

# NEWSLETTER

california state park rangers association

Volume VI Number 33

November 1991

## State Park Ranger Grove Dedicated At Big Basin

On May 21 a redwood grove was dedicated to the State Park Rangers and Colonel Charles Wing, first Chief of State Parks. The dual dedication came about through the efforts of the Sempervivons Fund, the Wing Family, and the 125th Ranger Anniversary.

The following is a 1945 article about Colonel Wing from *News & Views*:

On Wednesday evening, August 22 [1945], at Palo Alto, Colonel Charles B. Wing passed into the Great Beyond at the age of 81 years, completing a long and eventful life.

Coming to Palo Alto and Stanford University in 1892. (Continued on page 4)



CHIEF OF PARKS  
Colonel Charles B. Wing,  
Palo Alto

## SAVE BODIE! Update

by Donna Pozzi

The biggest development on the Bodie front is the October 10 release by the National Park Service of a draft revision of the National Historic Landmark documentation for the Bodie Historic District. Although Bodie was long ago designated an NHL, NPS has been working for the past few years to improve the documentation. This is part of a nationwide program to prepare new landmark nomination forms for landmarks where no boundaries were established at the time of designation or where documentation was inadequate or incomplete.

The process of completing and releasing the Bodie information suffered many delays, prompting CSPRA's attorneys to file a Freedom of Information Act request. We expressed our concern that the NHL boundary information is critical to work already underway by the Bureau of Land Management (which will soon release its Resource Management Plan for the Bodie Region) and Mono County (which is still working on the EIR for exploratory mining, originally due out last December). The draft boundary and report prepared by NPS staff are very good and (Continued on page 7)

## Some Thoughts on Being a Ranger Today by Smokey The Bear

by Dan Martin

As we celebrate the 125th anniversary of park rangers in California, I feel we need now, more than ever, to have a sense of purpose in our chosen career as rangers.

The job of a ranger today has its share of disappointments. The public image of a rugged outdoor type, campfire-leading individual has in some areas deteriorated to the point where they just don't like us. Many don't like us because we are the ones collecting use fees that they feel are ridiculously high. (Continued on page 5)

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**SAVE BODIE!** and all other  
committees use CSPRA address.  
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## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Recurring rumors! How come we always have to deal with rumors and seldom get to deal with facts? Maybe the Department's next administration will be open. See, I'm still an optimist.

The worst rumor is the one I alluded to in the last issue — the giveaway of Prairie Creek Redwoods, Jedediah Smith Redwoods, and Del Norte Redwoods state parks to the National Park Service. We're also hearing rumors of state parks in the Santa Monica Mountains going to the feds, Angel Island becoming part of the Golden Gate National Recreation Area, and lots of other units being given to other agencies.

And it's all for the worst reason — a knee-jerk reaction to our current budget crisis. If units of the California State Park System are offered to other agencies, it should not be just for some monetary savings. And of course, are there really savings to be gotten from these transfers? We certainly have been operating with less staff and less funding. Compare the staffing for Redwood National Park with our three redwood parks.

I mentioned the terrible timing of proposals like these. Morale is the lowest any of us have seen in our careers. Now to rip away some of the jewels of the system would only sink morale to a depth that would be difficult to recover from, and at the same time when layoffs and other cutbacks are being threatened.

