Chapter 7. To Yellowstone as a Permanent Park Ranger (1957)

In late February 1957, CCNP Superintendent Hoskins informed me that he had received a memorandum from YNP Superintendent Lemuel A. Garrison (who had succeeded Edmund B. Rogers on 14 November 1956), requesting my transfer to YNP! I contained my ebullience in the atmosphere of his glum demeanor. But he seemed resigned to this happening and he said he would not stand in my way. I received a copy of his considerate memorandum to the Regional Director, Region Three (D-14).

We were living a dream, and I would be a permanent ranger in YNP! As our final sortie into new country in the southwest, we made a four-day trip with Bill and Barbara Massey to Big Bend National Park, Texas. On 11 March, Pat wrote:

“The park [Big Bend] passes all expectations—the rocks are gorgeous—the early plants are in bloom . . . have seen many new birds. Real trees! Tomorrow we will hike and take pictures.”

We had a fine time with the Masseys; they were happy and caring people, always appreciative of beautiful natural features. In late 1957, after we had transferred from CCNP, they transferred to Lehman Caves National Monument, Nevada. Not long thereafter, Bill died of a sudden heart attack, in his early 30s. When we returned from Big Bend, to our amazement, it looked as if our transfer to YNP was still on. My last spelunking trip in the Caverns was to Lake of the Clouds, with Tom Ela, Dixon Freeland, and Andy Wolfe. Narrow passageways were lined with spectacular helictites.

As the date for the arrival of a moving van grew near, we still had received no official travel orders. Until one has the formal travel orders in hand, there always is the possibility of an administrative change of mind at some level in the hierarchy—the transfer could be canceled. We were very nervous. I had a tentative early April reporting date in YNP and we were not about to wait for anything. Assistant Superintendent Cal Miller, always the kind and thoughtful soul, phoned YNP and was told that the travel orders were in the mail. He calmly reassured me: "Riley, you go ahead and load up the van, you and your wife get in the car, and head for your beloved Yellowstone. As soon as the travel orders are received here I will send you a telegram; just leave some contact points along your route."

We headed for my parents home in Denver, Colorado, and hoped there would be a telegram waiting for us. We drove through Raton, New Mexico, and saw the San Miguel Mission, but we were in too much of a hurry to do much sightseeing. We arrived in Denver on the evening of 31 March. The telegram was waiting for us in Denver! It was dated 31 March 1957 (D-15).
Carlsbad Caverns National Park
Carlsbad, New Mexico

March 8, 1957

To: Regional Director
From: Superintendent, Carlsbad Caverns
Subject: Recruitment — Park Ranger Vacancy

I am in receipt of a memorandum dated February 26 from the Superintendent of Yellowstone advising that he has a Park Ranger vacancy which he would like to fill by the transfer and promotion of B. Riley McClelland.

Mr. McClelland was previously employed as a seasonal Ranger Naturalist at Yellowstone and he has been assigned in this park since October 8, 1956. His tenure of service here has been rather short but we have found him to be a very excellent employee. He passed the Park Ranger Federal Service Entrance Examination with a grade of 96.4. Mr. McClelland has received several inquiries, the last being from Colonial National Historical Park. He did not choose to accept an appointment there as he prefers to work in either Region Two or Three.

Although we are short handed, it is very probable that Riley will be selected from the register very soon and he is most anxious to get back to Yellowstone, I am interposing no objection. There is attached Form 10-48 recommending him for promotion. If you approve of this procedure, please send a copy of your communication to the Superintendent of Yellowstone in order that he will be informed.

Riley has a BS degree in Recreation Forestry and it is my understanding that he finished either third or fourth in his graduating class of approximately 1000 at Colorado A & M last year. I think he has a very bright future in the Service.

signed
R. Taylor Hoskins
Superintendent

Copy to: Superintendent, Yellowstone

The effective date of my entry on duty as a permanent ranger in YNP was to be 7 April; therefore, we planned to stay in Denver only a few days before continuing north. After we departed Denver and got about 12 miles from Cheyenne, Wyoming, we encountered a typical spring blizzard—the road was closed! To add to the consternation, our Plymouth sedan was sputtering and the engine was occasionally stopping completely. We turned around and the car managed to get us back to Denver. We did not want to continue to Yellowstone with an undependable vehicle, especially with a baby due in 6 weeks. Dad did some phoning to used car dealers he knew and we went looking. There wasn’t time for lengthy deliberations and we wound up with a 1953 Packard four-door sedan (Clipper) for $550. Denver received 17 inches of snow in the storm, but spring snow in eastern Colorado and Wyoming usually melts from plowed highways within a day or two, so we were ready to resume our journey "home," more anxious than ever. I phoned Chief Ranger Otto Brown and informed him of our delay. He did not seem sympathetic, but, as I was to quickly learn, Otto was a military man with a penchant for abruptness.

After departing Denver on the afternoon of 4 April, we spent the night in Cheyenne. The weather continued to be a problem. Well into Wyoming, the defroster fan on the "new" car stopped working properly. We managed to keep part of the windshield clear — enough to keep driving. On 5 April, we were one of the last cars through to Sheridan, Wyoming, before the road was closed by drifting snow. Interior roads in YNP were still closed by winter snow, so we had to reach Yellowstone via Billings, where we stopped for lunch with the Bakers on 6 April. Bakers were scheduled to be back for the summer in YNP, where Bill would again be a Ranger-Naturalist at Old Faithful. After lunch we continued on to Livingston, where we spent the night after loading up with groceries.

The next day we headed south through Paradise Valley to Gardiner, Montana. Pat and I were overjoyed as we drove through Gardiner and under the Theodore Roosevelt Arch at the North Entrance to YNP in the early morning of Sunday, 8 April. We were in YNP and we were going to live in the one place on Earth that both of us would choose if we were given unlimited options. As always, we could sense the distinct aura of Yellowstone, not only because of the outstanding natural features and wildlife, but also as a result of the history the Park embodied. It was, after all, the first national park (1872), in which many national park policies and management philosophies evolved.

We arrived at Mammoth Hot Springs (Park Headquarters) at 8:30 P.M. I checked in and was assigned to getting settled on Monday and Tuesday. Our housing was in Apartment Q, in a large stone, steam-heated building constructed in 1936. Our neighbors in the apartment building were Park Ranger Tom Milligan and wife Sharlene (now lifelong friends), Park Rangers Don Guiton, Nat Lacey, and Bert McLaren (all single). I knew Nat and Bert from my Fire Guard days, when Ethel (the mule) and I brought supplies to Shoshone Lake for them. Also in the building were Ellen Bratlien (Administrative Secretary) and Tom (Park Engineer) and Norma Hyde. Several years later, when I was a ranger at Yellowstone Lake, Tom was South District Manager.

Our moving van from CCNP had arrived before we did (a small van, because we had very little furniture: e.g., a bed, clothes, boxes of books, a record player). The Park Credit Union paid the van driver; otherwise he would have taken our “stuff” to Livingston and put it in storage. We were thankful they had paid him and we reimbursed the Credit Union as soon as they opened on Monday.
We were able to use NPS items such as a table, chairs, and clothes-chest for 30 days. By the end of 30 days, we were supposed to have all of our own furniture. We advertised for used furniture in the Yellowstone’s Weekly News, an employee informational newsletter. Management Assistant Joe Joffé and wife Aleda contacted us and we bought a number of items from them: a bent-wood rocking chair ($5), two colonial-style wooden chairs ($4), two white shag rugs ($2), a kitchen shelves unit (free), and two pewter candle holders (free). These items are still in our family as of 2013. This was not the first time Pat had lived at Mammoth. At the end of the 1942 summer, her naturalist father was assigned to Mammoth for a few weeks. They lived in a small government cabin next to the Boiling River, below the Hot Spring Terrace (I-32). I reported for my first full day of duty as a YNP Ranger on Wednesday, 10 April. I was a Park Ranger, GS-5, with an annual salary of $3,670 (D-16). My take home pay (per two-week pay period) was $100.65, after federal tax withholding, retirement, and $13.00 per pay period for apartment rent (D-17).

Initially at least, we were to be stationed at park headquarters, Mammoth Hot Springs. I was assigned to the Chief Ranger's Office (CRO) for a period of training and indoctrination, working under ranger Bob Jones, a kind and helpful person. During my first day on duty, I was introduced to all of the ranger personnel working in the Chief Ranger’s Office Building (the old Fort Yellowstone Engineer Office, built in 1903), where I would be working. Chief Ranger Brown, and Assistant Chief Rangers Scotty Chapman, Tom Garry and Hal Edwards were in upstairs offices. All offered cordial greetings. Hal Edwards said he had only one question for me: “when you travel a trail, would you rather ride a horse, or walk?” I did not realize at the time that Edward was a consummate horse person. I replied that I would prefer to hike. He quickly responded: “That is the wrong answer!” That was the end of the conversation. As I left the second floor, “staircase wit” revealed, tardily as ever, how I should have responded (a quote from Welsh poet W. H. Davies):

"Now shall I walk
Or shall I ride?
‘Ride,’ Pleasure said;
‘Walk,’ Joy replied"

Most of my work in the CRO was routine and not very interesting: typing special use permits, typing entry passes for NPS and concessioner employees, and preparing revisions for various manuals such as the entrance station operation manual. I rarely saw Chief Ranger Otto Brown. In one of my first encounters with him, I had been summoned to his office to answer questions concerning the standard travel reimbursement form I had submitted. I had listed two days beyond what had been allocated for the trip from CCNP to YNP, because of the delay caused by the snowstorm. Otto informed me that he was denying per diem for the extra two days, explaining that it was not the government's fault that a snowstorm closed the road and delayed my arrival. As was often the case, Otto did this in an intimidating manner. I didn't feel that the snowstorm was my fault either, but it certainly wasn't worth giving him an impression of defiance, so I quickly acquiesced. The travel reimbursement was an insignificant matter. We would have gladly paid our own way to Yellowstone. Nor was the particular assignment of paramount importance. I would have done any kind of work just for the opportunity to live in YNP.
I-32. NPS Cabin in which the Truman family lived at the end of the 1942 season. The cabin, long gone, was next to the Boiling River, below the Mammoth Hot Spring Terraces (photo by H. V. Truman).
**NOTIFICATION OF PERSONNEL ACTION**

1. NAME (Mr. — Miss — Mrs. — One Given Name, Initial(s), and Surname)
   
   Mr. Bernard R. McClelland

2. DATE OF BIRTH
   
   1/23/35

3. JOURNAL OR ACTION NO.
   
   3/22/57

4. DATE
   
   3/22/57

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**NATURE OF ACTION (USE STANDARD TERMINOLOGY)**

Promotion and Change of Headquarters

**EFFECTIVE DATE**

5/7/57

**CIVIL SERVICE OR OTHER LEGAL AUTHORITY**

C. S. Reg. 2,501 (a) (1)

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**FROM**

Tour Leader, Position No. 241

GS-307-4, $3,415.00 per annum

Carlsbad Caverns National Park

Carlsbad, New Mexico

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**TO**

Park Ranger, Position No. 43

GS-453-5, $3,670.00 per annum

Yellowstone National Park

Yellowstone Park, Wyoming

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**VETERAN'S PREFERENCE**

0

**POSITION CLASSIFICATION ACTION**

NEW

16. APPROPRIATION

FROM: 1171033

17. SUBJECT TO C. S. RETIREMENT ACT (YES—NO)

Yes

18. DATE OF APPOINTMENT AFFIDAVITS

19. LEGAL RESIDENCE

STATE: Colorado

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**SEX**

10

**ORGANIZATIONAL DESIGNATIONS**

11. HEADQUARTERS

12. FIELD OR DEPT'L

X

X

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**REMARKS:**

This action is subject to all applicable laws, rules, and regulations and may be subject to investigation and approval by the United States Civil Service Commission. The action may be corrected or canceled if not in accordance with all requirements.

Mr. McClelland has a rating of 96.4 on the Park Ranger Register and has Career-Conditional status in his present position.

This transfer is for the convenience of the government and is at government expense. You will be allowed transportation and subsistence expenses and expenses of packing, crating, shipping, temporary storage, unpacking, and uncrating household goods in accordance with existing orders and regulations. Expenses of transportation of immediate family authorized under E. O. 9805, as amended. Use of privately-owned conveyance authorized if desired.

To be effective upon entrance on duty.

This action has the concurrence of all concerned. The duties of this position conform to Master Position Description for Park Ranger, GS-453-5, issued 2/21/57.

ENTRANCE PERFORMANCE RATING: Satisfactory

Warren F. Hamilton, Acting Superintendent

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D-16. YNP Personnel Action Form (22 March 1957).
D-17. First time slip as a permanent Park Ranger in YNP (7 April 1957).
In addition to my assignment in the CRO, I filled in at the North Entrance for Ranger Bob Perkins, on his days-off and leave time. They had followed a path similar to ours, having transferred to YNP from CCNP in June 1956. We had a lifelong friendship with Bob and Mary Lou. On 17 April, Superintendent Garrison announced that gasoline prices would increase in the Park on 1 May: regular would cost 37.2 cents per gallon (the same as charged in Gardiner). The arrival time of our first child was rapidly approaching, but Pat and I went out to observe wildlife nearly every evening after work. Between 19 April and 11 May we recorded observations of wildlife activity at a pond that could be seen from a road pulloff several miles east of Mammoth. Our observations were published in *Yellowstone Nature Notes* (McClelland 1957).

All rangers looked forward to the annual spring ranger conference, traditionally held in the Mammoth School Recreation Hall (the old Fort Yellowstone Post Exchange). Summer assignments traditionally were announced at the conference’s conclusion. The 1957 spring conference began on 13 May and was to conclude on 23 May. Thus, it was not until a few weeks before moves that rangers would know their summer assignments. Winter assignments were not revealed until late summer or early fall. Chief Ranger Brown had established a pattern of frequently changing rangers’ duty station assignments. Rumor had it that we would go to Northeast Entrance and that sounded just fine. It had the lowest visitor count, the shortest season (it was accessed by Beartooth Pass or the unpaved Sunlight Basin Road), and was located in the beautiful Beartooth Mountains.

As the conference began, our baby was expected any day. On the evening of 15 May, Pat’s serious labor began and we headed for Livingston (62 miles from Mammoth). The nurse forced a Demerol shot on Pat when she first arrived at the hospital even though she didn’t want it. Pat was very strong through the whole process and took no additional pain killers or anesthetic of any kind as labor slowly progressed. I was with Pat in the labor room and in the delivery room. Our firstborn, Mary Teresa, arrived at the Livingston Memorial Hospital at 5:03 P.M. on 16 May. I watched her arrive, while holding Pat’s hand. From her first instant in the world, Mary T. was beautiful! The attending physician was Dr. J. R. Clemens. In considering a name for our daughter, we toyed with Mary Morning, with the latter name after the spectacular and pulchritudinous Morning Geyser, which had so enthralled us. However, we settled on Mary Teresa. After Pat and the baby were settled in the hospital, I raced back to Mammoth and missed only a few hours of training on the morning of the 16th. Pat and Mary T. stayed in the hospital for a couple of days before I picked them up and returned to our apartment at Mammoth. We established a routine with the baby. She was inordinately kind to us, sleeping through the night after only four days.

The training conference sessions included structural and forest fire prevention and control, stock care and use, law enforcement, and numerous other topics. FBI Agent Mason Melvin presented part of the law enforcement training; it was a new subject for me, and interesting. Although some time was spent on the perennial issue of elk management, I was disappointed that very little time was devoted to natural resource issues. Chief Ranger Brown repeatedly emphasized that we always must keep in mind that forest fire suppression was second in importance only to the saving of human life.

