will do

Let me dally up that lead mule  
Let me pack a string of five  
Let me hear Strawberry Roan  
Just one more time to be alive

Let me feel that cold of morning  
With the ice upon the ground  
Waking up in some far off meadow  
Get up and wrangle is the sound.

The boss is yelling for me to get up  
and it's only 5 AM  
With nosebag, bridle and flashlight  
We have to track the herd again

Now Tommy will tell you to bring  
the tracks back so we can have a track meet  
Or maybe he'll say to carry a knife  
To keep your eyes peeled or to cut tracks  
Remember wasn't that neat

Let me watch the dust cloud at the  
Picket line where Pepper was being broke  
The blindfold and one leg up  
The Mule was wild and that's no joke

Let me shovel snow from Whitney  
So we can open up the Trail  
With Charlie marking switchbacks  
We shovel hard and rest a spell

Let me hear the words of Grace and Bruce  
As we drive to the Portal Store  
She had given me instruction on how to cook  
Making coffee, eggs, steaks and much more

I was only seventeen then and  
Outpost Camp became home.  
For over thirty days I was camped up there  
and most of the time alone.

Let me feel the warmth of the fire from  
The Sierra Club at night  
Let me hear the stories that were often  
Told around the packers campfire light.

Let me ride once more over Bishop Pass,  
Dusy Basin, Grouse Meadows and then camp.  
Let me read or write, or just plain visit  
By the light of the Coleman lamp

Let me sip from the Sierra Club cup  
A whiskey sour or Piasano wine  
Only this time I will sip real slow  
To slow down the pace of time

We didn't know then those days might be  
The best days we ever knew  
As for me they were the best days  
An I hate to see them go

Let me just once more chase the donkeys  
In the Pannamint Range  
And heard them across the desert  
to Carroll Creek for a change

Let me catch that old wild donkey  
And saddle him for the very first time  
Let me lead him up the road for a mile  
And bring him back all broke and fine

Whether it's horses or donkeys or mules  
That we pack  
Whether it's hikers or dudes  
Its time to look back

To remember the years  
And the stories gone bye  
Of the good times, the bad times  
The laugh and the cry

As we leave this reunion  
We'll think of the past  
Let's pine for the next one  
This won't be the last.

The stories you have told  
Are fascinating and true  
I have only one wish  
Let me ride one more time with you.

Ed Turner, July 19, 1995, Idaho Falls, Idaho

## Days of a Pack Train

*Molly Miles*

You can't go back  
So often it's said  
But the miracle of memory  
Swirls in my head

Comfort it brings  
A smile to my lips  
Lone Pine to Carroll Creek  
What wonderful trips!

Fragrance of sage and  
Willow by creek  
Stars viewed from Pick-Ups  
Moonlight on peaks

Days of hard work  
Nights full of dance  
Could ever a young gal  
Know such a romance

Charles, my first love  
(Still full of charm)  
Learning to polka  
On Bruce's strong arm

Grace gliding lightly  
Across the dance floor  
This was the good life  
I wanted more!

Cleaning and Baking  
Cookies by dozen  
Short changing sheets  
With Jean, the fun cousin

Movin' some stock  
(Or did they move us?)  
Hot sun, shirts off  
First we'd plead  
Then we'd cuss

Tack leather and horse sweat  
Canyon Breezes blown free  
Eddie Arnold and boots  
Became part of me

Barbara, my lost friend  
Enid forever  
Shared live, God's blessing,  
We're still together

When live, dealing down  
cards  
Seems sometimes a bitch'  
Days of a pack train  
Remind me, I'm rich!

## Enid Remembers

*Enid Morgan Hanson*

My first memory was sitting in the main cabin (dining room, kitchen, shower, washroom and cooler) sitting with the lights from the 32 volt battery electrical system faintly shining while Ted Cook recited Robert Service's *Shooting of Dan Magrew and Face on the Bar Room Floor*. He really scared the wits out of all of us.

Getting up early to cook breakfast and playing music as loud as we could to wake the sleeping packers. It may not have sounded good to them, but it was a lot better than beating on a dishpan to us.

The hustle and bustle as we worked to get the big parties such as the Sierra Club and the Trail Riders of the Wilderness on the trail.

Sitting around outside at the end of the day and watching Molly doing her "Fat Lady Getting Ready for a Date" act.

The joy of driving the customer's fine cars - some not so fine - as we shuttled them from one pack station to the other.

The time while taking supplies to meet the packers at North Lake and I almost fell to sleep coming out of Bishop

The time Janice Hoffman Brunson and I stopped in Bishop on our way back from up north. Janice went into the bathroom spread "soap" all over legs and arms thinking it was lotion.

Running the store at the Portal, and taking cold showers pretending it was hot water.

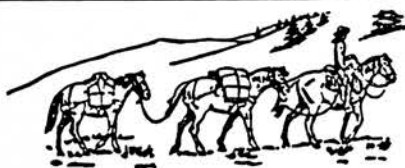
Fixing lunches to go out on trips for the packers, and making onion sandwiches for Pete Garner.

Working at the office doing tons of ironing and washing almost everything.

Most of all I remember the fun we had with kids that came to stay with us.

## My Worst Pack Trip

*"Ike Livermore"*



We have all had countless happy memories of High Sierra trips, but a few unhappy ones are memorable. My "champion" in this category occurred in 1937. The party consisted by myself as head packer, Perry Pratt as #1 packer and Fauchie Smith as cook, three San Francisco families and supporting stock. Semi disastrous occurrences in sequence were;

The "head tourist's" wife fell off her horse on the Whitney Trail and insisted on quitting the trip.

At our Wright's Lake camp one of the men of the party attempted to mount his horse while carrying a rattling fish rod, was bucked off, lit on a sharp rock and broke his back.

All-night ride by me succeeded in locating Dr. Duker in Lone Pine via Crabtree Ranger Station Park Service phone line.

Dr. Duker who was to about to start on his honeymoon rode with his young bride over Shepherd Pas to reach our camp the next afternoon. On arriving in camp the doctor opined that his wife, who had never ridden a horse before, was in worse shape than the patient!

The doctor's advice (this was well before helicopters) was that the only solution was to massively tape the patient's whole torso. They then laboriously took the patient horseback to Symms Creek road head, thence to San Francisco via Lone Pine Hospital. Happily, after several week in traction the patient recovered.

Following this series of calamities, another member of the party became severely consti-

pated, and had to be mechanically assisted to overcome his trouble.

Gathering together the party remnants we proceeded to my favorite Milestone Basin camp where I was able to relax with a happy layover day.

Rising the next day in the early dawn to wrangle stock, I cut tracks every place I could think of but to my intense embarrassment I could not locate the stock so returned to camp empty-handed about 10 a.m.

Eating my delayed breakfast with my head hanging low, one of the tourists spoke to me: "Ike, I have an idea. Why don't I climb up the slope behind camp to see if I can see anything with my field glasses". To my astonishment but also joy, sure enough he spotted the stock across the canyon; they had sneaked up a narrow draw that I had missed in my tracking. By the time I caught the stock I felt it was too late to move that day, so we lost a day on the trip.

The next day, under threatening skies, we headed towards Forester Pass. By the time we hit the Pass, the party found itself in a miserable hail storm (hail stones the size of marbles) all the way to our camp in Center Basin.

The thoroughly disgruntled head tourist insisted that we tie up the stock all night because "he had to be at Onion Valley road end by noon." Instead, Perry and I countered by rope-hobbling all the horses.

the final morning we were able to get the stock in early and deliver the party to Onion Valley on time. this ended a "wonderful" pack trip!

## How I became the Most Exalted Head of the Fishtail Temperance and Bible Thumping Society

*Jack Heyneman*

The night had been adventuresome to say the least for a 16 year wannabe. The boots were reasonable authentic but certainly not Bluchers like the "real" packers had, the levis were authentic, but the hat - I'd rather forget. Oh, we started out at Sam's or Fred's or the Rainbow or maybe even the Stardust at the head of Whisky Row . . . and I must confess we ended up at Billies some number of drinks below. Who was there and who fell by the wayside I couldn't tell you now even if I did want to tell the truth.

The sun was a long ways from blasting its hot way over the White Mountains when the thud of determined boots smacked against the wood of the packing dock where the seven or eight bodies hid beneath their tarps. The vibrating boots against the deck was immediately followed by a resounding kick on bottom of or at least in the vicinity of the foot of each prone body. The undercurrent of oaths, moans and comments was easy to understand. After all it was unreasonable to expect anyone to rise in the dark after a brief hour of nocturnal bliss hell, we'd just gotten in. I had barely surface, found my hat ... last off first on you know, tried to look into the total blackness of the morning when a long-johned arm thrust in my direction "here kid this will make it easier". By golly I thought, someone was smart enough to have a jug of water in his bedroll I eagerly grabbed the bottle thrust the neck into my mouth and took a couple of long hard pulls, I thought I heard a snicker or laugh as I climbed back onto the platform coughing and gagging from a couple of shots of straight raw gin. Laugh away Ed, Pete,

Tommy, or who ever it was that so perfectly aided the education of a wannabe.

Or there is also the story that might of, but didn't happen to me.

First day at the station. Pete, I believe it was, snaking out and assigning mules to everyone. As Pete roped a mule he'd call out the beneficiary. It didn't take long and soon we each had our five or six critters. I also was pretty obvious that a lot of the mules looked alike. I studied like crazy as I knew the next morning there would just be a shout and yell for whoever to come and get their pet.

Next morning . . . mules were handed out freely and then there was a yell .... "looks like this one has a hank of ribbon or something on his halter." Another young wannabe packer jumped up claimed his prize and suddenly realized something was seriously wrong as he was dragged across the corral with mule feet swishing past his ears.

### Do you remember when:

Tommy Jefferson took a scenic ride in the Kings Canyon? Leading a string of mules loaded with groceries for the Sierra Club High Trip from Cedar Grove to Paradise Valley in the Kings Canyon Tommy was enjoying reading a paper back book as he rode along. His horse took a left when he should have gone the other way, when Tommy looked up he had already started to climb the canyon wall headed for Granite Basin. Far below he spotted the rest of the packers and their mule headed up the floor of the canyon. Sad but true there was no place to turn around until he reached the rim of the canyon. Needless to say he lost an hour or two, but it did not dampen his desire for literature on the trail.



## Janice Remembers

*Janice Hoffman Brunson*

My experience working for Mt. Whitney Pack Trains varies considerably from the norm. During my two summers of labor in the 1950's when I was 13 & 14 years old, I never once saw the back country!

Bruce Morgan knew a good thing when he saw it. It seemed that I loved washing, cleaning, ironing and cooking for lots and lots of people and that's what I did day after day. I worked for the princely sum of \$25 the first summer and a whoppin' \$100 the second summer, and a continuing promise that one day I, too, would be allowed to go on a trip into the back country.

I never got to but the truth was, I did love laboring for the Morgans. To me they were the funniest and most fun family in the world. Life with them was exciting and unpredictable. I loved being around them.

During my two summers, the first at Carroll Creek and the second at the house in Little Hollywood in Lone Pine, I played my very first game of strip poker, which blabbermouth Richard embellished and spread all over town; became a godmother for the first and only time (to Kathy Jefferson); got drunk for the first but not only time; fainted the only time ever, during one of Roberta's Sunday-morning screaming fits because she had to wear a dress and go to church; and learned to drive.

There are other memories: guilt the night Richard's horse died while we were in town when we should have stayed home; the excitement of air-dropping pink toiled paper into the back country and announcing to Tommy and the Sierra Club that Barbara's baby had been born and it was a girl; and the horror of death when

Grace, dear Grace who mothered the entire extended clan, died much too soon.

We gathered at dawn in the stately Episcopalian Church to bid her farewell, and again at dusk in the dusty cemetery north of town to cover her grave with pine boughs gathered earlier in the day by Bruce, Charles and Richard.

## REAL WESTERN -

### A few memories of the Sierra Club Packers

*Phoebe Crary Ellsworth*

One layover morning, I think it was at beautiful Kerrick Meadows, some of the girls on the trip were sleeping a bit too late. Several of the packers knew how to round up the girls. They saddled up and rode over to the girls' camp and lassoed the sleeping bags right off the quite surprised beauties.

I recall the packers talking about their poker game in packers camp. Their handsome western shirts were prized winning bets.

This week Herb Caen was writing about rivets in Levis and that reminded me of one packer trick - lighting matches on the rivets of their jeans.

And then there was Tug who invited you for a cup of Brisk and recounted the forty mule team days. I still remembers *Under the Double Eagle, Won't you Ride in my Little Red Wagon, and I was looking Back to see if you were Looking Back at Me* -those always requested songs of Tommy Jefferson.

## Outfitters I knew

*Charles Morgan*

**Ted Cook** — Scared the hell out of the Morgan kids with his resitiation of Service's *Face on the Bar Room Floor*, and *Dangerous Dan McGrew* hell of a carpenter, ran a good pack outfit.

**Frank Chrysler** — Big man, quiet - talked slow. Commanded respect — Good with the guests

**Barney Sears** — Mountain of a man with a beard, pot belly, and an "S" curved pipe - a legend in his day

**Archie Dean** — Packed out of Independence - a real family business — daughters famous as packers long before it was fashionable for women to pack. Noted for forgetting parties in the back country.

**Art Schober** — Good man! Gentle and good with his stock - great packer - a legend

**Dudley Booth** — ran a good outfit - good friend of the Morgans

**Allie Robinson** — "Mr. Packer" a legend I hardly knew, but have heard a lot about.

**Herb London** — Pensive intellectual type Rock Creek packer — never did see him pack, but I guess he could.

**Murray Hall** - Onion Valley packer sold his outfit many times — took many years to get it sold but he always made money.