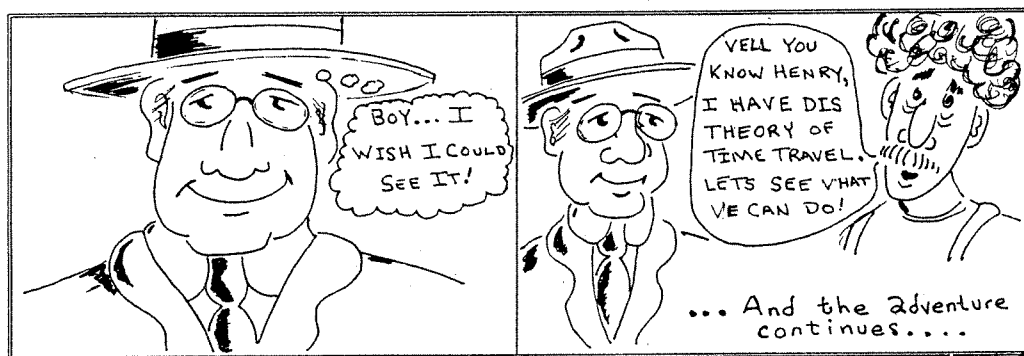
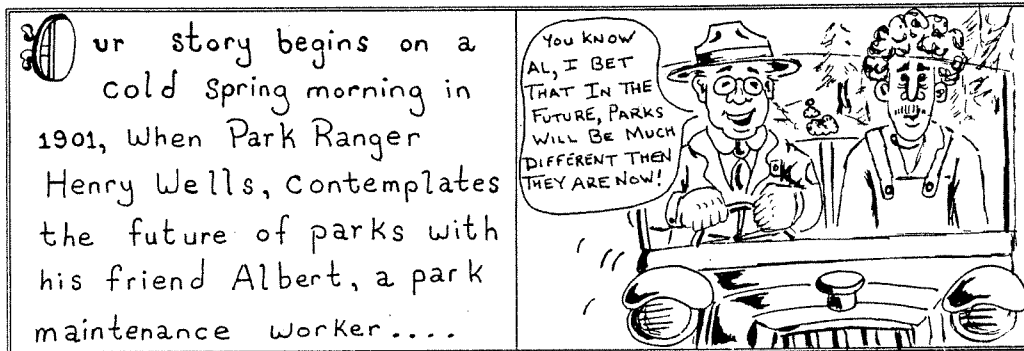
I guess we are supposed to be unemotional about an issue like this, but that's impossible for many of us. We feel that our business is largely emotional. What are the reasons for parks, if they aren't for the protection of our heritage, to provide wholesome outdoor recreation, and to transfer these values to future generations. It all sounds kind of emotional to me. Certainly, it isn't very businesslike, not nearly as clear-cut as the timber industry or the savings and loan field. If we didn't care about inner-city kids, biodiversity, and other silly emotional things like beauty, maybe we could easily go along with the dismantling of the best state park system in the nation.

**Don't forget to vote —  
your association is depending on  
you.**

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The NEWSLETTER'S Editor is Doug Bryce; contributing editors and authors are as noted. Articles are welcome, 1000 words or less. All submissions become the property of CSPRA and may be edited without notice. **The deadline for articles is the 15th of the month prior to publication.**

## THE ADVENTURE OF RANGER HENRY WELLS



### CSPRA/PRAC Annual Workshop-Conference March 16 - 20, 1992 Inn at The Park, Anaheim

The interpretive track at the CSPRA/PRAC workshop on March 16 through 20, 1992 has been designed to inspire, provoke and perhaps enlighten you.

There are sessions on different interpretive methods such as: Linda Rath's Junk Drawer Interpretation; CDF's "Project Learning Tree"; and Interpreting With Live Animals.

We have Edra Moore from the Antelope Valley Indian Museum and Costa Dillon Chief Interpreter for NPS, who are covering aspects of multicultural interpretation.

Martha Davis of Mono Lake Committee will talk about interpreting controversial issues. Adi Liberman will talk about their controversial organization "Heal The Bay". From What's New With Junior Rangers to What's New in Interpretive Publication's, our hope is that we have selected a well rounded and diverse range of topics for you.

During the next month's we will be highlighting the other tracks (Resource Management and Park Operations) as well as the educational tours and social events including the big surprise.

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## Grove Dedication (Continued from page 1)

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one year after the university was established, as professor of structural and civil engineering, he served as an active member of the Stanford faculty until 1929, when he retired with the title of emeritus professor of engineering.

An authority on highway construction, bridges and dams, and a designer of wireless towers, he was a consultant on many important engineering projects.

His title of "Colonel" dates to his active service in World War I. He went to France as a major with the 23rd Engineers and served in the Argonne-Meuse area. While in France he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant colonel. He held the rank of honorary commanding officer of the 23rd Engineers until his death.

We wish to pay tribute, however, to his record as a sincere exponent of the wise use of our natural resources and a leader in the organization of our great state park system.

Soon after coming to Palo Alto he became an advocate for the conservation of portions of California's unusual forests and mountains. In those early years of studying the scenic area of California the young professor covered many miles of virgin territory on foot and on horseback. This exploration inspired him with California's opportunity for an outstanding system of park areas, representative of the many types of unique native landscapes.