We eagerly awaited hearing our summer assignments. On the afternoon of 23 May, after the conference had concluded, all rangers sat in suspense waiting for Chief Ranger Otto Brown. He was not in the room and the moderator notified us that he was on his way
from his office to announce assignments. After what seemed a long, long time, the door of the Mammoth Schoolhouse Gymnasium swung open noisily and in strode Otto. It seemed as if a band should have been playing "Hail to the Chief" or "Stars and Stripes Forever."

With great melodrama and mystery, Otto marched to the lectern. Otto announced that a reorganization of the ranger force had just been approved by the Regional Office and that had influenced assignments. Otto went through the list of summer assignments: Tom Milligan to Tower Falls; Les Gunzel, Bob Jones, and Don Guiton to Old Faithful, Bob Perkins to Northeast Entrance (where we had been rumored to go), and so on until Otto had finished reading his list. He was finished and he had not read my name for any station! It seemed like a bizarre oversight and somehow he had missed me on the list. I raised my hand and reluctantly asked where I was to go. Otto responded without apparent feeling, that the reorganization had resulted in the loss of one ranger position. Since I was the ranger with least seniority, there was no position for me. He concluded by stating that the NPS would try to find an "appropriate" position for me in some other park. I was numb. It was devastating, a horrible nightmare. We had made it to our dream destination and without warning the dream had been destroyed.

The final event of the conference was the traditional ranger force photograph taken by historic figure Jack Ellis Haynes (son of Frank J. Haynes). It seemed as if that would be my first and last YNP ranger conference (1-33).
(Courtesy NPS, YNP)

L-R
Back row: Martin H. Benham, Park Ranger; Nathaniel R. Lacy, Park Ranger; Lloyd R. Hoener, Supervisory Park Ranger; Lee L. Coleman, District Park Ranger; James B. Valder, Park Ranger; Bernard Riley McClelland, Park Ranger; W. Vern Appling, Supervisory Park Ranger; Donald K. Guiton, Park Ranger.
Third row: Robert H. Perkins, Jr., Park Ranger; Dale H. Nuss, Supervisory Park Ranger; Foster R. Freeman, District Park Ranger; DeLyle R. Stevens, District Park Ranger; Harold R. Jones, District Park Ranger; Arthur J. Hayes, Park Ranger.
Second row: Louis L. Gunzel, District Park Ranger; E. Lee Robinson, District Park Ranger; Joe J. Way, District Park Ranger; Charles A. Budge, District Park Ranger; Elbert A. McLaren, Park Ranger; John A. Tyers, Park Naturalist.
Front row: Thomas K. Garry, Assistant Chief Park Ranger; Warren E. Hamilton, Assistant Superintendent; Lemuel A. Garrison, Superintendent; Otto M. Brown, Chief Park Ranger; William S. Chapman, Assistant Chief Park Ranger.
Chapter 8. Restoring the Dream (1957)

I don't remember how I broke the bad news to Pat when I returned to our apartment. She was no doubt as crushed as I was, but her resiliency and optimism somehow always shined through, at least on the surface. Worry and state of limbo concerning our status (non-status) in YNP produced stress and confusion. I continued to work in the Ranger Headquarters (the old Army Corps of Engineers office building (constructed in 1903) at Mammoth. Ranger Bob Jones, my supervisor at Mammoth, told me that there was a chance of my remaining in YNP if one of the lowest rank rangers were to transfer within the next month. Then, on 27 June, Ranger Don Guiton (assigned to Old Faithful) accepted a promotion to Badlands National Monument. That left a position within the new YNP ranger organization that I hoped that I could fill.

The uncertainty continued until 29 June, when Chief Ranger Brown summoned me to his office. Wonder of wonders—Chief Ranger Brown told me that I was assigned to Old Faithful and that tentatively he would keep us there through the winter (the station had not had a ranger in winter since 1951)! I would work for Sub-District Ranger Les Gunzel. Such great news. However, I have never understood how the YNP administration could treat a new employee so callously. Chief Ranger Brown at least could have discussed the reorganization issue (which led to my being superfluous) with me before the ranger conference announcement. I did not think that Otto was out to get me personally. He had just hired me and did not know me at all. He simply was a military man dealing with the troops; if someone had to be sacrificed it didn't appear to bother him.

Mary T. was baptized on 30 June 1957 (I-34). Father Otho Sullivan, from Cody, Wyoming, officiated. Pat Jones, wife of ranger Bob Jones, stood in for Godmother Joan McClelland (my sister). Fred T. Burke (comptroller for the Yellowstone Park Company) stood in for Godfather James Arnett (Best Man at our wedding). The ceremony was held in Fred Burke's home, above Mammoth, directly east of Jupiter Terrace, and a short distance below the Grand Loop Road (the house no longer exists).

Initially, we were told that we would move onto the duplex apartment where we had lived in fall 1956. However, it was our good fortune that Ranger Bob Jones (also working under Les Gunzel) preferred that location and moved into the apartment on 1 July. We were overjoyed to be told to move in to Quarters 161, about 500 feet from Old Faithful Geyser (closer than any other building). We had the north side (161B) (I-35) of this old log duplex that had originally been the Old Faithful Museum and Information Center, constructed in 1921 (I-36 and I-37) (note: In Linda McClelland's (1998) book "Building the National Parks," she identifies the wrong location for this building, in a photograph on page 237; she is not related to me as far as I know. On 11 July, we moved to our beloved Old Faithful. The nightmare of Otto Brown's announcement that I didn't exist in the new organization quickly faded as our attention focused on the new job and of course on our baby Mary T.

Our quarters had one bedroom, kitchen, small bathroom with shower (no bathtub), and a livingroom. At the south end of the livingroom (away from the Geyser) there was a large walk-in fireplace alcove. The fireplace, a beautiful stone structure, provided a little warmth but great psychological uplift. It was the site of frequent wiener and marshmallow roasts for the kids (I-38). Our real heat sources were a wood stove in the livingroom and a
wood-burning kitchen stove. We could watch eruptions of Old Faithful Geyser from our livingroom and bedroom windows (1-39). We rigged a mirror outside the kitchen window so that we could see Old Faithful, much of Geyser Hill, and even the eruption plumes of Castle and Grand Geysers, more than a mile away, from the kitchen table. The house was close enough to Old Faithful Geyser that at night, and when tourist traffic was minimal, we could hear and feel Old Faithful’s eruptions.

Sub-District Ranger Les Gunzel and family (wife Carolyn and children Donna, Steve, and Nettie) lived in the south unit (A) of Quarters 161. Gunzels had two bedrooms, but no fireplace and no view of the geysers. Their only views were of the Lodge, Haynes Photo Shop, other buildings, and the main highway. Les, being the boss, had his choice of quarters, and for him the two bedrooms trumped our view and fireplace. We felt very fortunate! We believed that we lived in the very best location at Old Faithful. Les was skilled, fair, and effective; he made firm decisions and did not waffle. He was well respected by his immediate employees. He believed deeply in the ranger staff’s responsibility to protect the Park’s natural resources. Some people disliked Les because he tended to be opinionated and outspoken (he usually was right!), some of the same reasons for which I respected him. One always knew where Les stood on an issue. I was exceedingly fortunate to serve under his leadership and mentoring in my first major assignment in YNP.

During my first summer as a permanent ranger at Old Faithful there was a topnotch crew of seasonal employees—rangers, naturalists, and maintenance people. Chester Cantrell was senior seasonal ranger and Bud Lystrup was senior seasonal Ranger-Naturalist. With Les Gunzel as Sub-District Ranger, we had a cohesive crew of people striving to work together for a common purpose. Les had a special ability for leadership. He was able to earn respect and responsiveness without overtly demanding it. The road crew, supervised by Jim Epperson and his assistant Wayne Mace, were pleasant, cooperative, and efficient. They checked with Les before undertaking area projects and he kept them informed. Rangers and naturalists shared mutual respect and helped each other whenever possible. Near the end of the season, as seasonal naturalists began to leave, Les and I each gave several evening campfire programs. Seasonal Ranger Cantrell conducted several Geyser Hill Walks and gave some “cone talks” (at Old Faithful Geyser Cone).

In July, a sore throat infection wouldn’t go away, so I eventually went to the Old Faithful area nurse, who was located at the Inn. She gave me an injection of penicillin. After Pat’s reaction to penicillin in 1956, I should have known better than to take this antibiotic for something as common as a sore throat, and risk a reaction. It was a day off for me and after the visit to the nurse we headed to Mammoth to retrieve some things that we had not yet moved from the Mammoth apartment from which we had recently moved. After we arrived in Mammoth, I gradually became faint and had trouble breathing. We imposed on our friends Tom and Norma Hyde, who had a unit in the apartment building. I collapsed on their bed in a state of severe reaction from the penicillin shot. As had been the case with Pat’s reaction in 1956, I probably was fortunate not to have gone into respiratory failure, as can happen in severe reactions to penicillin. After several hours I began to recover from the reaction and we were able to drive back to Old Faithful. This was the era in which penicillin was cavalierly overused, eventually building into allergic reactions in many people.
I-34. Pat and our daughter Mary Teresa on baptism day, 30 June 1957; Jupiter Terrace is in the background.
I-35. Old Faithful Quarters 161B, the north side of the old log duplex, 500 feet from Old Faithful Geyser. **Top:** in 1946 (Courtesy NPS, YNP, YELL #31720). **Bottom:** 11 July 1957, the day that we moved in.
I-36. The 1921 Old Faithful Museum and Ranger Station (Building 161), photographed in 1929. The signs are on the Old Faithful Geyser side (north side) of the building. The signboard on the left showed the predicted eruption time for Old Faithful Geyser. (Courtesy NPS, YNP YELL #31716).

I-37. The 1921 Old Faithful Museum and Ranger Station (north side) in 1936, by which time it had been converted to ranger quarters because the 1929 Museum was then in service (Courtesy NPS, YNP YELL #31719).
1-38. The Fireplace Alcove in Old Faithful Ranger Quarters 161B.

**Top:** in 1923, woman not identified (Courtesy NPS, YNP, YELL #31713).

**Bottom:** in August 1957. **L-R:** Ranger-Naturalist Bill Baker, Ranger Riley McClelland, Pat McClelland holding Mary Teresa, Jane Ellen Baker, Jo Nell and Terry Simonian, Vaughn Baker, Ce Simonian, and Lorraine Baker. The large round object on the mantel is a metal serving plate (photo by Simon Simonian).
One of my seemingly trivial routine assignments was to phone our daily fire fighting manpower report to Supervisory Ranger Delyle Stevens at the Mammoth Fire Cache. This involved ascertaining how many able-bodied NPS personnel working in the Old Faithful area were available on short notice for either firefighter or fire camp duty on each day. On many days it was understandably difficult to get the precise information from the maintenance and interpretation divisions. The number had to be phoned to Delyle before 8:30 A.M. each day. If it was not, a phone call from Stevens was immediately forthcoming and he made it clear that prompt reporting was to be accomplished, OR ELSE! He took his job very seriously. This made clear the high importance that the NPS placed on immediate suppression of all fires in that period.

Ranger Bob Jones (who had moved from Mammoth to Old Faithful on 1 June) was Les' immediate assistant until 16 August 1957, when Bob transferred to Washington, D.C. I was the novice ranger, but after Bob Jones transferred I had the responsibility of being Les’ assistant and functioned as Acting Sub-District Ranger on his days off and when he was on other duty (e.g., Les was on the Gallatin Divide Fire from 21–27 August). That was a great deal of responsibility for someone with as little experience as I had. However, Les trusted me and when he was away I had the help of experienced seasonal rangers such as Chet Cantrell and Jim Hughes.

The U.S. Commissioner, James Brown, resided and heard cases in an old Fort Yellowstone building at Mammoth, next to the Hot Spring Terraces (near Liberty Cap). Commissioner Brown had the authority to rule on and sentence misdemeanor cases, which were punishable by a $500 fine and/or six months in jail. The more serious violations (felonies) had to be bound over to the District Court in Cheyenne, Wyoming. Although rangers had the initial responsibility in the early stages of all crimes, felonies always brought the FBI into the case (there was a rape and other serious crimes at Old Faithful that first summer). We were on our own with misdemeanors. There was no option for an offender to post a bond and forfeit it to an arresting ranger (and thus avoid a court appearance) as there is for minor offenses today. If a ranger issued a citation, that required arranging a time for the ranger and the offender to appear before Judge Brown, in Mammoth. Most of our misdemeanors involved speeding, underage possession of alcohol, or vandalism of geysers or hot springs.

Judge Brown had a reputation of being inconsistent and moody. Sometimes he dismissed a charge because of a technical error (even a typo) in the formal complaint that was prepared by the NPS law enforcement ranger at Mammoth. The enforcement ranger typed the complaint for each case brought to Mammoth by a field ranger. On some days Judge Brown seemed reasonable and willing to facilitate a fair trial without focusing on grammar in the brief. When he was out of sorts, he dismissed a case on the slightest pretense. I recall him dismissing a drunk and disorderly case I brought in. He did so because the complaint stated that the defendants (three of them) had beer in their possession; Judge Brown said that the complaint should have stated "alcoholic beverage," not beer. He could have allowed an amendment of the complaint, which he did on some days. Having a case dismissed was always a very discouraging event for the arresting ranger. On felonies, Judge Brown simply bound over the defendant to federal district court in Cheyenne, Wyoming.

To my disappointment and frustration, law enforcement continued to play a major
role in all of my ranger assignments in YNP. In our early ranger years in Yellowstone, all
NPS employees had law enforcement authority; that included non-uniformed employees of
all divisions (e.g., maintenance and personnel). The authority was rarely used by employees
other than rangers in uniform. However, rangers and naturalists, even when off duty, were
expected to take action when they witnessed a violation. Law enforcement in those days
took up more of the work time than I liked and I felt inadequate because of lack of intensive
training. It was definitely a “learn as you go” assignment. In those days, many of the
interrogations we conducted, and arrests we made would probably be frowned on by today’s
highly trained law enforcement officers. But we did the best we could at the time.

On one occasion, when we were still living at Mammoth in spring 1957, Pat and I
were returning to Mammoth from a day off at Old Faithful in our personal car. A
government vehicle raced by us in a 45 mph limit road section. Discretion should have
dictated my recording the license number and reporting the incident. I was so upset by the
unsafe manner in which the government vehicle was being driven that I pursued the driver,
clocked his speed for a mile, and proceeded to signal to the driver to stop (by switching
headlights on and off). He was a landscape architect from the NPS San Francisco design
office, temporarily living at Mammoth while major construction projects were being
planned for the Park. I gave him a ticket. I don’t remember the outcome of his appearance
before Judge Brown; it probably was a small fine or a suspended fine. Flagrant disregard of
national park rules and ideals seemed too often to come from NPS employees.

Some years after I left YNP, law enforcement training requirements became much
more demanding than they were in the 1950s. Only specifically trained NPS personnel now
have law enforcement authority of any type. Chasing speeders in one’s personal vehicle is
out of the question. Even many uniformed employees, e.g., naturalists, no longer have
formal law enforcement authority in the parks, even over misdemeanors, unless they have
had the specialized training.

Early each summer, permanent rangers at all of the sites at which there were
concessioner facilities (hotel, lodge, cabins, etc.) were responsible for conducting training
sessions for concessioner employees. Emphasis was on rules and regulations that seemed to
be routinely broken each summer by the generally very young group. We also tried to stress
the great opportunities employees had for enjoying the beauties and wonders of
Yellowstone, along with their responsibility to protect the Park features and wildlife. These
sessions were stressful because few of the employees took the admonitions seriously.
Although there were many fine people employed by the concessioners, there were more than
a few trouble makers that took up a large share of a ranger’s time. The Old Faithful Inn had
a reputation for hiring many of its summer employees off the streets in Salt Lake City, Utah.
Wherever they came from, some of the kitchen and maintenance employees of the
Yellowstone Park Company were trouble makers.