**Lee Summers** — good friend of and drinking buddy of my dad- had a good outfit

**Sam Lewis** -- small but tidy and neat pack outfit packed horses and tied the "Box" hitch

**Lee Maloy** - a legend in the McCee tradition - good stock packed the "Fuller Party" Loved to party and really enjoyed his "potato juice"

**Bill DeCarteret** - a good packer - and excellent business man, and a good friend.

## The Bristow Grils Can't Attend

*But offer a few thoughts:*

Whenever Charlott Mouk decided to bake pies. The wind would come up (she hated wind) on schedule. Our usually unflappable and good natured Charlotte LOST IT! And everyone working with her would disappear. The pies were always devine, the wind left and Charlotte returned. — Toni's tale

"SALT" Toni arrived in camp on moving day as dinner was being prepared. Where's the salt? None anywhere! Packers brought a hunk of the stock's salk licks, and no one was the wiser — from Toni

On my very first trip with the high trip-in 1947-I picked a magnifiscent water lily from the pond. Dave Brower strung me up in front of the campfire. I sure learned a lesson! — from Nancy

I cook never chop onions fine enough for cook Jim Harkins!!! —from Nancy

A great experience climbing Mt. Humphreys with Dave, Ted Grubb and Dina Livermore!!! What a fantastic time to be in the Sierra with all those wonderful people. We will miss the reunion. Hello to all!!

from: Toni Bristow Basse - Nancy Bristow Barbour - Barbara Brsistow Walters

Love, Nancy

Editors note: When Roberta Morgan was 10 years old and on the high trip Bruce thought well enough of Toni to leave Roberta with her when he had to leave the back country on an emergency.



## MOUNTAIN SURGERY

*Charles Morgan*

What started as a simple vacation pack trip for Mr. and Mrs. Phil Sharr of Lone Pine was turned into a nightmare of feverish anxiety for their seriously injured daughter. And gave Dr. George Shultz, also of Lone Pine, to prove once more that he is truly a fine surgeon and for man a life saver.

The story begins in the back country of the High Sierra, 10 miles from the nearest road, and a good three hour ride horseback from the nearest pack station. The Sharr family, six in all, were just ending a very pleasant and uneventful week at Golden Trout Camp, a resort at 10,000 ft. near Cottonwood Lakes. Around 12 noon I rode into the camp with the mules needed to pack them out. We had lunch and then began to pack up. It was by now around one-thirty or so. As Mr. Sharr and I were loading the first mule, we heard a scream go up from one of the children; looking up we saw Sarah, the Sharr's youngest daughter lying near one of the mules. Though no one actually witnessed what happened, it is assumed that the five year old unknowing rushed up behind the mule - being thus frightened it kicked the girl instinctively. Sarah was unconscious when her father picked her up, and it appeared at a glance that the whole left side of her face was crushed and torn. On closer examination, and much to our relief, it was not so.

Immediately we started trying to get a phone call out for help over an old fashioned crank type phone. Being a party line everyone in the mountains soon knew about the accident, but it was a good half hour before we could reach anyone in Lone Pine, the nearest aid. (Finally go through to Bruce Morgan by going through Sequoia Park and Forest to Jordon Peak and on to the regular phone lines.) In the

meantime Mr. and Mrs. John O'Keefe, the owner of the resort, and Mrs. Sharr had bound the child's head tightly to stop the flow of blood, and had given her a little phenobarbital to ease the pain.

As soon as word reached the valley of what had happened, operation began to get a doctor in the shortest amount of time. Three planes searched in vain for over an hour to find a means of landing a doctor in one of the nearby meadows. The camp being at such a high elevation ruled out a helicopter. While these methods were being tried, stock was made ready at the end of the road as a last resort. About 3:30 p.m. all other methods having failed, Dr. Shultz climbed on a horse and with my father, Bruce Morgan, began the long ride in to camp.

Back at the camp, while help was coming, we did all we could to aid Sarah, and it seemed to be so very little help we could give her. Most of the time she was unconscious, usually for periods of fifteen minutes or so at a time, and then would awake screaming and fighting for a minute or a little longer before she would again pass out. Her parents by this time were beside themselves with worry, and so were little help in taking care of the girl.

At 6:30 p.m. the doctor rode into camp; to those at the camp it seemed as if it took days for him to ride those few miles. When the doctor examined the injury he decided that it would be too dangerous to move her in her condition, and that he must operate under the most primitive conditions. (He said after the operation, that under normal and best of conditions he could call a specialist rather than attempt it himself, but here had no choice.)

Luckily Dr. Shultz had brought an emergency surgery kit with him, but he did not

*Continued next page*

*Mountain Surgery continued*

have an anesthetic with him so he used shot of morphine to deaden the pain. A pan of boiling water on an old wood stove was his sterilizer. A dining room table served as an operating table. Two flashlights and a Coleman lantern became his source of light. And with Mr. O'keefe holding her arms and legs; my father holding the lights; and I holding her head as firmly as possible the operation was ready to begin.

With scissors the doctor cut the torn flesh above the left eye so that it could be laid back away from the broken bones of the skull. It was a depressed, multiple fracture of the skull. The bone was cracked and broken in the area just above the eye socket and to the hair line above; there were five or six separate fragment pushing down onto the surfaced of the brain. Carefully the doctor removed the pieces one by one until we saw the grayish, shimmering brain with its crisscrossing of blood vessels was plainly visible. All fragment of bone and dirt were removed so that infection would not be encouraged. (Using the scalpel as a lever the portion of the skull that was cracked was re-aligned.) The pieces of bone that had been removed were trimmed to make a good fit and were replaced in their proper places. The thin membrane covering the skull was stitched back into place, and then the same was done with layer of flesh, and finally the skin was stitched up. Shots of penicillin were give to combat infection, and blood plasma was given to help replace Cerebral l fluid that had been lost. By this time it was past 11 p.m. My father and I watched over her all night long.

In the morning Sarah was carried out by six men who worked in relays. She was place in Southern Inyo hospital where she recovered rapidly. A couple of months later all that remained to show of her close brush with death was a thin red line above her eye

## Do you remember when:

Jerry Gillaspie packed cache for the Sierra Club to Rocky Basin Lakes? Jerry left Carroll Creek along with his side kick, Richard Morgan, with two string of mules to rendezvous with the High Trip at Rocky Basin Lakes. Too far to make it in one day they stopped for the evening at Golden Trout Camp. Hot and dusty from the trail they decided to take advantage of the large shower at the camp, large enough for both of them at the same time. They took in a half-gallon jug of Paisono Red Wine to help clear their throats of the the days dust. The jug slipped and shattered on the concrete floor; Jerry dove for the drain and managed to stop the flow with his hands. He and Richard bent over and started lapping up the spreading red wine. About this time John OKeefe hearing the commotion and having some concern opened the door to be faced by two very bare bottoms and exclaimed, "What the hell is going on in here!"





## A Close Call

*Richard Morgan (around 1958)*

One day Charles and I were wrangling horse and mules that had been turned out in the high country near the head of Carroll Creek. From tracks we had seen, we determined that the stock had left the area and possibly were heading for Horseshoe Meadows. Charles and I split up so we could cover more country. It wasn't long before I picked up some tracks and came upon the stock.

They looked good - fat and sassy - and felt like running. They took off "hell bent for leather" the wrong direction - towards Horseshoe Meadows down a steep ridge. I was riding a horse named Kid, the best horse I ever owned. (I won "Western Days" on him when I was a sophomore in high school.) While I was trying to head them off, Kid lost his footing and we went down. When the dust settled Kid was unconscious lying with his legs pointed straight up the hill. I was still in the saddle - stuck under him.

I yelled for Charles, but there was no response. It seemed like we were there for a long time before Kid started to struggle. All of a sudden he made a frantic attempt to get up-raising up just enough to release me from under him. The next thing I knew we were both rolling side-by-side down the hill until we got to a place to stand up. Other than a few knots and bruises and a little hurt pride, we were OK. My saddle got the worst of it. It was all torn up. One of the fenders was hanging down and one stirrup leather was busted. I used some saddle strings to repair it well enough to ride it out of the mountains.

I learned later that Charles had heard me yelling from high above on the rim of the

canyon, but had assumed the yelling was to let him know that I had found the stock. Charles headed down the canyon and picked up all the stock by this time, I met him coming back up the trail. As we rode out of the mountains I related the close call I had experienced. It was just like another day, another story and another learning experience. I had gained a lot more respect for riding in rough country in pursuit of running horses and mules.

### Remember when:

The Carroll Creek Pack Station was snowed in for ten days in 1946. Ted Cook and Bruce skied to Lone Pine and borrowed a truck to check the stock at the Moffet Ranch. Fred Moore ran out of cigarettes and walked to town, came back with the county snow plow.

## Packing for the Mt. Whitney Pack Trains in the Fifties

Buddy Pete Garner

My first year was in 1954. Bruce Morgan hired me as a Saddle Horse Boy, but I did more fishing than saddling horses. My second year was when I really learned to pack. I had teachers like my dad - Pete Garner, Henry "Leaky" Olivas, Pete Olivas, Charley Morgan, Wendle Gill, Tommy Jefferson, and Billy Bishop. And my dad showed Richard Morgan and myself how to tack shoes on mules and horses. Those years in the fifties were some of the best summers of my life; they truly started me on the way to manhood. I'll never forget those times in my life, it was a real learning experience for any young man or woman. To be able to learn and work with packers and cowboys that could do it all, and that's no B.S.

Thank You Gentlemen Truly!

## Learning to be a Kid on a Ranch

Frannie Pearson

June 1954



Destination Lone Pine, California with Mr. and Mrs. Foreman driving Nancy Droubay and me from Salt Lake City, Utah, at Mach 1.

Arrived in Lone Pine in one piece just in time to move stock to Carroll Creek.

Man, I felt dirty, hot and tired.....time for a bath.

Helped with the dishes at night .... my job for ever it seemed. Met Roberta's dog, Gabe. He was Berta's dog, but we got to be friends. I fed him.

Learned how to wash and iron cowboy shirts from a never ending pile of laundry. Grace showed me how, Enid and Barbara kept me at it. At first I thought it was fun ? ? ? ? ? Ed, this how come you were always so clean.

Kids on a ranch .... told the "pilgrims: that road behind Carroll Creek went all the way over the mountain. When they came back down we laughed...so hard.....! We were certainly the brat side of all those kids on a ranch.

I made cookies, chocolate chip cookies everyday I was at Carroll Creek. I don't know if this was true, but I remember it that way ....of course my memory might have faded somewhat.

Nancy put Tabasco Sauce on my tooth brush and retainer. What a clever girl! "Laughed 'till I thought I'd die." I took another bath.

Learned how to almost milk a cow... did learn how to make butter when I was supposed to make whipping cream. Made caramel candies, which I would hike...Still make the same caramel candy for Christmas. My children, my relatives, co-workers and my friends expect my friends expect my caramels every year. I'll bring some.

Pulled and abused the poor burros up the Carroll Creek road, jumped on their back and raced back down the mountain.

Whoa Snort!!! Every blessed pot and pan from his back was spread all over Carroll Creek. I lost and/or broke my glasses. I could not see, I could hear and could stay out of the way.

Water fights inside and outside the house at Carroll Creek..... Charles had control of the hose. We got sopping wet. Berta, Nancy and I ran down the road laughing, Richard and company, half naked, ran through the sage brush like wild men. Berta, Nancy and made strange noises sitting on the road. We laughed 'till we thought we would die.

How fun, how free, how wonderful the years in Lone Pine have been. I've had the opportunity to go on numerous cattle drives. I've been so many places in the High Sierra. I laughed and I cried, I grew and learned responsibility. Later I got married...a couple of times. I raised a son of my own and two adopted children. I've grown older and stronger and weaker and stronger. But I've never forgotten the legacy of the High Sierra. Those seven years working for Mount Whitney Pack Trains were the most fun of my life. Everyone touched my life so deeply. Thank God I had those years with all of you.

In joy and love,

## Kipper — Remembers

### Rief Kipp



As a child, you always remember how the adults would refer to the days when they were your age, and how things have changed since then! Usually things were better then than now, and how things are going to the dogs act. As I approach GEZERDOM, I smile as I think of the aforementioned and the small nuggets of truth contained there it. Things have changed of course, and the things that were available to me and my generation are not available to today's young people. That's nothing new, but I hope that somewhere a young person can spend some of his formative years, as I did, as a packer in the High Country some place.

All of us gathered here at this reunion will always remember the significant events in our lives as packers. For me, such an event was the music of Tom Jefferson. A true artist, he put a smile on many faces with his music.

We climbed the highest mountain. We climbed it so many times we hoped Charles would say, "Due to lack of interest all Whitney trips have been canceled." But he never said it. Ron Hoffman quit counting after nineteen trips to the top and lord knows how many trips we all made over the pass.

And there was Ed Turner. He was the guardian of the famous Outpost Camp. All who passed through were the recipients of wisdom and knowledge. As one would pass through Ed would always ask the same question, "Am I ever going to get out of this place?"

In my mind I can Bruce riding the pretties mule in the Sierra, Beaulah. He would often say, "There is a right way and a wrong way, and my way!"

I remember Billy Bishop and the pinto horse that unloaded him so many times, that Bruce gave him to the Flying U Rodeo Company. They named the horse, "Billy Bishop."

I remember the trips to Golden Trout Camp; the Sierra Club High Trips; the day Grace died; deer hunter camp at Summit Meadows; Russ Spainhower; all memories happy and sad. The list goes on and on. It was a great time for a kid!!

### Remember

How cold it got during deer season? I remember Reif Kipp coming over Olancha Pass all hunched up in the saddle with his head buried in the collar of an old Navy P Coat. So cold he couldn't talk or move in the saddle. The snow was blowing horizontal to the ground - looked like a picture Charlie Russel would have like to paint. CM

## Return Creek Saga - Or who threw my dunnage in the creek?

### Sue Cox Fousekis

One of my favorite and not so favorite stories took place at Return Creek in 1955. I had always been game to be thrown in on a daily basis into any body of water and I had just come back from a hike and was relaxing on a slab of granite, when instead of my going into the water, certain dirty pot boys and maybe some haughty cooks decided to throw my duffel bag into Return Creek. BOY WAS I MAD and ready to kill them. I FELT BETRAYED & when they saw a Big tear from my eye, they revealed that the duffel was full of rocks, pine cones and bushes !!!!