In the summer of 1894 he, with a group of friends under the leadership of Dr. W. R. Dudley, then head of the botanical department of Stanford, explored the region now known as Big Basin State Park. So dense was the undergrowth in the central portion of the Basin that the explorers were compelled to crawl on their hands and knees, and sometimes to imitate a snake, as they worked their way from one great tree to the next. This expedition resulted in 1902 in the state purchase of 3,700 acres of the present day park of nearly 10,000 acres.

About 1906 Colonel Wing was appointed a member of the California Redwood Park Commission and held that position for 22 years. When he took office there were three state parks, when he retired from active park work in 1936, the State Park System totaled 70 parks and historic monuments.

Colonel Wing's retirement as a university professor coincided with his appointment by Governor Young, in 1928, to the position of Chief of Parks in the new-

ly created California Department of Natural Resources. There followed eight very active years of participation in park acquisition, planning and development.

The older members of the park organization who had the privilege of knowing and working with Colonel Wing have had many pleasant memories of their association with him.

We will all benefit if we will remember the philosophical comment of Colonel Wing when he left the Division of Parks. Closing his desk he looked up at a picture of the great redwoods he knew so well and remarked:

"The Redwoods will go on growing although I am gone."

By one who served with Colonel Wing.

[Superintendent] Guy L. Fleming.



Ranger grove dedication: Director Agonia, Mike Lynch, Verlyn Clausen and Colonel Wing's family.

### Attention!

**The ballot did not indicate how many directors to vote for — vote for two.  
I am very sorry about this error.**

**Doug Bryce**



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## On Being a Ranger

(Continued from page 1)

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Others don't like us because we represent authority, and they believe we are just "cops."

Keeping a high level of morale on the job as a ranger these days can be tough. Ranger I's are locked into a bitter and often ugly union battle. Some don't feel we are paid enough. Some are collecting fees in entrance stations and wondering if this is their reward for all those years of college and training. Some are unable to rate high on promotional exams and wonder if others are being promoted for reasons other than their skills and job performance. Some feel we no longer have the money or personnel needed to maintain and protect the parks. Some feel that they are stifled by management and not allowed to help make decisions that affect their parks. (We rangers are very possessive about "our" parks, and I feel it is a constructive possessiveness — a sense of pride in our unit, and a strong desire to help make it better.)

So why the heck are we here? Well, I hope most of you became rangers for some of the same reasons I did. Promotions and increased pay should not be the driving force that makes us excel. We are here for the people who visit our parks now, and for the future generations who, through our hard work and dedication, will have these special places to enjoy in the years to come.

I worry about the ranger who is fed up with it all and treats visitors like a fast food employee who just got short changed on the two-hundredth hamburger they sold in a day. I worry about the ranger who couldn't find his stetson if he had to.

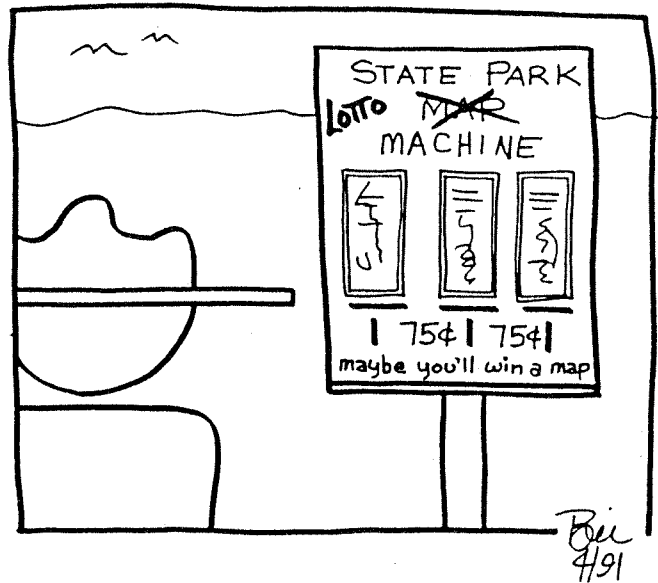
We are the ones who will either carry on the fine tradition that so many have worked so hard to foster, or will allow it to drift into oblivion. The real reward of being a ranger is the smiles on visitors' faces that tell you, "you done good!"; you helped those poor lost souls get to where they were going; you settled that dispute so both parties are happy; and you taught that child a little something new about this beautiful world we live in.