It was not unusual to have to respond to a phone call concerning a drunk and
disorderly cook at the Inn. They got drunk on anything they could get hold of, e.g.,
aftershave lotion was a favorite (they hadn’t worked long enough to have the money to buy
the real stuff). These types of law enforcement obligations took up many nights at Old
Faithful. In the summer of 1957 at Old Faithful we had a “jail” that we could use for an
overnight stay by a drunk that hadn’t gotten into a serious problem that would require a
citation. This facility, stuck back in the woods near the government trailer housing area (two miles or so from most of the tourist facilities), was literally a cooler. It had been some sort of meat storage locker before becoming the Old Faithful jail. It was about 8 feet wide and 8 feet long, perhaps 6 or 7 feet high. It had one window on which bars had been installed. The door was what you would expect on a meat cooler—thick with a heavy metal handle. Inside we kept a cot with a mattress and a bucket. It was used only occasionally and only for overnight stays. The only real jail at that time was at Mammoth and the prisoners kept there were nearly always were felons awaiting transportation to a District Court facility. In the context of today's more professional approach to law enforcement, and the appropriately greater focus on prisoner rights, the Old Faithful jail would not be tolerated for an instant. In a different time, it served its purpose. Rangers had to make do where appropriate facilities were not provided.

Although we loved the location of our log house, so near to the Geyser, it had some distinct disadvantages. It was a fishbowl in the summer. The main highway (The Grand Loop Road) passed 200 feet from the house. The access loop to the Old Faithful Lodge was within 100 feet of the house. The paved pathway leading from the highway and from the cafeteria and general store passed within 50 feet of the west side of our kitchen and bedroom (1-40). People walking out to wait for an eruption of Old Faithful commonly came to the door to ask a question, or pressed their noses against a window to see what they could see inside. On rainy days, people sought shelter under the eaves of our house, particularly in front of the living room or bedroom windows, which faced the Geyser. In addition to blocking our view, when we had time to take advantage of it, their chattering was quite audible, as if they were inside the house.

The most disconcerting knocks on the door, or faces peering in, came at night. We lived in the government building that was most accessible to the public, so we often got the first report of an auto accident or criminal act during the night. One night I had forgotten to lock the door after coming in from a late night patrol. Sometime after midnight Pat and I were awakened by a man with a flashlight wandering around our living room (where our bed was located; Mary T.'s crib was in the bedroom). It of course gave both of us a sudden fright; the guy explained that he was just looking for some information and thought it would be available in a government building. Both Pat and I double-checked to make certain the doors were locked every night after that.

My boss, Les, didn't require me to work nights after I had put in a long daytime tour of duty, but he expected it. That was not expecting anything beyond what he himself did. Les was a terrifically hard worker and set an example that I wanted to emulate. So, I spent many late nights on highway or campground patrol, even though there was at least one seasonal ranger assigned to night duty. This often left Pat alone to put up with frequent inquisitive visitors banging on the door. It was somewhat comforting that we were in a duplex, with Les' wife, Carolyn, usually home nights when I wasn't. Although I often was doing road patrol in the late evenings, Pat and I always looked forward to those occasions when we could take a picnic dinner on a car ride with Mary T. to look for wildlife or to watch geysers. One of the favorite "rides" was to the Firehole Lake Loop, eight miles north of Old Faithful. There was always a good chance of seeing bison, elk, and maybe a bear. We could count on seeing White Dome Geyser and if we were really lucky, Great Fountain
Geyser. On days off, we often hauled baby Mary T. on hikes, e.g., to the Quagmire Hot Springs Group and to Sentinel Meadows.

Pat and I had attended Catholic Mass on Sunday mornings in the summer in YNP in 1956 through 1958. In the summer months, mass was held in the Old Faithful Lodge Recreation Hall, an unheated building. Inside temperature at Mass time (6:00 A.M.) usually was in the high 30°s or low 40°s, requiring heavy clothes. The priests that served in YNP in summer came from St. Anthonys, in Cody, Wyoming, where they lived during the week. They were recruited from various religious orders in the United States. The YNP masses and priests were coordinated by Monsignor Francis Penny of Cody. In summer 1957, Father Penny usually accompanied Father Otho Sullivan, the priest who said mass at Old Faithful. Father Sullivan had baptized Mary T. on 28 May, while Father Penny took black and white photographs. Later that summer (11 August), Father Penny took a photograph of Father Sullivan talking with us (Pat holding Mary T.), in our fireplace alcove in 161B (I-41).

In 1957, YNP telephones were still handcrank. Combinations of long and short rings identified the station to which the call was intended. The rings were heard by all of the phones that were on the same line. Park operators at the main switchboard in Mammoth usually were wives of NPS employees. Some were very friendly; before ringing whatever location that was requested, the operator often exchanged information on local weather conditions and other pleasantries if there weren't other callers waiting. Those were less complex times.

The most bizarre incident that occurred at Old Faithful in summer 1957 took place on 25 August. In the evening, about 9:15 P.M. (just after dark), I was headed home after a long day as Acting Sub-District Ranger. As I approached our house, I saw the lights of an airplane circle Old Faithful, about 500 feet above the ground. It headed west out of sight and I wondered if the pilot was in trouble. Road patrolmen were out in the area, so I knew I would immediately be informed if someone saw an indication of the plane's crashing.

I had been in the house only 15 minutes or so when I received a phone call from the ranger station. The plane indeed had crash-landed on the Black Sand Basin Road. I dispatched the two fire trucks and available personnel. In took less than five minutes to reach the scene. The airplane (an underwing, single-engine Culver V was partly on the road pavement, 0.2 miles from the Old Faithful Ranger Station and only several feet from near-boiling Three Sisters Hot Spring (I-42). The pilot, First Lieutenant Charles Richardson, was out of the aircraft and had no apparent major injuries, although he was in some degree of shock. We (I had the assistance of several seasonal rangers, naturalists, and concessioner employees) were of course concerned about fire. The electrical system in the aircraft was still on and there was smoke coming from the battery. We got the battery disconnected and doused the fire with a hand extinguisher. After briefly questioning the pilot, a seasonal ranger took him to the Inn dispensary for a medical examination.

The pilot's story, plus the versions of several eye witnesses, painted the following picture: the pilot, on military leave, was en route from Rapid City, South Dakota, to Fairchild Air Force Base, near Spokane, Washington. He was flying a route that visually followed the main highway (Interstate-90, east to west). When he reached Livingston, Montana, north of YNP, instead of continuing west to Bozeman, he inexplicably turned south and followed Highway 89 to Gardiner.
I-40. The Old Faithful area seen from Observation Point. Left arrow points to "our" home, Quarters 161; right arrow points to the searchlight used to illuminate the first Old Faithful eruption after 9:00 P.M. during travel seasons, from 1950 through October 1962. The naturalist is Herb Moline (photo by Herkenham, 24 August 1955. Courtesy NPS, YNP, YELL #41432).
I-41. The Fireplace Alcove in Old Faithful Quarters 161B. Father Otho Sullivan talking with Pat (holding Mary Teresa) and Riley McClelland, 11 August 1957 (photo by Monsignor Francis Penny).
I-42. Crashed aircraft at Three Sisters Hot Spring, 25 August 1957. 
L-R: Rangers Gil Lujan, Riley McClelland, and John Cooper 
(photo by Simon Simonian).
The pilot had followed the Grand Loop Road from Mammoth to Norris and then on to Madison Junction. He continued the erroneous course south, apparently thinking he would see the airfield. By the time he was passing over the first major geyser basin (the Lower Basin, 10 miles north of Old Faithful), his growing concern about the route was confirmed. He knew then that he was off course; it was nearly dark and the fuel gauge read near empty.

He continued to the Old Faithful area, hoping to find someplace to land. After circling the area and finding no landing lights, the situation was critical. He saw car lights below and decided to make a low pass over cars to try to alert them that he was in trouble and needed assistance in lighting the road for an emergency landing. Amazingly, the driver of a car in the vicinity of Black Sand Basin (2 miles west of Old Faithful) saw the low flying aircraft and immediately perceived what needed to be done. He drove toward Old Faithful until he reached the beginning of a long straight stretch of the road on its approach to Old Faithful. He parked in the middle of the road with his bright lights shining down the straight stretch. The pilot saw the car stop and saw the road illuminated. He made a tight descending circle and, with his landing gear up, passed very low over the car and made a belly landing on the road. On the relatively smooth pavement, the aircraft skidded perhaps 1,000 feet and came to rest. Another 10 feet would have taken it into Three Sisters Hot Spring. The following morning the FAA arrived to investigate. The pilot had no serious injuries.

The plane was deemed unrepairable. Although the propeller was shattered, the engine was not seriously damaged and the Old Faithful winterkeeper, Jim Keithley, purchased it for use in a snowplane that he had always wanted to build. Keithley removed the engine and the remainder of the aircraft was trucked out of the Park. The home-built snowplane was operating the following winter and brought with it unwelcome noise.

One of the many things that I admired about Sub-District Ranger Les Gunzel was his insistence that resource protection duties not be completely replaced by the increasingly common urban-type police duties. Foot patrol in the geyser basins was a high priority in scheduling seasonal ranger assignments. The naturalists had some areas well-covered, e.g., Geyser Hill, so we concentrated on the basins where naturalists were unable to spend much time: Biscuit Basin, Black Sand Basin, and Midway Geyser Basin. The Lower Geyser Basin, eight miles from Old Faithful presented logistical problems (we were short of vehicles), so it received less coverage. The primary purpose of ranger foot patrols was to prevent vandalism of the hot springs and geysers, preventive law enforcement. Unpatrolled areas all too often were subjected to the carving of initials in the microbial mats in thermal runoff or in the siliceous sinter formations. Vandals also tended to make wishing wells or trash pits out of the pools—coins, rocks, trees—anything available and moveable was hurled into the pools. On several occasions we found concrete, blocks upon which porcelain interpretive signs were mounted, moved to a pool’s edge and rolled over the rim to sink to the orifice at the bottom of the pool. Some of these concrete blocks weighed 200 pounds.

One of the undesirable aspects of a Sub-District Ranger’s autonomy was the prerogative to choose whether to make natural resource protection a priority. Les could have devoted all of the seasonal ranger assignments to urban type law enforcement activities such as road patrol, responding to problems, and fire presuppression and suppression activities. No one would have required him to have personnel patrolling the geyser basins. Only those Sub-District Rangers who had a personal interest paid much attention to natural resources,
other than putting out forest fires. To Les' credit, he cared very much about the natural features. I was naive at the time, but gradually I learned that to most NPS managers, the priority was nearly always visitor protection and development of visitor facilities. The resources could take care of themselves, except for forest fires, insect pests, and tree diseases, which were evil and had to be combatted like the devil himself. The attitude about these components of forest ecosystems have gradually changed. However, in general visitor use and facility development have remained top priorities, except where individual managers have taken a personal interest in natural or cultural resources.

Nevertheless, part of Les' success was the autonomy he had in those days. A Sub-District Ranger had the initial responsibility for essentially everything that went on in his Sub-District. This allowed him to develop pride in his work and his area. Pride in one's work is a great motivator; it worked for Les and his employees. In most parks, with more centralized authority in park headquarters, field rangers' pride has suffered. Of course this works both ways; without direction from headquarters, those to whom self-respect (gained through doing a job well) meant nothing were permitted to let their areas muddle along.

At Old Faithful, we had chaos and lack of common purpose only when someone from headquarters (Mammoth) decided to get into the act. Park planners, landscape architects, and division heads (especially Chiefs of Maintenance) often were headaches, largely because they often had their own agendas which had nothing to do with caring for natural resources. They also tended to create more problems than they solved because they knew the least about the area's natural resources. Most of these folks tended to be in high level planning or management positions because they were career oriented, not resource oriented.

Park-wide, natural resource concerns seemed to be receiving secondary consideration in the rush of Mission 66. Mission 66 deserves some additional elaboration at this point because it dominated NPS planning and organization during our first decade in the NPS. The following is from Conrad L. Wirth (1980:242), former NPS director who originated the program:

"The year 1966 will mark the Golden Anniversary of the National Park Service. In an effort to solve, by that time, the difficult problem of protecting the scenic and historic areas of the National Park System from over-use and, at the same time, of providing optimum opportunity for public enjoyment of the parks, I have initiated a project which we are calling MISSION 66 . . . . The purpose of MISSION 66 is to make an intensive study of the problems of protection, public use, interpretation, development, staffing, legislation, financing, and all other phases of park operation, and to produce a comprehensive and integrated program of use and protection that is in harmony with the obligations of the National Park Service under the Act of 1916. The immediate objective of MISSION 66 is the development of a dynamic program to be presented to the Secretary for consideration by the Bureau of the Budget and the Congress beginning with the 1957 fiscal year estimates. The ultimate objective is the complete execution of the program by the time the Service celebrates its Golden Anniversary in 1966."

It should be noted that neither the NPS steering committee nor the Mission 66 committee had a single biologist as a member. Although some may argue otherwise, in my view Mission 66 quickly took on the overall focus of a facility construction program and
launched the NPS on the road of promoting and planning for mass recreation, with comparatively little thought to the basic goal of resource protection. Although Director Wirth and Steering Committee Chairman Garrison were no doubt well intentioned, Mission 66 suffered from a near total lack of scientific information and biological perspective on which to base decisions.

In YNP, e.g., proposed locations of new "villages" were not based on any realistic assessment of resource vulnerability. The few biologists that were stationed in the Park were not involved in planning until late in the process, and local area rangers were not involved at all until plans were well along and we found ourselves in a defensive position, trying to argue against some of the plans rather than having an opportunity for input in the early planning stages. The primary argument used to support the proposed new "villages," was that they would replace some of the existing and inappropriately placed development complexes.

Sub-District Ranger Gunzel was very concerned about planned "developments" in the Geyser Basins. Firehole Village was planned for the Lower Geyser Basin, in the general vicinity of the long-gone Fountain Hotel. Supposedly, Firehole Village would replace many of the accommodations and other facilities (but not all) at the Old Faithful area. At that time, the Lower Basin was relatively pristine; it would have been a tragedy to deface it with Firehole Village. Ultimately, Chief Naturalist John Good joined the opposition that Les and I had raised. John's influence was much greater and his arguments fortunately prevailed; the planners eventually dropped Firehole Village.

There also was a plan for an Old Faithful bypass road, east of the Upper Geyser Basin. Les and I supported this plan. This eastern route would have taken all of the through traffic out of the Upper Geyser Basin. The downside was that it would create a new road through wild, unaltered country above Observation Point. The eastern bypass road alternative was abandoned because it was considered too expensive. The final bypass location (completed after we left YNP in 1965) placed the route south of the existing road and included a highway clover leaf within the Geyser Basin. It also required demolition of all of the historic rustic log buildings (with the lone exception of the fire cache) the NPS had used for decades. It meant the trash dump for the Dog House, our honeymoon cabin in 1956. Rustic (and yes primitive, but at least private) frame and log cabins previously used to house employees were replaced with motel-like apartments that were poorly insulated between units.

The rationale for Canyon Village (opened in July 1957) was that it replaced the Canyon Lodge, which was very close to the rim of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone (close enough that cabin girls had often hurled chamber pots over the edge rather than having to deal with cleaning them). Canyon Village was much farther from the Canyon's edge. Tourist cabins in Canyon Village had different colors on each door in a given group of cabins; the planners claimed it would help tourists find the right cabin, and that was certainly more important than outdated attempts to harmonize modern buildings with their surroundings. Grant Village, on the south shore of Yellowstone Lake, was planned and built without the NPS knowing what they were impacting. It turned out to be a negative impact on important foraging habitat for grizzly bears.

