

P. O. Box 6815
Los Osos, CA 93412

November 28, 1995

Paul M. Finnegan
Assistant Curator
Museum of Natural History
166 Forest Avenue
Pacific Grove, CA 93950-2612

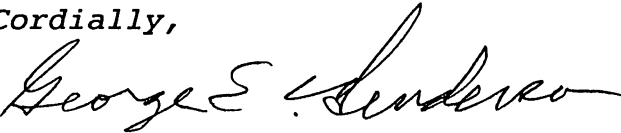
Dear Paul,

Thank you for inviting us to the Questers' dedication on the 17th. We had a great time and were impressed by the work that is being done to restore the station. I was personally touched by the respect you've shown my little friend Jiggs.

Here's another memory I have of Point Piños which you might wish to add to the binder containing Jiggs' story. I think I have a picture of Dopey somewhere, and if it turns up, I'll send it along.

Thanks again for your warm hospitality.

Cordially,


George Henderson

Enclosure

As he grew more independent, Dopey wandered all over the place. He would go over to the golf course across the road. There was a hole right across from the station and the golfers would pet him. He was friend to everyone he met.

The old sexton at the cemetery next to the golf course liked to wrestle with him. He would grab Dopey by the two prongs of his budding antlers and throw him to the ground. One day the tip of one of Dopey's horns ripped the back of the sexton's hand. All hell broke loose. The Hendersons were ordered to get rid of Dopey. He was about a year-and-a-half old by then, but a man up in the Santa Cruz mountains offered to take him.

Dopey seemed happy enough in his new home. He was kept in a large corral and fed well. He matured into a fully adult buck with a fairly good rack of antlers, and because he was, after all, a wild creature, he required special handling, especially during rutting season. Sadly, on one occasion when the people who cared for him were away, an elderly man who had been told never to go into the pen apparently decided to disregard the warning. When the people returned home they found the old man inside the pen, dead, trampled by Dopey. It was Dopey's death sentence.

More Memories

by George E. Henderson
son of Tom and Verna Henderson

Tales are told of ghosts who haunt the lighthouses. When we arrived at our new home at the Point Piños Lighthouse Station in 1938, I discovered that the Keeper's quarters were already inhabited; but this was no apparition. The resident was a very much alive parrot.

Polly, already an ancient bird, accepted her new family with relative good grace. She became a member in good standing, retired from lighthouse service when Dad retired in 1951, and died of old age many years later in Oakland, in the home of my sister Fern.

The only ghost I knew at Point Piños was that of the small black and white cat whose crypt had accompanied us to our new quarters.

Mom and Dad taught my sister and me, by word and example, to have a reverence for nature.

One morning when Dad was down in the pasture, which was on the ocean side beyond the barn, he found a fawn hidden in the tall grass. He didn't see the doe anywhere nearby, but he left quietly so not to disturb the youngster. Later in the day, he spotted the fawn again. It had not moved from the spot where he saw it before. When it was still in the same location the next morning and appeared somewhat distressed, he surmised that it was an orphan. No doubt a poacher was having venison, leaving this little fellow in precarious circumstances. Dad carried it back to the station.

The fawn was not yet weaned, and so it was put on a bottle and settled into a bed in the kitchen of the Keeper's quarters. We named him Dopey, and soon, he had free run of the house. He slept inside until he could safely stay outdoors.

I had started making model airplanes, building some rudimentary models when I was still at Point Sur. I had just finished making a model glider and took it outside to test it. After it landed, Dopey approached it nervously and gave it a tentative sniff. Then he suddenly jumped into the air and came down on top of it with all four hooves. The glider was totally demolished. Only Dopey knew why he reacted the way he did, but perhaps the airplane glue had an affect on him.



George Henderson beside Jiggs the Cat's grave at Pt. Pinos Lighthouse (see Spring 1996 Quarterly). Photo courtesy of Dawn Cope.

Keeper's Son Returns to Pt. Pinos Lighthouse

by Donald Dean

Former Head Keeper Tom Henderson's son George spoke to the docents at Pt. Pinos last October. He related stories about life at Pt. Pinos from 1939 to 1954.

George recalled that during the first days of World War II, the Ocean View Boulevard gates were kept locked and the U.S. Army Coast Artillery dug gun emplacements around the property. Three poorly camouflaged wooden dummy coastal guns were located on the north side of the cemetery to fool the enemy. The Fresnel lens remained lit in the tower except during occasional blackouts.

George slept on the second floor of the lighthouse. The other bedroom, directly across the hall, was used as the Coast Artillery's command post. The family was later able to move to one of the six room bungalows built near the lighthouse.

The only lighthouse ghost that George remembers was a mysterious voice coming from the second floor as they moved into the lightstation at Pt. Pinos. It turned out to be the previous keeper's

(continued next column)

parrot, which had learned to summon the family dog by squawking, "Here Rex, here Rex"!

George was also a very interesting source of stories about Pt. Sur Light Station, where the Hendersons lived before coming to Pt. Pinos. More on that in a future issue.

Editor's Note: George Henderson unexpectedly passed away November 23, 1996 just after this article was written.

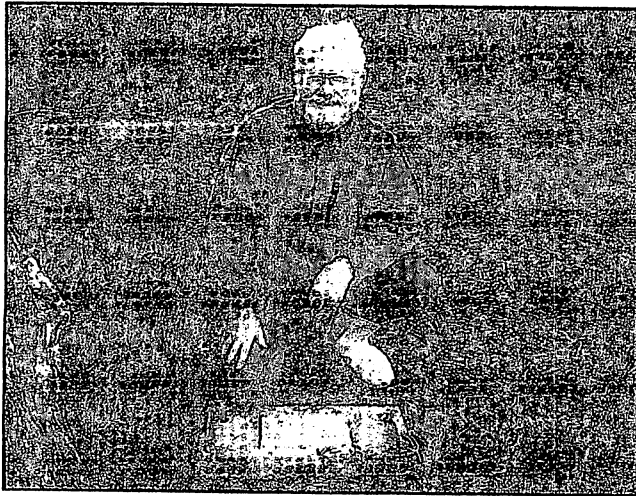
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY
5301 SOUTH CAMPUS DRIVE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60637
TEL: 773-936-3700
FAX: 773-936-3701
WWW: WWW.CHEM.UCHICAGO.EDU

RESEARCH INTERESTS

My research interests are in the synthesis and properties of novel materials. I am currently working on the synthesis of new polymers and their characterization. I have published several papers in this area and am currently working on a book chapter. I am also interested in the synthesis of new materials for use in catalysis and other applications. I have a B.S. in Chemistry from the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign and a Ph.D. in Chemistry from the University of Chicago. I am currently an Assistant Professor at the University of Chicago.

For more information, please contact me at [email address].

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