The other day I climbed out of my "high-speed pursuit vehicle," put on my stetson, and walked through the campground of this State Recreation Area I call home, for no reason other than to meet and talk to the people who came to visit "my" park. I met a little girl about 4 years old in the road and asked her if she was having fun camping under the stars. She said "yup," then ran over to her mother excited and almost out of breath saying, "Mommy, Mommy, I just talked to Smokey the Bear!" As I walked away my

smile was so wide it took days to get my face looking normal again.

That's the reason I became a ranger!

## RANGER LOGO



## Adobe and Earthquakes

by Nancy Mendez, St Pk Interpreter I,  
Pio Pico SHP

Historic structures require special care when they've been damaged, and when they are made of adobe, repair techniques must sometimes be developed altogether. But the Office of the State Architect (OSA) completed a "seismic strengthening" project necessary to preserve the adobe house at Pio Pico State Historic Park, and just in the nick of time. The recently stabilized adobe passed the test presented on June 28, 1991 in Southern California: the Sierra Madre/Monrovia earthquake.

The Pico adobe had suffered some damage in 1987 as a result of the Whittier Narrows earthquake. The Department contracted with OSA to stabilize the adobe. Structural stabilization included the strategic placement of fiberglass rods to connect walls at the roofline, helping to hold the house together at the top the way a foundation does at the bottom.

A low pressure pump similar to that used in applying stucco was used to "inject" a mud mortar into cracks that ran deep between the adobe bricks. Cavernous voids were filled so that, once dried, the blocks could resume their interlocking effect, returning them to strong wall units.

(Continued on page 6)

## Adobe & Earthquakes (Continued from page 5)

The labor-intensive project was performed by four OSA employees under the supervision of OSA Restoration Specialist Jim Pfluger. Two workers prepared sufficient quantities of mud mortar to keep the pump filled, while the other two operated the pump, aiming the "injection nozzle" into the cracks.

The mortar recipe, along with the method of stabilization, was developed by structural engineer Nels Roseland. The final mortar mixture was the result of experiments in drying patterns of various proportions of soil, sand, fly ash, lime and water.

Although it is the fresh paint that is the most obvious evidence of the recent work, its application does much to prevent further deterioration of the adobe walls. Adobe blocks are made primarily of soil and water which are then dried in the sun. Because they are not fired like red bricks, they require protective coatings.

This proverbial icing on the cake, as well as other exterior repairs and finishing touches, was the work of Jerry Crofts, also an OSA Restoration Specialist, with the assistance of Dave Fontenot. Crofts and Fontenot were on site when the Sierra Madre/Monrovia earthquake made its appearance. Fortunately, most of the stabilization had already been completed and no damage was reported upon an inspection of the house.

The adobe's construction, which began in the 1850s, was altered by Pico until at least the mid-1880s. Although Pio Pico is remembered as the last governor of California under Mexican rule, he constructed and lived in this house during the American period.

Stabilization is an important element of the house's restoration. Over the next few years, more "behind-the-scenes" projects will help return the house into the home that Pio Pico once lived in.

### Insert — Poem by Carl Anderson

This poem was made available to CSPRA's SAVE BODIE! campaign by former Sierra Area Manager Carl Anderson. If you enjoyed it, he asks that you show your appreciation by sending a check to CSPRA to help SAVE BODIE!

## Letters

Dear Doug [Bryce] -

Enclosed is the Newsletter we just received.

Gordon wanted me to write and tell you those 3 rangers are named wrong - L to R they are Bob Carlson - (Ret.), Gordon Kishbaugh, Geo. Lyme (Dec.) - Taken around 1948 at Calaveras. Showing off new standard uniform shirts, Stetson's with the "Calaveras Crease." There was a question at that time whether to make the crease standard - Gordon was very much in favor of the Calaveras Crease, so named because he worked so hard to get it adapted.

I wrote to Mike [Lynch] to tell him who was in the picture when it appeared in one of the Anniversary bulletins with no caption of names. If I had to guess, I believe Ed Dolder probably took the picture.

Plan to be in Sacramento for the final day of the celebration. Gordon is not able to make it. Hope to see you there. Gordon really enjoys the Newsletter and periodicals about the parks. His mind is good. He understands what he reads — just can't talk.

Be seeing you,

Thelma Kishbaugh

Dear Fellow CSPRA Members:

I wish to take this opportunity to again thank each of you for the warm welcome I received at the 125th Anniversary Celebration in Sacramento.