I look forward to seeing you at the Reunion

## Ahh To Be a Kid Again!

*David Morgan*



Ahh to be a kid again, and living up at Whitney Portal. What a life! And how much fun to live over again. If I could. All the same way too!

As youngsters my brothers and cousins had pretty much the run of the place. I think we explored every nook of the canyon. That wasn't too dangerous anyway.

Name we'd give places the union bridge, the confederate bridge on Whitney Creek, the falls and the caves under the falls. The big rock by the pond, little creek, big creek.

Lazy days fishing playing in the pack shed or the corrals. Wondering when the packers were coming back.

Then we'd hear that Ahhh-hoo come off the side of the hill. Look up and see strings of mules and packers on their horses.

We'd all run like hell up the trail and find a big rock to climb up, so we could hop on the back and ride the rest of the way back the pack station.

Getting chewed out for getting in the way one minute. And getting hugs and leftover lunch candy bars the next.

Everybody sitting around eating dinner and listening to all the tales about the trip. Which mule fell down the mountain and so on.

All the packers shoeing the stock, tying up the bronc mules to get some shoes on them.

On off days the packers roping anything they could find pack boxes, buckets, and us kids!

The once a year beer party, races around the pond. The female help getting initiated with a dunking in the pond.

Riding in Jim Dittmer's old MG around and around the pond.

Cruising into town in Jon Dittmer's light blue Ranchero, so he could do his once a month shopping.

Getting put in the twenty mule train wagons so we'd be sure not to get in any trouble or because we were in trouble. The walls were so high we couldn't get out!

Getting solitary confinement and bread and water for a forest fire my brother Rob and another kid started.

Being scared out of our wits when sitting in the stock truck as it was being turned around up on Carroll Creek road. And whoever was driving laughing the whole time at us.

One day my brothers and I decided to walk up the trail to find my dad. Rob being the leader at 8 years old, me 6, and Mike barely 5. We left Mike at Lone Pine Lake, Rob left me at Outpost Camp and he went on to Mirror Lake. Rob came back down, found me and we both found Mike being led down the hill by two back packers. They had heard of the three missing boys at the Portal Store, and weren't in the best mood walking us back down the mountain. Someone at Lone Pine Lake found Mike and pinned a note on shirt which said, "My Name is Mike Morgan. I'm trying to find my dad. I'm lost!" No spanking that time but the gal that was watching us sure caught hell from my mom. My



dad, it turned out, was way out there in the Park somewhere.

Other times come to mind like when Loren Joseph got kicked by a red mule name P.U. Ken Hess' pocket full of matches exploding when he missed catching a soft ball and it hit him in the chest.

All the packers getting horseshoe haircuts or mohawks. What a big laugh everybody got on that one.

Big BBQs behind the store with my Grandpa Bruce behind the grill. What a cook he was!

I still remember some the names of the stock we had. Buelah, Ike, Jed, Jake, Judy, Frannie, Kathy, Appy, Bob the lunch stealing white horse! Tequila etc..

Well with time going by and circumstances beyond my control, I did at the age of sixteen work and live again at Whitney Portal the last year it was owned by my family. Worked as a pot boy, wrangler, and lunch mule packer on the last Trail Rider Trip.

Grew to love the back country so much I made many trips on my own to Sequoia Park. Walked up to Whitney 3 times.

Now I have the privilege of reliving some of the past with my visits to my brother Mike's pack outfit in Bishop.

As the son of a packer's son I know it is more life-style than making a living. To have both I wouldn't need a heaven, 'cause I'd already be there.

**F**orever

## Remembering the Packers

*Emily Hatfield Benner*

I was across the creek from Packer's Camp when I caught my first mountain trout on my first Sierra Club High Trip in 1946. Your cheers of congratulations filled my young heart with pride and joy and the kind of hero worship which only a 10 year old can feel.

Even when fixing you thick trail sandwiches while the rest of us got harttack or trying to keep you out of the commissary cache chocolate or hiding from your teasing jeers at out modest creek bathing, I've held onto my admiration for your strengths and skills and my appreciation for your support and friendship.

Tommy's guitar, mule bells in the night, the bandana show rodeos, the encourataging call to strings of 50 head of stock winding their way up and over the passes, are only a few of the many warm memories that the Mt. Whitney Packers have for me. Thank you all

P. S. Does anyone remember the words to "Wake Up, Irene"?

### A Quote Worth Remembering

Arthur Carhart — 1919 -

referring to Trapper's Lake in Colorado,  
*There is a limit to the number of miles of shore line on the lakes; there is a limit to the mountainous areas of the world; and in each one of these situations there portions of natural scenic beauty which are god mae, and the beauties of which of a right should be the properties of all people.*

## MEETING AT THE TOP ('59)

*Jim Dittmer*

It was a sunny, cool morning during the summer of 1959 at the Whitney Portals pack station that found Richard Morgan and I saddling 25 horses for a one-day trip to the top of Mount Whitney and back - a hard days ride of approximately 18+ miles on a trail that threaded through pine forests, along (and through) streams, next to lakes and rising rapidly above timberline to the majestic views over the east and west sides of the Sierra at Whitney Pass and on to the peak and then back to the Portals.

We left the pack station at bout 6:00 a.m. (on time, as usual) and headed up the trail with this rather large group, who, we found out through subsequent conversation, were from the southern California area. When we asked how such a large group got together with the single purpose of going to the top of Mount Whitney, they said that they were all members of the same Toastmasters group and that this trip had been planned for over a year. We thought that this was very nice and didn't think too much more about it - until later!

We proceeded up the trail with occasional stops to close the ever widening gaps as each of the horses "tested" each of their new riders to see how the grass tasted along-side the trail, or just how slow one could walk before a mindful tap on the side picked up the pace. All enjoyed the lighthearted reminders to, "push on the reins so he won't swallow the bit", as well as generally easy conversation of getting to know this really great bunch of guys.

We stopped for a break at Outpost Camp and then headed up toward Mirror Lake and up

and out of the timber to a view of Consultation Lake, then up past Pothole Lake and up the 99 short switchback that lead to the pass. All did not fail to notice the steepness of the mountain face on which those switchback were "hung". After crossing the pass, the trail joined the terminus of the John Muir Trail and threaded its way behind the "needles" just south of Whitney. There were more than a few ashen faces when their respective horses stepped down to the first of two "windows", where the trail passes through the "V" formed by the needles, and for a brief instant you see not trail as you look over the saddle pommels and see chutes dropping down both sides for thousands of feet - a real heart stopper!

The balance of the trip to the peak was uneventful. Richard and I picketed the horses while the guys congregated on the other side of the stone building. After a short while the leader of the group came over and asked Richard to give an extemporaneous speech to the club members on how he became a packer. — they were conducting a special club meeting on the top of Whitney!

After the meeting was concluded, we headed back down the trail. Not too surprisingly, a number of the quests thought that their horses "need a rest" — at least until the "windows" and the short switchbacks were behind them. We arrived back at the portal at about 6:00 p.m. — all tired but happy for the experience and the comradeship

By the way — Richard's speech was great!



## Turner Remembers

**My name is: ED TURNER** - sometimes

known as *J. C. Learner* by some. I worked for MWPT during the years of 1956, 1957, 1958, and 1959. In the summer of 1955 I walked from Bishop to Lone Pine on the John Muir Trail. In the Spring wrote all the pack stations in Owens Valley looking for a job packing.

**MEETING BRUCE & GRACE** - Upon graduation from high school, I packed my sleeping bag and gear into my 1931 Blue Model A Ford 2 door coupe, and headed for the mountains. My first stop was at Bruce Morgan's home in Lone Pine; the whole family was there having breakfast. I told them I would work for nothing. Bruce grasped my leg and remarked, "He doesn't have much meat on his bone but maybe we should try him" — Grace Morgan looked out the window and said, "You better hire him judging from the car he is driving he'll never make it out of town".

**WORKING AS A HANDY MAN** - My dad had trained me well and I was pretty handy at repairing things. To make myself useful to the outfit I did anything I could do to fix up stuff. During and after work I would work on repairing screen doors, windows etc.. Maybe that was a mistake because after a couple of weeks Bruce took me to town and Hopkins Hardware to put together a tool box. Bruce said, "Pick out what you need". I picked the cheapest stuff. He looked at what I had done and he said, "Those aren't tools they are Toys!", and he proceeded to pick out the best tools Jack Hopkins had as well as a fine new tool box. Nice set of tools - we went back to Carroll Creek and he proceeded to outline the jobs that needed doing.

**TRAINING BURROS** - An interesting job was herding the donkey's from pasture to Carroll creek. We traveled at a full gallop (it seemed like) all the way. At Carroll creek training the donkeys was one of my first jobs. After dinner we would ride the donkeys around. Richard Morgan told me at the time, "When you lead these donkeys and they try to pull away, Don't ever let go, cause if they do you will loose your job!" I was leading a donkey, and this big jack turned and started running, I remember hanging on and remembering what Richard had said. I didn't want to loose my job; I had only been there a couple of weeks. So I started out taking about ten foot jumps trying to hang on with a death grip on the rope with both hands. I knew I wasn't hitting the ground very often. He kept going until I finally slipped off the road, my death grip let go, and the donkey got away. I had lost the rope, halter and the donkey --- I just knew I was going to be fired. So for the next few days, I asked Bruce Morgan every day, "Am I still hired - did I loose my job?" He wouldn't say anything 'cause he didn't know about what Richard told me. Finally after four or five time of asking he said, "You ask me that one more time and you are fired." So I never asked again and I kept my job.

**CUTTING THE JACK** - Billy Bishop was sharpening his knife, Bruce gathers up some rope and says, "Come with me Ed we are going to cut a jack." I had no idea what he was talking about. He roped the burro, cast it on the ground and tied up its legs - hog tied him. Bruce told me, "Sit on his head" Billy did the cutting, and I learned what cutting a jack meant.

**OILING SADDLES** - One of the spring jobs we had to do was to put "Lexol" on all the saddles. Some of the new hands were dawdling along without much enthusiasm for their job. Charles seeing this, came up to me and proceeded to bawl me out for not working hard and ordered me into the tack shed. Once in there he asked me to yell and protest as he pretended to flail me. The sound of the beating carried outside with me screaming and howling like I was being killed as he yells at me that he had told me to work harder. In between the fake beating we would look out the window and those kids were slopping Lexol everywhere - wasting it -- now and then looking up at the tack shed. I put dirt and dust all over me and my hair, opening my shirt. Charles leaves and they really went through the Lexol!

**TESTING TIME** - 1957 - Charles decided since Bruce was gone to town that we would have an agility test for the new hands to see if the first year men could keep their job. He made up this test and even had a clipboard. You had to walk down the hitch rail, a fifty foot long two inch pipe without falling. You had to tree climb - one of the trees in the yard at Carroll Creek. You had to run up the road to the creek, run through it, and run back, and must show that you got wet. We had timers using their watches. Plus other things. We had advised the guys that if they didn't pass they would be put on the Greyhound bus and sent home. We were in the middle of the test with about six participants, when this blue pickup truck drives in and here is Bruce Morgan. Charlie says, "Oh no!" Bruce walks up to Charlie - I am standing there with my watch trying to act like nothing

is happening - when here comes a kid all covered with water all over his Levis, saying "How did I do?". Here comes a kid walking down the hitching rail, and another kid sliding down a tree. Bruce says, "What in the hell is going on here!!!" Am not sure where it all ended, but it was pretty obvious that some shenanigans were going on.

**COOKING AT OUTPOST CAMP** - towards the middle of my first year it was decided I would be the cook at Outpost Camp on Whitney Trips. They would leave me at the camp and as they brought parties up I would help the guide, take care of saddles, be a handy man and cook for the party. I didn't know how to cook! We were in the pickup on the way from town to the Portal. Bruce was driving - Grace was in the middle, and I was by the window. Grace was telling me, "I want you to make coffee; you have a thirty cup coffee pot and you take one teaspoon of coffee per cup of water. You ask them how you like their eggs, and you make them any way you can - sunny side up, scrambled etc - You ask them how they like their steaks — and then do the best you can. But never let them know that you don't know what you are doing — you don't ever have to say it!" She told me how to make salads with lettuce, tomatoes, cheese etc. The next day I was packed up to Outpost, and that is where I spent the next thirty days! I'll never forget, in the first party were three firemen. I was so excited, I really wanted to do a good job, but I couldn't remember if it was one "teaspoon" or one "tablespoon" of coffee per cup for that 30 cup pot. So I thought I would start with a tablespoon cause I just happened to have one. So



I'm going to make thirty cups of coffee, and I start putting 30 tablespoons of coffee in the pot. One of the fireman was watching what I was doing, and I had already put ten or twelve spoonfuls in - you can see that I wasn't going to make thirty — as it was already to the top of the coffee ground holder. The guy says, "What are you making, Ed, some espresso?" I says, "OH!, No" — I knew right away that I was caught, I said, "Do you like it a little weaker?" He says, "Yes". I said, "I said that is no problem." I did just like Grace said, "Never let them know!", and just dumped the grounds back into the can and this time got a teaspoon and put in the thirty spoons full and it worked out just fine. You learn as you go along, and did the best you could. It got kind of lonesome being up there for thirty days - spending sometimes a week by my self. Bruce had told me, "When there was nothing else to do you can be working on the trail" I didn't really know what I was supposed to do so I would throw rocks off the trail and made a gate for the meadow pasture.