One of the biggest disappointments associated with facility construction in Mission 66 was rejection of the rustic style of architecture. L. F. McClelland (1998:123) quoted the
1918 NPS Statement of Policy, which Mission 66 abandoned:

"In the construction of roads, trails, buildings, and other improvements, particular attention must be devoted always to the harmonizing of these improvements with the landscape. This is a most important item in our program of development and requires the employment of trained engineers who either possess a knowledge of landscape architecture or have a proper appreciation of the esthetic value of park lands."

Frederick Law Olmstead Sr., the first commissioner of the Yosemite Grant, in 1864, had established a principle that all buildings in a park should harmonize with the local environment. This became known as the Rustic Style of architecture and it generally prevailed in the national parks until Mission 66 (see Wilson 1976). Instead of log structures painted or stained a brown or dark green that "fit" well in a forested environment, Mission 66 often brought cheap frame construction and rainbow colors. In YNP, nearly all the ranger stations and museums were of the rustic style. Aubrey Haines (1996b:310) described the architectural change as follows:

"The trailside museums were not only effective interpretive facilities, but also pleasing examples of that rustic, stone-log architecture which, for a time, became synonymous with national park structures. Unfortunately the National Park Service has since abandoned the distinctive style it pioneered with such success, resorting to less appropriate and less durable construction."

We had a major backcountry portion of the Park in the Old Faithful Sub-District; this included parts of the Madison Plateau and the Pitchstone Plateau. There was relatively little backcountry use by visitors. Horseback rides conducted by the park concessioner went on relatively short rides such as Mallard Lake and Lone Star Geyser. It was nearly impossible for a permanent ranger at Old Faithful to take any prolonged backcountry patrols in summer, except on days off. Les and I did make one wonderful horseback trip up on 6 August; we rode from Biscuit Basin, to the Little Firehole Meadows, then the Fairy Creek Loop to Imperial Geyser and out to the Fountain Freight Road. In autumn, Les saw to it that he and I both made backcountry trips.
In late summer 1957, we were informed that I had been selected to attend the newly established ranger training school, the Albright Training Center, in Yosemite National Park (YONP), California, in September. This first session was to be called the "Mather Session," in honor of Steven Tyng Mather, the first director of the NPS. The class would be composed of 19 park rangers, 4 park historians, 2 park archeologists, and one park naturalist. We were told that upon completion of the 3-month-long school, in mid-December, I would continue my assignment at Old Faithful, for the winter. There hadn't been a ranger living at Old Faithful in the winter for several years, so that had seemed like a dream beyond reality. Although Quarters 161A was winterized, 161B (where we had spent the summer) never had been. That was to be accomplished while we were in YONP. The thought of three months in Yosemite Valley didn't sound that bad either, but there was a catch. The letter from school supervisor Frank Kowski came in late summer. It informed me of my selection to attend the school and stated that trainees could not bring wives or children because there was only dormitory space available. That was a shock. I certainly would not leave Pat and 4 month-old Mary T. for 3 months.

We phoned the concessioner, the Yosemite Park and Curry Company, to inquire if they might have a tourist cabin available. The manager would make no commitment, but said that if I came with my family they would try to arrange "something," but there were no guarantees. Several phone calls to the NPS in YONP produced no encouragement whatsoever. We decided to make our plans based on all of us going, and finding whatever housing we could. We were due in YONP in mid-September; that didn't leave much time for winter preparation at Old Faithful. The road to Old Faithful was not plowed in winter, so we had to prepare to be snowed-in for 5 or more months when we returned. The road might well be snowed closed already when we returned in mid-December; in that case we would be taken in by snowcoach. The upshot was that we would have to have all of our winter supplies, including groceries, in the house before we left for YONP, or at least have arranged for delivery before snow closed the road. We could not count on the road being drivable past the first of November.

With the assignment of being snowed-in for the winter, it would be impossible to attend Catholic mass. Pat talked with the priest at Gardiner one Sunday and when she told him that we would be unable to attend mass all winter because of our assignment, he stridently said: "that is unacceptable. Your faith requires attendance at mass. Your husband must ask for a change in assignment!" Well—we would not consider that for even a moment and the episode was a major step in our eventual separation from Catholicism.

Les Gunzel and family would move to Mammoth for the winter and another ranger family would be in 161A for the winter. Our winter companions were to be ranger Bob Burns and his wife Vivian and son Benny. We were able to make arrangements for Bob to do some of the supply stocking after we left. A wholesale grocer, Associated Food Stores, Pocatello, Idaho, allowed rangers who were to be snowed-in to order canned goods by the case, at wholesale price plus 3%. The wholesaler delivered the cases to a retail outlet in West Yellowstone, Montana. We marked our selections in an order catalog. Our total order from Associated Foods was $216. Any bad choice, or mistake by the grocer, meant months of eating the error (e.g., instead of canned corn, plain kernels, we wound up with two cases
of canned corn with onions and pimentos). Perishables (meat, eggs, fruit, etc.) had to be ordered separately and totaled $166. Fresh eggs were stored individually surrounded by oats in a large garbage can in the cellar. We ordered 1½ half cases of eggs (57 cents/dozen). Twenty pounds of oranges cost $2.63.

We would have a small gasoline generator to supply power for lights, a refrigerator, and a dryer. However, we were told to prepare as if we would have no power at all, because if the generator experienced a major breakdown it might be several weeks before an attempt at repair (by an electrician from Mammoth) would be possible. We could not have a freezer and meat would have to be stored in the woodshed and would be vulnerable to thawing temperatures. We and the Burns decided to risk getting a large supply of meat for the winter, so we got some old wood stoves, large tin cans, barrels, and an old refrigerator and put them in the woodshed. They would serve as places to protect the meat from rodents. Bob was to get the meat and place it in the containers in the woodshed just before the road snowed closed. We ordered a half side of beef (cut and individually wrapped, cost $63). We also ordered three slabs of bacon ($9.20), two hams ($12.82), turkey (30 lbs. at 43 cents/lb.), and four frier chickens (totaling $4.73). Our total grocery supply and incidentals order for the winter totaled $641.

After winter plans and preparations were made, we were ready to leave for YONP. We took only what we could get in our 1953 Packard. We were apprehensive about leaving Old Faithful for even three months. By this time we were well aware of how easily assignment changes could be made, especially in one’s absence.
We headed for YONP on 15 September and made a brief diversion to visit my parents in Denver. After leaving Denver we drove through Utah and were thrilled by the fall colors. We entered Yosemite via the east side on 21 September, taking the Tioga Road across the Park. It was under construction, being widened and realigned. This was one of many building and renovating projects authorized under Mission 66, an intensely controversial NPS construction program begun in 1956. We were shocked at the devastation the road construction was creating in Yosemite's highcountry (the Pass elevation is 9,941 feet). It appeared to be a grossly insensitive project with insufficient efforts to minimize impact to the glaciated terrain and the adjacent vegetation. Greene (1987) wrote:

"Actual construction of the new central section [of the Tioga Road] began in 1957, and it was officially opened to the public in June 1961." "Completion of the Tioga Road comprised a primary aim of the MISSION 66 road and trail program in Yosemite. Intensive studies [prior to 1957] involving discussions with various cooperating groups, the Secretary of the Interior, and other interested parties became fraught with controversy. Objections arose specifically from certain conservationists and the Bureau of Public Roads after it had been decided to proceed on the route selected and approved years earlier. Changes to meet improved safety standards met resistance from such people as David Brower, executive secretary of the Sierra Club, and nature photographer Ansel Adams. Conservationists . . . object[ed] to the blasting and gouging methods used and the resulting scars on the face of glacially polished granite surfaces at Olmstead Point."

When we arrived at YONP headquarters, we eventually found school supervisor Frank Kowski. I had not forewarned him that I was bringing a wife and baby; I was afraid he would say "you cannot do that"! However, he was gracious, at least overtly. Six other rangers also had arrived with their families and Kowski said that he understood our reluctance to leave them behind. The others included Jim Corson (wife Barbara and three young daughters) from Mt. McKinley National Park, Alaska; Bob Metherell (wife Connie), from Blue Ridge Parkway, North Carolina/Virginia; and Bob Wasem (wife Marilla), from Bryce Canyon National Park, Utah. We were relieved, but housing was still a problem. Initially, Kowski and the NPS offered no help. The altitude was that those who had brought their families had done so in spite of instructions and the NPS had no responsibility beyond the student.

Concessioner cabins were available in Yosemite Valley at Camp Curry. In 1957, the Valley was not crowded, as it is today—at least in the autumn—so there was no shortage of tourist accommodations. However, the prices were high (for the time), certainly too high to pay for three months. The concessioner also had tent tops, which were cheaper than the cabins. For the first two nights we stayed in a tent top ($6.75/night), but it was impossible to stay warm enough (no stove) for baby Mary T., who already had a cold, so we decided we should not keep her there. We moved to a Camp Curry cabin (10 feet by 12 feet, $7.25/night) on the 23rd. It was the same size that our Old Faithful Dog House had been. A "community" water tap and restrooms were 100 feet from the cabin, and it had a wood stove.
We continued to look for affordable housing. We were unable to find any rentals in El Portal, the nearest town outside the Park. We decided to make an appointment to talk with the manager of the concessioner’s cabins, where we were staying. We inquired about a reduced rate for a cabin for three months. After a congenial conversation, he said that he would have to confer on the phone with his boss. He left and in 15 minutes or so returned with our answer. He said the company was pleased to be able to offer us a "deal." Pat and I would have to pay full price, but they would not charge for Mary T. (4 months-old!). Wow, what a deal, not charging for a wee baby. For the time being, we had no choice but to accept the magnanimous offer. That lowered the cabin rate to $5.50/night. Through 1955, it had been the policy of the concessioner to not charge for a child less than 3 yrs old!

During our second week in YONP, we were invited over to Dan Nelson's home for dinner. Dan had transferred to Yosemite as Fire Control Officer, from YNP, where I had first met him when I was a fire guard (1955) and Dan was Assistant Fire Control Officer. Dan and his wife Junia kindly offered to let us stay in their upstairs room during the school. The room didn't have an outside entrance and we felt it would be too much of an imposition on them, so we declined the offer. However, it was a big boost for our morale to encounter NPS people who were so kind and friendly.

Eventually, someone took pity on our housing plight; it probably was either Frank Kowski or Bob McIntyre (the other instructor at the ranger school). Frank informed the four family men still in need of housing that some small mobile "homes" not in use had been located in Lassen Volcanic National Park, more than 300 miles away. The NPS would arrange to have them moved to YONP for the fall if the trainees who wanted them would pay the cost of transportation and the rent for use of space in the government trailer site. Transportation charge would be $96 per trailer.

This was a good arrangement compared to the expensive concessioner cabin, so we jumped at it after several delays and negotiations concerning costs. My notes indicate that the trailer rental was less than one fifth of the cabin rental. At one point the NPS decided that we should pay for the return transportation of the trailers to Lassen at the end of the training session, but eventually they backed off on this charge. After spending a day cleaning the dirty trailer, we moved in on 5 October (after 12 nights in the concessioner cabin). The trailers were located in a site that we soon called "The Fungus Jungle." The appellation arose from the persistent dampness of the trailer area. The inside walls of the trailers continually supported a coating of fungus and algae that had to be scrubbed off frequently. But it was much better than being separated from Pat and Mary T. We would not have hot water in the trailer for three weeks; the NPS had to install a higher capacity electric line into the trailer area. We also had to use a central bathroom facility until the NPS replaced sewer lines. It did seem apparent that the training school manager had not expected families!

There were continuous problems with the trailer. On one occasion the oil flow valve malfunctioned, allowing a maximum continuous flow of heating oil into the stove, which had been on for some time. The fire got hotter and hotter and was in danger of catching the adjacent wall on fire from the intense radiant heat. I couldn't stem the flow no matter what I tried, so I used the fire extinguisher to put out the stove fire, resulting in soot all over everything in the trailer. But I was thankful that it had not happened while Pat and baby Mary T. were home alone.
We settled into the Fungus Jungle as best we could and tried to make the most of our time in the beautiful Yosemite Valley. The Valley and Yosemite Falls were especially gorgeous after snowfalls and we appreciated the opportunity to be there at a time when fewer tourists were present. I spent little time at the trailer except at night. On weekends we took short hikes in the Park (1-43). School involved daily sessions and field trips to Sequoia and Kings Canyon National Parks, Muir Woods National Monument, and Millerton Lake National Recreation Area.

The aspect of the three months of training that stands out most is how uninspiring it was. There was nothing that approached the spellbinding oratory of some of YNP’s seasonal naturalists, no moving descriptions of the meaning and altruism of the “National Park Idea.” And there were no readings from John Muir, Aldo Leopold, or the other great conservation writers. The thrust of the school was pragmatism and policy. Inspiration was missing. We had lengthy sessions on first aid, rock climbing, law enforcement, entrance station operations, and administration. The class heard talks from many of the YONP staff, including Superintendent John Preston. Several NPS people from the Regional and Washington, D.C. offices spoke to the group. They tended to be very defensive in responding to questions that had any hint of doubt about the logic of particular policies. Lawrence Cook (head of forestry operations in the western national parks) clearly had no understanding of ecological processes and espoused traditional forest management practices in the parks.

YONP Forester Emil Ernst (with “traditional” European forestry attitudes) emphasized to the class the need for intensive insecticide use to control outbreaks of forest insects such as the spruce budworm. I raised my hand and asked him why there was such a concern about a native species, the spruce budworm. He sarcastically replied: “Who are you, a member of the Sierra Club. The spruce budworm is not native; it came here from Europe.” He was wrong of course; it is a native insect. And this guy was the Park Forester for YONP! It was clear that questioning of substantive nature about current policy was not welcomed. This was not the reaction of all speakers; chief instructor Frank Kowski was knowledgeable and open to discussion.

Two other issues that seemed strikingly discordant to the students were the logging of old-growth ponderosa pine (Pinus ponderosa) in the Valley and the “Firefall.” During the session, large pines were being cut from groves on the Valley floor. Several students questioned this in class when YNP Forester Emil Ernst was speaking to the class. His rationale was that fire exclusion had allowed unnatural growth in the Valley and the Park was simply mimicking nature by removing what would have burned. The question, which was never answered, was why were the 200+ year-old trees being removed? They were not there because of lack of fire; however, they probably were threatened by fire in the younger dense understory that would have burned periodically prior to the entry of European man. The NPS was removing the wrong trees. Needless to say, our questioning did not halt the project, which was providing some valuable sawtimber to a local mill.

The Firefall spectacle in Yosemite Valley is well known in history and we had an opportunity to witness it during our stay in the Valley. It had become a nightly event during the tourist season and as scheduled during other seasons. The bark of red fir (Abies magnifica) was gathered from the forest on the south rim of the Valley.

The bark was piled on the granite edge of Glacier Point, 3,000 feet above the Valley.
The bark pile was burned until it was reduced to glowing embers. Then the glowing embers were pushed over the edge of Glacier Point, producing a fiery cascade to a ledge 900 feet below.