I took great pleasure in participating in this event, and found the discussions and presentations to be quite informative and educational. However, nothing could compare to the social experiences I would encounter with my good friend Mike Lynch!

Each of you belong to an agency that has a magnificent and rich history of accomplishments. In my own career advancements, I often wished that I too could have been an employee of the State Park System. However, my career would take me on a different course along with its many rewards and challenges.

In closing, I wish to again thank each of you who made that first week of October a memorable one in which I was made to feel as if I were a member of your wonderful family.

Respectfully yours,

Christopher W. George, PRAC President

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## SAVE BODIE! Update

(Continued from page 1)

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represent an important step in the direction of protecting the Bodie Bowl.

Meanwhile, we have continued our direct mail fund-raising efforts. These mailings, along with the summer issue of the *SAVE BODIE! News*, have resulted in a steady trickle of donations. (If you would like a copy of the newsletter, drop a note to SAVE BODIE! at the CSPRA address.)

Two CSPRA Board members have other ideas to help generate needed funds. Director Ron Schafer (now Chino Hills District Superintendent but still a life-guard at heart!) will be entering a Paddle-A-Thon to Catalina Island. He'll be taking pledges for each mile, with the money to be donated to SAVE BODIE!. Not to be outdone, Treasurer Kate Foley (Lake Oroville District Chief Ranger) was prompted to ride her horse in a competition, taking pledges for Bodie. Anyone interested in pledging should get in touch with Kate and Ron to get the necessary forms. Perhaps other CSPRA members can come up with similarly clever ways of helping SAVE BODIE!

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**SALE SALE SALE SALE SALE SALE**

\*\*\*A Special Holiday Gift Giving Idea\*\*\*

### JEWEL KEEPERS

#### A History of the California State Park Ranger

In 1864 Abraham Lincoln signed legislation granting Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa Grove of Redwoods to California as the first state park in the nation. Galen Clark, a 41 year old pioneer, explorer, and Sierra homesteader, was appointed Guardian of this first State "Jewel". Clark is recognized as California's first Park Ranger.

From this beginning, California's State Parks and the number of Ranger/Guardians protecting, interpreting and administering them, has steadily grown. Meet the true pioneers of the early State Parks, including the first female Ranger.

Written, Produced and Directed by award winning film maker Cris Chater.

Running Time: 25 minutes.

Color/VHS

## VIDEO ORDER FORM

I would like to order the following video copies of *Jewel Keepers* by Cris Chater.

Number of Copies _____ @ \$24.95 each =	\$ _____
<b>DPR employee discount (40%) subtract \$10.00 each</b>	\$ _____
Sub-Total	\$ _____
Tax (7.25%)	\$ _____
Postage, packaging & handling @ \$2.50 each	\$ _____
<b>TOTAL ENCLOSED</b>	\$ _____

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

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

City/State/Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone Number: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Make checks payable & send to: 125th Ranger Anniversary, P. O. Box 3266, Auburn, CA 95604

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### RANGERS Book Scheduled for 1992 Publication

*RANGERS of California's State Parks* by Michael G. Lynch, will be a 64 page coffee-table style book on the fascinating 125 year history of the guardians of California's state parks. It is scheduled for publication in 1992.

*RANGERS* is a photo history which begins with the first state park ranger at Yosemite Valley in 1866. It will contain many previously unpublished photos. Two special chapters will highlight the little known early state guardians that protected and administered Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa Grove of Redwoods for 40 years before these areas became part of the National Park System.

Order your copy today and save over 33% off the regular price. The special pre-publication price is \$7.95, a savings of \$4.00 off the \$11.95 price per copy after publication.

I would like to order *RANGERS of California's State Parks*. I understand that the book is scheduled for publication in early 1992 (at a price of \$11.95).

# of copies _____ @ \$7.95 ea. (incl. tax) =	\$ _____
Shipping & handling @ \$1.50/copy	\$ _____
<b>TOTAL ENCLOSED</b>	\$ _____

Make checks to: Ranger Anniversary Book

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

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

City/State/Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone Number: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Send to: 125th Ranger Anniversary, P. O. Box 3266, Auburn CA 95604

**My Bad Bodie Ghost  
Bodie State Historic Park  
Mono County, California**

By Carl A. Anderson  
Finished September 24, 1988  
Copyright 1989

High in the High Sierra  
Far from the fog-bound coast  
Is a town from a long-gone era,  
The home of my Bad Bodie Ghost.