**RICHARD & EDDIES WRECK** - I was in town in the house in Lone Pine with Charles when we heard that there had been a wreck with the MWPT pickup. We rushed up the road not knowing what we would find — we came up to the truck it had rolled and everything was a mess - Eddie and Richard were not there, Charles picked up Richard's hat and it was covered with blood. Charles told me to stay there and pick up all the gear, and he headed back to the hospital in Lone Pine where a passerby had taken Richard and Eddie. I gathered up the equipment and was in sad shape thinking

my buddies who were my best friends - always doing everything together — that they might be injured or even dead. About an hour and half later, Charles shows up with some other people, we towed the truck back to town. Richard and Eddie, it turned out, were OK. They were in the hospital, Richard with a bad shoulder and Eddie had a concussion - but they came out of it OK. A sad experience — part of life.

#### **WRANGL'N' WITH SHORT PANTS -**

Tommy and Charles ran a tight ship and wranglers were supposed to be up and looking early in the morning (still dark). When called you got right up now or faced the consequences. They gave me a holler that it was time to wrangle. Lo and behold they had taken my Levis and had cut them off so I looked like one of the hikers we were packing. All I had were short pants with my white bony legs showing. Of course nobody knew where my pants 2AA were. I didn't want to look like a hiker, they got a lot of laughs at my expense.

**WHITNEY TRIPS** - One thing you learned working at the MWPT You needed a good sense of humor and you needed to be able to work hard - and you needed to be a leader. They let me start taking Whitney Trips by the end of my first year. I tell you that I had some good Whitney Trips - I was on top eighteen times during my four years. But I learned early that you don't joke with the guests - you can joke with some, but you better know your audience. 'Cause on this one trip there was this husband and wife and two teenage kids. You could tell right away that it was "his" trip not "hers" — she did not want to be there,

didn't want to ride a horse and did not want to camp out. It just wasn't her type of trip. Nice lady but just didn't want to be there. He wanted to ride, and be on top of the highest mountain in the US with his family. So we are sitting around after dinner and things are kind of quiet at the campfire when she says, "Well, how dangerous is the trail up ahead?" "Oh," I said, "It is no danger; it is a good trail, no problem at all. The only scary part is that last 200 hundred feet that is vertical and you have to raise the horses up with ropes and lower them down with ropes, and those mules just hate it." Well, I didn't think much about what I had just said, it was kind of a joke. She starts throwing her stuff in her bag and says, "Pack up we are getting out of here!" It was dark! And I said, "Wait a minute!" And she was really mad, now he was mad. She said, "They didn't tell us anything about this when we signed up for this trip, nobody said anything about that." I said, "Wait a minute, I was just joking." I had to plead with those people telling them, "If you tell Bruce Morgan that I told you there was a vertical cliff I would loose my job." Anyway it took a while and we turned it around. I promised them it was a wide trail, a good trail, we would have a good trip up there and I told them I shouldn't have joked. I learned my lesson for all of my life that you can joke at the wrong time. I don't joke around my job. We made the trip and it was a good trip - I learned a lot about myself and how to deal with other people.

**OPENING THE TRAIL** - One of the jobs we had to do every summer in June was to open the trail - by shoveling snow over Whitney Pass and fixing up the trail, doing some rock work so that we could

start packing people into Crabtree Meadows. Charles was always the leader and would set his shovel on a point and we would shovel a straight line to that point and going from point to point we would clear the trail and the switch backs. It was always a lot of work - we didn't have any sunscreen or good sunglasses then, so most of us had sunburn and chapped lips. It was especially hard to work because of the altitude between 13,000 and 14,000 ft. elevation -- hard work but satisfying.

**BLOWING THE BIG ROCK** - I'll never forget the time when there was a rock about the size of a small house trailer blocking the trail. We had a cook and her husband, Luis Hunnicut, working at Carroll Creek. They were from Waco, Texas. She was an excellent cook, man she was great!, but he was something else - anytime there was a lot of work it seemed like he would be in the kitchen drying dishes. Anyway, we had to blast this rock and Luis said, "I know how to do it! We need so many sticks of dynamite, so many caps, a battery, and a 100 ft. of wire - that's plenty" We went down to the Forest Service, picked up dynamite and the rest of the stuff. We did not knowing a lot about blasting but Luis said he could do it. I am just a hired hand watching all this and I carry the caps in my pocket, someone else has the battery and the dynamite is on a mule. We get up there Luis is telling us all what to do. We proceed to put eighteen sticks of dynamite under this rock - and apparently, we were told later, we could have done the whole thing with three sticks. We put a cap in one stick, and take the 100 ft. of wire - a hundred feet of wire is great, but to make the contact we need two wires! And so here we are

underneath that big rock getting ready to blast, and now we are down to fifty feet of wire. And I can't believe it! Luis says, "No problem, it will have to do". So we cut the wire in half, hook up to the caps and string the wire out to behind a rock. We ride off leaving Luis just fifty feet from ground zero. We stop at the compressor area where it is kind of flat and we can hold the horses. Charles had told him not to let that thing go until we were all in a safe place. We yell. "Fire in the hole" at the top of our voices. Luis touches the two wires to the battery and a tremendous explosion lifts that rock out of the trail and drops it perfectly right between the swichbacks. Luis comes out from behind his rock with just a few scratches and bruises from the shower of rocks that fell on him. He had a bit of nausea from the fumes but he survived. We were all pretty proud of the "expert" job we had done in moving that boulder.

**CROSSING THE RIVER** - I was crossing a river along with Tommy when a small mule in the middle of my string fell - I couldn't get the mule up. I pulled out my knife, but couldn't get the rope cut with my dull knife. Tommy said, "Don't ever carry a dull knife!" Don't ever carry a dull knife! Something I have remembered all my life - Thanks Tommy!!!!

**TRANS SIERRA CROSSING** - Going across the Sierra to start the High Trip in 1959, the packers crossed with the mules, with some friends of the family accompanying the group. The trip took about three days. Jack Crowley from Three Rivers had been hired by Bruce as a guide since he was supposed to know the country, and had us wondering all over the place. We arrived at Lee

Maloy's Wolverton Pack Station at Giant Forest in the middle of the night. The next day Lee was giving some of his packers haircuts with electric clippers. Charles was given a tight butch, and it was decided that I would be next. NOT A CHANCE! I dove out the window of the cook shack into a pile of scrap lumber and ran down the hill. I managed to hide out by the General Sherman Tree until dark. I wasn't about to be scalped.

#### **GOING OVER MUIR PASS AT NIGHT -**

The first two weeks of the High Trip in 1957 were scheduled to make the North to South Lakes loop. The snow had piled high during the winter, and Muir Pass was buried. It was decided the only way to cross was on top of the snow which required that the stock be on the snow at daylight which meant we would have to leave Darwin Bench in the dark. Not many people would attempt to cross the pass during the night, but we had to do it. Tommy and Charles assigned me the task of repacking any mule whose pack was turning. I would pick up the mule, repack it while the rest of the string went on. I picked up seven mules by the time we reached the summit. We were met at the hut on top - maybe by Sue Cox - with a cup of hot chocolate. While on top Bruce flew over with Bob White to be sure that we had made it. We rode on top of the snow which was over twenty feet deep in places and over a fifteen foot high ice bridge over the headwaters of the Kings River. We arrived at the camp at the head of Le Conte Canyon in time for lunch, and to the cheers of the "high trippers"

**FIXING THE PHONE LINE** - Bruce took me out to show me how to do maintenance on the old fashioned phone line that ran from the warehouse in Lone Pine to the store in Whitney Portal. He taught me how to tie the "Western Union splice" for connecting the line. We performed general maintenance. Billy Bishop took great delight in calling it the "mountain lion"

**THREE FISHERMEN TO WALLACE - 1957**

Jim Dittmer and I took the party of three fishermen to Wallace Lake - we rode it all in one day - a long days ride - so long the party took pain pills. By the time we got to camp on Wallace Creek they fell right into their bed rolls. They caught a lot of fish. We took a lot of pictures. With the shutter tied to my toe - self portraits. Once some of the stock was lost for three days, but during that time one of the dudes had rode Peggy — Peggy was one of the mules that was lost. One of the dudes advised Jim and I that Peggy must be sick — we looked over and they had saddled Jed up and rode off up the trail. It was amazing that he wasn't killed or hurt. Aware of the stories of mysterious happenings around Wallace Lake one night we left a lot of fish in a pan by our bed in the morning the fish were gone. No one knew what happened to the fish - I followed some tracks (cowboy boots) and later on saw a man in a cowboy hat — had a feeling some one was watching us. Jim and I had a good time there

**TOILET PAPER IN THE SKY** - Bob White dropped 2 rolls of pink toilet paper on to the Trail Rider camp at Rock Creek to announce the birth of Kathy Jefferson to Tommy to the delight of us all -

**STARVATION CAMP AT CRABTREE** We took a party of hikers into Crabtree Lakes planning to return in about a week to pick them up. The party had been told that they had to feed Richard and I, but when we go them to the lakes they refused to do so. Little did they know that they were faced with two of the best "cache" robbers in the Sierra we hatched plan . While I distracted the party Richard snuck in to their camp get enough food for dinner and breakfast - including two fresh eggs. We got by O K however the next morning with no cooking utensils I had no choice but to eat my egg raw. Richard, generously, offered me his as well.

**LADY WITH A BROKEN LEG** - elderly high trip lady fell and broke her leg while camped at Crabtree Lakes. Bob White dropped a Stokes Litter and Tommy Jefferson packed the lady out on an Aparajo - (Lou mule or Judy) Brave lady good packer - excellent mule.

**GOOD MANNERS** - When you worked for Mt. Whitney Pack Trains it was a must that you looked good. You sat straight in the saddle, you wore clean clothes-often changing before dinner. Nice shirt nice hat and good manners. Bruce did not allow any cussing, bad jokes and you had respect for women at all times. It was important to have good manners. His training helped through my entire life. Coil up your lash rope when you tke it off, fold up your pack covers as you remove them — keep organized. Knots were always kept free of knots and were unfrayed. Latigos and leather harness was always in good repair. A good outfit, good friends, good times!



## Penny and Chris Remember

from Penny

I remember cooking at Mt. Whitney Pack Station and for the Sierra Club trips ... those were the days of "bean" sandwiches, spam, Wyler's lemonade, and many wonderful times. I'll never forget at the end of the day sitting around campfires at night singing, laughing, eating and drinking — and somehow we all had to be up at 5 a.m. the next morning

I wish I could be at this reunion but due to a wedding we can't come. I will always remember the beauty of the Sierra combined with the fun we had as a group in them. My husband was a "packer" and it still makes people smile when they hear how we met!

Have fun!

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from Chris:

Dorothy van Loben Sels forwarded your Reunion Update to us. We have a conflict that will keep us here for the weekend, but we'll think of you all.

The highlight of about six years of mountain summers for me has to be seeing Penny pop out of pickup at the Portal, arriving for a summer of cooking at the store. The summer included two weeks together on the Sierra Club and about two weeks of Trail Riders. And you even paid me! That summer launched a marriage that produced three children - Mike, 32, Kelly 30, Jennifer 28, - and two grandchildren Victoria, 2 and 1/2, and Maya, 1 and 1/2. Penny is a professor at the College of Notre Dame in Belmont and also teach Family English Literacy in East Palo Alto, having just returned from a six week Fullbright fellowship in Mexico studying the effects of NAFTA. I am principal of Gunn High School in Palo Alto.

Carroll Creek was my boot camp experience when I was fourteen. I still remember the lessons Susie (mule) and Jubn (horse) taught me as Tex tried to teach me how to train both. You called me "scarface" for good reasons! Jerry and I spent hours and days on foot hauling burros up the sandy trail, preparing them for the Sierra Club burro trips. I remember shoveling snow on Whitney Pass each June, getting my nose repeatedly sunburned to blisters and sleeping through the lunch hour until Charles or Billy Bishop woke us up to shovel some more. My second summer, the big string — Roberta, Dina, Nina, Joe and Maria in that order — taught me what Tommy and Charles couldn't. That was the year Richard and I raced to get out of camp each morning with the dunnage loads on the Sierra Club trips, the only activity I could ever occasionally beat Richard in. I won't list the other categories here.

Great times. Great people. Have a great reunion. We wish we could be with you.

Chris and Penny Rich

### Quotes Worth Remembering

Aldo Leopold - wrote that *the environment does not belong to humans; we share it with everything alive, and it is not something to be taken lightly*. But he well understood the conflict between preservation and use. He wanted a functional wilderness *big enough to absorb a two weeks pack trip*.

## SUNRISE ON THE PEAK

*Jim Dittmer*

It was my first summer working for Mount Whitney Pack Trains and I had just completed a 3-week stay at Outpost Camp in the Ibex Meadows keeping camp for two and three day Whitney trips and helping with the rest stops for the one day trips. It was the Friday before Labor Day weekend and I was getting read to head for home and school and most of the other fellows that worked there that summer had already left.

A gentleman, from John Day, Oregon, and two companions came to the Portals pack station and wanted to take a two day Whitney trip and also wanted to have some camera equipment taken to the top of Whitney. Charles said that was fine but no horses or riding mules were available at the pack station and only a few pack mules remained. He asked if I wanted to hike up to the top leading a mule with his camera equipment—and of course I said yes (especially since I hadn't been to the top yet?) Charles told me not to worry—the trail was easy to find. We packed up and left for Outpost Camp immediately and on the way the fellow decided he wanted to see the sunrise from the peak! I thought it was achievable, so we went to bed early and got up at midnight and left Outpost at about 1:00 a.m.

Well I hadn't been past Mirror Lake, and sure enough, after we got above timberline and in the rocks, I lost the trail in the dark. This was embarrassing, to say the least, but I couldn't let these guys know I was lost, so I kept going, hoping to run into the trail again. I imagine they were wondering why the mule (Jed) was having to balance on all those pointed rocks! Fortunately, when we got about 50 years up the rocky slope to the south, I glanced back

downslope and could see the thread of the trail in the moonlight. Was I happy! In any event, have only lost about 25-30 minutes, we proceeded up the trail to the peak and arrived about 10 minutes before sunrise. They got their pictures and I was glad we made it in time. Once the pictures were finished, though, we had to leave because none of us expected it to be as cold as it was, and we weren't dressed for it.