The following excerpt from http://firefall.info/curry.html provides an historical description of the event:

“Nic Fiore, Glacier Point Hotel innkeeper and fire builder from 1954 and beyond, remembers that his normal routine was to start gathering bark for the fire between 4:30 – 5:00 am, so it could be done before tourists arrived to enjoy the view of the valley from Glacier Point. He would build the fire with 10 wheel barrows full of red-fir bark. Even that early in the morning, invariably someone would want to take a picture with him holding up one of the pieces of bark, and he would never disappoint them. The fire would be started at 7:00 in the evening so that it could burn down to glowing embers by 9:00. Down at Camp Curry, the crowds would start to gather at 6:00 in the evening to get a seat at the outdoor stage, and would wait two hours for the show, which ran from 8:00 to 9:00 [P.M.], ending with the Firefall as its finale. The fire builder on Glacier Point and another individual near the Camp Curry stage would signal to each other by flashlight. When contact was made, the calls would begin. The fire caller at Camp Curry would yell in a loud voice: ‘Hello Glacier!’ In the dead silence, the crowd could hear the faint response from the cliff: ‘Hello Camp Curry!’ The fire caller would then yell: ‘Let the Fire Fall!’ And the crowd could hear the final response: ‘The Fire is Falling!’ At that point the fire would be gradually and consistently pushed over the edge. Great care was taken to ensure that the embers were pushed evenly off the edge, to simulate a steady flow and produce the illusion of a waterfall of fire. While the fire was falling, a performer on the Camp Curry stage would sing The Indian Love Call, accompanied by piano or violin. When the song and the Firefall was [were] over, the crowd would remain silent. Bill Lane, fire caller from the 1930’s up through 1942, described the mood afterwards: ‘Then there would usually be a pause, and I have seen many people cry at the end of the program. And it would be what would seem like minutes, although it was probably 30 seconds or so, then there would be the sound of a few people bold enough to clap, to break what was really almost a spiritual experience. And then pretty soon the crescendo of the clapping, and you could hear the clapping from the meadows, and then from all over the valley’.”

Instead of a natural waterfall, so characteristic of the Valley, man had produced a Firefall. During our stay in the Valley, the appropriateness of this exhibition was being increasingly questioned by conservation groups. The spectacle caused a great deal of congestion in the park and trampling by onlookers damaged the meadows. The unnatural and unnecessary removal of red fir bark from the park also was finally recognized as a natural resource protection problem. Finally, NPS Director Hartzog decided that the Firefall tradition should come to an end. It was abandoned with the final spectacle on 25 January 1968.

Our three-month stay in Yosemite Valley had been interesting and provided us with a broader perspective on the NPS. We lost track of most trainees within a few years, but friendships continued with the Corsons, Hersheys, and Wasems (I-44). As the end of school
nearly, our eager anticipation of a winter at Old Faithful grew intense. The session ended on 13 December and we headed for home (Yellowstone) on Saturday the 14th. We spent the night of the 15th in Twin Falls, Idaho, and the 16th in Idaho Falls. Pat described the remainder of the trip in a letter to her Mother:

“Yes, we made it. We left Idaho Falls Tuesday morning [17 December], put the chains on at Ashton (as we didn’t have our snow tires with us) and went on to West [Yellowstone]. There we found out that Les [Gunzel] and Bob Burns were coming out [from Old Faithful] which would break a trail for us. So we drove in – it wasn’t too bad. However, the next morning it was impossible to get the car back out to West as it had been snowing and drifting all night. Our car is sitting on a bare spot in the Old Faithful parking lot, with a foot of snow on it.”
1-43. In Yosemite National Park, Pat with Mary Teresa at Glacier Point, 3,254 feet above the Valley floor, October 1957.
I-44. STEPHEN T. MATHER SESSION, National Park Service Training Center Program, Yosemite National Park, California, 23 September–13 December 1957. (Courtesy NPS).

L–R

Standing: Frank F. Kowski, Training Center Supervisor; Robert E. Cook, Colonial; Robert T. Bray, Effigy Mounds; Dick S. Baird, Platt; Loren N. Gould, Coulee Dam; Sigismund J. Zachwieja, Yosemite; Robert F. Fenton, National Capital Parks; Richard T. Hart, Wind Cave; Charles R. Wasem, Bryce Canyon; June I. Branner, Training Center Secretary; Theodore W. Sullivan, Olympic; Richard D. Jacobsen, Sequoia and Kings Canyon; Bernard R. Mc Clelland, Yellowstone; Marvin C. Hershey, Glacier; Robert I. Kerr, Great Smoky Mountains; Richard M. Howard, Gran Quivira; James W. Corson, Mt. McKinley; Charles C. McCurdy, Big Bend; and Robert N. McIntyre, Training Specialist.

Kneeling: James A. Mink, Mt. Rainier; John M. Morehead, Yosemite; Heath L. Pemberton, Ft. Sumter; Jerry Y. Shimoda, Jefferson National Expansion Memorial; Richard K. Robinson, White Sands; Louis Morris, Statue of Liberty; David C. Ochsner, Mesa Verde; Robert Metherell, Blue Ridge; and Ellsworth R. Swift, National Capitol Parks.
CHAPTER 11. Home in Wonderland (1957–58)

The October Old Faithful Monthly Report noted: “Quarters 161B has been winterized and awaits the return of the McClelland family. The walls were sealed, the floors refinished and walls and ceiling painted.” The November Report stated: “Groceries and winter supplies for Burns and McClelland were hauled in during the month.” Little did we know that we were embarking on the best years of our lives and the dessert of our NPS career—four consecutive winters snowed-in at Old Faithful. It was like starting a meal with ice cream and cake.

All of the inside log walls were now covered with plaster board. We had hoped that they would cover only those logs that formed outside walls, leaving interior room separations in their original rustic log appearance, but that was not to be. We were pleased that the snow would no longer blow into the kitchen through the unchinked cracks between logs, as had happened in a September snowstorm before we departed for YONP. We were happy to have the winterizing completed. At an elevation of 7,367 above sea level, the Old Faithful area can be very cold any time of the year. The large fireplace alcove became the family focal-point in the evenings. The Monarch wood range (it also burned coal) in the kitchen and the wood stove in the livingroom would keep the other rooms warm. Prior to the remodeling work, our side of the duplex (161B) had never been winterized. What a privilege to spend the winter in the geyser side of the building!

Bob Burns had done a good job of completing the job of laying in supplies for the winter. However, he had done one thing that horrified me when I saw it. The open alcove between the two quarters (on the east side, toward the Lodge) had been closed in as part of the winterizing remodeling. In the enclosure, with a door from each duplex opening into it, Bob had placed the generator and a 55-gallon drum of gasoline. The generator exhaust was vented to the outside, but it was essentially within the house and not 10 feet from the drum of gasoline. I hesitated to confront Bob, who had worked so hard in all of the preparation work, but this was just too much of a safety hazard. Bob took my complaint without too much defensiveness and plans were quickly revised. The generator and the gasoline were moved to a shed 50 feet from the house. The generator never did work dependably. It would run one washing machine if everything else in both quarters was turned off. We ran it for washing and for a few hours in the evening. Otherwise our lights were kerosene lamps, Coleman lanterns (white gas), and candles. Vivian Burns tried a Coleman (white gas) iron and promptly burned a big hole through one of Bob's shirts. In midwinter the generator burned out completely. After three or four weeks a replacement was brought in from Mammoth. It performed erratically also; we would have been better off not fooling with a generator at all (Pat may dispute this because she was able to run the washing machine during some periods).

Bob had seniority, so he was in charge for the winter. However, we worked well together and were able to discuss our duties without a feeling of "rank." Les Gunzel was still the Sub-District Ranger for Old Faithful, but of course he was stationed in Mammoth for the winter. We kept in frequent contact with him by telephone. The telephone lines were maintained by the NPS at that time and once they went out in the winter, repair was not usually attempted until the snow had melted in the spring. There was no permanent radio communication system in YNP at that time. By 21 December the road was closed by snow
for the winter even to four-wheel drive vehicles. It was great; we were snowed-in at the one
place on the entire Earth where both Pat and I would pick, given an unlimited choice. We
were in the midst of a very special place. Lt. Cheyney Doane (1870:147) wrote:

"As a country for sightseers, it is without parallel; as a field for scientific research, it
promises great results; in the branches of geology, mineralogy, botany, zoology, and
ornithology, it is probably the greatest laboratory that nature furnishes on the surface
of the globe."

In some earlier years, a ranger had been in residence at Old Faithful in winter, but
coverage had not been consistent. Ranger Ruben Hart spent the 1949–50 winter at Old
Faithful and Ranger-Naturalist George Marler was there in the winter of 1951–52, studying
geyser behavior. Both lived in Quarters 161A. In the five winters previous to our
assignment, the station had been abandoned in the winter. There were consistently two
Yellowstone Park Company winterkeepers living in the area, to maintain the concession
buildings. Winter at Old Faithful changed forever on 18 January 1955, when the NPS issued
a permit to William J. Nicholls and Harold Young of West Yellowstone, to operate
Bombardier snowcoaches from West Yellowstone to Old Faithful. That first winter
(1954-55) there were 40 trips to Old Faithful. In the next two winters (1955–56 and
1956-57) there had been reports of the snowcoaches actually driving onto the Old Faithful
cone. Thus, Chief Ranger Brown had decided to assign rangers to Old Faithful in winter
again, with the primary duty of preventing vandalism to the hydrothermal features,
especially Old Faithful Geyser.

On 22 December 1957, Pat wrote to her mother: “It was quite warm here [Old
Faithful] the week before we arrived [from the Yosemite school]. We were quite fortunate
not to lose our meat. It had kept Bob [Burns] hopping to keep it frozen. The only thing that
thawed was a package of liver. It was delicious. I hope that our half beef is as good.” Les
gave us the following duties to perform: (1) meet commercial snowcoaches (from West
Yellowstone, and usually only on weekends and holidays). There was no snowcoach
operation out of Mammoth and there were no private snowmobiles in the area at that time,
(2) make frequent patrols (on skis or snowshoes) throughout the geyser basins, and record
all wildlife and geyser observations, (3) shovel snow off the roof of our quarters after every
storm to prevent ice build-up, (4) remove the winter's accumulation of snow from all
government buildings starting in February, and (5) “other duties as assigned,” as a ranger's
position description always read.

When the winter started, neither Pat nor I knew anything about cross-country skiing.
Les had told us what equipment we would need and we had obtained it in California before
we returned from YONP. We picked up a pair of used skis and poles for Pat at a yard sale in
Yosemite. During a field trip to San Francisco, I had purchased ski poles and climbers (for
attaching to the bottom of skis). I did not need to buy skis; the NPS had pairs of 9 feet long
Army surplus boards that I could use. Les Gunzel came to Old Faithful from Mammoth in
mid-January, driving a government “Weasel” (a tank-like oversnow vehicle with two tracks,
surplus from the Korean War). Les, Bob, and I made a trip to Pocket Basin on 13 January. It
was a special place for unusual clay mudpot features (1-45) and numerous obsidian chips.
I-45. Pocket Basin, 13 January 1958. This small basin was dominated by mud pots and other clay mud features. The vapor-emitting chimney is 20 inches high.
Les’ primary purpose for his trip to Old Faithful was to give us skiing instruction. Les was a patient but demanding teacher. Bob Burns already was a downhill skier, so he didn’t attend all the skiing practice sessions, but Yellowstone Park Company winterkeeper Jim Keithley participated with me as a learner. In a letter to her mother, Pat reported that I fell 75 times in one session (surely that must have been a gross exaggeration!). Although Bob Burns and I made a number of local ski or snowshoe patrols together, he was perfectly happy to let me take care of most of the ski patrols and he handled whatever paper work there was. Although he didn’t spend much time outside with me, he was always ready and willing to give a helping hand when necessary.

Les was a great family man and when the skiing instruction was completed, before he headed back to Mammoth he took Pat, Mary T., Vivian, and Benny in the Weasel to Kepler Cascades, several miles east on the Craig Pass Road. Bob and I skijored on ropes behind the Weasel. It was a wonderful family outing. Pat was busy with baby Mary T. and was with child again, so her outdoor activities were somewhat limited. On 17 January, Pat pulled Mary T. on a sled, 2½ miles (round trip) to Daisy Geyser, where I was making observations. The minimum temperature that morning had been minus 6° F, but it warmed to plus 40° F in the afternoon. Tracks from the Weasel and the snowcoaches had packed the snow on the road, so Pat did not need skis or snowshoes. Vivian Burns occasionally watched Mary T. so that Pat and I could ski to Geyser Hill or some other nearby destination. At other times I put Mary T. on my back and we hiked through part of the Upper Basin. By carefully picking routes, we could hike a long way even when the general snow cover was three feet deep; areas of warm ground remained snow-free. We occasionally took our baby as far as Riverside Geyser, about three miles away. Castle Geyser was less than a mile away and Grand Geyser only a mile.

Our duty to meet commercial snowcoach trips began on 22 December (5 passengers). In January there were 11 snowcoach trips to Old Faithful. The Yellowstone Park Company, which actually had the contract rights to conduct that type of enterprise, was not yet interested. A couple of entrepreneurs in West Yellowstone, Bill Nicholls and Harold Young, had acquired two snowcoaches, commercially produced in Canada as "Bombardiers." They had two tank-like tracks and a comfortable and heated cab (1-46). Bombardiers tended to have difficulty in deep fresh snow and there were a few occasions on which the trips turned back before reaching Old Faithful. The operators were generally pleasant and cooperative. Some trips they drove to our quarters to deliver mail or a special grocery order. The trips stayed only long enough to witness one eruption of Old Faithful Geyser, then headed back to West Yellowstone. There were no overnight accommodations and no gasoline available, and the roads were not “groomed,” as they are now.

Specially arranged snowcoach trips were made to bring NPS and concessionaire folks from Mammoth and Gardiner to Old Faithful on 3, 6, 20, and 28 January. The trips were provided at government expense as an in-Service training experience. The expense was easily justified in my view. The employees drove from Mammoth to Madison Junction (the road was plowed that far for elk reduction), where they met the commercial Bombardiers from West Yellowstone. The snowcoaches took the folks on to Old Faithful. Most people in each group came over to our quarters, where Pat and Vivian Burns provided cookies and something hot to drink. They were a congenial lot, and very appreciative of the hospitality.

There seemed to be more of a sense of camaraderie among all employees in those
days. Some of those who signed our guest book in January of 1958 were: Anne Burt Goff, Superintendent Garrison’s secretary; she signed the book: “Secretary to the Great White Father.” Several of the NPS guests already were old timers in YNP in 1958: Assistant Chief Rangers William S. (Scotty) Chapman and Hal Edwards, Management Assistant Joe Joffe, Historian Aubrey Haines, and Geologist George D. Marler. Others who came included Naturalist John Tyers, Ranger Bert McLaren, and Mary Shearer (Secretary to Chief Ranger Otto Brown). From the Administrative Division: Ernie Anderson, Erwin Atwood, Houston Turner, Tom Sommerville, Clarence Scoyen, Ellis Gabbert, Dick and Mary Lou Miller (with son Paul, on his 14th birthday), Tom Sommerville, Rolla Everett (personnel officer who had helped me get my job in YNP), Henry J. Pratt (junior personnel officer), Ellen Bratlien, Marge Baxter, and Shirley Epperson. Two men who had recently arrived in the Ranger Division were Elt Davis (Lake District Ranger), with wife Kay, and Frank Sylvester (Assistant Chief Ranger). From the Maintenance Division there were Tom Gray, Gene Herne, Howard Kochert, Les Gillett, and Les Abbey. Fred Martin, owner of the Livingston Enterprise newspaper was on the trip on 6 January. He took many photographs that were published on the front page of the Enterprise on 16 January. Pat and Mary T. were in one of the photographs.

In winter 1957–58, there were two concessioner (Yellowstone Park Company) winterkeeper families at Old Faithful. The older couple was Bob and Chessy Keithley; they lived in a house near the Firehole River, behind the Lodge. The second winterkeeper was Bob’s son Jim, with wife Emma Lou, and baby Barbara Ann. The young couple lived in a house behind the Old Faithful Inn. The house was heated by hot spring water piped in from the adjacent thermal area (Myriad Group). The younger family was pleasant and we shared some dinners and walks with them through the winter. The older couple was eccentric and full of bizarre stories intended to frighten anyone who had not wintered at Old Faithful. At first, we tried to be neighborly and invite both couples to our quarters when we were first snowed-in; however, we quickly learned that Bob Keithley was interested only in relating the same wild tales each time. Bob Keithley was naive to think that his ridiculous stories would be believable to anyone, but I’m sure he thought that it was the rangers that were naive and gullible. Bob relished in telling us about the problems inherent with grizzlies emerging from hibernation in the spring.