I took a drive, down 395  
From Bridgeport, the county seat.  
I turned to the east — for an hour at least —  
And drove through the dust and the heat.

There Bodie lay in the sun of midday  
A ghost town — and a state park.  
I felt all alone with that bleached wood and stone  
And I vowed to move on before dark.

The streets were of clay, the arrested decay  
Of the buildings showed someone was there.  
A store with no floor, a jail with no door,  
The graveyard was tended with care.

The gray Standard Mill on the side of the hill  
With its tin and its timbers of pine  
Told of the gold and the hardships of old  
And the men who worked down in the mine.

I walked through town just looking around  
When I saw a uniformed ranger.  
He gave me a smile and said, "Stay awhile.  
You can look 'til it's dark with no danger."

I walked on alone  
To a hill where the stone  
Had been heaped in two neat mounds.  
I decided to sit  
Where the warm sun rays hit  
When my ears heard the strangest of sounds.

The clickin' of chips and the poppin' of whips  
And the squeakin' of wagon wheels.  
A loud clucking hen and the cussin' of men,  
A boardwalk and booted heels.

A voice that was gruff — yet sad  
While still tough —  
Chillingly came to my ears  
"I've got a sad story of love, blood and glory  
I've been waiting to tell now for years.

My Bodie abode in the high Mother Lode  
Keeps calling and makes me a sad man.  
Because what I've done with my knife and my gun  
They call me the Bodie Bad Man.

I can never return — their judgment was stern  
I would hang from the Union Hall's rafter.  
This tale that I tell is of one man in Hell  
Then and now and the here-ever-after.

With my brother and dad I lived as a lad  
In this valley of grass and of snow.  
We ran a few head in this high mountain spread;  
In the winter we'd go down below.

Then Bodie found gold way up here in the cold  
And a city sprang outta the grass.  
Before very long they were ten thousand strong;  
Some lived by the gun and the glass.

We had French prostitutes, bewildered Paiutes,  
And gamblers and gunmen and preachers,  
Mule-skinners' freighters, educated debaters —  
I chose the worst for my teachers.

We made out real well for a short little spell  
Then the lights of the town grew too bright.  
We three did our thinkin' while gamblin' and drinkin'  
My brother got killed in a fight.

We buried poor Joe and Dad went below  
To be by my mother's grave.  
I kept raisin' Hell 'till I heard a church bell  
But by then there was nothin' to save.

They say I killed twenty, I know it was plenty,  
I fought with both knife and gun.  
I was quick, I was strong, and I knew before long  
That twenty would be twenty-one.

Then I was gunned down — it was just outta town  
By a wild bunch from Monitor Pass.  
They left me for dead with a hole in my head,  
My blood drying out in the grass.

A young Paiute maid drug me in the shade  
Out of the killing sun.  
Her tender care and the good mountain air  
Put me back on the track with my gun.

Now I've heard it said with a wound in your head  
Your thinking gets fuzzy and hazy,  
With hate in your heart  
You got a good start  
On your way to becomin' plumb crazy.

I started for town,  
My gun tied low down,  
My woman a cryin' "Don't go."  
But my hate it was strong  
And I knew before long  
Old Bodie would see the blood flow.

From the Mammoth Saloon  
There came a sad tune  
As I slid off my horse to the ground.  
I went through the door with my eyes on the floor  
The brim of my Stetson pulled down.



For I had a hunch that the Monitor Bunch  
Would be sittin' and drinkin' and playin'.  
I was right — there were two  
Of that murderous crew  
So I shouted,  
"You hear what I'm sayin'.

They'll be missin' you two from the Monitor Crew  
When this gun in my hand gets to buckin'."

I touched off a round,  
The first one went down,  
The second ran cussin' and duckin',  
But all that he got was my second shot;  
When the smoke cleared, they both were dead.

I laughed out with glee,  
"That's for killin' me,"  
And clutched at the pain in my head.

Back out on the street there was dust, there was  
heat  
And I blinked my eyes in the glare.  
The Empire Hotel was a place I knew well,  
The rest of that bunch would be there.

They got the word and the sheriff and heard  
Of the fight in the Mammoth Saloon.  
I circled 'round to the outskirts of town;  
I knew they expected me soon.