I'll always remember my first trip to the top of Mt. Whitney.

Editors note: Jim neglected to point out that he made this famous hike in lace up boots that had had a rough summer for the heel had turned and Jim was forced to walk on the sides of the boot rather than on the heel. Also he wasn't able to leave the Portal until it was almost dark — one tough packer!!!!

## Glen's High Dive

*Jon Dittmer*



One of my most treasured recollections concerns Glen "Red" Howard. We were whooping it up in Rock Creek one night and Red had been sparking one of the commissary girls and had invited her over to join in the celebration. The party was going strong and Red stepped away to refill his cup. As I observed, he looked back and she motioned him to come back over and sit beside him. Not one to waste time Red ran over towards her and dove into the sleeping bag that was resting beside her.

Unfortunately for Red, the sleeping bag as draped over a rock and Red landed with a thud. Well the party kept on a goin' but, Red, well he wasn't as romantic a buckaroo as he was just a few moments before.

## My 1961 Trip to the High Country

*Veronica Finley Morgan*

I went on my first pack trip into the High Sierra back country with Leah Shannon. We left from Aspen Meadows Pack Station located at Quaking Aspen in Sequoia National Forest. We borrowed a mule from the pack station where her brother Ken Shannon had worked for several summers while attending college. We had practiced the Diamond Hitch with Ken's help. We could only do the side we learned and didn't know how to do it completely, but Myrtle, the mule, stood patiently no matter how long it took.

We planned on going out for two weeks with only one pack. We had five pounds of personal gear including a change of clothes, tooth paste, toothbrush, soap, towel etc... which we carried on our saddle. I weighed less than a hundred and ten pounds then—hard to believe, so it was not a problem for my horse, Spud, to carry a little extra weight. We carefully measured the food for each meal to avoid carrying extra weight, Leah's menu was restricted because she was a diabetic. We made pancakes every couple of days so we could make sandwiches using the leftovers. We really got tired of pancakes!

The Russians launched Sputnik after our departure so when we saw this fast moving silent blinking light pass over our camp in Lower Funston we naturally thought that we had visitors from outer space. We moved on to a camp on Tyndall Creek from which we rode into the Milestone and Lake South America area. We selected a lake and attempted to catch some fish. There we no sign of any fish so we concluded that the lake was barren, but as we were leaving we found a small water snake that someone had cruelly tied a knot in its tail and it had become stuck in the rocks. We untied its tail and he, or she crawled off with a very nice new curl in its tail. We rode on back to our camp.

Fearful that our three head of stock would take off if we turned them loose to graze at the same time, so we tied one saddle horse up and let the other graze with the mule for a few hours at a time. It was really cold so we would stoke the fire every time we got up and stayed close, in those days it was before the light weight warm sleeping bags.

The next morning we packed up Myrtle Mule and headed over Wallace Creek Trail to John Muir Trail to Rock Creek. As we headed over Guyat Flat at tree line it clouded over and the few trees we saw had all been hit by lightning so we hurried down toward Rock Creek and as we got to the stream there was a large party camped there with a rope was across the trail to keep the stock from taking off. The people came to let the rope down and asked where we were going to stay, we asked if they new a good place to camp since it was our first time there. They directed us to a nice camp down in the trees and asked us to dinner. We declined because we were too tired, so they extended the invitation for dinner the next night. We went to bed with a little peanut butter on some lettuce.

The next evening we headed for the neighbors camp, we put our catch grain under our beds with out thinking about the mule being loose, you can guess the rest. We met our hosts for dinner the infamous Morgan's (Charles and Mary) with the Mount Whitney Pack Trains. We couldn't believe their camp looked like the Ritz after our meager fair. Their oven looked huge and the apple pie that they served was wonderful. To this day I remember that wonderful meal. We exchanged addresses and communicated for a few years.

Another new day! We headed for Little Whitney. On the trail we we met Bill Thornberg, a cattleman from Little Whitney, on his way back from Tunnel Air Camp where he had put some of his summer help on a plane for a flight out for school. He rode along with us, and invited us to stay at the cow camp. We moved into a cabin,



Bill sent us out to catch some Golden Trout for dinner. We thought we knew how to fish but we had never fished for stream golden trout so we threw everything back under eight inches. Needless to say we didn't have any fish. Bill walk out to the foot bridge and caught enough for dinner in a short time, (most of them were under eight inches). That was our first lesson on what kind of Golden Trout you can catch from the stream at Little Whitney. We stayed another day and Bill showed us around. To keep to our schedule we left the next day for Lower Funston. On the way I stopped at the Kern Ranger Station and called out on the old mountain line to Emma at Jordon Peak to get word to my mother in Springville to let her know everything was okay.

As we traveled down the Kern on our last day (28 miles) back to the Aspen Meadow Pack Station it got dark on us. The logging roads had covered up the trail while we were out for the two weeks so we turned our pack station mule loose and followed her in.

Our trip had to come to an end, but it was a very wonderful first experience for a extended pack trip. We learned what it was to pack light before there was light weight supplies available. We had a wonderful two hundred miles on horseback and as I crawled back into my little Corvair it seemed awful low to the ground and I had a hard time going over ten miles an hour (seemed like speeding).

Arrived in Springville at my mothers after eleven p.m. and slept real hard. The next morning mother had fixed a treat, you got it pancakes she didn't understand why I wasn't hungry. I will remember this trip for another thirty four years for sure and the wonderful country and especially the wonderful people and ask Charlie the rest of the Story———.

## Do you remember when

Sue Cox led the singing at Bench Lake? It happened during Sue's two week shift as a saddle horse girl on the High Trip in 1963. She had served as a member of commissary on many trips, however this was her first duty as a member of the packing team. She was recruited to put together a program for "packer's night". Besides the usually "bare back mounting" contest for the commissary girls, Sue put together a choir and taught them "Ghost Riders in the Sky". As it was performed she had Ken Hess mounted on his horse on a ridge a hundred yards behind the camp fire. A quick stating fire was lit and the light from its bright blaze was enough to make a vivid silhouette of a ghost rider. One of the best packer night programs ever.

## Do you remember when

Bob Ellsworth saved the packer's night party at Rock Creek? The year was 1963; the High Trip was almost over. We were camped near the upper lake. It was packers night at the campfire. This far into the trip most of the liquid refreshments of the packers were almost depleted. Tradition is that after the program at campfire the packers and invited guests gather in packers camp for a party. Whoa is me! No liquid refreshments to go with the purloined Kipper Snacks, Waverly Wafers and tasty cubes of cheese. Bob stepped forward with, a not very large, but a very, very, potent libations that mixed with a little Wylers made an excellent refresher. The music lasted long into the night, Red took his "high dive" and the party will long be remembered as one of the best ever!



## MIDNIGHT RIDE OVER MUIR PASS

*Stephanie Reckas Morgan*

It was dark and cold that night as we waited for the moon to rise from behind the mountain peaks that surrounded Darwin Bench. The already saddle horse and loaded mules stood tied to trees and tether lines, occasionally shifting position and stamping in the dark.

The aerial photos that Charles took when he and Bob While had flown above the Sierra Club route for that summer showed a very heavy snow pack, one of the heaviest in decades. Most of the route showed some clearing, but Muir Pass looked like it might require some shoveling to allow the stock to pass. It did. Three days worth of shoveling.

Midnight was selected as the departure time to allow the moon to rise for visibility, and to allow the snow to freeze over so that the trail would be solid enough to hold the weight of a loaded pack animal.

At eleven, we began tightening cinches and checking loads, and tying up the strings of mules. Shortly after midnight the first string of mule led by a packer began moving into the stream and onto the trail toward Muir Pass. I brought up the rear with the mules carrying packer's camp equipment and the spare dude horses. As I waited for the string in front of me to clear the stream, a load slipped on one of the mules, and "Red" had to dismount in the water to rescue the load and mule. That meant he rode the rest of the way with cold wet feet and boots.

The trail that had been cut through snow was frozen solid and there were no major mishaps, other than a lost roll of "toiled paper" (heavy white butcher paper used to line the portable latrines), which was retrieved.

We approached the crest of the pass just as dawn arrived, and the sight of the sun rising on hut at the top, with strings of mules crossing the fields of snow to reach it is one that I will never forget.

The trip down the other side to camp uneventful, and everything was unloaded and stock turned loose by the time the Sierra Club hikers began arriving.

*Stephanie Reckas Morgan*

Horses and mules remembered by  
Stephanie - People: Eddie Bowman - Billy Bishop

Giraffe (real name), Chubby, Ginger, Rich, Kathy, Trixie, Kid, Cisco, White cloud, Cindy, Franny  
Ed, Rich, Molly, Jed

## Liz Trys to Recall

*Liz Heyneman*

Just ask Richard Morgan about just who needed to put him to bed after a bit of adolescent research with bourbon! Believe or not, he recalls more of this than I.



## In the High Lonesome

Irene Kritz



Once upon a time in the high lonesome there was a lot of laughter. It's hard to think of a time with Mount Whitney Pack Trains when there wasn't something to laugh about. Tommy was always calling the mule by what ever words you said last. If you asked about dunnage, the next half-hour all you would hear was, "Whoa Dunnage! Easy there, Dunnage."

I don't know. Maybe we were all so tired that we thought everything was funny. We thought it was hysterical when Ray called Franny and Trixie "Tranny and Frixie". Ray was also famous for a plan for packing giraffes since their long necks sticking out of the trees would make them easy to find when wrangling. His best plan was for putting the mule shoes on backwards so that when he had to track them, it would always lead him back to camp for another cup of coffee.

Seems like you couldn't work at the station unless you knew how to say, "Westerrnnn." or "Hurt!" or "It's a long way from your heart." The humor was a little cruel as it is wherever you need to be a little tough.

I'll never forget the time on a layover day when the packers were teaching some of the Sierra Club people how to rappel. One obnoxious guest called Veggie insisted on showing everyone how it was done. The packer on belay, I think it was Harlan, waited for the perfect moment. Then he yelled, "Hey, Veggie," and let go of the rope. The guy wasn't hurt but, boy, was he scared.

Jim (who) used to go out to the corral at night and recite romantic poetry to the mares. I don't know if that was funny or "funny".

Norie's first summer was pretty funny though I'm sure he never meant it to be. He accidentally bleached all his shirts and jeans so that they looked die dyed. He had to wear them that way, too. He lost one spur had the advantage of surprise. One 6th of July, our boss bought booze for all us under age wranglers. Being somewhat naive, Norie thought that something that would be good straight from the bottle would gin. After consuming a pint of straight from the bottle would be gin. After consuming a pint of that he found a broken guitar with one string and sang "The Ballad of the Lonely Spur". After the everyone called him the Lonely Spur except for Susan whose shortened it to Oney.

Anyone besides me remember Ted riding off into the sunset on a white horse while the whole camp yelled "Hi, ho, Silver"? It kinda spoiled it when he rode all the way back to see what we wanted.

Then there was the time that Tommy was pulling cache into Crabtree. As he rode in, a middle aged, female guest ran up to him with a small, yellow flower clutched in her hand. "Oh, Mr. Jefferson," she gushed, "you know so much about the wilderness, can you tell me what this is?" Real polite-like Tommy took off his hat and say, "Why, yes, ma'am. Up here we call that a flower."

### Early Morning Wrangling

I remember rising way before dawn, slipping into my tennies, grabbing a nose bag and a tie rope and heading up the box canyon where the stock were last seen the evening before. The wonder of the dawn on the rugged cliffs, and the joy of finding that all the stock were present and headed back to camp -.....CM

## CISCO DIES ON TRAIL CREST (The one William Wyler didn't direct) Summer of 1963

*Stephanie Reckas Morgan*

Unfortunately the lead character died; but in a very spectacular manner. His remains were blown up.

The great movie director, William Wyler ("Ben Hur" and "Best Years of our Lives") and his family and friends had booked on the final Whitney trip of the season. It was a three day trip, and the middle day involved riding from the camp below Consultation Lake to the cabin at the top of Mt. Whitney and back to camp.

This year, the "Trail Riders of the Wilderness" group was so big we needed additional dude horse. Charles and Tommy scoured the Owens Valley looking for inexpensive animals that would do to finish the season and last the winter at the Elder Ranch. One of those acquired was a chubby family pet that barely tall enough to be called a horse. He was a roly-poly little pinto, name Cisco. Cisco's first trips into the High Country were the hardest work he'd ever had to do... walking miles in the mountains almost every day for ten days ... with someone on his back no less!

By the time the Wyler trip began, Cisco was tired... he had liked his previous life of leisure much better. He made it to base camp okay, but the altitude at Trail Crest had him weak in the knees. The person riding him was not happy with a stumbling mount, so we left Cisco tied to a rock at the pass while the group rode on to the top of Whitney.

On the way back, after the rider had headed down toward camp, Red and I stopped to collect Cisco so that I could ride him back to camp. Red stood at his head, and I put one foot in the stirrup. Suddenly Cisco keeled over sideways, down the shale slope. Red held onto the reins and I grabbed the halter rope.

It seemed like we wrested with him forever, but the hikers that collected on the trail above us said it was only half an hour. Jim Gordon ... finally came back to look for us, and helped try to save Cisco. Red and I managed to pull off his saddle, blanket and bridle, and when I finally climbed back up to the trail, Cisco had slid far below the outcropping at which we had originally declared him lost. (They finally did give up and let him go ... apparently the victim of a heart attack).