To hear him tell it, grizzlies came out of hibernation so hungry that they stalked anyone living at Old Faithful, and the bears broke into the winterkeepers’ food supplies every spring. He emphasized that the two ranger families could look forward to being the grizzlies’ targets in the coming spring. Bob Keithley’s favorite tale described how he and his wife were chased into the attic of their house by grizzlies the previous spring. The bears supposedly broke through heavy wooden doors and broke the chains that secured the doors. To save their lives, Bob and Chessy climbed into their attic, where they claimed they remained, without food or water, for more than a week. Meanwhile, the grizzlies (several) occupied the downstairs and devoured all of the food, after which they remained for days, using the Keithley’s home as a den. He also claimed to have seen eruptions of all geysers, even Excelsior Geyser, which hadn’t erupted since 1888 (he thought we were stupid as well as naive).
1-46. Commercial snowcoach (Bombardier) from West Yellowstone, visiting Old Faithful, January 1958.
Jim Keithley scoffed at these tales and wrote them off as his fathers’ attempt to be seen as a real mountain man who had experienced far more “wilderness” adventure than anyone could imagine. Being in the same room with Bob Keithley meant being a prisoner to his rantings; he had no interest in listening to anyone but himself. We quickly stopped punishing ourselves and abandoned any further social interaction. Jim and Emma Lou were altogether different. They were friendly and we enjoyed getting together with them.

Les planned a ski patrol to Shoshone Lake Patrol Cabin, a 5.5-mile ski from Lone Star Geyser trail head. He assigned me to accompany him and I was eager to go. Lone Star could be accessed by road in the Weasel. What a thrill—my first winter patrol, and with an experienced ranger whom I admired. We made the trip on 22–24 January and started on a cold overcast morning; the temperature was minus 20° F (I-47). I had prepared for winter trips to the best of my knowledge, and whatever money we could scrape up to purchase the appropriate gear. Some of my equipment was pretty shoddy; e.g., my backpack was tied together from an Army surplus rucksack and a homemade metal frame. Several years later, when I purchased my Kelty backpack, I wondered how I had ever stuffed all of my supplies into such limited space and how I had avoided ruining my back in the process.

As we started out I was wearing several layers of clothing—undershirt, shirt, sweater, and coat—because the air was cold and damp. Les believed in taking turns breaking (going first and "breaking" the first trail in the snow) and changing position precisely every 15 minutes. After a couple of exchanges, I was breaking, working hard and sweating; I needed to remove a layer of clothing. I asked Les if we could stop so that I could remove my sweater. To my astonishment, he said no. He said that we could stop only at 15-minute marks, when we changed breaker position. From that instance I learned to plan ahead and to remove or add clothes at a changeover before I was actually too hot or too cold. Not everyone got along well with Les because of his often dogmatic approach. I grumbled a bit, but I realized there were different ways of supervising men on a ski patrol, and that Les was the boss. Although I thought that breaking the trail on that trip was hard work, I learned that it had been a piece of cake. The traditional definition passed down from generations of Yellowstone rangers was: "When you leave the cabin at first light and ski continuously all morning, then at the noon lunch stop you can still hit the cabin with a snowball—that's tough breaking" (I heard that one from Ranger Harry Reynolds).

We crossed Shoshone Creek on a snow bridge (I-48) and then it wasn't far to the Patrol Cabin. The patrol cabin was the same one Pat and I had visited by horseback in 1955. We reached the cabin, on the edge of Shoshone Geyser Basin, in early afternoon. What a wonderful setting in winter; it was a welcome sight after our first day out. The level snow depth at the cabin was 40 inches. It had been 60 inches on Grant Pass, which we crossed en route. We had the remainder of this first afternoon and all of the second day to explore the geyser basin and ski the mile or so to Shoshone Lake. It was spellbinding; what a privilege it was to be a YNP ranger on a winter patrol. The snow and rime-laden trees (ghost trees) near the hot springs were beautiful and we marveled at the sights. It was a pleasure to be with Les because he was always just as enthused as I was. On the third morning we headed back to Old Faithful. By the end of the trip I had learned a great deal from Les.

We were required to shovel snow from the roof of our quarters after every storm. This was necessary because the ceiling throughout the building was poorly insulated and snow melted on the roof, causing an ice buildup on the eaves. The valley on the roof ended
above the front door to our quarters, so there was a large pile of snow to be removed after each shoveling (I-49), to make the door accessible and restore the view south from the kitchen window (I-50). While shoveling snow from the roof, we saw many eruptions of Old Faithful. It is interesting to note that the NPS web camera that currently (2008) provides the live views of the Geyser, is located in a tree only about 30 feet from where “our” quarters (161B) stood (the NPS demolished the house in October 1970). The view of Old Faithful Geyser that we had while shoveling the roof, was nearly identical to the current web cam view (I-51).

One of our assigned winter projects was removing the snow from roofs of 48 government buildings. By February, the winter snow accumulation had settled and become very dense. This made it possible to cut the snow into large blocks, with a one-man crosscut saw, then slide the blocks off the edge of the roof with a flat-blade shovel (I-52). When the roof pitch was sufficiently deep, we “wired” the snow off of the roof. Les Gunzel had shown us how to do this. It saved a great deal of time when it could be used. “Wiring” was done by attaching a wire (wire of small enough diameter to be flexible but large enough to be strong) to the roof’s ridge line at one end, then tamping the wire as deeply as possible into the snow along the ridge to the other end, running the wire down to the eave a couple of inches above the roof surface, then from the ground, pulling the wire through the snow along the eave edge toward the end at which the wire had been attached to the ridge line. This created a sliding surface a few inches above the roof and as the wire approached completing the “cut,” the entire slab released, suddenly and swiftly rushing off the roof. The wire puller had to be very cautious as he pulled the wire from one end of the eave to the other, walking on snowshoes while pulling the wire. Sometimes the slab released before the puller reached the end of the eave, with the potential of crushing the puller under a huge weight of dense snow.

Every day provided new excitement. Each eruption of Old Faithful was different from all previous ones we had seen. Winter eruptions were particularly spectacular. The vapor rising from the plume of boiling water had a very distinct edge in sub-zero temperatures. Whereas in the warmer temperatures of summer, the vapor edge was diffuse. Against a blue winter sky and in below zero temperature, an eruption of Old Faithful, or any other major geyser, was stunning (I-53). In winter, as soon as a person got away from the immediate vicinity of the quarters, during most days there were no human-produced noises in the basin; natural quiet and natural sounds prevailed. At the boardwalk near Old Faithful Geyser, subtle subterranean cannonading (formation or collapse of steam bubbles in the Geyser's chambers) was clearly audible as eruptions began. In summer, crowd noise and nearby traffic overwhelmed these subtle natural sounds. At night, inside our quarters we could hear and feel each eruption of Old Faithful. Some eruptions awakened us. Wildlife shows were a daily occurrence. The bare ground around Old Faithful Geyser attracted foraging birds, sometimes pine grosbeak (*Pinicola enucleator*), common redpoll (*Carduelis flammea*), and snow bunting (*Plectrophenax nivalis*).

On a few occasions we were treated to displays of the aurora borealis. On 10 February, I recorded in the logbook: “Starting at 7:30 P.M. we had a wonderful display of the aurora. The heavens were draped with pulsating red and violet curtains.”
I-47. Les Gunzel (nearest) and Riley McClelland (on Firehole River Bridge) near Lone Star Geyser, ready to start a ski patrol to Shoshone Geyser Basin, 22 January 1958. The temperature was minus 20°F (self-timer photo by Les Gunzel).
1-49. Snow shoveled from the roof of our quarters, blocking the entrance—more work to do (photo by Pat McClelland).
I-50a. Modified excerpt from the 1958 revision of the 1948 Old Faithful Area Master Plan (not to scale). Arrow indicates direction of view in the photo below.

I-50b. Early winter 1958, view south from our kitchen in Quarters 161B. Upper Hamilton Store is at the end of the street; to the right is the Cafeteria; on the left is Haynes Photo Shop (the edge of the roof shows). Only the Hamilton Store is extant.
1-51a. Old Faithful Geyser eruption as seen from the roof of Quarters 161 in January 1958. Quarters 161 was razed by the NPS in October 1970.

1-51b. Old Faithful Geyser eruption seen from the NPS web cam in January 2010. This web cam was placed in a tree on the outer edge of the small group of trees seen on the left side of the top photo. The web cam was about the same height as was the view from our roof. In September 2010, the web cam view was changed. Haziness in the web cam photo is caused by siliceous sinter gradually deposited from the geyser’s eruption vapors.
1-52. Ranger McClelland removing snow from the roof of the Old Faithful Museum, February 1958. **Top:** cutting snow load into blocks with a crosscut saw. **Bottom:** sliding a block off the roof (photos by Bob Burns).
During the third week in February, we experienced extraordinary weather, more like late March. The sky was clear and the daily maximum temperatures between the 18th and 23rd February varied from 44° to 49°. Much snow melted, especially around the thermal areas. We were able to walk two miles or more down the basin with few patches of snow to negotiate. Pat, baby Mary T., and I, along with the Burns family, spent one entire afternoon waiting for Grand Geyser to erupt, and basking in the warm sunshine — no snowmobiles, no noise, no one else between Old Faithful and West Yellowstone, thirty miles away. And the Grand did erupt for us (Grand is a major geyser, with some bursts exceeding 150 feet during its 15 to 20 minute performance)(I-54). Pat wrote to her folks: "We are having the most wonderful summer ever—in February!" The mean minimum temperature for February 1958 was 13° compared to a long-term February average of 5°. The mean maximum for the month was 34°, compared to the long-term 29.4°.

Two snowplanes from the Anvil Motel, Jackson, Wyoming, came to Old Faithful (via Moran, South Entrance and West Thumb) on 26 February (I-55). Each plane had two occupants. These were the only snowplanes we saw during our first winter. We heard that during previous winters as many as a dozen snowplanes had made the trip. Snowplanes were homemade craft with a small, enclosed cab supported on three skis, one on each side of the cab one in front, used as the steering device. Snowplanes were propelled by an airplane engine behind the cab. These things were very noisy. On firm snow they were fast, attaining 60 mph or higher. During the 1958 trip, the two snowplanes were in the Old Faithful area for only an hour or so before heading back to West Thumb and then Moran.

In our quarters, we had an excellent view of wildlife and geysers even during meals. From the kitchen table we frequently saw elk, bison, mule deer (*Odocoileus hemionus*), and sometimes a coyote (*Canis latrans*). A mule deer doe with a notched ear (result of a skirmish with another deer?) was a frequent visitor and always easily identifiable. We referred to her as "Baby" (I-56). Pat could look in the carefully placed mirror outside the kitchen window and see eruptions of Old Faithful, Beehive, Giantess, Plume, and Lion, and the eruption vapor columns from Castle, Grand, and Riverside. She kept a chart inside a kitchen cupboard door and recorded all observed geyser eruption times. At winter's end, I prepared a summary report recording all observations of geyser and hot spring activity that we had documented. What a wonderful privilege to live within the Upper Geyser Basin, about which Lt. Doane (1870:142) wrote:

"Taken as an aggregate, the Firehole Basin surpasses all the other great wonders of the continent. It produces an effect on the mind of the beholder utterly staggering and overpowering."

We attached a bird feeder tray to the outside lower sill of the kitchen window. Consistent visitors to the feeder were mountain chickadees (*Poecile gambeli*), gray jays (*Perisoreus canadensis*), red-breasted nuthatches (*Sitta canadensis*), and red squirrels (*Tamiasciurus hudsonicus*). Occasionally a pine marten (*Martes americana*) and rarely a deer took crumbs from the feeder; once a bull elk did so. Mary T. could look closely at animals by pressing her nose against the window as she stood in her play pen (I-57).
When Mary T. wasn't watching the bird feeder, she had opportunities for mischief. Next to her playpen was a set of shelves; on one of the low shelves we stored numerous canned goods. Unfortunately that included a three-pound can of Karo syrup. One morning she managed to move the can until it fell off the shelf onto the floor. The lid popped off on impact; picture three pounds of syrup spreading across the kitchen floor. I walked into the house a few minutes after the event to find Pat in tears. The floor looked as if it were covered by clear ice, but the “ice” was soft and very sticky. We both did the cleanup (several hours worth).

The most unusual animal show we experienced was provided by pine marten. Pat identified at least 14 different marten. She kept careful notes on differences in their fur and their general morphology. When the Naturalist Office, in Mammoth, heard how many marten we were seeing, Chief Naturalist Condon sent word that he wanted us to trap and kill two, for museum mounts. Neither Bob nor I thought much of the idea and we did not find time to carry out the request.

Occasionally we saw a marten on the bird feeder. Several lived in our attic and made a terrible ruckus on many nights. Pat and I often were awakened by their internecine warfare; it sounded like an alley-cat fight. Some nights it seemed to go on for hours and I lifted the ceiling access panel and hurled a piece of coal or firewood at them. That usually stopped the fighting, for a while. Ranger Charles Phillips (1926:3-4) described a similar situation with a marten at this same building in 1926:

“‘M art’ has made h im self thoroughly at hom e at the stat ion, appropriating an opening in the foundation for a den and using the roof as a workshop. He frequently investigates the barrel of discarded tin cans throwing out those that seem to merit further attention. He carries the most promising of these to the roof and may be heard up there at all hours of the night banging away at his cans.”

We suspect that the nocturnal marten activity that Phillips described actually was occurring in the space between the ceiling and the roof, where we always heard them. Phillips also commented on the extreme curiosity of the marten he called “M art.” Phillips further wrote:

“He [the marten] cannot resist the temptation to run up and look into an open door and several times the writer has narrowly avoided stepping on him in this position at night.”

One of the marten that was living “upstairs” during our winter tenure also became particularly habituated to an open door, and to us. She would often appear at the kitchen door as it was opened. She eventually got to the point where she came through the open door into the kitchen. We succumbed to temptation and gave her a small scrap of meat (1-58), with which she then quickly scampered back outside. She gradually developed a habit of jumping against the kitchen door in the morning, to make noise alerting us that a trick or treater was waiting.
I-54. Grand Geyser in eruption, with Pat (holding Mary Teresa) observing, 21 February 1958 (photo by Bob Burns).
Mule deer doe (with the notched ear, "Baby") and buck passing an eruption of Old Faithful Geyser, February 1958.
1-57. Mary Teresa and her view from the play pen in the kitchen of 161B, February 1958.
1-58. Pine marten in our kitchen, Quarters 161B.
All other marten individuals were more aggressive and wary; we made no effort to make them otherwise. We did not feel guilty about feeding a few of the animals. Such feeding did not make those few into permanent “pets,” or dependant on us, and they were long gone by the time park visitors arrived. We were careful not to have any food available at times when bears were out of hibernation. We saw this occasional and selective feeding of a few individual animals as developing a closer relationship with creatures that shared the same living area in winter months. In the context of today’s grossly “developed” Old Faithful area, even such limited feeding no doubt would be seen as inappropriate by most rangers. Times have changed. Earlier rangers had feelings similar to ours. Ranger Philip Martindale described having a pair of marten making their winter home in the Lake Ranger Station. Martindale (1926:6) wrote:

“One of these martens, after considerable growling, has taken food from the hand.”