I got me a gun — to get the job done —  
Twin barrels with double-aught buck.  
It was one against four as I kicked in the door;  
I sure needed all of my luck.

I was blessed by the gods for against those bad odds  
I stood alone and alive.  
But instead of just four lyin' there on the floor  
Was the sheriff — he made number five.

They put me away for the rest of that day  
Locked up in the ol' Bodie Jail.  
They gave me a warning that said the next morning  
My neck would be stretched without fail.

All through the night they guarded me tight  
And told me I'd better start prayin'.  
With the pain in my head I was better dead  
So I laughed at what they were sayin'.

At daybreak they came, because of the fame  
Of the man they'd be that day a-hangin'.  
To begin with, a few — but the crowd grew and grew  
In response to the fire bells clangin'.

They came with their rope, and I'd given up hope  
When I saw her there in the sun.  
As they opened the door I hear the crowd roar.  
My woman had brought me a gun.

From out of the crowd  
One shot rang out loud.  
My woman staggered and fell.  
She wasn't my wife, but she gave me her life.  
The love in this sad tale I tell.

The crowd fell away as I went where she lay  
And lifted her up from the ground.  
I walked up this hill, the crowd stood stock still  
Just staring, not making a sound.

My woman was dead so I made her a bed  
And covered it carefully with stone.  
It was quiet and still as I worked on this hill  
Through the day and the night all alone.

My strength was all gone in the first light of dawn.  
I heard shouts from the valley below.  
They came in a throng — some three hundred strong  
And I had me but one way to go.

I kissed the cold stone and left her alone  
At rest in her rocky bed.  
With my voice screaming shrill, I charged down the  
hill.  
In a moment I, too, was dead.

They carried me here, where my woman was near  
And they built up a grave of stone.  
It matched what I'd done while awaiting the sun  
Then they left us up here all alone.

So ends my tale,  
Now we'll break through the veil;  
You tell this story for me.  
And we'll leave this hill with its cold winter chill  
Our souls forever more free."

I awoke with a chill way up high on this hill  
And looked at the ghost town below.  
Was getting toward dark, they'd soon close the Park  
And I still had a long ways to go.

Walking down from the rim I thought about him  
And how real was the tale that he told.  
Like I was the one  
With the knife and the gun  
Who was here when they scrambled for gold.

The Town and the Park still hold  
In a state of arrested decay  
If you're there when the night wind blows cold  
And you listen — you might hear him say:

"My Bodie abode in the high Mother Lode  
Keeps calling — and makes me a sad man.  
Because what I've done with my knife and my gun  
They call me the Bodie Bad Man.

I can never return — their judgment was stern —  
I would hang from the Union Hall's rafter.  
This tale that I tell is of one man in Hell  
Then and now and the here-ever-after."

## Budget Crisis

At the request of Resources Agency Undersecretary, Michael Mantell, Director Agonia has convened a budget reduction task force. The committee, chaired by William Penn Mott, Jr., met for the first time on Thursday, October 31. The committee's purpose is to review proposals for meeting revenue shortfall, and to review proposals for reducing DPR's budget by as much as \$30,000,000.

While no decisions were made the committee broke into subcommittees to develop final recommendations on park closures, staff reductions at Headquarters, and creative ways to generate new revenue other than fee increases.

The committee is scheduled to meet again on Thursday, November 7.

## SAVE BODIE! For Christmas.

Now is the time to order SAVE BODIE! T-shirts for Christmas.

\$12.50 each in either red, white, or blue (Med., Lg., or Xlg.) 100% cotton (pre-shrunk)

Send check or money order to: Fred Soderlund,  
# 1, El Capitan State Beach Road, Goleta, CA 93117.

Make check payable to CSPRA

Qty	Color	Size	Price each	Amount
Shipping & handling				
Add \$1.00 for each additional shirt				
Total				

Name and address \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: (    ) \_\_\_\_\_

## November 1991

### Calendar

Elections 11/91  
Ballots due in on 12/4

\*Board Meeting 12/7/91  
Sacramento Host Inn 9:00 -

New officers take office 3/92

**1992 Annual Workshop, Inn  
at The Park — Anaheim  
3/16 - 19, 1992**

**\* Call to verify time and  
place of board meeting.**

**California State Park Rangers Association  
P. O. Box 292010  
Sacramento, CA 95829-2010**

**Mail to:**



Recycled & Recyclable