When I got to the Wyler group waiting on the trail about a mile below, William Wyler was standing at the end, behind his horse, head on crossed arms over his Horse's tail. He was not a happy person, and, luckily for me, his wife

### Quotes Worth Remembering

— Leopold mused about the man who lived in the city has to the opportunity to flee to the wilderness *throw a diamond hitch upon a pack mule, and disappear into the wilderness of the Covered Wagon Days, he is just that more civilized than he would be without the opportunity.* He also cautioned that, *the time is almost upon us when a pack train must wind its way up a graveled highway and turn its bell mare in the pasture of a summer hotel. When that day comes, he contined, the pack train will be dead, the diamond hitch merely rope and Kit Carson and Jim Bridger will be names in a history lesson.*

## Ol' Wrist Breaker

By, Irene "Bedford" Kritz



Looking over the new stock at the start of the season, there was one new horse that really caught your eye. Big, put together right, a black gelding with white socks all the way around, I allowed as how he would be a nice one to ride that summer. The packer standing next to me mentioned that the gelding's name was Marty, but since he broke Ken's wrist everyone just called him Ol' Wrist Breaker. It seems that anything unusual caused this horse to just bust in two. During roundup Ken tried to rope off him. Guess he'd never been roped off before. I allowed as how I hoped that I wouldn't have to ride him that year.

Seemed that most of the employees of Mount Whitney Pack Trains felt the same way and Marty hardly got used at all that summer. It was mid September, on a three day Whitney trip when I saw him again. It was the end of summer and most of the stock was pretty wore out so the packers was using Marty.

We were camped at Outpost Camp when a guy looking for help found us. He was leader of a boys group and had to leave one of his boys at Crabtree meadows because he had emphysema and couldn't hike out. That late in the year means no rangers or radios in the backcountry. We knew that there wasn't anybody back at the pack station. Since the packer had to take out our guests there was no one left to go for the sick boy except the little, fat cook: me. We could use little, dependable Tequila to carry the boy, but the only horse in good enough shape for me to take was good, old Wrist Breaker.

We headed up the trail leading Tequila. Marty was on his best behavior, but he was always like that until something blew him up. According to the boys, that could be anything

out of the ordinary. Over Whitney Crest is a long, old ride; 17 miles each way with a rise of close to 5,000 feet. By the time I got into the 99 switchback I was loose herding Tequila in front of me. We got to Weeping Rock at the 55th switchback (?), and as I watched Tequila tiptoe across I realized that the whole thing was frozen. Looking down the 400 foot drop under us, I decided that Marty and I would both have a better chance if we did this separately. Not realizing that we were already on the ice, I swung down on the inside. Next thing I knew, I was lying on my back on the ice, my feet hanging in space, looking straight up at the horse's belly. As I unsuccessfully tried to scramble back up to the inside, I kinda wondered if Marty was going to consider this as one those out-of-the-ordinary things. He didn't move a muscle. Unable to climb the ice, I rolled over, scrabbled around, and crawled on my side along the few inches of ice covered rock between his hind legs and the cliff edge. Ol' Wrist-Breaker never even stirred. I was beginning to really like this horse.

The rest of the trip in was pretty easy if you don't count funning in to 25 scouts with burros as a problem (but that's another story). I found the poor, little sick boy at Guitar Lake. He was 6'4", weighed 210 pounds. and seemed more stoned than sick. Oh, well it wasn't my job to judge him, just bring him out. The real problem was his backpack. It was huge and must have weighed 50 or 60 pounds. There was no way Tequila could carry the boy and the pack. I knew Marty could carry the weight so I put it on and crawled aboard. It stuck up 6 inches above my head but Marty didn't seem to mind. We started back up the pass toward home. The kid didn't seem to have any idea what was going on but Tequila too care of him.

Between Trail Crest and the junction is a piece of trail I've always hated. It's narrow and has an overhanging rock. While you're ducking that you can look 500 feet straight down just past your right boot. Coming up on this spot, I began



to imagine that I would catch that big, old pack on the rock and fall 500 feet before I bounced the first time. Trying to argue myself out of this by being calm and logical, I was 2 inches from the rock before I realized that I was really going to hit the damn thing. I grabbed for the horn. Too late. The pack hit. I was shoved onto Marty's rump, my spurs buried in his flanks, and my fingernails buried in the bottom of a saddle horn I couldn't quite reach. Wedged in place, looking straight down at the cliffs and talus 500 feet below me, I let out a panicked scream. If ever a horse had cause to blow up, this was it. Marty froze in place. There nothing that I could do but wait to die. Marty let out a little sigh and leaned back just until the pack slipped loose from the rock. With the grace of a dancer he swung his body, me, and the pack out and around the overhanging rock. Then with one dazed pack cook still sitting on his rump, walked quietly up the trail. Good Ol' Wrist Breaker.

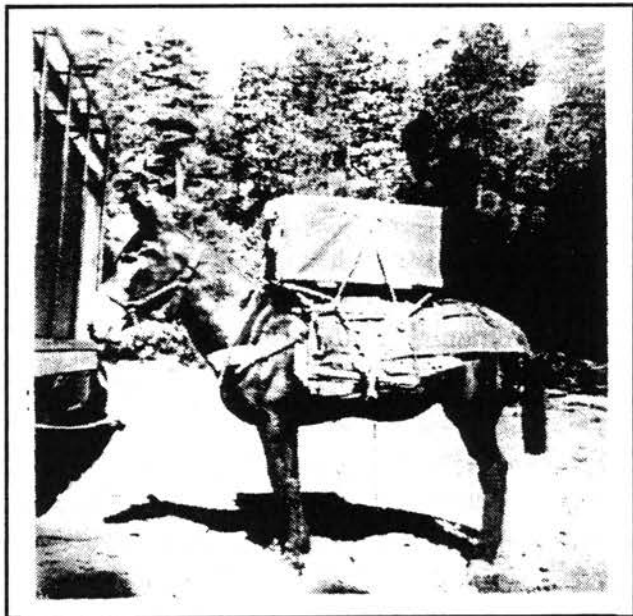
I quickly climbed back into the saddle. I checked on the kid on Tequila. He didn't seem to realize that anything had happened. We headed on down the mountain. Leading we passed Weeping Rock, and getting beaten black-and-blue by that damn pack every time that the horse jumped down a step. At the pack station I handed the kid and his pack over to his grateful group leader.

I guess that's the end of the story except for a couple of things I heard later. The first is that damn kid's damn backpack was stolen out of the campgrounds that same night. Wish I had left it on the mountain. The second is a whole lot sadder. That fall Marty bucked off a deer hunter and hurt him bad. The hunter survived, but Marty was sold onto the killer truck. I guess no one will ever know why Marty chose to be so perfect on that one day. I hope where he is now is all clear streams and green meadows. So long, Ol' Wrist Breaker.

## Aparejo Packing in the Sierras

*Mary Jefferson*

One type packsaddle you're not likely to see any more is the aparejo (pronounce ah-pah-ray'ho). The aparejo originated in Mexico, and Mexican packers used it extensively in the 1850s in California packing freight from seaports to inland mining camps. There was a time in the 1800s when long strings of mules coming out of the Sierras were common sights; these trains were often outfitted with aparejo packs carrying wood to the charcoal kilns of the Cerro Gordo silver mine and to the northern towns for cooking and heating.



*"Lou" Mule with 225 # Sierra Club Stove*

In years past the aparejo was often used in the eastern Sierras by commercial pack outfits for extremely heavy loads and bulky objects like lumber. During the 1940's, it was in use every summer in the Sierra Club High Trips. Two stoves were used by the club, each weighing over 200 pounds, and two mules were used to move the stoves from camp to camp. In those days the High Trips had groups numbering as

*See Top of next page*

*Aparejo - continued from previous page*

many as 200 guests plus 12 packers and a commissary crew. The load was considerable, especially because the equipment then was made of heavy metals and not of the lightweight allows back country equipment is now fashioned from. The packer who hauled the stoves and one string of five mules, two carried the stoves atop aparejos and the other three mules had regular sawbuck packs suitable for carrying kitchen equipment.

The sawbuck sits on top of the mule, but the aparejo blankets a pack animal's back and evenly distributes the load. The pad (which is the aparejo is made of leather and stuffed with flat grass. It is wetted down before use, and as it dries, it mold to the back of the mule. Two boards are placed near the top of the pad, usually 4x4s in lengths equal to those of the pad. A cinch about ten to twelve inches wide is placed over the wood platform and is attached by latigos to a similar cinch running under the mules belly. An exceptionally wide breeching fits close under the animal's tail. After the pack is secured, the load is placed on the boards and a trap is thrown over the load and lashed down with an aparejo hitch.

Not many outfitters are left who know how to pack an aparejo. Two men from Owens Valley who packed them in the eastern Sierras were Fred Moore and Tommy Jefferson. Every year Tommy would single out two green commissary boys to help him load the stoves in camp. He would instruct them that they had to be careful not to drop their end which was the fire box and made of cast iron. Tommy would take the oven end alone, and they would lift together. The boys' end weighed 158 pounds and Tommy's end weighed only about 60 pounds, it'd usually take about two weeks for the boys to finally catch on.

Along with packing the stoves each sum-

mer, Tommy and Fred packed other individually heavy items. The first time I met both of them was in September 1953. We all rode up the Mt. Whitney trail from Whitney Portal on the eastern slope of the Sierras. We rode to about the 13,000-foot level of the pass to pick up parts of an air compressor left by the trail crew. The drive shaft went on one mule, a huge air cylinder on another, and various other parts were loaded on the remaining three mules. The heaviest load was about 450 pounds.

One mule lay down on the trail and refused to get up; the load was unpacked, and after he was on his feet, the load was repacked. We continued to the pack station where the critter pulled the same routine again.

Equipment wasn't the only load Tommy and Fred and their mules packed. Before helicopters were able to fly at high elevations, injured or ill persons were put into wire stretchers and placed on top of an aparejo for a ride to the nearest first aid. Rescues of this kind were made at least once a summer.

In 1972, after eight years of owning and operation Mt. Whitney Pack Trains, Tommy sold the outfit and aparejo packers. To my knowledge they aren't used any more, a part of the old west has died.

Editors Note: This article first appeared in the October, 1978 issue of Western Horsemen



## THE NUMBER 12 SHOE

Ray DeLea

It was my third season of packing in the summer of 1968 as I arrived at Tommy and Barbara Jefferson's home. It was the beginning of July and everyone was making haste packing assorted tack for the Sierra Club High Trip which was heading out of North Lake over Piute Pass to the Evolution Valley, Muir Pass, Dusy Basin and Bishop Pass. The stock had already been trucked to the road-end, so Norman Jefferson and I accompanied Barbara in driving a pick up load of tack to the road-end at North Lake.

Eager the next day to get started at the trail head. I started packing everything required for packer's camp when I was interrupted by Ted Atchley (whom I didn't have the acquaintance of meeting earlier.) who informed me that, "He was in charge of packer's camp." Well, there was plenty to do and since I wasn't assigned packer's camp I went about packing the Sierra Club's items and dunnage with the other packers. In the process of all this I distinctly heard Tommy tell Ted to not forget a set of number 12 shoes (Clydesdale type) for a horse named Rusty.

Everyone arrived safely at the first camp which was just over Piute pass in Humphrey's Basin. The following day four of us including Ted, pushed cash to Evolution Valley. However, as the "Ides of July" would have it, while we were gone Rusty threw a shoe; and, when Tommy went to get the that number 12 shoe there wasn't one to be found! Needless to say as soon as Ted arrived back in camp he was chewed out, fed, and immediately sent back to the road-end to get some number 12 shoes. Tommy informed Ted that he would leave a tent and Ted's sleeping bag in packer's camp for him to use the following day we would all be moving to Evolution Valley.

We all know how fickle the Sierra is when it comes to rain; well, it just happened it was one of those rainy evening modes. The following day day Tommy placed me in charge of packer's camp and part of commissary. After packing up the commissary Norman helped me pack up packer's camp. We were the last to hit the trail and off we went. After arriving in Evolution Valley unpacking, and turning the stock out to graze, we settled down to have some lemonade ("made in the shade - of course") All of the sudden Tommy noticed that Norman way lying on Ted's sleeping bag when he asked, "Where did that sleeping bag come from?" I replied, "Packers camp." It was then that Tommy realized that he hadn't told me about the arrangement with Ted. Needless to say, Ted spent a wet, tentless, sleeping bag less night in Humphrey's Basin that night ALL BECAUSE OF A NUMBER 12 SHOE

The Pigmy Packer  
StingRay DeLea



### Remember!

Memories of our summers in the high country packing for Mt. Whitney Pack Trains are especially precious because some of them will never ever repeated.

We will never again see a string of 50 mules and their packers in coming over Trail Crest or Muir Pass -The Whitney Trail is closed to stock and the limit of stock in Sequoia Kings Canyon Park for any one party is 20 head.

We will never stand in line for breakfast at Bench Lake with 150 friends-the limit is now 15 people in a party. Let's not forget just how lucky we really were!

## Packer and Cowboy Check list

*Ron Hoffman*

### YOU MIGHT BE A PACKER OR A COWBOY IF:

- ⊖ Your engraved name on the back of your belt is spelled incorrectly and you really don't care much for truck drivers.
- ⊖ You carry a chain of keys to everything but you don't own nothin'.
- ⊖ You call your lead mule "Darlin".
- ⊖ You think a loaded dishwasher is a drunk wife.
- ⊖ You continue smoking a cigarette after a mule kicks you where your mother used to put a thermometer.
- ⊖ You use a rock not under 35 pounds to balance your load.
- ⊖ You tell Bruce Morgan to get out of the pickup and open his own damn gate.
- ⊖ You are somewhat lethargic after Bruce Morgan castrates you.
- ⊖ You call your horse 'Sweet Heart: and you know it's a gelding
- ⊖ You think a Mule Skinner is a weight loss program.
- ⊖ You think drinking from a Purex bottle is a good idea.
- ⊖ You think the 20 Mule Team is a kind of athletic event.

## Charles Morgan and an Introduction to Fear

*Ron Hoffman*

You might be a packer or cowboy if, as with Charles Morgan, you wish to obtain 70 M.P.H. on the Mount Whitney Portal Road riding a bicycle.

As I understand it, at approximately 65 M.P.H. the bicycle broke in half.

As an eyewitness described Charles as he plowed through the sagebrush head first, "He had more moves than a chicken full of ExLax".