The marten had another surprise that we did not anticipate. Several days sometimes passed without either Bob or I checking the meat supply stored in old wood stoves in the wood shed. When temperatures went above freezing, we of course began to worry, but there wasn't anything we could do about it. On one occasion I went in to check the stoves after a few days without an inspection. I immediately noticed that some of the ash drawer doors were open and a lid had been knocked off one of the large stoves. On closer inspection it was evident that marten had discovered how to open the stove doors and access the meat. The grates between the ash compartment and the burning chamber all were missing when we received the stoves and once the marten figured out how to open the ash door—presto, there was the meat free for the taking. Much of what they hadn't carried off in pieces had been eaten on the spot. We had lost 3/4 of a ham, 3 pounds of bacon, several packages of sliced turkey, and corned beef. The marten had completely removed two entire chickens. Bob had hung a deer (shot outside the Park during the autumn hunting season) on a rope suspended from a rafter in the woodshed. The marten had been able to leap onto the carcass and had already consumed a quarter of it. Two weeks later the marten had figured out ways to get into another container and had eaten a whole chicken and part of a ham. They were fast learners and we were slow.

We were able to keep the house warm most of the time, with some difficulty at colder than 0° F. January 1958 had been quite cold, with a mean minimum temperature of minus 5° F, although the lowest minimum that month had been only minus 26° F. The winter water source was a concern. The summer water supply was not winterized and so could not be used in the cold months. The winter water intake was a haphazard setup and the water was warm enough to support an algal colony; globs of algae kept breaking off and flowing into the system. Long strands came out of our faucets. However, none of us seemed to become ill as a result.

Another component of our Old Faithful water supply—fluoride—proved to be a more serious problem over time. The optimum recommended fluoride content of drinking water (to help prevent tooth decay) is 0.7–1.2 ppm. Above that level, the risk of dental fluorosis increases (American Dental Association 2005). Dental fluorosis is a change in the appearance of teeth (pits in and discoloring of tooth enamel). Fluorosis results when higher than optimal amounts of fluoride are ingested in early childhood (age 7 and younger), while tooth enamel is forming (American Dental Association 2005). Douglass (1939) reported 20
ppm of fluoride in Old Faithful Geyser water. We were not privy to the results of any water quality analyses (if any were done) of the Old Faithful area summer and winter water supplies. Fluoride in our summer drinking water (from the Firehole River, upstream from the Upper Geyser Basin, but below the Lone Star Geyser thermal area) probably was not as high as in the much warmer winter supply. However, both likely carried above optimum fluoride levels because both sources received input from thermal waters. Neither supply received any kind treatment. Olson et al. (1980) reported fluoride levels as high as 24 ppm in Yellowstone surface waters. Mary T. eventually would spend 4 winters and 3 summers at Old Faithful before she was 4 yrs old and she developed significant fluorosis.

On 4 March, a contingent of NPS and other men (The Yellowstone Snow Survey Committee) stopped overnight at Old Faithful during a trip through the Park via Canyon, Lake, and West Thumb, on the Grand Loop Road. They were evaluating the possibility of keeping the Park's interior roads plowed and open to public travel in winters. They came in Park Weasels, with Chief Ranger Otto Brown, ranger Joe Way, and Mechanic Bob Robinson (Way and Robinson were super mechanics) among the drivers. There were at least 16 people in the group, including several “dignitaries” from the NPS office in Denver, George Bagley (from the NPS regional office in Omaha), Hugh Galusha (from the Yellowstone Park Company), and YNP’s assistant superintendent Warren Hamilton. Pat and Vivian prepared dinner for everyone on the evening of their arrival. Chief Ranger Brown pulled me aside at one point in the evening and said that he tentatively planned to assign me to an entrance station for the coming summer. I was disappointed because we badly wanted to spend another summer at Old Faithful, but I was well aware that Otto's policy was to give rangers varied experience by moving them frequently within the Park.

Everyone seemed to enjoy the dinner and Otto wrote in our guest book: "You wonderful gals surely saved the reputation of the cook—he is still untried by this party!" Otto may have enjoyed the dinner, but he didn't think much of the practical joke that Bob Burns pulled on the group. Before the group's arrival, Bob had prepared the government bunkhouse and mess hall, where they were going to spend the night. He lit fires in the wood stoves, shoveled snow from the entrance, etc., but instead of placing rolls of toilet paper in the outhouse, he placed a box full of lodgepole pine cones. Otto made it quite clear that he didn't think it was funny (Bob had not left toilet paper anywhere in the bunkhouse for them). When Otto was mad, everyone knew it. Bob hadn't told me he was going to pull the "joke" and I thought sure Otto would retaliate against me as well as Bob, but he didn't, at least not overtly. The group departed Old Faithful and headed for Madison Junction at 10:00 A.M. on 5 March.

On 11 March, Chief Naturalist Dave Condon telephoned to say that on a recent visit to the Omaha Regional Office he had gotten me “lined up” for a GS-7 naturalist position in Dinosaur National Monument. I was flabbergasted. I did not want to leave YNP and I apparently had left Dave Condon with the impression that my primary goal was to get into the naturalist division, wherever it was. He was very upset when I was not receptive to the plan. A day or so later Chief Ranger Brown phoned to say that he had received a letter from the superintendent of Dinosaur asking if I were interested in the naturalist position in Dinosaur. I told Otto that I did not want to leave Yellowstone, but wondered if he could tell me to which station I would be assigned the coming summer if I refused the transfer to Dinosaur. He replied that I would be at an entrance station, probably either North or
Northeast. I told him that I would very much appreciate his considering me for Northeast, since we would greatly prefer it over North. I then requested that he send my declination to the superintendent of Dinosaur.

Giantess Geyser began an eruption on 23 March. It had not erupted previously all winter. I was outside, washing windows on the ranger station. I kept glancing over to Geyser Hill, as we always did, and suddenly there was a heavy flood of steaming water down the terraces surrounding Giantess. I ran to our residence, told Pat what was happening, grabbed the camera, and ran toward Geyser Hill. Deep snow at the Firehole River Bridge slowed my progress for a few minutes, but within ten minutes I was near the geyser. The shock waves transmitted through the ground were impressive; they could be felt even before reaching the bridge, about a quarter mile from the geyser. Heavy cannonading also could be heard, even from our quarters. Pat, carrying Mary T., and the Burns with their child, soon made their way to the geyser vicinity. Winterkeeper Jim Keithley had been working on the roof of the Inn and saw the eruption start, so he too came running. We all watched bursts of scalding water jet well over 100 feet above the crater's rim. The geyser soon made the transition from water phase into steam phase, during which vapor under high pressure is emitted with a powerful roar. This phase may last as long as 12 to 36 hours.

The Giantess eruption seemed to be a spectacular conclusion to the winter (I-59). But, Nature was not yet finished; she had an encore scheduled for Pat's birthday. As Pat's birthday (24 March) approached the snowplows had passed Madison Junction and were headed our way, uninvited terminators of our cherished solitude. Pat decided she would like to spend the afternoon of her birthday walking over Geyser Hill, and that's what we did, toting 9-month-old Mary T. Giantess was still in steam phase, so we watched it for awhile and then made the circuit around the Hill. It was a clear, mild afternoon (high temperature 43°), so we sat on a snow-free section of the boardwalk to watch splashing from the cone of Beehive Geyser. Beehive had been erupting about once in 24 hours for most of the winter, so it seemed worthwhile to wait for a while in the sunshine. After half an hour, Beehive suddenly became much more active. Surges of water from the cone grew more voluminous and at 3:10 P.M. Beehive began to erupt. It was an impressive display, as usual (I-60).

On 25 March, Pat wrote to her mother:

"We have had a winter too wonderful to describe ... we can only hope for another [winter] but chances are pretty small ..." Bob and Vivian Burns had been good snowed-in neighbors (I-61).

The snowcoaches from West Yellowstone made nine trips to Old Faithful in March. From the first trip in late December through the last trip on 20 March, the snowcoaches made 39 trips carrying 371 passengers to Old Faithful. Park visitors arriving in snowcoaches witnessed some of the winter eruptions of Old Faithful, but the two ranger families, the winterkeepers, and the wildlife had the privilege of seeing many more (I-62). Spring had arrived and the daily maximum temperatures were typically in the 40° Fs or high 30° Fs. Spectacular icicle trees (I-63) were gone until next winter.

The snowplows arrived from Madison Junction at 1:50 P.M. on 26 March; we were sad to see the winter end and Pat cried as the first plow came into view. Within a week the road to West Yellowstone was open to administrative use. By this time we were experiencing heightened anxiety about where we would be stationed for the summer.
Sub-District Ranger Les Gunzel came down to Old Faithful (from Mammoth) for a week in early April. We made ski patrols to Mystic Falls and Hillside Springs (7 April); from Biscuit Basin up Iron Creek (9 April); from the Fountain Freight Road up Sentinel Meadows then west of Twin Buttes and south to Imperial Geyser and Fairy Falls, then out to the Freight Road (10 April).

On 11 April, Chief Naturalist Condon and Landscape Architect Frank Mattson came out to the Old Faithful area to plan locations for new boardwalks. They met in the field with Les Gunzel and Les wanted me to attend since I had spent so much time in the basins. It was a very confrontational meeting. Chief Naturalist Condon had firm ideas on where he wanted new walks, even though he had no recent personal experience concerning visitor use patterns or behavior patterns of the features. This often is the case; high level staff people are more concerned with their prerogative for final decisions than with facts. Many tend to view disagreement as overt threat to their authority. I tried to be quiet and listened to the discussion between Chief Naturalist Condon and Les; I knew that Les would represent the conclusions that he and I had reached in our frequent discussions of this issue.

Dave Condon and Les Gunzel both were very strong willed and opinionated people; the talk was heated, with many disagreements on where boardwalks should be located. After impasses had pretty well dominated the conversation, Dave Condon asked me what I thought. It was clear that this was my final test of loyalty in Dave's eyes. Was I really a naturalist at heart (in which case I would side with him), or was I now just a ranger? Of course I sided with Les; we had already agreed on our recommendations prior to Dave's arrival. It was a test of loyalty I thought was unfair and unnecessary, and it probably was the final nail in my coffin in relation to Dave's hard feelings toward me. Later that spring, most of the boardwalks were installed in spite of Les' protestations. Les did win one, Condon abandoned the idea of a boardwalk up White Creek, a seldom visited, fragile thermal area near Great Fountain Geyser, in the Lower Basin.

George Marler was in the Old Faithful area frequently that spring, studying the hydrothermal features. In a letter she wrote on 18 April, Pat referred to a conversation we had with George in which he relayed the following:

“Dave Condon told Dave Beal [Assistant Chief Naturalist] that Riley cut his throat as far as being a naturalist went [referring to my declination of the Dinosaur position in March], and that was before Wednesday when Riley got another offer from Colorado National Monument. We think Region was just testing him then, to see if he’d turn it down (he did of course). So when Dave hears about that he’ll be madder than ever.”

Pat and I were surprised that Dave Condon was so meannesspirited and apparently vindictive as a result of the issue. That wasn’t all; George said that Condon also had been bad-mouthing me and complaining that the rangers at Old Faithful that winter were lazy and had learned nothing about the geysers. The fact of the matter was that I had spent every moment possible out in the basins, regardless of the weather. I had kept detailed records of all observations and I was in the process of writing a comprehensive report.
1-59. We witnessed an eruption of Giantess Geyser on 23 March 1958. The beauty of Giantess in eruption impressed Lt. Gustavas Doane (1875:142) during the 1870 Yellowstone Expedition. Doane wrote: “The earth trembles under the descending deluge from this vast fountain; a thousand hissing sounds are heard in the air; rainbows encircle the summits of the jets with a halo of celestial glory. The falling water plows up and bears away the shelly strata, and a seething flood pours down the slope and into the river. It is the grandest, the most majestic, and the most terrible fountain in the world.”
1-60. We were walking the Geyser Hill Loop and observed that the Beehive Indicator was playing. We moved to a position west of Beehive, to put the sun at our backs; after 10 minutes, Beehive began to play. It was Pat's birthday, 24 March 1958. Pat is holding Mary Teresa. Happy Birthday, Pat!
I-61. The two snowed-in ranger families, in Old Faithful Quarters 161A, winter 1957–58. The Burns lived in 161A, the McClellands in 161B. 
**L-R:** Vivian Burns, Pat and Riley (holding Mary Teresa) McClelland, Benny and Bob Burns (photo by Bob Burns in late February, with flood lights and self timer).
I-63. A small dead tree (10 ft tall) provided a site for water droplets from Grotto Fountain Geyser’s eruptions to freeze and form fascinating ice patterns. The third photo shows the tree at the end of winter; ice has broken off the largest branches.
On 21 April, Les Gunzel and I attended Rock Climbing School at Mammoth. On 4 May 1958 I received a promotion from Park Ranger GS-5 to Park Ranger GS-7 within the YNP ranger division. During 4–15 May, I commuted from Old Faithful to the annual ranger conference at the Mammoth Recreation Hall. Conference topics focused on Forest Fire Protection Training, Building Fire Protection, Use and Care of Livestock, and Park Orienteering. To our amazement and great pleasure, when assignments were announced at the end of the conference, we were going to remain at Old Faithful, and with the probability of remaining through another winter. What a pleasant contrast with my being left out of any assignment at the 1957 conference! Pat wrote to her mother: "We weren't too thrilled!" (note: apparently, no ranger staff photo was taken at the conclusion of the 1958 conference. I have been unable to locate one).

We certainly owed our good fortune to my boss Les and to Chief Ranger Brown. Other assignments announced: our companion ranger family for the 1958–59 summer and winter would be Bob and Mary Lou Perkins, who would move to Old Faithful from Northeast Entrance on 29 May. The Bob Burns family, with whom we had spent the first winter, would move to the North Entrance from Old Faithful on 28 May. Sub-District Ranger Les Gunzel and his family would move back to Old Faithful from Mammoth on 29 May; they would reside next to us again, in the south side of the ranger duplex, as they had during our first summer at Old Faithful. Our friends the Milligans were slated for the West Entrance, but that assignment was changed within a few weeks and they wound up at Bechler for the summer of 1958.

At the conference there had been disturbing talk of a Bureau of Reclamation Dam being planned for the Yellowstone River a few miles south of Livingston (north of the Park). There were also rumors that Montana Power Company would probably be putting commercial electrical transmission lines into the Park interior (including Old Faithful). Although there were crude telephone lines throughout the Park at that time (maintained by the NPS), there were no electrical power line swaths. Each location (e.g., Old Faithful, Canyon, Lake) had its own diesel generator that provided power to the local site in summer. The generators were maintained and operated by the NPS.

By late May, I had submitted my report of hydrothermal activity during winter 1957–58. That put Chief Naturalist Condon in a rather awkward position because of his earlier claim that the rangers at Old Faithful had done the poorest job of observation that he had ever seen. When my winter report began to circulate, Dave Condon backed off his vendetta against me and wrote a memorandum complimenting the report.

Spring was a glorious time at Old Faithful. As soon as late March and early April there were flowers blooming on the warm ground in the basins. Beds of yellow monkeyflowers put on a wonderful display in April or May, in the drainage above Hot Lake, near the Great Fountain Loop Road (I-64). Bison (Mary T. called them "foofalo") and elk foraged on the green vegetation rimming the warm areas. Even from our home we were likely to witness extraordinary events. In early May 1958, from our living room window we watched a young grizzly chase a cow elk between our home and the Geyser.

Also by late May, the pine martens that had been our winter companions had left for the woods and the deer were no longer frequenting our yard. We felt a series of light
earthquakes during May. The kitchen floor was a particularly good vibration board for
tremors and on numerous occasions we could feel the quakes while we were having a meal.
However, we seldom felt them in summer because of the continuous vibrations from nearby
traffic and other human activities.

On 1 June 1958, the entire Park was converted from handcrank to dial telephone
service. In the first week of June, our good friends the Tyers family transferred to
Mt. Rainier National Park. John had been a permanent park naturalist, stationed at
Mammoth, with wife Idessa, and sons Mark and Dan.

My duties during our second summer at Old Faithful were much like the first
summer. There was some time for patrolling and observation in the geyser basins, but law
enforcement and bear "management" dominated work time. Bear proof garbage cans were
still unheard of in YNP in those days, so a bear could get whatever it wanted by simply
flipping the lid off a can, if it even had a lid. Many cans were not even within supporting
frames, so a bear could just tip them over (I-65). The campgrounds were still ruled by the
bears. Rangers were expected to keep the bears (mostly blacks with an occasional grizzly) in
some sort of control by trapping and/or shooting the individuals that consistently caused
trouble. A culvert trap was nearly always set in the campground, or near the door to the
cafeteria kitchen. Concessioner employees were notorious about leaving food available to
the bears in the cans just outside the kitchen. On several occasions a bear went into the
kitchen through a flimsy screen door. The culvert traps were usually baited with whatever
garbage the cafeteria kitchen had on hand, soaked in molasses.

For later identification purposes (if the bear returned to trouble), trapped bears
usually were marked with yellow paint around the ears or top of the head, wherever you
could hit with a brush on a long handle, reaching into the trap through a small access hole
(I-66). The bear was then transported to some other road-accessible site in the Park, 10 to 50
miles away. If the painted bear returned and got into trouble, it was then supposed to be
shot. If the bear could be retrapped, it was taken to the Rabbit Creek Dump, where it was
dispatched. NPS policy toward bears in YNP fluctuated widely; some years we were told to
kill first offenders (which we rarely did) and other years an offending bear was to be given
another chance, or two. It was a chaotic management situation because food was continually
available to the bears. It was as if the NPS expected bears to be good and not avail
themselves of human provided food. The nice bears wouldn't think of raiding a
campground! Roadside begging and the resulting bear jams were commonplace and the
panhandling bears along roadsides were more or less tolerated, depending on the attitude of
the Sub-District Ranger. Bear jams were a kind of tradition in YNP and many people tossed
food to roadside bears. Along roads and in the campgrounds there were lots of injuries,
mostly minor, resulting from this proximity among bears, food, and people. Many grizzlies
were habitual visitors to the Rabbit Creek Dump (4 miles north of Old Faithful). The
maximum count at any one time in June was 13. The dump caretaker, C. D. Dunlap
("Dunny"), was very conscientious and tried to keep the refuse confined to the pit as much
as possible. He cared about the bears. Dunny was consistently friendly and helpful to ranger
personnel.
I-64. Pat and Mary Teresa in a bed of yellow monkeyflowers, northeast of Hot Lake, May 1958. Pat was careful to avoid walking on, or placing Mary Teresa on, the flowers.
I-65. Black bear foraging in open garbage can, Old Faithful Campground.
(photo by Wayne Replogle).
1-66. Ranger Bob Perkins marking (with yellow paint) a black bear, before release near the Rabbit Creek Dump. The bear had been trapped in the Old Faithful Campground, summer 1958.
The public was prohibited from visiting the dumps, but people, especially photographers, often walked in past the locked barricade on the access road. Occasionally, a photographer “snuck” in at night to try to photograph (with flash or stand lights) grizzly bears. Some of the photographers wound up being chased out by a charging grizzly. I remember a photographer coming into the Old Faithful Ranger Station on one occasion to complain that a grizzly had charged him and knocked over his tripod and camera that he had illegally set up at night at the Rabbit Creek Dump. None of these reckless photographers received a major injury during our time at Old Faithful. They were really lucky. Gradually, intense effort to keep the public and the concessionaires from feeding bears improved the situation, and by 1963 “bear-proof” garbage cans finally were appearing.

Our personal highlight of the summer was the birth of our first son, Kevin Patrick. He had the privilege of being the only one of our children born within YNP. In those days the old military hospital at Mammoth (part of Fort Yellowstone) (1-67) was operated in the summer months by doctors from Livingston. Administratively, it was run by nurse Pat Wright, who possessed a stern and grouchy disposition. My Pat managed to get along with her pretty well, having the ability to get along with just about everybody. Dr. L. M. Baskett was in attendance when Kevin arrived at 12:28 P.M. on 13 June 1958. Unlike the birth of Mary T., I was not allowed in the delivery room; I was waiting a short distance away and I can still distinctly recall hearing Kevin’s first cry.

On the same day that Pat delivered Kevin, in the Mammoth Hospital, a 6 yrs old boy (Danny Lewis) was brought into the room across the hall. He had terrible burns (mostly third degree) from chin down. He had fallen into Ojo Caliente, a hot spring with superheated water (above the boiling point). The spring is near the Firehole River, near the downstream end of the Lower Geyser Basin, north of Old Faithful. Apparently, the family (Danny, father, mother, four brothers, and a sister) had been fishing along the Firehole, downstream from Ojo Caliente. They were returning to their car, parked in a commonly used area near the spring and a bridge. The boys got ahead of the parents, running and frolicking, as kids will do. Danny turned around and started running backwards; unwittingly he ran into the spring. His feet hit a subsurface shelf of geyserite, so that his head did not submerge. His father frantically ran to the pool’s edge and pulled the boy from the scalding water. The father’s hands and arms received third degree burns. Pat said that the boy did not seem to be in severe pain in the hospital, perhaps his nerves had been burned beyond function. He was conscious at least some of the time. Pat’s room had the only telephone on the floor, so the boy’s parents made their calls there and Pat was privy to all the sad details of the boy’s condition. Pat also talked with the parents and sat with the mother at the boy’s bed. He died on 15 June, two days after the accident. It was an awful experience for Pat, witness to a horrible family tragedy, somewhat dampening the joy of Kevin’s arrival back at Old Faithful (1-68).

Temporarily lost, or “misplaced” small children were a daily occurrence in the general chaos of summer visitation. On 23 June a “lost” 4 yrs-old girl was brought to the ranger station by a park visitor. Ninety minutes later her parents arrived, having driven clear to West Thumb (17 miles) before noticing her absence in the car. On 28 June 1958, Father Gerard Senecal baptized Kevin in our home at Old Faithful. Senior Ranger-Naturalist Bud Lystrup was Kevin’s Godfather and his wife, Betty Lystrup, was Godmother (1-69).
Federal employees received a pay raise on 10 July. As a GS-7, my salary was raised to $4,980 per year. We were paying $8.50 per two weeks for rent in Quarters 161B.

On 22 July, an awful incident befell Ce Simonian and young girls Terry and Jo Nell (wife and daughters of Ranger-Naturalist Si Simonian). The three were on the boardwalk in the Daisy Geyser Group of thermal features. They were watching Brilliant Pool ebb to an unusually low level. Suddenly, Brilliant erupted, throwing a jet of boiling water over the boardwalk where the trio was sitting. All three suffered first and second degree burns that required medical treatment. Subsequently, they filed a Tort Claim against the NPS, charging negligence in having a boardwalk at a place where this accident could happen. As far as I can recall, Brilliant Pool had never been known to erupt across the boardwalk prior to this incident. I do not know the ultimate disposition of the Tort Claim, but the claim soured YNP officials on the Simonians and they felt unwanted in Yellowstone. It was a tragic affair. They were a wonderfully kind and caring family, and Si Simonian was an excellent naturalist.

Forest fire fighting in the 1950s was vastly different from what it is today. Helicopters had not been involved in fire suppression in YNP until the summer of 1958. On 25 July, a helicopter being used by the U.S. Geological Survey (U.S.G.S.) for mapping in the Park, was dispatched to a lightning fire on Willow Creek. The helicopter was based in the Pelican Meadows at the time—a stark transgression of wildland values. That was the start of consistent abuse of helicopters for management and administrative purposes that has continued and expanded to this day.

On 1 August 1958, postage rates increased: a first class letter now required a four-cent stamp and a postcard needed a three-cent stamp. During the first week of August 1958, the Yellowstone Snow Survey Committee released its report, based on their winter trip last March (their stay at Old Faithful described previously) and subsequent meetings. In their report: “The Snow Survey Committee estimated the government would have to make an initial investment of over two million dollars and support annual operating costs of more than $380,000 to keep the roads open all year. The Committee recommended that such an expenditure was not practical.”

In spite of the tight scheduling of the summer, Pat and I were able to work in some trips. Lorraine Baker (wife of Ranger-Naturalist Bill Baker) graciously took care of Mary T. and Kevin while we were gone. On 14 July we hiked to Gooseneck Lake. On 15 July, we rode horses to Fern Falls. On 4 August, we hiked to the top of the South Twin Butte (Lower Basin). On 12 August, we bushwhacked to the Gibbon Hill Geyser Group and saw an eruption of Gibbon Hill Geyser. According to Bryan (1995), muddy debris flows that followed the 1988 fire essentially obliterated Gibbon Hill Geyser. We were most impressed by an unnamed spring with crystal clear water. The pool was surrounded by a 10-inch high elevated rim of shiny, grayish geyserite knobs (I-70).

Sub-District Ranger Gunzel was dispatched to the Coal Creek Fire in GNP, August 14–22, leaving me in charge of the Old Faithful Sub-District during his absence. The day before he left for the fire, Les had attended a meeting with Chief Ranger Brown. Otto had informed Les that he (Otto) was going to send us to Snake River (South Entrance) for the winter, rather than leaving us at Old Faithful. Les argued against this, but his precipitous assignment to GNP's fire precluded his following up. This was a completely unforeseen change in Otto's winter assignments and it was of course upsetting.
1-67. The old Fort Yellowstone Hospital, at Mammoth Hot Springs, where Kevin McClelland was born on 13 June 1958. The hospital was constructed in 1909–11 and served until 1963. It was demolished by the NPS in August 1965.
1-68. Pat holding Kevin, arriving back home at Old Faithful, from Kevin’s birth in the Fort Yellowstone Hospital (in Mammoth). Riley is holding Mary Teresa.
I-69. Kevin’s baptism day (28 June 1958) in Old Faithful Quarters 161B. The Fireplace Alcove is in the background. L-R: Father Gerard Senecal, Godparents Betty (holding Kevin) and Bud Lystrup.
1-70. Unnamed hot spring (approximately six feet across) in the Gibbon Hill Group, northeast of Artist Paintpots. 12 August 1958.
Our preparations to be snowed-in were already well along. I contacted Assistant Chief Ranger Frank Sylvester, who was more approachable than was Otto. He told me to work on West District Ranger Len Berg. Len was soft-spoken, kind, and sympathetic, but he was not a strong fighter for issues. He probably did put in "a good word" for us though and Frank Sylvester said he would discuss it with Otto. On 20 August we heard that Otto had decided to let us remain at Old Faithful for the winter, but that we definitely would move to an entrance station the following spring. We were very grateful!

I spent 1–10 September on the Mountain Ash Fire, on the Pitchstone Plateau. It was about 35 acres and for me, at that time, it was a big fire. It was a long hike in, part by trail, but mostly cross-country. I was assigned to go in with one of the first crews. The hike began at Lewis River Road Camp. I was not used to carrying 70 pound packs and I thought I would not make it up the long rise which leads out of the Lewis Camp. But one gets used to the exertion quickly (when young) and it was an exciting adventure hiking some 15 miles and finding the fire location by compass. Fire fighting was much more primitive then, rarely a chain saw, and no lightweight radios. The radios that we packed in were AM, heavy, and large. A long horizontal wire antenna had to be stretched high in the trees to make possible a chance of transmission and reception. Tom Milligan was the fire boss and of course I enjoyed working with him.

Although the fire had crowned the day before we arrived, humidity rose and we had no major difficulty controlling the fire with hand lines and backpack water pumps in spite of strong, gusty winds. An accident during the fire illustrates the contrast between rescue efforts in those days compared with "modern" (helicopter) times. A camp cook (a heavy fellow weighing well over 200 pounds) was being brought to the fire on horseback. When the party had traveled 12 miles from the trailhead, the cook fell from the horse and onto a sharp branch projecting from a log on the ground. The branch penetrated his side and a lung and he could no longer ride. It took ten men one and a half days to carry him back the 12 miles to the road; he survived.

By late September the number of park visitors had dropped to comparatively low numbers and the fire danger was low. This opened up opportunities for backcountry patrols that had not been possible during the summer season. On 22 September, Ranger Bob Perkins and I started a three-day horseback trip from Lone Star Geyser to Bechler Meadows, then north to Buffalo Lake and to Old Faithful via Summit Lake. We spent a night in the Boundary Creek Patrol Cabin and one in the Buffalo Lake Patrol Cabin, where it snowed 6 inches. On the 28th, Bob and I rode to Shoshone Geyser Basin Patrol Cabin. We took along a mule packed with winter food supplies for the cabin (I-71).

In September, Chief Ranger Brown made his formal winter assignments; Bob Burns (with whom we had spent our first winter at Old Faithful) would spend this winter in Mammoth and was told that he would return to Big Hole Battlefield in summer 1959 (administered by YNP), but he would continue to spend subsequent winters in Mammoth. Perkins and McClelland would remain at Old Faithful, so our preparations for winter could be completed. On 4 October 1958, Pat wrote to her mother: "I've been working like mad on my grocery list." We spent the night of 29 September at the Bechler Ranger Station, with good friends Tom and Sharlene Milligan. Their son Tim was the same age as our Mary T. We all picnicked at Cave Falls. Pat and Sharlene got in an hour of horseback riding.
We weren't able to get as good a deal on cases of canned goods as we had the previous winter. Scaggs, in West Yellowstone, had merged with a chain and the best we could get was wholesale plus 10% (compared to 3% the previous year). The Park was planning an elk reduction program in the geyser basins so we did not expect the road to close before Christmas; however, to be safe, groceries would have to be in by early November. On his way out of the Park, headed for his winter office in California, Trev Povah (owner of Hamilton Stores, the Park’s general store concessioner), stopped by our quarters and gave us a bottle (fifth) of Old Yellowstone whiskey, as he had done in the fall of 1957 (we still have one). After 1958, he discontinued the practice.

During 12–19 October, we took a vacation to Denver, where we sold our 1953 Packard sedan and bought a new (1959) Rambler cross-country station wagon. At that time the list price for that vehicle was under $2,000. With a radio and other extras we probably paid something over $2,000, but received $600 on the Packard trade in. The purchase was financed by the dealer and we paid it off over the next three years.

In late October 1958, we began hearing a rumor that Chief Ranger Brown was talking about assigning us to Bechler in summer 1959. That was not unpleasant speculation; Bechler was a remote outpost in the southwest corner of the Park. In November, I received a copy of the official personnel form placing me in the Bechler position, with the move to take place in spring 1959. This was unusual, to “know” where we would be so far in advance of the summer.

During the first week in November, Mary T. came down with the measles. After a day or two, she rapidly developed pneumonia and a high fever that quickly led to spasms. We sponged her off trying to get the fever down, then headed for the hospital in Livingston, 112 miles away. I left Pat and Mary T. at the hospital and returned to Old Faithful, where it would be easier to care for Kevin. Hospital treatment got Mary T.’s illness under control and we were able to bring her home in a couple of days. Pat had been breast-feeding Kevin prior to this incident, but the separation ended that.

Among noteworthy wildlife observation in the fall: in November, 21 trumpeter swans (11 adults and 10 cygnets) seen on Goose Lake. A bald eagle (Haliaeetus leucocephalus) was seen almost daily in the Old Faithful area and nine mule deer were frequenting the ranger quarters vicinity. The official bear management statistics for the 1958 season were released and showed 36 people being injured by black bears (compared to 91 in 1957). There were 110 property damage incidents involving black bears in 1958 (117 in 1957). In 1958, fish stocking in YNP waters was discontinued. This represented a major and significant change in wildlife management policy.