Though it is difficult to understand Charles due to the cast on his face, his statement from the hospital bed was, "It was a tremendous experience, but from here on in I think I'll just continue bonding with my Iguana.

Litigation from the environmentalists for destruction of plant life is still pending.

- 
- ⊖ You fail to tell the lady who does your laundry just how nervous you got when your horse stumbled going over Army Pass.
  - ⊖ You think bronc riding is 'swell' and Bull Riding is 'peachy'; you still don't know that bulls can't read.





## SIERRA CLUB HIGH TRIPS

## 1946 TO 1965

1946

Whitney Back Country - Onion Valley to Piute Pass (6 weeks) - Leaders: David Brower, Dick Leonard, and Raffit Bedayn - Head Chefs: Charlotte Mauk and Jim Harkins - Head Packer Ike Livermore Packers: Wendell Gill, Tom Jefferson, Charlie Gilmore, Harold Gill, Billy Corrasco, Bill Smart, Ben York, Smokey Bye, Pete Garner, Ivan Hanson, Salty Peters, Pete Olivas, Henry Olivas

1947

Mono and Little Lakes Valley - Leader: David Brower - Head Chefs: Charlotte Mauk and Jim Harkins - Head Packer: Ike Livermore - Packers: Mert Stewart, Bill Smart, Tom Jefferson, Charlie Gilmore, Ivan Hanson, Smokey Bye, Ed Thistlewaite, Gene Steves, --- Ted Ott, Bob Steele, and Pete Garner.

1948

Cedar Grove, Giant Forest and Kings Canyon - Leaders: David Brower and Ted Grubb - Head Chefs: Jim Harkins and Charlotte Mauk - Head Packer: Ike Livermore. - Packers: Pete Garner, Charlie Gilmore, Ivan Hanson, Bud Steele, Smokey Bye, Bill Smart, Mert Stewart

1949

Mineral King Country - Leaders: David Brower and Pat Goldsworthy - Head Chefs: Jim Harkins and Charlotte Mauk - Head Packer: Bruce Morgan - Packers: Smokey Bye, Charlie Gilmore, Bill Smart, Jack Heyneman, Ivan Hanson, Bud Steele, Pete Garner, Mert Stewart, Dick Troeger

1950

Northern Yosemite to Agnew Meadows - (6 weeks) Leaders: David Brower and Pat Goldsworthy - Head Chefs: Charlotte Mock and Jim Harkins - Head Packer: Bruce Morgan - Packers: Wendel Gill, Tom Jefferson, Smokey Bye, Dick Troeger, Warren Joslen, Pete Garner, Jack Heyneman, Roberta Morgan, Wilson Thomas

1951

Mammoth Lakes to Little Lake Valley and Mono Creek Recesses - Leaders: David Brower and Pat Goldsworthy - Head Chefs: Charlotte Mauk and Jim Harkins - Head Packer: Bruce Morgan - Packers: Roberta Morgan

1952

Onion Valley, Sawmill Pass, Taboose Pass (6 weeks) - Leaders: David Brower and Pat Goldsworthy - Head Chef: Charlotte Mauk - Head Packer: Bruce Morgan - Packers: Billy Bishop, Gary Poncho, Skip Parker, Don Felix, Sonny, Ed Thistlewait, Pat Ames, Roberta Morgan.

1953

Mt. Whitney Back Country, Kearsarge to Army Pass. - Leaders: David Brower and Pat Goldsworthy - Chefs: Jim Harkins and Charlotte Mauk - Head Packer: Bruce Morgan - Packers: Tug Malone, Larry Berry, Roberta Morgan, Lester Bellas, Bill Bishop, Graham Boswell, Clyde Poncho, and Don Felix

1954

Mineral King Country - Leaders: David Brower and Al Baxter - Chef: \_\_\_\_\_ - Head Packer: Bruce Morgan Packers: Tommy Jefferson, Skip Parker, Roberta Morgan, Billy Bishop, Tug Malone

1955

Northern Yosemite - Leaders: Al Baxter, Ted Grubb and Bob Golden - Head Chefs: Phil Berry and Charlotte Mauk - Head Packers Charles Morgan and Tom Jefferson - Packers: Reif Kipp, Roberta Morgan, Mitzi Garner, Don Hobbs, Bill Bishop, Buddy Garner, Richard Morgan, Ron Hoffman, Jimmy Lowe.

1956

Mt. Whitney Back Country - Leaders: Ted Grubb and Bob Golden - Head Chef: Phil Berry - Chief Packers: Charles Morgan and Tom Jefferson - Packer: Stewart Yankton, Richard Morgan, Eddie Mike, Ron Hoffman, Frannie Pearson, Scott Adair, Reif Kip, Don Hobbs, Billy Bishop, Roberta Morgan,

1957

Piute Pass to Taboose Pass - Leaders: Ted Grubb and Bob Golden - Head Chef: Phil Berry - Head Packer - Charles Morgan and Tommy Jefferson - Packers: Ed Turner, Billy Bishop, Roberta Morgan, Richard Morgan, Reif Kipp, Lester Bellas, Jim Dittmer, Frannie Pearson, and Bob Tiege

1958

Pine Creek to McGee Creek - Leaders: Ted Grubb and Bob Golden - Head Chef: Louise Dunlap - Head Packer: Charles Morgan and Tom Jefferson: Packers: Ed Turner, Richard Morgan, Ron Hoffman, Reif Kipp, Rusty Kriner, Lester Bellas, Jim Dittmer, Stewart Yankton, Chris Rich

1959

Giant Forest, Elizabeth Pass, Cedar Grove loop. Leaders: Al Baxter and Bob Golden - Head Chef: Louise Dunlap - Head Packer: Charles Morgan - Packers: Richard Morgan, Ed Turner, Jerry Gillaspie, Eddie Bowman, Lester Bellas, Chris Rich, Jim Dittmer, Stewart Yankton, Bill Gilstrap, and Jack Crowley.

1960

Northern Yosemite - Leaders: Ted Grubb and Gus Benner - Head Chef: Louise Dunlap - Head Packer - Charles Morgan and Tommy Jefferson - Packers: Richard Morgan, Stewart Yankton, Lester Bellas, Chris Rich, Eddie Bowman, Billy Bishop

1961

Mineral King Country - Leader: Al Baxter - Head Chef: Bob Elsworth and Sarah Dunlap - Head Packer: Charles Morgan and Chris Rich - Packers: Jon Dittmer, Ken Hess, Eddie Bowman, Bob Hanson, Lester Bellas, Chris Rich, Richard Morgan,

1962

Whitney Back Country - Leader: \_\_\_\_\_, - Head Chefs: Susan Dunlap and Bob Elsworth - Head Packer: Charles Morgan - Packers: Chris Rich, Eddie Bowman, Red Howard, Jon Dittmer, Penny Sewell, Dorothy Von Loben Sels, Lauren Joseph, Ken Hess, Jerry Gillaspie.

1963

Piute Pass / Taboose Pass - Leader: Ted Grub - Head Chef: Susan Dunlap - Head Packer: Charles Morgan - Packers: Jim Gordon, Jon Dittmer, Richard Morgan, Lester Bellas, Stephanie Reckas, Ken Hess, Red Howard, Chris Rich, Sue Cox, Lauren Joseph, and Melvin Josheph

1964

Pine Creek to McGee Pass - Leader: Ted Grubb - Head Chef: Susan Dunlap - Head Packer: Charles Morgan Packers: Jim Gordon, Jon Dittmer, Chirs Rich, Norman "Norrie" Livermore, Stephanie Reckas, Lauren Joseph, and Eric Brockett

1965

Kings Kern Divide - Leader: Ted Grubb, Head Chef: \_\_\_\_\_, Head Packer: Jon Dittmer. Packers: Ken Hess, Eric Brockett, Norman Livermore

1966

1967

1968

1969

Editors note hopefully some day the blanks above will be filled with the correct information.

## Mt Whitney Diamond

Charles Morgan

I don't believe that anyone knows where the *diamond* hitch originated. William Russell was accurately painting it at the turn of the century. There many different variations of the hitch, but there is only one Mt. Whitney Diamond - the name was given to the hitch by Ed Turner about eight years ago at a packing seminar. It is a simple hitch to learn, and will serve for almost all types of loads. It requires about 40ft. of rope and a pack lash cinch which as a hook.

**Step 1** - Loose end of the rope is placed parallel to the pack animal with the end of rope to the front.

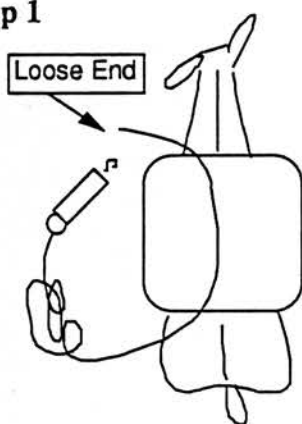
**Step 2** - Place lash cinch end of the rope around the load and belly of the animal. Hook must face to rear and hook rope through hook. Pull lash cinch so that it just clears the belly, pull snub but not tight.

**Step 3** - pass or toss the remaining loop of the lash rope to the far side.

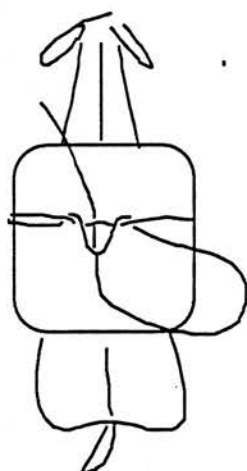
**Step 4** - Pull a small loop from the loose rope under the taught rope and back to the rear. Pull parallel rope through the loop created.

**Step 5** - Pull a fairly large loop-a couple of feet from the loose loop side of the rope- this loop will eventually pass under the nearside pannier when you complete the hitch. Drop the loop and tighten up the rope that passes through the lash hook till it is fairly tight. Pull the slack out of the rope and move to the other side of the animal. where you pick the rope at point "A" in Step 6

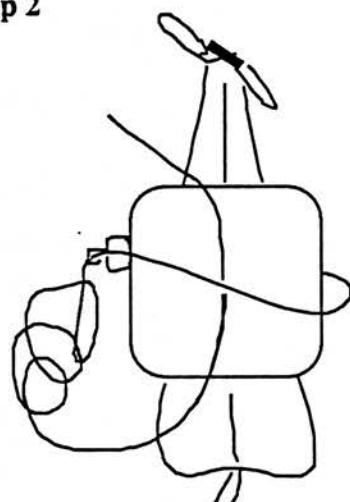
Step 1



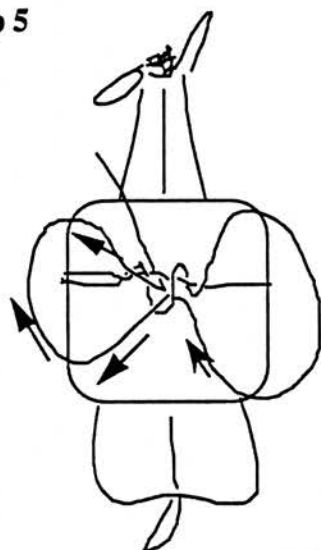
Step 4



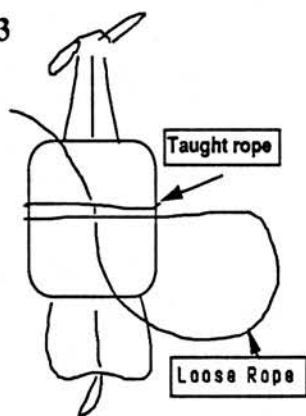
Step 2



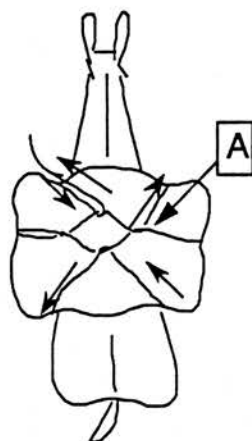
Step 5



Step 3



Step 6



**Step 6** - keeping the rope taught from point "A" pull rope down and around the center of front of the pannier, pass underneath keeping it centered on around the rear of the pannier and back up to the top of the load. Pull slack through diamond (follow the arrows) and repeat the wrap around the near pannier. Pull the slack out of the front and you just created a diamond on top of the load. Tie off with half hitches and tuck away any loose rope.

## Minutes

A group of packers gathered at Tonie's Cafe in Porterville on the morning of May 18, 1935. The packers present, and the locations of their pack stations, were as follows:

Rae Crabtree	Coolidge Meadows
Earl McKee	Giant Forest
Craig Thorn	Silver City
Roland Ross	Mineral King
Phil Buckman	Mineral King
Phil Davis	Three Rivers
Art Griswald	(Wishon)
Mrs. Walter Greig	Quaken Aspen Meadows
Ed. Snider	Pine Flat
H. M. Culkins	Durrwood on the Kern
Earl Pascoe	Camp Pascoe
H. P. Thelan	Kennedy Meadows

The meeting was called by Ike Livermore of Ross and Mineral King, for the purpose of getting High Sierra packers together to form an association which would work of their mutual benefit.

After waiting some time for the expected arrival of a delegation of packers headed by Ted Cook of Lone Pine, it was decided to start the discussion without them.

The meeting got under way at about 11:00 A.M. when Livermore spoke for several minutes on the benefits that would be derived from an active association of High Sierra Packers. Following his talk, there was a general discussion among those present — all favoring a packer's association.

An intermission was taken for lunch, after which more definite proceedings were inaugurated. It was first decided to hold a second meeting in about three weeks, at which time the association would be started permanently.

Meanwhile, those present recommended that the organization bear the name of 'The High Sierra Packers' Association, and they chose Art Griswald of Springville as temporary president, and Ike Livermore of Mineral King as temporary secretary-treasurer of the organization.

1. Following this, Roland Ross of Mineral King recommended that this body plan a means of financing the work of an association, the expense thus far having been borne by Livermore personally

2. Ed Snider, of Pine Flat moved that the packers present contribute \$2 apiece to help defray expenses that would be incurred before the next meeting. Eleven packers responded to this move, starting the organization off with \$22 in the treasury.

3. The next business taken up was the decision as to time and place of the next meeting. It was moved by Ed Snider and Seconded by Phil Davis of Three Rivers the next meeting to be held on June 10 in Three Rivers, or on June 12 in Porterville. The former date was preferred because of its nearness to the Three Rivers Air Show. J. 12th was chosen as an alternate in case Ike Livermore found he could not attend on the 10th. Motion Carried.

May 18, 1935 (Cont.)

2

4. Next was discussed the possibility of packers getting out cards and petitions to be used as a means of mobilizing sentiment against road building into the back country. It was moved by Phil Davis and seconded by Ed Snider that such a petition and placards should be gotten out, and C.W. Mann of Fresno and Ike Livermore be appointed a committee to perform this task. Motion carried.

5. A resolution was passed urging east side packers to attend the next meeting, and offering to reciprocate by holding a future meeting over in Independence.

6. It was moved by Roland Ross and seconded by Earl McKee that Ike Livermore be appointed a committee of one to draw up by-laws for the proposed association. Motion Carried.

7. It was moved and seconded that Art Griswald, Earl McKee, and H.P. Thelan be appointed a committee to interview Park, and Forest Service officials to find out if they would cooperate with packers in cleaning up the increasing number of back country camps that have become littered with tan cans, charcoal, etc... Motion carried.

8. Methods of and remuneration for the planting of fish was discussed at considerable length. Rae Crabtree told of the fine cooperation he had received on this matter from the Fresno County Sportsmen's Association.

It was resolved that the packers should get together and consult with the Fish and Game Commission with the object of standardizing remuneration received for fish planting.

9. Possibilities of cooperative purchasing were discussed at some length. President Griswald appointed Rae Crabtree, C. W. Mann and Ike Livermore as committee to investigate the possibilities of cooperative buying among the packers.

10. Means of paying for the work of the association was discussed, but it was decided to delay decisions upon the matter until the next meeting.

11. The recommendation that the organization should be called the High Sierra Packers Association as passed in the form of a motion.

12. It was moved, seconded and carried that the Association be open to all regularly permitted packers.

13. Ike Livermore was authorized to attend the Pacific Crest Trail conference in Yosemite June 6 - 9, and to approve their decision if in accord with packers' ideas.

14. There being no further business to discuss at the time, the meeting was adjourned at approximately 5:30 P.M.

Respectfully submitted,  
Ike Livermore, temporary secretary-treas.

(Copy of original minutes from document supplied by N.B. Livermore, 1993)



# 1950 INVENTORY OF MWPT LIVESTOCK HORSES (58)

Babe	Belle	Betsy	Br. Joe	Brownie	Buttons
Buck	Baldy	Blaze	Chief	Cloud	Chico
Cline	Corporal	Chub	Cisco	Cactus	Charlie
Chiquita	Chip	Dick	Dolly	Dumpling	George
Homer	Hi	Ho	Inyo	Jack	Jimmy
Judy	Jerry	Kid	King	Lady	Mono
Mary	Myrtle	Nancy	Nellie	Nigger	Oriole
Palomino	Pigeon	Rincon	Rena	Salty	Shelly
Silver	Sox	Sonny	Tex	Thunder	Tony
Tonopah	Trixie	Tigereye	Wally		

## MULES (68)

Allie	Anna	Betty	Beauleah	Brownie	Carol
Clara	Cognac	Coso	Dearborn	Dave	Danny
Dick	Dinette	Doug	Dina	Dixie	Fritzie
Hazel	Ike	Jack	Jane	Jed	Jerry
Joe	Johnny	Jimmy	June	Judy	Kit
Kate	Lou	Martha	Mercie	Maria	Mary
Manuel	Nigger	Nina	Nuts	Patton	Peggy
Pepper	Pedro	Pete	Pic	Puss	Quito
Rex	Roberta	Robin	Roger	Rusty	Salty
Sis	Shorty	Snort	Snake	Sontag	Spider
Stella	Speck	Tom	Tobe	Wally	Wendy
Whiskers	Patsy				

# 1958 INVENTORY

## HORSES (35)

Appy	Baldy	Blue	Bob	Buddy	Cactus
Carl	Chief	Chub	Clarisa	Dooley	Duke
Eagle	Eldorado	Ely	Frannie	George	Ginger
Grace	Hi	I.D.	Inyo	Judy	Kathy
Linda	Murt	Nancy	Paint	Queenie	Rena
Riben	Rusty	Shorty	Trixie	Vasie	

## MULES (43)

Anna	Beulaah	Buster	Cognac	Coso	Danny
Dina	Dorothy	Doug	Fritzie	Ike	Jane
Jed	Jerry	Jimmy	Joe	Judy	June
Kate	Lou	Maria	Maud	Mercie	Nigger
Nina	Patsy	Patton	Peaches	Peggy	Pepper
Pic	Puss	Roberta	Robin	Rusty	Salty
Shorty	Snort	Stella	Suzie	Tobe	Tom
Wendy					

# Horses and Mules stolen winter 1962 and 1963

Judy, Bob, Peggy, Linda, Billy, Warpaint, Coaley, George,  
Jubilee, Clarisa & Big Red

# NOTES FROM 1963 NOTEBOOK

## CARD GAME PLAYERS

JON, REE, KEN, STEPH, RED, CHAS

## PACKERS LISTED

TOMMY, LAUREN, KEN, JIM,  
RICHARD, CHAS, ERIC, JON, RED —  
STEPHANIE & SUE COX SADDLE  
HORSES

## HORSES LISTED for Sierra Club

RICH, CHUBBY, FRANNIE, NANCY,  
APACHE, CAPTAIN, GINGER,  
SHORTY, TRIXIE, SANDIE, KID, AND  
DOR

## STRINGS LISTED High Trip 1963:

CHAS: SHORTY, JON, KATE, SUZIE AND  
PEPPER

RICH: JED, DINA, MERCIE, RICH & ED  
LAUREN: ROBERTA, NINA, MARIA, BILL &  
COSO

KEN: JANE, MAUDE, PATSY, ? , ?

JON: PEACHES, JAKE, P.U., PENNY & PETHO

JIM: FRITZIE, JUNE, SALLY, JIMMY & JOCKO

RED: BUSTER, SALTY, NIGGER, ROBIN &  
TOBE

## CARD GAME PLAYERS;

SUE, LOREN, JON, KEN, RED & CHAS

## TO OVERHAULSER JUNE 22ND.

EAGLE, APACHE, KID, DOOLEY, PAM  
, DOR, TAQUILLA, ACE

BILL, IKE, NIGGER, JAKE, PU, ROBIN,  
TOBE, MARIA, COSO, JANE,  
MANUEL, PEPPER, PEACHES, JIMMY,  
BEAULAH, TOM MERCIE

# Mount Whitney Packers & Their Friends Reunion September 1985

**Kathy (Jefferson) Bancroft**  
P O Box 1034  
Cortez CO 81321

**Nancy (Bristow) Barbour**  
43 Vista Drive  
Kentfield CA 94904  
415-457 0362

**Al Baxter**  
5963 Wood Drive  
Oakland, CA 94611  
510-658 3303

**Emily Hatfield Benner**  
155 Tamalpais Road  
Berkeley, CA 94708  
510-849 1890

**Phillip Berry -**  
2979 Rohrer Drive  
Lafayette, CA 94549  
510-283 6683

**Susan (Jefferson) Bobb**  
P O Box 296  
Schirz, NV 89427

**Ann & David Brower**  
40 Stevenson Avenue  
Berkeley, CA 94708  
501-841 8296

**Henry Brown**  
32894 Globe Drive  
Springville, CA 93265  
209-539 2017

**Ed Brown & Mary**  
11351 N. Highway 59  
Merced, CA 95348

**Jim Brownson**  
140 North Avalon Drive  
Los Altos, CA 94022  
415-949 3121

**Janice & Bob Brunson**  
4745 East Charles St.  
Paradise VY, AZ 85253  
602-576 0462

**Toni (Bristow) Busse**  
11 Hotaling Court  
Kentfield, CA 94504

**Jean (Crilly) Coburn**  
2708 Sierra Vista Way  
Bishop, CA 93514

**Frannie (Pearson) Crosier**  
P O Box 2434  
Ketchum, ID 83340  
208-726 316

**Ray & Patty DeLea**  
4539 Deeboyar  
Lakewood, CA 90712 310  
422 0112

**Jon Dittmer**  
P O Box 99 — G.V.  
Mtn Cntr, CA 92561  
714-659 4257

909

**Jim Dittmer**  
4746 Ronmar Place  
Woodland Hills, CA  
91364 818 883 4294

**Nancy Droubay** 1316 East  
6th South Salt Lake City UT  
84102 801 797 6991

**Louise Dunlap**  
8 Craigie Circle  
547 6881

**Bob & Phoebe Ellsworth**  
1770 Dearn York Lane  
St. Helena, CA 94574  
707-963 4300

**Russ & Grace Flores**  
1146 Ast Street, Apt J  
Arroyo Grande, 93420  
805-481 3634

**Sue Cox & Jim Fousekis**  
2848 Garber Street  
Berkeley, CA 94705  
510-655 2879

**Nancy Heyneman**  
464 Woodridge Road  
Geryserville, CA 95441

**Sarah (Dunlap) Galbraith**  
3529 Ordway Street  
N.W. Wash. DC 20016  
202-244 2273

**Buddy "Pete" Garner**  
1426 Glenwood Lane  
Bishop, CA 93514  
619-872 2538

**Jerry Gillaspie**  
920 Hill Street Belmont, CA  
94002 415-591 9398

**Bob Golden**  
421 Elm Avenue  
Larkspur, CA 94939

**Kenneth Green**  
13038 Vista Del Valle St.  
Los Altos Hills CA 94022

**Sharon (Crary) Griffin**  
P O Box 451  
Viltor, ID 83455

**Bob & Enid Hanson**  
13100 Lamel Street  
North Edwards CA 93523  
619-769 4218

**Jim Harkins** P O Box 2929  
Carmel, CA 93921  
408-659 2769

**Gene Harlan, DVM**  
8055 Gravenstien  
Cotati, CA 94931  
707-795 4286

**Hill Hastings**  
7535 West 98 th. Street  
Lionsville, IN 46077

**Jack Heyneman**  
Bench Ranch  
Fishtail, MT 59028  
406-328 6923

**Ron Hoffman**  
1616 W. Avenue K 8 #C16  
Lancaster, CA 93534 805  
949 1616 949  
909-829 2851

**Tommy & Mary Jefferson**  
P. O. Box 185  
Lone Pine, CA 93545 619  
876 5983

**Lauren Joseph**  
P O Box 3057  
Kayenta, AZ 86033

**Melvin Joseph**  
P O Box 260  
Lone Pine, CA 93545  
619-876 5079

**Rachel Joseph**  
5901 Pretty Bush Court  
Citrus Hts, CA 95621

**Reif Klipp**  
P O Box 1439  
Mesquite, NV 89024  
702-346 5834

**Irene (Bedford) Kritz** *& Leroy*  
650 Alabama Drive  
Lone Pine, CA 93545  
619-876 5990

**Sam Livermore**  
P O Box 973  
Ross, CA 94957

**"Ike" & Dina Livermore**  
141 Mt. View Avenue  
San Rafael, CA 94901  
453 9229

**Norman Livermore, MD**  
1070 Bollinger Canyon Road  
Moraga, CA 94556  
510-376 1254

**Judy Macfarlane**  
P O Box 374  
Arroyo Hondo, NM 87513

**Mary Mardis**  
1865 Carton Way  
Grants Pass, OR 97526

**Harry Mathers** *& Vivian*  
P O Box 574  
Carlin, NV 89822  
702-754 6247

**Scott and Becky Meyer**  
P O Box 1328  
Forest Hill, CA 95631  
916-367-3914

**Ed Mike**  
2592 Honeysuckle Way  
Salem, OR 97303  
503-362 2163

**Molly Miles**  
714 Cascade Street #26  
Hood River, OR 97031  
503-387 8682

**Charles Morgan** *& Vernice*  
P. O. Box 520  
Springville, CA 93265  
209 539 3394

**Richard Morgan**  
273 Dairy Road  
Auburn, CA 95603  
916-823 8549

**Dave Morgan**  
7150 Melba Street  
Citrus Heights CA 95610  
916-723 8350

**Stephanie Morgan**  
8766 Davona Drive  
Dublin, CA 94568  
510-833 1958

**Suzi Morgan**  
P O Box 340  
Independence CA 93526  
619-878 2044

**Mike & Tess Morgan**  
247 Cataract  
Bishop, CA 93514  
206-873 4785

**Robert Morgan**  
247 Cataract Road  
Bishop, CA 93514  
619-873 4785

**Roberta & Dick Peters**  
P O Box 624  
Minden, NV 89423  
702-782 5675

**Chris & Penny Rich**  
1330 Greenwood Avenue  
Palo Alto CA  
415-324 1960

**Liz (Heyneman) Simmons**  
4641 Coralwood Circle  
Carlsbad, CA 92008  
619-434 4173

**Mert Stewart**  
P O Box 321  
Big Pine, CA 93513

**Don Cutler and Susan Dunlap**  
P O Box 126  
Kingfield, MN 04947  
207-265 2737

**Bob Tiege**  
106 Walnut  
Tehachapi, CA 93561  
805-822 3797

**Dick Troeger**  
P O Box 24  
Wrightwood, CA 92397  
619-868 3583

**Ed & Debra Turner**  
14422 North 75th E.  
Idaho Falls ID  
83401 208 523 9568

**Ben York, Jr. DVM**  
1435 Peaceful Place  
Alpine, CA 9190  
619-445 5604

*Paul & Jan Lamos*  
*P.O. Box 272*  
*LOVE PINE, CA.*  
*93545*

G.V. BOX 99

